

Von Hoffman

The Singer, Not the Song

CAROL HENDERSON Evans is a confessed "singer who moves." It's a classification in show business. Like singers who dance, and singers that don't move.

"A singer who moves means I can dance some, if it's not too complicated. I played the barn dinner theaters, musical comedies like *Highlights of Broadway*. I'm also classified as a belter, the perennial second lead who comes out in the second act and does the show stopper."



Nicholas Von Hoffman

Recently John Mitchell's agents tried to persuade Carol Henderson Evans to sing for a Washington grand jury investigating the Mayday conspiracy. If your attention has wandered from the traffic stoppage of Mayday to greater plots and grand murders lately appearing in those America newspapers as yet uncensored, you are forgiven.

Mayday happens every autumn when Ohio State plays Michigan. The same kind of stuff — some garbage cans overturned and a few tires slashed — but to the mitchellisti it takes precedence over everything except gagging newspaper editors.

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ONE OF the cardinal tenets of mitchellismo is that no songbird is too small and that he, the mitchellissimo, shall say which birds will tweet and which shall not. So the Times was ordered to keep quiet and Carol Henderson Evans ordered to perform.

She wouldn't, so she was jailed on contempt of court. The reason she wouldn't sing for four straight appearances before the grand jury was that she didn't want to rat on her friends in the Mayday collective:

"They ask me questions like what was the People's Coalition for Peace and Justice. What is Mayday? Have I ever participated in press conferences? Do I know Rennie Davis, John Froines or Sid Peck? Had I ever attended any meetings planning Mayday with Rennie Davis and Sid Peck? So if I give the names they know about, I give them evidence; if I give them names they don't know about, I'm giving them leads."

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CAROL HENDERSON EVANS — she prefers her middle name be used — is divorced with a two-and-a-half-year-old son Darin Scott-Christian Evans. Darin Scott-Christian was being looked after by the Mayday collective while his mother was in the pokey.

That may not be easy for them. The collective is full of love, according to Carol but all it is are those who have remained in Washington. Maybe fifteen people — the collective is given to long debates as to who's in it and who's not. The pressure from the police spies, the G-men, and mitchellisti make for that.

They have no money. They have been evicted from most of the places they had been living and last heard from were camping out in a Washington office building which has housed the headquarters of every major Washington demonstration for years.

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THE SMALL people in the activist branch of the peace movement are being hounded. Like Carol Henderson Evans: "I've gone through moments when I've said to myself I wish I'd never gotten involved in this. I'm no martyr. I'm not a particular spokesman or a leader, so if this could happen to me, it can happen to the rest. I think I'm being called first to this grand jury because I'm divorced and have a small son. I think they're after the mothers, people like Cathy Canada. She didn't do anything; she doesn't know anything; all she did was help prepare food for the Vietnam vets, and they subpoenaed her in Detroit and planted heroin in her car."

There are many such stories about the mitchellisti; they won't be believed now, any more than were the charges against the highest government officials . . . until the Pentagon Papers. So there are many of the mitchellisti hassling landlords and employers to get people fired and evicted, starve them, and then indict them when they have no money and no place to sleep.

Even Janie Silverman is rumored on the lam. Anyone who reported on the civil rights movement in the South years ago has to remember her — a fat woman, a little older than the rest, tongue tied in the middle and wagging at both ends, but very sweet, always kind. She made the chicken soup of freedom, not smart enough to conspire to do more than follow the recipe. Now the word is she has disappeared from her Washington apartment with the feds after her. If they catch Janie, they won't learn much, but they'll eat well.

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