

Sisterhood Isn't Powerful



Marisa Crawford

I kept a log in the 1990s of every detail of every outfit that I wore every single day.

I got the idea from my sister and got my fashion inspiration from my sister and from boys in the yearbook and girls in cassette tapes and girls in the School Watch section of *Seventeen*. The ones that looked like deer in headlights.

I wanted to know all the words to every song, so I listened to my stereo, pressed play, pause, wrote, rewound, repeat.

Tuesday: Velour stripe with jeans, sunglasses, blood lipstick.

If I wanted to hear the song again I would rewind the tape. And in that rewinding was a moment. Like how we use “moment” in catalog writing, or in epic Latin-based romance languages. The picture frames carefully arranged on the wall. The girl with brown hair and blue mascara. When we talk about feminist history.

The moment of pressing play was my sister in a fury with a locked door in her way.

I am worried about the next generation of girls. The ones who did not grow up exactly like me. The ones on the Internet all night long. The ones who have access to all the words to all of the world's songs. The ones that look like deer in headlights.

Keeping a log is a great way to keep track of your outfits so you don't repeat them.

The Internet is a great place to find feminist solidarity, and front-lit photographs of Courtney Love.

My brain tickles all night long. My outfits. I could quit my job. I got the idea from her.

I could dye my hair red I got the idea from you.

I could love my sister even though we no longer wear the same clothes. I got that idea from Juliana Hatfield and her band in the 90s which was called the Juliana Hatfield Three but not in that it was made up of three sisters.

I got the idea of imagining a world without feminism from *Manifesta* by Amy Richards and Jennifer Baumgardner. I tried to picture myself smiling enormously while jumping up and down on a giant trampoline.

I don't know where my sister went but I know I can't save her. I could make her a mix ~~tape~~ CD of songs about sisters including the Juliana Hatfield song but that wouldn't save her either.

She gave me that tape because she didn't want it anymore. I could make her a list of all my clothes. All the ones I stole, all the ones I didn't steal.

Wednesday: Orange stripe over long-sleeved Stussy shirt. Dog tags. Noodle necklace.

In *Forever Barbie*, M.G. Lord says that our daughters are miniature

versions of ourselves. That every girl's Barbie is a miniature version of herself. I named my baby doll after my sister. I hung my Barbie from a noose in my locker.

The Internet says that Juliana Hatfield didn't really have a sister. The Internet says that I could have bangs just like you.

Thursday: *Live Through This* shirt under gray flannel. Torn jeans.

Manifesta was worried about the state of feminism in America in the 90s. How the second wave looked down on the next generation like stuffy old moms who knew better.

Where will the next generation find song lyrics? Where will they find pleasure? What will they wear?

Friday: Black and yellow daisy dress. Blue butterfly barrette in hair.

I read my sister's diary. In 1990. Hand jobs and house parties and hair metal. All my earring holes have closed up where you/my sister should be.

If you see a crack in the pavement, put your hands in it.
Put your hands in the air if you can't imagine your life without the Internet.

Put your hands in the air if you remember a world without it.