

they arranged the pieces. So the quilt you see here has been called the 'Quilt of Many Names'. Some of the names are 'Monkey Wrench', 'Cow Poke', 'Churn Dasher', 'Barn Door'. All right now—adjust your perception of the arrangement of the pieces according to shape and colour. Don't you see different things in it, different images as you view it from different angles or as light falls on it in different ways? There's the basic pattern; or is it? Don't you see it sometimes as a square, sometimes as a square surrounded by triangles, sometimes as triangles only, sometimes as cubist portraits? Yet from every point of view it is mathematical, orderly, and pleasing to the eye.

**S.S.:** How did you happen to turn to quilt-making in the last few years?

**E.B.:** You can't really say that I 'happened to turn' to quilt-making. Actually I have been making quilts almost all my life. It's simply that I have more time now to spend on doing something that gives me pleasure and gives pleasure to other people. (Not always to my immediate family. They tell me that they

are thoroughly tired of seeing me working away at my quilts... although they help me a good deal, and I believe are not a little proud of my accomplishments. My brother—a retired army officer—is most helpful when it comes to laying out my patterns.) I believe firmly that we should all have an occupation, call it a hobby if you will, an expression of, and an outlet for, our creativity. Something in which we can become totally absorbed. That is, a hobby in addition to reading, which for me, as for many others, remains the prime hobby. I have always liked handwork. I have always liked drawing. I have always liked seeing things grow. I have always wanted things to fall into place, to fit together. Making quilts meets all my likes. Don't think for a moment that this is all I do. I read. I write a little. I make cushions, seat pads. I hook pictures. I even cook, although I admit I don't get the same satisfaction out of putting a meal together as I do out of putting a quilt together.

Yes, I have sold some of my quilts, and I suppose I could sell more of them if I made the effort. But I don't make them for sale. I make them for the joy of making them.

### Lolita, Lilith

the man's fantasy  
not  
the Dante's Beatrice  
when she was nine  
at a private feast  
in May  
in 1274

nor

Laure, Laureen  
when she was twelve  
Petrarch, madly  
a flower in flight

fell in love  
with her  
not she for him

though the satisfied become poets, they said  
and the false hopes pursued Lilith  
female demon or night witch or vampire  
adam first refused

failure turned for scapegoat

take black, alter, width of pelvis  
a witch is created, never born

all liliths that haunt, lolita,  
haunt lies  
(what you bore could not be written  
down)

not to be  
borne  
and  
times change lives

Cathy Ford