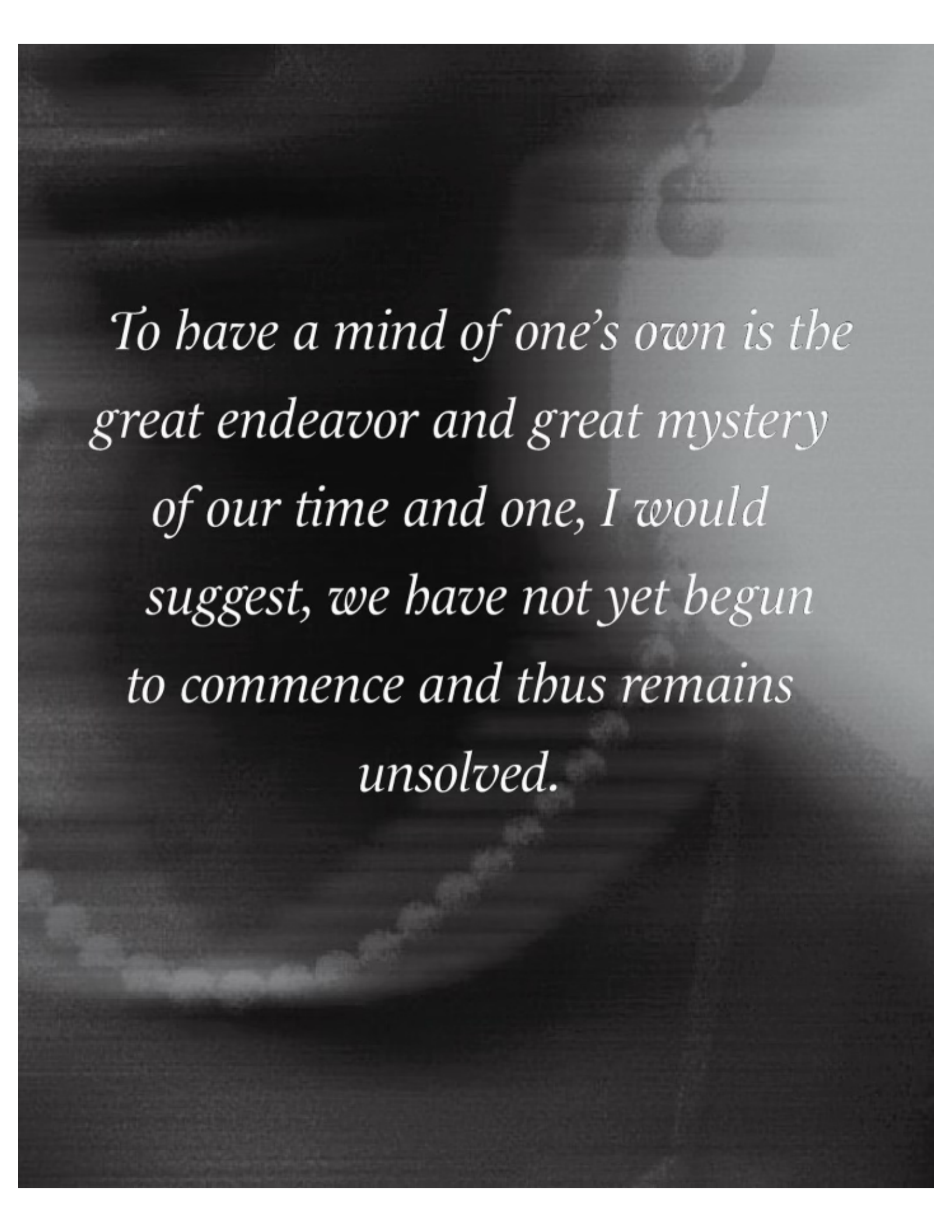




ON
POWER
&
SOVEREIGNTY

Nicole Daedone



*To have a mind of one's own is the
great endeavor and great mystery
of our time and one, I would
suggest, we have not yet begun
to commence and thus remains
unsolved.*

I would go even further to suggest that we have not even broken ground, have not had the great inaugural event of woman autonomous, that would bring us into our rightful interiority, the only region wherein true sovereignty can be carved out, recovered, hallowed.



*We have built identities atop a consciousness, a land that is not our own.
A land of impacted ideas, beliefs, systems, and institutions
that we have appropriated into.*

To be woman is to be defined by accommodation, the unconscious and acquiescent adherence to non-native habitats, or the unconscious swing of the pendulum of backlash that is the predictable result of any animal living in a state of perpetual adjustment, lost in translation.

The original language of woman has been abandoned. She is seen, known, felt, and experienced even to herself through the earpiece of the thrice-removed inner voice of the translator. There is no original text to return to, and few if any who can decipher the meaning of her, on her terms.

The internal, screech-level injunction to know thyself is translated to “live in perpetual response and eventual reaction to the external world, devoid of any self that would interfere with the procedure of the day—to accommodate the narrative of other.”

The narrative being either concordant or discordant with man, in subjugation to or opposition of. But never bearing the mark of the wholly self-owned, the paradoxical state of radically unique (as in, to the root) capacity for communion. It is neither merging or giving over, nor holding out with demand that another give in—but the capacity to stretch across the chasm of one’s existence to hold the two poles of the human self; autonomy and reciprocity that would move us into the chain of human existence and out of mere chains.

It is only when both poles are connected that electricity can flow, and it is only when this flow exists—this flow being the conscious human identity—that we can project ourselves into the world and not live as mere projection screens onto which life and the identities and projections play out upon us. **In our quest, as women, to live the non-objectified life, we have done everything but the one thing that would make us non-objectifiable: the activation of an identity that plays out only the landscape of life rather than merely being played upon.**

In fact, woman has been complicit in the collective agreement that her value is based on her capacity to exist as object, that her work in this life is the perpetual management of the forces of nature that would exist within her, of her innate power, lest they erupt and disrupt to show for everyone concerned. It matters not the film; whether she is the submissive, fragile, long-suffering victim or the torch-in-hand crusading heroine, if she is the eagle-eyed feminist meter-maid pumping out tickets to the patriarchy or the character donning the boons of the culture, the rise to the top despite all odds we-can-do-it, or the whole host of ready-made costumes that exist for the stage actor who is woman.