

## SHOOTING SOLANAS: RADICAL FEMINIST HISTORY AND THE TECHNOLOGY OF FAILURE

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On June 3, 1968, Valerie Solanas, self-proclaimed revolutionary and author of the radical feminist document, the *SCUM Manifesto*, was catapulted from relative obscurity to media notoriety when she shot and nearly killed the pop artist Andy Warhol at the Factory, his studio in New York City. Twenty years later in South London, Mary Harron, a researcher for the BBC who had recently completed work for a television documentary on Warhol, happened to glimpse a newly published edition of the *SCUM Manifesto* in a Brixton bookshop window. Amazed to find this vestige of a long-lost radical moment on commercial display, Harron immediately bought a copy. On her way to work she read Solanas's unflinching call for "civil-minded, responsible, thrill-seeking females . . . to overthrow the government, eliminate the money system . . . and destroy the male sex." According to Harron, these words profoundly changed her life. "The *Manifesto* . . . reached a core of anger I didn't know I possessed," she writes. "On first reading it, I thought, 'I have never had the courage to even think some of these things, and Valerie Solanas only had that courage because she had cut her moorings and separated herself from traditional feminine virtues such as fairness, compassion, empathy. . . . It made me wonder about blighted talents, vanished possibilities, and what might be lurking in the great host of humanity we call failures.'"<sup>1</sup>

Harron's fascination with one particular vanished possibility inspired her to direct a 1996 film about Valerie Solanas, a painstakingly researched, meticulously detailed, partially imagined account of the events leading up to the botched assassination attempt on Warhol. Co-written with Daniel Minahan and origi-

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nally conceived as a classic BBC documentary, until Minahan drew Harron away from what she calls her "obsessive clinging to facts,"<sup>2</sup> *I Shot Andy Warhol* (1996) features Lili Taylor as a chain-smoking, ambitious, streetwise, and sardonic Solanas who turns tricks for enough money to rent a room, labors fiercely over her notebooks and secondhand typewriter, and whose socioscientific thesis on the expendability of the male sex leads to her formation of a revolutionary organization SCUM, the Society for Cutting Up Men, and to the creation of the *SCUM Manifesto*.

Solanas herself summarized the *SCUM Manifesto* as a two-part treatise. In her words: "The first part of the Manifesto is an analysis of male psychology, and the second part is like, you know, what to do about it."<sup>3</sup> Harron's representation of the *SCUM Manifesto* in *I Shot Andy Warhol* says more about her investment in the violent possibilities of the "what to do about it" than in the critical merits of Solanas's "analysis of male psychology." However, there is no reliable evidence that Solanas intended SCUM to stand as an acronym for the "Society for Cutting Up Men." In fact, one source suggests that Solanas never intended SCUM as an acronym at all. In 1975, Jane Caputi (now professor of women's studies at Florida International University), Eileen Kane, and Susan Cavin interviewed Valerie Solanas in New York City. The interview was never published, but Caputi recalls Solanas's insistence that the acronym "Society for Cutting Up Men" was the fabrication of her publisher, Maurice Girodias. This seems feasible when one considers that immediately after the shooting Girodias—in his haste to sensationalize the shooting and sell copies of the *SCUM Manifesto*—assembled an edition whose back cover reproduced the *New York Post* front page with the headline: "Andy Warhol Fights for Life." Solanas, who intended no connection between the manifesto and the shooting, responded bitterly to this. According to Caputi's recollection, Solanas's use of the term "scum" was based on a subversive appropriation insofar as "scum" signifies women's debased status in a male-defined system of social values. Solanas intended to playfully reverse this meaning so that SCUM would mean "female genius . . . the females who are the grooviest and most cerebral."<sup>4</sup> Or, in Solanas's words, "those females . . . who trust only their own animal, gutter instincts, who equate Culture with chicks, whose sole diversion is prowling for emotional thrills and excitement . . . are SCUM" (p. 177).

Not surprisingly, this discrepancy was never mentioned in reviews of *I Shot Andy Warhol*, although the film did spark considerable controversy among film critics, feminists, and former Factory denizens such as Lou Reed, who wondered aloud in an interview if people would be so interested in a movie about Sirhan Sirhan called *I Shot Bobby Kennedy*. Other responses were less derisive, although mixed: while some pop aficionados praised the film's "scrupulous recreation of Factory decor," others faulted the film for getting the mood of the Factory all wrong, and still more questioned the value of bringing Solanas's story and image to the screen at all. For example, Rita Kempley, staff writer for the *Washington Post*, allows that although Solanas may have achieved fifteen minutes of fame by shooting Warhol, fifteen minutes of watching her on screen amounts to "more than enough time with this obstreperous male-bashing pain in the patoot."<sup>5</sup> And Jennifer Baumgardner's review of the film in *Ms.* magazine is a hand-wringing expression of angst over Solanas's newfound celebrity status as misunderstood lesbian avenger *du jour*. Baumgardner does elaborate back flips to discount the film's closing claim that the *SCUM Manifesto* has become "a feminist classic." This notion, "misses the mark," she argues, "it's more of a cult classic . . . an artifact, a relic from the heyday of Warhol and the revolutionary sixties."<sup>6</sup> She compares Solanas with the lesbian comic book character Hothead Paisan and to Lorena Bobbitt, the Virginia hairstylist who became an overnight celebrity after cutting off her husband's penis, all by way of insisting that Solanas's writings and actions were by no means the work of a committed activist but of an abused crackpot who was never a part of any legitimate feminist community. Feminist legitimacy aside, Liza Bear, in *Art in America*, reads the film as Mary Harron's historically vacuous attempt to cash in on lesbian chic and the new queer cinema. She writes that in "[f]ocusing on the raffish (lesbian) outsider rather than the polished (gay) art-world insider," the film "fails to capture the unique nature of that historical moment."<sup>7</sup>

In fact, Harron and Minahan's screenplay doesn't show any interest in historicizing the shooting, focusing instead on the individual case history of Solanas whose seeming isolation from the social zeitgeist marks her as a radical free agent. The narrative is framed by a criminal-psychological portrait of Solanas which establishes, immediately following the opening shot of Warhol,

sprawled limp on the Factory floor, the discursive arena in which viewers are encouraged to situate Solanas's psychological motivations for the shooting: unstable family life, childhood sexual abuse, lesbian sexual orientation, exceptional intellectual aptitude. Given this information, we may read Solanas as misdirected prodigy, lesbian avenger, or a scorned Factory wanna-be who seized her fifteen minutes of fame after Warhol exploited her labor for a bit part in *I, A Man*; lost the one extra manuscript copy of her play, *Up Your Ass*, which she had loaned to him; and then snubbed her when she became too loudly and obtrusively insistent that he pay her for her work and produce her script.

By framing *I Shot Andy Warhol* as either an insult to level-headed feminism or as a cat fight between the scruffy butch lesbian loser and the glamorous gay king of pop, reviewers engage a play of formulaic differences that cater to a litany of pet crusades and isolate the Solanas/Warhol conflict in a queer suburb of the revolutionary urban landscape that was New York City in 1968. But what reviewers have overlooked in the race to distance themselves from Solanas's writings and Harron's canonization of SCUM is the film's seeming fascination with the possibility that Solanas's derangement was owed to the failure of writing itself, or to shifting technologies of cultural memory.

In the U.S. postwar economy, the waning of print culture and the rise of new virtual systems spawned contradictory ideas and attitudes about authorship, authorial property, and the relationship of art and culture, ideas to which the pop art movement was itself in many ways a reaction. Indeed, the discursive contests that proceeded from a coexistence of contradictory modes of knowledge—contests which register in works such as Warhol's serial portrait of the *Mona Lisa*, "Thirty Are Better than One"—produced far-reaching cultural reevaluations of art, politics, and gender.<sup>8</sup> Interestingly, these contradictions constitute a slippery yet distinctive narrative thread that works its way through the overriding plot involving Solanas's gradual psychological decline, to the effect that *I Shot Andy Warhol* appears to stage the ultimate confrontation between Solanas and Warhol as less the result of gender politics than of the demise of writing and the ascending order of the image. This contest can be apprehended as a simplistic opposition of lesbian to queer, and leftist politics to commodity fetishism.<sup>9</sup> However, a layering of subtle stylistic and narrative

references subsumes gender and class tensions into a more urgent standoff between the originality and impermanence of print and the enduring order of Factory-reproduced images.

That Harron undertook this project with a notion of the ephemeral quality of the printed text in general, and Solanas's texts in particular, is evident in her introduction to the screenplay. Her shock upon glimpsing the new edition of the *SCUM Manifesto* is generated by her previous assumption that the *SCUM Manifesto* "was blurry mimeographed pages, lost in the gutters of the 1960s" (p. vii). While conducting research for the project, Harron found herself frustrated by the lack of evidence of Solanas's existence. She embarked upon a quest to locate the manuscript of Solanas's play, *Up Your Ass*, a quest which Harron likens to the search for the Holy Grail.<sup>10</sup> Indeed, the script seemed to have vanished, and among former Factory associates who were known for obsessively recording, filming, and photographing themselves and anyone who happened to be within shooting range, there was not one photo of Solanas. Seemingly unreproducible, Solanas's memory, writings, and image had all simply vanished, as ephemeral as print itself.

In this sense, Harron's evocation of Solanas—the forgotten muse—aligns the temporal matter of print with the short-lived body of radical feminist politics, and both are set against the virtual body of a queer capital that traffics merrily, self-consciously, and subversively in the enduring logic of commodity. On the contrary, the few recorded accounts of Solanas's early adult years suggest that she was anything but forgettable.<sup>11</sup> Born on April 9, 1936 in Atlantic City, New Jersey, Valerie Jean Solanas was the eldest of two daughters born to Dorothy Biondi and Louis Solanas. Louis Solanas was a bartender and the family lived in a respectable working-class neighborhood. According to her own account, Solanas's early years were marked by marital discord, frequent separation from home, and sexual molestation by her father. She became a rebellious teenager who shoplifted and engaged in petty crime. A childhood friend recalled that she frequently played by the boardwalk where, once, she beat a boy severely for harassing a younger girl. On another occasion, she was expelled from Holy Cross Academy for striking a nun. And in high school, where she was often mocked and made fun of by other students, she once hauled off and punched a boy whom she

believed had placed a tack on a chair. It turned out to be the wrong boy.

Solanas entered the University of Maryland in 1954 where she majored in psychology and received the scientific training that would later inform the near-utopian theories of the *SCUM Manifesto*. Her life at this time seems a contradiction in terms, particularly given the historical moment and conservative cultural climate of college life in the mid-1950s. She was an open lesbian and a member of the Psi Chi Honor Society. She socialized with young intellectuals who discussed art and jazz, and she put herself through school by working as a prostitute. Friends, acquaintances, and instructors who knew her at the University of Maryland describe her as independent and needy, prideful but desperate to be cared for, vindictive yet in possession of an acute sense of justice. And whether or not it sheds light on the brutally ironic tone of the *SCUM Manifesto*, almost everyone who knew Solanas for any length of time describes her as terrifically angry and terrifically funny.<sup>12</sup>

After graduation Solanas went to the University of Minnesota to do graduate work in psychology; however, she grew bored and left. By 1965 she had made her way to New York City where she carved out a bohemian living for herself through panhandling and prostitution, earning just enough money to spend a few days writing in a rented room and then returning to the streets when her funds ran out. It is at this point, in the mid-1960s, that the film, *I Shot Andy Warhol*, begins its account of the most productive years of Solanas's career as a writer, the years in which she wrote "A Young Girl's Primer," *Up Your Ass*, and the *SCUM Manifesto*, while, not too far from the Hotel Early, Andy Warhol had already achieved his position as the high priest of pop art. To wit, the passing traditions of art history and revolutionary progress narratives, such as the *SCUM Manifesto* represents, are succeeded by the rise of postmodern heterogeneity and mechanical performativity. *I Shot Andy Warhol* thus assigns both the *SCUM Manifesto* and Solanas herself an unlikely place within cinema culture, as it raises the possibility that Solanas and Warhol were indirect casualties of shifts in the modes of production, shifts that signaled the rise of nonwriting media and the inevitable decline of print and radical feminism in the United States. *I Shot Andy Warhol* stages this conflict in part to retain the political efficacy of radical writing amidst



screens and images; ironically, however, the film romanticizes writing's potential for radical vision precisely by circulating that vision within the commodity realm. The story of this unlikely coupling is initiated by the opening credits which appear on the screen as words being punched on to the paper by an old typewriter. And it is reiterated in frequent scenes of Solanas hammering at her typewriter with a physical intensity that connects the extremism of her thought with the seemingly primitive forces of print production. This physicality is sharply contrasted with the languor and detachment of Factory artists. Similarly, Solanas's down-and-out circumstances, her panhandling and prostitution, and her weariness with "the shit you have to go through in this world just to survive" are set against the upscale glamour, mannered elitism, and adolescent frivolity of Factory insiders.

These contrasts crystallize repeatedly with respect to the representation of and reproduction of the body. Two recent scholarly contributions, Judith Roof's *Reproductions of Reproduction: Imaging Symbolic Change* and Sue-Ellen Case's *The Domain Matrix: Performing Lesbian at the End of Print Culture*, draw on the sense of crisis and symbolic transformation that arise from shifts in the technological order. In *The Domain Matrix*, Case assumes that "debates around the status of the body and of identity may be perceived as a register of the anxiety produced by the demise of print culture and the rise of virtual systems." That Solanas's failure may be said to figure a material feminist reading of "the new, discounted value assigned to the flesh"<sup>13</sup> is worth considering in this light. Her assassination attempt on Warhol serves to recall him to the live body, wrestling him out of the virtual and out of the hypocritical self-effacement which—according to Roof's reading of the Warhol phenomenon—"manifested in everything from the mechanical nature of his reproductions to his various anecdotes about the accidental and cooperative quality of his work"—that helped define the Warhol image. Unlike other pop artists of the period, Warhol became a star, and his stardom was less the result of his erasure by mechanical reproduction than it was the result of his efforts to wrest "reproduction back from the machine," relocating "control even more resoundingly in the name/image nexus of the Warhol persona."<sup>14</sup> In this sense Solanas completes the process that Warhol himself started, forcing him to cede control of his ostensible disinterest in artistic control, unmasking the pseudo-reluctant bigwig behind the blond wig.

The body in relation to print technology is stressed mainly in Harron and Minahan's descriptions of Solanas "banging at an ancient typewriter" (p. 44). Here their language sets the labor of writing and its archaic technology against the labor of prostitution as the camera cuts between images of Solanas writing to Solanas literally being banged against a wall while engaged in sexual intercourse. The language also conflates this brutal physicality, the vulnerability of Solanas's body as sexual commodity, with the inevitable shooting of Warhol. And although Factory artists are depicted working in collaboration, or under Warhol's fussy supervision, to produce films, silk screens, and pop bricolage, Solanas's writing is produced in isolation. She takes unabashed delight in her achievement as author and sole producer of her texts. We see her fretting and beaming over her manuscripts, first at the Hotel Earle, composing "A Young Girl's Primer," and later at the Chelsea, proudly putting the finishing touches on *Up Your Ass*, which she not only takes full credit for in her acknowledgments but dedicates to herself as well. And when she discovers that her friend, future Factory superstar, Candy Darling, has received an invitation from Warhol to visit his studio, she insists on tagging along, explaining, "I'm writing a play and I want Andy to produce it." As they enter the Factory for the first time, a listless receptionist, surrounded by film canisters, ignores them and pecks maladroitly at her typewriter with one finger. Later, in Max's Kansas City (a New York club), Valerie peddles copies of her *SCUM Manifesto* at a table of aloof Factory artists. "Did you type this yourself? I'm so impressed," Warhol deadpans. "You should come type for us, Valerie." Here, and elsewhere, typing is established as a recurrent figurative reminder of Solanas's obsolescence, her crude, debased status, her disenfranchisement from new technologies of reproduction.

Solanas's conception of theater, furthermore, requires the flesh of live performance and accurate reading from scripts. However, she soon learns that Warhol has moved beyond the live body of theater to film, and he has no need for scripts because most of his dialogue is improvised. Print neither precedes nor determines Factory performances. "Andy doesn't do theater," she is told apologetically when she returns to the Factory a second time in order to drop off her manuscript. Factory productions focus on the image of an individual star rather than on the voice of an

author or on the authority of an original text. Interestingly, the scene that most effectively highlights this debate around the relationship of performance to the body, the politics of presence, and its dependence on print is the one Harron says she most regrets having edited out of the film entirely. Immediately following Solanas's arrest for the shooting, *Up against the Wall Motherfucker*, a revolutionary offshoot of the Weathermen, holds a "classic sixties" street theater action in support of Solanas. The action stages a reading of a prose poem that extols the courage of the "Sweet Assassin" and the fascism of the "Plastic Man." The prose poem, which the screenplay describes as performed before an audience of hippies, rehearses and superficially historicizes a number of countercultural dualisms that correspond to debates surrounding shifts in the relationship between culture and capital in the late 1960s: the live versus the virtual; the collective versus the corporate; resistance versus complicity; the public space of the street versus the private space of Warhol Productions.

Of course, it is this space which Solanas ultimately penetrates and violates despite Warhol's "ex-communication" of her from the Factory circle. In part, her access to Warhol is made simpler still because Factory personnel are apparently too self-absorbed to notice their own vulnerability to the rising tide of social violence that surrounds them. The playful vacuity of Factory artists is developed and reinforced in numerous scenes of mirror gazing; self screening; advanced attention deficiency; and sophomoric chatter about art, sex, and irreparably damaged evening wear. Daddy Warhol, the elusive pop of pop, presides ambivalently over this unruly, non-Oedipal family. Film director Paul Morrissey actually compares them to the Walt Disney kids, with the distinction that "these being modern children, of course, they take drugs and have sex." The Factory environment is itself depicted as something of a fantasia, a hallucinatory dreamscape of style, glamour, and privilege in contrast to the dingy, run-down hotels where Solanas hustles to meet the bare necessities of day-to-day survival. The poverty of print can not possibly stand up to the opulence of the silk screen. And despite Solanas's persistence, and Warhol's willingness to screen test her, she cannot assimilate into this order. Seated on the famous red sofa, Warhol and several Factory members read Solanas's script for *Up Your Ass* and conclude, "It's way too disgusting, even for us." Solanas in no way

corresponds with their notion of glamour, and her streetwise persona is as useless to them as her gender politics.

Warhol's link to the virtual is underscored by the much-revered male-to-female transgender aesthetic of Factory lore, a reverence moderated by the film's final disclosure of Candy Darling's death due to illegal hormone injections. Set against the rise of medical technologies capable of redefining "basic definitions of gender assignment,"<sup>15</sup> the Factory privileging of virtual womanhood over the "real" thing and the brutal misogyny performed by Michael Imperioli in his portrayal of Ondine, a Factory habitué, produces moments of absolute rage in Solanas. "Listen," he proclaims when Solanas tries to persuade Warhol to publish the *SCUM Manifesto*, "we have to start instituting rules here. Nothing but the best looking women are allowed in here . . . and without cunts." Lili Taylor's Solanas thrusts a copy of the *SCUM Manifesto* at him, furiously inviting him to read it, asking, "Did you know that males are biologically inferior females?" Interestingly, the Solanas of Mary Harron's screenplay seems utterly fascinated by transgender men, as a brief, early scene suggests.<sup>16</sup> In fact, in the *SCUM Manifesto*, drag queens are spared elimination and are granted a useful, productive place within her anarchic social vision. But the cinematic Solanas interprets the transgender aesthetic of the Factory as the erasure and commodification of women, a condition which Candy Darling wholly embodies in her studied, Marilyn Monroe vocal intonations and frequent recitations of commercial slogans ("Black . . . the color of choice") and campy lines from Hollywood movies. Candy's response to Solanas's analysis of male-to-female transgender performance is simply, "Piffle." And, indeed, Candy's star rises at the Factory as Solanas's maintains a steady downward fizzle. When Candy announces that her new name, in the interests of "cashing in," is now Mrs. Candy Warhol, Solanas's paranoia, her belief that a conspiracy is taking shape, and her disgust with Candy's propensity for "sucking up" pushes her over the top. After her disastrous appearance on *The Allen Burke Show*, wherein she is mercilessly ridiculed and jeered at by the studio audience for her feminism and unladylike appearance, she lashes out violently at both Candy and Jeremiah Newton, the latter of whom arranged the television interview for her. However, Solanas reserves her cruelest treatment for Candy, knocking her to the bed and pinning her down in

a posture of simulated rape. She refers to Candy jeeringly as "Jimmy," her given name, and insists that she is not a woman but a man, and a sick, pathetic one at that. Here, again, Solanas's insistence on a sexual politics arising from the immutable authority of the flesh, a logic sustained by her investments in the materiality of print, is overruled by the authority of television culture and corresponding technologies of image reproduction and proliferation.

At times, the film emphasizes the drama of print's transformation within the virtual over and above the drama of Solanas's foiled ambition within the swirl of Factory competition for fame. Sequences of Solanas reading from the text of the *SCUM Manifesto* move her writings into the performative, and yet these sequences are shot in a grainy black and white that evokes the black-and-white visual arena of the printed page. According to the screenplay, the setting for these sequences is "based on Warhol's film screen tests. There should be something idealizing about the lighting," the directions read, as if "Valerie is in film heaven, talking to us." Harron and Minahan envision for Solanas a virtual afterlife where her relationship to the order of images is "controlled, logical, articulate" (p. 26). In the mortal life the film otherwise portrays, Solanas is inarticulate and awkward. During a wild party at the Factory, abounding with sex, drugs, and rock 'n roll, Warhol and Solanas, both reclusive and shy, find themselves seated side by side on the red sofa. Warhol, clutching a tape recorder, moves closer to Solanas and asks her to perform a spontaneous monologue. "No, I don't want to do that, really. . . . I can't, honestly," she says. Then she produces a worn, overwrought notebook and offers to read to him from her latest work, the *SCUM Manifesto*. And in what surely must amount to one of Harron's greater triumphs over the tyranny of fact, Warhol appears sweetly and genuinely moved by Solanas's claim that "[s]ex is the refuse of the mindless . . . a solitary experience, non-creative, a gross waste of time." "So true," Warhol intones, as if hearing an affirmation of his own reproductive anxieties and compensatory mechanical productive strategies. When Solanas first meets Mark, member of "Up against the Wall Motherfucker" (or, as Mark describes them, "a street gang with an analysis"), they sketch out their respective radical positions for one another by taking turns reading aloud from various pamphlets, books, and manifestos—from the *SCUM Manifesto* to Eldridge Cleaver. The

screenplay describes this conversation as taking "place in a series of jump or strobe cuts, as if the conversation had been roughly edited" (p. 123). Also roughly described in this sequence is a seduction, as Solanas initially rejects Mark's clumsy sexual advances, at first refusing to remove her coat. But toward the conclusion of this series, their bodies gracelessly entwined, limbs barely distinguishable, "rough" editing conveys an atmosphere of political turbulence, physical inelegance, and imprecise technological know-how. At the same time, it calls attention to the inevitable discontinuities, gaps, and image fixations that progress narratives such as the *SCUM Manifesto* critique and pop art celebrates. This series of jump cuts, combining images of self-effecting reading and unwieldy sexual coupling work doubly, to foreground the instability of identity, print, and human aegis and to affirm their conventions within the arena of 1960s' radical politics.

Solanas's encounter with Mark Motherfucker is one of two instances where Harron and Minahan's screenplay nearly allows Solanas's thinking to circulate within a wider discursive network of revolutionary thought. However, within the overdetermined assassination narrative, the encounter functions chiefly to advance Solanas's rapidly mounting paranoia and to impose a chronology of actions that will lead to the shooting. As Mark sleeps, Solanas steals from his impressive arsenal of weapons the pistol that she will ultimately use to shoot Warhol, although, in reality, the weapon Solanas used was purchased in Vermont. Harron readily acknowledges that several changes such as this were made in the interests of plot development; however, this particular fictionalization suggests that Solanas sleeps with Mark in order to steal his revolver. The film's relentless focus on her passionate hatred of the male sex overlooks the fact that Solanas forged emotional connections with a number of men, some of whom went to significant lengths to assist her. Mark Motherfucker actually did stage a street theater "happening" in Solanas's defense. Jeffrey LeGear, a man whom Solanas had known in Los Angeles, posted the \$10,000 for her bail following her arrest. And Solanas refused the offer of Maurice Girodias to pay for her legal defense, an offer which seems especially surprising given that Girodias was more than likely Solanas's first choice for a target.<sup>17</sup>

Solanas's social indifference, her isolation from organized



activism and contemporary movements, feminist or otherwise, is assumed to such an extent that Solanas appears to live in total ignorance of Second Wave feminism until she happens to see television news footage of protesters in Atlantic City during the 1968 Miss America pageant. This scene, the second instance of potential social contextualization to which I referred, shows Solanas leaping up from the bed where she'd been watching the pageant with Candy and Jeremiah: "These women got everything from me. The *SCUM Manifesto* is the most revolutionary document ever written. . . . I should be there. Why doesn't anyone put *me* on TV?" Again, Solanas's absence from the culture of screens and her alienation from nonwriting media renders her invisible and unheard in a society reorienting itself to a televised revolution. "Please be quiet, Valerie," Candy implores. "I want to see this. This is history" (p. 128).

Of course, for viewers in the late 1990s, Candy's words convey a somewhat duplicitous meaning as both a reference to feminism's historical influence and to its extinction (i.e., "you're history"). But perhaps more ironic is that Candy Darling and Valerie Solanas never actually watched the Miss America pageant together, an event that took place after the Warhol shooting. Harron and Minahan fictionalize this scene and rearrange the sequence of events in order to dramatize Solanas's remove from history (and from "legitimate feminist movements"). Interestingly, however, the scene achieves precisely the opposite purpose simply by gesturing to Solanas's relation to the historical—her place along a trajectory that intersects as much with Gloria Steinem and Ti-Grace Atkinson as with Malcolm X, Franz Fanon, and Norman Mailer.<sup>18</sup> Here, in a narrative that otherwise ignores any larger historical patterns or contexts, we are able to discern at least a murmur of the social pulse. However, that pulse is only discernible as media commodity, and thus the scene suggests far less about Solanas's relation to feminism than it does about her extreme cultural marginalization in relation to Warhol. In fact, Solanas was very much aware of feminist organizations and activism. It was this awareness that made it possible for Solanas to reject mainstream liberal feminism for its blind adherence to cultural codes of feminine politeness and decorum which the *SCUM Manifesto* identifies as the source of women's debased social status. Conversely, feminist organizations were aware of Solanas, particularly after the shoot-

ing. It was this awareness that prompted NOW members to claim her as "one of the most important spokeswomen of the feminist movement."<sup>19</sup> However, Solanas had no interest in participating in what she often described as "a civil disobedience luncheon club." Oddly, *I Shot Andy Warhol* entirely ignores Solanas's critique of mainstream feminism, focusing instead on her obsession with Warhol. He, the producer and possessor of powerful cultural capital, claims the ability to reach audiences and shape media history in a way that Solanas, hawking mimeographed copies of the *SCUM Manifesto* to indifferent passersby on the street, cannot.

How can Solanas circulate her product, a statement on the uselessness of males and the degradation (and complicity) of women in capitalism, into the logic of pop? And how can she maintain her own authoritative aura within this logic? "Warhol Gravely Wounded in Studio; Actress Is Held" reads the headline of the *New York Times* story which ran the day after the shooting.<sup>20</sup> "I'm really a writer," Solanas corrected reporters when asked about her vocation, thus rejecting the subordinate, mass-produced, mechanized social identity that had come to be associated with Warhol's female entourage. Solanas never aspired to the status of a Viva or an Ultra Violet, although, unquestionably, she sought something from Warhol. *I Shot Andy Warhol* correctly suggests that Solanas's fixation on Warhol stemmed from her wish to be legitimated by him, to have her own aura affirmed by his aura, his capacities for image proliferation. "If anyone can make you a star," Candy assures her, "Andy can." And in an ironic sense, of course, he does. But only after he refuses to confer legitimacy on her *as a writer*. This refusal, more than just a personal rejection of Solanas, is a refusal of a particular mode of knowledge production and a refusal of the values that, in George P. Landow's view, always "turn out to be a result of that particular form of information technology."<sup>21</sup> However, along with its McLuhan implications—or the affirmation of form as content, medium as message—this refusal is also tied to problems of propagating feminist histories.

In *Reproductions of Reproduction*, Judith Roof attempts to explain the recurrence of seemingly disjointed cultural images and historical phenomena—everything from Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* to Dada to vampire images to bodybuilding to pop art and "feminist heroics"—all of which reflect anxiety about patriarchy and the Symbolic order, and all of which appear in the guise of issues



about paternity, human authority and creativity, and/or technological threat." In the realm of image production, the predominance of mechanical reproduction has outreached "metaphorical systems of reproduction and authority, thus producing 'knotted sites of symbolic transition and renegotiation.'" According to Roof, the phenomenon of pop art, which arrived "in the juncture between technology and consumer culture," spawned by the marriage of traditional art history and the history of capitalism, represents precisely this sort of knotty transitional moment. By obsessively reproducing the cultural shifts from metaphor to metonymy, from word to image, from Walter Benjamin's "aura" of tradition and authenticity to the deritualized and debased proliferation of endless multiples, pop art produced an art "all about reproductions."<sup>22</sup> And cultural images of female heroics, such as Sara Conner in *Terminator II* and Ripley in the *Aliens* series, often represent similar "anxieties about an unauthorized reproduction" that threatens to unsettle a patriarchal and paternal (i.e., heterosexual) order.

By isolating and revisioning a moment wherein the mutually productive sites of pop art and lesbian feminist heroics collide, *I Shot Andy Warhol* stages a "clash of reproductive systems" and re-focuses pop art's anxieties about the reproducibility of art on to anxieties related to radical feminism's failure to reproduce itself, to carry forth and multiply. "I only have one other copy," Solanas explains nervously to the Factory receptionist into whose hands she reluctantly commends the manuscript of her play, hopeful that it will find its way to Warhol, the ultimate "reproductively savvy artist, who . . . becomes the Pop icon of Pop, not only in image, but most importantly, in name" (p. 30). It would seem that Solanas's fate is determined by her lack of control over the forces of reproduction—her failure bespeaks the failure of originality and authenticity in an age of instant commodification. She remains virtually unreproducible—as Harron's apprehensive account of Solanas's disappearance and her desperate search for the manuscripts underscores. And anxiety-ridden film reviews denying Solanas's place within feminist history only seem to reassert the dilemma in the all-too-predictable terms of legitimacy and inheritance. But beyond offering yet another ringside seat from which to observe feminism's generational conflicts, *I Shot Andy Warhol* reproduces a radical feminist moment that works to call attention

to a current moment of feminist exhaustion and revisions of U.S. radical histories. This moment is exacerbated by the current climate of cultural conservatism, antifeminist backlash, mainstream feminism's discomfort with butch-dyke identifications, and academic feminism's near-complete retreat into a self-absorbed careerism spawned by the scarcity of humanities resources and the intimidating specter of a narrow and privileged celebrity class of feminist scholars with, as Helene Moglen writes, "unequal access to professional recognition and rewards."<sup>23</sup>

In this sense, *I Shot Andy Warhol* moves beyond docudrama, lesbian chic, and the much-beleaguered genre of feminist revenge narratives which generally portray avenging women as scorned lovers and/or soccer Moms gone postal. Solanas appears as a doomed agent acting on behalf of that which stands outside of the reproductive technologies of consumer culture. And Solanas's lesbianism, which the film professes despite her adamant public denials in a 1968 interview conducted before the shooting ("I'm no lesbian. I haven't got time for sex of any kind."), places her outside the arena of biological reproduction.<sup>24</sup> Harron and Minahan's selection for the film's closing shot, an excerpt from the *SCUM Manifesto*, further underscores this remove: "Why should there be future generations?" Solanas asks sincerely, looking directly into the camera. "What is their purpose . . . why continue to reproduce?" In a film that otherwise dramatizes a conflict of conceptions of reproductivity, the decision to end the film on this note is perhaps not very surprising. Whose name will live on? Whose face will be forgotten? What does become a legend most? The closing shot recasts reproductive doubt as a concern about the loss of nonliberal, nonmarketable, nonbourgeois feminism, thus warning us that what could be best remembered, much to the detriment of histories such as Solanas's, is pop-basking in its endless reproducibility. And Warhol remains the "star" whose reproductions worked to recuperate mechanical reproduction in the name of the name of the creator.

Throughout the film, Solanas appears as uncomfortable with photographic and televisual technologies as the Factory elite are with her revolutionary rant and butch appearance. "Honey, she scares me," Ondine sneers as an image of Solanas, wincing and painfully self-conscious, comes up on the Factory screen. And as her anxiety about the whereabouts of her lost manuscript mounts,

indeed, she seems to unleash her frustrations directly and indiscriminately upon the technologies and mechanics of textual reproduction that undermine the idea of authorial uniqueness. We see Solanas wrestling with a jammed mimeograph machine in an underground newspaper office. Her harrowing television interview with Allen Burke causes the studio audience to shrink back in revulsion and Solanas to violently overturn the set as Burke orders the camera crew to cut. Her Factory screen test evokes cries of horror and vicious contempt from Ondine during a viewing for reporters: "Ugh, what's that?"

"Isn't she tragic?"

"I don't know what Andy sees in her."

With respect to this complex question, *I Shot Andy Warhol* indicates that what Warhol very likely saw in Solanas was someone far more like himself than Ultra Violet. Warhol and Solanas had a good deal in common: both were Catholic, both came from working-class backgrounds, both were painfully awkward in social situations. Solanas longed for public recognition, while Warhol's celebrity was based largely on an affected resistance to public recognition. Both rejected sex as a waste of time and energy. And although there is no way of measuring the extent to which these correspondences might have drawn them to one another or set them at odds, Warhol apparently did see something in Solanas that made it difficult for him to turn her away completely, and Solanas certainly became convinced that Warhol, along with Maurice Girodias, was conspiring to steal her ideas; profit from her writings; and deny her the entitlement, license, and power that corresponded with her idea of textual authorship. And in the end, SCUM lashes out defensively in the face of its devaluation, challenging the role of the image while asserting its purely metaphorical function. "It's just a literary device," Solanas claimed in a 1977 interview in *The Village Voice*. "There's no organization called S.C.U.M.—there never was and there never will be . . . I mean, I thought of it as a state of mind . . . women who think a certain way are in SCUM."<sup>25</sup>

The question that *I Shot Andy Warhol* occasions is whether women who think "a certain way" can ever conform with the culture of the screen. The question is almost mythically constructed as the clash of radical lesbian feminist thought with a "queer," gay male aesthetic. And, indeed, this becomes problematic insofar as

feminist radicalism, of the sort that Solanas is positioned with, is represented as irrelevant, receding, and unable to proliferate or be reproduced. Solanas's extremism is constructed as the result of individual history, specifically her "rather pitiful childhood." Reading sequences from the *SCUM Manifesto* focus on excerpts that reveal Solanas's contempt for males rather than her contempt for a gendered division of labor and women's debased position within capitalism. This socialist-materialist critique remains central to the *SCUM Manifesto*'s strident analysis of women's remove from basic economic and cultural resources, as well as their unthinking complicity in perpetuating these impoverished circumstances through their psychological subordination to men. "If a large majority of women were SCUM," she writes, "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" (p. 182). Harron and Minahan's screenplay implies that Solanas's sense of worth as a political writer was imperiled by a system of labor and a logic of consumption that Warhol had successfully turned to profit; however, they isolate her and her writings from feminism and the American New Left, which, although it never would have embraced her sexual politics, still registers as an influence in her writings. Rather than exploring 1968 as a decisive historical moment in the fragmentation of political and artistic cultures, the film organizes a simplified struggle between competing modes of technological production that are embodied in the fey postures and deadpan vocal inflections of Jared Harris's Warhol and the butch swagger and relentless ravings of Lili Taylor's Solanas.

By eclipsing the *SCUM Manifesto*'s critique of capitalism and by focusing instead on Solanas's abhorrence of the male sex, *I Shot Andy Warhol* performs a narrative displacement whereby the symbolic violence of the *SCUM Manifesto* becomes casually linked to the actual violence of the Warhol shooting. In fact, there is little evidence to suggest that the message of the *SCUM Manifesto* and the shooting were related. "I shot Andy Warhol," Solanas reportedly confessed as she turned herself over to a random patrolman on the street. "Yeah, I had to. He had too much control over my

life." The "control" that Solanas strikes out against is portrayed not merely as the plot to steal her writings but also control over the production and circulation of her image and words through new technologies of representation that Warhol held the key to. And what some reviewers see as a valorization of Solanas and her writings might be more accurately described as a valorization of the political role of writing itself. Indeed, Harron admits that she feels bitter over the fact that Solanas never lived to see her new-found celebrity, a remark implying that were it not for her film, Solanas might have remained as lost and as blurry as her typed manuscript pages. But *I Shot Andy Warhol* upsets the technological hierarchy that would preserve Warhol's image(s) while relegating Solanas's print to the ash heap of history. And if Solanas is redeemed, her redemption is enacted through the cinematic assimilation of her print texts, as if the mere fact of film could virtualize the *SCUM Manifesto*. However rudimentary such an assumption, and however tenuous and simplified its staged conflict between modes of production, *I Shot Andy Warhol* represents one of the ways in which the diverse history of radical feminist politics is being reproduced for consumption. The traditions of print and image, the culture of metaphor and metonymy, remain locked together in a process of mutual transformation. Harron's film may not acknowledge history in the classic documentary terms of fact, event, and chronology; but her film does suggest that the grand narratives of radical feminism and the fifteen-minute micronarratives of postmodern fame continue each other, animate cultural possibilities for one another, and occasionally produce massive historical gaps which themselves—far more than the individual agents involved—become a legend most.

Valerie Solanas's fifteen minutes of fame ended abruptly when, two days after she shot Warhol and captured the headlines, Bobby Kennedy was assassinated at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles. Immediately, Solanas sank into the back pages of history. After a year of psychiatric evaluation found her sane enough to stand trial, Solanas pleaded guilty to the charge of Assault 1. She received a three-year prison sentence, serving out her full time. After her release she returned to New York City where, in the mid-1970s, she was often spotted sleeping on park benches, apparently homeless. But she continued to defend her political beliefs and the *SCUM Manifesto*. After Olympia Press went bank-

rupt and the copyright reverted back to Solanas, she published her own revised edition and actively promoted it. She never expressed any remorse for having shot Andy Warhol but in fact seems to have regarded the incident as a moral failure, not because she shot him but because she failed to kill him. "I consider it immoral that I missed," she claimed. "I should have done target practice."<sup>26</sup>

At some point, Solanas made her way to San Francisco where she took a room in a welfare hotel in the Tenderloin district. Here a building superintendent once had to use a pass key to enter her room and found Solanas working furiously at her typewriter, surrounded by manuscript pages. It was here again, on April 25, 1988, that a different super entered the room and found her dead, her body slumped over the bed. She had not been seen in over a week, and according to the police reports, her body was covered with maggots. The coroner's report identified the cause of death as bronchopneumonia. The manuscript that she was seen working on was never brought to light.

Valerie Solanas was not isolated from history; in fact, if anything, she lived too intensely in connection with it. Unfortunately, *I Shot Andy Warhol* fails to communicate that connection, instead transforming Solanas into a wisecracking, lone warrior who fights on behalf of writing, replete with its myths of identity, unity, and presence, as she attempts to move her radical politics into the cultural economy of pop. Solanas, in this sense is represented as a unlikely ligature in the transition between print and image, lesbian and queer, radical feminism's New Left activist roots and global capitalism's politics organized around commodity fetishism. Ironically, this image of Solanas as someone outpaced by new technologies of reproduction belies the centrality of these technologies in the *SCUM Manifesto*, their importance in her utopian vision of a world in which mechanization and systems of mass (re)production would render work, sexual intercourse, and the money system obsolete. And as to the controversy over whether or not the *SCUM Manifesto* rightly stands as a "feminist classic," my sense is that the question itself, to reiterate Jennifer Baumgardner's phrase, "misses the mark."<sup>27</sup> Indeed, the very concept of a "feminist classic" misreads Solanas by framing her work, and ostensibly the entire history of feminist writing, within the hierarchical order of "greatness" that the *SCUM Manifesto* cri-



tiques and rejects. The *SCUM Manifesto* is the undoing of the logic of canonization, a radical document that should recall us to feminism's unacknowledged debt to the margins of the representable and the representative, or in Solanas's own words, to the "dominant, secure, self-confident, nasty, 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 something far beyond what it has to offer" (p. 183).

### NOTES

1. This account appears in Mary Harron's introduction to the published shooting script of *I Shot Andy Warhol*. See Mary Harron and Daniel Minahan, *I Shot Andy Warhol* (New York: Grove Press, 1995), ix. The shooting script includes the original Olympia edition of Solanas's *SCUM Manifesto* (New York: Olympia, 1967), 157-90). All subsequent references and quotations are from this edition.
2. Ibid., xxix. Howard Smith and Brian van der Horst, "Valerie Solanas Interview," the *Village Voice*, 25 July 1977, 32.
3. This summary of the *SCUM Manifesto* is taken from an interview with Solanas that appeared in the *Village Voice* on 25 July 1977. It is a revealing interview in which Solanas defends SCUM and describes a new book that she has written. Appropriately titled "Valerie Solanas," the new book, for which she claims to have received an advance offer of one hundred million dollars from an undisclosed publisher, is about the conspiracy that landed her in prison. She then proceeds to speak out about the lies and distortions that continue to circulate about her in the news media. She wittily critiques the publishing industry in general, and the *Village Voice* in particular, for uncritically supporting all of the claims made by Warhol and his defenders, for misrepresenting her as a crackpot, and for libeling her by stating that she was not a lesbian. The book of which Solanas spoke was never published; however, it seems possible, given the general tone of the interview, that she intended it as parody. The interview was reportedly requested by Solanas herself so that she could publicize a new edition of the *SCUM Manifesto*.
4. These words are Jane Caputi's taken from an e-mail message sent to the author, 7 Dec. 1999.
5. See Rita Kempley, "'Andy Warhol,' Abrasively," review of *I Shot Andy Warhol* (Evergreen Entertainment Movie), *Washington Post*, 17 May 1996, B7. Here Kempley appears to conflate Solanas herself with Lili Taylor's well-studied impersonation. For an equally negative review that dismisses Solanas's importance, see Jeff Weinstein, "Shot in the Dark," *Artforum* 34 (May 1996): 11-12.
6. Jennifer Baumgardner, "Who Shot Andy Warhol?" *Ms.* (May-June 1996): 76, 74.
7. Liza Bear, "I Shot Andy Warhol," *Art in America* 84 (September 1996): 40-41.
8. For a collection that traces the meaningful intersections of aesthetics, culture, gender, and sexuality in Warhol's art, see Jennifer Doyle, Jonathan Flatley, and Jose Esteban Munoz, eds., *Pop Out: Queer Warhol* (Durham: Duke University Press, 1996).
9. "Queer" in this context refers to the rejection of lesbian identity politics implicit in queer theory's professed inclusion of multiple subjectivities that produce discontinuities of sex and gender. For a fuller discussion of the conflicts and confluences of "queer" and certain variants of lesbian feminist thinking, see Dana Heller, ed., *Cross Purposes: Lesbians, Feminists, and the Limits of Alliance* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1997).

10. The text of Solanas's *Up Your Ass* has never been published and remains out of print. However, in 1999-2000 the play was produced by George Coates Performance Works in San Francisco, with assistance from the Andy Warhol Museum Archives. Partially autobiographical, and written much in the same spirit as Solanas's "A Young Girl's Primer," *Up Your Ass* is about a young prostitute, Bongi Perez, and her various encounters with persons whom she meets on the streets.
11. Robert Marmorstein, "SCUM Goddess: A Winter Memory of Valerie Solanas" [sic], *Village Voice*, 13 June 1968, 9, 10, 20. A solid source of information on Valerie Solanas's life before and leading up to the shooting is Mary Harron's introduction to the screenplay of *I Shot Andy Warhol*. For earlier accounts, see Judy Michaelson, "Valerie: The Trouble Was Men," *New York Post*, 5 June 1968, 57; Liz Jobey, "Solanas and Son," *The Guardian*, 24 Aug. 1996, 10. For a more complete bibliography of materials related to Valerie Solanas, including a link to her *SCUM Manifesto*, see Donny Smith's "Valerie Solanas: Bibliography," <http://www.geocities.com/WestHollywood/Village/6982/solanas.htm>.
12. These include Solanas's mother, Dorothy Moran, who recalled in a rare interview, "She had a great sense of humor." See also Rowan Gaither, "Andy Warhol's Feminist Nightmare," *New York Magazine*, 14 Jan. 1991, 35.
13. Sue-Ellen Case, *The Domain Matrix: Performing Lesbian at the End of Print Culture* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1996), 20.
14. Judith Roof, *Reproductions of Reproduction: Imaging Symbolic Change* (New York: Routledge, 1996), 51, 49, 51.
15. Case, 1.
16. In a scene from the shooting script of *I Shot Andy Warhol* which was apparently cut or never filmed, Valerie approaches Washington Square Park in the summer of 1966. The rest of the scene reads as follows: "A group of drag queens are hanging out, laughing, screaming, drinking, under a street lamp—an island of light in the middle of the park. The lighting should be unnatural; this is like a vision. We see Valerie some distance away, sitting on a bench in the dark, staring at them, fascinated" (27).
17. On 3 June 1968, Solanas first went to Maurice Girodias's office with the intention of shooting him, only to learn that he was in Montreal on business. She then proceeded to the Factory, only to discover that the studio had been moved to its new location at 33 Union Square.
18. Norman Mailer once referred to Solanas as "the Robespierre of feminism." In fact, despite the tremendous differences in their politics, it is difficult not to see them as marked by similar leftist social and philosophical currents. In Mailer's controversial manifesto of the disaffected sociopath, "The White Negro," he describes "that uncharted journey into the rebellious imperatives of the self" wherein the "only courage" one encounters in American life is "the isolated courage of isolated people." See Norman Mailer, "The White Negro: Superficial Reflections on the Hipster," *The Portable Beat Reader*, ed. Ann Charters (New York: Viking Penguin, 1992), 585-609. Although Solanas's *SCUM Manifesto* does not include the blatant racism and homophobia of Mailer's pamphlet, the violent existential feminism which Solanas advocated parallels the doctrine of violent hipsterism which Mailer preached. The "civic-minded, responsible, thrill-seeking" young women whom Solanas calls upon "to overthrow the government, eliminate the money system . . . and destroy the male sex" (159) is not a far cry from Mailer's call "to encourage the psychopath within oneself, to explore that domain of experience where security is boredom and therefore sickness."
19. Although no specific names are mentioned, two sources indicate that Solanas was claimed as an important representative of the feminist movement following the Warhol shooting. According to Gaither, NOW members called her "one of the most important spokeswomen of the feminist movement" (35); and in "SCUM Like It Hot," review of *I Shot Andy Warhol* (*Village Voice*, 7 May 1996), J. Hoberman writes that "Solanas was



claimed as an 'important spokeswoman' by the radical wing of NOW" (47). This is certainly a far cry from the disclaimers that contemporary feminists have issued in response to the film.

20. Richard F. Shepard, "Warhol Gravely Wounded in Studio; Actress Is Held," *New York Times*, 4 June 1968, 1, 36.

21. George P. Landow, *Hypertext: The Convergence of Contemporary Critical Theory and Technology* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1992), 33.

22. Roof, 10, 31, 46.

23. According to Helene Moglen, a principal cause of academic feminism's failure to retain its radical past is the "fetishization" of theory. See her "Losing Their Edge: Radical Studies from the Seventies to the Nineties," in *The Politics of Research*, ed. E. Ann Kaplan and George Levine (New Brunswick, N.J.: Rutgers University Press, 1997), 191. It is also worth considering, in the context of contemporary academic feminism, the "cutthroat economy of academic visibility" which produces the celebrity identity of cultural studies in conflict with its critique of identity politics. See Laurie Langbauer, "The Celebrity Economy of Cultural Studies," *Victorian Studies* 36 (summer 1993): 471.

24. In fact, Solanas professed to be a lesbian and denied that she was a lesbian in various contexts.

25. Smith and van der Horst, 32.

26. Howard Smith, "Valerie Solanas Replies," *Village Voice*, 1 Aug. 1977, 28.

27. The *SCUM Manifesto* remains an influential feminist text. Although not widely anthologized in current feminist textbooks, an excerpt does appear in *Feminist Theory: A Reader*, ed. Wendy Kolmar and Frances Bartkowski (Mountain View, Calif.: Mayfield, 2000). And it was included in Robin Morgan's *Sisterhood Is Powerful: An Anthology of Writings from the Women's Liberation Movement* (1970) and *The Sixties Papers: Documents of a Rebellious Decade*, ed. Judith Clavir Albert and Stewart Edward Albert (1984). There are two current editions of the *SCUM Manifesto* in print, the original Olympia edition included in Mary Harron and Daniel Minahan's shooting script to the film *I Shot Andy Warhol*, and the 1997 edition from AK Press Distribution (Edinburgh, Scotland; San Francisco, Calif.). In addition, there are numerous web sites where the full text of the *SCUM Manifesto* may be accessed on-line, several which include commentary and biographical information about Solanas. For a listing of links, see Donny Smith's "Valerie Solanas" web site (note 11).