

logo by ed rushcha

THE SCENE

STRIKING back at the finks and presumed finks, many heads have started to carry pads of affidavit forms which suspicious hangers-on are asked to sign. The forms affirm that the signatory is not a police informant or "a participant observer seeking to develop information for use in prosecutions" ... The Something Else Newsletter (160 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10010) suggests you send fifteen bucks to "the most amazing store in the world, La Cedille qui Sourit, run by George Brecht and Robert Filliou (which) sells objects, mostly original aesthetic researches by artists." The store is at 12 Rue de May, Ville-franche-sur-mer (A-M), France... "Boo Hoos would be wise to keep all goats off Church property. These miserable beasts are symbols of hardness without and weakness within, and deserve to be driven out into the wilderness at all times. A prominent display of goats around any property is a sure sign that something is radically wrong with the place and that the inhabitants are diseased, deranged, and given over entirely to all sorts of evil lusts and hideous perversions" (from Divine Toad Sweat, the Millbrook house organ)... Another money quiz about to be launched on daytime television — One In A Million, where the challenger picks some nondescript character on the four-member panel to play against, listens to him tell some unlikely story, decides whether or not it's true, and then watches film clips to see what really happened. FDA says it is legal to keep the peyote as a house plant "as long as the plant is clearly not being raised for consumption as a drug," whatever that means... Big boom in ghost towns, mostly in Arizona, which dropout groups have finally begun to realize are ready-made acid refuges well away from the fuzz and such.



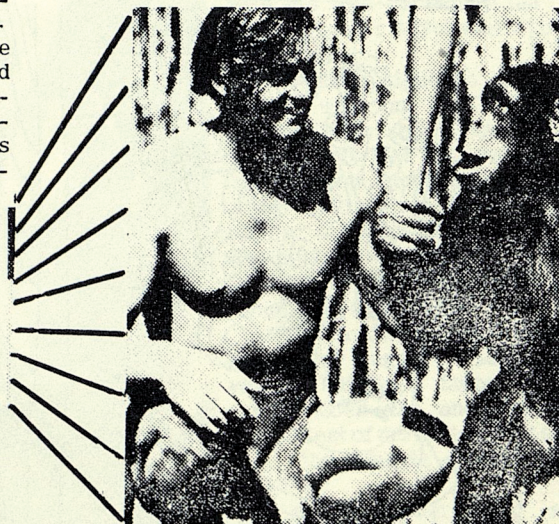
UNLESS a college degree is in some specialized art such as medicine or technology, it only demonstrates that its holder has gone through the normal American process of being a child for the requisite number of years. Because college kids are just that, kids — dependent upon their parents and obeying the rules of the school that detains them. Much more practical, and beneficial, would be a rule that one year spent outside the U.S. would be a mandatory requirement for anyone even applying for a degree... Ed Crimmins quotes a kid from San Francisco State college (in Moderator): "It used to be people were hung up on premarital sex. Now we're working on premarital wife-swapping." ... Never repudiate your guru... One of the sad things about bigmoney movie "actresses" is that they're always making scads of money from people by suing them for alleged mistreatment: Shirley MacLaine gets \$800,000 because the movie she signed to do wasn't done and she sulkily turned down a substitute that Fox offered her; Nancy Sinatra says sure she was in the movie wild angels but that doesn't give capitol records the right to put her picture on an album from the soundtrack without her "permission." She estimates the damage a mere \$100,000. The arrogance of stardom... Decrying the narrow mindedness of a proposed new obscenity bill under discussion by Minnesota legislators, columnist Robert W. Smith ran this picture in the Minneapolis Tribune last month:



ANYBODY who opened an American Indian employment agency would probably clean up. Indians are very much in demand at present — peaceful, pipe-smoking, ones for large openair gatherings, neatly tailored ones for liberal cocktail parties. Even inarticulate ones for radio and TV appearances... Most supermarkets carry the prepackaged plastic "gardens" already seeded with flowers, fruits, or vegetables. They're packed in some very fertile cork-like soil which grows whatever it is they're planted with very quickly once watered — and would probably grow pot even faster... A hospital in Quebec (Les Laurentides Mental Hospital) has been treating spiders with narcotics. Under the influence of morphine the little devils take three hours to spin a web, with marijuana spiders build "rectangular" webs and under LSD they build "oversized" ones... Paul Maag predicts that law will eventually be computerized so that lawyers can merely dial for a precedent just as they might for the weather forecast. The implications are frightening but there is, as he points out, one advantage: legislators would have to frame laws in clear language instead of making a fortune out of interpreting the ambiguities as at present.



Naturally, numerous indignant readers wrote in to complain, so in a subsequent column Smith ran the rest of the picture:



69 Ways To Blow Your Mind

1. Turn on
2. Smoke grass
3. Take acid
4. Make love
5. Light candles



"No, we just spent a quiet weekend at home."

6. Crush tissue paper
7. Take a bubble bath
8. SEE the bubbles
9. Hear them burst
10. Taste water
 - Share water 11.
 - Eat delicious apples—
 - dark and hard and cold 12.
 - Move—vibrate—dance 13.
 - Build a fire 14.
 - Lie on cushions 15.

- Cuddle in fur 16.
- Bathe with friends 17.
- Make friends 18.
- Watch trees 19.

- Have a hot fudge sundae 20.
- 21. French toast
- 22. banana cream pie

- 23. See snow
- 24. Smell bread
- 25. paper
- 26. gasoline
- 27. Give people brownies
- 28. Do it
- 29. Pee
- 30. Watch the sea
 - the sky 31.
- Have a sausage sandwich 32.

- Burn incense 33.
- Sit in a s//t//r//o//b//e light 34.
- Dance in a s//t//r//o//b//e light. 35.
- Fuck in a s//t//r//o//b//e light. 36.
- Think in a s//t//r//o//b//e light. 37.
- Laugh 38.
- Take a trip 39.
- Waddle through mud 40.

- 41. Squirm thru sand
- 42. Dig the sun
- 43. Dig shadows
- 44. Dig the sunset
- 45. Dig moonlight on water.

- 46. See a light works show
- 47. Look at beautiful women
- 48. Wear a costume
- 49. Hang tinsel on a Xmas tree
- 50. Hear the Play of Daniel
 - Listen to Dylan 51.
 - Xmas carol 52.
 - Ski 53.
- Shop in a supermarket 54.
- Buy fresh coffee and have
 - it ground 55.
- Ride with the top down 56.
- Open your body 57.
- Sense the tension and let it go 58.
- Write the letter you've
 - been putting off. 59.
 - Give presents 60

- 61. Give
- 62. Receive
- 63. Clean the house
- 64. Dirty the house
- 65. Watch candles
 - with closed eyes
- 66. Read The Prophet on
 - your first airplane flight
- 67. Hug
- 68. Love

TO THE DEPARTMENT OF
INTERNAL REVENUE:

Dear Sirs,

I am replying to your letter in which you itemize the varying amounts I am alleged to owe your department and I am interested in your observation that you are in a position to make life difficult for me.

I was born in England of working-class parents, both of whom were deaf and dumb and also diminutive in size so that the only employment they could reasonably secure was in a travelling circus. Unhappily, my poor, tiny mother — who is now deceased — was crushed by an elephant in the sixth month of pregnancy with the result that my birth was not a normal one.

I moved the cow to a small field which I rented in return for manure-clearing services and I looked forward to some security as a self-employed farmer. Alas, a cattle-scourge hit the neighborhood and my cow died within two weeks of my purchase and I had insufficient funds to have her insured. About this time also, I was arrested for indecently exposing myself to a spinster who lived nearby and I spent four weeks in juvenile hall where I was badly bullied night and day on account of my physical defects.

Doctors had told me that there might be times in my life when I would be in despair, and I guessed that this period was one

was unfortunate that unknown to either of us she had contracted syphilis as a child when a man posing as her uncle (remember that she was blind and unable to differentiate between people) had raped her.

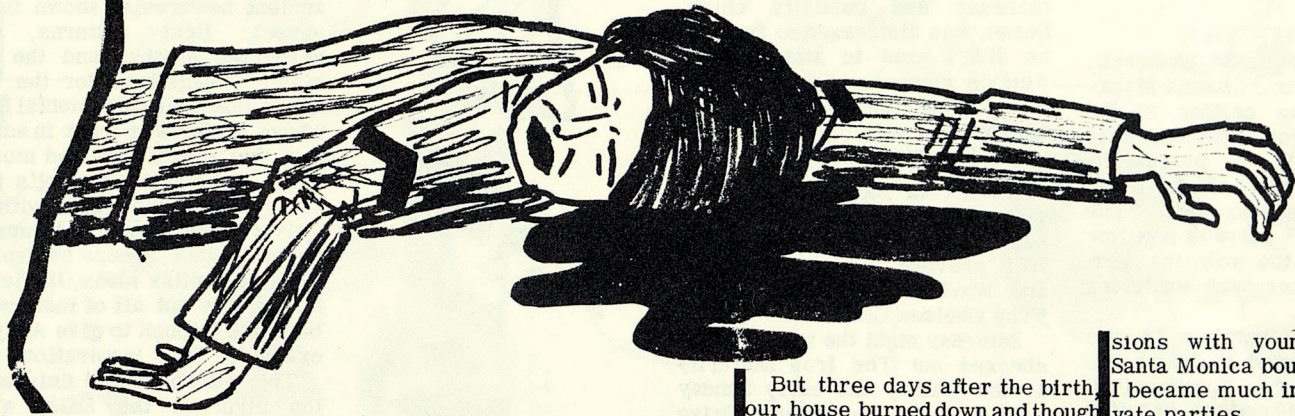
She passed the syphilis on to me and because I had insufficient funds to treat it, the disease spread through my body and I became impotent and also paralyzed down the right side of my body. My distress at this was deepened by the fact that my wife had become pregnant before my impotence and in the fullness of time, a daughter was born to us.

The sum I received was three hundred pounds and the day of my release from gaol, I sailed to America to start a new life (my daughter having married a Chinese waiter by whom she was pregnant) and I was looking forward to the New World.

However, on my arrival in New York I was attacked at the quay-side and robbed of all my money and belongings so that my optimism was dented for a time. I hitchhiked across the Union, arriving in Los Angeles eighteen months ago. For some time I was without work — I believed then and still believe that there was prejudice against my appearance — but I eventually took a job working for a photographer who used me as a model in posed ses-

SUPPORT WAR

GIVE BLOOD NOW!



I was prematurely delivered and my genitals were not properly formed. In addition, I was found to have a cleft palate and despite attempts by several eminent surgeons to correct a grave spinal defect, I remain to this day hunchbacked.

My father's medical bills were so heavy that he was unable to face them and he took his own life by hanging himself in the lavatory at the elementary school which I attended in Liverpool and as a result, I was asked to leave.

I was not too happy at the way life was treating me, so I ran away from home and at the age of thirteen, started work on a farm where my chief employment was clearing shit from stables and cowsheds. This kept me busy enough and I was able to save a small amount of my wages to enable me, at the age of fifteen, to buy a cow of my own,

of them. So I set myself the task of learning to read and write so that I would not have to rely on manure for a living.

I read everything I could get my hands on and I was fortunate enough to find employment with a local newspaper as a proof-reader. Unhappily, however, I was walking home from work when I was struck by the headlamp of a passing truck with the result that I was totally blinded.

I was then eighteen years of age. I summoned up all my mental resources and resolved not to be sorry for myself, and by frequent exercising I induced my genitals to function reasonably well so that even though I was blind and crippled, I would at least be able to enjoy the society of members of the opposite sex.

I studied at blind-school and met a sightless girl who took a fancy to me and we married. It

But three days after the birth, our house burned down and though we escaped from the premises, my wife's body was hideously scarred and she died three years later in appalling pain. The next few years were not too easy: I worked hard making asbestos pads to prevent hot plates from damaging polished tables, and my daughter and I became inseparable.

Looking back now, I can see that the relationship became too close because in her thirteenth year, I was arrested for incest and I was also charged with sodomy with a schoolboy who lived next door. The disgrace was fairly substantial and it was no good my explaining that neither offense was possible because I was impotent. I served three years in prison. Before my release I learned that the owner of the elephant (which had crushed my mother) had died and in a mood of guilt had left me a bequest to compensate me for the birth

sions with young girls in the Santa Monica boulevard area and I became much in demand at private parties.

It is against these 'earnings' that you are claiming taxes and it is my duty to tell you that because of my blindness and lack of foresight in securing a contract, my employers took unfair advantage of me and I received not one penny, though I was given food and lodging in a garage in Watts.

I have recently had word that my daughter is in prison awaiting trial for murder — of her husband, I understand — my own health is not too good. Also, the lady with whom I was living has left me.

I am therefore interested in your statement that you are in a position to make life difficult for me."

If you can elaborate on this, I would be most intrigued to know what you have in mind.

Yours sincerely,
Harry Grunt

L.A. WEEKEND WITH WARHOL

NBC sent a three-man team over to the Cinema Theatre last Monday to interview Andy Warhol before the official opening of his movie. The interviewer — a decent sort of guy — was definitely on the defensive and awed, perhaps, with Warhol's reputation, and fired a series of loaded questions: Don't you think you've sold out by being successful? How do you feel about taking film back 60 years? How do you manage to be so boring? etc. etc.

Warhol, responding with monosyllables, did suggest that maybe NBC should run a silent interview — much too good a suggestion for the mass media to take seriously.

Having staged the whole interview meticulously (and then re-staged the questions part so that it would come out right), the television cameramen watched from their car while Andy and his helpers created six lightning-fast collages in the display windows of the Cinema's lobby. (Later they came back and filmed those, too.)

ANOTHER VIEW

Next came Richard Whitehall, interviewing for "Cinema Magazine," and the caliber of the questions improved one thousand-fold. Whitehall, a perceptive critic, allowed that he hadn't taken Warhol seriously until "The Chelsea Girls" but was now impressed with the way the New York filmmaker was exploring the medium.

The contrast between the two interviews pointed up once again how people carry preconceived ideas to new situations and find in Warhol almost exactly what they're looking for. The extent to which they are "put on" seems to be in exact ratio to how much they believe in (or are scared by) such a concept.

This writer having studied the Warhol mystique rather closely for about three years has come to the tentative conclusion — all conclusions are tentative around Andy — that the silver-haired genius is the nearest thing to being neutral that is attainable by any human being. And in that lies the key to his uniqueness: There are people, of course, who deplore such a concept on "moralistic" grounds: How dare he not show emotions? How dare he like and accept EVERYTHING? etc. etc. But such quibbles are irrelevant. Why waste time on debating the rights or wrongs of something that merely IS?

The fact is, of course, that even people who admire Warhol's



talent and are thunderstruck by his ideas don't quite know what to make of him. When he arrived at LA airport with his entourage of seven people, the Cinema's manager and publicity chick, Susan, was distressed to find that he didn't want to stay in Gene Autry's menopausal hotel on the Strip, preferred instead to settle among the exotic flora and fauna of the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Almost as soon as they'd registered they discovered Elizabeth Taylor — also in town for HER preview — was there, too, and Warhol invited her to see "The Chelsea Girls."

Saturday night the whole crowd checked out The Iron Butterfly at the Galaxy and early Sunday went over to the Beverly Drive home of Lou Irwin, owner of the Cinema and of about 40 similar movie houses (the first hippy chain?) throughout the U. S. Irwin's house is fantastic, a moviemaker's home with campy wallpaper, lots of indifferent art and rooms leading out of rooms leading out of rooms so that if you stand anywhere with a camera you could shoot about eight sets with barely a turn of the body.

Lox and bagels, coffee and a small amount of semi-business-like plastic conversation, then off and out (via rented gray Lincoln) to the Teenage Fair next to the Palladium. This was a gas: hundreds of yummy teenyboppers, half a dozen rock groups, surfing movies, fashion displays by young models in 50¢ paper dresses, free balloons and posters, dancing, international teenage beauties (the foreign chicks so much more sophisticated than their U.S. equivalents), frozen bananas.



ANDY



To the astonishment of the Warhol contingent, there was even what was billed as a psychedelic freakout — an excellent light show and rock session with ancient newsreels (shown in reverse), light patterns, synchronized strobes and the first major engagement for the West Coast Pop Art Experimental Band whose leader was frank in admitting that they'd acquired most of their ideas from Warhol's previous visit to the Trip with the Velvet Underground last spring. Several other groups had sprung up with similar ideas, the leader hinted, but not all of them would be frank enough to give Andy the credit for their inspiration.

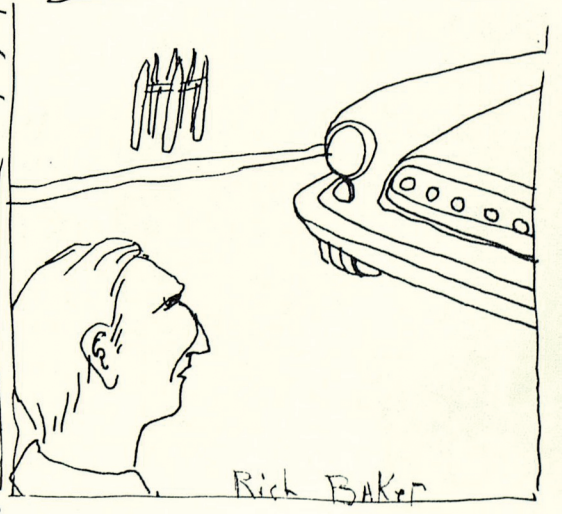
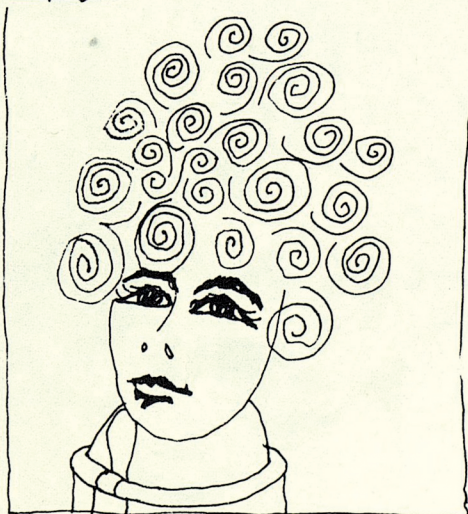
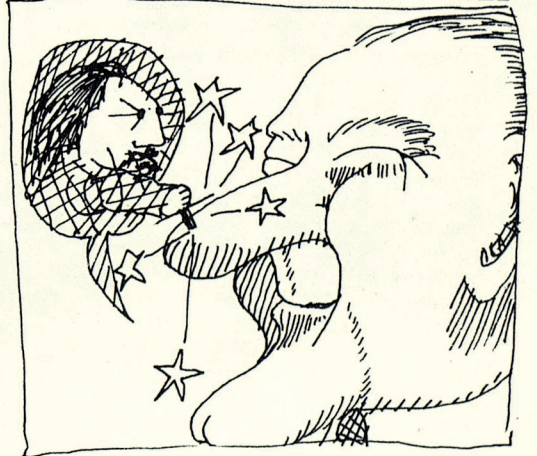
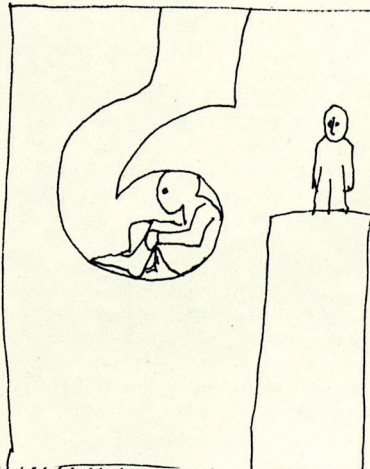
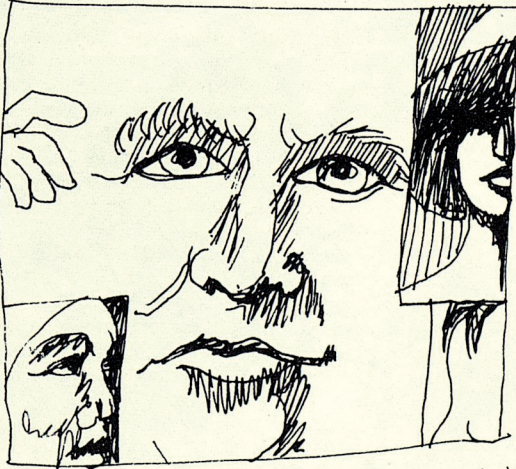
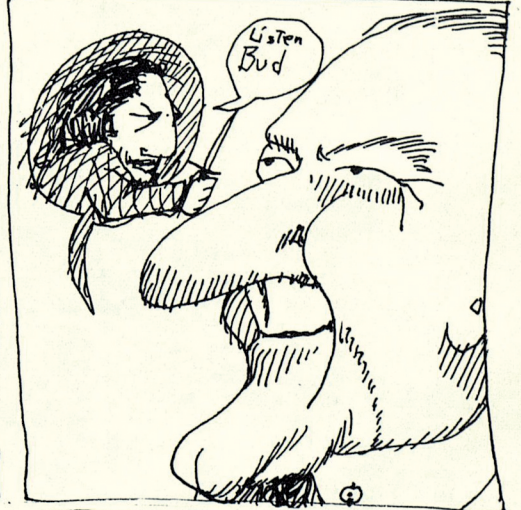
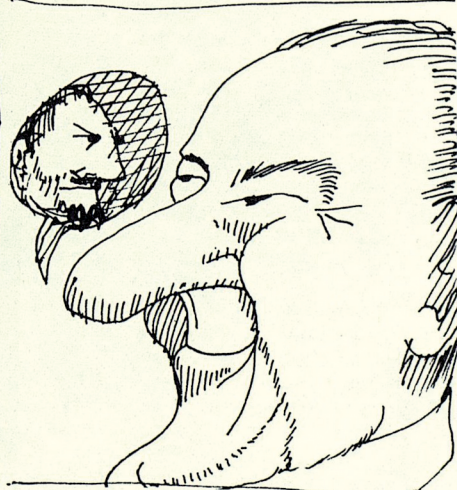
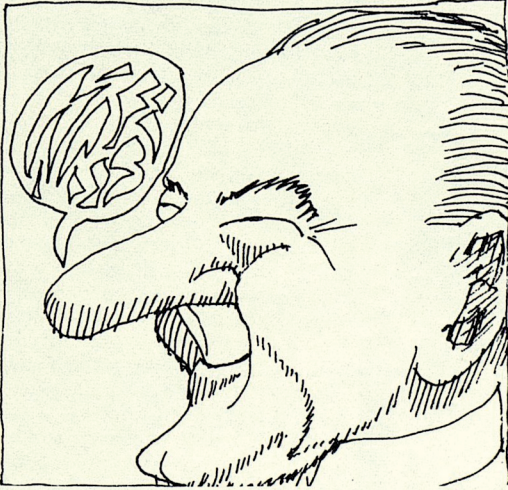
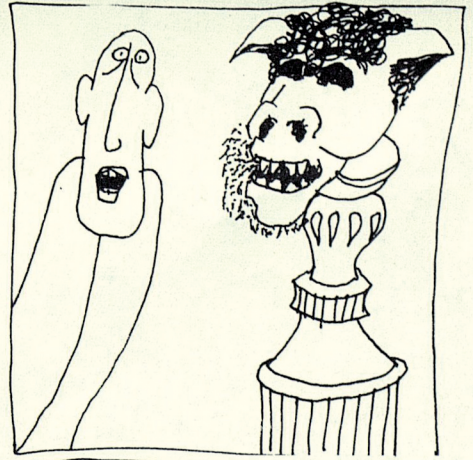
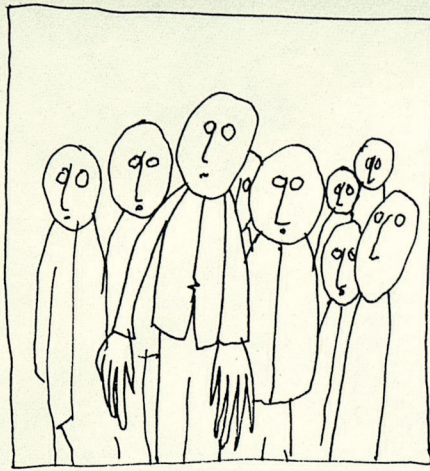
The Warhol crowd finished off the night at the Daisy where superstar Susan Bottomly, who prefers to be billed as "International Velvet," met Blow-Up's star, David Hemmings, who took her home and painted her body with his own version of the currently popular psychedelic poster art.

On Monday night the whole entourage went out to KPFK to do the Radio Oz show. Peter Bergman wisely let the two girls, Isabelle and Susan Bottomly (the latter pretending to be Andy) gossip to each other in fake-movie-star accents, saying hardly a word himself while they monopolized the mike.

And then afterwards — back to the Daisy again where Andy watched but didn't dance.

How does the underground's high priest of moviedom feel about L.A., the "movie capitol of the world"?

"It's my dream city," says Warhol.



Rick Baker

LETTERS to the EDITOR

POT lovers and acidophiles have available to them some easy and as yet unexploited means for foiling narks. Firstly, let us roll our own cigarettes; secondly, always keep a liberal supply of fake stuff on hand. The scene should proceed as follows: (1C) Fuzzies make a bust and happily cart away 10 boxes full of sugar cubes, joints and suspicious looking pills; (2) Charges are dropped because the chemists, being swamped with hundreds of similar cases can't complete the analysis in the required five day period. . . or (3) The chemist reports that the joints were parsley, daises and fingernail clippings, that the pills are aspirin, antibiotics, Enovid, Ex-lax, etc., that the spots on the cubes were food coloring, that any real stuff has been lost in the shuffle, and Attny. Gen. Lyncy after reading 20 such reports in a row, expires in a fit of convulsions. Some might also consider obtaining a police radio and listening in on the latest news from the forces of sweetness and light. Of course, this latter activity is illegal, but those who can't risk a bust should find it profitable.

Michael Starks
Berkely

Hashish reached these shores only in 1961. Prior to that date we only remember weed, kif, stuff, grass, retail prices being a match-box for around ten guilders, large quantities uncool, but cheaper, especially since there is no Mafia around here (yet?), all comes by personal courier, either boats, roads, friends, etc. But then in the years past hashish gained more and more terrain (more effective, smaller in size, easier to handle, more returns, less bulky) and we have witnessed and travelled through different countries, flying on beautiful carpets: Turkey, Lebanon, Afghanistan, Nepal, Pakistan. . . We are even able to measure out now, by long-drawn experience, to estimate the quantity of opium mixed with it, the different qualities — some of the Turkish has prssed quickly by ironing the pollen, the farther away stuff being made by hand, patience, time and eternity. A lot of laborers from all those countries too, they have a continuous transportation system, thousands and thousands (Germany: one hundred thousand Turks!) of Mediterranean laborers, doing their dirty street-cleaning work. Once in a while



they get busted, once in a while a European or American gets busted in those countries too, like Neil Philips (vide Book of Grass) who still sweats it out in a Greek jail...A few weeks ago week (from Congo and unidentifiable elsewhere) did and made its fresh reappearance, it's a different high, lighter in the head, must be spring coming. In Tangier police used to execute spring cleaning. Like this time it's the cleaning of our heads, and their heads. Thanks for being with me, it's been a pleasure, Love: Simon Vinkenooog
Amsterdam

Just as forces seem to generate their opposites (robber barons and trade unions), MENSA has inspired DENSA. This was started by Mr. Chuck Mugerley - Bullblood, founder and president of DENSA, a society comprising the bottom 2 percent. Their motto: blessed be the feeble-minded for WE shall inherit the earth. Membership is free and easy. On joining, each D is assigned an assistant who helps him wipe his nose and collect his drivel which is then sold to conference delegates who use it as raw material for their speeches.

There are several special-interest groups, e.g., the Creative Activities group which organizes finger-painting. (You

dip your hands in any kind of muck and then smear the stuff all over the place, boyoboy what fun!)

the Mystic Meditation Group (people get together and stare vacantly into space);

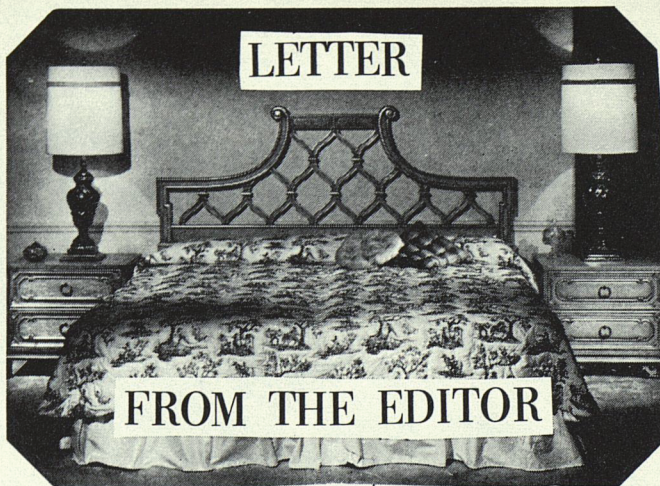
the Auto-speleological Group which deals with the exploration of various holes and cavities, mainly nose-picking;

the Physical Recreation Group, healthy horse-play, punch-ups, etc.;

and the Cultural Revolution Sub-Group (smashing seats in theatres, slashing tires, etc.).

The Society has successfully weathered an internal crisis which arose when a number of members were admitted to college on account of their prowess at football and became arrogant and lorded it over non-academic fellow D's. Regrettably they had to be expelled and have formed an association of their own, the Dense Alumni Rah-Rah-Rah — DARRR.
— Paul Maag

John Wilcock's OTHER SCENES (of which this is #6) is published 20 times annually from P.O. Box 8, Village Station, New York 10014. No single copies are sold; subscriptions cost \$5 per year (\$4 for the remainder of 1967). This issue was prepared and edited in Los Angeles, California, during April 1967.



What I'm trying to do hasn't been done before to the best of my knowledge. It's to try and produce an international newspaper (in miniature, to be sure) while on the run. My original plan was to spend a month in California, stash up on all kinds of groovy material and then go back to NYC early January and spend much time and attention on putting out a good newsletter, with all the facilities available to me there.

Instead, I found myself editing a tremendously fast-growing tabloid, living in a sparsely furnished temporary apartment, grooving with a new and totally different social life (Californians just don't live like New Yorkers) AND putting out the newsletter in my spare time. All this, too, shall pass. I'm now (mid-March) in my last few weeks of work here at the Free Press (whose circulation has increased from 20,000 to 45,000 since December) and planning, shortly, to drive back across country with friends in a Volkswagen bus.

I had ambitious plans for the Free Press when I took over as editor and I implemented them within five weeks, exactly on schedule: the first three weeks were spent changing the paper's appearance — new column logos; overall, 5-column heads to tie the pages together; elimination of "Dear Editor" at the beginning of each letter; more white space in layouts; crossheads to break up the solid slabs of type; and more and bigger pictures.

All the time I was doing this I was commissioning writers and bugging them to write pieces for the paper, also photographers. I'd spent quite a lot of time in California so I had plenty of contacts; it was just a case of persuading them to write, especially with competition from the L.A. Times' new West magazine which was offering \$300 each for more or less the same pieces that I wanted for the Free Press.

Anyway, that's all over now. Apparently my forte in life is to get things organized -- to take an overall view of things and sell my services as consultant. I never was much good at the day-to-day technical details. I hate machinery and business and take pains never to learn how to handle even as simple a device as a typesetting machine. (Lately, with this newsletter to get out, I've been forced to learn some of this, much against my will.)

ABOUT FUTURE ISSUES

As for the newsletter, I'm glad I'm doing it, but honest to god it's a lot of work. There are about 570 of you subscribing so far and the costs per issue (postage, envelopes, stencils, printing, clerical help, etc.) average about one hundred bucks; you can see that I'm not going to get rich from it. One of the ways I'm trying to keep costs down, as well as cover the scene, is to introduce you to papers such as the L.A. Free Press, the S.F. Oracle, E'O, and possibly London's International Times (when I go over there this spring). Each of these newspapers or magazine mailings count as an issue, and so far we've notched up three newsletters (this is the fourth); copies of the Free Press, copies of the Oracle (still due as I write this), copies of Ed Lange's nudist magazines (ditto): a total of seven issues to date. That means you still have 13 mailings to come during 1967. In all probability you'll get a couple more from New York, two or three from London or other parts of Europe this summer and the remainder, from September onwards, from either New York or Tokyo.

My only steady work these days is to annually revise my travel books on Greece and Japan. I shall be visiting London, Paris, Amsterdam, Italy, on my way to Greece this summer, also spending time with Jean Jacques Lebel in San Trope (where he's planning a happening). I shall try to report

from each of these places but what the newsletter will look like will depend on what facilities I find available in any or all of these places. Bear with me. Sooner or later I'll settle down and stabilize the whole undertaking.

ABOUT EARLIER ISSUES

It was careless of me to miss a couple of credits from previous issues. The frontpage collage in #2 was by my old lady, Amber LaMann (who also contributes "101 Groovy Things," in this issue), and the letter from jail in #3 was by some anonymous cat in Mexico and not by me. I've never been in jail in Mexico (yet).

Art Kunkin, publisher of the Free Press, expressed some disappointment with both these issues because he felt they weren't sufficiently representative of the international scene about which he feels I'm some kind of expert. My only explanation for this is that (1) every issue can't be dirty or sensational; and (2) out in California I just don't have the contacts and information to cover Europe as easily as I can from New York. To start with, I don't get any mail out here; everything goes to my box number in NYC. (By the way, I welcome your letters, suggestions and creative contributions.)

The printers of issues #2 & #3 did a pretty lousy job and one of the things they fucked up (too dark) was a marvellous picture by Ray Leong. The poem beneath it ("This is a Joyful Book") was actually an outline for a book we hope to do together about the new, young society -- the flower children. More about this in future newsletters if the project goes through.

-- Cheers

John Witcock





At the Griffith Park Be-In (photog's name regrettably mislaid)

❁ ❁ A Love-In Inventory ❁ ❁

Sunday Love-In at Elysian Park:

Very Mediaeval in content with the banners, pennants, different encampments. Clothes mostly in Renaissance Faire style with some embellishments. Hardly any commercial selling — a few left-wing papers and thoughts of Mao Tse Tung (little red books, 75¢). Oracle and Free Press given away.

Most people brought enormous picnic baskets with food to share for all; much exotica (ginger, figs, lichee nuts) as well as all kinds of sharing food such as tangerines, buckets of oranges, etc.

Some TV cameras but at least one put down his equipment eventually and sprawled on grass with other hippies and just relaxed.

At least one mother heard re-monstrating with her kid for carrying box of cookies around for herself and not offering to other people.

Guy dressed in Indian robes doing slow dance, all by himself and improvised, in a circle of fascinated onlookers.

No speeches but several bands, all great. Very exciting sometimes and everybody clapped and cheered and demanded more after the particularly jumping numbers.

If you were outside the circle as it was growing dusk you'd see cameo performances, like those flashbacks at end of long narrative movie, in which bits and pieces of all you'd seen all day would flash in front of your eyes as people passed out of grounds.

One cop was at exitway on highway. He was joined by a friend, a noncop, who shook his hand, beaming, and said: "Hi man, are you here to enjoy yourself?"

"Well," said the cop, "I'm here but I don't know about enjoying myself."

Funniest point of day — when goalposts collapsed because of the weight of one extra spectator who climbed up and stayed proudly aloft at one corner while everybody else collapsed into the goal as the post buckled at the center.

Lots of puppies and cats in arms and on foot. Almost everybody smiled when you looked at them.

Girl with box full of black caterpillars, dropped, scrambled all over. "Everybody in," she said, scooping them back into box and continuing on her way.

Helping hands all over, especially people climbing hill-sides would help each other up and then have no further contact. So many chance encounters. So many people obviously blissfully on acid trips. Much pot smelled, and more incense. Very few cops (in uniform), and those only on outskirts. Several leather jacketed motorcycle groups but no hostility or trouble.