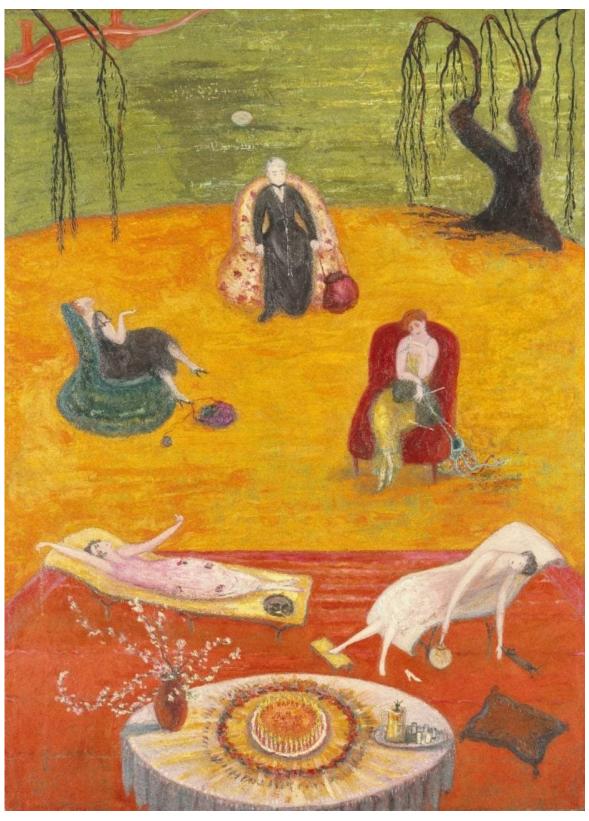
Sisters Are Doing It & More

by <u>Myles Weber</u> (August 2025)



Heat (Florine Stettheimer, 1919)

Sisters Are Doing It for Themselves

Superb vocalists both—our Annie and Aretha—
made the boast in a hit song produced and co-written
by David Stewart, the bearded sister
who laid down backing tracks on keyboards and guitar.

Mike and Nathan covered lead and bass, Stan tapped the drums, with the organ tuned by Mr. Benmont Tench.

That's seven sisters in bold collaboration.

In the same era, when critics on occasion slipped the truth past editor and publisher, Pauline Kael panned a weepy women's flick.

Sisters are doing it to themselves was her complaint.

The 1980s. Back then they let you keep your job.

Walk It Back

The Polish poet so regretted her Stalin phase her Stalin praise she pulped her early collections.

She'd never gone on the attack making fists making lists

to end careers much less terminate the lives of others.

To be honest, the poet hadn't much to walk back.

No more than
tacit walking
tacit talking
did she include in later books.

She let her silence whisper for her.

In our land honored artists

culpability retraced

culpability embraced

walk it forward because we laud them.

Everyone is shameless here.

Icelandic Bishop

Two female therapists welcome to the podcast a gay man from Iceland who hopes to end the mutilation. He explains, through the accent, a compatriot bishop has a transgender son and the bishop's sister has one too.

We're not allowed to talk about social contagion.

Their guest has more to say on the matter but the interviewers, while sympathetic, interrupt. This much is certain: Up north faith is shifting. Transgender Jesus decorates buses, imparted silicone breasts by the church. The bishop and the sister are both proud parents, but—hear me out—exceedingly so? I'm curious, should the cousins recant in tandem (or just one), what sort of treatment do apostates receive? The therapists suppress the most pertinent question

about these Nordic children: Were they spared the knife?

The Jogger

We're not allowed to spell it out.

The facts could forge a warped conviction.

Indictments are subliminal.

The jogger made her final run. A foreign man produced a knife. Take care: Protect the criminal

who lacks the proper documents. Arraignments cause embarrassment. We're trapped within the liminal

pursuing justice for the girl, denouncing not the man embroiled. The effort made is minimal.

A Dissident Voice

Fully four coworkers of twenty-two on staff react boisterously to their own attempts at wit. In our northern state, Scandinavians and Finns, native to the region, hold their mouths. It's reverse carpetbaggers like the two from Tennessee who act in defiance of local convention.

I've got their number. They function as a mob. Eighteen silent collaborators pretend self-applauding habits aren't gauche. These rubes plainly smile when the loudest member

founders attempting to land a joke, her subsequent cacophony meant to cover her faux pas.

To thrive as a dissident voice, I don't chortle. (It's hardly my habit to respond to my own quips.) I stepped in a maw when I wrote a biting essay before receiving pre-clearance from the group. Were I to snigger, they would mock my jolly tone. I don't need their protection—I prefer to glower.

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Myles Weber is a professor of English at Winona State University in Minnesota and the author of the scholarly monograph *Consuming Silences: How We Read Authors Who Don't Publish* (U of Georgia Press).

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