




# ANOTHER TEACHER IN THE WALL · MATTERS OF HIGHER EDUCATION (WIROO3)


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When knowledge is taught in disconnected silos. When education becomes a means of thought-control. Conditioning the budding generation into more bricks in the system wall. Not providing them with broad insight and skills in life...

Then it's time to graduate outside the system. A brick in the wall was no role model for me. I pursued higher education in the ashram and beyond — ancient philosophies, contemplative practices, whatever more. Hey teacher! Let the kids learn life!



#WhereverIMayRoam

#SiloEducation

#MindControl

#SystemConditioning

#HeyTeacher

#StudyingLife

#HigherEducation

**Hey teacher — leave those kids alone!** You're not a positive role model. You're a front for the system, and they kind of get it. It's not like they're all distracted idiots, just in for the fun and games. Simply, we don't need your thought control.

The knowledge itself is more or less fine, how-so-ever finite and tentative, and I wish you didn't pitch those as the final word in reality, but, you know, the embedded thought control isn't fine. That's not cool at all. When all of that knowledge isn't neutral at all at the end of the day, when it has been slyly weaponized to turn you into a cog in the system, into a productive member of a society, in a framing that you never really subscribed for.

Yes, and so those are vibings from back in the day again, and indeed, "Wherever I May Roam" is turning into a nostalgia carnival. All well there. Not a problem.

While we're at it, rewinding straight back to 1994. Dark sarcasm in the classroom.

At that point, at the budding age of 14, I was already a regular visitor to the ashram. Deep in ancient philosophies, doing my couple of hours of mantra meditation dutifully every day. That's what the monks do so, the hell, I'll do the same. So all of that, obviously, took a bit of a toll on my studies, the attention I cared to invest in to any of it. And so I was called by the supervising teacher for a little chat.

"So, Oskari, it seems that as of late, your enthusiasm for studies has rather been waning. What's going on?" — "You see, Madam Teacher, all these subjects of yours, they are in their silos, and what's more, lack real life application. I, on the other hand, am investigating the deeper meaning of life. I require an umbrella to bridge all of this information together."

That's actually what I said, right? Almost word to word. — "Oh, I see. Well, those are good sorts of things to think about, but perhaps also mind your studies." — "Well, okay, then, like whatever!" — So I still finished my primary school with respectable grades, but for higher education, it was into the ashram and beyond.

On a tangent. Brings to mind the education reform in Finland. Back in the day, well after my days, where it was recognized that topics should not be in silos. We need aggregating topics. I thought, well, that's damn cool, some progress there. Then as to what these aggregating topics proposed were. For example, the European Union. We shall take a look at mathematics, economics and geography in terms of how it applies to our life in the European Union. Like what the fuck, right?

Is it so hard for us to find aggregators, umbrellas for all of this knowledge that actually exists in real life, independent of your systems? Whatever the systems may be at any given time. Your systems rise and fall. Your umbrellas are erected and ripped. Life as it is keeps on going on.

All these little sprouts of life, we shall raise them in cubicles. We need more bricks on the wall. That's the system imperative, that's the demand from the chain of command. So, teacher, either show those kids how all of that knowledge applies to real life, independent of your systems. Independent of schemes to exploit them.

Or leave those poor kids alone. Let them figure it out on their own, they'll be way better off. Alright. Just keep them off those fucking devices and algorithmic brain rot. If they are actually in nature, playing in real life, they'll figure it out.

With lots of love and respect for every teacher, rector down the road. Sorry I graduated outside your system. Join in if you're still around. We'll explore the summits of higher knowledge. Alright!



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