

## ONE ART: BEING FEMINIST IN LEGAL EDUCATION

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This essay is about being feminist in a world where nothing is ever enough. It is my reflections about a way of being alive and hopeful inside the architecture of legal education—in committee meetings and faculty conferences in rooms encased in concrete, in long unbending corridors—places filled with whispers. Being alive here requires language and silence, a sense of affirmation and restraint, poetry, the writing of our regrets. Being feminist here is both an embrace and a terror. In the space between, I dream a path.

*One Art*, the title of this essay, is drawn from a villanelle—a short poem of five tercets and one quatrain, all based on two rhymes, with a deep, lingering feeling in the rhymes—by Elizabeth Bishop. “One Art” is a poem of losses and love, one of her last great poems, written in one of the last years of her life; it was her first villanelle. “One Art” is also the title of her collected letters; I think of it as a self-composed elegy to her life.

As I write, amongst the love and losses at the end of twenty years of law teaching, being feminist has become my *one art*.

. . . *silence*

It is a Tuesday morning—*now almost three years ago*—in late January. The Chair of the Faculty Committee on Faculty Enrichment and Scholarship has called a meeting to discuss the recently distributed ABA/AALS Accreditation Inspection Reports on the state of scholarship at our Law School. The site evaluation and AALS Report are “not for publication,” but the Committee has been given the concluding Letter from the AALS Executive Committee, which members of the faculty are “entitled to read or receive a copy.” The Letter raises concerns regarding Faculty Scholarship: some members of the faculty do not publish; perhaps, we are told, we lack “a culture of scholarship.” The Letter requests, in two years, a full report “listing all publications by faculty members for the three years prior to the report and indicating which faculty members produced no scholarship during that time.”

I take a deep breath, feeling sickened by the Letter. I wonder if the AALS cares about our ages, the weight and health of our bodies, or the nature of our silences. A massive coronary, perhaps, or one of the different cancers that strike men and women. I think of the blood, both life and wounds, in each writing silence, and look again at the Letter. It was signed by the then the Executive Director of the AALS, Carl Monk. A man named Monk. I imagine writing Monk and sending him a copy of Tillie Olsen's *Silences*, her patient, measured resurrection of the stories behind women's writing silences. I imagine a list with no woman's name. I imagine leaving before the meeting begins.

I push the Letter aside and my hand rubs across the polished surface of the conference table. I have written about this very table. "Patriarchy's Table" I called it—dark and solid, almost as large as the room, a spacious rectangle, shaped like a Mexican house with space in the center. In a Mexican house, that space would be the center of life—garden, fountain, pool—the private space of family life, enclosed in protective Mexican walls.

There is no garden this morning. The meeting is underway and I listen for mention of the list—the list of disembodied names, the names of the unproductive. The Committee Chair reports that the Inspectors were critical of our scholarship; one Inspector called it "pedestrian."

"What does it mean," asks the most senior man at the table. "Does it mean we have to publish more?"

"We write practitioner pieces," a younger, tenured man responds.

"We need to write for other law professors," another one of the younger men adds. "We need to accept the AALS hierarchy of scholarship; we need to play the game."

The metaphors—hierarchy and sports—take a seat at the table. The younger men on the Committee begin to sound like members of a team. Monk's Men.

"We need to be lofty," they say.

I stare out the window. I can almost see their abstractions, replete with footnotes. I am reminded of Elizabeth Bishop's essay, "Primer Class": "Every time I see long columns of numbers, handwritten in a certain way, a strange sensation or shudder, partly aesthetic, partly painful, goes through my diaphragm. It is like seeing the dorsal fin of a large fish suddenly cut through the surface of the water . . . ."

What color, I wonder, did Bishop see on the tops of the waves in the afternoon light? I know the green blue of the Yucatan coast and the starry midnight of the deep waters off Key West, but outside the law school windows, there is no fin breaking the surface, just a pearl gray New England winter sky, with storm clouds of a darker gray rolling high above the trees of the Old Granary Graveyard and the steeple of the

Park Street Congregational Church. Inside, I sit and study the old gray in silence.

Twenty years in legal education bring many kinds of silence. I love the silence I write in. I know that silences can work and how to work within them. In an interview with James Joyce, a Czech writer, Adolf Hoffmeister, described the silence in Joyce's rooms in Paris, in 1930:

His apartment had the emptiness of holidays and the doorbell echoed resoundingly in the curtainless and carpetless room. . . . [W]e sat down in the flat which had just been spring-cleaned. The furniture reminded me of a museum space being prepared for an exhibition. . . . We do not speak. The room is blue, the colour of his blue eyes.

Joyce: "*Cobalt.*"

Joyce likes to declaim his words, the sounds of which illustrate the progress of his thoughts.

"*Cobalt.*"

Without connection and without direction, these isolated words fall into the silence which echoes throughout the room. Into the silence of the room lifeless from the holidays, into the room where he does not live. The silence is wide and clear. The furniture is covered in dust-sheets and everything which has not been locked into cupboards and remains in its place, sleeps. To speak in this kind of silence, one must have the courage to listen to oneself. Otherwise the words circle the room like startled pigeons, which change into bats when the words have died away, their ideas flying unheard over the white dust-sheets and poisoned bread which has been laid out for the mice.

"There is something dead here," I want to say, because it is *the truth, not in anger, not to be unkind*. I wonder whether anyone but me can hear the bones rattle and the rotting meat fall off the carcass.

I look around the room. The man on my right had come into the meeting loudly, tangentially telling us his distress at learning of a decision in one of the Guantanamo detainee cases. A federal district court judge in the District of Columbia ruled that the detainees have no rights. The judge happens to be one of our graduates, and a former member of our University Board of Trustees. I listen in; even so, when I am with the straight white men in legal education, I cannot forget the way they talk to secretaries, and treat the women who clean their toilets and serve their lunches. I know how they stare at the bodies of the women students. I see their moves, their aspirations to the shadow boxes of power. But, the man on my right keeps talking about his distress.

"And, they're shipping the detainees over to Saudi Arabia, exporting them to other countries for torture."

The bodies, I think, oh the bodies!

. . . *eaten out with acid*

In *The Aerial Letter*, Quebecois lesbian-feminist theorist Nicole Brossard writes of “the discomfort of trying to overthrow patriarchal law from within, and the void into which we are thrown when we try to extricate ourselves to any degree.” She writes simply and ardently: Women must write.

[W]riting is memory, power of presence, and proposition. I also know that the act of writing permits me to exist within and beyond my biographical restraints. For in writing I become *everything*: subject, characters and narrative, hypothesis, discourse and certitude, metaphor and movement of thought. . . . In writing, I can foil all the laws of nature and I can transgress all rules, including those of grammar. I know that to write is to bring oneself into being; it is *like* determining what exists and what does not, it is *like* determining reality.

For Brossard, the text embodies the dreams of one’s own being.

Ruthann Robson, in *Sappho Goes to Law School*, in the chapter entitled “Embodiment(s),” describes Brossard’s texts as “seductive” inhabitants of a new post-modernist feminist genre—fiction theory—whose themes and practice are invention, memory, and poetry. As Robson describes it:

[F]iction theory is a “reflexive doubling-back over the texture of the text” in which nothing, “not even ‘theory’ escapes the Poetry . . . fiction theory, while it may be a method of exploring a space, a gap (never pretending to close it) between two or more ways of thinking, is the antithesis of a bridge.

Being feminist here begins in the space between silence and the shadow boxes. I go looking for the color of water; I read poetry.

Elizabeth Bishop might seem an odd choice. She refused to be characterized as a “woman” poet and refused to be anthologized as such. Yet, she loved women. She was an artist who loved spaces—houses and gardens painted in watercolors—Mexico, Key West, and Brazil—that became her book covers. In her poems, prose, letters, and paintings, she left a record of a lifetime struggle. In a very early notebook, Bishop wrote about the poet’s work: “[I]mmediate intense physical reactions, a sense of metaphor and decoration in everything—to express something not of them—something I suppose spiritual. But it proceeds from the material, the material eaten out with acid, pulled down from underneath, made to perform and always kept in order, in its place. . . .” I am drawn to this passage, to her insights into the accidental nature of the poet’s subject,

and how the body exposed to an almost clinical and scientific observation, becomes—in Bishop’s phrase—“material eaten out with acid . . . .”

Twenty years in law teaching has left me—material eaten out with acid—stripped bare of feelings. For years, at the beginning, I felt I belonged. Over time, the shifting divisions of power pushed me to the margins and I adopted a writer’s silence. Quietly, slowly, I moved away from traditional legal writing and proceeded more obliquely. Writing, I began to feel equal—because it is *the truth, not in anger, not to be unkind*. It was surprising, then, how quickly this received marginality came to grief.

Grief is treacherous, sometimes seductive. It is its own space where one listens for someone—anyone’s—voice to break the silence, to catch the words that fly around the room, falling away dead.

“Something is always dead,” says the grief. “One only knows one’s own.”

What I know of this grief is like knowing dreams: details leave a trace upon the dreamer and the waking day. Waking is the terror. Coming up from grief, there are no feelings left, just shame washing with a warm relief to have given up hope for the company of the dead.

In an early poem, “Love Lies Sleeping,” Elizabeth Bishop wrote of the liminal edge of dreaming and waking:

From the window I see  
an immense city, carefully revealed,  
made delicate by over-workmanship,  
detail upon detail,  
cornice upon façade,  
  
reaching so languidly up into  
a weak white sky, it seems to waver there.  
(Where it has slowly grown  
in skies of water-glass  
  
from fused beads of iron and copper crystals,  
the little chemical “garden” in a jar  
trembles and stands again,  
pale blue, blue-green, and brick.)

Bishop described her divided-self, waking, just barely reassembling the world in the colors of sea-glass—pale blue, blue-green, shining and slick in the saltwater, smooth, worn, and warm in hand—and brick.

What would Elizabeth Bishop do, I wondered, with the women in legal education? With the men? What would she say of Monk’s men and the shadow boxes?

. . . *not enough*

In June 2003, the AALS and the ABA's Commission on Women and Section of Legal Education convened a conference—Taking Stock: Women of All Colors in Legal Education. Judith Resnik, the liaison from the AALS to the Commission on Women, later reported on the conference in a *Journal of Legal Education* article, "A Continuous Body: Ongoing Conversations about Women and Legal Education." She wrote: "How has the conversation changed? That was the central question animating [the] conference."

I rather like the word "animating"—something that hangs in the air between Jungian anima and Disney's facsimiles of reality. But, when I think of that conference, I remember walks in summer blue afternoons with women friends—one in a red shawl, another with a patch of antique kimono and hand-made rice paper in her hand, another whose Cuban black curls were turning gray—out into the City more real than remembering. I think of the wide flat room of the conference, sitting with all the women—questioning, listening across boundaries and intersections—What had been done? What had changed?

"Not enough," we heard.

"Not enough," we said.

. . . *authenticity*

there are other things i cannot say  
like who I am and who I'm not

i thought fiction was poetry  
it is theory  
i thought theory was a solution  
it is practice

this lifetime, my excuse is postmodernism  
my identity is nothing other than a sin  
called essentialism  
authenticity is worse than co-dependency  
it's self-dependency, how ugly  
we were alone  
trapped in a gridlock  
when we lost  
our sense of humor, sold  
our imaginings of each other for tenure

there are other things we still need to say  
about the streets, about the academy, about

the distances between our love  
of death and our love  
of masks and our love  
for each other and our love

—Ruthann Robson

. . . *a glass-ribbed cage*

When Elizabeth Bishop died in 1979, among her unpublished manuscripts was a long memoir of one of her teachers, Marianne Moore. The essay, “Efforts of Affection,” was later published in Bishop’s *The Collected Prose*. It is the story of a remarkable friendship—the reverent younger poet, their exchange of letters that live on in their poems, and even a spirited defense of Moore against the criticism of feminists. They met in the spring of 1934; Bishop was twenty-three and Moore was forty-seven. Moore had already published two books; the publication of her *Selected Poems* with its Introduction by T.S. Eliot was a year away. Her red-hair was turning gray, bound in a braid around the crown of her head, but she was not yet the legendary eccentric.

Moore lived in a small apartment in Brooklyn, New York, with her mother. As Bishop describes it, the apartment was “old-fashioned, but even more, otherworldly—as if one were living in a diving bell from a different world, let down through the crass atmosphere of the twentieth century.” Yet, it was Moore’s method of describing things—china swans and Chinese sea lizards, nectarines and fish, camellias and elephants—that Bishop found instructive. As Bishop wrote:

Moore was intensely interested in the techniques of things—how camellias are grown; how the quartz prisms work in crystal clocks; how pangolin can close up his ear, nose, and eye apertures and walk on the outside edges of his hands “and save the claws / for digging”; how to drive a car; how the best pitchers throw a baseball; how to make a figurehead for her nephew’s sailboat. The exact way anything was done, or made, or functioned, was poetry to her.

She even learned to tango.

Bishop recognized that Moore observed and described with such an agile and forceful particularity, that she seemed able to possess any subject from within her strict restraint. In the 1930s, for example, when Bishop was living in Key West, she wrote Moore about island life and the

Cuban houses that pleased her—bunches of tissue-paper flowers, blue sitting rooms, and “paper streamers up all the time to decorate the ceilings, like a children’s party.” Moore had never been to Key West, but she replied that she imagined Key West as a “kind of ten commandments in vegetable-dye coloring.” “Unfair,” wrote Bishop, for Moore to stay at home and still “hit the Key West lighthouse right on the head.”

When Bishop gave Moore a gift of a paper nautilus—a mollusk of the South Pacific and Indian oceans with a spiral chambered shell that is pearly on the inside—the gift became the subject matter of one of Moore’s poems. It was first published as “A Glass-Ribbed Cage” and later titled “The Paper Nautilus.” The poem begins:

For authorities whose hopes  
are shaped by mercenaries?  
Writers entrapped by  
teatime fame and by  
commuters’ comforts? Not for these  
the paper nautilus  
constructs her thin glass shell.

So quickly dismissed as unworthy beneficiaries, those who seek power or fame—no, “not for these”—and, with that done, Moore takes up her method of description:

Giving her perishable  
souvenir of hope, a dull  
white outside and smooth-  
edged inner surface  
glossy as the sea, the watchful  
maker of it guards it  
day and night; she scarcely  
eats until the eggs are hatched.

....

... when they are freed, —  
leaving its wasps-nest flaws  
of white on white, and close-  
laid Ionic chiton-folds  
like the lines in the mane of  
a Parthenon horse,  
round which the arms had  
wound themselves as if they knew love  
is the only fortress  
strong enough to trust to.



Bishop called Moore's elegant marine invention a miracle of construction and language.

At the time, Bishop was working on a poem first titled "Jose's House" and later published as "Jerónimo's House" in which she described her own construction, her makeshift house in Key West:

My house, my fairy  
palace, is  
of perishable  
clapboards with  
three rooms in all,  
my gray wasps' nest  
of chewed-up paper  
glued with spit.

....

At night you'd think  
my house abandoned.  
Come closer. You  
can see and hear  
the writing-paper  
lines of light  
and the voices of  
my radio  
  
singing flamencos  
in between  
the lottery numbers.  
When I move  
I take these things,  
not much more, from  
my shelter from  
the hurricane.

Bishop had taken up Moore's method, but her acts of observation were never acts of possession but, rather, something quite different. Bishop talked of dispossession. Her constructions are perishable shelters, never timeless. Unlike Moore, the poet herself exists *in* her poems, leaving visible, albeit fragile, traces of herself. The house is hers, and yet it is not: "Jose's House" or "Jerónimo's House" is never Elizabeth's house.

With Bishop and Moore and my twenty years teaching law, what feminist constructions are possible? Moore's pearly glass spiral spewing forth life. Bishop's lopsided shelter from the storm. The concrete shadow boxes of legal education. What would it take to possess with Moore's force? To create a fortress of love within a makeshift shelter? Would it be enough?

. . . *women who write*

I am in my writing room in our little house in Key West, bought years ago and just up White Street from the house where Elizabeth Bishop lived in the 1930s. My writing room is small, but light, with painted floorboards and shuttered windows set high into the pitch of the roof. Across from the windows is a set of steep wooden steps leading to a loft. For years, I have used these steps as a bookcase—for poetry and thumb-worn essays, novels, literary journals, and collections of letters—with law books scattered on the floor. Sometimes, I write stories; sometimes, I write about law.

It is early summer—*two summers ago now*—and I am unpacking all my books. I realize that I am placing only the women authors on the stair-steps: women poets, short story writers, and novelists, women photographers and dancers who write. I put the books by men aside into two tall wobbly piles on the floor, each stack topped with books of poetry. I top one pile with the little book of poems and interviews with an aged Stanley Kunitz's, *The Wild Braid*. On top of the other pile, *The Collected Poems of W.B. Yeats*, Eliot's *The Four Quartets*, Jean Toomer's vignettes interspersed with poetry, *Cane*, Rilke's *Letters to a Young Poet*, and, Theodore Roethke's *The Waking*:

I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.  
I feel my fate in what I cannot fear.  
I learn by going where I have to go.

It is lovely to see only women, though—*the truth, not in anger, not to be unkind*—they seem strangely static, or worse, ornamental. But then, I place the women of law on the stair-steps, beginning with Catharine MacKinnon's most recent book, *Are Women Human?* I place her alphabetically and quite tenderly, looking to see who can answer such a question. On the same stair-step, Denise Levertov and one of her last poems, "From Below":

. . . .

Far above, their arms are held  
open wide to each other, or waving—  
  
what they know, what  
perplexities and wisdoms they exchange,  
unknown to me . . .

. . . .

. . . my attention now  
caught by leaf and bark at eye level  
and by thoughts of my own, but sometimes

drawn to upgazing—up and up: to wonder  
about what rises  
so far above me into the light.

Then, I see Marianne Moore's slim volume of *Collected Poems* with another answer: "love / is the only fortress / strong enough to trust to."

It is getting late, but my eye catches the photograph of Toni Morrison on the cover of *Playing in the Dark*, her inquiry into the significance of African-Americans in the American literary imagination. Dorothy Roberts, I think, close-cropped and elegant belongs on the stair-step, her work on *Black Motherhood* placed between *Beloved* and the slimmest of all Morrison's work, the published text of her 1993 Nobel Lecture in Literature: *Lecture and Acceptance, upon Award of the Nobel prize for literature, delivered in Stockholm on the seventh day of December, nineteen hundred and ninety-three.*

"Once upon a time there was an old woman," Morrison's "Nobel Lecture" begins. "Blind but wise."

The woman, as imagined by Morrison, is a daughter of slaves and lives alone in a small house outside the town. One day she is visited by some young people. One of them tells her that they have a bird, and they want her to tell them whether it is living or dead. She is blind and can't see her visitors, let alone what is in their hands: "I don't know," she says. "I don't know whether the bird you are holding is dead or alive, but what I do know is that it is your hands. It is in your hands."

I think of the writings of Judge Julia Cooper Mack, the first African American woman to serve on the highest court of any state—over eighty now, and still beautiful. I remember a young Judge Mack, on a morning thirty years ago, when I brought my toddler son to her chambers. For my stair-steps library, I place the dark blue volume of the *Howard Law Journal* celebrating Judge Mack's lifetime of telling truth to power beside Morrison's "Nobel Lecture."

Morrison makes clear that the old woman's final words speak to the responsibility of the young, but she lets the young make their plea:

You are the adult. The old one, the wise one. Stop thinking about saving your face. Think of our lives and tell us your particularized world. . . . We will not blame you if your reach exceeds your grasp; if love so ignites your worlds that you go down in flames and nothing is left but their scald. . . . tell us what the world has been to you in the dark places and in the light. Don't tell us what to believe, what to fear. Show us belief's wide skirt and the stitch that unravels fear's caul. You, old woman, blessed with blindness, can speak the language that tells us what only language can: how to see without pictures.

MacKinnon, Levertov, Morrison. Judge Mack , Moore, Dorothy Roberts. Sitting at a women's table, telling the young their particularized worlds.

. . . *one art*

I am not an angel, a poet, or a revolutionary. I am not a brown-skinned beauty or a lesbian. I am neither young nor old. I am, perhaps, one of the problematic women in legal education—white, straight, child of the educated, born complicit—a woman who reads poetry and teaches law with the strange hope that women law students will love becoming women lawyers. When I began this essay, I intended to ask: Where are the women in legal education? Where are our ways of being feminist? What traces have we left on the shadow boxes and the conduct of Monk's men? We are something, I intended to answer, but we are never enough.

Some might ask of our numbers. Numbers would give rise to talk of dispossession, a tidy ending, bringing us back to the beginning, to Elizabeth Bishop's column of numbers in "Primer Class" to Monk's Men and the shadow boxes, even to my search for the color of water. Still, the women who write have left me thinking about love. I love my women students and in my twenty years in law teaching, much has changed for them. They now account for 40 to 60 percent of student bodies, taking courses in Gender and Law, Sex Equality, and Feminist Legal Theory taught from casebooks and readers devoted to race, gender, class, ethnicity and the law. For years, I closed the door on my precarious place here and gave my women students everything I knew—the shimmering aspirations of formal equality and women daring for the substance of equality. Carol Gilligan's choir of higher voices, all the bodies that still suffer in Catharine MacKinnon's first day that truly mattered and Arvonne Fraser's centuries of women becoming human.

Even they were not enough. Every study of the experiences of women law students over twenty years—from the early impressionistic study by women students at Yale and the empirical research of Lani Guinier and her colleagues at University of Pennsylvania Law School, entitled *Becoming Gentlemen*, to the recently published study by Harvard Law School students—tells the same story of disheartening inequalities: women law students continue to feel silenced in the classroom, alienated by the pedagogy, and harassed by male peers and faculty alike. They feel more stress, become more ill, and perform less well. The official explanations are several and varied: Women remain less than 20 percent of those who stand at the front of classroom; the pedagogy of law school classes continues unchanged; and, the curriculum itself still refuses to

admit fully the relevance of gender, race, class, or sexuality to the moral authority of law.

Shadow box. Of glass. Of clapboard. Of concrete.

What of a feminist structure that never topples? I still teach doctrine or theory, but I move from what I know of the inequalities of their places here. I teach them what I know of *the truth, not in anger, not to be unkind*.

When they fall away into the ‘lofty,’ disembodied and abstract, I pull them back to the bodies of women.

“Read,” I say, and assign chapters on autonomy and all the real, material, and constructed constraints on women’s economic, physical, and sexual autonomy. “We will meet in my office. Come and tell me the story of one woman—any woman—in the readings and tell me whether hers is a story of autonomy or an insight into the constraints on autonomy. Or, both. Tell me, would you want to be her?”

And they come—one, then another, and another—until they fill this space where write. Compassionate, non-judgmental: Not one wants to be the woman in the story. Not one wants to see that as a woman, she too suffers.

I watch them fall away into dispossession.

“Read,” I tell them, “the critical studies—*The Education of Twenty Women, What Every First-Year Female Law Student Should Know, The Costs of An Outdated Pedagogy*—read it all. We will meet in two weeks. Come to class and tell me what you want to do—something practical, material, concrete.”

And, they come back, one by one, with proposals: for videos that tell of silence in the classroom, photo essays on the shadow boxes and the spaces in and between them, essays on the Socratic method, reading lists of poetry and theory, and surveys of classmates, reports on conversations in the concrete hallways we walk.

Critically and consciously, we talk about marginality, power and powerlessness, about the space of legal education we inhabit, and the ways it inhabits us. We move in and against this space, this structure we act to possess, or invent. A nursing mother shows us the cold, windowless room where she makes appointments to feed her baby and pump her breast milk. We plan a women’s reading room in the law library. We move our class meeting room and sit at a small-ish table littered with books and cookies.

“Why are there no colors in this place?” the photographer asks.

“There’s something dead here,” I think to say, but the young are alive with fast and hopeful talk, and laughter—each one a beautiful, elegant invention of her own making—a poetry of great beauty and sensuous power.

Elizabeth Bishop wrote "One Art" toward the end of her life and work:

The art of losing isn't hard to master;  
so many things seem filled with the intent  
to be lost that their loss is no disaster.

Lose something every day. Accept the fluster  
of lost door keys, the hour badly spent,  
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

Then practice losing farther, losing faster:  
places, and names, and where it was you meant  
to travel. None of these will bring disaster.

I lost my mother's watch. And look! my last, or  
next-to-last, of three loved houses went.  
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster,  
some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent.  
I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.

Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture  
I love) I shan't have lied. It's evident  
the art of losing's not too hard to master  
though it may look like (*Write it!*) like disaster.

In the writing down of a life, it doesn't matter what we have lost or not possessed. *None of this will bring disaster.* Remember only to teach them the things of love. I say to myself: Love them. Teach them to love themselves, that may be enough.