

movies, but, this time around, Angel espoused “a message of empowerment through self-acceptance and being sexually comfortable in your skin.” In 2005, he performed in “Allannah Starr’s Big Boob Adventures,” directed by transsexual Gia Darling. It included a scene in which a “trans” couple has on-screen sex. It served as a launch point for Angel’s career as a transgender advocate, educator, lecturer, writer and talk-show guest. Largely covered with tattoos himself, Angel married professional body piercer and body modification enthusiast Elayne (Steinberg) Angel. For “**Mr. Angel**,” Dan Hunt followed Buck around for six years. It is greatly enhanced by the subject’s engaging, no-bullshit personality and the inclusion of scenes in which Angel and his parents sit around the kitchen table critiquing his appearance on talk shows and discussing things none of them would have been comfortable sharing in Buck’s teens.

Bunnies and twinks and bears ... oh, my. Set largely in and around a cabin in the Catskills, Patrick McGuinn’s “**Leather**” is the queer-cinema equivalent of a Lifetime movie that can’t decide if it’s a rom-com or rom-dram. The movie’s set-up is far too unwieldy to summarize here, but, it involves two childhood friends — city-boy Andrew and country-boy Birch — who reunite after the death of Andrew’s father, Walter. After Walt kicked Andrew out of the house for being “queer,” he, in effect, adopted Birch as his son and, perhaps, lover. Together, they enjoyed a successful carpentry business and Birch learned how to make leather sandals. A true Nature’s Child, Birch is an unrepentant hippie and all-around nice guy. Andrew and his stereotypically effeminate lover, Kyle — as attached to a brown bunny rabbit as Andrew — assume that their weekend getaway will involve some garbage-clearing to get the place ready to sell. Instead, the cabin is clean and tiny and Birch is in possession of Walt’s will, leaving the property to him. The more Andrew learns about Birch’s relationship with Walt, the more he resents the presence of his old buddy. Birch truly believes that the acrimony between them can be diluted by an injection of peace, love and good vibes supplied by a lesbian puppeteer and some good mountain marijuana. You can probably guess the rest. As silly as it sounds, “Leather” is a harmless exercise in personal wish-fulfillment on McGuinn’s part. Moreover, the scenery is easy on the eyes and there’s a happy ending for everyone involved, including the bunny. The most annoying thing about “Leather” is musical soundtrack full of preachy folk songs that would have been booed off the stage at any 1960s hootenanny.

Dick Figures: The Movie

Sometimes, while watching Internet-born cartoon series, I feel as if I’ve been transported back to the early days of alternative animation, when such shows as “Ren & Stimpy,” “Beavis and Butt-head,” “The Simpsons,” “SpongeBob SquarePants” and “Rugrats” turned the cable-television industry on its collective ears. Some of us geezers can remember, too, the sense of discovery we had when introduced to “Gerald McBoing-Boing,” “Rocky and His Friends” and “Fritz the Cat.” YouTube and other such Internet delivery systems have provided a platform for the producers of those shows could only dream of having. Budgets remain high in relation to what “Jackass” imitators can do with the toys in their digital toy boxes. Still, when doled out in four-minute episodes on a loopy-goosey schedule, even production expenditures can be favorably monetized on cost-per-hit basis. Censorship and other interference remains practically nil on some outlets. “**Dick Figures: The Movie**” began life in Internet webisodes, but has grown to the point where its multitude of fans financed a feature-length product in a record-setting Kickstarter campaign. According to an iTunes blurb, “‘Dick Figures: The Movie’ tells the story of Red and Blue, best friends turned enemies, who hunt for the Great Sword of Destiny in order to save the world ... and their friendship.” Red and Blue exist in world in which backgrounds are static and its stick-figure inhabitants are identified by colors. Otherwise, everything that happens borders on the anarchic, just as does its kindred web-toon series, “Happy Tree Friends.” Equally mysterious is the presence of Red Raccoon, a photo-realistic representative of “nature’s ninja.” Not all of “Dick Figures” works, but, the same probably could be said about any entertainment vehicle.

Stone Roses: Made Of Stone: Blu-ray

Black Lips: Kids Like You & Me

US Festival 1983: Days 1-3

Rock bands, even the best of them, come and go with great regularity. I couldn’t name more than one song (“I Want to Be Adored”) made famous by Manchester’s Stone Roses, but somewhere between the early 1980s and now, its reputation reached mythic proportions across the pond. Even rumors of a reunion would cause a great stir among fans, promoters and members the rock press, who seemed more keen on a tour than the lads, themselves. Shane Meadows’s unusually concise rockumentary, “**Stone Roses: Made of Stone**,” examines the band’s Manchester roots, influences, squabbling, breakups, resurrections and lavish reunion concerts. Clearly, if they hadn’t gotten caught up in the absurd ego trips and contract disputes that come with the territory, Stone Roses could have been a formidable unit. Just as the Madchester scene was distinguished by “acid-house” music best savored with Ecstasy kickers, the group’s blend of influences includes garage/punk/pop rock, Northern soul, the Beatles, Stones, Jimi, the Beach Boys, Led Zeppelin, Jesus and Mary Chain, Sonic Youth, Sex Pistols and the Clash. Meadows, whose credits include “Dead Man’s Shoes” and “This Is England,” has a writer’s eye for details not limited to what happens during rehearsal and on stage. The laser-enhanced images of one of the Roses’ triumphant homecoming gigs, before 220,000 people in two specific demographic groups, is really quite wonderful.

Likewise, I know next to nothing about the Atlanta-based blues-punk group Black Lips, who may be solely responsible for introducing mosh pits to Lebanon, Syria and Egypt. In a region generally bypassed by rock’s top attractions, the band is the closest thing to western superstardom seen there since the Grateful Dead played the Pyramids. That’s because the fans we meet in “**Black Lips: Kids Like You & Me**,” have been deprived of performances by artists that have appeared in Israel. There’s also the constant threat of terrorism, censorship, fundamentalist reprisals, revolution and errant Scud missiles. I mean, why bother. It took three years, from conceptualization to actuality, for the Black Lips to make good on their plans for touring the region and, even then, they faced constant roadblocks. Neither did the musicians know what to expect when the doors of the nightclubs opened. Although much has been made about the inability of young people to express themselves, Black Lips fans turned out in bunches and ready to party. Outside of some anachronistic messaging on T-shirts, the crowds would have fit right in at every nightclub on the Sunset Strip. They also found a complementary opening act in Lebanese indie rockers, Lazy Lung. Director Bill Cody does a nice job of contextualizing “Kids Like You & Me” by following the rockers to radio interviews, skate parks, restaurants and shops, and places where the events of the Arab spring were still reverberating.

Two of the major concert events of the early 1980s that I somehow managed to ignore — or simply forget — were the US Festivals, held outside San Bernardino, on Labor Day weekend 1982 and Memorial Day weekend 1983. They were sponsored by Steve Wozniak, who conceived of the festivals as both a big party and a showcase for new Apple products and other computer technology. Because of the lingering effects on pop culture from Altamont, non-charity festivals were few and far between. US demonstrated that large numbers of music lovers could come together in blistering hot conditions and not riot between acts or cannibalize each other for provisions. It looked like fun. Each day of the festivals, the bands were grouped by genre, from heavy metal to country. Three deaths were recorded in the six days of festivities, but, apparently, they weren’t associated with the music, itself. Very little recorded music or video footage from the festivals has been exploited commercially. The acts on the inelegantly titled “**US Festival 1983: Days 1-3**” include U2, the Clash, Judas Priest, Stevie Nicks, Scorpions, INXS, Men at Work, Stray Cats, Triumph, Missing Persons, Scorpions, Berlin and Quiet Riot, which is represented with more songs than any other group. The acts that didn’t make the cut could fill a wing of the Rock ‘n’ Roll Hall of Fame. Former MTV veejay Mark Goodman looks back on US, but offers very little in the way of insight beyond calling it cool and awesome, a lot.

Transformers Prime: Beast Hunters: Season Three

Another chapter in the history of mankind closes with the completion of the final season of “**Transformers Prime: Beast Hunters**,” which aired here on the CW and Hub networks. If nothing else, it will keep fans busy until the hype leading to next spring’s “Transformers: Age of Extinction” begins. Here, the Autobots and their human comrades have been separated, following the destruction of their headquarters and neutralizing of Optimus Prime and his team. Making things difficult for the good guys is the arrival of Decepticon Shockwave and his newest weapon a clone of Cybertron’s Predaking. The voice cast includes Peter Cullen, Jeffrey Combs, Kevin Michael Richardson, Ernie Hudson, Clancy Brown, Frank Welker, Michael Ironside, George Takei, Gina Torres, Peter Mensah and Will Friedle.