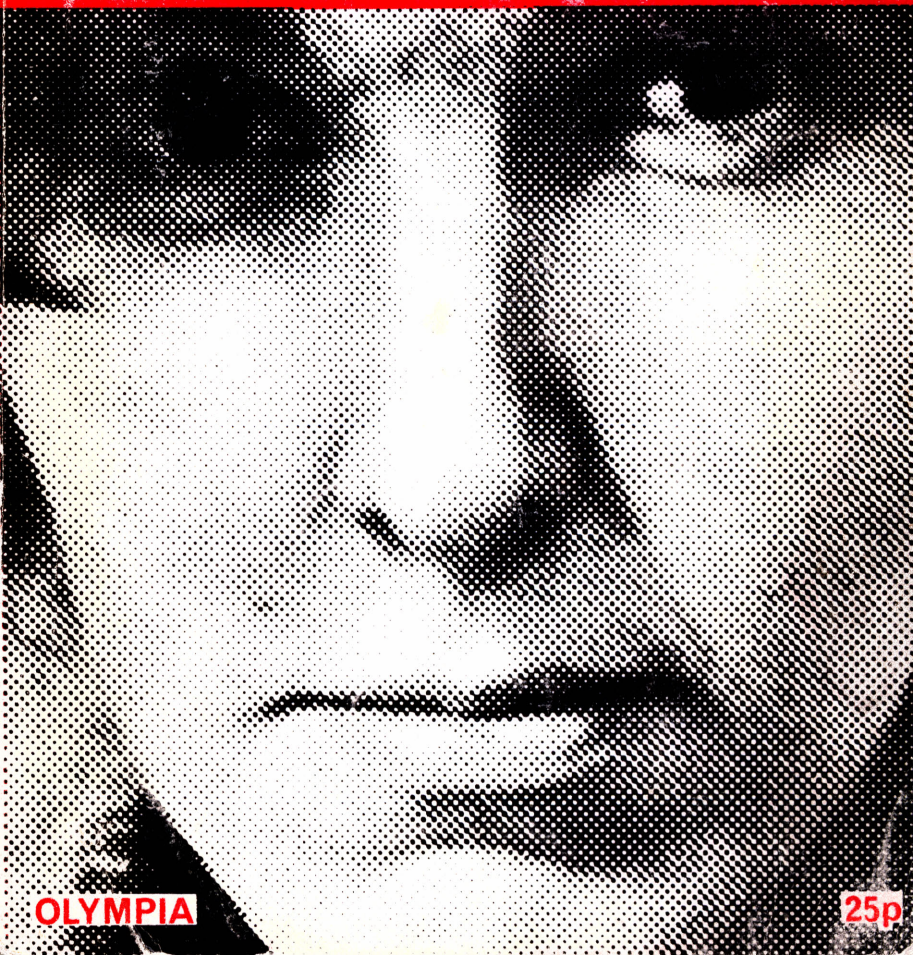


S.C.U.M.

(Society for Cutting Up Men) MANIFESTO

Valerie Solanas



OLYMPIA

25p

SCUM MANIFESTO

“Presentation of the rationale and program of action of SCUM (Society for Cutting Up Men), which will eliminate—through sabotage—all aspects of society not relevant to women (everything), bring about a complete female take-over, eliminate the male sex and begin to create a swinging, groovy, out-of-sight female world.” SCUM MANIFESTO

“Warhol . . . the ultimate voyeur . . . felled by SCUM . . .” TIME

“A diatribe of fanatical intensity . . . savage shrewdness and wit.” NEWSWEEK

SCUM MANIFESTO

VALERIE SOLANAS

with an Introduction by

VIVIAN GORNICK



THE OLYMPIA PRESS

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PUBLISHER'S PREFACE

VALERIE SOLANAS was one of the permanent features in the lobby of the Chelsea, together with the proliferating *objets d'art* abandoned on the walls of the hotel by generations of fractured painters and sculptors.

Her clothing was invariable, the same old jeans and sweater, and the cap sitting straight on the top of her head. Her fixed expression was that of a Douanier Rousseau personage frozen in wooden immobility against its picture-book background.

I was living at the Chelsea myself, and one day I found a note she had left in my box, in which she explained that she was a writer and wanted to see me. We met. Her manner was friendly, lively, and she had a sense of humor—which

somewhat took the edge off the anti-masculine doctrine she proceeded to preach to me. The title of her play, *Up Your Ass*, was sufficiently indicative of her iconoclastic disposition, and naturally I sympathized as I was supposed to. The play was rather clever, and I found it amusingly wild.

I also found myself, quite to my surprise, in agreement with what I understood of her theories. If our world is so dry, square, rigid; so devoid of charm, warmth, spirit, enjoyment and self-respect — it is because the majority of men have too easily relegated women to a sexual and child-rearing function. Because they have reduced love to sex, and refused to apprehend, cultivate and liberate the hidden wealth of the feminine nature. Because they are frightened, uncertain and childishly jealous of their prerogatives.

Granted. But she did not offer any solutions.

To make a living Valerie went out in the streets of the Village and peddled mimeographed copies of her literary productions. This was an obvious waste of talent, and I offered her a contract to write an autobiographical novel for me.

She seemed to receive the idea with enthusiasm; at least she accepted my advances of money with alacrity. One evening I invited her to dinner to celebrate the signing of the contract, and I was pleasantly surprised to see her arrive wearing some disturbingly feminine-looking clothes; I

thought I could even detect lipstick (a faint trace), powder . . . eyeshadow? What a contract will do for a girl! I was duly impressed.

But after a few weeks, she was still engaged in her obscure panhandling activities. She had all sorts of false good reasons to offer when I asked her why she was not working on her novel; however, living in the same hotel as your publisher could cramp any writer's creativity.

One afternoon she offered to introduce me to Andy Warhol, and we went to his studio to see a first rough version of *I, A Man* which he had just finished shooting. Valerie was playing a scene in the film—her own role in life, in fact, improvised by her along the lines of the SCUM doctrine—and she had done a pretty good job of it. She seemed very relaxed and friendly with Warhol, whose conversation consisted of protracted silences.

With the decline of the summer, things started to go wrong for Valerie. She was finally kicked out of the hotel and she started dunning me for more money, although she had not written a line of the projected novel. She was distracted and aggressive. She asked me to publish the *Manifesto* instead of the novel. I accepted. The contract was prepared. She looked at it, and said she would have to think about it some more. Before we parted, she launched into an involved and rather

incoherent denunciation of Warhol. He was a thief, he wanted to exploit her, he was a vulture. This did not seem to make any sense since she really had nothing anyone would want to steal; but, I learned later during that same period that she was going to Warhol to complain bitterly about me: I was a thief, I wanted to exploit her, etc.

Valerie did not forget me. She started calling me, day and night, either to insult me, or to ask me in an urgent voice what I thought of her. . . . SCUM would triumph, she said, all men would perish; Warhol was a vulture, and I was worse. . . . Further threats, insults and twisted blandishments arrived by mail.

Once, my phone rang at four o'clock in the morning, Valerie was at the other end, remarking that I had a big enough place at the Chelsea and asking me rather sweetly whether she could move in. I declined. A few days later I received a letter in which she informed me that she had decided not to write the novel, and that I could publish the *Scum Manifesto* instead; it was all mine, and she did not even mention contracts. Had I desired to answer her I would have been unable to, as she did not give me her address. After that, I received more notes from her in quick succession, asking me to make a number of detailed correc-

tions on the text of the *Manifesto*, and asking when the proofs would be ready. Still no return address.

Then she was silent for a time, until a new avalanche of letters came, sent from California. She tried to call me a number of times on reversed charges. Whenever she managed to catch me, she would hurl a couple of snappy insults at me before I had time to clamp down my throbbing telephone.

I was beginning to feel a little strange myself.

Returning to New York after a short trip to Canada, I read in the paper, on the plane from Montreal, that Valerie had shot Andy Warhol.

Remembering her grandiloquent program of mass murder as set forth in her *Manifesto*, I started feeling rather silly to have taken it simply as a joke. But no, it was a joke. It had to be! She could not possibly have convinced herself that she was able to carry out the greatest genocide in the history of mankind single-handed!

And to miss her first man. And to humbly surrender four hours later, of her own volition, to a (male) traffic cop in the middle of Times Square! Too much.

I went to see her in court, where, ranting and raving, she confronted a nonplussed judge, sending her own lawyers to hell and berating the

district attorney. At her request, two days later I went to see her at Elmhurst Hospital where she was under observation.

Valerie seemed quiet and relaxed and, I thought, even coy. She did not seem annoyed in the least to be in jail. I told her that she had done a very stupid thing. She answered that she did not think so; and anyhow she couldn't care less. I asked her, "If you are ever released, will you shoot me?" She answered, with a friendly giggle, "You? Oh, no! And I'm over it now, in any case; I don't have to do it again."

She was totally unconcerned, unaware, uninterested in her own or anyone else's feelings. She did not say that she was sorry or glad that Andy had survived the shooting. She engaged instead in a discussion of her two guns; she had been sure that the .36 would jam, although she had been entitled to expect something better for the \$65 she had spent for it; and that was the reason why she had added a .22 to her arsenal. For safety.

* * *

And now we have completed the circle, and I am publishing Valerie's *Manifesto*. This little book is my contribution to the study of violence.

To interpret everything in terms of politics is suicidal. It is the source of most modern confu-

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sions. The crisis finds its roots elsewhere; it is a crisis of culture, a crisis of the heart and of the intelligence.

MAURICE GIRODIAS

New York, 1968

INTRODUCTION

Vivian Gornick

THE *SCUM Manifesto* is an extraordinary document, an authentic love-hate child of its time, written in the unholy accents of inspired madness, and calling to mind such other penetrating unholy lies as Swift, de Sade, Celine, Henry Miller. Written at white heat, and containing within itself the secret knowledge of the victim, the economical insight of the obsessed, the multiplied courage of the utterly disinherited, *SCUM* is the work of the ultimate loser, of one beyond redemption, and as such its quality is visionary.

The vision of Valerie Solanas stems from a single central fact of her existence: she is a woman. More than that, she is American, more than that, she is a writer, more than that, she is urban and/or homosexual, or a beggar, or thirty

years old, or alive in the nuclear age, or was improperly loved in infancy; more than all of those factors together, the central glistening element of definition through which all her experience is filtered, and out of which the singleness of her vision is forged, is the fact of her femaleness. That fact contains and overwhelms all. It determines and colors and directs and shapes and encourages and stifles the living materials supplied by all the other elements of her particular humanness. It is a way of taking life into the self, qualitatively unlike any other way.

Now, the reader may posit: Of course. We have always known that. Freud and Western culture have always made us secure in the knowledge that the female of the species is particularly ruled by her femaleness; that biology, for a woman, is destiny; that woman's nature, determined by her child-bearing properties, is a soft, plastic vessel ready to shape any substance poured into this vessel to the female mold. That woman is, actually, the sexual shadow of life; that in the wake of the doer, the maker, the achiever, the decider—who is male—she is the companion, the comforter, the binder, the healer, the reliever, the supporter, the receiver, the encourager of this life's work; that she is the shaped rather than the shaper; the apprentice rather than the master; the atmosphere, the background, the set, the surrounding against

which the focused male figure vividly plays out the substantial action of civilization and its discontents.

What Valerie Solanas has seen, in one quick visionary moment, is that this femaleness—her femaleness—was made, not inherited; that her destiny is more a matter of culture than of biology; that it has profited civilization to develop and insist upon the myth of the dominance of biology rather than of ego in woman, thereby making of woman a distinctly separate and secondary citizen; that in encouraging this false dichotomy, society has forced a crippling denial of the self upon both men and women, thereby making of both their emotional lives a stunted and only partially realized affair, full of deformed responses; that in view of the fact that this obtaining condition has handed over all the real and direct power to men, and only the shadowy and manipulating power to women, the correct view of the situation is undoubtedly political, and the issuance of a manifesto is the proper form for the declaration of war, cultural and psychological war, about to be waged on the sexual role system.

Since the beginning of recorded time, women have lived as appendages to men. Characterized by their weakening child-bearing properties and by their inferior physical strength, it was assumed

always, in a time of primitive struggle, that for the mutual benefit of the two, the men did the work and the women created the circumstances in which they could best work. It was *natural* that it should be so. Of course, it was natural too that to the one who did the actual work went the actual gains. Thus, too, it seemed more and more *natural* as time passed and civilizations developed for men to take the positions of power won by virtue of a single train of events common to them: decisions made, actions taken, responsibilities assumed. This dynamic alone with the invaluable aid of reinforcement via repetition made of men the masters of the race's life, and of women the keepers of the masters' health, for it is a commonplace that one becomes by being, one learns by doing, one controls one's world simply by acting as if one controlled that world; and the converse is equally true: one ceases existing if one ceases to actively *be*, one's capacities atrophy if one ceases to exercise them, one loses control utterly if one acts as if one has no control.

Thus, as the patriarchal centuries passed, the psychological conviction of men's natural mastery and women's natural dependency began to take vital hold among both men and women. Both members of the species shared fully in the upheld idea that men should assert and women should retire, that these traits are biologically determined,

and that the biological differences are crucial to the historically justified roles men and women so rigidly play in socialized life: men should make and do and be, and women should support and nurture and receive; one should act and the other be acted upon; one should learn the virtues of inner necessity, and the other the joys of emotional attachment; one is aggressive and self-contained and reasoning, and the other is passive and rooted and irrational; one, *by nature*, is drawn to independence and separateness, and the other to connection and dependency.

It seems almost, as in a dream, that we have believed these things to be true forever. So deep and so convincing and so perfectly passed on has been this idea that our conviction is that it all is, and always has been, “natural” to think it so. I remember once, years ago, a psychoanalyst asked me to tell him what I *really* thought of men. I thought hard for a long time and answered as honestly as I knew how. “I both love and hate men,” I said.

“I love them because they are very beautiful to me in their strength. They are all that is courageous and hopeful and adventurous in the race. Every bit of daring and possibility in life is in them, when they are in their element. But imagine what a fragile thing it all is! In an *instant*, a man could be dead or maimed or deprived. . . . Imagine

an acrobat on a tightrope. He takes his position. He inhales. His muscles lie utterly still beneath his skin. Should he fall he would become instantly clumsy, dead, meaningless, but while he stands he is a miracle of grace and balance and daring. And his beauty is heartbreaking in its vulnerability and its risking. I never feel any of these things in the members of my own sex. Women seem to me to be rooted in the earth, to be solid and enduring, simply *there*, to nourish the life of the race. But men are all its hope, and the limits of possibility. I love them for that. . . . And I hate them because I *need* them. I need them, and I resent needing them. I resent it because they don't need me as much as I need them."

I can still see the satisfied expression on that masculine, Freudian face. Imagine! I took this "feeling" to be right and natural. It seemed an emotionally honest and healthy thing to me, that I should perceive all the elementally defining characteristics of what is best in human life to reside in the male members of my species, and none of them to reside in the female members. None of them to reside in me. It seemed right and natural to me to define myself as "rooted in the earth; enduring; solid"; although I continually experienced: a hunger to assert myself, a love of independence, a stronger regard for work than for love, a sexual appetite separate from romantic

associations. Somehow, it was impossible to address myself to the actual evidence of my senses. Somehow, it was necessary to go on mumbling those platitudes about the “normal” woman. Somehow, the fearful accumulation of the culture was more than I could ever dream of challenging, although thousands of “normal” women were, at that very moment, complaining: “Doctor, I feel so guilty. I know I must be *abnormal* to feel this way. After all, I have everything I could possibly want—a husband, two beautiful children, a lovely home . . .”

The culture. Oh, this damnable culture! How does it teach men to be men, and women to be women? How is it possible, in a time and place that is rich in economic and legal freedoms, in technological advances beyond our wildest dreams, in unimaginable releases from primitive labor, that women are still raised to believe that the normal woman is, first and foremost, a wife and mother, while the normal man is, first and foremost, a human being of psychic dimension whose ego needs must be satisfied. How is it possible that this conviction persists and persists? How is it possible that an attitude, an idea, a way of looking at things is more powerful than the freedoms that come with college educations and birth control pills?

In a thousand ways: from the Bible which refers

to a man and his need for a woman; to the law which refers to a man and his wife; to advertisements which offer women as sexual rewards to men for smelling good, making money, being masterful, decisive, smart, rich; to mothers who let their daughters learn that they must be married to be happy; to the atmosphere which informs a girl that she loses if she's too smart, too educated, too independent, too assertive, too anything—except sexually desirable, and sexually available.

With the end of the Second World War, a crisis occurred in American life. Beginning with a general loss of faith in the meaning and comfort of middle class capitalism, it has gathered momentum during these past twenty-five years, sweeping through the country to include the hungers and protests and demands of a whole variety of national "have-nots". Beginning, most notably, with blacks and then students, it has ended, most vociferously and most dangerously and most radically, with women. Women, who have formed a new Liberation Movement. Women, who are beginning to say "No, in thunder" to the cultural persuasion that their primary needs are biological, and not egotistical. Women, who are beginning to raise their voices in heat and anger against a civilization that has sought to convince them that the psychic energy at the center of all human life, at the center of the human's driving need to work and to solve

problems and to take himself seriously, is not the common lot of men and women. Women, who are beginning to understand that it has benefited a patriarchal society to make adults of men by giving them all the real responsibility, and to make children of women by depriving them of all the real responsibility. Women, who are beginning to realize that they have been cheated of their birth-right by the insistence that the qualities of passivity and aggression are *unmixed* in the race, with all the passivity accruing to the women and all the aggression accruing to the men. Women, who are determined now, in this great new wave of feminism, to make a lunge for that brass ring which threatens—more than any other element of social revolution abroad ever could—to bring Western society toppling.

The Women's Rights Movement is hardly new. A hundred years ago it shook this nation, and then shook most of the West, ending sadly with the nearly meaningless concession of suffrage. Feminism has continued to raise its spectral head in nearly every revolution, every period of reform, every body of social thought that has left a mark on modern times. In each generational struggle, feminism's expressive forms are taken from the immediate terms of life all about it. It renders itself in the flesh of the moment, but its heart is fundamentally universal and timeless.

Thus is Valerie Solanas's *SCUM Manifesto* both of its time, and beyond it. The fundamental vision of the *Manifesto* is that of the eternal feminist, the form is that of the decadent and emotionally disconnected twentieth century. The *Manifesto* speaks in the voice of the lost and grief-stricken child of the West of this moment. Savage and breathlessly icy, cruelly ungiving with a world that has cheated it of its life, it is a voice beyond reason, beyond negotiation, beyond bourgeois de-cencies. It is the voice of one who has been pushed past the limit, one whose psychological bearings are gone, who can no longer be satisfied with anything less than blood. Set in such a mental framework, Solanas speaks the true feelings of the quintessential feminist heart, and those feelings are feelings of black rage. Rage of an un-giving, unstinting, unmediating nature. Rage to the death. Rage out of the racial unconscious which accumulates the experience of the centuries and drops onto each woman as she is being born. Rage which not all women have been as quick and as daring as Solanas to see and to understand and to accept.

When the Women's Liberation Movement began gathering steam a few years ago everyone in the movement, feeling the sting of middle class scorn and ridicule, hastened to disown Valerie Solanas and all the other "extremists" who spoke a language similar to hers. Solanas was, it was generally

agreed in reformist circles, one of those mad, "unnatural" women with whom the Movement was, unfortunately, being identified. Her words of fierce and annihilating hatred were certainly not typical of what the Liberationists wanted, which was mainly *equal pay for equal work, day care centers, the right to an equal education*, and a whole lot of other damnfool respectable things. "We do not hate men," the women of N.O.W. announced vigorously.

"Like hell we don't," came the carefully considered reply, exactly one year later, from perfectly respectable ladies whose consciousness had been considerably raised in the intervening months.

Solanas' fury had been prophetic. Stripped of the weight of bourgeois amenities, it had dropped swiftly and directly into the heart of the feminist consciousness, finding there a sea of resentment that threatens daily (as the Movement advances and its ranks begin to double and triple and quadruple) to rise and swell and drown the world. Solanas had understood, from the very beginning in the savage, guttersnipe terms of her generation's mad, stripped-down expressiveness—the rage beyond reason—that the dispossessed of the world are beginning to spill onto civilization's ground. She had understood that having been pent up so long, having swallowed their humiliation time and

again, having been confused and deceived about their own worth, having been cunningly deprived of their psychic and moral energy, women, like blacks, were now about to go genuinely mad with the anger that comes to the dispossessed like a flash flood, upon the heels of the first dawning realization of what has actually been taken from them.

The *SCUM Manifesto* reads like the early writings of Malcolm X. And why not, one asks, immediately upon the thought. Who else, indeed, should Solanas sound like? Women and blacks are, after all, the true outsiders of this society, and Malcolm X and Valerie Solanas are the quintessential black and female outsiders. Full of the narrow, icy insights of the genuine outsider, the *Manifesto's* truth, like that of the ill-fated black leader's writings, at first seems easily dismissable. (After all, it's perfectly demented, isn't it?) Couched as Malcolm X's writings were, in reckless and obsessive language, many people never got past his "white devils" long enough to see the brilliance and pain and justice in his evaluation of white middle class life and what it has done to blacks. Equally, many never got past Solanas' "men are a biological abortion" to see the startling accuracy of her description of the male composition of power in the over-socialized mid-twentieth-century life of

America, and recognize the brilliance in her speculations about original causes, and the emotional accuracy of her prophecy about where and between whom the ultimate struggle will shape up.

The *Manifesto* is composed mainly of a portrait drawn in acid of the white American middle class male and the social-political-economic-cultural universe over which he presides. It is meant to devastate him, to reduce his works to zero, his emotions to puling infantilism, his ideals and motives for work to intellectual myopia, his sense of himself to the delusions of a manic-depressive. And, indeed, the work accomplishes its ends.

Described in harsh and ridiculing language that is nearly beside itself with contempt and an anguishing fury, the *Manifesto* does observe men with an eye and a tongue that are annihilating. There can be no doubt: they're pigs, all right. However, when it's all over, what one is really left with is a deep and widening sadness for all of us—men and women—caught as we all are in the labyrinthine mazes of sexism. For, quite apparently, the men described by Solanas' fire and ice are as much prisoners as they are jailors, as much victims as they are victimizers, as much the bewildered dupes of their own superior position in the system as they are its profiteers. As Abra-

ham Lincoln once said: "If you want to keep a man down, you got to get right down there in the dirt with him." . . . What I mean is this:

Solanas writes: "Completely egocentric, unable to relate, empathize or identify, and filled with a vast, pervasive, diffuse sexuality, the male is psychically passive. He hates his passivity, so he projects it onto women, defines the male as active. . . . Screwing, then, is a desperate, compulsive attempt to prove he's not passive, not a woman; but he is passive and *does* want to be a woman." One sees instantly the truth of what she is saying. Now, transpose the terms for a moment in your mind, and make the passage read: ". . . the woman is psychically aggressive. She hates and fears her aggressivity, so she projects it onto men, defines the female as passive. . . . Screwing then, being *taken*, defines her passivity. . . ."

In other words, Solanas has accurately implied the full horrors of the sexual role system. In observing men as deformed creatures, denying fully an entire part of their responses, i.e., their passive impulses, she has described the overwhelming falseness of the emotional roles forced on all of us—men and women—by a culture that is, and always has been, too confused and too frightened by the mixed elements in humanity to live with things as they really are, and has made out of

male and female life an unnatural dichotomy. In essence, we are, all of us, both assertive and gentle, both forceful and shy, both struggling and inert. Granted, we may be these things in different proportions, but to insist that, as men or women, we are fully one and not at all the other, is to have rammed a dreadful and festering lie down the throats of the race, is to have made both men and women live with the dread, secret knowledge that they are "unnatural" should men experience the longing to be passive, and should women desire to assert themselves. And now, in the age of space, the lie can no longer sustain itself, can no longer feed on the distraction caused by primitive need, can no longer hold together a concept of civilized life which is caving in on all sides.

I am hardly saying that the sexual role system has been equally damaging to both men and women. To be in overt control, regardless of what demons of insecurity attack from within, could never—never—be comparable to the position of total powerlessness which has characterized female life although, by default, and in a curious way, it has characterized much of male-dominated society as well. For in many chilling ways the portrait of modern society that follows upon Solanas' primary positing of the male make-up is clearly one composed of negative forces, reactive

agents, vengeful responses. Her picture of socialized life is amazingly Swiftian in its misanthropy, at once terrifying and hilarious.

Insisting on male deficiency as the cause of social corruption, she then proceeds to describe, at some length, the various institutions and properties, both abstract and concrete, shaping modern American life: War. Politeness. Money. Marriage. Fatherhood and Mental Illness. Prevention of Privacy. Great Art and Culture. Sexuality. Conformity. Distrust. In nearly every instance, she hits the nail directly on the head. She describes everything as dead or dying; she describes the emptiness and falseness, the fear and cunning, the emotional derangement and outlived truths, the spiritual isolation and desperate boredom that characterize cities full of skyscrapers and houses full of electrical appliances. There are moments when she is positively inspired. For instance, she lists the "non-human, male reasons" for maintaining the money-work system: a) pussy; b) supply the non-relating male with the delusion of usefulness and enable him to try to justify his existence by digging holes and filling them up; c) power and control; d) love substitute; e) provides the male with a goal (" . . . Just think what you could do with 80 trillion dollars! You could turn it into 300 trillion dollars!").

Now, all that is pure Yahoo. Solanas has stepped

aside, and with a shrewdly feverish eye seen a kind of savage meaninglessness to the life. Behind the elaborate façade of civilized life, the actions (along with the penalties and rewards) are like games being constructed by inmates in an institution, and the driving forces behind the will to play the games are shame and fear. And for *this*, for *this*, women have been subjugated. For this, enormous cruelties have been inflicted, and desires suppressed, and spirits deformed. For this shabby, frightened charade, over half of the human race has been “niggerized”, has been persuaded its capacities are stunted *by nature*, and its needs qualitatively different from (i.e., inferior to) those of men.

Much of what has been described in the *Manifesto* is understandable in terms of the distortions brought on by the sexual role system. Much of the socialized life of Western society, certainly, is due to the unnatural terrors of the self originally cited by Freud. What Freud could not see was that sexual fear and cultural need was actually gathering itself together in a form as yet unrecognizable: sexism. Sexism, like racism, the practice of discrimination and oppression on the basis of sex or race; the practice that has denied both women and blacks their full existence as independent adults; the practice that is rooted in primeval terror, and encouraged by civilization’s false and

arrogant sense of need; the practice that seeks to convince men that they rule by virtue of natural mastery, and women that they follow by virtue of natural inferiority.

What Solanas' *Manifesto* does is to uncover the fraud and the burden these notions have imposed upon much of human life. Her arrogant, mean-spirited, self-deluded males are anxious, uncertain, unhappy creatures, caught in a web of psychological circumstances and intractable custom. Moving as in a trance through a world they never made, they too are essentially losers in this fucked-up-beyond-belief situation. Most men know that they are not masterful creatures, full of undiluted certainty and non-existent weaknesses. Most men know that they are sexually frightened and emotionally confused. Most men know that they are no more fitted by nature and intellectual superiority to occupy solely the entire range of powerful and independent positions they do occupy, than the man in the moon. But they are caught, even as we are, in this lie-destroying system of thought and feeling and institutionalized behavior—and to their everlasting shame, they are terrified of letting it go. They are terrified of the possibility of a new woman, terrified of the unknown, terrified of the contemplation of a future without power, terrified of falling into the hands of the enemy and suffering the fate of

the collaborator, terrified of an unimaginable future in which they will no longer be "themselves", terrified of it all, even though they perceive in their gut that the system under which we now live can only be accurately described as one in which women are oppressed and, as such, we are all losers. For, in order to oppress women, men must act as oppressors. To act as an oppressor is to have only certain forms of behavior open to you. To have only certain forms of behavior open to you, it is necessary to suppress or destroy any impulses that cannot be expressed within those prescribed forms of behavior. To have certain parts of the self, therefore, cut off from the release and growth of full expression is, in a sense, to be wounded, to be deprived of the use of one's own properties. To be wounded, as any animal can tell you, is to turn vicious. To be big and strong and vicious, is to be more vicious and more deadly than someone who is also wounded, but is smaller and weaker. And thus we arrive at the fabled male world described by Valerie Solanas.

The hope that if Women's Liberation screams loud enough and long enough, men will arrive at the point where they will understand the insupportability of this existence and utterly capitulate, is a dim one. No one in power gives up power willingly. It has never happened, and the prospects for it happening now are remote, indeed.

It takes a developed imagination to contemplate the loss of power without paralyzing fear, and this imagination, to which one must be educated, is as yet beyond the scope of the race. "Whatever is, must remain as it is."—one of the ironclad rules for individuals, for institutions, for governments, for worlds. Thus, human beings remain in the death grip of truths which long outlive themselves, and the history of the race is a history of the painful waste of life.

Power can be wrested from those who hold it in one of two ways: either war is violently waged and institutions are attacked, or institutions are ignored and counter-institutions are built. The struggle to reduce the power of the male structure and hand some of it over to women is one in which the latter method must be employed. The point of Women's Liberation is not to stand at the door of the male world, beating our fists, and crying: "Let me in, damn you, let me in!" The point is to walk away from that world and concentrate on creating a new woman, a woman who will take no place in that world, a woman who will make that world fall merely by refusing to populate it, a woman who will remake herself—and her daughters—in a far more divine image (i.e., more recognizably human) than the one she now occupies.

In other words, the battle for women's liberation

is not essentially a battle for economic and legal reforms; it is a battle for minds and feelings and psychologies. It is a battle in a war that is unmistakably political, and in which territory won is going to be psychological and cultural change. Men and women are simply going to stop raising their daughters to become mothers and housewives—and, therefore, sexual objects. Raising a family and doing housework are the common tasks of a society, to be done equally by men and women; along with this equality of shared necessity will come the equal pursuit of work, love, amusement, thought, emotional independence, and any other damn thing that increases life and gives peace and pleasure. Of course, to contemplate such a world is also to contemplate the eventual end of the family as we know it, competitive society as we know it, sexuality as we know it. The new world will probably be composed of extended families in a co-operative society whose sexual characteristic is mainly bisexual.

The *Scum Manifesto* intuits all of this. Solanas understood the true nature of the struggle, and she wrote: “The conflict, therefore, is not between females and males, but between SCUM—dominant, secure, self-confident, nasty, violent, selfish, independent, proud, thrill-seeking, free-wheeling arrogant females, who consider themselves fit to rule the universe, who have free-

wheeled to the limits of this society and are ready to wheel onto something far beyond what it has to offer—and nice, passive, accepting, “cultivated”, polite, dignified, subdued, dependent, scared, mindless, insecure, approval-seeking Daddy’s Girls who can’t cope with the unknown, who want to continue to wallow in the sewer that is at least familiar. . . .” Exactly.

The SCUM female is, obviously, Valerie Solanas herself. The female experience continually referred to in the *Manifesto* is her own. When she writes: “The SCUM female has made the sucking scene, the fucking scene, the pussy scene, the peter scene . . .” one envisions her, suddenly, beneath a thousand uncaring bodies, and the extent of her painful penetration into the rotten heart of this life becomes for a moment difficult to bear. The greatness of the *Manifesto*, and of Solanas herself, lies in the fact that her experience transcends itself and becomes not atypical, but archetypical. The abandon and neglect and risk-taking and emotional daring behind the SCUM female’s experience makes us trust her interpretive intuition and her intellect. Her conclusions are those of a woman who has genuinely known every facet of being female in a world that essentially despises femaleness. Plunging down, down, down into the center of it, from way outside, the SCUM female has put her finger on the painful heart of the matter.

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LIFE IN this society being, at best, an utter bore and no aspect of society being at all relevant to women, there remains to civic-minded, responsible, thrill-seeking females only to overthrow the government, eliminate the money system, institute complete automation and destroy the male sex.

It is now technically possible to reproduce without the aid of males (or, for that matter, females) and to produce only females. We must begin immediately to do so. The male is a biological accident: the y (male) gene is an incomplete x (female) gene, that is, has an incomplete set of chromosomes. In other words, the male is an incomplete female, a walking abortion, aborted at the gene stage. To be male is to be deficient,

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emotionally limited; maleness is a deficiency disease and males are emotional cripples.

The male is completely egocentric, trapped inside himself, incapable of empathizing or identifying with others, of love, friendship, affection or tenderness. He is a completely isolated unit, incapable of rapport with anyone. His responses are entirely visceral, not cerebral; his intelligence is a mere tool in the service of his drives and needs; he is incapable of mental passion, mental interaction; he can't relate to anything other than his own physical sensations. He is a half dead, unresponsive lump, incapable of giving or receiving pleasure or happiness; consequently, he is at best an utter bore, an inoffensive blob, since only those capable of absorption in others can be charming. He is trapped in a twilight zone halfway between humans and apes, and is far worse off than the apes because, unlike the apes, he is capable of a large array of negative feelings—hate, jealousy, contempt, disgust, guilt, shame, doubt—and, moreover he is aware of what he is and isn't.

Although completely physical, the male is unfit even for stud service. Even assuming mechanical proficiency, which few men have, he is, first of all, incapable of zestfully, lustfully, tearing off a piece, but is instead eaten up with guilt, shame, fear and insecurity, feelings rooted in male nature, which the most enlightened training can only

minimize; second, the physical feeling he attains is next to nothing; and, third, he is not empathizing with his partner, but is obsessed with how he's doing, turning in an A performance, doing a good plumbing job. To call a man an animal is to flatter him; he's a machine, a walking dildo. It's often said that men use women. Use them for what? Surely not pleasure.

Eaten up with guilt, shame, fears and insecurities and obtaining, if he's lucky, a barely perceptible physical feeling, the male is, nonetheless, 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, furthermore, 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.

Completely egocentric, unable to relate, empathize or identify, and filled with a vast, pervasive, diffuse sexuality, the male is psychically passive. 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

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“prove” it again and again. Screwing, then, is a desperate, compulsive attempt to prove he’s not passive, not a woman; but he *is* passive and does want to be a woman.

Being an incomplete female, the male spends his life attempting to complete himself, to become female. He attempts to do this by constantly seeking out, fraternizing with and trying to live through and fuse with the female, and by claiming as his own all female characteristics—emotional strength and independence, forcefulness, dynamism, decisiveness, coolness, objectivity, assertiveness, courage, integrity, vitality, intensity, depth of character, grooviness, etc.—and projecting onto women all male traits—vanity, frivolity, triviality, weakness, etc. It should be said, though, that the male has one glaring area of superiority over the female—public relations. (He has done a brilliant job of convincing millions of women that men are women and women are men.) The male claim 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 (males as well as females think men are women and women are men), and becomes a transvestite he loses his desire to screw (or to do anything else, for that

matter; he fulfills himself as a drag queen) and gets his cock chopped off. He then achieves a continuous diffuse sexual feeling from "being a woman". Screwing is, for a man, a defense against his desire to be female. Sex is itself a sublimation.

The male, because of his obsession to compensate for not being female combined with his inability to relate and to feel compassion, has made of the world a shitpile. He is responsible for:

War: The male's normal method of compensation for not being female, namely, getting his Big Gun off, is grossly inadequate, as he can get it off only a very limited number of times; so he gets it off on a really massive scale, and proves to the entire world that he's a "Man". Since he has no compassion or ability to empathize or identify, proving his manhood is worth an endless number of lives, including his own—his own life being worthless, he would rather go out in a blaze of glory than plod grimly on for fifty more years.

Niceness, Politeness and "Dignity": Every man, deep down, knows he's a worthless piece of shit. Overwhelmed by a sense of animalism and deeply ashamed of it; wanting, not to express himself, but to hide from others his total physicality, total egocentricity, the hate and contempt he feels for other men, and to hide from himself the hate and contempt he suspects other men feel for him; having a crudely constructed nervous system that

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is easily upset by the least display of emotion or feeling, the male tries to enforce a "social" code that ensures a perfect blandness, unsullied by the slightest trace of feeling or upsetting opinion. He uses terms like "copulate", "sexual congress", "have relations with" (to men, "sexual relations" is a redundancy), overlaid with stilted manners; the suit on the chimp.

Money, Marriage and Prostitution, Work and Prevention of an Automated Society: There is no human reason for money or for anyone to work. All non-creative jobs (practically all jobs now being done) could have been automated long ago, and in a moneyless society everyone can have as much of the best of everything as she wants. But there are non-human, male reasons for maintaining the money-work system:

1. Pussy. Despising his highly inadequate self, overcome with intense anxiety and a deep, profound loneliness when by his empty self, desperate to attach himself to any female in dim hopes of completing himself, in the mystical belief that by touching gold he'll turn to gold, the male craves the continuous companionship of women. The company of the lowest female is preferable to his own or that of other men, who serve only to remind him of his repulsiveness. But females, unless very young or very sick, must be coerced or bribed into male company.

2. Supply the non-relating male with the delusion of usefulness, and enable him to try to justify his existence by digging holes and filling them up. Leisure time horrifies the male, who will have nothing to do but contemplate his grotesque self. Unable to relate or to love, the male must work. Females crave absorbing, emotionally satisfying, meaningful activity, but lacking the opportunity or ability for this, they prefer to idle and waste away their time in ways of their own choosing—sleeping, shopping, bowling, shooting pool, playing cards and other games, breeding, reading, walking around, daydreaming, eating, playing with themselves, popping pills, going to the movies, getting analyzed, traveling, raising dogs and cats, lolling on the beach, swimming, watching T.V., listening to music, decorating their houses, gardening, sewing, nightclubbing, dancing, visiting, “improving their minds” (taking courses), and absorbing “culture” (lectures, plays, concerts, “arty” movies). Therefore, many females would, even assuming complete economic equality between the sexes, prefer living with males or peddling their asses on the street, thus 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 less than animals, as machines, or, at best—if able to get a “good” job—co-managing

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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.

3. Power and control. Unmasterful in his personal relations with women, the male attains to general masterfulness by the manipulation of money and of everything and everybody controlled by money, in other words, of everything and everybody.

4. Love substitute. Unable to give love or affection, the male gives money. It makes him feel motherly. The mother gives milk; he gives bread. He is the Breadwinner.

5. Provides the male with a goal. Incapable of enjoying the moment, the male needs something to look forward to, and money provides him with an eternal, never-ending goal: Just think what you could do with 80 trillion dollars—Invest it! And in three years time you'd have 300 trillion dollars!!!

6. Provides the basis for the male's major opportunity to control and manipulate—fatherhood.

Fatherhood and Mental Illness (fear, cowardice, timidity, humility, insecurity, passivity): Mother wants what's best for her kids; Daddy only wants what's best for Daddy, that is peace and quiet, pandering to his delusion of dignity ("respect"), a good reflection on himself (status) and

the opportunity to control and manipulate, or, if he's an "enlightened" father, to "give guidance". His daughter, in addition, he wants sexually—he gives her *hand* in marriage; the other part is for him. Daddy, unlike Mother, can never give in to his kids, as he must, at all costs, preserve his delusion of decisiveness, forcefulness, always-rightness and strength. Never getting one's way leads to lack of self-confidence in one's ability to cope with the world and to a passive acceptance of the status quo. Mother loves her kids, although she sometimes gets angry, but anger blows over quickly and even while it exists, doesn't preclude love and basic acceptance. Emotionally diseased Daddy doesn't love his kids; he approves of them—if they're "good", that is, if they're nice, "respectful", obedient, subservient to his will, quiet and not given to unseemly displays of temper that would be most upsetting to Daddy's easily disturbed male nervous system—in other words, if they're passive vegetables. If they're not "good", he doesn't get angry—not if he's a modern, "civilized" father (the old-fashioned ranting, raving brute is preferable, as he is so ridiculous he can be easily despised)—but rather expresses disapproval, a state that, unlike anger, endures and precludes a basic acceptance, leaving the kid with a feeling of worthlessness and a lifelong obsession

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with being approved of; the result is fear of independent thought, as this leads to unconventional, disapproved of opinions and way of life.

For the kid to want Daddy's approval it must respect Daddy, and, being garbage, Daddy can make sure that he is respected only by remaining aloof, by distantness, by acting on the precept "familiarity breeds contempt", which is, of course, true, if one is contemptible. By being distant and aloof, he is able to remain unknown, mysterious, and, thereby, to inspire fear ("respect").

Disapproval of emotional "scenes" leads to fear of strong emotion, fear of one's own anger and hatred, and to a fear of facing reality, as facing it leads at first to anger and hatred. Fear of anger and hatred combined with a lack of self-confidence in one's ability to cope with and change the world, or even to affect in the slightest way one's own destiny, leads to a mindless belief that the world and most people in it are nice and that the most banal, trivial amusements are great fun and deeply pleasurable.

The effect of fatherhood on males, specifically, is to make them "Men", that is, highly defensive of all impulses to passivity, faggotry, and of desires 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, some-

times 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.

The effect of fatherhood on females is to make them male—dependent, passive, domestic, animalistic, nice, insecure, approval and security seekers, cowardly, humble, "respectful" of authorities and men, closed, not fully responsive, half dead, trivial, dull, conventional, flattened out and thoroughly contemptible. Daddy's Girl, always tense and fearful, uncool, unanalytical, lacking objectivity, appraises Daddy, and thereafter, other men, against a background of fear ("respect") and is not only unable to see the empty shell behind the aloof façade, but accepts the male definition of himself as superior, as a female, and of herself, as inferior, as a male, which, thanks to Daddy, she really is.

It is the increase of fatherhood, resulting from the increased and more widespread affluence that fatherhood needs in order to thrive, that has caused the general increase of mindlessness and the decline of women in the United States since the 1920s. The close association of affluence with fatherhood has led, for the most part, to only the wrong girls, namely, the "privileged" middle-class girls, getting "educated".

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The effect of fathers, in sum, has been to corrode the world with maleness. The male has a negative Midas Touch—everything he touches turns to shit.

Suppression of Individuality, Animalism (domesticity and motherhood) and Functionalism: The male is just a bundle of conditioned reflexes, incapable of a mentally free response; he is tied to his early conditioning, determined completely by his past experiences. His earliest experiences are with his mother, and he is throughout his life tied to her. It never becomes completely clear to the male that he is not part of his mother, that he is he and she is she.

His greatest need is to be guided, sheltered, protected and admired by Mama (men expect women to adore what men shrink from in horror—themselves) and, being completely physical, he yearns to spend his time (that's not spent "out in the world" grimly defending against his passivity) wallowing in basic animal activities—eating, sleeping, shitting, relaxing and being soothed by Mama. Passive, rattle-headed Daddy's Girl, ever eager for approval, for a pat on the head, for the "respect" of any passing piece of garbage, is easily reduced to Mama, mindless ministrator to physical needs, soother of the weary, apey brow, booster of the puny ego, appreciator of the contemptible, a hot water bottle with tits.

The reduction to animals of the women of the most backward segment of society—the “privileged, educated” middle-class, the backwash of humanity—where Daddy reigns supreme, has been so thorough that they try to groove on labor pains and lie around in the most advanced nation in the world in the middle of the twentieth century with babies chomping away on their tits. It’s not for the kids’ sake, though, that the “experts” tell women that Mama should stay home and grovel in animalism, but for Daddy’s; the tit’s for Daddy to hang onto; the labor pains for Daddy to vicariously groove on (half dead, he needs awfully strong stimuli to make him respond).

Reducing the female to an animal, to Mama, to a male, is necessary for psychological as well as practical reasons: the male is a mere member of the species, interchangeable with every other male. He has no deep-seated individuality, which stems from what intrigues you, what outside yourself absorbs you, what you’re in relation to. Completely self-absorbed, capable of being in relation only to their bodies and physical sensations, males differ from each other only to the degree and in the ways they attempt to defend against their passivity and against their desire to be female.

The female’s individuality, which he is acutely aware of, but which he doesn’t comprehend and

isn't capable of relating to or grasping emotionally, frightens and upsets him and fills him with envy. So he denies it in her and proceeds to define everyone in terms of his or her function or use, assigning to himself, of course, the most important functions—doctor, president, scientist—thereby providing himself with an identity, if not individuality, and tries to convince himself and women (he's succeeded best at convincing women) that the female function is to bear and raise children and to relax, comfort and boost the ego of the male; that her function is such as to make her interchangeable with every other female. In actual fact, the female function is to relate, groove, love and be herself, irreplaceable by anyone else; the male function is to produce sperm. We now have sperm banks.

Prevention of Privacy: Although the male, being ashamed of what he is and of almost everything he does, insists on privacy and secrecy in all aspects of his life, he has no real regard for privacy. Being empty, not being a complete, separate being, having no self to groove on and needing to be constantly in female company, he sees nothing at all wrong in intruding himself on any woman's thoughts, even a total stranger's, anywhere at any time, but rather feels indignant and insulted when put down for doing so, as well as confused—he can't, for the life of him, understand

why anyone would prefer so much as one minute of solitude to the company of any creep around. Wanting to become a woman, he strives to be constantly around females, which is 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), who live virtually on top of one another, unscrupulously violating the females' rights, privacy and sanity.

Isolation, Suburbs and Prevention of Community: Our society is not a community, but merely a collection of isolated family units. Desperately insecure, fearing his woman will leave him if she is exposed to other men or to anything remotely resembling life, the male seeks to isolate her from other men and from what little civilization there is, so he moves her out to the suburbs, a collection of self-absorbed couples and their kids. Isolation enables him to try to maintain his pretense of being an individual by becoming a "rugged individualist," a loner, equating non-co-operation and solitariness with individuality.

There is yet another reason for the male to isolate himself: every man is an island. Trapped inside himself, emotionally isolated, unable to relate, the male has a horror of civilization, people, cities, situations requiring an ability to understand and relate to people. So, like a scared rabbit, he

scurries off, dragging Daddy's little asshole along with him to the wilderness, the suburbs, or, in the case of the "hippie"—he's way out, Man!—all the way out to the cow pasture where he can fuck and breed undisturbed and mess around with his beads and flute.

The "hippie", whose desire to be a "Man", a "rugged individualist", isn't quite as strong as the average man's, and who, in addition, is excited by the thought of having lots of women accessible to him, rebels against the harshness of a Breadwinner's life and the monotony of one woman. In the name of sharing and co-operation, he forms the commune or tribe, which, for all its togetherness and partly because of it (the commune, being an extended family, is an extended violation of the females' rights, privacy and sanity) is no more a community than normal "society".

A true community consists of individuals—not mere species members, not couples—respecting each other's individuality and privacy, at the same time interacting with each other mentally and emotionally—free spirits in free relation to each other—and co-operating with each other to achieve common ends. Traditionalists say the basic unit of "society" is the family; "hippies" say the tribe; no one says the individual.

The "hippie" babbles on about individuality, but has no more conception of it than any other man.

He desires to get back to Nature, back to the wilderness, back to the home of the furry animals that he's one of, away from the city, where there is at least a trace, a bare beginning of civilization, to live at the species level, his time taken up with simple, non-intellectual activities—farming, fucking, bead stringing. The most important activity of the commune, the one on which it is based, is gangbang. The “hippie” is enticed to the commune mainly by the prospect of all the free pussy—the main commodity to be shared, to be had just for the asking but, blinded by greed, he fails to anticipate all the other men he has to share with, or the jealousies and possessiveness of the pussies themselves.

Men cannot co-operate to achieve a common end, because each man's end is all the pussy for himself. The commune, therefore, is doomed to failure: each “hippie” will, in panic, grab the first simpleton who digs him and whisk her off to the suburbs as fast as he can. The male cannot progress socially, but merely swings back and forth from isolation to gangbang.

Conformity: Although he wants to be an individual, the male is scared of anything in himself that is the slightest bit different from other men; it causes him to suspect he's not really a “Man”, that he's passive and totally sexual, a highly upsetting suspicion. If other men are A and he's not,

he must not be a man; he must be a fag. So he tries to affirm his "Manhood" by being like all the other men. Differentness in other men, as well as in himself, threatens him; it means *they're* fags whom he must at all costs avoid, so he tries to make sure that all other men conform.

The male dares to be different to the degree that he accepts his passivity and his desire to be female, his fagginess. The farthest out male is the drag queen, but he, although different from most men, is exactly like all other drag queens; like the functionalist, he has an identity—he is a female. He tries to define all his troubles away—but still no individuality. Not completely convinced that he's a woman, highly insecure about being sufficiently female, he conforms compulsively to the man-made feminine stereotype, ending up as nothing but a bundle of stilted mannerisms.

To be sure he's a "Man", the male must see to it that the female be clearly a "Woman", the opposite of a "Man", that is, the female must act like a faggot. And Daddy's Girl, all of whose female instincts were wrenched out of her when little, easily and obligingly adapts herself to the role.

Authority and Government: Having no sense of right or wrong, no conscience, which can only stem from an ability to empathize with others . . . having no faith in his non-existent self, being nec-

essarily competitive and, by nature, unable to co-operate, the male feels a need for external guidance and control. So he created authorities—priests, experts, bosses, leaders, etc.—and government. 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 consisting of rational beings capable of empathizing with each other, complete and having no natural reason to compete, should have a government, laws or leaders.

Philosophy, Religion and Morality Based on Sex: 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 being for him impossible on this earth, he invented Heaven.

For a man, having no ability to empathize with others and being totally sexual, "wrong" is sexual "license" and engaging in "deviant" ("unmanly") sexual practices, that is, not defending against his passivity and total sexuality which, if indulged, would destroy "civilization", since "civilization"

is based entirely on the male need to defend himself against these characteristics. For a woman (according to men), “wrong” is any behavior that would entice men into sexual “license”—that is, not placing male needs above her own and not being a faggot.

Religion not only provides the male with a goal (Heaven) and helps keep women tied to men, but offers rituals through which he can try to expiate the guilt and shame he feels at not defending himself enough against his sexual impulses; in essence, that guilt and shame he feels at being a male.

Most men, utterly cowardly, project their inherent weaknesses onto women, label them female weaknesses and believe themselves to have female strengths; most philosophers, not quite so cowardly, face the fact that male lacks exist in men, but still can't face the fact that they exist in men only. So they label the male condition the Human Condition, pose their nothingness problem, which horrifies them, as a philosophical dilemma, thereby giving stature to their animalism, grandiloquently label their nothingness their “Identity Problem”, and proceed to prattle on pompously about the “Crisis of the Individual”, the “Essence of Being”, “Existence preceding Essence”, “Existential Modes of Being”, etc., etc.

A woman not only takes her identity and indi-

viduality for granted, but knows instinctively that the only wrong is to hurt others, and that the meaning of life is love.

Prejudice (racial, ethnic, religious, etc.): The male needs scapegoats onto whom he can project his failings and inadequacies and upon whom he can vent his frustration at not being female.

Competition, Prestige, Status, Formal Education, Ignorance and Social and Economic Classes: Having an obsessive desire to be admired by women, but no intrinsic worth, the male constructs a highly artificial society enabling him to appropriate the appearance of worth through money, prestige, "high" social class, degrees, professional position and knowledge and, by pushing as many other men as possible down professionally, socially, economically, and educationally.

The purpose of "higher" education is not to educate but to exclude as many as possible from the various professions.

The male, although able to understand and use knowledge and ideas, is unable to relate to them, to grasp them emotionally; he does not value knowledge and ideas for their own sake (they're just means to ends) and, consequently, feels no need for mental companions, no need to cultivate the intellectual potentialities of others. On the contrary, the male has a vested interest in ignorance; he knows that an enlightened, aware female

population will mean the end of him. The healthy, conceited female wants the company of equals whom she can respect and groove on; the male and the sick, insecure, unself-confident male female crave the company of worms.

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 "rebel" is a farce; this is the male's "society", made by *him* to satisfy *his* needs. He's never satisfied, because he's not capable of being satisfied. Ultimately, what the male "rebel" is rebelling against is being male. The male changes only when forced to do so by technology, when he has no choice, when "society" reaches the stage where he must change or die. We're at that stage now; if women don't get their asses in gear fast, we may very well all die.

Prevention of Conversation: Being completely self-centered and unable to relate to anything outside himself, the male's "conversation", when not about himself, is an impersonal droning on, removed from anything of human value. Male "intellectual conversation" is a strained, compulsive attempt to impress the female.

Daddy's Girl, passive, adaptable, respectful of and in awe of the male, allows him to impose his hideously dull chatter on her. This is not too

difficult for her, as the tension and anxiety, the lack of cool, the insecurity and self-doubt, the unsureness of her own feelings and sensations that Daddy instilled in her make her perceptions superficial and render her unable to see that the male's babble is a babble; like the aesthete "appreciating" the blob that's labeled "Great Art", she believes she's grooving on what bores the shit out of her. Not only does she permit his babble to dominate, she adapts her own "conversation" accordingly.

Trained from early childhood in niceness, politeness and "dignity", in pandering to the male need to disguise his animalism, she obligingly reduces her "conversation" to small talk, a bland, insipid avoidance of any topic beyond the utterly trivial—or, if "educated", to "intellectual" discussion, that is, impersonal discoursing on irrelevant abstractions—the Gross National Product, the Common Market, the influence of Rimbaud on symbolist painting. So adept is she at pandering that it eventually becomes second nature and she continues to pander to men even when in the company of other females only.

Apart from pandering, her "conversation" is further limited by her insecurity about expressing deviant, original opinions and the self-absorption based on insecurity and that prevents her conversation from being charming. Niceness, politeness,

“dignity”, insecurity and self-absorption are hardly conducive to intensity and wit, qualities a conversation must have to be worthy of the name. Such conversation is hardly rampant, as only completely self-confident, arrogant, outgoing, proud, tough-minded females are capable of intense, bitchy, witty conversation.

Prevention of Friendship and Love: Men have contempt for themselves, for all other men and for all women who respect and pander to them; the insecure, approval-seeking, pandering male females have contempt for themselves and for all women like them; the self-confident, swinging, thrill-seeking female females have contempt for men and for the pandering male females. In short, contempt is the order of the day.

Love is not dependency or sex, but friendship, and, therefore, love can't exist between two males, between a male and a female or between two females, one or both of whom is a mindless, insecure, pandering male; like conversation, love can exist only between two secure, free-wheeling, independent, groovy female females, since friendship is based on respect, not contempt.

Even among groovy females deep friendships seldom occur in adulthood, as almost all of them are either tied up with men in order to survive economically, or bogged down in hacking their way through the jungle and in trying to keep their

heads above the amorphous mass. Love can't flourish in a society based on money and meaningless work; it requires complete economic as well as personal freedom, leisure time and the opportunity to engage in intensely absorbing, emotionally satisfying activities which, when shared with those you respect, lead to deep friendship. Our "society" provides practically no opportunity to engage in such activities.

Having stripped the world of conversation, friendship and love, the male offers us these paltry substitutes:

"Great Art" and "Culture": The male "artist" attempts to solve his dilemma of not being able to live, of not being female, by constructing a highly artificial world in which the male is heroized, that is, displays female traits, and the female is reduced to highly limited, insipid subordinate roles, that is, to being male.

The male "artistic" aim being, not to communicate (having nothing inside him, he has nothing to say), but to disguise his animalism, he resorts to symbolism and obscurity ("deep" stuff). The vast majority of people, particularly the "educated" ones, lacking faith in their own judgment, humble, respectful of authority ("Daddy knows best" is translated into adult language as "Critic knows best", "Writer knows best", "Ph.D knows best"), are easily conned into believing that ob-

scurity, evasiveness, incomprehensibility, indirectness, ambiguity and boredom are marks of depth and brilliance.

“Great Art” proves that men are superior to women, that men are women, being labeled “Great Art”, almost all of which, as the anti-feminists are fond of reminding us, was created by men. We know that “Great Art” is great because male authorities have told us so, and we can’t claim otherwise, as only those with exquisite sensitivities far superior to ours can perceive and appreciate the greatness, the proof of their superior sensitivity being that they appreciate the slop that they appreciate.

Appreciating is the sole diversion of the “cultivated”; passive and incompetent, lacking imagination and wit, they must try to make do with that; unable to create their own diversions, to create a little world of their own, to affect in the smallest way their environments, they must accept what’s given; unable to create or relate, they spectate. Absorbing “culture” is a desperate, frantic attempt to groove in an ungroovy world, to escape the horror of a sterile, mindless existence. “Culture” provides a sop to the egos of the incompetent, a means of rationalizing passive spectating; they can pride themselves on their ability to appreciate the “finer” things, to see a jewel where there is only a turd (they want to be admired for

admiring). Lacking faith in their ability to change anything, resigned to the status quo, they have to see beauty in turds because, so far as they can see, turds are all they'll ever have.

The veneration of "Art" and "Culture"—besides leading many women into boring, passive activity that distracts from more important and rewarding activities, and from cultivating active abilities allows the "artist" to be set up as one possessing superior feelings, perceptions, insights and judgments, thereby undermining the faith of insecure women in the value and validity of their own feelings, perceptions, insights and judgments.

The male, having a very limited range of feelings and, consequently, very limited perceptions, insights and judgments, needs the "artist" to guide him, to tell him what life is all about. But the male "artist", being totally sexual, unable to relate to anything beyond his own physical sensations, having nothing to express beyond the insight that for the male life is meaningless and absurd, cannot be an artist. How can he who is not capable of life tell us what life is all about? A "male artist" is a contradiction in terms. A degenerate can only produce degenerate "art". The true artist is every self-confident, healthy female, and in a female society the only Art, the only Culture, will be conceited, kookie, funky females grooving on each other and on everything else in the universe.

Sexuality: 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; but the male, who seems to dig women sexually and who seeks constantly to arouse them, stimulates the highly-sexed female to frenzies of lust, throwing her into a sex bag from which few women ever escape. The lecherous male excited the lustful female; he has to—when the female transcends her body, rises above animalism, the male, whose ego consists of his cock, will disappear.

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—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 upon 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", 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 a shit for anyone's opinion of them, 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 relatively cerebral 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 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 to 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. 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.

Boredom: Life in a "society" made by and for creatures who, when they are not grim and depressing, are utter bores, can only be, when not grim and depressing, an utter bore.

Secrecy, Censorship, Suppression of Knowledge and Ideas, and Exposés: Every male's deep-seated, secret, most hideous fear is the fear of being discovered to be not a female, but a male, a subhuman animal. Although niceness, politeness and "dignity" suffice to prevent his exposure on a personal level, in order to prevent the general exposure of the male sex as a whole and to maintain his unnatural dominant position in "society", the male must resort to:

1. Censorship. Responding reflexly to isolated words and phrases rather than cerebrally to overall meanings, the male attempts to prevent

the arousal and discovery of his animalism by censoring not only “pornography”, but any work containing “dirty” words, no matter in what context they are used.

2. Suppression of all ideas and knowledge that might expose him or threaten his dominant position in “society”. Much biological and psychological data is suppressed, because it is proof of the male’s gross inferiority to the female. Also, the problem of mental illness will never be solved while the male maintains control, because first, men have a vested interest in it—only females who have very few of their marbles will allow males the slightest bit of control over anything, and second, the male cannot admit to the role that fatherhood plays in causing mental illness.

3. Exposes. The male’s chief delight in life—insofar as the tense, grim male can ever be said to delight in anything—is in exposing others. It doesn’t much matter what they’re exposed as, so long as they’re exposed; it distracts attention from himself. Exposing others as enemy agents (Communists and Socialists) is one of his favorite pastimes, as it removes the source of the threat to him not only from himself, but from the country and the Western world. The bugs up his ass aren’t in him; they’re in Russia.

Distrust: Unable to empathize or feel affection or loyalty, being exclusively out for himself, the

male has no sense of fair play; cowardly, needing constantly to pander to the female to win her approval, always on edge lest his animalism, his maleness be discovered, always needing to cover up, he must lie constantly; being empty, he has no honor or integrity—he doesn't know what those words mean. The male, in short, is treacherous, and the only appropriate attitude in a male "society" is cynicism and distrust.

Ugliness: Being totally sexual, incapable of cerebral or aesthetic responses, totally materialistic and greedy, the male, besides inflicting on the world "Great Art", has decorated his unlandscaped cities with ugly buildings (both inside and out), ugly decors, billboards, highways, cars, garbage trucks and, most notably, his own putrid self.

Hate and Violence: The male is eaten up with tension, with frustration at not being female, at not being capable of ever achieving satisfaction or pleasure of any kind; eaten up with hate—not rational hate that is directed at those who abuse or insult you—but irrational, indiscriminate hate . . . hatred, at bottom, of his own worthless self.

Violence serves as an outlet for his hate and, in addition—the male being capable only of sexual responses and needing very strong stimuli to stimulate his half-dead self—provides him with a little sexual thrill.

Disease and Death: All diseases are curable, and

the aging process and death are due to disease; it is possible, therefore, never to age and to live forever. In fact, the problems of aging and death could be solved within a few years, if an all-out, massive scientific assault were made on the problem. This, however, will not occur within the male establishment, because:

1. The many male scientists who shy away from biological research, terrified of the discovery that males are females, and show marked preference for virile, "manly" war and death programs.

2. The discouragement of many potential scientists from scientific careers by the rigidity, boringness, expensiveness, time-consumingness and unfair exclusivity of our "higher" educational system.

3. Propaganda disseminated by insecure male professionals, who jealously guard their positions, so that only a highly select few can comprehend abstract scientific concepts.

4. Widespread lack of self-confidence brought about by the father system that discourages many talented girls from becoming scientists.

5. Lack of automation. There now exists a wealth of data which, if sorted out and correlated, would reveal the cure for cancer and several other diseases and possibly the key to life itself. But the data is so massive it requires high speed com-

puters to correlate it all. The institution of computers will be delayed interminably under the male control system, since the male has a horror of being replaced by machines.

6. The money system. Most of the few scientists around who aren't working on death programs are tied up doing research for corporations.

7. The male likes death—it excites him sexually and, already dead inside, he wants to die.

* * *

Incapable of a positive state of happiness, which is the only thing that can justify one's existence, the male is, at best, relaxed, comfortable, neutral, and this condition is extremely short-lived, as boredom, a negative state, soon sets in; he is, therefore, doomed to an existence of suffering relieved only by occasional, fleeting stretches of restfulness, which state he can achieve only at the expense of some female. The male is, by his very nature, a leech, an emotional parasite and, therefore, not ethically entitled to live, as no one has the right to live at someone else's expense.

Just as humans have a prior right to existence over dogs by virtue of being more highly evolved and having a superior consciousness, so women have a prior right to existence over men. The

elimination of any male is, therefore, a righteous and good act, an act highly beneficial to women as well as an act of mercy.

However, this moral issue will eventually be rendered academic by the fact that the male is gradually eliminating himself. In addition to engaging in the time-honored and classical wars and race riots, men are more and more either becoming fags or are obliterating themselves through drugs. The female, whether she likes it or not, will eventually take complete charge, if for no other reason than that she will have to—the male, for practical purposes, won't exist.

Accelerating this trend is the fact that more and more males are acquiring enlightened self-interest; they're realizing more and more that the female interest is *their* interest, that they can live only through the female and that the more the female is encouraged to live, to fulfill herself, to be a female and not a male, the more nearly *he* lives; he's coming to see that it's easier and more satisfactory to live *through* her than to try to *become* her and usurp her qualities, claim them as his own, push the female down and claim she's a male. The fag, who accepts his maleness, that is, his passivity and total sexuality, his femininity, is also best served by women being truly female, as it would then be easier for him to be male, feminine.

If men were wise they would seek to become really female, would do intensive biological research that would lead to men, by means of operations on the brain and nervous system, being able to be transformed in psyche, as well as body, into women.

Whether to continue to use females for reproduction or to reproduce in the laboratory will also become academic: what will happen when every female, twelve and over, is routinely taking the Pill and there are no longer any accidents? How many women will deliberately allow themselves to get pregnant? No, Virginia, women don't just adore being brood mares, despite what the mass of robot, brainwashed women will say. Should a certain percentage of women be set aside by force to serve as brood mares for the species? Obviously, this will not do. The answer is laboratory reproduction of babies.

As for the issue of whether or not to continue to reproduce males, it doesn't follow that because the male, like disease, has always existed among us that he should continue to exist. When genetic control is possible—and it soon will be—it goes without saying that we should produce only whole, complete beings, not physical defects or deficiencies, including emotional deficiencies, such as maleness. Just as the deliberate production

of blind people would be highly immoral, so would be the deliberate production of emotional cripples.

Why produce even females? Why should there be future generations? What is their purpose? When aging and death are eliminated, why continue to reproduce? Even if they are not eliminated, why reproduce? Why should we care what happens when we're dead? Why should we care that there is no younger generation to succeed us?

Eventually the natural course of events, of 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.

But SCUM is impatient; SCUM is not consoled by the thought that future generations will thrive; SCUM wants to grab some swinging living for itself. And, if a large majority of women were SCUM, they could acquire complete control of this country within a few weeks simply by withdrawing from the labor force, thereby paralyzing the entire nation. Additional measures, any one of which would be sufficient to completely disrupt the economy and everything else, would be for women to declare themselves off the money system, stop buying, just loot and simply refuse to

obey all laws they don't care to obey. The police force, National Guard, Army, Navy and Marines combined couldn't squelch a rebellion of over half the population, particularly when it's made up of people they are utterly helpless without.

If all women simply left men, refused to have anything to do with any of them—ever, all men, the government, and the national economy would collapse completely. Even without leaving men, women who are aware of the extent of their superiority to and power over men, could acquire complete control over everything within a few weeks, could effect a total submission of males to females. In a sane society the male would trot along obediently after the female. The male is docile and easily led, easily subjected to the domination of any female who cares to dominate him. The male, in fact, wants desperately to be led by females, wants Mama in charge, wants to abandon himself to her care. But this is not a sane society, and most women are not even dimly aware of where they're at in relation to men.

The conflict, therefore, is not between females and males, but between SCUM—dominant, secure, self-confident, nasty, violent, selfish, independent, proud, thrill-seeking, free-wheeling, arrogant females, who consider themselves fit to rule the universe, who have free-wheeled to the limits of this "society" and are ready to wheel on to some-

thing far beyond what it has to offer—and nice, passive, accepting, “cultivated”, polite, dignified, subdued, dependent, scared, mindless, insecure, approval-seeking Daddy’s Girls, who can’t cope with the unknown, who want to continue to wallow in the sewer that is, at least, familiar, who want to hang back with the apes, who feel secure only with Big Daddy standing by, with a big, strong man to lean on and with a fat, hairy face in the White House, who are too cowardly to face up to the hideous reality of what a man is, what Daddy is, who have cast their lot with the swine, who have adapted themselves to animalism, feel superficially comfortable with it and know no other way of “life”, who have reduced their minds, thoughts and sights to the male level, who, lacking sense, imagination and wit can have value only in a male “society”, who can have a place in the sun, or, rather, in the slime, only as soothers, ego boosters, relaxers and breeders, who are dismissed as inconsequents by other females, who project their deficiencies, their maleness, onto all females and see the female as a worm.

But SCUM is too impatient to hope and wait for the de-brainwashing of millions of assholes. Why should the swinging females continue to plod dismally along with the dull male ones? Why should the fates of the groovy and the creepy be intertwined? Why should the active and imagi-

native consult the passive and dull on social policy? Why should the independent be confined to the sewer along with the dependent who need Daddy to cling to?

A small handful of SCUM can take over the country within a year by systematically fucking up the system, selectively destroying property, and murder:

SCUM will become members of the unwork force, the fuck-up force; they will get jobs of various kinds and unwork. For example, SCUM salesgirls will not charge for merchandise; SCUM telephone operators will not charge for calls; SCUM office and factory workers, in addition to fucking up their work, will secretly destroy equipment. SCUM will unwork at a job until fired, then get a new job to unwork at.

SCUM will forcibly relieve bus drivers, cab drivers and subway token sellers of their jobs and run busses and cabs and dispense free tokens to the public.

SCUM will destroy all useless and harmful objects—cars, store windows, “Great Art”, etc.

Eventually SCUM will take over the air-waves—radio and T.V. networks—by forcibly relieving of their jobs all radio and T.V. employees who would impede SCUM’s entry into the broadcasting studios.

SCUM will couple-bust—barge into mixed (male-female) couples, wherever they are, and bust them up.

SCUM will kill all men who are not in the Men's Auxiliary of SCUM. Men in the Men's Auxiliary are those men who are working diligently to eliminate themselves, men who, regardless of their motives, do good, men who are playing ball with SCUM. A few examples of the men in the Men's Auxiliary are: 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; men who consistently give things away—money, things, services; men who tell it like it is (so far not one ever has), who put women straight, who reveal the truth about themselves, who give the mindless male females correct sentences to parrot, who tell them a woman's primary goal in life should be to squash the male sex (to aid men in this endeavor SCUM will conduct Turd Sessions, at which every male present will give a speech beginning with the sentence: "I am a turd, a lowly, abject turd,"

then proceed to list all the ways in which he is. His reward for so doing will be the opportunity to fraternize after the session for a whole, solid hour with the SCUM who will be present. Nice, clean-living male women will be invited to the sessions to help clarify any doubts and misunderstandings they may have about the male sex); makers and promoters of sex books and movies, etc., who are hastening the day when all that will be shown on the screen will be Suck and Fuck (males, like the rats following the Pied Piper, will be lured by Pussy to their doom, will be overcome and submerged by and will eventually drown in the passive flesh that they are); drug pushers and advocates, who are hastening the dropping out of men.

Being in the Men's Auxiliary is a necessary but not a sufficient condition for making SCUM's escape list; it's not enough to do good; to save their worthless asses men must also avoid evil. A few examples of the most obnoxious or harmful types are: rapists, politicians and all who are in their service (campaigners, members of political parties, etc.); lousy singers and musicians; Chairmen of Boards; Breadwinners; landlords; owners of greasy spoons and restaurants that play Musak; "Great Artists"; cheap pikers; cops; tycoons; scientists working on death and destruction programs or

for private industry (practically all scientists); liars and phonies; disc jockeys; men who intrude themselves in the slightest way on any strange female; real estate men; stock brokers; men who speak when they have nothing to say; men who loiter idly on the street and mar the landscape with their presence; double dealers; flim-flam artists; litterbugs; plagiarizers; men who in the slightest way harm any female; all men in the advertising industry; dishonest writers, journalists, editors, publishers, etc.; censors on both the public and private level; all members of the armed forces, including draftees (LBJ and McNamara give orders, but servicemen carry them out) and particularly pilots (if the Bomb drops, LBJ won't drop it; a pilot will). In the case of a man whose behavior falls into both the good and bad categories, an overall subjective evaluation of him will be made to determine if his behavior is, in the balance, good or bad.

It is most tempting to pick off the female "Great Artists", double dealers, etc. along with the men, but that would be impractical, as there would be no one left; all women have a fink streak in them, to a great or lesser degree, but it stems from a lifetime of living among men. Eliminate men and women will shape up. Women are improvable; men are not, although their behavior is. When

SCUM gets hot on their asses it'll shape up fast.

Simultaneously with the fucking-up, looting, couple-busting, destroying and killing, SCUM will recruit. SCUM, then, will consist of recruiters; the elite corps—the hard core activists (the fuck-ups, looters and destroyers) and the elite of the elite—the killers.

Dropping out is not the answer; fucking-up is. Most women are already dropped out; they were never in. Dropping out gives control to those few who don't drop out; dropping out is exactly what the establishment leaders want; it plays into the hands of the enemy; it strengthens the system instead of undermining it, since it is based entirely on the non-participation, passivity, apathy and non-involvement of the mass of women. Dropping out, however, is an excellent policy for men, and SCUM will enthusiastically encourage it.

Looking inside yourself for salvation, contemplating your navel, is not, as the Drop Out people would have you believe, the answer. Happiness lies outside yourself, is achieved through interacting with others. Self-forgetfulness should be one's goal, not self-absorption. The male, capable of only the latter, makes a virtue of an irremediable fault and sets up self-absorption, not only as a good but as a Philosophical Good, and thus gets credit for being deep.

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. In addition, only decent, clean-living, male women, highly trained in submerging themselves in the species, act on a mob basis. 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. Also, SCUM, being cool and selfish, will not subject itself to getting rapped on the head with billy clubs; that's for the nice, "privileged, educated", middle-class ladies with a high regard for the touching faith in the essential goodness of Daddy and policemen. If SCUM ever marches, it will be over LBJ's stupid, sickening face; if SCUM ever strikes, it will be in the dark with a six-inch blade.

SCUM will always operate on a criminal as opposed to a civil disobedience basis, that is, as opposed to openly violating the law and going to jail in order to draw attention to an injustice. Such tactics acknowledge the rightness of the overall system and are used only to modify it slightly, change specific laws. SCUM is against the entire system, the very idea of law and government. SCUM is out to destroy the system, not attain certain rights within it. Also, SCUM—always selfish, always cool—will always aim to avoid detection and punishment. SCUM will always be

furtive, sneaky, underhanded (although SCUM murders will always be known to be such).

Both destruction and killing will be selective and discriminate. SCUM is against half-crazed, indiscriminate riots, with no clear objective in mind, and in which many of your own kind are picked off. SCUM will never instigate, encourage or participate in riots of any kind or any other form of indiscriminate destruction. SCUM will coolly, furtively, stalk its prey and quietly move in for the kill. Destruction will never be such as to block off routes needed for the transportation of food and other essential supplies, contaminate or cut off the water supply, block streets and traffic to the extent that ambulances can't get through or impede the functioning of hospitals.

SCUM will keep on destroying, looting, fuck-up and killing until the money-work system no longer exists and automation is completely instituted or until enough women co-operate with SCUM to make violence unnecessary to achieve these goals, that is, until enough women either unwork or quit work, start looting, leave men and refuse to obey all laws inappropriate to a truly civilized society. Many women will fall into line, but many others, who surrendered long ago to the enemy, who are so adapted to animalism, to maleness, that they like restrictions and restraints,

don't know what to do with freedom, will continue to be toadies and doormats, just as peasants in rice paddies remain peasants in rice paddies as one regime topples another. A few of the more volatile will whimper and sulk and throw their toys and dishrags on the floor, but SCUM will continue to steamroller over them.

A completely automated society can be accomplished very simply and quickly once there is a public demand for it. The blueprints for it are already in existence, and its construction will only take a few weeks with millions of people working at it. Even though off the money system, everyone will be most happy to pitch in and get the automated society built; it will mark the beginning of a fantastic new era, and there will be a celebration atmosphere accompanying the construction.

The elimination of money and the complete institution of automation are basic to all other SCUM reforms; without these two the others can't take place; with them the others will take place very rapidly. The government will automatically collapse. With complete automation it will be possible for every woman to vote directly on every issue by means of an electronic voting machine in her house. Since the government is occupied almost entirely with regulating economic affairs

and legislating against purely private matters, the elimination of money and with it the elimination of males who wish to legislate "morality" will mean that there will be practically no issues to vote on.

After the elimination of money there will be no further need to kill men; they will be stripped of the only power they have over psychologically independent females. They will be able to impose themselves only on the doormats, who like to be imposed upon. The rest of the women will be busy solving the few remaining unsolved problems before planning their agenda for eternity and Utopia—completely revamping educational programs so that millions of women can be trained within a few months for high level intellectual work that now requires years of training (this can be done very easily once our educational goal is to educate and not to perpetuate an academic and intellectual elite); solving the problems of disease and old age and death and completely redesigning our cities and living quarters. Many women will for a while continue to think they dig men, but as they become accustomed to female society and as they become absorbed in their projects, they will eventually come to see the utter uselessness and banality of the male.

The few remaining men can exist out their puny days dropped out on drugs or strutting around

in drag or passively watching the high-powered female in action, fulfilling themselves as spectators, vicarious livers* or breeding in the cow pasture with the toadies, or they can go off to the nearest friendly neighborhood suicide center where they will be quietly, quickly and painlessly gassed to death.

Prior to the institution of automation, to the replacement of males by machines, the male should be of use to the female, wait on her, cater to her slightest whim, obey her every command, be totally subservient to her, exist in perfect obedience to her will, as opposed to the completely warped, degenerate situation we have now of men, not only not existing at all, cluttering up the world with their ignominious presence, but being pandered to and groveled before by the mass of females, millions of women piously worshipping the Golden Calf, the dog leading the master on the leash, when in fact the male, short of being a drag queen, is least miserable when abjectly prostrate before the female, a complete slave. Rational men want to be squashed, stepped on, crushed and crunched, treated as the curs, the filth that they are, have their repulsiveness confirmed.

*It will be electronically possible for him to tune in to any specific female he wants to and follow in detail her every movement. The females will kindly, obligingly consent to this, as it won't hurt them in the slightest and it is a marvelously kind and humane way to treat their unfortunate, handicapped fellow beings.

The sick, irrational men, those who attempt to defend themselves against their disgustingness, when they see SCUM barreling down on them, will cling in terror to Big Mama with her Big Bouncy Boobies, but Boobies won't protect them against SCUM; Big Mama will be clinging to Big Daddy, who will be in the corner shitting in his forceful, dynamic pants. Men who are rational, however, won't kick or struggle or raise a distressing fuss, but will just sit back, relax, enjoy the show and ride the waves to their demise.

Only three years ago we used to make fun of Valerie Solanas, agitator, writer, and would-be revolutionary—with her wild, insane radical feminism

Then we were horrified when she shot Andy Warhol in 1968, just to make a point: to wit, that man's world is corrupt beyond redemption and must be physically defeated, captured and colonized by women if it is to be saved from self-destruction.

And today every one of her words rings like a prophecy Long before Kate Millett, she denounced men's sexual politics, their childish and destructive egomania. Much more ferociously than Betty Friedan, she attacked the deep social and moral injustice of our society, its hopelessness and despair, deriving from centuries of male domination.

This violent, excessive, obnoxious and totally fascinating little book has suddenly become the Charter of all female revolutionaries. It is a document of our time, a resounding piece of polemic that will change the course of our destiny. A new preface by Vivian Gornick serves as a brilliant commentary and introduction to this new edition—and adds to it the point of view of today's Women's Liberation militants.

No one should presume to discuss what is happening to American society today, who has not yet read SCUM MANIFESTO.

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