

S.C.U.M. MANIFESTO

Excerpts from the SCUM (Society for Cutting Up Men) Manifesto

by Valerie Solanis

... the male is ... obsessed with screwing; he'll swim a river of snot, wade nostril-deep through a mile of vomit, if he thinks there'll be a friendly pussy awaiting him. He'll screw a woman he despises, any snaggle-toothed hag, and, further, pay for the opportunity. Why? Relieving physical tension isn't the answer, as masturbation suffices for that. It's not ego satisfaction; that doesn't explain screwing corpses and babies ... He hates his passivity, so he projects it onto women, defines the male as active, then sets out to prove that he is ("prove he's a Man"). His main means of attempting to prove it is screwing (Big Man with a Big Dick tearing off a Big Piece). Since he's attempting to prove an error, he must "prove" it again and again ... The male claims that females find fulfillment through motherhood and sexuality reflects what males think THEY'D find fulfilling if they were female. Women, in other words, don't have penis envy; men have pussy envy. When the male accepts his passivity, defines himself as a woman ... and becomes a transvestite he loses his desire to screw (or to do anything else, for that matter; he fulfills himself as a dragqueen) and gets his cock chopped off. Screwing is, for a man, a defense against his desire to be female ... The male, because of his obsession to compensate for not being female combined with his inability to relate and feel compassion, has made of the world a shitpile ... many females would, even assuming complete economic equality between the sexes, prefer residing with males or peddling their asses on the street, thereby having most of their time for themselves, to spending many hours of their days doing boring, stultifying, non-creative work for somebody else, functioning ... as machines, or at best -- if able to get a "good" job -- co-managing the shitpile. What will liberate women, therefore, from male control is the total elimination of the money-work system, not the attainment of economic equality with men within it ... The effect of fatherhood on males, specifically, is to make them "Men," that is, highly defensive of all impulses to passivity, faggotry and of desire to be female. Every boy wants to imitate his mother, be her, fuse with her, but Daddy forbids this; HE is the mother; HE gets to fuse with her. So he tells the boy, sometimes directly, sometimes indirectly, to not be a sissy, to act like a "Man." The boy, scared shitless of and respecting his father, complies and becomes just like Daddy, that model of "Man" -- hood, the all-American ideal -- the well-behaved heterosexual dullard ... Wanting to become a woman, he strives to be constantly around females, the closest he can get to becoming one, so he created a "society" based on the family -- a male-female couple and their kids (the excuse for the family's existence) ... A true community consists of individuals ... not couples -- respecting each others individuality and privacy while at the same time interacting with each other mentally and emotionally -- free spirits in free relation to each other -- and cooperating with each other to achieve a common end, because each man's end is all the pussy for himself ... The male can't progress socially, but merely swing back and forth from isolation to gangbanging ... Wanting the female (Mama) to guide him, but unable to accept this fact (He is, after all, a MAN), wanting to play Woman, to usurp her function as Guider and Protector, he sees to it that all authorities are male ... There's no reason why a society ... should have a government, laws or leaders ... The male's inability to relate to anybody or anything makes his life pointless and meaningless (The ultimate male insight is that life is absurd), so he invented philosophy and religion. Being empty, he looks outward, not only for guidance and control, but for salvation and for the meaning of life. Happiness impossible on this earth, he invented Heaven ... A woman not only takes her identity and individuality for granted, but knows instinctively that the only wrong is to hurt others and the meaning of life is love ... No genuine social revolution can be accomplished by the male, as the male on top wants the status quo, and all the male on the bottom wants is to be the male on top ... The male changes only when forced to do so by technology, when he has no choice, when "society" reaches the stage when he must change or die. We're at that stage now; if women don't fast get their asses in gear, we may very well all die ... The male, being completely self-centered and unable to relate to anything outside himself, his "conversation" is a strained, compulsive attempt to impress the female ... only completely self-confident, arrogant, outgoing, proud, tough-minded females are capable of intense, bitchy, witty conversation ... Having stripped the world of conversation, friendship and love, the male offers us as paltry substitutes -- "Great Art" and "Culture" ... The true artist is every self-confident, healthy female, and in a female society the only Art, the only Culture, will be conceited, kookie, funkier females grooving on each other and on everything else in the universe. ... Sex is the refuge of the mindless. And the more mindless the woman, the more deeply embedded in the male "culture," in short, the nicer she is, the more sexual she is. The nicest women in our "society" are raving sex maniacs. But, being just awfully, awfully nice, they don't, of course, descend to fucking -- that's uncouth but rather they make love, commune by means of their bodies and establish sensual rapport; the literary ones are attuned to the throb of Eros and attain a clutch of the Universe; the religious have spiritual communion with the Divine Sensualism; the mystics merge with the Erotic Principle and blend with the cosmos and the acid heads contact their erotic cells. On the other hand, those females least embedded in the male "culture," in short, the least nice, those crass and simple souls who reduce fucking to fucking, who are too childish for the grown-up world of suburbs, mortgages, mops and baby shit, too selfish to raise kids and husbands, too uncivilized to give one shit for anyone's opinion of them other than their own, too arrogant to respect Daddy, the "Greats" or the deep wisdom of the Ancients, who trust only their own animal, gutter instincts, who equate Culture with chicks, whose sole diversion is prowling for emotional thrills and excitement, who are given to disgusting, nasty, upsetting "scenes," hateful, violent bitches given to slamming those who unduly irritate them in the teeth, who'd sink a shiv into a man's chest or ram an icepick up his asshole as soon as look at him, if they knew they could get away with it, in short, those who, by the standards of our "culture," are SCUM ... these females are cool and ... skirting asexuality. Unhampered by propriety, niceness, discretion, public opinion, "morals," the "respect" of assholes, always funky, dirty, low-down, SCUM gets around ... and around and around ... they've seen the whole show -- every bit of it -- the fucking scene, the sucking scene, the dick scene, the dike 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 to anti-sex, and SCUM's been through it all, and now they're ready for a new show; they want to crawl out from under the dock, move, take off, sink out. But SCUM doesn't yet prevail; SCUM's still in the gutter of our "society," which if it's not deflected from its present course and if the Bomb doesn't drop on it, will hump itself to death ... The male's chief delight in life -- in so far as the tense, grim male can ever be said to delight in anything -- is

OH YES, WARHOL MIGHT HAVE

By Richard A. Ogar
Tuesday morning. The Chronicle. "Andy Warhol ... was shot and critically wounded by a woman in his film studio yesterday." On any objective scale, the subsequent shooting of Robert Kennedy thrusts the Warhol incident into the background. But on a more personal level it does not. Last August 28th I taped a long interview with Andy, his manager Paul Morrissey, and two of his "super-stars," Nico and Ultraviolet. Much of that conversation failed to appear in the published version (BARB, Sept. 1-7, 1967) for lack of space. But, in the light of subsequent events, the

most important thing said that afternoon didn't even make the tape.

According to the Chronicle, a woman named Valeria Solanis "gave herself up in connection with the shooting." A year ago Miss Solanis placed an ad in the Village Voice: "The ad announced the formation of an organization called, the Society for Cutting Up Men," (sic) apparently a humorous concoction."

Suddenly I realized that I had heard about this woman before -- and, I thought, from Warhol himself. I played back the entire two-hour tape. Nothing. The conversation had -- as I feared -- taken place after the formal interview had been concluded.

It was Morrissey, I think, who brought her name up. He referred to her loosely as a "friend," and told us about her desire to dispose of all men by cutting them up.

Morrissey treated the story as a simple anecdote, but my wife was genuinely shocked: "Is she serious?" Both Paul and Andy assured us that she was. I said I thought people like that should be given an extremely wide berth, but Andy didn't seem to be bothered much.

Very little seems to bother War-

LITTLE DID ANDY (below) realize import of his words as he spoke of Valeria whose creed appears left. Guess why straight press could only mention it?



NICO

SHE SLEPT HI

Valeria Solanis, the girl who says she shot Andy Warhol, lived in Berkeley recently for several months.

An anonymous psychology student visited BARB and related how Valeria approached him at the Student Union a few months ago and asked if he wanted a female roommate. He already had two, so he referred her to a neighbor who was bugging him. "She looked just like a dike," the student recalled. "She was always wearing this sort of motor-

cycle cap. The Chronicle picture of her really did her justice."

Valeria showed up at the neighbor's apartment a month after she was given his address. She moved in with him and the misery began. The neighbor lived in the apartment below BARB's informant.

Was Valeria, like, paranoid? Well ... She had written a play entitled "Up Your Ass" and was constantly worrying about her copyrights being infringed upon. "Once I saw him leaning out the

exposing others. It doesn't matter much what they're exposed as, as long as they're exposed; it distracts attention from himself. Exposing others as enemy agents (Communists and Socialists) is one of his favorite exposes, as it removes the source of the threat to him, not only from himself, but from the country and, even further yet, from the Western world. The bugs up his ass aren't in him; they're in Russia ...