

Villa Was Once a Dirty, Dirty Little Girl

Written by Dave Crackpot

There is a movie genre that we are all familiar with.

A flat chested ugly girl, inner beauty hidden under clunky metal braces, neckgear with Evil Kinevil glow-stripes, coveralls, enormo- spectacles, a talent for clarinet and an overall clumsiness around the water fountain is beaten bloody by the popular girls. Until one day she grows tits, frees her pony tail, gets contacts, a single makeover, stars smoking cigarettes and drips dialogue like "Tell me about it.. Stud";

As a 10 year old boy.. I made Max Rosenthal stay for a second screening just to see Olivia Newton John lick her teeth, say that line, throw down that cigarette, and kick Travolta. Max's mom circled the block for two hours and I got a taste of the belt (or was it a Hot Wheel track?) but it was worth it. Sandy was mine.

And like dumbshit Danny Zucco, hungry for leather pants, we crawl the stairs to the shake shack and did it ALL OVER AGAIN. We also know that Danny and Sandy didn't really fly away in Greased Lighting at the end.

Sandy dumped Dany for someone [in the TCB band](#) the second she realized she was hot enough to get backstage for free.

This is the story of Villa, the new LA hotspot. I knew Villa when it was just an ugly bespectaled sophomore. I was the best friend at the bike racks. It was the band camp girl... not much of a looker but she was dirty, dirty, dirty girl underneath.

The REAL name of Villa is J.SLOANS. It was once the best bar in LA. Perhaps one of the only REAL bars in the West Hollywood area. It was studded in a puke stained wood boothes, 25 cent Milwaukee Beasts and HUGE 27" inch televisions viewable from every angle. It was a place where recent transplants could cut loose from the "is my hair slightly mussed" LA lifestyle and feel like themselves again.

A terrible D.J. was a permanent staple but we didn't care.. we were in just some phase of drunk and horny. We would find our Rythms of the Night looking for a potential Love Shack while awaiting the 1:30 destiny of Marvin Gaye and a last tequila shot. There would always be one geek trying to get a gal's email address... whatever the hell that was... Broken glass, tons of peanuts shells and the children of the Persian Mafia littered the floors.

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Yeah... good times.

So in fact, it was a REAL bar once upon a time. One of the few I would take my grandfather to. It was a secret slum oasis for over stressed casting and talent assists, d-girls and boys looking for a break from the hipper than thou. The underpaid way to cut loose.

And now.. a few owners and a few makeovers later. This bar that onced mocked the hipper than thou is the hipper and thou. An invite only TMZ stained joint. The "oh so pretty" 14th minuterers need to get lost at the Skybar. If you're not on the cover of the Tabrag or merely a Defamer target you are banished to the Standard. If you are me.. you have El Guapo or the Village Idiot... just take your broke ass to other side of Crescent Heights pal.

Indeed my gal has forsaken me. She has grown up... new hair, new tits, new lips with a cigarette drawl. She has forgotten me.

But I know how this town works. There will be a snag such as a health code violation or a young boy will be found dead while in the company of Ashton Kuschner. Hiding these little "realities" separate the great taverns from the bar du trend.

I guess the real question is will my girl come back to me or will she just remain being the new stuck up bitch?