

CARLTON M. CAVES AND KAREN L. KAHN
22 EAGLE NEST COURT NE
ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO 87122-2025
(505) 856-6522

1993 December 4

Dear Friends,

This is an interim report on life in New Mexico. When we left Los Angeles in August of 1992, we pulled up deep roots. After transplanting ourselves to Albuquerque, we could only hope to put down new roots in the desert soil of New Mexico. It is a measure of our dissatisfaction with LA that we were willing to leave what we valued most there: our friends, our neighborhood, and our synagogue. It is a tribute to our new friends, our new neighborhood, and our new synagogue that we already feel at home in Albuquerque.

Our neighborhood is unique: a magnificent setting with a sense of community. Our house lies at the foot of the Sandia Mountains, which tower 4,000 feet directly behind us, and overlooks the Rio Grande Valley, which cuts across our view from right to left, a green slash on the brown desert. Nature paints on a big palette in New Mexico: the rich reds and pinks and peaches of a sunset that literally spans the sky; the delicate hues of sunrise behind the Sandias; the grandeur of thunderheads massing above the Sandias against a dark blue sky, followed by the pyrotechnics of a summer thunderstorm; the approach of a winter storm, its snow drawing a curtain as it moves across the landscape. Do you get tired of such spectacle when it is presented on a daily basis? Not so far. We admit without embarrassment that we spent more than one summer evening watching with awe—and some apprehension—the hundreds of lightning strikes of a violent thunderstorm. Violent, yes, but it's not television.

Eleanor celebrated her fourth birthday in February with a Princess party, some of the glitter from which turns up even now to remind us of that event. She attends preschool at Manzano Day School, where she is thriving, with lots of friends and plenty of challenges. She is an enthusiastic artist, who increasingly labels her pictures with text. She has an active interest in the plants and critters that populate our desert landscape and a healthy respect for the cacti that punish you for not paying attention to where you step or sit.

Jeremy celebrated his sixth birthday in January with an Invention party, which was such a success that he plans to repeat it this coming January. He is in first grade at Georgia O'Keeffe Elementary School, where he is a serious student of the typical first-grade subjects. Jeremy's big adventure was to hike across the Grand Canyon in late June, accompanied by his Dad, Grandfather Caves, Uncle Doug, Aunt Sherry, and Cousins Kevin and Jeff. Fourteen miles from North Rim to River the first day, 9.5 miles from River to South Rim the third day, with a day of rest sandwiched between. Jeremy complained a little about six miles into the first day, but once the temperature topped 110°, he performed like a trooper, never complaining again. He seemed to be the only six-year-old on the trail, certainly the only one with a cast on his left arm (he broke his arm three weeks before the hike).

Karen and Carl choose to skip details of which birthdays they celebrated. Karen continues to tele-commute, using FAX and PC, to Transamerica Occidental in LA. She took the bar course in June and July (thereby missing the Grand Canyon trip), took and passed the New Mexico bar exam the last week of July, and signed the lawyer's big book in Santa Fe on November 2. Karen is also the great socializer, who has extended our circle of friends in all directions. One thing we've discovered is that in a city the size of Albuquerque, if you know even 25 people, you run into at least one of them at any event you attend. Carl continues to be pleased with moving to the University of New Mexico; he became Director of the Center for Advanced Studies on July 1.

You don't expect Albuquerque to have the variety of food provided by the ethnic stew in LA, but New Mexican food is distinctive, and there are other selections as well. You might not expect to find *any* good bagels in Albuquerque, but we have developed a taste for Wolfe's green chile bagels [first (only?) rule of New Mexican cooking: if it doesn't have chiles, put them in], which not only fill the bagel's traditional role, but also add a zing to any sandwich you can think of.

Come see us. It's not called the Land of Enchantment for nothing.

Best Wishes,

Eleanor

Jeremy

Karen

Carl

CMC/TEX

P.S1. In the snapshot, taken the first weekend in October, Jeremy and Eleanor sit amid the chamisa in full bloom in our front yard.

P.S2. Please note our new phone number, which became effective on December 3; the old number will, we are assured, forward calls for one year.