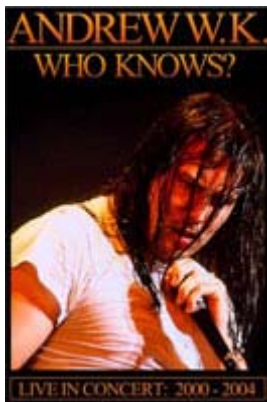


Best of the Beatles: Pete Best - mean, moody and magnificent. [Grade not quite great: 4 ribs.](#)

Dubbed "the greatest rock 'n' roll story never told" may be a bit of a stretch, but this DVD does provide some information many more-than-casual fans might not know: how the Beatles owe at least their start to a racing bet and the strange name associations of the winning horse and the farm raised on; why the group almost changed its name; where you can still see ceiling and wall paint John Lennon from the post-skiffle, pre-Cavern days; and Paul McCartney's sacreligious pissing during their leather-clad days in Hamburg, Germany. Other interesting tidbits include: the speculations as to why Best was passed over in favor of then-session player Ringo Starr by producer George Martin and manager Brian Epstein; how Best, as the best-looking Beatle (ironically he's Paul once so famously sang, but the pictures prove it), could have been the biggest teen idol of the 60's and he's still married to the girl who danced the Peppermint Twist with him on stage. The drawback to this could-have-been "schlockumentary" is that Best is hard to understand throughout his interview through a combination of both accent and poor recording, but it's interesting to know how the band sounded the first shot of the Mersey beat has coped - like the Decca representative who failed them - since missing out on what would quickly become the biggest band in rock history.

Thornton



Andrew W.K.: Who Knows? [Check for salmonella: 2-1/2 ribs.](#)

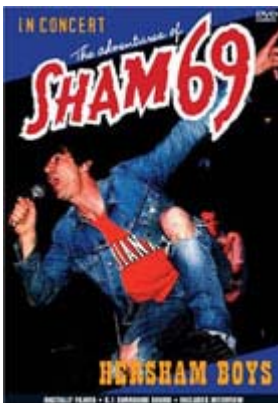
Looking at the cover will bring G.G. Allin to mind (and the booklet insert does show W.K. bleeding after getting so worked up on stage that he kicked himself in the nose and broke it), but where Allin is deliberately shocking, this DVD is unbelievable in its sheer pomposity of stupidity. Culled from more than 600 shows over the first four years of this Alice Cooper-throated ivory tickler's career are pumping inane odes (three have "party" in their title) bludgeoned by no less than 10 Motown songs, all the while with W.K. donning a white T-shirt drenched grey with sweat. In between live numbers are pointlessly psychotic video and sound snippets, and brilliant acid-burned insights like "they're not fans, just friends," "you only live once" and "this music is much bigger than me" in

Jim Morrison voice. Speaking of Morrison, W.K. - like Hendrix, Joplin, Cobain and a few lesser - is at that most precarious age, 27, for rock musicians, and judging from the fact that he perform songs here from a wheelchair after breaking his foot after tripping on a cord (another time he broke his legs as a result of falling off a stage), you have to wonder if his days are numbered. The title implies, who knows? And ultimately, who cares? *David Thornton*



Refused: Are Fucking Dead. Dry as a bone: 1-1/2 ribs.

Have 45 minutes to kill? Does a chronicle of yet another European punk band falling apart on tour (i.e. Sex Pistols) intrigue you? If so, then pop this baby in to see the buildup to how four ex-Swedes' seven-year career came crashing down in the basement of a Harrisonburg, Va., house, relief they all felt when the cops cut things short and they were finally able to leave their bizarre world of hardcore and increasingly indifferent audiences behind. Also includes nine live songs and two Yawn. *David Thornton*



Sham 69: Hersham Boys. Charred and scarred: 1-1/2 ribs.

Called one of the worst groups of Britain's first wave of punk, the only reasoning behind this recording in a Brighton, England, beach bar - is to use their 25th anniversary to milk that genre's revival for all it's worth (they did the same thing in '86, which, ironically, is a term they should have adhered to at the dawn of that decade). Fittingly named after a soccer graffiti slogan, since the fans were notorious for their hooliganism, Sham 69 stumbles through 21 tales of adolescent alienation, well, 20, since Cro-Magnon opus "Borstal Boys" has to be endured twice. Other "highlights" include short but definitely not sweet "(No) I Don't Wanna" and other lost "classics" like first hit "Angie Dirty Faces," the rah-rah pub chant "Hurry Up Harry" and "If the Kids Are United," when they should have ended before the truly un-Darryl Worley tribute "September the Eleventh" -