**Ellie:  An Inventory of Being**

        I am Ellie.

         I am twenty years old.

         I am a student, but never a co-ed.
         A girl, afraid to be a woman.

         If I stand very tall I am 64 inches high.
         I have blue eyes streaked with gray
         And tarnished brown hair
         That gets in them.
         Sometimes I wear it in a bun and am Emily Dickinson or Louisa Alcott
         Or in pigtails, and play hopscotch in front of Mellon Institute.
         Or just let it hang,
         And run down Chapel Hill anyway.

         I am a student, and a lady, and a child;
         Almost a woman, but always a girl.

         I love rare steak and burnt potato chips.

         I am older than Neenie,
         Younger than Lea;
         I love the smell of Arpege and mud flats.

         I drink tea with lemon and sugar with coffee.

         Daffodils laugh, but blue-bells depress me.
         I'm afraid of trolls.

         I like raisins in oatmeal and in the sun.
         I work best under pressure.

         I like shiny fingernails and jazz, but
         I hate Altman's and mini-skirts.

         I like small rooms lined with books, and braided rugs, and
         Pillows, because I like to sit on the floor.

         I like fountain pens and brown notebooks and blue ink and
         I don't believe in god, but I don't tell anyone anymore,
         And my children will go to church,
         Because I love Christmas.

         I love pearls.
         I like garnets better than rubies,
         And topaz more than diamonds.
         But someday I want a diamond
         And a gold band
         Forever.

         But not just now.

         Someday I want a girl named Jeannie and a boy named Mike --
         But they'll have to wait.
         Because I want to be a person first.

         Subject to change.

         I believe that women are more than equal, but keep quiet about it.
         I know there are 435 members of the House of Representatives
         But I don't understand why more of them aren't Negroes and women.

          Rachel Carson and Margaret Chase Smith were my high school ideals.
          Now I'd add (quietly) Jean Kerr.

          I'm an anti-feminist.
          I love to travel alone.

          I'm crazy about noodles and tuna fish and pizza with pepperoni and Jello.
          I hate clutter, unless it's books.

          I love cozy slippers and lacy underwear and going barefoot in the mud.
          I make spaghetti in a popcorn popper, and always add paprika.
          I am in love with chipmunks, pigeons, and 4x6 envelopes.
          I read Dickens and Ferlinghetti.

          I love wind and rain and snowmen
          And Baroque music and Barbra Streisand, even if she's trite.
          And I don't like earrings or hair spray or soap operas and
          I adore commercials.

          I love fireplaces with real fires, and front porches with creaky swings,
              and noisy typewriters.

          I like strawberry milkshakes and frosted lipsticks.
          I'd like to be cultured, but I love WABC and
          I daydream at the symphony.

          I love to get dressed up, but I don't waste time doing it.
          I hate alarm clocks and television sets. But I couldn't live without them.

          I'd rather walk than ride. But I'll drive anywhere.

          I'm honest to a proudly self-conscious fault, and I'm
          Corrupt to a deeper meaning.
          I wish sex were legal -- but I went through a phase of wishing human
               sacrifice were, too.

          I don't want to grow up, but I'm scared to stay young.

          I eat too much, sometimes, and talk too much, often, and
          Wish I could sleep too much, always.

          If the world were a stage I'd feel more comfortable in it.

          I'm a loner, but I love being lonely.
          I'm a conformist, except when I think.
          I have horrible nightmares, and wild daydreams.
          And I couldn't live without either.

          I spend too much money on velvet hair ribbons and funny cards and
              books of plays.
          Hamlet and Antigone are my ideals, but
          Creon and are one.

          I think too fast.
          I hate greasepaint, but I love crowds.

          I love Degas, but I don't think I like horses or ballet.
          I've always wanted to be the first woman president, and a
              marine biologist, and a literary lionness,
          And an archaeologist,
          But I'm allergic to dust.

          I don't want anyone to understand me,
          But people think they do, and
          They're probably right.

          If I were rich the first place I'd go would be Scotland.
          The second would be Stratford.
          And the third would be Disneyland.

          I need someone to need me, because then I need them, too.
          I'm a deadly realist, but I pretend to be idealistic.
          I used to think there was no such thing as love.
          Now I'm not so sure.

          I never want to go to the moon, but I'd love to see penguins.
          I've always felt that horses were incomplete zebras.

          I'm funny.
          But most of the time it's intentional.

          I get migraine heartaches.

          I either love or hate October and March; I haven't decided yet.
          I like men who know that women are people, too.
          And I hate crew cuts and red hair.

          I'm a drama major because there are only five of us.
          I support the minority, but
          If I were Jewish, I'd be conservative.
          If I were a Democrat, I'd be liberal.
          I'm in favor of staying in Viet Nam,
          But I hate war.

          I may be in love, and it scares me.
          But he doesn't.

          I love to see the sun rise, but hate to get up in the morning.

          I'm perennially frustrated because I can't know everything.
          And I'm annually concerned about self.

         My name is Ellie, and this is 1967.