

SHORT STORIES

On the cause of poverty

(compiled by grundskyld.dk)

Theft and theft

Now, here is a desert. Here is a caravan going along over the desert. Here is a gang of robbers.

They say: "Look! There is a rich caravan; let us go and rob it, kill the men if necessary, take their goods from them, their camels and horses, and walk off."

But one of the robbers says: "Oh, no; that is dangerous; besides, that would be stealing! Let us, instead of doing that, go ahead to where there is a spring, the only spring at which this caravan can get water in this desert. Let us put a wall around it and call it ours, and when they come up we won't let them have any water until they have given us all the goods they have."

That would be more gentlemanly, more polite, and more respectable; but would it not be theft all the same?

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And is it not theft of the same kind when people go ahead in advance of population and get land they have no use whatever for, and then, as people come into the world and population increases, will not let this increasing population use the land until they pay an exorbitant price?

That is the sort of theft on which our first families are founded. Do that under the false code of morality which exists here today and people will praise your forethought and your enterprise, and will say you have made money because you are a very superior person, and that all can make money if they will only work and be industrious!

But is it not as clearly a violation of the command: "Thou shalt not steal," as taking the money out of a person's pocket?

Henry George: *Thou shalt not steal*

Slavery and slavery

Robinson Crusoe, as we all know, took Friday as his slave.

Suppose, however, that instead of taking Friday as his slave, Robinson Crusoe had welcomed him as a man and a brother; had read him a Declaration of Independence, an Emancipation Proclamation and a Fifteenth Amendment, and informed him that he was a free and independent citizen, entitled to vote and hold office; but had at the same time also informed him that that particular island was his (Robinson Crusoe's) private and exclusive property.

What would have been the difference?

Since Friday could not fly up into the air nor swim off through the sea, since if he lived at all he must live on the island, he would have been in one case as much a slave as in the other.

Crusoe's ownership of the island would be equivalent to his ownership of Friday.

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Chattel slavery is, in fact, merely the rude and primitive mode of property in man. It only grows up where population is sparse; it never, save by virtue of special circumstances, continues where the pressure of population gives land a high value, for in that case the ownership of land gives all the power that comes from the ownership of men, in more convenient form.

When in the course of history we see the conquerors making chattel slaves of the conquered, it is always where population is sparse and land of little value, or where they want to carry off their human spoil. In other cases, the conquerors merely appropriate the lands of the conquered, by which means they just as effectually, and much more conveniently, compel the conquered to work for them.

It was not until the great estates of the rich patricians began to depopulate Italy that the importation of slaves began.

European ships took African slaves to America, where land was cheap and labor expensive – and not to Europe where land was expensive and labor cheap.

Henry George: *Social Problems*

Enough food

In the Old Testament we are told that when the Israelites journeyed through the desert, they were hungered, and that God sent manna down out of the heavens. There was enough for all of them, and they all took it and were relieved.

This is the story, we read. But let us tell it again with a small change:

Suppose that the desert had been held as private property, as the soil of Great Britain is held, as the soil even of our new States is being held; suppose that one of the Israelites had a square mile, and another one had twenty square miles, and another one had a hundred square miles, and the great majority of the Israelites did not have enough to set the soles of their feet upon, which they could call their own.

What would become of the manna?

What good would it have done to the majority?

Not a whit.

Though God had sent down manna enough for all, that manna would have been the property of the landholders; they would have employed some of the others perhaps, to gather it up into heaps for them, and would have sold it to their hungry brethren.

Consider it.

This purchase and sale of manna might have gone on until the majority of Israelites had given all they had, even to the clothes off their backs.

What then?

Then they would not have had anything left to buy manna with, and the consequences would have been that while they went hungry the manna would have lain in great heaps, and the landowners would have been complaining of the over-production of manna.

There would have been a great harvest of manna and hungry people, just precisely the phenomenon that we see to-day.

Henry George: *The Crime of Poverty*

Our Daily Bread

Why, consider: "Give us this day our daily bread."

I stopped in a hotel last week—a hydropathic establishment. A hundred or more guests sat down to table together. Before they ate any-thing, a man stood up, and, thanking God, asked Him to make us all grateful for His bounty. And it is so at every mealtime—such an acknowledgement is made over well-filled boards.

What do we mean by it?

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If Adam, when he got out of Eden, had sat down and commenced to pray, he might have prayed till this time without getting anything to eat unless he went to work for it.

Yet food is God's bounty. He does not bring meat and vegetables all prepared. What He gives are the opportunities of producing these things—of bringing them forth by labour. His mandate is—it is written in the Holy Word, it is graven on every fact in nature—that by labour we shall bring forth these things. Nature gives to labour and to nothing else.

What God gives are the natural elements that are indispensable to labour. He gives them, not to one, not to some, not to one generation, but to all. They are His gifts, His bounty to the whole human race.

And yet in all our civilised countries what do we see? That a few people have appropriated these bounties, claiming them as theirs alone, while the great majority have no legal right to apply their labour to the reservoirs of Nature and draw from the Creator's bounty.

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Henry George: *Thy Kingdom Come*

Charity

On the effect of charity and social security

- when it becomes permanent.

Less expenses:

Some years ago in London there was a toll bar on a bridge across the Thames, and all the working people who lived on the south side of the river had to pay a daily toll of one penny for going and returning from their work. The spectacle of these poor people thus mulcted of so large a proportion of their earnings offended the public conscience, and agitation was set on foot, municipal authorities were roused, and at the cost of the taxpayers, the bridge was freed and the toll removed.

All those people who used the bridge were saved six-pence a week, but within a very short time rents on the south side of the river were found to have risen about six-pence a week, or the amount of the toll which had been remitted!

Extra 'income':

And a friend of mine was telling me the other day that, in the parish of Southwark, about 350 pounds a year was given away in doles of bread by charitable people in connection with one of the churches.

As a consequence of this charity, the competition for small houses and single-room tenements is so great that rents are considerably higher in the parish!

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All goes back to the land, and the land owner is able to absorb to himself a share of almost every public and every private benefit, however important or however pitiful those benefits may be.

Extract from a speech in the House of Commons 1909
by Winston Churchill.

Justice

Before the Cadi of an Eastern city there came from the desert two torn and bruised travellers.

"There were five of us," they said, "on our way hither with merchandise. A day's journey hence we halted and made our camp, when following us there came a crowd of ill-conditioned fellows who demanded entrance to our camp and who, on our refusing it, used to us violent and threatening words, and, when we answered not their threats, set upon us with force. Three of us were slain and we two barely escaped with our lives to ask justice."

"Justice you shall have," answered the Cadi. "If what you say be true, they who assaulted you when you had not assaulted them shall die. If what you say be not true, your own lives shall pay the penalty of falsehood."

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When the assailants of the merchants arrived they were brought at once before the Cadi.

"Is the merchants' story true?" he asked.

"It is, but — "

"I will hear no more" cried the Cadi. "You admit having reviled men who had not reproached you, and having assaulted men who had not assaulted you. In this you have deserved death."

But as they were being carried off to execution the prisoners still tried to explain.

"Hear them, Cadi," said an old man, "lest you commit injustice."

"But they have admitted the merchants' words are true."

"Yes, but their words may not be all the truth."

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So the Cadi heard them, and they said that when they came up to the merchants' halting place they found that the merchants had pitched their camp around the only well in that part of the desert, and refused to let them enter and drink.

They first remonstrated, then threatened, and then, rather than die of thirst, rushed upon the merchants' camp and in the melee three of the merchants were slain.

"Is this also true?" asked the Cadi of the merchants.
The merchants were forced to admit that it was.

"Then," said the Cadi, "you told me truth, that, being only part of the truth, was really a falsehood. You were the aggressors by taking for yourselves alone the only well from which these men could drink. Now the death I have decreed is for you."

Henry George: *Utility and futility of Labor Strikes*

Ownership of Land

The ownership of land in the islands has always been a contentious issue. From the competing claims to the Western Isles by the Scottish and Norwegian kings, to the relatively modern land-raids of the 1920s, the land which provides food, shelter, and employment for the people of the isles has frequently been the cause of conflict.

As in other parts of the Highlands and Islands, the people of this area suffered dispossession and hardship during the Highland Clearances, and many left the islands to settle in other parts of the world. The clan lands passed from the community to being the private property of landlords, and with few exceptions they have remained so.

Most of the estates in the Western Isles, though privately owned, are under crofting tenure, that is to say tenant crofters have agricultural, grazing, and housing rights which leave the landlord with little real control apart from some fishing, shooting, and mineral rights.

Parts of Harris, Benbecula, Barra, and Vatersay are owned by the Scottish Office Agriculture & Fisheries Department (SOAFD), a situation dating from a time when the government purchased land to enable the creation of crofts in order to assist the relief of hunger and unemployment resulting from the lack of access to land by the local people.

Some of these land settlements were made as late as the 1920s. 'A Land fit for heroes' was promised to servicemen returning from the first World War. The government however withdrew their promises and in some instances the land was taken by force by returning servicemen.

Around Stornoway and the adjacent east coast of the island, the land is owned by the resident community who elects a management Board of Trustees. This land was given to the community by the previous owner, Lord Leverhulme, before he disposed of his estates in Lewis in 1923.

From: The Western Isles - History of Settlement
Eachdraidh Tuineachaidh
(A Tourist Brochure)

The People of the Abyss

Jack London: *The People of the Abyss* (1903) - Final Chapter.

Jack London describes - in this novel - a visit to the under-world of London in 1902.

Jack London has seen poverty and described it.

His description is not repeated here, only an extract from the last chapter - *The Management* - where he says that something must be done.

Is there a solution to the problem of poverty?

The Management

IN THIS FINAL chapter it were well to look at the Social Abyss in its widest aspect, and to put certain questions to Civilization, by the answers to which Civilization must stand or fall.

Has Civilization bettered the lot of man?

'Man' I use in its democratic sense, meaning the average man.

So the question reshapes itself: Has Civilization bettered the lot of the average man?

Alaska

Let us see. In Alaska, along the banks of the Yukon River, near its mouth, live the Inuit folk. They are a very primitive people, manifesting but mere glimmering adumbrations of that tremendous artifice, Civilization. Their capital amounts possibly to \$10 per head. They hunt and fish for their food with bone-headed spears and arrows. They never suffer from lack of shelter. Their clothes, largely made from the skins of animals, are warm. They always have fuel for their fires, likewise timber for their houses, which they build partly underground, and in which they lie snugly during the periods of intense cold. In the summer they live in tents, open to every breeze and cool. They are healthy, and strong, and happy. Their one problem is food. They have their times of plenty and times of famine. In good times they feast; in bad times they die of starvation. But starvation, as a chronic condition, present with a large number of them all the time, is a thing unknown. Further, they have no debts.

England

In the United Kingdom, on the rim of the Western Ocean, live the English folk. They are a consummately civilized people. Their capital amounts to at least \$1500 per head. They gain their food, not by hunting and fishing, but by toil at colossal artifices. For the most part, they suffer from lack of shelter. The greater number of them are vilely housed, do not have enough fuel to keep them warm, and are insufficiently clothed. A constant number never have any houses at all, and sleep shelterless under the stars. Many are to be found, winter and summer, shivering on the streets in their rags.

They have good times and bad. In good times most of them manage to get enough to eat, in bad times they die of starvation. They are dying now, they were dying yesterday and last year, they will die to-morrow and next year, of starvation; for they, unlike the Innuite, suffer from a chronic condition of starvation. There are 40,000,000 of the English folk, and 939 out of every 1000 of them die in poverty, while a constant army of 8,000,000 struggles on the ragged edge of starvation. Further, each babe that is born, is born in debt to the sum of \$110. This is because of an artifice called the National Debt.

Comparison

In a fair comparison of the average Innuite and the average Englishman, it will be seen that life is less rigorous for the Innuite; that while the Innuite suffers only during bad times from starvation, the Englishman suffers during good times as well; that no Innuite lacks fuel, clothing, or housing, while the Englishman is in perpetual lack of these three essentials.

In this connection it is well to instance the judgment of a man such as Huxley. From the knowledge gained as a medical officer in the East End of London, and as a scientist pursuing investigations among the most elemental savages, he concludes,

'Were the alternative presented to me I would deliberately prefer the life of the savage to that of those people of Christian London.'

Civilization

The creature comforts man enjoys are the products of man's labor. Since Civilization has failed to give the average Englishman food and shelter equal to that enjoyed by the Inuit, the question arises:

Has Civilization increased the producing power of the average man?

If it has not increased man's producing power, then Civilization cannot stand.

But, it will be instantly admitted, Civilization has increased man's producing power. Five men can produce bread for a thousand. One man can produce cotton cloth for 250 people, woollens for 300, and boots and shoes for 1000. Yet it has been shown throughout the pages of this book that English folk by the millions do not receive enough food, clothes, and boots. Then arises the third and inexorable question:

If Civilization has increased the producing power of the average man, why has it not bettered the lot of the average man?

Solution?

In short, society must be reorganized and a capable management put at the head. ----

So far Jack London from 1902. (My italics and subdivisions)

He does however not provide specific proposals. It is not evident what reorganizing means!

Do we have effective proposals?

In 1797 Thomas Paine realized the shortcomings of civilization, and he provided a specific proposal suitable for his time. Read his *Agrarian Justice*.

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Henry George realized the problem of poverty 100 years later than Paine, and shortly before Jack London. He reviewed the problem and provided a remedy - suitable also today. Read his *Progress and Poverty*.

Henry George and Thomas Paine have also made comparisons, which are not to the advantage of civilizations.

Henry George (*Progress and Poverty*)

Book 5: Problem solved:

I am no sentimental admirer of the savage state. --- But It is my deliberate opinion that if, standing on the threshold of being, one were given the choice of entering life as a Tierra del Fuegan, a black fellow of Australia, an Esquimau in the Arctic Circle, or among the lowest classes in such a highly civilized country as Great Britain, he would make infinitely the better choice in selecting the lot of the savage.

Thomas Paine (*Agrarian Justice* 1797):

The life of an Indian is a continual holiday, compared with the poor of Europe; and, on the other hand it appears to be abject when compared to the rich. Civilization therefore, or that which is so called, has operated two ways to make one part of Society more affluent, and the other more wretched, than would have been the lot of either in a natural state.

Paying twice?

A story is told of an Australian, who returned to England from the backwoods to set up his home in the old country.

He selected a suitable site and approached the owner for information about the purchase price. The owner demanded £ 1.000, which amazed the newcomer and caused him to ask, "Why so much?"

"Well," said the agent, "the site is bounded by two main roads, has main drainage, water, gas and electricity laid on, is near to the public park and is close to the railway. These are great benefits and I could easily get £ 1.000 for this half acre."

The Australian agreed and work began on his house. When it was nearing completion he found a stranger measuring it up and asked him what he was about.

The stranger replied that he was from the Valuation Department of the Borough Council.

The Australian said, "You may be, but that is my house. What are you doing here?"

The surveyor, a little surprised, explained that he was valuing the house for rates and explained what the rates were.

The Australian demanded to know what he had to pay the rates for.

"Why," said the surveyor, "for the main roads, the public park and the other amenities of the district.

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Anyone who uses his eyes will observe how the expenditure of the authorities in making improvements is capitalized by the landowners who advertise these very improvements as reasons why they should be paid higher prizes for their land.

If this rent were taken by the public authority it would clearly pay for the public services.

Taxes on income, consumption etc. could then be abolished.

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Maclaren: *Nature of Society*

Uncivilized

An ancient ape, once on a time,
Disliked exceedingly to climb,
And so he picked him out a tree
And said, "Now this belongs to me.
I have a hunch that monks are mutts
And I can make them gather nuts
And bring the bulk of them to me,
By claiming title to this tree."

He took a green leaf and a reed
And wrote himself a title deed,
Proclaiming pompously and slow:
"All monkeys by these presents know".
Next morning when the monkeys came
To gather nuts, he made his claim:
"All monkeys climbing on this tree
Must bring their gathered nuts to me,
Cracking the same on equal shares;
The meats are mine, the shells are theirs."

"But by what right?" they cried, amazed,
Thinking the ape was surely crazed
By this", he answered; "if you'll read
You'll find it is a title deed,
made in precise and formal shape
And sworn before a fellow ape,
Exactly on the legal plan
Used by that wondrous creature, man,
In London, Tokyo, New York,
Glengarry, Kalamazoo and Cork.

Unless my deed is recognized,
It proves you quite uncivilized."
"But", said one monkey, "You will agree
It was not you who made this tree."
"Nor", said the ape, serene and bland,
"Does any owner make his land,
Yet all of its hereditaments
Are his and figure in the rents."

The puzzled monkeys sat about
They could not make the question out.
Plainly, by precedent and law,
The ape's procedure showed no flaw;
And yet, no matter what he said;
The stomach still denied the head.

Up spoke one sprightly monkey then:
"Monkeys are monkeys, men are men;
The ape should try his legal capers
On men who say respect his papers.
We don't know deeds; we do know nuts,
And spite of 'ifs' and 'ands' and 'buts'
We know who gathers and unmeats 'em,
By monkey practice also eats 'em.
So tell the ape and all his flunkies
No man tricks can be played on monkeys"
Thus, apes still climb to get their food,
Since monkeys' minds are crass and crude
And monkeys, all so ill-advised,
Still eat their nuts, uncivilized.

Edmund Vance Cooke (1866-1932)

This ain't your land

Tom Joad and his family have come to California.

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And it came about that owners no longer worked on their farms. They farmed on paper; and they forgot the land, the smell, the feel of it, and remembered only that they owned it, remembered only what they gained and lost by it. And some of the farms grew so large that one man could not even conceive of them any more, so large that it took book-keepers to keep track of interest and gain and loss ...

And the owners not only did not work the farms any more, many of them had never seen the farm they owned.

...

And while the Californians wanted many things, accumulation, social success, amusements, luxury, and a curious banking security, the new barbarians wanted only two things - land and food; and to them the two were one. And whereas the wants of the Californians were nebulous and undefined, the wants of the Okies were beside the roads, lying there to be seen and coveted: the good fields with water to be dug for, the good green fields, earth to crumble experimentally in the hand, grass to smell, oaten stalks to chew, until the sharp sweetness was in the throat.

A man might look at a fallow field and know, and see in his mind that his own bending back and his own straining arms would bring the cabbages into the light, and the golden eating corn, the turnips and carrots.

And a homeless hungry man, driving the roads with his wife beside him and his thin children in the back seat, could look at fallow fields which might produce food but not profit, and that man could know that how a fallow field is a sin and the unused land a crime against the thin children.

And such a man drove along the roads and knew temptation to at every field, and knew the lust to take these fields and make them grow strength for his children and a little comfort for his wife.

...

In the evening the men gathered and talked together. Squatting on their harms they talked of the land they had seen.

There's thirty thousan' acres, out west of here. Layin' there. Jesus, what I could do with that, with five acres of that! Why, hell, I'd have everything to eat.

...

In the camps the words would come whispering. There's work at Shafter. And the cars would be loaded in the night, the highways crowded - a gold-rush for work. At Shafter the people would pile up, five times too many to do the work. A gold-rush for work. They stole away in the night, frantic for work. And along the roads lay the temptations, the fields that could bear food.

That's owned. That ain't our'n.

Well, maybe we could get a little piece of her. Maybe - a little piece. Right down there - a patch. Jimson weed now. Christ, I could git enough potatoes off'n that little patch to feed my whole family

It ain't our'n. It got to have Jimson weeds.

Now and then a man tried; crept on the land and cleared a piece, trying like a thief to steal a little richness from the earth, Secret gardens hidden in the weeds. A package of carrot seeds and a few turnips. Planted potato skins, crept out in the evening secretly to hoe in the stolen earth.

Leave the weeds around the edge - then nobody can see what we're a-doin'. Leave some weeds, big tall ones, in the middle. Secret gardening in the evenings, and water carried in a rusty can.

And then one day a deputy sheriff: Well, what you think you're doin'?

I ain't doin' no harm.

I had my eyes on you. This ain't your land. You're trespassing.

The land ain't ploughed., an' I ain't hurtin' it none.

You goddamned squatters. Pretty soon you'd think you owned it. You'd be sore as hell. Think you owned it. Get off now.

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Christianity

Once upon a time there was a community of just two members.

One was a workingman. There has to be someone around who works.

This workingman did what all laborers must do - produced food and raiment by applying his labor to the resources of the earth.

The other member of this community was a very lordly person, very lordly and lazy. The lordly person did no work, yet he was clothed in purple and fine linen and he fared sumptuously every day.

One day a third member was added to the community. The third man was a preacher. The lordly person had more food and raiment than he could consume, so he agreed to give some to the preacher. In return the preacher was to look after the spiritual welfare of the community of three.

Having a preacher, the lordly person wanted a church. Therefore he ordered the workingman to build it.

Having the church, and the preacher, they decided to have a go-to-church rally. They got the entire community out to a meeting.

The lordly person sat on the front seat. The workingman was up in the gallery. The preacher took for this text:

Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body for what ye shall put on.

That was easy for the lordly person. He did not have to be anxious.

But what about the workingman in the gallery? Suppose he had shouted right out in the meeting: "I would not have to be anxious either, if that lordly person down in the front seat would produce his own food and raiment and I were permitted to keep mine."

That would have been scandalous.

If the workingman had done anything like that, the lordly person would have had an article in the newspaper

the next day denouncing the anarchist. The joke of it is that the workingman would have to furnish the brains to write the article and the labor to set up the type and do the press-work, and then he would have had to get out on the street and sell the newspaper to himself, denouncing himself.

But that did not happen. Something more astonishing than that happened.

On this occasion the preacher preached the truth.

"Brethren," said he, "this text can be understood only in connection with the other text:

But seek ye first his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you.

Then the preacher turned directly to the lordly person in the front seat and said:

"The heavenly father does not want any of His children to have to be anxious about food and raiment. That man in the gallery is anxious. It is mockery to tell him not to be anxious. Sir, it is because you produce nothing, but eat the fruits of his labor. Seek first the righteousness of God. Let justice be done, in this community. Let each man work and live upon the fruits of his own labor. Then all may be free from anxiety."

The lordly person arose in his seat with gathering wrath. Trembling with passion he cried out:

"See here, you young theologian, who pays your salary anyway? I want you to understand that as long as I pay your salary you are to stick to the gospel and let the labor problem alone."

The preacher was amazed, but he was not in the least cowed. As soon as he could comprehend what had happened, he said:

"Apparently I have made a mistake.

When I came to this church I thought it was a house of God. You appear to consider it your house. I supposed that I had been called to preach the Gospel of Jesus, the whole gospel with all its power to save and free and bless mankind. You say that you will tolerate only a part of the gospel. You insist that I fill every sermon with half-truths, which will

not disturb any of your privileges but which will keep the workingman contented with his lot.

If this is what you expected of me, then off with these vestments; take your church. I'll preach the gospel on the street-corners if necessary.

Nay, this workingman and I are a majority in the community. We will unite. With our votes we will decree a revolution. We will establish the righteousness of God. We will make honest laws. We will stop paying you ground rent. We will pay our taxes out of the ground rent you are now collecting from us. We will take enough of this ground rent so that we can loan ourselves capital. One man shall not be enslaved to another because he does not happen to inherit the capital needed to make his labor effective. We will take the full ground rent and this shall make the land free and industry tax-free, and capital accessible to all on easy terms. Then, sir, if you will not work, you will starve. This will be freedom for the workingman in the gallery, but it will make you free also. You will not be free to rob your brother. You will not be free to charge him for his own God-given birthright; you will not be -"

"Socialism!" cried the lordly person, bursting with rage, "Confiscation! Robbery! Single Tax!"

"Yes," shouted the preacher, "and CHRISTIANITY."

But the preacher was not through.

"Did you expect me," he continued, "to preach, in the name of Jesus, that these monstrous privileges of yours are honest property rights? Did you expect me, in HIS name, to defend all this slavery, and to blot out from the souls of men the mighty hope that was born in Bethlehem, the hope of justice and good will, the hope of heaven on earth?"

Rather, I will go into the highways and preach the gospel of Him who had compassion on the multitude. I will preach to men who will pray with their ballots. I will say to them: Come, let us establish the righteousness of God. Let us destroy every privilege of law by which one man appropriates the fruits of another's labor. Let us create a new public opinion and decree justice, that none of God's children need

be anxious about food and raiment, that all may practice the precept of the Sermon on the Mount."

But that preacher had a lot to learn. He lost his job. That goes without saying. He expected that. But something else happened which he did not expect. He went to the workingman and outlined his plans for a Christian revolution. But the workingman refused to join him. The workingman in the gallery was with the lordly gentleman in the front seat.

This is the way one preacher discovered that the trouble is not with the selfishness of the man in the front seat, so much as with the ignorance of the man in the gallery. If the man in the gallery had the sense to understand the preacher's sermon, he would have had the power to win his own freedom.

So the preacher turned to the book of wisdom and added a proverb, coined out of his own experience. It was this:

The mind is the seat of slavery.