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*The Radical
Possibilities of
Valerie Solanas*

Breanne Fahs

“Read my manifesto and it will tell you what I am.”

—Valerie Solanas

IN 1966, VALERIE SOLANAS PENNED her first play, *Up Your Ass* (technically titled *Up Your Ass* or *From the Cradle to the Boat* or *The Big Suck* or *Up from the Slime*), a text that would later catalyze her transition from militant writer to homicidal inpatient. She wrote the following introduction to the play, showcasing not only her strict reliance upon herself as the sole textual authority over her work but also the power of her ironic character:

I dedicate this play to ME a continuous source of strength and guidance, and without whose unflinching loyalty, devotion and faith this play would never have been written. additional acknowledgements: Myself—for proof-reading, editorial comment, helpful hints, criticism and suggestions and an exquisite job of typing. I—for independent research into men, married women and other degenerates.¹

Given her intense self-reliance, there is a notable irony in the fact that Solanas, when remembered at all, is almost always identified as the woman who shot Andy Warhol. Indeed, one of the most substantial resources on Solanas is the film, *I Shot Andy Warhol*.² When her authorship of the *SCUM Manifesto* is cited as her primary achievement, the Warhol shooting is never far behind. When the Warhol shooting of 1968 is cited as Solanas’s fifteen

minutes of fame, the *SCUM Manifesto*, originally self-published in 1967, serves as its footnote. The main function of this coupling, something I work to refute here, is to resolve any form of contradiction that may arise when comparing her life and work. This generally happens such that the contradictions inherent in the manifesto are explained by the Warhol shootings. (She also shot Mario Amaya and Fred Hughes.) These shootings become evidence of Solanas's instability, insanity, and unreliability. Therefore, any contradictions in the manifesto can be dismissed without examining their textual significance. In sum, the contradictions between the manifesto and Solanas's life, between theory and practice, are masked by the overly reductive formulation of Warhol Shooting = *SCUM Manifesto* in practice.

I am interested in taking these contradictions seriously and showcasing both Solanas's ironic character as well as feminist (mis)appropriations of her work. My central argument is that although Solanas's contradictions alienate her from the feminist movement (and consequently elicit a dismissive or reductive reaction to her work and actions), they also exemplify the power and importance of radical thought, both on a textual level and through the interplay between radical work and gender politics. Part 1 of this essay examines the discursive space between Solanas's literal body and the body of her text—a space that lays the groundwork for “radical feminism” as it was first defined.³ By viewing Solanas as one who consistently contradicted herself, one can better understand the unusual relationship she formed between herself and her text. If we examine her contradictions, particularly with regard to her relationship with the manifesto, her ideas about sexuality, and the context of the Warhol shootings, it becomes possible to see Solanas's ironic character as something she herself champions. Contradiction that resists reduction may indeed open a critical space for discourse, one which acknowledges the expansive possibilities for radical cultural transformation. Within this framework, Solanas's radicalism, uniqueness, and importance should be acknowledged, as she purposefully constructs contradictions between herself and her manifesto, as she refuses to be assimilated into a culture that wants to market her as a circus-show-lesbian-schizophrenic-feminist, as she remains staunchly anti-movement,

and as she makes room for the slippages between one's actions and one's intellect, imagination, and radical theories.

In response to the claims presented in Part 1, Part 2 illuminates the problem of assimilating Solanas's text. I investigate the manifesto's publication history, showcasing Solanas's attacks on the publishing industry and her outrage at its assaults on the manifesto. I then examine the complicated politics of claiming Solanas for the feminist movement by analyzing the various ways she has been introduced, framed, anthologized, and canonized by feminist scholars. At the heart of such discussion lie the pivotal questions: Why should we take Solanas seriously, and what does she offer to the project of (radical) feminism? Here I claim that Solanas redefines the center of feminist scholarship by speaking from an extreme margin. She arouses the central anxieties of feminism itself. She asks: Is there a difference between theory and practice? Can the project of "man-hating" (something that is constantly—and publicly—rejected by most modern feminists) be useful, even on a theoretical level? What happens if we accept, rather than eradicate, contradiction?

PART I: "OUTCAST AMONG OUTCASTS"

To understand the subversive power of Solanas's embracing of contradiction, it is essential to examine not only the contradictions within the text and within her identity as a woman, but also the contradictions between the two. By attempting to cleanse the manifesto of its various contaminants (the intrusions of her publishers, the misappropriations of various media outlets, and so forth), she succeeds in creating a "pure" authorial voice for herself. At the same time, however, her identity—and in particular, her body—became ever more subject to the constraints of various biopolitical institutions (for example, prison, mental hospitals). By creating the *SCUM Manifesto*, which aims to cleanse society of men as its primary contaminant, and by then defending its authorial integrity, Solanas paradoxically constructs a "pure" hypothetical position even as she progressively becomes more of a deteriorated and contaminated bodily figure. Discursively, then, she asserts that one's life does not have to mirror one's art and that the context of the self need not predict or limit the range of one's artistic and intellectual reach.

Solanas's comfort with irony and contradiction appears throughout the *SCUM Manifesto*. As a means to open a particular kind of discursive space, Solanas begins the manifesto by focusing on the genetic inferiority of men: "The male is an incomplete female, a walking abortion, aborted at the gene stage. To be male is to be deficient and emotionally limited."⁴ By framing male inferiority as a "natural" rather than socially constructed state, she sidesteps the feminist argument that patriarchy is the problem and instead situates male worthlessness as a function of their inferior Y chromosome. This assertion lessens the space between theory and body and instead roots male inferiority as a fundamental premise. The decision to associate maleness with genetic deficiency frames her argument for male genocide. This absolute reliance upon the superiority of women—from birth—and the insistence upon male genetic inferiority and deficiency allow Solanas to build an inviolable text that asserts the need to destroy the male sex from the outset. At the same time, however, she comfortably contradicts herself by acknowledging the worth of certain men:

Men in the Men's Auxiliary are those men who are working diligently to eliminate themselves, men who . . . are playing ball with SCUM. . . . Men who kill men; biological scientists who are working on constructive programs, as opposed to biological warfare; journalists, writers, editors, publishers, and producers who disseminate and promote ideas that will lead to the achievement of SCUM's goals; faggots who, by their shimmering, flaming example, encourage other men to de-man themselves and thereby make themselves relatively inoffensive.⁵

The message is thus twofold: (1) Men are genetically inferior and should therefore not exist; (2) certain men are acceptable.

Solanas's focus on purifying society of men does not result in a total glorification of women or even of life itself. Unlike other manifestos, hers does not advocate for utopian ways to live and does not describe a linear narrative of progress; instead, her contradictions represent a worldview that progresses toward nihilism. Much of the manifesto focuses on eliminating men, who are responsible for all the problems of the human race; this, however, leads to questions about the necessity of continuing the human race at all. Solanas asks: "Why produce even females? Why should there be future generations? . . . Why should we care what happens when

we're dead? Why should we care that there is no younger generation to succeed us?" Solanas's two primary goals in the manifesto—to create a utopia where women can rightfully reign and to create the conditions for women to stop reproducing altogether, thereby slowly eliminating themselves—seem to embody the contradictory movement from revolution to nihilism. She states, "Eventually, the natural course of events, in social evolution, will lead to total female control of the world and, subsequently, to the cessation of the production of males and, ultimately, to the cessation of the production of females."⁶ The politics of the *SCUM Manifesto* are anarchist but are much less communal than the typical anarchist text. The momentum of the *SCUM Manifesto* leads to the end of the human race altogether, a total annihilation of both community and individual efforts at self-preservation.

Solanas's distrust of community efforts at societal change, even of those communities who claim to be radical, reveals yet another contradiction, as she is resistant toward all assimilation efforts, even those made by her supposed allies within the radical feminist movement. The harshness of the dichotomy Solanas creates between herself and the enemy affords her a means to detach herself from feminism and become an "outcast among outcasts."⁷ She argues for the elimination of men, yet refuses to join feminist efforts to resist patriarchy. She advertises SCUM by writing on the last page of the manifesto, "If you'd like to work to help end this hard, grim, static, boring male world and wipe the ugly, leering male face off the map, send your name and address to Valerie Solanas, Post Office Box 47, N.Y.C. 10011,"⁸ yet she remains resolutely against joining any anti-patriarchal movement. She maintains a strict hatred for "the hippie," too, and despises social protest:

SCUM will not picket, demonstrate, march, or strike to attempt to achieve its ends. Such tactics are for nice, genteel ladies who scrupulously take only such action as is guaranteed to be ineffective. . . . If SCUM ever marches, it will be over the President's stupid, sickening face; if SCUM ever strikes, it will be in the dark with a six-inch blade.⁹

Instead, she defines resistance on her own terms, allowing room for radical ideas and assertions: "If all women simply left men, refused to have

anything to do with them—ever, all men, the government, and the national economy would collapse completely.”¹⁰ However, in her day-to-day existence at the time of writing the manifesto, she relied upon men for money, panhandling, prostituting herself, and bartering with Warhol. “I’ve had some funny experiences with strange guys in cars,” she said.¹¹

Solanas’s struggle between the identities of her own body—prostitute, activist, self-published writer, mental institution patient, performance artist, lesbian, anti-establishment symbol—prevent a simple reading of her authorial self. She masterfully layers the ironies of her complex identities upon both her text and its circulation. She refuses to identify as feminist, yet is called, by Ti-Grace Atkinson, “the first outstanding champion of women’s rights” and, by Florynce Kennedy, “one of the most important spokeswomen of the feminist movement.” As Dana Heller says, “Solanas had no interest in participating in what she often described as ‘a civil disobedience luncheon club.’” Many arguments presented within the manifesto directly conflict with the reality of her physical existence. She situates herself between several defining dichotomies: purity and contamination, morality and corruption, bodily integrity and bodily violation. Instead of asserting her own corporeal body as the centerpiece for purity, morality, and bodily integrity, she puts forth the *SCUM Manifesto* as the embodiment of these ideals, while leaving her own corporeal body to the dregs of contamination, corruption, and bodily violation. This displacement, in which the *SCUM Manifesto* takes on the characteristics of a pure voice and a pure vision while her own body suffers through lifelong contamination, complicates notions of authorship, ownership, and intent. It also paves the way for Solanas to construct a hypothetically pure reality in the form of her text, making it all the more damaging an insult for it to be appropriated and violated by various publishing interests. The manifesto is “what I am,” Solanas tells us.¹²

This particular relationship between author and text represents the slippage between performance and reality and paves the way for a closer look at her relationship to both sexuality and the Warhol shootings. Solanas develops an unusual connection with her text, as she fights to preserve its purity while still answering to and acknowledging the conditions of her lived experiences. If, as Laura Winkiel argues, “the text

produces SCUM females,” then Solanas indeed produces herself. Through the radical posturing of herself as living in contradiction with her text, she manages to produce herself through the body of her text. Implied in this dynamic is the possibility of producing other SCUM females, even, or especially, those women living in conditions of disempowerment and disillusionment. As Winkiel argues, “the high-pitched polemic leaves no room for debate or qualified assent. The text demands solidarity: it preaches to the converted by assuming an unconditional acceptance of its exhaustive critical catalogue of male-dominated society even while pedagogically raising the consciousness of those who assent.”¹³ In addition, Solanas not only raises the consciousness of others, but also sharpens the ironic, contradictory, critical faculties of her own consciousness. She is both performance and reality. She can be SCUM while living in scum.

Solanas’s ironic character is visible in her views on sexuality, both within the manifesto and in her day-to-day life. She refused even the limited comforts of fringe culture, instead opting for her own version of reality. Her conflicted sexual identity, never identified with any particular sexual culture (lesbian, heterosexual, bisexual,) and actively rejecting even an association with queer culture, again reflects her resistance toward assimilation. Such resistance, however, still ended up attracting “sponsorship” by certain fringe groups, especially among lesbians and feminists. In her manifesto, Solanas calls for an end to all sex acts, saying:

Sex is not part of a relationship; on the contrary, it is a solitary experience, non-creative, a gross waste of time. The female can easily—far more easily than she may think—condition away her sex drive, leaving her completely cool and cerebral and free to pursue truly worthy relationships and activities. . . . When the female transcends her body, rises above animalism, the male, whose ego consists of his cock, will disappear.

Solanas’s endorsement of asexuality as an ideal state again represents the bodily integrity, purity, and morality she inscribes upon her utopian text. Throughout the manifesto, she clearly separates intelligence, where one can be “cool and cerebral,” from mindless sexual behavior. Consequently, she authors an alternate body/self which subverts the conditions in which she supposedly lived while supporting herself as a

prostitute on the streets of Greenwich Village. The manifesto scripts for her a non-prostitute identity that valorizes asexuality. Her text becomes a means for her to abandon sex altogether and “pursue truly worthy relationships and activities.”¹⁴

The qualities of asexuality promoted within the manifesto again reveal Solanas as a contradictory figure. As Winkiel states, “SCUM females enjoy a nomadic existence that includes excursions into the seamier side of the nightworld; they gain knowledge and experience in such places. Further, the sexed difference of SCUM females remains always in sight to underscore the polemical hostility of SCUM females towards the world run by men.”¹⁵ The basic assumption behind Solanas’s glorified asexuality is this: one must experience a lot of sex before arriving at anti-sex. One should not simply become asexual as a means to preserve innocence, virginity, or purity; rather, asexuality is a consequence of sexuality, the logical conclusion to a lifetime of “Suck and Fuck.”¹⁶ Sex predicts non-sex. Hypersexuality predicts asexuality. Solanas argues:

Funky, dirty, low-down SCUM gets around . . . they’ve seen the whole show . . . the fucking scene, the sucking scene, the dyke scene—they’ve covered the whole waterfront, been under every dock and pier—the peter pier, the pussy pier . . . you’ve got to go through a lot of sex to get anti-sex, and SCUM’s been through it all, and they’re now ready for a new show; they want to crawl out from under the dock, move, take off, sink out.¹⁷

That said, ambiguity still surrounds Solanas’s sexual identity. She probably worked as a prostitute after college to support herself and thus had sexual encounters with men. Her cousin reports that, as a teenager, Solanas fell in love with a sailor, gave birth to a son, and may have also had another child before she left home.¹⁸ We also know that she appeared in one of Warhol’s films “with the line that she has instincts that ‘tell me to dig chicks—why should my standards be any lower than yours?’” She admits to “being into all kinds of other things,” and it has been said that she experienced sexual molestation at the hands of her father. Additionally, she said in a 1967 interview, “I’m no lesbian. I haven’t got time for sex of any kind. That’s a hang-up” and, in 1968, “I have been a lesbian . . . although at the time I wasn’t sexual.” Within the manifesto,

her constant insistence upon the superiority of asexuality suggests that she is highly invested in its notion of purity, as women shed the violating acts of sex (including sex with other women) and instead look toward more cerebral pursuits. Her desire to work toward the elimination of sex acts altogether seems to represent her ideal state.¹⁹

At the same time, she leaves open the possibility of a lesbian identity. It was much more common for others to read her as lesbian (for example, Viva's comment, "You dyke! You're disgusting! . . . No wonder you're a lesbian!"²⁰) than it was for Solanas to identify as lesbian. By championing asexuality as a means to resist patriarchy and eliminate interaction with men, she suggests both that lesbian sex falls short of resistance and that women should focus their attention on developing friendships with other "secure, free-wheeling, independent, groovy female females."²¹ Solanas infuses all female sexuality with a kind of hostility and vengeance, yet driven toward the more "natural" conclusion of an asexual lifestyle.

"Pop goes pop-artist"

—Taylor Mead

One must ask, then, what kind of radical possibilities and cultural transformations are inherent in Solanas's contradictions. How does the manifesto speak to the conditions of feminism, to the essential struggles engendered by the project of resisting patriarchy, misogyny, and "Daddy's approval"? Her comfort with contradiction makes impossible the scholarly project of drawing causal connections between her life and her writing. Those who dislike or dismiss Solanas, or find her, reductively, "funny," are often quick to point out that her assertions about female superiority and asexuality are meaningless and defensive, given that she worked as a prostitute and may have been sexually abused.²² Furthermore, neat equations of causation have too often appeared, where sexual molestation as child = prostitution during adulthood = hatred of men = writing vitriolic "man-hating" manifesto, and Solanas is thus discredited, or at least minimized, by her personal past and thereby rapidly dismissed from history.

The contradictions of Solanas's life and work raise questions about the extent to which her writing directly drew upon her personal life. We know that Solanas was an accomplished writer, scientist, and student, as

evidenced by the fact that she graduated from the University of Maryland, College Park, attended graduate school in the nationally acclaimed psychology department at the University of Minnesota on a scholarship, wrote *Up Your Ass* and the *SCUM Manifesto* in her early thirties, and wrote lengthy, detailed polemical letters to various magazines and publishing houses. Her cousin asserts that she worked for most of her late twenties and early thirties as a waitress, not primarily as a prostitute, and that such claims were circulated about her only as way to discredit the manifesto.²³ Indeed, Geoffrey LaGear, a friend and advocate for Solanas during her trial, claims that Solanas said she “had a groovy childhood.”²⁴ We also know that she maintained amiable contact, via postcards and letters, with her father throughout her life, which at least suggests that she reconciled contradictions between the sexual abuse and having a continued relationship with her father.²⁵ It is also striking to consider the lucidity with which Solanas discusses the manifesto during various interviews with local papers and magazines. In her 1977 *Village Voice* interview with Howard Smith, she claimed:

It's hypothetical. No, hypothetical is the wrong word. It's just a literary device. There's no organization called SCUM. . . . It's not even me . . . I mean, I thought of it as a state of mind. In other words, women who think a certain way are SCUM. Men who think a certain way are in the men's auxiliary of SCUM.²⁶

It seems that Solanas understands and elucidates the distinct difference between one's life and one's writing and is quite comfortable with the mismatch between the two.

In this light, by constructing the manifesto as a “literary device,” I propose that the shootings are not a predictable consequence of her writing itself, but rather a complicated consequence of her conflicted self-identity within and outside of the manifesto. Solanas advocates a variety of destructive acts in her manifesto, for example, the claim that “a small handful of SCUM can take over the country within a year by systematically fucking up the system, selectively destroying property, and murder.”²⁷ However, she claimed that she shot Mario Amaya, Fred Hughes, and Andy Warhol only as a secondary gesture to her original plan to

shoot Maurice Girodias, whom she believed owned everything she wrote as a result of their publishing contract. She later told reporters that she shot Warhol because “he had too much control of my life,”²⁸ following that up by accusing him of losing the only copy of her play, *Up Your Ass*, and of failing in his promise to produce this play. Although one could argue that the self-proclaimed “hypothetical” nature of SCUM lies in direct conflict with Solanas literally shooting Andy Warhol, if Solanas constructed herself through her writing, it makes sense that she took drastic actions to defend the autonomy of her writing, to preserve its original integrity, and to fiercely assault those who diminished and erased her work. Thus, it is not that the manifesto predicts the shooting, but rather, that those who assaulted the integrity of her writings met with consequences that made sense to Solanas. She constructed her identity in part through the manifesto. In 1968, from the locked ward of Bellevue Hospital psychiatric ward, she declared, “I . . . am a social propagandist.”²⁹ Solanas’s views on violence reveal the tensions between performance and reality, as statements in the *SCUM Manifesto* and her relationship with Andy Warhol collide. Solanas’s theoretical position on violence, compared to her literal act of violence, confused the authorities dealing with her case. Her literal violence combined with her theoretical positions about violence (that all men should be killed by SCUM) and her claims that she was correct to shoot Warhol (“I didn’t do it for nothing”) led prosecutors to assume that she was insane. Such claims as “Warhol had me tied up lock, stock, and barrel. He was going to do something to me which would have ruined me,”³⁰ landed her in a variety of mental institutions from 1968 until 1971.³¹ Although Solanas was technically indicted on charges of attempted murder, assault, and illegal possession of a gun, she was declared incompetent and instead transferred for ongoing psychiatric care to the Ward Island Hospital, the South Florida State Hospital, and several other state hospitals throughout the country. An unfortunate circularity arises: the shootings are thought to confirm her ideas within the *SCUM Manifesto*, just as her work is ghettoized as a product of her insanity. Both the shootings and her work become reflections of her instability and thus lose their potential of being considered deliberate, even heroic acts.

However, Solanas's madness and her brilliance are not necessarily mutually exclusive. If we believe, as Michel Foucault argues, that "madness and non-madness, reason and non-reason are inextricably involved: inseparable at the moment when they do not yet exist, and existing for each other, in relation to each other, in the exchange which separates them,"³² then we can situate Solanas's violence as indebted to a sense of forceful reason. Avital Ronell proposes a similar logic:

It is important to note that psychosis speaks, that it often catches fire from a spark in the real; it is fuelled and fanned and remains unsettling because, as wounded utterance, it is not merely or solely demented. I am not persuaded that we have before us only a psychotic text. But it does rise out of the steady psychoticization of women, a threat under which most of us live and against whose coarse endurance we contribute enormous amounts of energy.³³

Solanas functions, as Foucault would argue, at the precise union of madness and non-madness, reason and non-reason, making them essentially inseparable.

When considering the massive global scale in which Solanas imagines that SCUM can destroy patriarchy—thus giving us a tangible reading of the unification of her madness and brilliance—one might see the literal act of shooting Warhol as relatively insignificant. Although it does lend some credence to the manifesto's intents (and resulted in terrorizing Warhol into the belief that Solanas would make another attempt on his life³⁴), and while it did further cement Solanas's cult status, Solanas's shots might better be understood as her attempt to defend her intellectual territory against men who had control over her writings and who appropriated (in the case of Girodias) or lost (in the case of Warhol) her manuscripts. If we focus on the Warhol shootings as a central and defining feature of Valerie Solanas, we simply reify a discourse in which she can only gain notoriety based on her relationship with a Famous Man. This reductive paradigm is best illustrated when we consider that most people know of Valerie Solanas through the play and film, *I Shot Andy Warhol*, that represents Solanas's life through the climax of the Warhol shootings. Little attention is paid to the *SCUM Manifesto* without framing it in relation to Andy War-

hol and the shootings, and further, even less attention is paid to *Up Your Ass* despite its recovery in 1996 from a Billy Name trunk. By contrast, a SCUM “state of mind” would instead argue that shooting Warhol achieved the exact opposite of promoting SCUM’s ideals, as it only placed Solanas in the shadows of this single act.

When thinking about the broader context of Solanas’s vision and the unfortunate consequences of her work becoming overshadowed by the act of violence, we might note that certain facts further diminish the significance of the shootings as attempts to carry out a SCUM imperative to kill men in general. Solanas continued to call Warhol after she got out of jail,³⁵ and she also continued to pursue him in order to retrieve the original script of her play, *Up Your Ass*, which he could never deliver.³⁶ Perhaps these facts solidify Solanas’s view of the shootings as logical but irrelevant to the pursuit of her art/writing. These examples also illustrate the ways in which Solanas continued to look upon Warhol as an intriguing (and perhaps providing?) figure. This further refutes the claim that her attempted murder of Warhol crystallizes Solanas’s *SCUM Manifesto* ideals. At best, then, the Warhol shootings were simply an anomalous glitch, a concrete attempt at revenge for mistreatment and neglect of Solanas’s most sacred belongings. At worst, the shootings destroyed SCUM’s political potential, as she unknowingly handed over most of her (limited) power to the forces of institutionalization and was from then on simply at their mercy.

PART 2: PRODUCING SOLANAS

Although Solanas’s particular history of “literary production”—that is, the transformation of her original text to a published and widely disseminated text—is hardly unique, she more directly confronted and challenged this process than most writers of her time. By shifting our focus away from Solanas’s constructions of self within the manifesto and instead considering the way others construct her, we can examine the manifesto’s appropriation into the publishing world and into the feminist movement. Such assimilation efforts reveal the cultural conflict surrounding how to read—and how to market, produce, and make palatable—radical work and in doing so highlight the essential irony of appropriating and canonizing Solanas.

In 1970, Solanas checked out from the New York Public Library a copy of the Olympia Press reprint edition of her *SCUM Manifesto*, originally published in 1968, and, angry that publisher Maurice Girodias had rewritten “SCUM” as “S.C.U.M.” in the title, “scribbled out her name on the cover and wrote in the publisher’s name as the author, claiming that, ‘This is not the title.’” On the back cover, where the advertisement attempts to capitalize on Solanas’s famous shooting of Andy Warhol—“Then we were horrified when she shot Andy Warhol in 1968 . . .”—Solanas blacked out “just to make a point” and wrote “lie,” then covered the rest of the paragraph with a rebuttal. On the jacket, which advertises “A new preface by Vivian Gornick serves as a brilliant commentary and introduction to this new edition—and adds to the point of view of today’s Women’s Liberation militants,” Solanas inserts “flea” after “Gornick,” replaces “brilliant” with “would-be” and “the point of view of today’s Women’s Liberation militants” with “a flea.”³⁷ Although she left her own text unmarked, Solanas charged the copy editor with sabotaging her work with typographical errors.

In the acts of marking, defacing, and commenting on this “official” text, Solanas problematizes the concept of authorship in relation to the institution of publishing and situates herself as bearer of the only true version of her work. The act of Solanas defacing her own work functions as a sort of graffiti upon the boundaries of publisher and writer and reveals her as a figure that resists and rejects the reductive tendencies of the publishing community. By virtue of its authorial origination, Solanas’s handwritten contestation of the printed “official” text subverts the authority of the published version and reveals her interest in self-protection and self-preservation. As Winkiel remarks, Solanas “returned to her text to counter and control its shift in interpretive context: from a mimeographed pamphlet handed out personally on the streets of Greenwich Village to a library volume . . . Solanas defaced the marketable framing of her manifesto by her publisher.”³⁸

In addition to this small alteration to the marketing of her book, Solanas also reveals herself both as an author and as a reader—one who comments upon and alters the discourse surrounding her own text. Perhaps more importantly, Solanas’s graffiti exposes and makes visible the

powerful role of the publishing industry in the production and promotion of public texts. Just as Solanas resisted assimilation by feminist groups, she also resisted assimilation by the mainstream publishing industry. For example, on the inside cover of the library copy, Solanas “promised to write another book called *Valerie Solanas* in which she will tell how she was manipulated and sabotaged by her publishing company”³⁹; and in 1977 went on to self-publish a “CORRECT Valerie Solanas” edition of the manifesto.⁴⁰ Winkiel describes Solanas’s critique of the Olympia Press edition as a fight “against the reduction of her words and actions to an authentic, foundational ‘Women’s Lib’ gesture.”⁴¹ Solanas disrupted the assumed relationship between text, author, publisher, and reader, and in doing so, she assumed the partial role of each figure.

The constant sense of sabotage felt by Solanas, as communicated through interviews, editorials, and “rambling letters” to various magazines (including *Playboy*) speaks to the conflict between her efforts to preserve an absolute moral authority over her work and the corruption of the manifesto by outside forces. Because the manifesto was published several times, Solanas was forced to confront, and consistently reject, many intrusive publishing outlets. She fought for control of her text within the male-dominated publishing world. This conflict is especially revealed in her relationship with her “publisher,” Girodias, whom she wanted to shoot the day she shot Andy Warhol. The prevalent explanation for Solanas’s desire to kill Girodias involves the contract she had signed with the publisher. According to Paul Morrissey, Solanas had signed “this stupid little piece of paper, two sentences, tiny little letter. On it Maurice Girodias said: ‘I will give you five hundred dollars, and you will give me your next writing, and other writings.’” Solanas interpreted the contract beyond its context, telling Morrissey, “Oh, no—everything I write will be his. He’s done this to me, He’s screwed me!”⁴² As a disciple of Warhol present at the shooting, Morrissey makes clear his disdain for Solanas, and the credibility of his story is difficult to ascertain. If Solanas did in fact make such a statement, what might have seemed like paranoia turned out to be, when put in the context of the later publication and marketing of the *SCUM Manifesto* by Girodias, uncannily prescient.

For Solanas, the maintenance of the text's purity and integrity constituted a central struggle of her life. This struggle characterizes the history of editions of the *SCUM Manifesto*. Originally self-published in 1967 and peddled in the streets of Greenwich Village as a mimeographed "fifty-page pamphlet . . . \$2 for men and only \$1 for women," the manifesto would soon appear in numerous other publications.⁴³ In 1968, the *Berkeley Barb* ran excerpts from the self-published edition of the manifesto in its June 7-13 issue. Also in 1968, the first Olympia Press (New York) edition of *S.C.U.M. Society for Cutting Up Men Manifesto* appeared, with a preface by Girodias and commentary by Paul Krassner. In 1970, the Olympia Press edition appeared with the preface by Girodias and the introduction by Gornick. Another Olympia Press edition with the same preface and introduction appeared in 1971. In 1977, Solanas would self-publish her "CORRECT Valerie Solanas" edition with an introduction by Valerie Solanas. In 1983, the Matriarchy Study Group (London) published a synthesis of the competing versions of the manifesto with a preface and introduction by that group. This would be reprinted in 1991 by Phoenix Press (London) and again by Ball & Chain Publications (Lewisburg, Penn.) in 1995. The 1996 AK Press (San Francisco) edition was a reprint of the Phoenix Press edition with a Solanas biography by Freddy Baer.⁴⁴ Most recently, Verso (London) published the first hard-cover edition (2004) of the *SCUM Manifesto*, with an introduction by Ronell, and an all-too-literal (and phallic) razor on the front cover. Throughout the history of the editions of the *SCUM Manifesto*, we find competition for textual authority and voice. The self-published versions are the manifesto as Solanas envisioned it, introduced by herself. The Olympia Press versions, as noted earlier, are far from what Solanas wanted her manifesto to be: the sabotage of typographical errors distorts her text, and the marketing and contextualizing by Girodias, Krassner, and Gornick function to control the manifesto. The two editions of the manifesto currently available represent a synthesis of these opposing camps: a successful method of reconciling the history of the editions but an unsuccessful outcome for authorial intent. Now that the original *SCUM Manifesto* pamphlet has been recovered at the Andy Warhol Museum Archives, we know that Solanas intentionally included playful spelling errors, grammatically distorted sentences, and varying usages of punctua-

tion (most of which were removed by the Olympia Press editions). She also typically included unrelated sentences throughout the margins of her text (for example, "Tiny Tim is just another pretty face"; "Wallace Fer Presadint [sic]"; and "girl scouts wear the green beret"), again reinforcing the importance of defacing and marking the text as her own.⁴⁵ The removal of these idiosyncratic markings further represents the clash between Solanas's desire for authorial freedom and the intrusions of the publishing world. The act of Solanas defacing her own text in the New York Public Library provides insight into the vision of a pure text Solanas created in her manifesto.

Having said that, I am aware of the pitfalls of claiming a "true" or original text as more authentic and historically valuable than its later manifestations. Although questions of old-fashioned authorship seem eclipsed by contemporary understandings of textual authority, there does seem to be some value in understanding Solanas's particular plight to save her text and recover its originality. Additionally, the small corpus of Solanas's writings has resulted in our reliance upon highly mediated versions of her text. For example, Dana Heller reports that Girodias invented the acronym "Society for Cutting Up Men" and that Solanas never intended SCUM to mean anything other than scum.⁴⁶

Furthermore, Solanas's utopian idealism (and radicalism) exist not only within the manifesto, but also in her subversion of the traditions of publication and circulation. Such subversions comment upon her profound commitment to self-promoting the radical, albeit "hypothetical," sentiments of the manifesto. At first, she distributed the manifesto herself, thus eliminating the need for a middleman or any publishing body that could potentially violate her text. On the street, she forced men to pay more for the text than women, thereby enacting her own version of a gender/class system. She was also known to self-promote her other writings, such as two pulp sex novels (one of which she sold for \$500), an article on panhandling that she sold to a magazine, and her play, *Up Your Ass*.

Ironically, Warhol's loss of the manuscript of *Up Your Ass* foreshadowed the eventual mishandling and misappropriation of the *SCUM Manifesto*, a phenomenon that arose at least in part out of the attention over the shootings. As such, the shootings functioned as a lubricant to

marketing, publishing, and assimilating the manifesto for the public. Solanas's paranoia that her ideas were being stolen and that, in Heller's words, she would be denied "the entitlement, license, and power that corresponded with her idea of textual authorship"⁴⁷ turned out to be true. Soon after the shootings, the manifesto was "snatched up for publication,"⁴⁸ leaving Solanas with little control over its distribution. In and out of mental institutions and prison, she could not monitor her text. Nonetheless, after her manifesto was appropriated by various publishing houses and irreparably altered, she responded to these changes both by rewriting her own introduction and by formally accusing these publishing houses of changing her text. In a 1977 *Village Voice* article, she comments on the Olympia Press editions, saying, "words and even extended parts of sentences [are] left out, rendering the passages they should've been incoherent." Later in the article, she calls Howard Smith, who had interviewed her previously, "journalistically immoral," saying, "I go by an absolute moral standard." In a letter, LaGear comments:

The most obvious objection, of course, that Valerie has to her book, is the defective text—the typographical errors, the omission of certain quotation marks, the garbled sentences, the changing of certain words, and so on. . . . She also objects to the periods of abbreviation in the title. She is a true writer in all this, but every detail in the *Manifesto* has its reason, its meaning—and therefore its effect on the content. Valerie is as careful a thinker as writer. . . . Why did you not have the guts, she asks, to let the *Manifesto* stand or fall on its own? Why were you so cowardly as to try to explain it away even before it could speak for itself?⁴⁹

Solanas's quest to retain the purity and integrity of her original manifesto became a mission that spanned two decades of her life and ended unsuccessfully. To her, the distortions, misrepresentations, and alterations caused by publishing houses and journalists represented an inexcusable violation of her original text.

CUTTING UP

Not only commercial publishers but also feminist anthologies have used Solanas for purposes she would not accept. Such appropriations highlight the ironic nature of anthologizing Solanas and reveal the complicated and

often painful relationship between mainstream liberal feminism and its radical counterparts. Again and again, there have been efforts to label, categorize, and neatly resolve the contradictions in Solanas's work by various editors of feminist anthologies, who cast her as a representative of early radical feminism. These editors may have found Solanas inspiring and genuinely wanted her to be included in a collective feminist history. Certainly, such inclusion has had the positive effect of expanding the audience who read Solanas's work. However, her writings tend to be misrepresented in such anthologies, as they use the highly mediated and "sabotaged" Olympia Press edition. Their introductions of her work either attempt to market Solanas as non-threatening and palatable, thus flattening out the complexity of the text, or they dismiss the manifesto as an extension of Solanas's mental breakdown.⁵⁰

Shortly after its publication, an excerpt of the first Olympia Press edition of the manifesto was excerpted in Betty Roszak and Theodore Roszak's *Masculine/Feminine: Readings in Sexual Mythology and the Liberation of Women* with the following preface:

The Society for Cutting Up Men—as far as the editors know—has never had more than one member: its founder and theorist, Valerie Solanas. Can the SCUM Manifesto, therefore, be considered a true manifesto? Perhaps not. Yet that is what its author intended it to be; and so we place it here. Had Solanas not let her ideology steer her toward an attempt on the life of pop-artist Andy Warhol in 1968, one might be tempted to regard her exercise in misanthropic extremism as satire in the vein of Swift's "Modest Proposal." As it is, one cannot be sure. Perhaps she anticipated a following, knowing she had given voice to a vindictive rage few of us, men or women, want to admit exists in the female heart. Her diatribe takes its place beside the intemperance of Nietzsche and Weininger as one of the most savage assaults of the sex war.

The problem here, aside from excerpting from an edition that strayed from Solanas's intentions, is that the editors make facile judgments about the relation of the Warhol shooting to Solanas's manifesto. In addition, they used the loaded terms "diatribe," "intemperance," and "savage" to describe the manifesto.⁵¹

In another early anthology, Robin Morgan, editor of the anthology *Sisterhood Is Powerful: An Anthology of Writings from the Women's Liberation Movement*, takes an opposite approach to describe Solanas in near heroic terms:

Valerie Solanis [sic] should be known primarily as an artist, not as someone who shot Andy Warhol. Her filmscripts and other writings have not received the attention they deserve. She is still being persecuted by police and "mental health" authorities for her "attempted murder" of Warhol, and has been in and out of prisons ever since. Interestingly enough, Norman Mailer was charged with the same crime when he almost fatally stabbed his wife. He was never imprisoned; all charges were dropped; his reputation was enhanced; he subsequently ran for Mayor of New York. Enough said.⁵²

Morgan's attempt to valorize Solanas is nearly as problematic as the Roszaks' condemnation. Morgan claims Solanas for the movement, but the *SCUM Manifesto* is decidedly antimovement: "SCUM consists of individuals; SCUM is not a mob, a blob. Only as many SCUM will do a job as are needed for the job."⁵³ Additionally, the contrasting of Solanas to Norman Mailer runs the risk of defining Solanas's action as a feminist (Women's Liberation) act—a definition Solanas might well have labeled "a lie." Taking a more dismissive approach, Morgan recently characterized Solanas in the late 1970s as "flipped out again and threatening to kill Kate Millet and throw acid in my face because we'd actually defended her."⁵⁴ Clearly, Morgan does not acknowledge the actual radicalism in Solanas's *resisting* attempts at inclusion and assimilation.

The excerpt of the manifesto, also from the Olympia Press edition, in Elsie Adams and Mary Louise Briscoe's 1971 anthology, *Up Against the Wall, Mother . . . On Women's Liberation*, receives a more ambivalent introduction that refers to "S.C.U.M. (The Society for Cutting Up Men) . . . as the terrorist wing of the [Women's Liberation] movement." The introduction to the section in which the excerpt appears takes a more conciliatory tone:

Admittedly, some of the rhetoric of the Women's Liberation movement sounds ominous, such as the slogan "Watch out. You may meet a real castrating female," or Valerie Solanas' *S.C.U.M. Manifesto*, which advocates a program for the elimination of all men. But the Women's Liberation movement is not, contrary to male fears, threatening to phase out men. Equality

and supremacy are two different things—one desirable, the other not.⁵⁵

In the 1984 collection of *The Sixties Papers: Documents of a Rebellious Decade*, “The S.C.U.M. Manifesto” is preceded by a rather dismissive and convoluted introduction that labels Solanas as a “cause célèbre,” famous only for the “well-publicized ‘media event’” surrounding the shooting.⁵⁶ The characterization of the shooting as a “media event” undermines the authority of Solanas’s text and dismisses the radical potential of her actions, at best portraying her as a spokeswoman for the movement and at worst aligning her with Warhol’s own media “events.”⁵⁷ In 2005, Jacqueline Rhodes’s *Radical Feminism, Writing, and Critical Agency: From Manifesto to Modern* characterizes the manifesto as having been rescued by Robin Morgan: “the *SCUM Manifesto* was not overwhelmingly accepted into radical circles, and had little impact until it was excerpted in Morgan’s *Sisterhood Is Powerful*.”⁵⁸

None of these attempts at characterizing the manifesto accurately reflect the text itself. As noted earlier, both the manifesto and Solanas’s defacement of the Gornick introduction to the Olympia Press edition are clearly antimovement. Solanas never aligned herself with feminism, the women’s liberation movement, or other liberatory projects of the late 1960s and early 1970s. Such characterizations beg the question: Can an antimovement text actually inform a movement like feminism? How can such texts preserve their authority and power if they are couched in terms that soften their blow?

In the introduction to the recent anthology, *Radical Feminism: A Documentary Reader*, editor Barbara Crow remarks:

While I do not want this introduction or collection to valorize radical feminism, I do want to reinsert in the developing narrative in women’s studies the contributions, contradictory positions, and complexity of U.S. radical feminism of this time period, to reflect on the legacy of radical feminism, and to ask ourselves why some of the issues that were raised by radical feminists have been ignored, submerged, and denied.

The version of the manifesto that appears, in full, in the “Manifestos” subsection of the “Political Statements and Processes” section is the 1968 Olympia Press edition.⁵⁹ The issues raised by Solanas in her contestation of the validity of the Olympia Press editions have, despite Crow’s statements and efforts to the contrary, been “ignored, submerged, and denied.” Addi-

tionally, it is disturbing to note Crow's resistant and somewhat dismissive language here. Why is it necessary that we do not "valorize radical feminism"? I note the recurrent ways in which these editors of feminist anthologies continue to minimize the significance of the radical ideas within the manifesto. Again, we see easy causal connections being made between Solanas's writing and the shootings. Attempts are repeatedly made to minimize the contradictions within (and surrounding) the manifesto. Such actions suppress the expansive possibilities present in Solanas's writing.

"CRACKPOT AND PROPHET"

In the *Manifesto's* edition of 2004, Ronell furthers the cause of "making Solanas official" by situating the manifesto within the context of contemporary theory and assigning her a place alongside Jacques Derrida, Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari, Judith Butler, Sigmund Freud, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, and Karl Marx. "Whether Solanas knowingly climbed into the think tank with the rest of them is immaterial," she says, because Solanas "borrowed the language and flashed the enduring complicities of urgent philosophical concerns. She was 'inscribed' and as such took to the margins of major philosophemes or writers' blocs." Although Ronell couples Solanas with the "great thinkers" of history, she justifies this description within "the nonplace that [Solanas] rigorously occupies." Ronell argues that Solanas's text, even when "confined to the precincts of parasitical utterance . . . the language of a pest," takes on the roles of juggernaut radicalism (with a surprisingly effective means to make language "wound" its recipients) and of the failed performative. "She belongs with [the major philosophers], even if only as a limping straggler and wounded anomaly. . . . She was never on time or on target, yet something keeps seeking points of contact, keeps coming through."⁶⁰

Given this contemporary recuperation, a central task of reading the manifesto and thinking about Solanas now is to decide how best to "put her forth," how to carefully construct a space for her in the feminist canon without reductively dismissing her nor claiming her per se. Certainly, there are many contradictory personas to contend with. There is the angry Solanas—gun-slinging, grudge-holding, frothy-mouthed. There is the psychopathic Solanas—delusional, "flipped out," characterologically

unstable. There is the rebellious Solanas—shop-lifting, nun-striking, avant-garde, anti-establishment. And, of course, Solanas's mother tells us, "She fancied herself a writer," and perhaps this is her most radical, her most anti-establishment identity of all. As a writer, she could not be bothered with the fussiness of consistent self-portrayal or the complications of sorting through and making sense of her various identities. In this way, she was apparently comfortable with the ironies within her life and as such puts forth her manifesto as an homage to her mastery of language, but also of, as Butler might say, "excitable speech." Certainly, as Ronell claims, "Valerie Solanas, who took no prisoners, took pleasure in the injurious effect of language and, with a Lacanian precision, understood that words are bodies that can be hurled at the other, they can land in the psyche or explode in the soma."⁶¹

Feminist scholars must take Solanas seriously for precisely this reason: she exemplifies the power of the radical, the potential of the polemical. Radical work is important precisely in its ability to shift the very terms of a movement, to alter the definition of the center. Solanas demands a more certain absolute and a more distant extreme. She laughs in the face of apologetic, we-don't-really-hate-men, we're-not-lesbians, we-shave-our-armpits, we're-not-offensive feminism. She arouses the central anxieties of the feminist movement, picking fights and inciting us to call out our theoretical and practical differences. Indeed, she provokes us to consider a different kind of absolute, and even if we situate ourselves in opposition to such ideology, it is nevertheless considered. Is she serious? What would it mean to imagine a world without men? In what ways are women's relationships with each other sabotaged by patriarchy? *Why do I find this text so amusing?* We cannot define the center of the feminist movement without that which signifies the fringe, without, in this case, "Andy Warhol's feminist nightmare."⁶² It is the radical that shifts the center back and forth, redefines the "normal," and helps us to reimagine ourselves and our political worlds.

Solanas also brings forth another tension within the feminist movement, as she forces us to consider not only the meaning of words within a text (which represent Solanas's purest vision of the world), but also, the result of a text, the way in which a text might link itself to action—to a shoot-

ing, to a rejection of patriarchy, to “man-hating,” to unworking. Solanas’s intentions in her work are less important than the effectiveness with which she “picks off the crucial themes associated with the dominion of phallogocentrism.”⁶³ She calls us forth into action, not by literally asking us to take up arms against men, but by circling around and honing in on the ways in which women are entrapped in a patriarchal culture that undermines and devalues them, that has valued—and will continue to value—the law of the Father as God. Despite its historical specificity, its constant battle with publishing sabotage, and its dismissive and reductive framing, the manifesto continues to feel relevant to many people, as evidenced by its wide circulation on the internet and its continued sales worldwide.⁶⁴

Part of Solanas’s appeal—and her effectiveness as a radical figure—is her unique combination of playfulness, seriousness, and willingness to speak from margin to center. She injects a kind of radical emotionality into the work, showing us the ways in which humor and anger can irrevocably blur together. For example, when asked about the Warhol shootings, Solanas replied, “I didn’t want to kill him. I just wanted him to pay attention to me. Talking to him was like talking to a chair.” As Heller says, “Whether or not it sheds light on the brutally ironic tone of the *SCUM Manifesto*, almost everyone who knew Solanas for any length of time describes her as terrifically angry and terrifically funny.” Ronell offers a similar observation, saying, “Solanas punctuates her transmissions with laughter, breaking up totalities, bursting established social systems with the disruptive laugh that she calls *SCUM Manifesto*.”⁶⁵ Solanas demonstrates for us the radical potential of humor as it collides with anger, pain, and real, gendered suffering.

Her humor is punctuated by the brutal facts of her lived reality—the scum she inhabited on a day-to-day basis. Solanas was “one who felt her verbal velocities could reach no one in a way that would truly mark or unhinge the brutal protocols of lived reality.” She was radically alone, “drained, shivering in near autistic spheres of solitude,”⁶⁶ yet always mindful, in the context of her writing, to root for the collective. Like all characters who occupy an extreme fringe—who are cast off into the margins and rendered invisible by all whom they seek to connect with—her life was steeped in tragedy, no matter how hopeful, funny, or irreverent her writ-

ing. I was particularly struck by a recent description, true to this characterization, of Solanas's death, in that she was found slumped over her San Francisco hotel bed, covered in maggots, her literal body being eaten away. This image, coupled with the fact that most of her manuscripts, including the one she was working on at the time of her death, have been unrecoverable, speaks to the more tragic qualities of Solanas's life and work. Indeed, Solanas led the ultimate ironic existence: she was consistent to her end, yet consistent also in her many contradictions. She is, at once, deeply funny and startlingly tragic, blindingly psychotic and soberingly sane. Such contradiction has constructed Solanas within feminist discourse as someone to be remembered and alternatively as someone to be forgotten. One can only hope that our collective memory will be as generous as it is long.

NOTES

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1. Valerie Solanas, *Up Your Ass*, Pittsburgh, Penn., Andy Warhol Museum Archives.
2. Mary Harron and Daniel Minahan, *I Shot Andy Warhol* (New York: Grove Press 1996).
3. Marcie Frank discusses the ways that Solanas inspired Ti-Grace Atkinson and Florynce Kennedy to define radical feminism in "Popping Off Warhol: From the Gutter to the Underground and Beyond," *Pop Out: Queer Warhol*, ed. Jennifer Doyle, Jonathan Flatley, and José Esteban Muñoz (Durham, N.C.: Duke University Press, 1996), 210-23.
4. Valerie Solanas, *SCUM Manifesto* (San Francisco: A.K. Press, 1996), 1.
5. *Ibid.*, 39.
6. Both quotations are from Solanas, *SCUM Manifesto*, 35.
7. The Field Boss, "15 Minutes Later," <http://www.geocities.com/SoHo/2904/reviews.html>.
8. Valerie Solanas, advertisement for *SCUM Manifesto*, Andy Warhol Museum Archives.
9. Solanas, *SCUM Manifesto*, 43.
10. *Ibid.*, 36.
11. Valerie Solanas, quoted by Freddy Baer, "About Valerie Solanas," in Valerie Solanas, *SCUM Manifesto* (San Francisco: A.K. Press 1996), 51.
12. Ti-Grace Atkinson, quoted in Laura Winkiel, "The 'Sweet Assassin' and the Performative Politics of *SCUM Manifesto*," *The Queer Sixties*, ed. Patricia Juliana Smith (New York: Routledge 1999), 67; Kennedy, quoted in Frank, "Popping Off Warhol," 210; Dana Heller, "Shooting Solanas: Radical Feminist History and the 'Technology of Failure,'" *Feminist Studies* 27 (Spring 2001): 167-89; Solanas, as quoted by Baer, "About Valerie Solanas," 53.

13. Winkiel, "The 'Sweet Assassin,'" 63.
14. Solanas, *SCUM Manifesto*, 27, 26.
15. Winkiel, "The 'Sweet Assassin,'" 64.
16. Solanas, *SCUM Manifesto*, 40.
17. Ibid., 28.
18. Letter from Robert Fustero to author, 15 Apr. 2006, in the author's possession. Fustero is Valerie Solanas's cousin.
19. All Solanas quotations are from Baer, "About Valerie Solanas," 50, 48, 50, 56.
20. Viva, as quoted by Baer, "About Valerie Solanas," 50.
21. Solanas, *SCUM Manifesto*, 23.
22. Baer, "About Valerie Solanas," 48.
23. Valerie Solanas to father, 29 June 1962, in the author's possession. This is a postcard sent to me by Robert Fustero that details her work at a nearby restaurant.
24. Geoffrey LaGear to Maurice Girodias, 1 Dec. 1968, Andy Warhol Museum Archives.
25. Fustero shared with me in April 2006 several postcards and letters written by Solanas to her father.
26. Solanas, as quoted by Baer, "About Valerie Solanas," 55.
27. Solanas, *SCUM Manifesto*, 39.
28. Solanas, as quoted by Baer, "About Valerie Solanas," 53.
29. The Field Boss, "15 Minutes Later."
30. Solanas, as quoted by Baer, "About Valerie Solanas," 54.
31. Baer, "About Valerie Solanas," 54-55.
32. Michel Foucault, *Madness and Civilization*, trans. Richard Howard (New York: Vintage Books, 1965), x.
33. Avital Ronell, introduction to *SCUM Manifesto*, by Valerie Solanas (New York: Verso, 2004), 16.
34. Warhol writes, "I always worry that when nutty people do something, they'll do the same thing again a few years later. . . . I was shot in 1968, so that was the 1968 version. But then, I have to think, 'Will someone want to do a 1970s remake of shooting me?'" Andy Warhol, *The Philosophy of Andy Warhol* (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1975), 146.
35. Frank, "Popping Off Warhol," 220.
36. Harron refers to the quest to find *Up Your Ass* as similar to the search for the Holy Grail. See Harron and Minahan, ix.
37. Winkiel, "The 'Sweet Assassin,'" 74.
38. Ibid.
39. Ibid.
40. Donny Smith, "Editions of *SCUM Manifesto*," <http://www.geocities.com/WestHollywood/Village/6982/solanas.html>.
41. Winkiel, "The 'Sweet Assassin,'" 74.
42. Baer, "About Valerie Solanas," 51-52.
43. Winkiel, "The 'Sweet Assassin,'" 62.
44. Smith, "Editions of *SCUM Manifesto*."

45. I was given permission by the University of Missouri at St Louis library to examine and photocopy a shorter version from 1968 that preceded the full-length Olympia Press edition of the manifesto. This version included many spelling errors as well as a variety of marginalia.
46. Heller, "Shooting Solanas," 167-89.
47. Ibid.
48. The Field Boss, "15 Minutes Later."
49. Solanas (1977), as quoted by Baer, "About Valerie Solanas," 56; LaGear to Girodias, 1 Dec. 1968, Andy Warhol Museum Archives.
50. I am purposefully *excluding* writers who are openly hostile toward Solanas. For example, several reviews of *I Shot Andy Warhol* refer to Solanas in a variety of demeaning ways, most notably by arguing that she was not "worth" making a movie about.
51. Betty Roszak and Theodore Roszak, eds., *Masculine/Feminine: Readings in Sexual Mythology and the Liberation of Women* (New York: Harper Colophon Books, 1969), 262, 3.
52. Robin Morgan, Appendix, *Sisterhood Is Powerful: An Anthology of Writings from the Women's Liberation Movement*, ed. Robin Morgan (New York: Vintage Books, 1970), 645-46.
53. Solanas, *SCUM Manifesto*, 42.
54. "Robin Morgan, Activist as Ever," *off our backs* 31 (February 2001): 4.
55. Elsie Adams and Mary Louise Briscoe, introduction to *Up Against the Wall, Mother . . . On Women's Liberation*, ed. Elsie Adams and Mary Louise Briscoe (Beverly Hills: Glencoe Press, 1971), xv, 85.
56. Judith Clavir Albert and Stewart Edward Albert, "The Women's Rebellion," *The Sixties Papers: Documents of a Rebellious Decade*, ed. Judith Clavir Albert and Stewart Edward Albert (New York: Praeger, 1984), 460.
57. For a thorough discussion of the dynamics of the "event," see Winkiel, "The 'Sweet Assassin,'" 71-75.
58. Jacqueline Rhodes, *Radical Feminism, Writing, and Critical Agency: From Manifesto to Modern* (Albany: State University of New York Press, 2005), 47.
59. Barbara Crow, introduction to *Radical Feminism: A Documentary Reader*, ed. Barbara Crow (New York: New York University Press, 2000), 3, and Solanas, "S.C.U.M. (Society for Cutting Up Men) Manifesto," 201-22.
60. Ronell, introduction to *SCUM Manifesto*, 8, 2, 8-10.
61. Heller, "Shooting Solanas," 167-89; Dorothy Moran, as quoted by Baer, "About Valerie Solanas," 57; Judith Butler, *Excitable Speech: A Politics of the Performative* (New York: Routledge, 1997); Ronell, introduction to *SCUM Manifesto*, 4.
62. Rowan Gaither, "Andy Warhol's Feminist Nightmare," *New York Magazine*, 14 Jan. 1991.
63. Ronell, introduction to *SCUM Manifesto*, 8.
64. Nearly all other original documents considered "radical feminism" from that time period are out of print.
65. Valerie Solanas, as quoted in *Daily News*, 10 June 1969; Heller, "Shooting Solanas," 167-89; Ronell, introduction to *SCUM Manifesto*, 12.
66. Ronell, introduction to *SCUM Manifesto*, 4, 31.