

After hours at the Farm:

Tuesday 7:30 P.M. Hatha Yoga, centering + massage with Sarah...
a pleasant + relaxing way to bring your body/mind back into focus... class for beginning and advanced students...

Thursday 7:00 P.M. Oriental Massage + Acupressure First Aide with Mike Turk...
a formal class in the oriental art of healing massage... learn the techniques and philosophy of this discipline while experiencing a centering in and massage on your own body... bring notebook, towel, and empty stomach...

Every morning: Pre-dawn run + swim with Robert + Linda... ~~run~~ experience the early morning sunrise from the Pacific Ocean... join us for a plunge into the deep grey or just a half hour of quiet contemplation on the beach... meet at Farm; 5:30 AM

Yoga 7:30 - 8:30 A.M. on the mat

The farm sweat lodge built by Michael (or was it Bob) Fair is available for use by the Farm family + Friends... in fact there is a sweat going most evenings... (it is rumored that Eileen has begun to evaporate to another ~~plane~~ plane)



Why not come to the Tuesday/Thursday evening classes early... take a sweat... spend the night... join us at the beach in the morning... stay for yoga... and float through your entire day at work?

***** COMING SOON *****

~~Monday~~ MONDAY NIGHT? WORKSHOP IN EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION... first meeting to center around teaching reading...

Where do the lizards go when it rains?

Robert Fiske Ph.D.

I'm a native of San Diego, enthralled by the chaparral, and the coyotes, enchanted by the dolphins, fed up with the tract homes, condominiums, etc.. I expect my esthetic principles will drive me away from Southern California.

I've lived in S.S.U. county most of my life, broken by a year in England and one in the bay area.

My hobbies include playing in the ocean, wandering in wild places, reading, playing and listening to music, writing cryptic or cliché ridden poetry, making puns, making and repairing almost anything made of wood and some things made of other materials.

Before I discovered I'm a teacher I made a living as an independent carpenter (I continue to do carpentry part time).

Human beings evolved over millions of years in simple rural environments, I expect that they are healthiest, sanest and happiest in the same. I sometimes fear that the near future of the race (the next 100 to 1000 years) will be lived in polluted, decaying cities. That is already the case for a large percentage of mankind. * I love learning and living on the farm

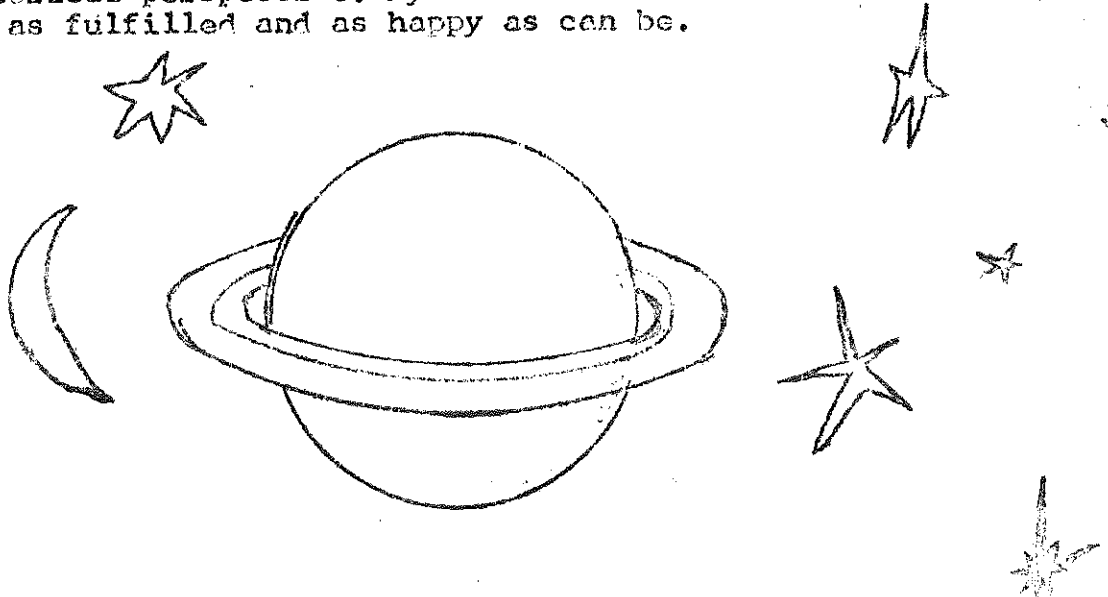
(I'm not so sure about electric typewriters).

It appears that one result of our present cultural state is the lack of a healthy, mutually supportive sense of community. This in turn will cause our culture to become even more alienated. I see the farm as a potential seed of a greater sense of community as a focus for group activities, as a potential collecting point and source of skills, tools and energy.

I hope that enough enlightened people will work hard enough to avoid the worst of the possible futures, perhaps to direct us, eventually, to a happy, harmonious world. I don't see it being done by institutions, but by individuals and small groups, like ours.

The greatest need is for strong, self sufficient people, capable of clear communication and efficient action, having a deep sense of compassion.

To help the children be such people is part of my understanding of my function as a teacher. That is viewing the whole thing from a historical perspective. My more immediate desire is to help each kid be as fulfilled and as happy as can be.



My name is Eileen

I have been at the Learning Farm for two years now and have seen three major changes in this short time.

I was born and mostly raised in New Orleans where I attended Catholic grammar school. My family, consisting of five, moved to San Diego in 1968 where I was enrolled in a Catholic girls high school. This only lasted two years and I moved on to a co-educational Catholic high school. As I remember, this option of staying in the girls school or changing to the co-ed school was the first major decision I was allowed to make in my life. Life was not sheltered but not too strict.

I went to Mesa College then UCSD deciding that neither was the type of education I wanted. I left for Mexico with intentions of starting at UCSC, a more relaxed free learning environment. I got held up at the L. F. where I was invited to live and teach and here I am still.