

Blame and Punish Podcast

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Where did all the bad start?

Before we go any further let's set a base of wrongness. Let's discuss where society went wrong, when humans turned bad, and how we lost control. Maybe we can work forward from there to help ourselves.

This is week 6 of 1,560 of our Blame and Punish podcast and I'm Bruce Carlson.

Last week, we spoke about what bad was that wasn't going to be acceptable and what bad was that we could accept. We decided, at this particular time, that we were going to concentrate on murder as being the baddest of the bad so we could concentrate on trying to fix that. But now, having understood that murder is bad, let's try and figure out why and how this all started. If nothing else let's try and figure out when it started. With all of those pieces of information, maybe we can formulate the best strategy to go forward so that neither you nor your loved ones, nor I and my loved ones, will get murdered.

This is going to sound like it's "tongue in cheek" but it's not. I'm just trying to get you to pay attention. I'm coming up with an example – I hope that you'll understand that it's meant to be very serious.

Way back in the days of the caveman, when people used to live in caves, things could be very easily controlled. (And, honestly, I don't know if there were cavemen as they are envisioned in our minds – I've watched the same movies you have so I think there were guys running around in short animal-skin skirts and women wearing some type of a top covering and skirts also. This brings up a whole other question – just off the side here: Who the hell were the first people that decided what naked parts should or shouldn't be seen on women or men? Honestly – why didn't someone make up some type of rule where you had to cover your right shoulder or left earlobe or something instead of your crotch(?) . . . I'd be down with that! And, way back when, wouldn't it have made more sense for the man to wear a skirt so their thing could move around more freely and for women to wear pants cuz there was nothing there to move around or get in the way of being crushed? But I digress. Sorry.)

So, think about it: You had children back then and they started to grow up. They weren't really a problem cuz they had to listen to you cuz they knew no other way to get through life. If you didn't want them you could cook them and eat them – who was going to stop you? And if they were bad and you wanted to scare them straight to teach them a lesson, you wouldn't have to send them to the local prison with a TV crew to try and scare them straight, you could throw them out of the cave and a dinosaur would chase them around

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and maybe catch them and eat them. That would have made them obey you! Fearing the dinosaur. If they did listen to you then all of you would live in harmony and eventually each of you would die and the circle of life would continue.

What must have happened was people started to have more and more sex. I mean, come on, if you just lived in a cave all day long and you couldn't really go out or a dinosaur would eat you and at night you didn't have any electricity to turn on a light or watch TV – what would you do? Really, don't lie, that person next to you night after night had to start to look pretty good even if they really didn't.

So, you start to fill your cave up with these little cave kids (unlike latchkey kids, since caves didn't have doors there was no need for keys plus the parents were always there anyway cuz they were hiding from dinosaurs!) and eventually you outgrew your cave and you'd have to get a bigger one. You'd have to pack up all your stuff, call a moving van, and move to the next bigger cave: Too many little cave kids. In the meantime, eventually, some kids either stayed behind in the older, smaller cave or they went out into the world on their own with your permission and help, or they just escaped. In any case, you then had parents who did not control their children. There was no reason to be a bad parent back then cuz there were only a few people and they controlled everything happening. It's not like one caveman really wanted the other caveman's car so he robbed it and then there was a fight and then one killed the other. Anyway, things were somewhat controlled, I imagine.

But those damn cave people kept having more and more sex. Oh my god, that meant more and more children. And, damnit, more and more places to live were getting smaller and smaller and more and more children were left behind or thrown out to get eaten by the dinosaurs, or since there were more and more children, they just starved to death. But . . . all these ways of dying weren't keeping up with all of the children being born from more and more sex cuz all of these people were just locked in caves with nothing to do. Children did what they had to do to survive . . . but then they started to have sex themselves: Damn kids!

Let's skip up a few years: People started living in huts, more and more kids were running around the streets (everyone must have hidden well enough to cut the dinosaurs' food supply down to nothing cuz now they were gone (and PLEASE, this is a little tongue-in-cheek writing: don't start contacting me and saying I am not factually stating what happened to dinosaurs . . . I don't really care(!) and I am writing about something else in this book – not dinosaurs! I'm writing about something else in our book, I'm talking about something else in our podcast, I'm worried about something else in our lives. I'm not worried about dinosaurs – they're gone. I'm worried about why humans are continuing to be gone at the hands of others through murder so let's get back on track)).

Well, anyway, these kids started making friends – these cave kids. They spoke to other children about life and the future, and they built things, and invented things, and tried to

make things easier for themselves so they wouldn't have to work as hard as their parents. Heck, sometimes they even tried to help their parents (they discovered electricity, built cars, invented microwaves, created little buttons that would send out signals for their old parents to tell others they had fallen and they couldn't get up so others could send help) – those were cool things to do. Sometimes children are cool!

But, back in the hut days, as parents, you still had some control over your children cuz it wasn't like any of them could just drive off into the sunset (this part of the example is still in the days of huts – the cars and stuff come later: I know I mentioned them but I was just saying kids did cool things). If a child wanted to be on their own, they had to make a plan to do so (or be a free spirit, but modes of transportation weren't readily available so there wasn't much free-spiriting they could do). But, until the days of ships and trains and cars and planes, it took a very committed person to want to go out and change the world . . . and even if they went a little bit further than a few houses away (like a few miles) the parents could still control MOST of their children. Of course, as humans, being at the mercy of their sexual urges, regardless of whether children left or stayed, the children started to discover other children who wanted to have sex and that's why children like bunnies so much! (Okay, I guess I didn't have to say that.)

But still, in the days of the hut we hadn't really gone crazy yet.

We'll go forward in time a little bit more next week and keep on going from there. I just want to leave you with one thought: I'm gonna go ahead and stop now but the thought is that whenever we started to go bad my example in this last few minutes (and we can take issue with this one step at a time) . . . it is because parents lost control of their children. I'm not saying it's easy to control your children. I'm not even saying you "should" control your children! Certainly, you have to bring them into this world and you have to let them live. But at what point do we start to think about, "Where did we lose control of our children?"

We can go back to the days of the cave, we can go back to the days of the hut, we can keep on trying to come up with some type of timeframe. We can say, "Oh my god, in 2021, people in the United States (the freest country in the world, in theory) had a number of people get killed cuz citizens were rioting in their sacred capital of their county because someone was leading the people who were going crazy astray. Whether it was the people who called on them to come to the capital to have riots or it was the people at the riots who were the first one breaking down doors, or whether it was the parents who didn't teach their children that they weren't supposed to do something wrong. So, why are they telling people, "Hey, c'mon out here, let's raise some hell," OR "Go on out there and raise some hell!"

Where does that stop, where does it start? I'll tell you where it could have stopped and started. It could have stopped the day the child wasn't born: It certainly started the day the child was born!

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Caves, huts, okay. Lot of children, going out on their own – fine. But someone still created that child! And if that child created a problem for someone else on our planet, there is no denying that without the creation of that child we wouldn't have had the problem we are now discussing.

Oh my god, I talk so much. What are we discussing again? Oh, yeah, we're not supposed to be murdering people and someone's murdering someone all the time! Easiest way to stop that, "Don't create murderers." Or, go all the way back to day one and keep them in the murderer in the cave with you until you teach them right!

All right, end of this week. See you next week. Once again, I'm Bruce Carlson. I hope you'll come back. I hope that over the next 30 years we'll put an end to people just randomly murdering people.

Bye.

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