



Invisible Woman

BY

CLAIRE PHILLIPS

Valerie Solanas is best known as the author of 1967's uproarious and witty radical feminist SCUM Manifesto, which called for the elimination of money and annihilation of men. The manifesto since has been anthologized in Sisterhood Is Powerful, a classic anthology of early feminism. Solanas also was an avid correspondent with Andy Warhol and is famous for blackmailing him into producing the underground smash hit Invisible Woman, directed by Russ Meyer (after an early debacle involving an angry Paul Morrissey).

Solanas' ten thousand letters to Warhol have been distilled here to best represent the writer's enduring and noble spirit. Sometimes this meant cutting entire years, sometimes a season or two (mental illness is at its worst in the winter). For Solanas, writing was an outlet that made life tolerable. The Scum Manifesto, Up Your Ass and the letters attest to that need and Solanas' virtuosity. Simply put: No one said it better than Val. While Warhol must be given credit for nurturing her film career with early money and inspiration, it's the political daring of the author that shines through; if not for her indomitability, Invisible Woman might never have been salvaged by Meyer (who subsequently re-shot Morrissey's spaghetti-western bloodbath) and become the underground smash of 1972. Invisible Woman's influence on recent filmmakers is unmistakable, especially in the work of the two Todds, Solondz and Haynes. Solondz's entire oeuvre is an homage to Solanas, and Haynes' The Karen Carpenter Story and Safe wouldn't exist without Invisible Woman. Sadly, no woman since has had the fortitude and moxie to get such a daring script produced.

If not for the 2008-2015 California state budget crisis, Solanas might not have lost her post as an adjunct lecturer in the Women's Studies Department at San Francisco State University. As the debt wars raged, eventually she lost her Medicare discount and no longer was able to afford the costly prescriptions necessary to keep her stabilized. Two days after her medication lapsed, Solanas experienced the terror associated with a complete psychotic break; too scared to commit herself, and

aware of the long wait at the county hospital, she succeeded in ending her life on April 5, 2012, four days short of her seventy-sixth birthday. She didn't fear the end but saluted it.

Moments before Valerie's suicide, she phoned from her Tenderloin Hotel room and begged that I get it all down. I hope that the reader discovers in her letters the same earnest and volatile spirit with which she addressed her loved ones before she took that bitter plunge.

June 8th, 1968

Dear Andy Hepburn,

I think you had the right idea when you suggested I go *underground*. This place is teeming with invisible women. While you were being perverse in recommending I rewrite the science fiction classic *The Invisible Man*, you weren't wrong in pointing me in a new and powerful direction. (The joke you made about filming me in slow continuous motion at one of your parties wasn't taken lightly, I assure you.) When it comes down to it, you want more for me and I can appreciate that. Why should my potent revolutionary ideas remain at the periphery of popular culture when *SCUM*'s message is absolutely essential for the survival of womankind? You and I are in agreement: Pregnancy is a lame and repugnant biological predicament best left in the past. Technological birthing all the way! You've convinced me, my lame half-brother, that I must be willing to communicate with a larger Hollywood-going audience. To that end I've taken it upon myself to study the greatest post-war tragedy of all: the self-flagellating educated suburban woman. Bloomingdale is crawling in highly pampered females—passive goggle-eyed Daddy's Girls desperately relegating themselves to the backward mama-animal duties of a society stuck in the Middle Ages. A society unwilling to move into a technologically advanced future, one devoid of the unnecessary weaker sex, the second sex, the genetically fucked *Why? Why?* male (contrary to conventional turd thinking—the male is the whiniest sex of all—just ask a housewife, she'll tell ya). Here at Bloomingdale, home to the acting-out bourgeois princess in need of some quick-fix brainwashing and mind-control, there's never a free moment to think. If I can reach one

of these zombies, I can reach anyone. Whether participating in inane group discussions on “tear duct management” etc., partaking in infantilizing crayola art-making (nothing like *your* butterflies which are commanding while still suspect as “Great Art”) or decorating the drab airless dining room for the requisite patriarchal holidays, the well-fed tits of America are grossly unaware of the world around them. They eschew all knowledge of the economic and social inequities perpetuated by their self-serving Papas, self-abnegating Mamas. Not afraid for themselves or their daughters, these princesses work pitifully to “get better”: advertising their limp improvements to anyone who will listen. *My dreams aren't violent anymore. I've stopped hearing voices. I am not special. I am no one. I am empty.* Carefully controlled chlorpromazine zombies. Among them there is at least one healthy recruit, Andy. I'm convinced. One *couple-buster*. One ceaseless *unworker*. Maybe even another male auxiliary member. (With the exception of the doctors and gardeners, males are few and far between: I am not complaining.) As you know when it comes to realizing my goals, I don't give up easily. The social revolution will be filmed! I've got ideas a plenty. *Invisible Woman* is thrumming with life. Oh, by the way, thanks for the Ellison. I wasn't sure Pat would remember. She's super uptight, no? But I shouldn't be surprised. Like most near-gods, you want to live a long time.

I shoot you,

Val

July 4th, 1968

Dear A-bomb,

Did you forget to send me this month's alimony (ha-ha)? The motherfuckers posing at running this place while spending most of their time kicking around its grassy knolls, sucking at miniature golf, are threatening to throw me out or, worse, to make me perform weekly sessions of oral on some ugly titans of psychiatry. I suppose I can't blame them when it's expressly written in my file that sexual performance is an area in which I excel (“the abused are better in bed,” so it goes—heightened responses and all that). But the point here is not

whether I should continue to earn my keep the old fashioned way. Now that I'm an Artist in the worst sense of the word and I've risen in the ranks of the hoi polloi, from a nobody to a somebody, my time is valuable. I am worth something. I will not be able to continue my research, posing as a paranoid schizophrenic, for the sole purpose of watering down the SCUM message in order for it to be transmitted worldwide via Hollywood and Warhol Productions unless you make the said promised investment in my career. Please send monthly check of \$5,000 immediately to: Director of Bloomingdale. I will also need some serious cash to aid in bribing the best-looking babes here. Research shows the foxiest women are the greatest casualties of patriarchy. The women with the unbelievable knockers know it and won't put out for anything less than a hundred bucks. Have to *deepen* my knowledge of their trauma if you get my drift. Can you imagine getting all that attention (most of it unwanted) when you're young, only to be discarded at 35? At the height of your mental powers no less? Talk about INVISIBLE. Nonetheless these suburban bitches know how to take care of themselves. Even after a convulsive round of ECT (electro shock treatment if you didn't know), they've got it going on. On another note (did I already tell you, Andy?), oral is big here. Mainly because the food is so bad. Really tasteless and bland. Three hundred dollars should tide me through the week. On second thought make that five. I'm going to try and speed things up. Can't wait to get started on that script. Hollywood, here I come!

Your high priestess and incest queen,
Valerieeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

August 1, 1970

Dear Tomato Head,
Strange dreams interfere with my creative process. Last night (or was it the night before last?) I dreamt I was in the backseat of your car, a green Dodge Charger. Candy Darling was driving and you were in the passenger seat, mumbling in that fatuous tone of yours, "Candy, be careful not to

hit the garbage cans. I'd hate to be buried under a blizzard of trash." I didn't find it funny. The next thing I knew, it was snowing. Only the snow was drifting upwards in waves, making me nostalgic for that Christmas-time movie from my childhood. What was it? The massive lithium treatments here are doing violence to my short-term memory. I remember. *It's a Wonderful Life*. A strange pervy movie if you think about it. Just like the movie, my dream was in black and white. You were the president of a cat food company and it was my job to sell your product to supermarkets worldwide. I felt uneasy about it, to say the least. In the dream we continued to drive uptown along the West Side elevated highway until we ended up some place around 190th Street near the Hudson River. With no warning Candy gunned the Charger, running over a fantastic looking tall brunette whose arms were full with groceries. She reminded me of one of your Superstars I once met, Dirty Velvet, something like that. "Take this, you fake," she cried, obscuring her eyes in a flurry of glittering pink fingernails. "You can't die if you're not real," you jabbered. Then the scene went black. I emerged from the backseat of the car and you placed a clear test tube in my hand, the kind they sell in children's chemistry sets. Shoved within the confines of the thin glass resided a detached pencil-thin penis, graying with age. "Hey Valerie," you said, "I think you left this at the Factory." I woke with a start wondering, first, why I ever would want a cock. Second, why I was in the backseat of your car and not the one driving. The whole thing got me thinking maybe a collaborative movie project is a step backwards for me. We discussed my dream in group this morning. This particularly groovy chick, a Columbia dropout whose father owns nearly half of downtown Manhattan, pointed out the stark reality. *You, Andy Warhol, are the president of a cat food company, and I, Valerie Solanas, am selling meow-meow crap to a complacent imagination-starved public.* What kind of life is that for a vanguard revolutionary? I'm seriously reconsidering the writing of *Invisible Woman* and heading back to NY to finish what I started. There's a lot of action going on these days what with the Miss America protest and other radical feminist-type events, and I'm beginning to

wonder if being institutionalized is perhaps not the best use of my time. Wondering if maybe I'm missing my moment. Ellison's *Invisible Man* is cool, I dig it; it's truthful to the ugliness perpetrated against the black man, by white men and black alike; and especially right on when characterizing the bourgeois honeys who work hard to forget the unsavory truth of their money-grubbing existences through a lot of time-distracting mind-numbing sex. I've scheduled an extra session of occupational therapy so I can recover from that demented dream which is haunting me severely. I'm no longer so sure about *Invisible Woman*. You've still not responded to a single one of my outlines thus far. Are a woman's ideas that unappealing? (No surprise there.) Send me \$500 for more research and some halfway decent mary jane so I can clear my head. And a trench coat. Mine no longer fits due to the lack of exercise and appetite-increasing medications endemic to this place.

I will be shooting you,
Lav Val

P.S. Pat gives me the creeps. Send someone else.

August 5, 1970

Open letter to the Village Voice

Dear Members of SCUM:

Those of you who have been there since the inception, I need you more than ever. I have decided to mainstream the organization in the hopes of attracting more valued and valuable members to the SCUM way of thinking. Presently at 46, we are fairly large for a badass group of would-be extremists, but times have changed. With the advent of actions by radical-feminist groups such as NYWR and Cell 16, our basic tenets are being subsumed by a weaker ideology. While these organizations take to the streets, performing lackluster guerilla theater or organizing ineffectual sit-ins of male-run women's magazines, printing arty elitist magazines, SCUM is more mischievous, more diabolical, more arrogant than these copy-cat female lib organizations. (Remember I was the original member upon whose manifesto the

poorer imitations were based.) Unlike the middle-class reformists, we will not be satisfied with more opportunities to manage the shit pile, we will not be satisfied with fanatic-rule based revolution. We cannot be satisfied gazing at our navels. We must not forsake our allegiance to a true Utopian now; nothing short of the complete annihilation of the male will do. In order to resist the defanged schemes of The Feminists, NYWR and Cell 16—the time wasting sit-ins, Christmas-toy protests and useless karate training—and fight the real fight, we will need to increase our numbers. We must seize the moment. For some time now it's been rumored through the SCUM rumor mill—Candy Darling—that I have gone underground in my fight against the Man (the same Man who is eager for you to participate in burdening this beautiful Earth with more and more dutiful empty-headed children. Now a planet of nearly 4 billion when—dig this, in 1950 we were a mere 2.5 billion. At this rate, that will make us a planet of 9 billion people by 2010!). I am now writing this here open letter to confirm that the rumors are true. I have gone into hiding for the past year or two, posing as a paranoid schizophrenic to study the plight of the common psychotic bourgeois housewife and to pen an original kickass screenplay that will light this female supreme world on fire. (Beware SCUM, I have also fallen in love. While formerly opposed to sex, having deemed it a gross waste of time, I now find there is nothing more creative, charged and diabolical than the love generated between two love *able* women.) I'm taking the next step on the revolutionary ladder. To this end I reject the male stereotype of power in which one inferior toad lords over countless minions, and thereby open up SCUM to a healthy egalitarian dialogue (yawn). Andy Warhol—our first and most loaded auxiliary male member—has offered to produce a SCUM movie, with an eye to getting independent studio money and distribution. Watch out *Barbarella*. We are breaking into the mainstream and striking where it counts: the mom and pop cinema house. Members of SCUM, you are invited to vote on several possible versions of the original screenplay, *Invisible Woman*, a work loosely based on the earlier works of HG Wells and Ralph Ellison. Why base

our media exploits on the works of men, you ask?
In a word we are building a bridge to the Patriarchy
in order to one-day blow it up. Interested members
please write: Lav Val c/o Bloomingdale Psychiatric
Hospital, White Plains, NY

Signed,
SIR*

*sister in rebellion

October 2, 1970

Dear SCUM Participant,
Thank you for your interest in the advancement
of SCUM. Please find enclosed one screenplay—
Invisible Woman—penned by Lav Val (aka Valerie
Solanas). Note throughout the script, numbered
options 1-8. Please include your thoughts in the
space marked: your answer here. Black pen is
preferred for obvious reasons. Pencil is impossible
to read! Also could easily be erased by The Man
working undercover in the mailroom.

Yours,
SIR (aka Valerie Solanas)

Invisible Woman (Version One)

OPEN ONTO A BLACK SCREEN. A cool
and mellow FEMALE VOICE CUTS IN: Hey,
when you were a kid did you ever think you would
end up—you know—alone, confused, messed-
over, fucked-over, messed-up, mucked-over,
ignored, personified, derided, diseased, left for
near-dead, mutilated, sexually assaulted, mentally
pilfered, emotionally pillaged, intellectually
voided, economically disabled, bored, blistered,
imprisoned and filliped. Doped up. Mentally
broken. Forgotten. Ignored. Forlorn. Suicidal.
Convulsing. Pharmaceutically engineered. The
butt of psychiatric workers' jokes? If you were
Cindy Normal, you sure as hell didn't. But Cindy
Normal is not as *normal* as you would think.
(BEAT) Tell 'em Cindy. Go ahead and tell the nice
zombie audience what ya think.

FADE IN: A shimmering, glimmering
presence WEAVING in and out of the starkly
black frame. Another female voice seemingly
emanates from it, one with hard-earned wisdom
and a funky sort of kindness:

FUNKY FEMALE VOICE: "I am an invisible
woman. No, I am not a drug addicted harlot like
those poor, little, rich girls who haunt that A-Head,
Andy Warhol's movies; nor am I one of your
manufactured Hollywood-movie femme fatales.
I am a woman of grand importance, of superior
intellectual and emotional ability—and I am one
hundred percent whole, baby. An XX and not a
half-er like you XYs. You can't see me because you
are blind and unwilling to accept the truth, that
your fate is inextricably linked with mine. I give
you life and I taketh it away. Bottom line, man was
a mistake. You know it. I know it. The indigenous
people of the Peruvian Andes know it. All living,
breathing entities on Earth are in the know. After
a two-year hibernation in the great suburban
holding tanks of brilliant dispossessed females, I
am here to rectify evolution's mistake. Clear and
colorless like a diamond, I refract the truth, phasing
out impurities whenever I shine. The hardest
mineral around, I bend and slow whatever tries to
pass through me. Nothing can stop me. I control
the hearts of the people. I control minds. I am
invincible. Awomen." (Using the slightly modified
language of the man, we strike terror in his heart.)

Music CUTS IN. Judy Garland singing,
"Somewhere over the rainbow." (1) Might be
expensive, which could be a problem depending
on the size of the budget. An alternate tune here?
Your answer here:-----

SCENE ONE: (Note to reader: Because this is a
womacentric film and not male-fashioned poop,
there will be no attempt to structure things in a
long drawn out and insipid fashion, an age-old
tactic which adds up in serious production dollars,
needlessly. No joke.)

A MONTAGE of misery. Cindy Normal growing

up in New Canaan, Connecticut. Pristine green lawns and suffocating blue skies. Tricycle wheels. Cindy budding into girlhood, gliding down wide tree-lined suburban streets on a green banana seat bike. A fat-faced daddy alternating between raping eight-year old Cindy and trying to impress her with the blueprints for an International Style house. The flat roof and full-height glass walls do nothing *for* her. He gets mad and fucks her again. By now Cindy Normal ain't feelin' so *normal*.

Music CUTS IN: "Somewhere over the rainbow." (2) Again, music optional. Instead of this treacle-y shit, we could insert a recording of Cindy Normal's mother on the telephone pleading with the police to patently ignore the fact that her daughter was found stealing an 8-track cassette of Janis Joplin's latest and greatest. Your answer here:-----.

POLICE OFFICER

She's a delinquent.

RICH NO-IDENTITY WIFE

No. She's a very precocious girl, who sometimes forgets to take money with her to the store. You see, we are rich-rich and her father is a BIG BIG man and he sticks it to her whenever he can.

POLICE OFFICER

Excuse me Mrs. Van Franklin. Did you just say her father *sticks* it to her?

RICH NO-IDENTITY WIFE

(shrieking with mid-summer lake club laughter)
No, no officer. I said he *slips* it to her. The *money*. My husband slips her a one hundred dollar bill on Sundays whenever they go to the store to buy candy and cigarettes.

POLICE OFFICER

Your husband buys her cigarettes?

RICH NO-IDENTITY WIFE

(heavy sigh—she's gettin' bored.)
Cigarettes for him, candy for her. Honestly, officer. Do you really think Mr. Van Franklin, the head of

Empire State Slums and king of 5th Avenue Poop, has time to make problems at home? He's busy making money and despoiling the environment with his mania for financial markets and growth. Cindy is never going to rival her daddy—she's a thin-lipped fuzzy little girl with no thoughts of her own. She's like me! I mean, just think about it—what time does Mr. Van Franklin have to turn our little Cindy into a rebel or a neurotic when there are ever more people to house? Ever more people to gouge?

POLICE OFFICER

(you can just hear those teeny, tiny cogs a-turnin')
I see your point.

RICH NO-IDENTITY WIFE

Why would Cindy need to steal when her father practically pays single handedly for your annual gala and parade?

POLICE OFFICER

(pause)
I'll bring her right over.

RICH NO-IDENTITY WIFE

That's okay. Take your time. Go ahead and screw her if you want to.

POLICE OFFICER

I'd like to. My wife is so exhausted from the long hours she works cleaning windows downtown for the Port Authority, at night she can barely lift a nipple in my direction. I kid you not.

RICH NO-IDENTITY WIFE

Same thing with my housekeepers. No matter how young they are, after a long day of slaving away, they're always so weak and underperforming in the bedroom. It kind of makes you sad.
(sighing)

But I guess that's the price you pay not to be the only pair of tits in the house.

POLICE OFFICER

Guess so. Guess so.

INTERCUT more unhappy shit like this. Cindy being ridiculed at school for wearing a pleated skirt covered in semen stains. In gym class the mean girls lighting her pubic hair on fire. All day long Cindy is vilified for being smart. She has all the answers and the boys don't like it, and neither do the girls. What's more, she's brilliant at science and is suspended from high school (she's too rich to be expelled) when the shit hits the fan: She's caught digging a Phillips screwdriver into the sanctified skull of a state senator's son.

CINDY

(in a groovy geometric plastic dress)

I wanted to see the prefrontal cortex firsthand. I wanted to perform an experiment. I wanted to find out if Jack (the boy's name) has any instincts, or if he is all detachment and control.

PRINCIPAL

(preppy slack faced man with a come-over)

Jack is the school president. Why would you want to hurt him?

CINDY

I should have been president. I had more votes.

PRINCIPAL

Maybe so. But let's not forget about the ten votes that were cast by gum-chewing girls in pre-washed denim jeans that had to be discounted. Don't you remember, Cindy? We held a school-wide assembly to discuss the matter. It was agreed and settled upon last month.

CINDY

I feel funny.

PRINCIPAL

You *look* funny, holding that screwdriver (gaping)

Cindy you are AWFULLY pretty. But didn't you know, the WACs are a thing of the past.

CINDY

(a far-away glimmer in her eye)

We studied World War II last week in Mrs. Positan's class.

PRINCIPAL

That's right. Now drop your weapon.

(back tracks)

I mean, give me the screwdriver, Cindy. And you can go back to class.

CINDY

I want to study pre-calculus.

PRINCIPAL

Okay, Cindy. You can study anything you want but first come to my office and pee in a cup.

CINDY

Why is everyone so interested in my pee and poo?

PRINCIPAL

Men are anally fixated. Didn't you know? Haven't you read Freud?

CINDY

Freud?

The madras-shorts-wearing principal drapes an arm about the budding SCUM heroine, giving her the once over.

PRINCIPAL

One day, Cindy, you will learn, men are the cause of all the world's problems. All the major philosophers outline it in all the books. Something tells me you know that already.

CINDY

I'd like to think women play some part in the human condition.

PRINCIPAL

(shaking his head gravely)

I don't think so. It's not possible for women to play any of the important roles.

CINDY

(brightening)

They make babies. That's important.

PRINCIPAL

Baby-making is not a “role.” It’s a biological function, like eating and shitting and fucking.

CINDY

(smartly)

I play a role when I’m in drama class.

PRINCIPAL

Ho ho, ho ho. You can be an actress for a time, a very small sliver of time. Everyone knows for a woman in Hollywood it’s practically over the moment it starts.

CINDY

(turning red)

Broadway. I’ll star on Broadway.

PRINCIPAL

(quizzically)

I thought you wanted to study pre-calculus.

In a fit of apoplectic confusion Cindy decks the Principal. Snatching the screwdriver from his hand, she returns to the business of carving a fair-sized hole into Jack’s prefrontal lobe. She is disappointed to find after making the hole that she cannot see clear out the back of his head. (3) Could be more graphic. Cindy could jam the screwdriver all the way up Jack’s butt, steering for his throat. This might be more in keeping with the male obsession with shit, and a direct consequence of her conversation with the principal. Your answer here:-----.

CUT TO a sleazy hotel room. Cindy in see-through underthings eating ice cream on a sleazy unmade bed. On the TV, lighthaired women in drab knee-length dresses are blowing kisses at the camera. “What we want is sweetness and light. We want to be known for our goodness, for our willingness to work at poopy jobs, not for our radical beliefs.”

Mesmerized by the female solidarity, Cindy grabs her small square-ish print-flowered suitcase and heads out the door for the local train station and New York.

EXT. THE TRAIN—DAY

As luck would have it, Cindy accidentally bumps into her father on his way back to the city to topple a rival semi-titan developer. He has a final go at his daughter in the claustrophobic and filthy train bathroom. Cindy acquiesces when he promises not to tell her mother that she’s on the lam.

EXT. ST. MARK’S CHURCH—ABORTION PROTEST—LATER THAT DAY

A group of chopper-riding hippie types are ridiculing a small group of blonde ultra-clean women dressed in flowing light colored religious looking frocks. One of the angry dirty hippie types shoves one of the angelic hippie types to the ground. Cindy Normal pauses with her suitcase, taking in the whole scene. The women being tormented are the same women she saw on the television. (4) Wondering if I should include cameos of poets and artists associated with St. Marks for posterity’s sake like that tool Anne Waldman or creepy male-identified Martha Graham? Albino Andy? Nah. That’s dumb. Don’t bother to respond.

ANGRY DIRTY HIPPIE TYPE

This is our beat. Find another church where you can spread your Patriarchal bullshit. We want abortions on demand.

SISTER OF SWEETNESS AND LIGHT

We will help you see the light and find your way to Jesus.

ANGRY DIRTY HIPPIE TYPE

I don’t want Jesus. I want an abortion.

CINDY NORMAL

(butting in)

I need an abortion. My father just made me on the train and I think I’m ovulating.
(placing a knowing hand to her forehead)
Yes. It’s that time of month.

ANGRY DIRTY HIPPIE TYPE

This is what we mean. Girls like...what’s your name, sister?

CINDY NORMAL
Cindy. Cindy Normal.

ANGRY DIRTY HIPPIE TYPE
Girls like Cindy need our help.

Angry Hippie holds up a homespun type magazine with the super passive banner *Hope Is a Four-Letter Word for Yes We Can!* Everyone gathers around, ooing and ahing. Even the angelic religious chicks show interest in the journal, it's that bland and unassuming.

SECOND SISTER
(flipping through the pages)
What pretty colors. How did you do this?

ANGRY DIRTY HIPPIE TYPE
(beaming)
Hand-letter press. Isn't it something?
(addressing Cindy)
We can help you get an abortion. It's legal in Mississippi if you've been raped. You did say your father did this to you.
(leaning in)
I'm assuming it wasn't consensual.

CINDY NORMAL
(confused)
I don't want an abortion.

Cindy, still a little normal, sheds a tear.

CINDY NORMAL
I want to have the baby. I want my baby to live!

SISTER OF SWEETNESS AND LIGHT
Welcome to the fold honey. Come on! We'll keep you safe during your pregnancy and even help you to find a job. Maybe even a husband of religious faith.

CINDY NORMAL
In my family there was no faith. Only an outsized interest in money and, in my case, a budding interest in science.

SISTER OF SWEETNESS AND LIGHT
You have so much to learn!

The Sisters of Sweetness and Light huddle together, enfolding Cindy in the deceptive glow of the cult.

MONTAGE: Cindy doing charity work. Cindy BIG with Daddy's baby. At night Cindy ogling the contents of a secret child's chemistry kit stashed under her bed when the dwellers of The Church of Sweetness and Light are safely asleep. Cindy expelling the baby after much hardship. Cash exchanging hands and baby going bye-bye in the arms of a happy young white couple. Mean HEADSISTER counting the cash before instructing a fat priest to go to Cindy in the middle of the night to knock her up again. Cindy collapsing on her bed as a mean hypodermic is driven into her butt cheek, falling unconscious to be raped by an ugly balding priest. The following day Cindy crawling out her basement window and fleeing, to end up poor and broke on the streets of Harlem, turning tricks, before luck should have it she crosses paths with her father, the SLUMLORD, who begrudgingly takes her home.

MR. VAN FRANKLIN
(shaking his head)
Now, no more funny business.

CINDY NORMAL
No more funny business. I swear it.

MR. VAN FRANKLIN
You'll agree to attend a nice and expensive finishing school and leave your mother and me in peace.

CINDY NORMAL
Yes, father.

MR. VAN FRANKLIN
Okay daughter, you're coming home with me. One thing.. (eyes climbing steel and glass corporate tombs) ...you must tell your mother that for the past seven months you were at a friend's house studying for your GED.

CINDY NORMAL
(smiling through tears)
Whatever you say, Daddy.

MONTAGE: The Greenwich estate. In a massive living room, Cindy alone on a stuffy floral couch in a bland yellow dress looking soulless and depressed. Outdoors on a brightly colored lounge chair overlooking the stable and ten-acre estate, listless and bored. In bed, balled into a fetal position weeping uncontrollably.

MRS. VAN FRANKLIN
You're lying.

CINDY NORMAL
I've never lied to you. He's been doing it to me for years!!

MRS. VAN FRANKLIN
(reaching for the phone on the wall)
You've been sick for years. I've tried to protect you from the truth. Cindy, you have a terrible disease. You are not normal at all. You are a paranoid schizophrenic. Everything that has happened to you is a *delusion*. You are a crazy little girl, and I won't let you hurt your father like this.

CLOSE on Mrs. Van Franklin's flared and sinister nostrils.

MONTAGE: In the ambulance on the way to the psychiatric hospital, Cindy forced to give a blow-job to the fat awkward-looking EMS attendant. At the hospital, after a battery of nonsensical questions, Cindy receiving her diagnosis: paranoid schizophrenic. On a gurney Cindy being wheeled up the hall to the shock shop. Receiving multiple shots and pills, passing out. Being revived from the dead with a blast of oxygen, for another unendurable round of ECT. Cindy convulsing uncontrollably, flailing about on the cold hard table, incurring the inevitable bone breakage. In the Bloomingdale lounge soon thereafter, Cindy in multiple leg and arm casts propped up in a wheelchair, drooling.

ENTER mentor and political guru, psychiatric patient Lav Val, a groovy intellectual type who has experienced all the horrors and pleasures that the world has to offer, all with her very own vulva. Not afraid of anyone or anything, including the barrage of disembodied voices that are part and parcel of living in a media-saturated capitalist world, particularly present for the "schizophrenic." Billboards, TV ads, magazine ads, radio commercials. It's planned psychic confusion, 24/7. Lav Val is the first person to explain the significance of this heightened state of awareness to the paranoid schizophrenic in-training Cindy Normal. She teaches Cindy how to do IT, become crazy and let Her-story and the truth prevail. (S) No need to hog the limelight. The role of Lav Val could be played by another charismatic SCUM member. Suggestions?-----

EXT. BLOOMINGDALE KITCHEN-DAY
The grimy institutional KITCHEN where Lav Val and Cindy Normal perform a whole lot of Unpaid Housework. Cindy can now walk, but still wears a cast on her right arm. Her eyes are jaundiced-looking with clouded over pupils. Her hair is falling out in clumps. She looks like a sixty year-old woman and she is only seventeen!

CINDY NORMAL
Nobody sees me.

LAV VAL
I see you. You're cool and bright like a world-class diamond. You shimmer and shine. You're a creative original, earthy, free-wheelin' and brilliant.

CINDY NORMAL
(looking up from her mopping)
Do you think so?

LAV VAL:
I can read your thoughts. You think on a superior plane.

CINDY NORMAL
It's true. When I was barred from learning calculus at school, I taught myself. I know eight

languages, simply by listening to foreign language records alone in my room. *Você é uma pedra fria fox.**
(*Portuguese for *You are one stone cold fox*)

LAV VAL

That's amazing. You're destined for great things.

CINDY NORMAL

(tearing up)

I'm a prisoner and a psychotic. I'm all washed up. Maybe when my father dies, I'll inherit some money and can go back to school.

LAV VAL

If your mother doesn't spend it first!

CINDY NORMAL

(drooling)

For sure. She hates me. My father raped me multiple times. Did I tell you? Started with Dad and those nasty Sunday morning trips to the "candy store."

(in a gruff voice)

"Let Daddy show you a sweet spot they don't advertise on TV." Yeah. Right.

LAV VAL

Some daddy.

CINDY NORMAL

Some sweet spot.

LAV VAL

Listen Cindy, you need a plan. You do want a future without murky feelings, tranqs, liquid thorazine, seclusion and dim bulbs, don't you?

CINDY NORMAL

(nodding)

I want an exciting job, the chance to go to an elite college.

LAV VAL

That's not the answer, believe me. I've been to school. They bend everything to fit into the man's interests. The Man this. The Man that. There's no room for you and your ideas. A college degree is just another opportunity to feel ripped off and

denied, without the monetary compensation that comes from its more honest cousin—prostitution. Trust me, chickie, you don't want to go there.

CINDY NORMAL

I trust you.

(slobbering)

Your eyes are so dark and intense. I trust you. If only you weren't a woman, I'd have your baby.

LAV VAL

You *can* have my baby. They have sperm banks now. All we need to do is take one of my eggs, fertilize it with a useless genius' sperm, and then shove it inside you to incubate.

CINDY NORMAL

(sobs)

I can hardly follow what you're saying. It feels like a brick is in my head.

LAV VAL

(searching Cindy's hollowed out eyes)

How many treatments did you get today?

CINDY NORMAL

I dunno. My mother says it's not enough. I can still remember what happened when I was eleven.

LAV VAL

(hugging Cindy)

You're really screwed. Tell you what let's duck out at lunch and head upstairs to the broom closet where I can explain to you in depth my plan for female liberation and an end to *pussy envy*. Remember Cindy, every last male is crude and rude like your Daddy—that unctuous slumlord creep. We're doing the world a favor by dispensing of the male gender. The men will be happy about it, too. That they despise their own company is nothing new. What do you suppose they mean when they bark, "Peace and quiet, I just want some peace and quiet"? I'll tell you. They want a break from the horror that is conversing and competing with their own kind. Men are superfluous now that we have advanced reproductive breakthroughs like cloning. Automation is the key.

Cindy's ashen complexion suddenly blooms a rosy pink. The shock-treatment princess is coming back-to-life.

CINDY NORMAL
I *do* like science.

LAV VAL
You can perform all the science you like once the men have been vanquished, Cindy. You can run the cloning mills. We will clone women by the tens of thousands. Smart, groovy, sexy, creative, fun-loving, agrarian, militant, scientific, adroit females. You will never feel alone or threatened again.

CINDY NORMAL
(sputtering)
I have hope.

LAV VAL
You are the movement's shining star. Just remember one thing, when they give you tranqs—don't swallow. Stay conscious, Cindy, and I'll meet you in the broom closet at noon.

INT. BROOM CLOSET—NOON
A darkened broom closet illuminated by a single light bulb. Lav Val and Cindy engaged in platonic love. Lots of handholding, wordless eye gazing, finger fucking. A union of soul and mind, little physical contact: This is a platonic relationship between mutually respecting women, the best possible relationship. Include excerpts from the *SCUM Manifesto* here. (6) Suggested passages?:-----.

LAV VAL
It's a mind control thing, Cin. Concentrate on the plan. With each zap of ECT, envision your mind expanding, becoming all-charged and all-powerful. Set the collective consciousness of the world on fire. [Been reading Maria von Franz on Jung—great stuff!] Imagine the neural gateways of the inferior male flooding open to absorb the SCUM objectives, at your command.

Drag queen DANA DARLING, the Head

Doctor's administrative assistant, opens the door.

DANA DARLING
(hushed voice)
Is everything okay in here?

LAV VAL
Yes. We're almost ready. Did you get us signed up for the treatments?

DANA DARLING
You're first on the list after lunch. Well, first after that spoiled brat from Santa Barbara. She needs another bout of shocking, freakin' bad. She nearly burned down the lounge smoking with her city friends who came to visit this morning. The sign over the door clearly reads *No Smoking*. But they ignored it, using paper bags for ashtrays. What kind of fool uses a paper bag for an ashtray? They weren't smoking the usual type of cigarettes either. Dr. Penizlips nearly blew a fuse. I had to give him a long neck rub for over an hour to calm him down. He's soooo emotional. I deserve a raise, I really do. He would be a basket case without me. If he weren't such a third-rate neurosurgeon, he'd have a nice job at some nice calm hospital cutting out tumors. Instead he's here at Bloomingdale overseeing spoiled Daddy's girls whose husbands and parents want them sedated or jailed. And the truth is, I'm the one who's doing all the work.

CINDY NORMAL
That's terrible!

LAV VAL
(smoothing Cindy's brow)
Calm down, honey. After the revolution, everything's gonna be alright.

MONTAGE: Nighttime all across the globe. Men half-asleep tossing and turning in bourgeois bedrooms, state buildings, hotels, tenement housing, thatched roof huts and cardboard boxes. Unbeknownst to the male gender, he is being bombarded with a low-frequency psychic damage, a charge unlike anything he's known before.

VOICE OVER

In the still of night when he last expects it, “man” is challenged to “see” himself as he is seized by a powerful crush of conscience. The hostility of angry ex-wives, witchcraft divined curses, and CIA ELF magnetic noise are of no comparison to the supercharged trans-temporal waves of two out-of-sight intellectually-gifted open-hearted female friends given to the task of eradicating earth of its inferior Y-hobbled human occupant, none other than the mis-creator of the A-bomb, colonial imperial nasty man with an unmitigated zeal for spreading sexual disease and environmentally destructive war, cruel perpetrator of biological and intellectual rape of women across the globe. The list of crimes against nature perpetrated by the male is unending. In his heart of hearts he knows what he has done. Unmitigated daily treachery against his mother, wives, daughters and sisters is an unsupportable burden. Only his very eradication will lessen his sentence. He knows what he must do.

MONTAGE: Zombified men jumping from bridges, skyscraper rooftops. Rising abruptly in bed to slit their own throats through the use of butcher knives, exacto-knives, cleavers, sabers, shivs, icepicks, you name it. The worst perpetrators of crimes against women—the Psychiatrists, the Great Artists and Hotshot Entrepreneurs—officiate an end predicated on the tools of their trade. Psychiatrists lock themselves in medication rooms where they imbibe all the over-prescribed medicines they can get their hands on: Psychotropics, Antipsychotics, tranqs, urine inhibitors, good vibe inhibitors, diet pills, Dexedrine in all its permutations, Luminol, Solfotin, Darvon, Lithium, mood enhancers, mood stabilizers, medications for blood clots and brain seizures and high blood pressure. Psychiatric technicians pummel the doctors with metal chairs as the toxic dose kicks in, before performing similar acts of self-elimination. Special treatment awaits the Psychiatric Director who will strap himself into the shock shop with no down time between grand mal inducing zaps. Forbidden the use of anesthetic and forgoing the customary rubber block and mask

for high intensity inhumane ECT treatments, he will shake and bake until he is a smoking, writhing mess. An even worse fate is in store for the Great Artist who pisses away most of the day, then pisses into a cup making grand sums of money by calling it Fine Art. By injecting large amounts of silver nitrate into over-prized veins, a slow orgy of death is in store for all so-called artists, actors, directors and producers working in cahoots to mind control the female population into a giddy consumer submission. Millionaires and bankers will be eliminated through the forced ingestion of their fortunes, one dollar at a time. So many over-valued professions, so many men, so many ways to die....
(7) Your desired suicides here:-----

CUT TO BLACK SCREEN. Scratches in the film are predictive of a changing world. AN AUTHORITY FEMALE VOICE CUTS IN: In the beginning was the Woman, and the Woman was with god, and the Woman was god. Then something terrible happened. Man. Man who fucked it all up with his money, and his bomb, and his endless, mindless screwing. But Woman was not as dumb as he wanted to believe. Through SCUM’s unworking and fuck-upping, through Lav Val’s brilliant execution of electromagnetic mind control, Woman gained the upper hand, turning the violent weaponry of his social and political oppression against him. In no time, he was eradicated.

A TINKERBELL-TYPE PRESENCE emerges onto the screen.

CINDY NORMAL (V.O.)

Man refuses to acknowledge my intelligence and I turn hard like a diamond, cutting his mind like he tried to cut into mine. Bending light, I turn his violent heart back on him. He is a glad participant in his eradication. I shine brightly like a world-class diamond. I am hard and invincible. I am everyone who has suffered under this male-dominance pooppy shit, who has had to mop up after this sick little parasite, eat his economic and social lies, who has had to act like his-story isn’t a lie. Toadies and doormats, I am you.

CREDITS: VALERIE SOLANAS, PRODUCER, DIRECTOR, SCREENWRITER, ACTRESS,
GREAT MIND

SCUM PARTICIPANTS: (8) Your name here: -----

ROLLING UNDER CREDITS: Cindy Normal in her palatial room at the Woman Palace, sweetly dancing to her newfound freedom, overlooking a vista of women playing and working together in perfect harmony on rolling acres of green farmland, making excellent man-hating jokes. A few de-manned males are scattered about in loincloths like mindless statues or automatons catering to the female's every wish, existing in perfect obedience to the superior gender's demands.

MUSIC CUTS IN: Female baroque voiced singing of the new world anthem: "Smell of Utopia."

On a distant hill, one pockmarked-faced naked albino male in an unflattering silver wig held captive in a gilded cage. He is observed with childlike wonder by thousands of vacationing tourists on their way to WICCA.

THE END. (FUCK YOU ANDY) ⑤

A HISTORY OF THE CINEMA 1972

Nicolas Roeg directs *A Clockwork Orange* after rumors of Stanley Kubrick's interest in the film prove unfounded. Rolling Stones manager Andrew Loog Oldham acquires the film rights to Anthony Burgess's 1962 novel after the success of Stones' rivals the Beatles' *A Hard Day's Night* and *Help!* Roeg opens discussions with Mick Jagger on the set of *Performance* and the singer is cast as Alex, with the rest of the band as his fellow "droogs." The soundtrack's murky blues, sung in the film's weird future teenspeak, divides critics and infuriates Burgess, but *O, My Little Droogies* will become revered as a classic double-album.

ANTHONY MILLER