Chuck Berry and Blood, Sweat and Concert. Tickets were priced extremely high and it is possible whether the average concertgoer would pay through the nose for a four act concert. The evening was scheduled to start at 7 pm but none of the equipment was set up and the entertainment did not start until almost 8 pm. Then, equipment was changed between each act (forty minutes between Berry and BS&T) and BS&T was more dead time than concert time.

As for the entertainment itself, some improvement would have been welcome. The evening opened with a three-man noisemaking unit to open up the Mandrake Memorial. (Poor Manfred, I wonder what he did to deserve that as a memorial!) The most notable part of the group was the amazing size of the drum set—two bass drums, seven toms, and about six cymbals. The bass line did its best to give them some depth but with the rest of the music not being quite as good, they probably could not have done much for a miner audience. The next-act was a six man blues band. King Biscuit, as they called themselves, were a good solid blues band but not spectacular. With some new material, they could come a small wave on the local scene. They played some original stuff and flashes of talent shown through the wall of sounds. It is not possible that they could do this at any other time without some other solid jazz-oriented bands, but things just didn't move. Auger came out to sing a pretty bad "Light My Fire," and the first set was just about over (she could hardly be heard). The band closed with an American "Sense of the Witch" which was enough to keep the hard-core blues freaks even at best.

Several of the members of King Biscuit reappeared on stage when Chuck Berry came on to finally get the crowd jumping. After a short time, the realization came that these were David and the Giants who had played the last best set at JP. As for Chuck, he sang the familiar songs, both clean and not-so-clean. Without a Mitchェルor a Boul, it's just not the same.

After waiting forty minutes while enough electronic equipment to grade a rocket was set up, the audience once more came to life as BS&T displayed their jazz-rock talent. Trombonist Louis Stelloff came close to piercing the ears of about two-thirds of the crowd with several well placed high notes. The group did their regular routine with singer David Clayton-Thomas doing the honors. One trouble became apparent, especially during "You Made Me So Very Happy:" the band is bored with the same songs night after night. Luckily, most of the numbers have long solo choruses so that the improvisation keeps the band on its toes.

The evening was a success despite many mistakes made by the Unicorns. Perhaps they have learned from BS&T and open more dead time than concert time.

Dave Dearden