

Here comes the cat, here comes the cat

By LARRY PILTZ

The young man performing in concert at Independence Hall Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 8 p.m. grew up with the sight of strippers stripping, met an agent with a fat cigar, contracted tuberculosis, got into Yoga and finally astounded the music world on his albums and in concerts on both sides of the Atlantic.

Cat Stevens, one of the biggest and most genuine writing and performing talents of our time, did not come by success easily, as do some artists who seem to have been born with a silver guitar in their mouths. He was born and raised in the middle of hustling and bustling London and became used to the notion of being one tiny part of a megalopolitic whole.

But when fame and fortune arrived, it came as an overwhelm-

ing audience stood and cheered him into three encores when he finished an hour-long set on his own songs. A few weeks later, he caused five nights of euphoria when he played The Troubadour in Los Angeles to capacity crowds.

CAT STEVENS has already finished the music score for one major movie production, Jane Asher's "Deep End," and has almost completed a musical fantasia, "Revotussia," from which his English hit single, "Father and Son," was taken.

Everyone knows where Cat Stevens is today, but even more interesting is where he came from. He was born in July 1948, in the Hammersmith area of London. He is the second son of a Greek-born father and a Swedish-born mother and he grew up in the hectic atmosphere of central London, where his parents

man, complete with fat cigar, who hooked his index finger at the young boy and said, as was the case with dozens of other performers, "I'm gonna make you a star."

The initial intention was that the 17-year-old artist would work in movies, but a number of things happened which changed all that.

The first change was precipitated by Mike Hurst, formerly one third of the highly successful Springfield, Dusty and her brother Tom, when he heard a tape on which Cat Stevens had done some of his own songs. Hurst liked them and fixed up an elaborate demonstration session, the results of which were taken to a major record company.

SOON Cat Stevens was a star, with a very big and heavy agency working for him, an entire wardrobe of the neatest, trendiest and image-making clothes imaginable and the "machine" taking over.

All this could have been for the good had Cat Stevens himself had any control over the situation. But the small print in his contracts made it very clear he was a product. Consequently, although he had a number of very big hit songs and was an idol, Cat began to fret over his situation.

"I used to dread recording sessions," he recalls. "For days before, I'd spend sleepless nights fearing having to walk into that studio and face a mass of blank, uncomprehending and unsympathetic session men who would go mechanically through their chore, put down a technically perfect but totally antiseptic recording of my music, and then drift off into the next session for the next guy."

HIS UNHAPPINESS led to driving himself into the ground and to a check-up with his doctor, who told him a lung had collapsed and that the other was in close danger of following suit. Cat Stevens had to go into the hospital for a long rest or face the real possibility of dying within a couple of years. He had tuberculosis.

So, with his record player and a few albums and a lot of books, Cat Stevens left for a sanatorium in the country. With six months to relax and think about himself, Stevens broadened his horizons. He got into Yoga and into metaphysics generally, did a lot of introspective thinking and wrote a lot of songs which reflected his true feelings at the time. Many of these songs ultimately became the tracks on "Mona Bone Jakon."

After his release from the hospital, he recorded this album as he wanted it recorded, after switching recording companies. It was recorded with a few hand-picked musicians and became an unqualified success, both artistically and financially.

AS A RESULT of the response to "Mona Bone Jakon," Cat Stevens flew to Paris where he was presented in solo concert in a 35-minute television special, broadcast nationwide. He established himself as a much-demanded live performer in Britain.

The climax of his work then came when he blew all the other name acts off the stage at the

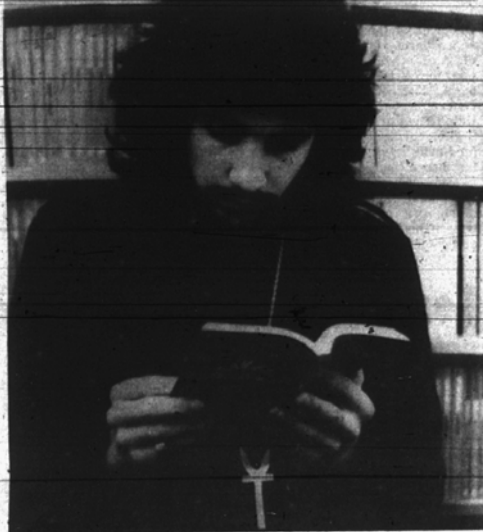
Saturday afternoon concerts of the 1970 Plumpton Jazz Festival.

The second album released under the auspices of this new record company was "Tea for the Tillerman," which appeared first in Europe and later in America. Reviews for it were probably better than those for "Jakon," because a lot of people who had given it cursory attention because of the past musical history of the artist, suddenly realized just how amazing this talent was.

ON WEDNESDAY, Nov. 18,

1970, Cat Stevens stepped, for the first time, onto an American concert platform. He faced one of the toughest audiences in the world—that of a packed house at the Fillmore East who had come to see, not him, but headliners Traffic. At the end of his set, Cat Stevens received a standing ovation and performed three encores.

He continued his success in concerts and on subsequent tours and causes the audience to have fun wherever he plays. And today, Cat Stevens continues.



ing tide of fanatical response from many thousands of people who can appreciate his moving combination of lyrics and music.

BEST magazine of Paris described Cat Stevens as "one of the most important artists of the 20th century." The Evening News of London described the on-stage performance at Fairfield Hall, Croydon in December 1970, as "pure magic."

And the surging consensus on the other side of the Atlantic was even more enthusiastic. The L.A. Free Press review of Stevens' first album, "Mona Bone Jakon," said Cat Stevens was one of the few people in the world capable of "creating a total new world in which you can believe."

Cat Stevens has had reviews for albums and concerts in major publications from San Francisco to Stockholm. At Fillmore East his first American

still own and run a bustling restaurant, "The Moulin Rouge."

A COMPLETE 20th century child, he went to school in London's West End and grew to accept the sight of strippers running from club engagement to club engagement, to nonstop traffic, to air pollution, to miles of neon and to the complete absence of wide open spaces.

After finishing his basic schooling, which he hated and did only moderately well at, he was accepted as a student at Hammersmith College of Art.

During his one-year tenure at college, Cat Stevens started writing his own songs after realizing that his solo versions of the current hits were verging on the ludicrous. He played his songs to friends who liked them, and then, as fate would have it, he was "discovered."

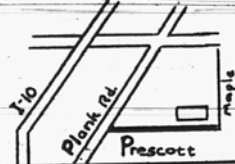
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Thomas Fuller

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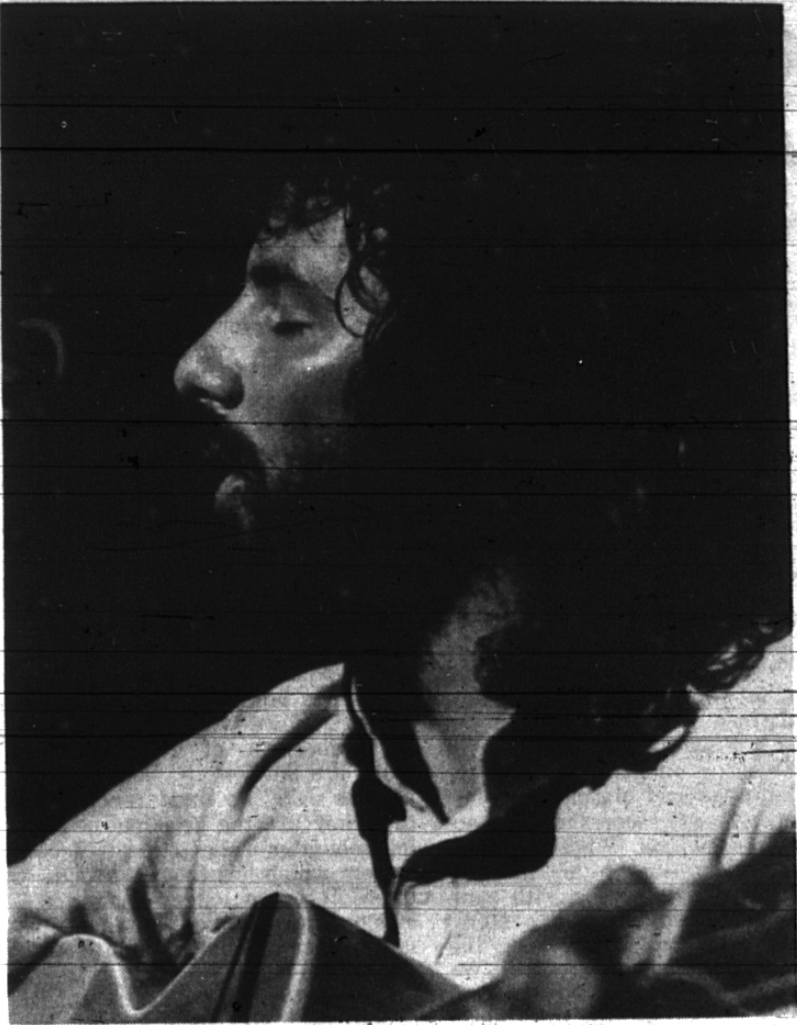


Photo by Frank Banahan

MOVING THE MIND—Cat Stevens moved a packed house Tuesday night despite smoke, heat and delays, to delightful heights as the applause interrupted song after song during the concert co-sponsored by Beaver Productions and the Progressive Students Alliance.

Independence Hall crowd delighted by Cat Stevens

By SUZY HIEGEL

Despite delays, heat, smoke and shouts, Cat Stevens carried a packed house of 3,800 to delightful heights in concert Tuesday night at Independence Hall.

It was obvious that the crowd came to see Stevens as applause and screams greeted his entrance on the stage. Most of his first songs came from his "Tea for Tillerman" album.

A soft-spoken Englishman, Stevens apologized to the crowd for the heat and smoky conditions. Tossing his head, Stevens sang with a feeling that spread through the crowd, who often interrupted his songs with applause.

CLOSED EYES and a smile on his face showed the crowd that Stevens sings with an enthusiasm that comes from heart and soul. Stevens' talent was at a height in such songs as "Moon Shadow" and "Wild World."

Stevens often responded to the crowd explaining his song, "Tuesday's Dead," as a song he really did not know why he wrote. He moved from guitar to piano for songs like "Miles from Nowhere."

Before the performance, the crowd pressed against the doors of the hall waiting for almost an hour to hear the Englishman who first came to fame in 1970 at the Fillmore East.

STEVENS' sound seemed to float over the people seated on the floor in front of the stage. They cheered and moved with Stevens as he swayed and rose from the stool at center stage flooded with colored spotlights.

The voices of those accompanying him seemed to die in the songs that were Stevens alone. His love for music and his work flowed from every note and the crowd seemed to sense his talent.

Songs like "Looking for a Hard-

New voter qualifications announced

University students whose names appeared in last year's campus directory are now eligible to vote in East Baton Rouge Parish.

Registration for the second primary closes at 5 p.m. today.

Mrs. Mildred Bankston, EBR Parish registrar of voters, accepted Tuesday a notarized statement of the contents of the directory from Albert L. Clary, University registrar.

This action cleared the way for students to present a notarized affidavit of residency, in addition to their name being in last year's directory, to be eligible to register to vote.

If a student is registered in another parish or state, his registration there will be canceled upon registration in EBR Parish.

Affidavits are available in the Student Government Association Office, Room 322 in the Union,

headed Woman' and "Sad Lisa" brought repeated shouts from the crowd. Stevens played "Sad Lisa" as an encore in response to the cheering crowd.

PROBLEMS plagued the concert from beginning to end after a half hour delay because of too little power for the spotlights. Stifling heat dulled the crowd, but all was forgotten when Stevens walked across the stage.

Stevens' stop in Baton Rouge was part of a nationwide tour. His performance was co-sponsored by Beaver Productions and the Progressive Students Alliance.

Stevens' trembling voice rolled over soft tunes but was more than capable of meeting the challenge of the rollicking songs. It seemed as if he needed no microphone or sound system to carry his message across to the more than receptive crowd.

ROLLING his curly head, Stevens delighted the crowd with his best known songs, later moving on to equally pleasing new material. His songs needed little explanation because if the message was not in the words, it showed in the enthusiasm.

Stevens was preceded by Tom Jans and Mimi Ferrina. Their tones blended in a soft harmony, but could not excite the crowd who waited only for Stevens.

Candidates to be topic of debate

"Resolved, that Edwin Edwards is better qualified than Bennett

The Daily Reveille