



HIT SINGLES
is printed on the occasion of

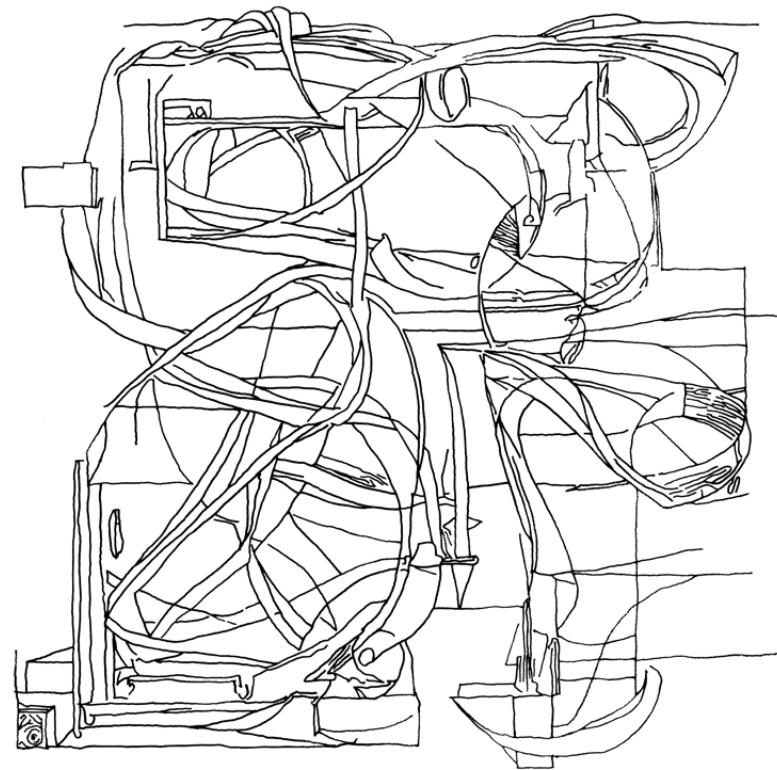
ASSISTED LIVING
recent works by James Huckenpahler

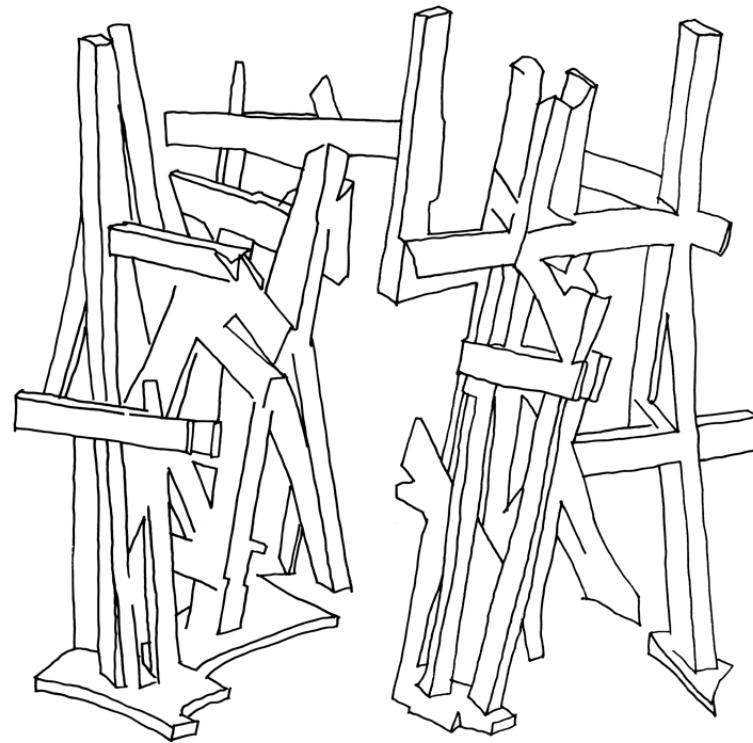
presented at REVOLVE
in Asheville, NC
February, 2026

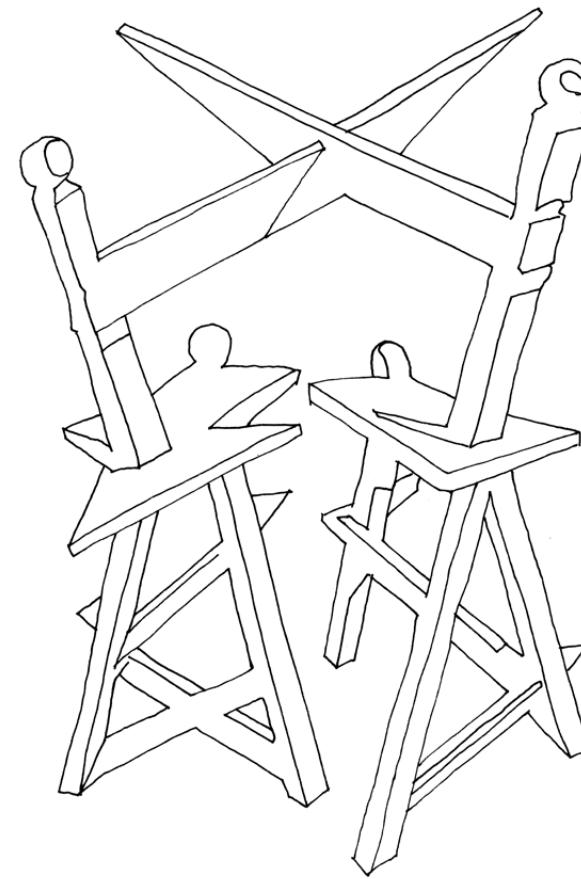


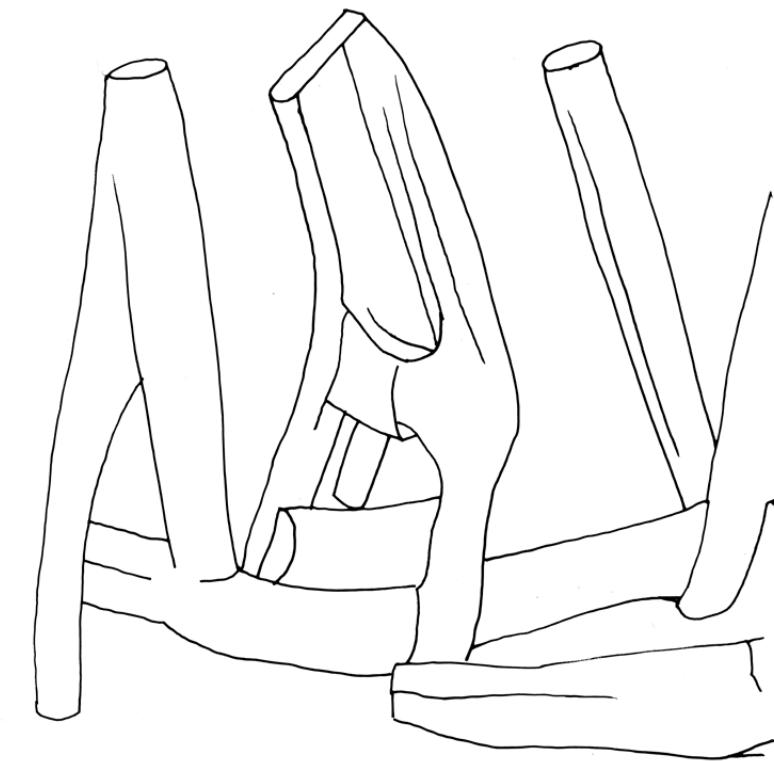
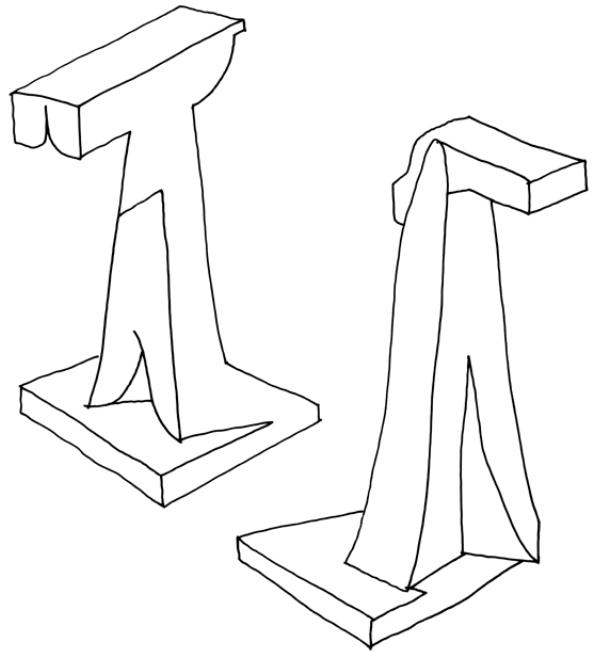
MINOR THREAT

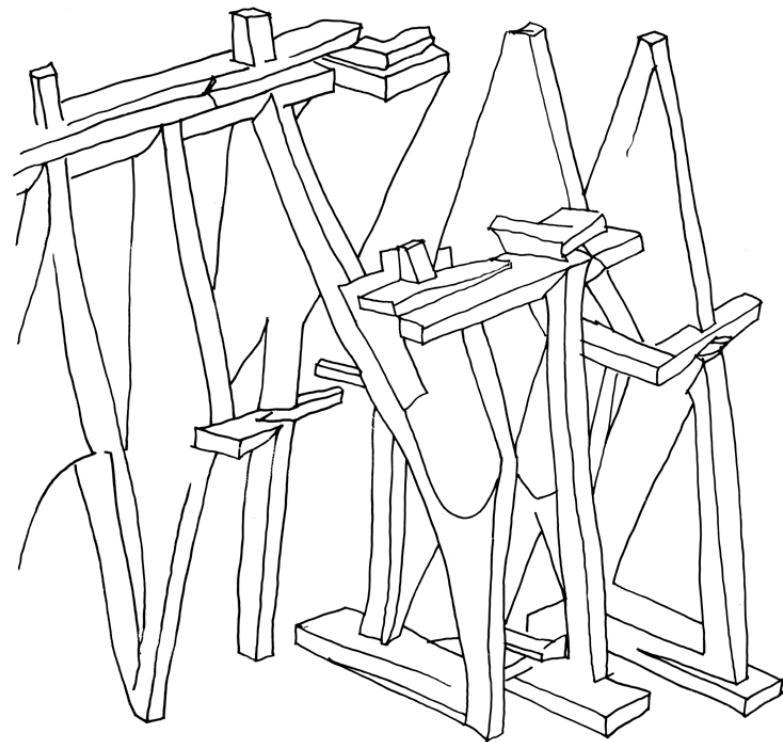
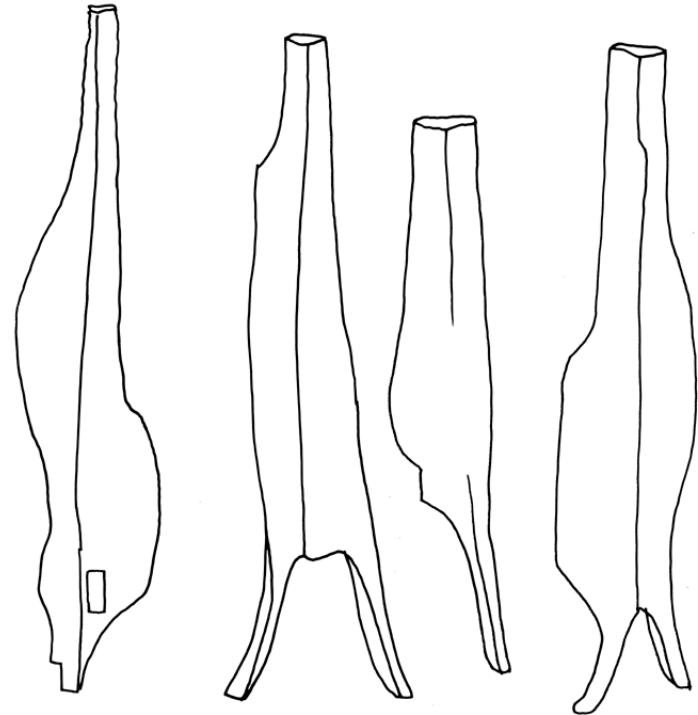
HIT SINGLES

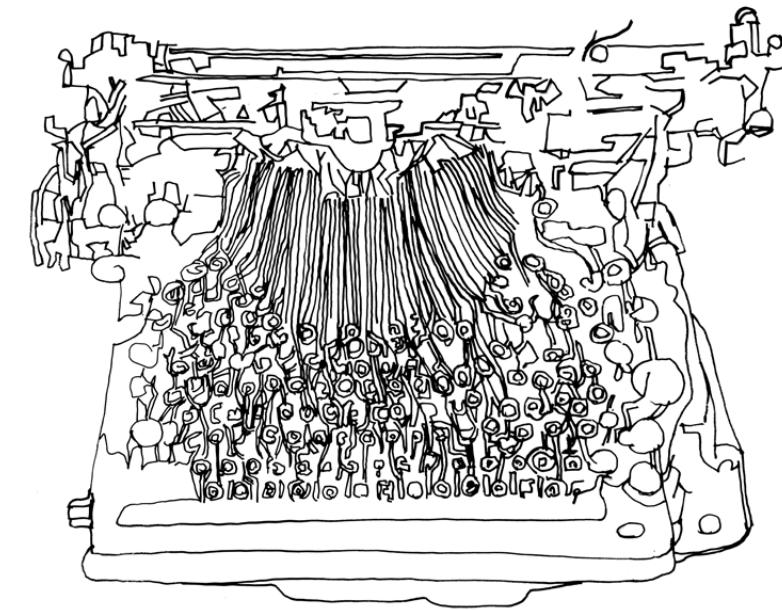
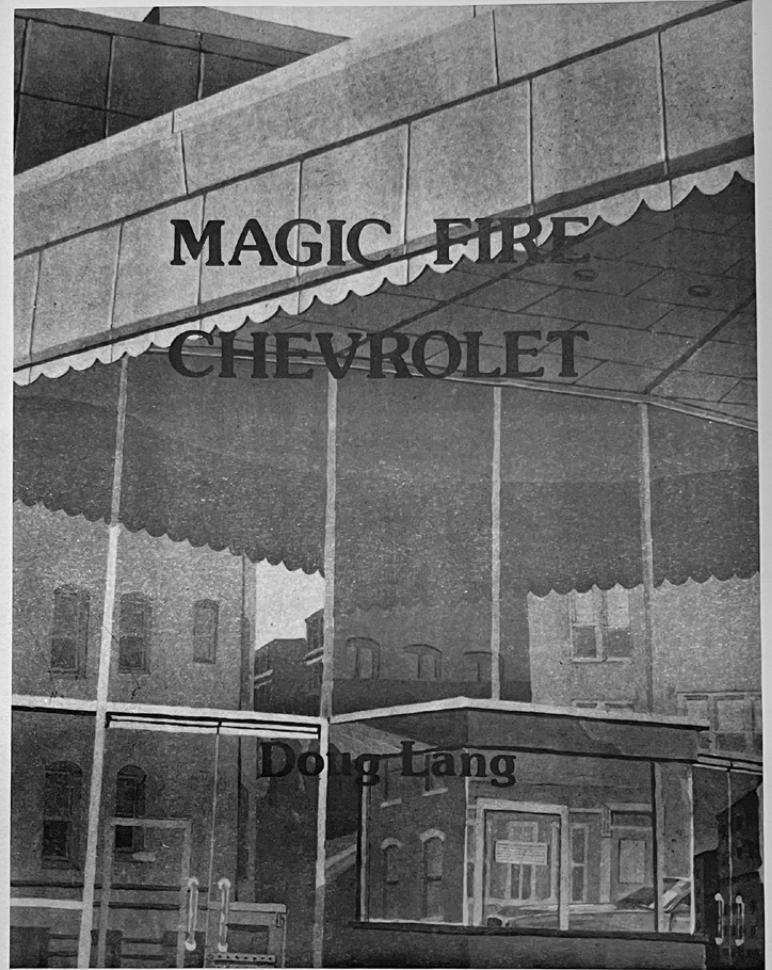












"You the one did that?" says the policeman. There's something half-incredulous in it.

"Yo, Dan!" calls out a man in a car, holding at a light. He sticks his head out the window, cocks his thumb, roars, tears off.

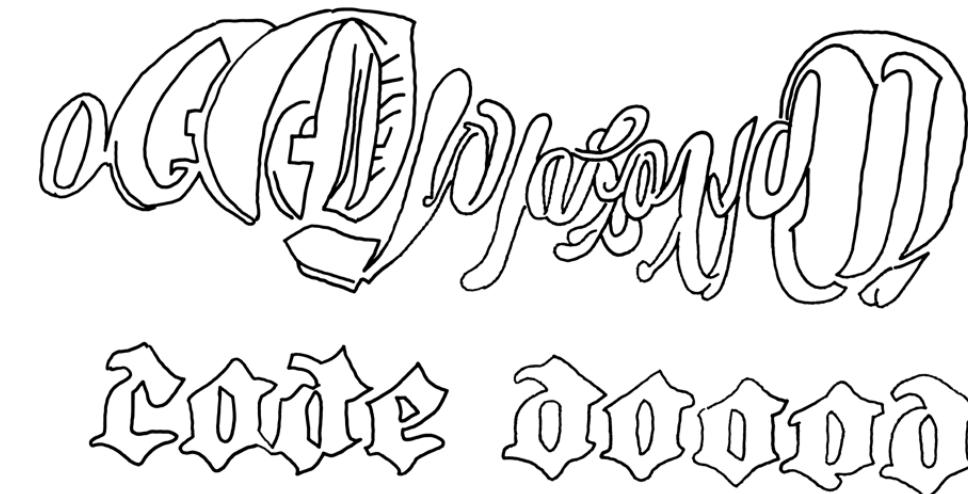
"Yeah, but I've been arrested for it already."

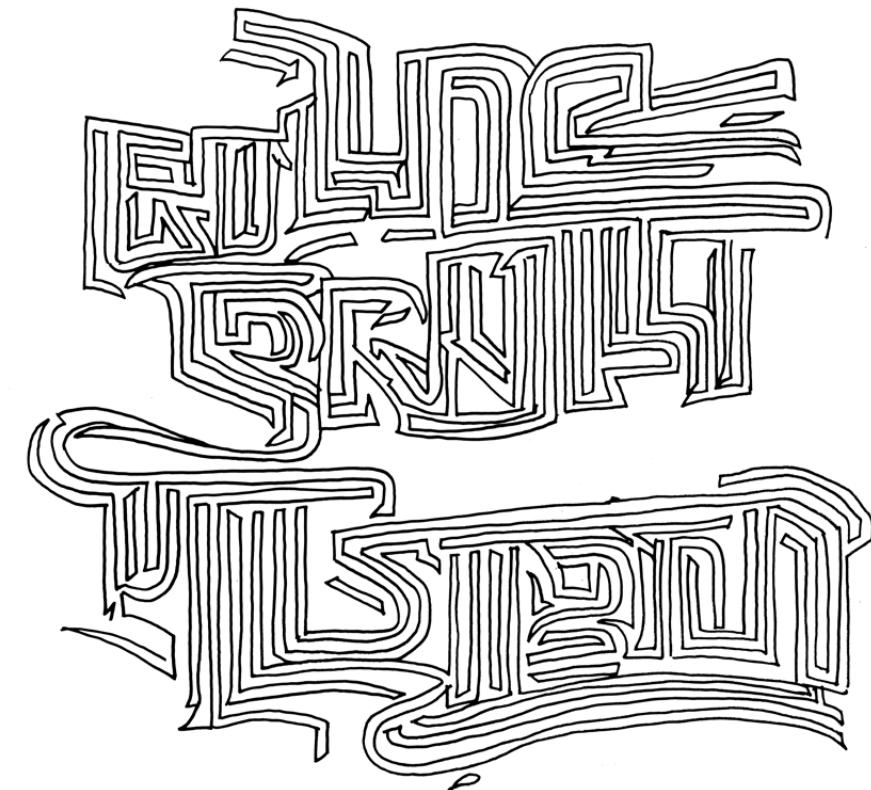
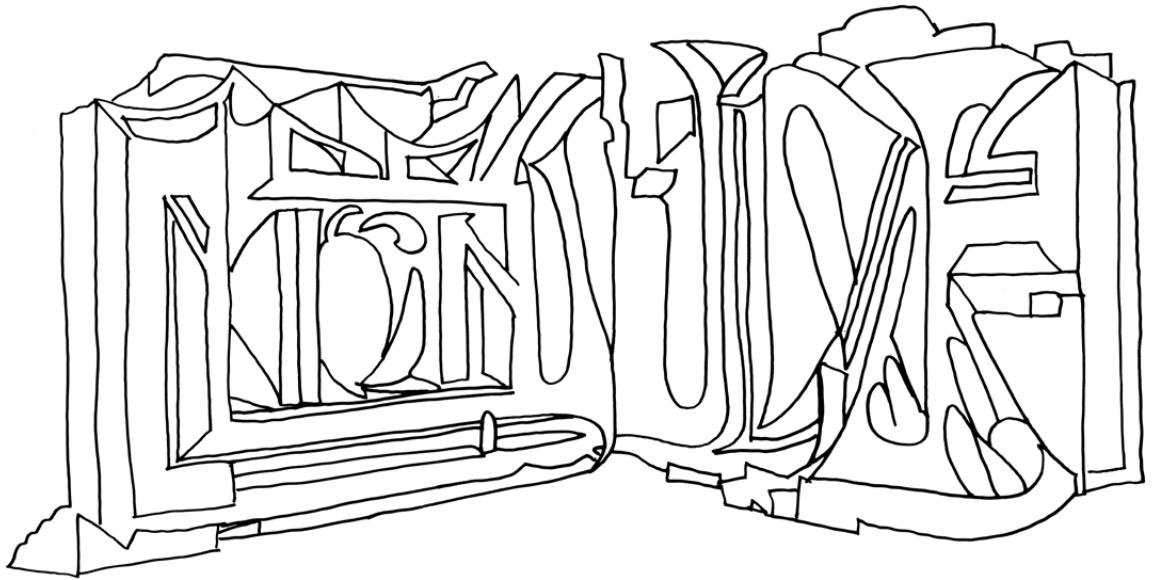
"That's you?" the cop says again. It's as if he hasn't heard. He's pointing at the graffiti with his nightstick. He seems in a strange suspension. Along with incredulity, there may now be something else, the barest whiff, in the policeman's tone: awe. If this is the real Dan, the guy's a certifiable D.C. legend. He's everywhere, illicitly of course.

"Yeah, but it was a long time ago, officer. It's not recent."

The lawman shakes his head. He's become a disgusted parent. What's to do? He hasn't caught somebody in the splash act of painting his name on a building that doesn't belong to him. This may not even be the guy, just some poseur. The two policemen, still head-shaking, move off down H Street, through other diversions of the wicked city.

After they're out of earshot Cool Disco Dan says, "Thought for a minute I was going to have to get the hell out of Dodge." Little bubbles of sweat have popped out on his

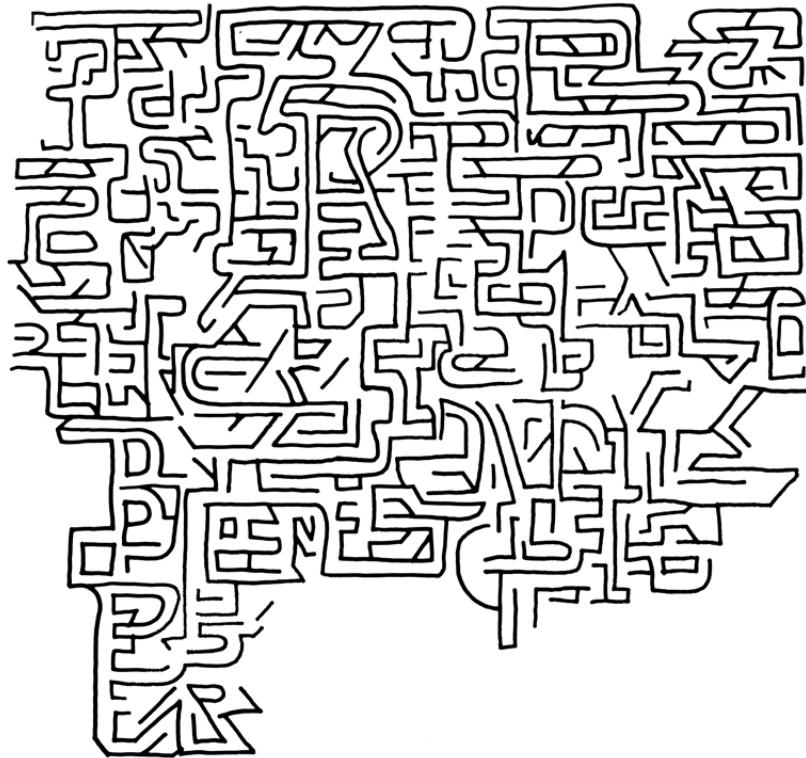




D 0

D M C C GRD C C C C
D C D C D C C C C C C
C C C C C C C C C C C C
D I S D O D I U I D C O D D 0

U G D O C A
T S C O R I P D
D U K T Z D
D U K T Z D
D U K T Z D
F O R G S O N
E R O C O W K

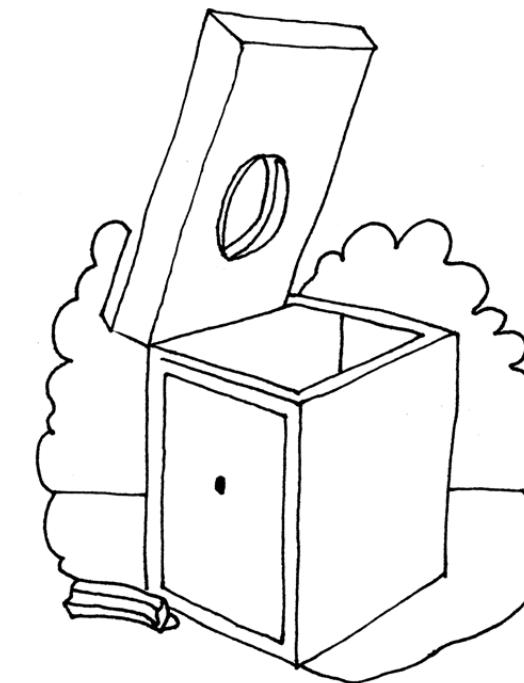


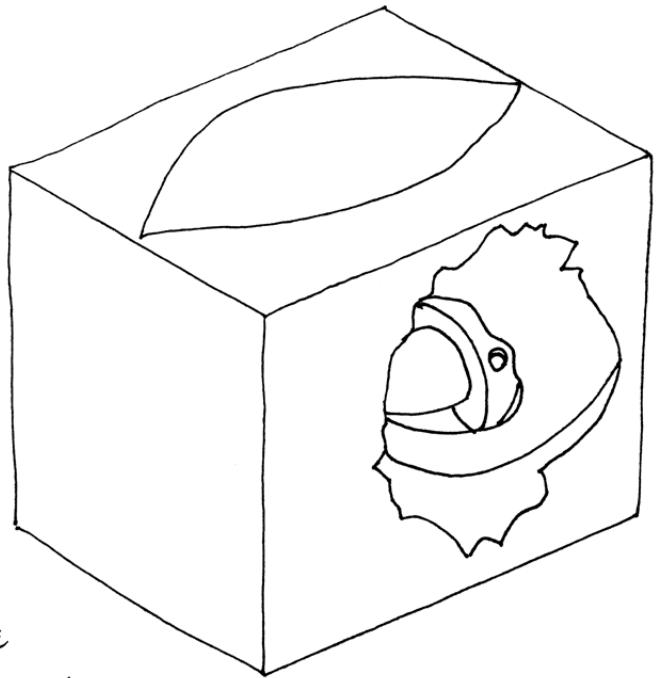
A WWLETIEN A GO
A OVRD DISED CISON
GIRIETR

D DIEDD DISOR V DITNOO

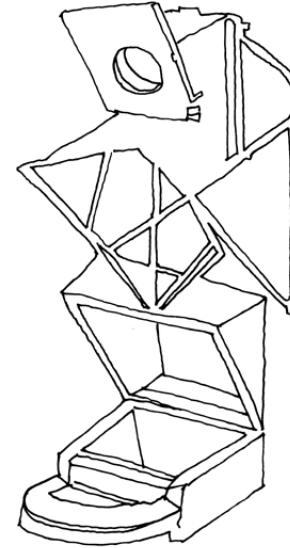
WANCEEIN WIOOR COO

D CUN DNICOO NEC^o DSSCO





CUTAWAY OF THE
MECHANISM IN
WILLIAM CHRISTENBERG'S
VIEWER CAMERA

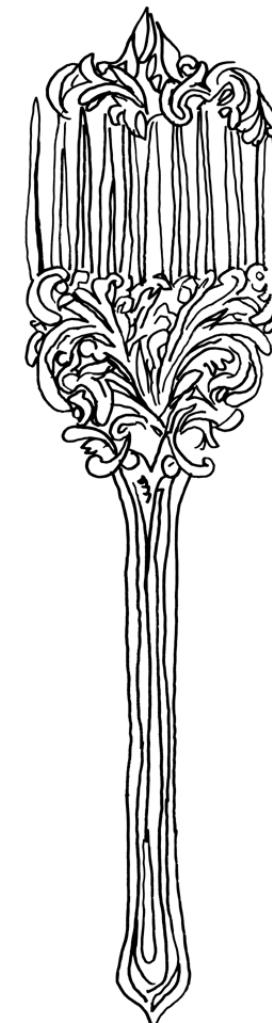


Just a month after his triumphant return to the art world, Washington artist Carroll Sockwell, '49, died Thursday after a fall from Rock Creek Park Bridge, not far from Foggy Bottom, where he grew up.

It was the end of a brilliant but sporadic and troubled career complicated by alcohol. Sockwell's much-praised current exhibition of abstract paintings, drawings and constructions at Washington Project for the Arts was his first here in nearly a decade.

"He was an absolutely beautiful artist," said longtime supporter Walter Hopps, the former Corcoran director who's now at the Menil Collection in Houston. "I would count him among the three most difficult artists I've worked with in 40 years—and that didn't matter. These kind of difficulties tend to subvert the kind of recognition these people deserve."

Police had not determined yesterday whether Sockwell jumped, fell or was pushed from the Pennsylvania Avenue overpass near 26th St. NW on Thursday night. His body remained unidentified until a friend, Robin Bull, read in yesterday's Washington Post that a man's body had been found in Rock Creek, and called police.



Few residences transcend their original functions of hearth and home in as splendidly public fashion as 3030 Chain Bridge Rd. NW.

When fire gutted **Peggy Cooper Cafritz's** house Wednesday night, it wasn't just a woman losing her abode. A neighborhood lost its signature architectural landmark, styled like a summer manse with its gables, columns and big, welcoming porch. A city lost one of its more memorable artistic, political and social salons — a vital interracial crossroads where problem-solvers and creators could mingle and brainstorm.

The international arts community lost a stunning assemblage of African and African American art that **Cafritz** displayed throughout the eight-bedroom house. And a

a refuge where they lived and inspired, and art was sometimes patrons and admirer

Fire officials said still under investigation

The blaze also concerns over D.C. firefighers to access sufficient water to extinguish **fires** in the city's higher-elevation neighborhoods. Officials from the D.C. Fire and Emergency Medical Services and from the D.C. Water and Sewer Authority argued over who was to blame for the delays in getting water to the flames. Residents of the neighborhood were left with more facet of loss — a diminished sense of safety.

See **CAFritz**, Page A





E O I L
E V L O
E L V L
L L V O
O L



MAL MIKE
RMIKGE
IGIMUGICE

lor's degree in fine arts and a master's degree in film and video.

In California, Mr. Holmes was a free-lance photographer, graphic designer and set designer in the film and fashion industries. He also did this work in the Washington area, and he had a one-man show of his photographs at the Red Gallery here.

From 1979 to 1984, Mr. Holmes also was the art director and assistant to the owner of the 9:30 night-club at 930 F St. NW.

