

PROFILE: Angel

jailhouse ROCKS

“When asked what she was convicted of, Angel snaps, ‘Relax, I didn’t kill anybody.’”

By M. Danahy



While in the slammer near San Francisco, *Angel* (no last name), got hooked. Like so many other convicts, she's brought that addiction out with her. From behind ever present dark sunglasses Angel explains, "Reruns (snaps gum) . . . instead of finding religion in jail, I found TV reruns."

*I was down in the dumps with no place to go
Listening to nothin' on the radio
Turn on the TV receiver and I see
Beaver, Beaver Cleaver
I was never an achiever 'til I got
Beaver Cleaver Fever*

The reruns changed her life and she's bringing her message to the world.

*Believe in the Beav. . .
Believe in the Beav. . .*

While in her twenties, about three years ago, Angel was paroled. She is very vague about this era. When asked what she was convicted of, she snaps, "Relax, I didn't kill anybody. Ya know, just street stuff." Out of the pen with three friends, the *Reruns* (also ex-con's), and clutching her dream to her ample bosom, *Angel and the Reruns* hit the streets of Hollywood. This time peddling their music and their message.

*Buffy, Buffy, come back to me
Why'd you have to go and OD?
Who will watch over Mrs. Beasley?*

Backed by an all-woman, all ex-con band of nine musicians, Angel opened at local clubs and her dream began to blossom. *Buffy Come Back To Me* (which refers to the drug

death of Anissa Jones of *Family Affair*) was the most requested song for several months on Los Angeles' hip radio station KROQ. Her shows sold out and quickly Angel and the girls were in front of the cameras. Performing live is not in the immediate future, Angel announces, "The girls' hair needs a rest." The Reruns are Ginger, Julia and Lovey. Always in that order, left to right. Always. This is the way Angel wants it. Their names come directly from old TV series characters, naturally. Lovey and Ginger from *Gilligan's Island* and Julia from Diahann Carroll's '60s series.

Angel and the girls wanted to do television; after all that's their religion. Angel says, "That's the goal. To watch ourselves on reruns." (The girls, you see, don't say much. Angel talks, they fiddle with their super-slut '60s girl-group hairdo's.) So, they did the TV gigs and the news media flocked to their live shows, but it was on *Dance Fever* that one of their dreams was realized. Following their performance they were joined on stage by Jerry Mathers (the Beav), Barbara Billingsly (June Cleaver), and Frank Bank (Lumpy). When asked about this experience Angel says she can't talk about it (snap, snap, chomp, chomp); too personal. And when Angel doesn't want to talk about something, you don't push it.

*Why do Bad Boys like good girls?
He must want to be the first
to make her little bubble burst,
to shock her with his attitudes.
Get her hooked on beer and ludes,
Make her parents think she's nuts,
And all her friends will hate her guts.*



And now the movies. *Angel and the Reruns* are featured in the 20th Century Fox release, *Bachelor Party*, with Tom Hanks of *Splash*. With the release of the film, the world saw them playing the all-girl band at the bachelor party of the title. Sharing the soundtrack with Angel are such groups as the Police and the Go-Go's. A change of pace is displayed on the film soundtrack to another soon-to-be-released film, *Grandview, USA*, as Angel sings (beautifully) about nuclear destruction in the ballad, *When There's No One Left At All*.

Talk about rehabilitation. Angel is so clean now she squeaks. Her only vice is (chomp, chomp) bubblegum. Her house in one of Hollywood's canyons is her retreat from the pressures of fans, managers, and, of course, the girls. (One can hardly imagine how much Angel shells out for these girls' makeup and hair.)

The entrance to her bungalow is done in black astroturf, as if in warning. Everything in her charming home (EVERYTHING!) is from the *Leave It To Beaver* era, circa late '50s. For Angel this is reality; this is the way the world is, or should be. After an hour with her, one gets it: Angel is a devil, or at least she wants you to think so. She's just so cute and cocky, perched up there on her egg-shaped moderne sofa surrounded by memorabilia of another time, a simpler time. The dark glasses hide her eyes from you, not to put you off but to keep you on your toes. Maybe if we could see her eyes we'd know too much. "Ya know," Angel mutters, crossing her shapely gams and fiddling with her short cropped new-wave hair, "it's not easy being your own fantasy." Amen.

— M.D.