

Texts in Quilt “Stitching the search”

Translated into English



Introduction: This quilt “Stitching the search” was designed and executed in 2014, by Nicole Drouilly, dedicated to her mother, Norma Yurich, in memory of her sister Jacqueline Drouilly Yurich and her brother in law, Marcelo Salinas Eytel, who were arrested and made disappear in October 1974, under the Pinochet’s Dictatorship in Chile. The quilt is made entirely with cotton fabric, including the bating. It is pieced by machine. Size: 190x160 cms.

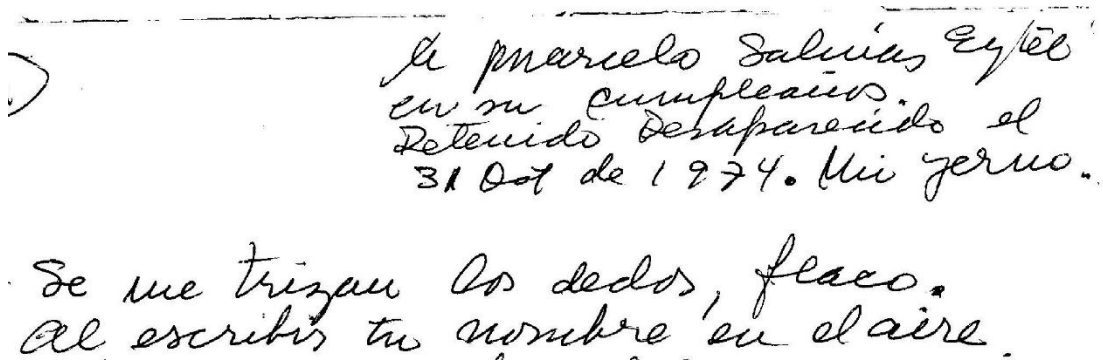
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Inscription

*This quilt is dedicated to my mum, Norma Yurich Costagliola,
Who loved the written word,
the thread and needle,
But above all, loved Jacqueline ...
and to my sisters, Michele and Viviane,
who walk the same path,
searching for you, Jacqueline*

2

Poem from Norma Yurich to his son in law, Marcelo Salinas Eytel – 25 February 1991 (17 years after his disappearance)



A Marcelo Salinas Eytel
en su cumpleaños.
Detenido Desaparecido el
31 Oct de 1974. Mi yerno.

Se me trizan los dedos, flaco.
Al escribir tu nombre en el aire.

To Marcelo Salinas Eytel on his birthday. My son in law.

My fingers shattered, "flaco" (skinny boy).

When I write your name on the air.

And there are two wide tears

That tumble down,

Who knows to where on the sea or the earth?

Marcelo,

You are a book that unfinished on one of your pages.
Bravery and good intentions were yours,
And I cannot find you yet.
May be that so pure soul of yours,
Is why my daughter always admired so much.
And maybe because of that
We will never find you,
Because the jackals they never forgive
The goodness or, the solidarity.
And these years that you and my daughter are being missed
Have been counted in hours, minutes, one by one,
Both backwards and forwards.
Everything is alive boy
And we are all living for the two of you.

Watchful, with the words that we listen
Those words that you left with us
Are even now guarding our future.
My home:
Where your laugh was ringing
Your singing
Your love
Between the humid afternoons of the South:
Warm evenings with friends and music:
Of firewood. Of wine
With cinnamon and clove
Orange and sugar, and its scent
Flying, flying, on the atmosphere.
It is OK to think about you and her.
Only like this,
the words will not turn into death and horror.
Although thinking about all this, "skinny boy",

My whole life aches.
From my roots
And at this same moment
I am pounded by the storm
In my fingernails.
The objects you two touched, hurt me.
All.
How difficult is to rehabilitate oneself,
Of all this insanity that has been
Not to have you here. Of not even having that child you carried.

On this treachery
With the madness of those
that no one in Chile
Had ever seen before
And to think that I, didn't know the world then,
With so many years in my body.
But your singing is alive, "skinny boy".
Your guitar beats close to you.
"... que culpa tiene el tomate de haber nacido en la mata..." (song)
And that singing of yours, from you sweet and deep voice.
How impossible to forget your gaze.
"... en el mar, en el mar hay una torre..." (song about a tower in the sea)
In the sea?
Your bright gaze over your guitar.
With your colour, between green and dry.
Will you remember our family?
Like this, drawn as your own?
"Skinny", Marcelo,
With your heart so powerful,
Loyal and incorruptible.
Sometimes, with the rhythm of a northern song,

That you did not get it wrong, not even slightly.

No matter, "skinny" of skinny legs.

Of intelligent and skinny hands.

Of fat laugh, lifting the shoulders, "skinny".

We have forgotten nothing.

Not even the cups of coffee.

Or the Apple fritters

With chocolate sauce

That I use to prepare.

Nor the cheese pasties, whenever you wanted.

Evocations are like this, Marcelo.

Marcelito – as my daughter called you.

"... Marcelino, pan y vino..." (Children tale), as I called you myself.

Is sad but powerful,

As when the summer buds quiver,

And that I dedicate to: Jacqueline y Marcelo.

Like this, salting my clothes

With my own tears, and

The soul in half-light, half-darkness.

I remember many things:

That Christmas, running in the Citroen 2CV

With the toys for your sisters in law

And for your brother, despite

The diagonal rain of the south.

I will continue to remember you two,

Till the last moment

On which my heart will collapse.

Believing the same thoughts of you,

Of my daughter, of your loyal companions.

And it wouldn't have been a useless pain

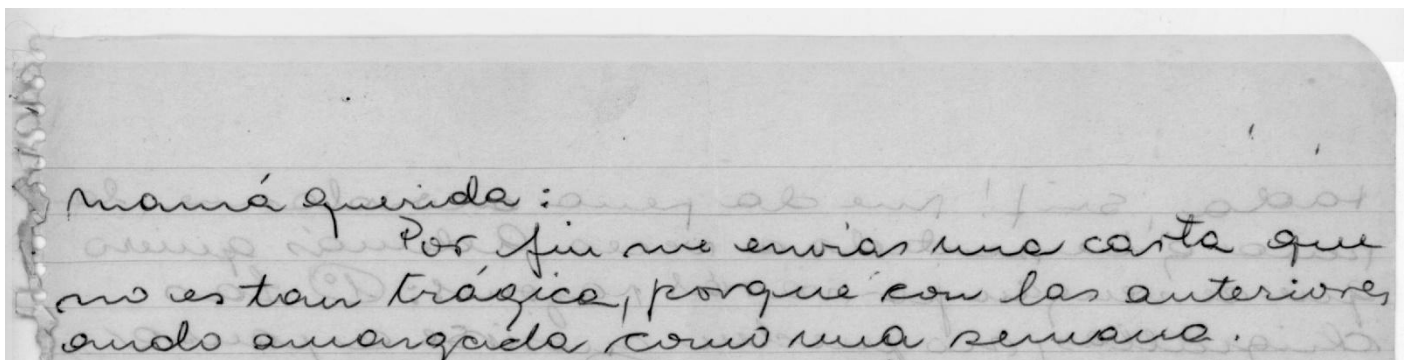
Your and her pain under torture.

For that sacrifice,
We will never forget the executioners
What a nightmare.
Marcelo, "skinny", Marcelino ..., Marcelito
Almost my son.
I Paint my papers of hope
While I search for you two.
Today is your birthday
That will not die
Nor will it be denied
Your birthday will never die. Never

3 Quilt Label

***Designed and made
With love and care by
Nicole Françoise Drouilly Yurich
Camino a Monteverde, Temuco, 2014***

4 Extract of Jacqueline´s letter to her mother (dated a year before her disappearance).

A photograph of a handwritten letter on lined paper. The text is written in cursive and is somewhat faded. The visible text reads: "mamá querida: Por fin me envías una carta que no es tan trágica, porque con las anteriores ando amargada como una remora." The paper is slightly aged and has some creases.

mamá querida: Por fin me envías una carta que no es tan trágica, porque con las anteriores ando amargada como una remora.

"Dear mum:

Finally, you send me a letter that is not so very tragic, because with the previous ones, I was depressed for a week! "

5

Greetings in Jacqueline's letter to her dad, dated some months before her disappearance. 13 May 1974

A photograph of a handwritten note on a piece of paper. The text is written in cursive and reads "muchos besos y abrazos. Jacqueline.".

Dear Dad:

Lots of kisses and hugs.

Jacqueline

6

Birthday card from Jacqueline to her mum, dated the same year she disappeared. 5 April 1974

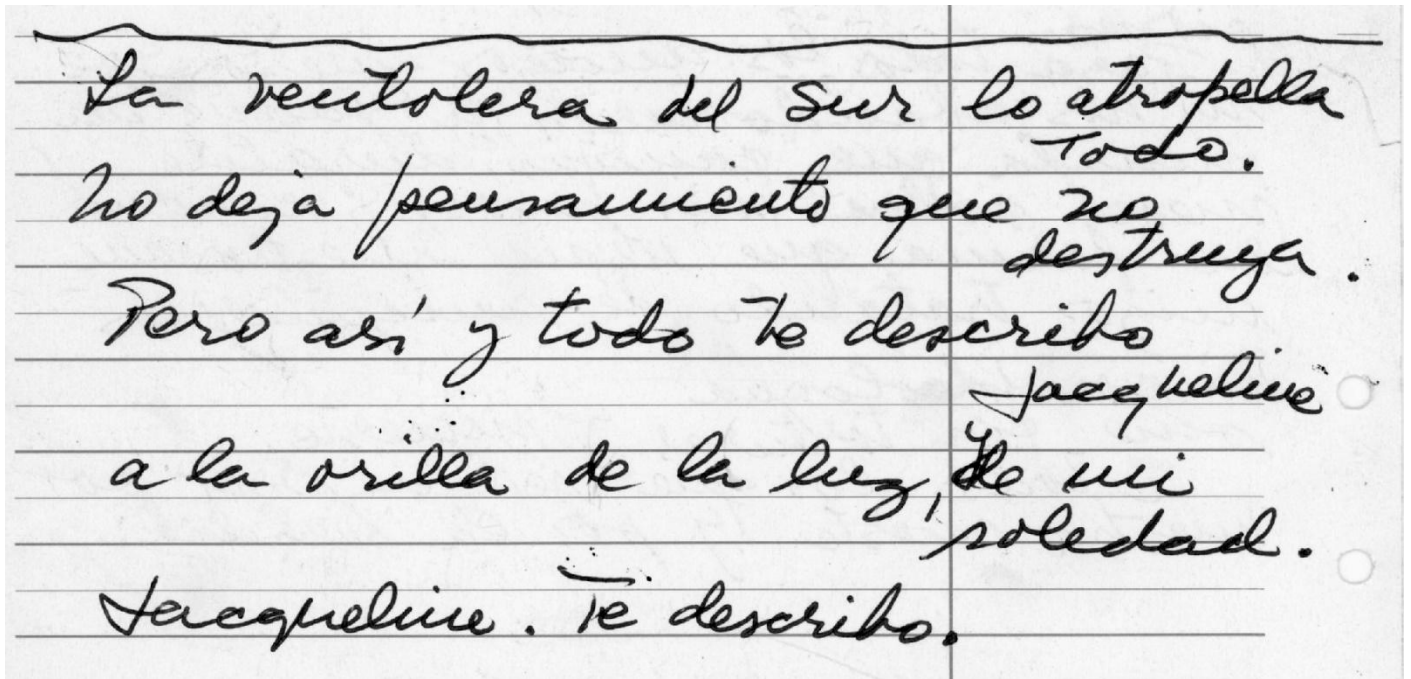


¡CONGRATULATIONS!

Marcelo y Jacqueline

7

Extract of poem from Norma Yurich to her daughter Jacqueline,
dated 23 July 1992.



The image shows a photograph of a handwritten poem on lined paper. The handwriting is in cursive and somewhat slanted. The text is written in Spanish. The lines of the poem are: 'La ventolera del Sur lo atropella', 'Todo.', 'No deja pensamientos que no', 'destruya.', 'Pero así y todo te describo', 'Jacqueline', 'a la orilla de la luz, de mi', 'soledad.', 'Jacqueline. Te describo.'

La ventolera del Sur lo atropella
Todo.
No deja pensamientos que no
destruya.
Pero así y todo te describo
Jacqueline
a la orilla de la luz, de mi
soledad.
Jacqueline. Te describo.

I spill my faith over the essence that emanate from you

And I baptize you once again Jacqueline.

The gust of wind in the south tramples everything. It destroys all thoughts.

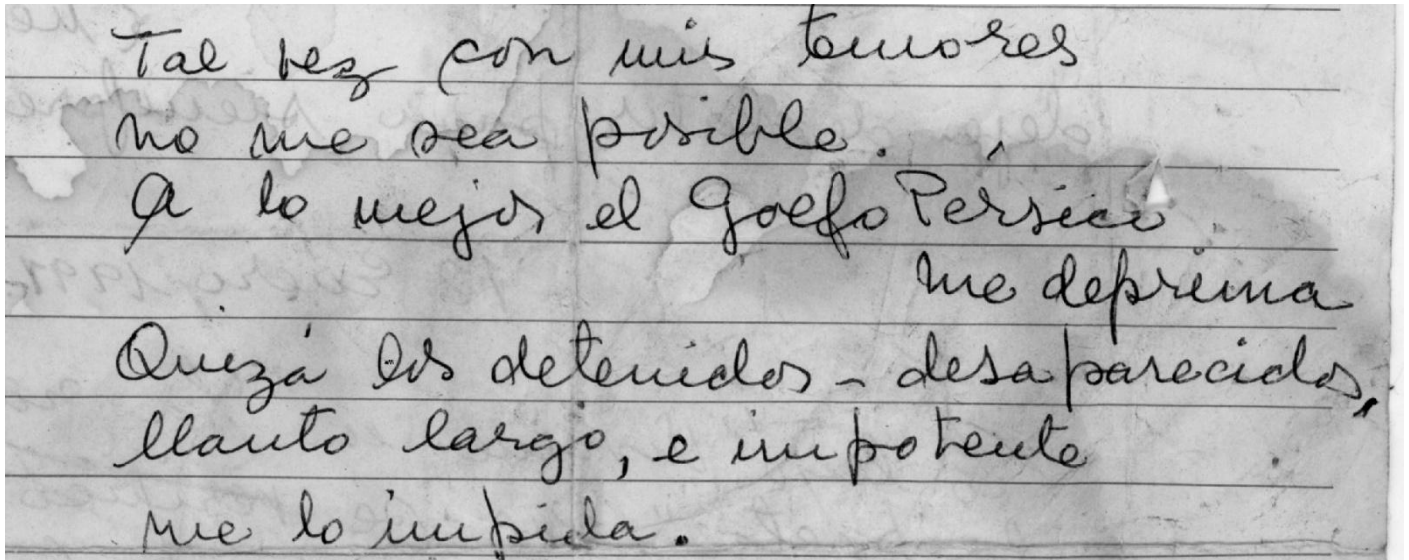
But despite all that, I describe you, Jacqueline

At the border of the light of my solitude.

Jacqueline. I describe you.

8

Extract of a poem written by Norma Yurich about her daughter Jacqueline, dated 18 January 1991. Read by her daughter Viviane, in Santiago, Chile.



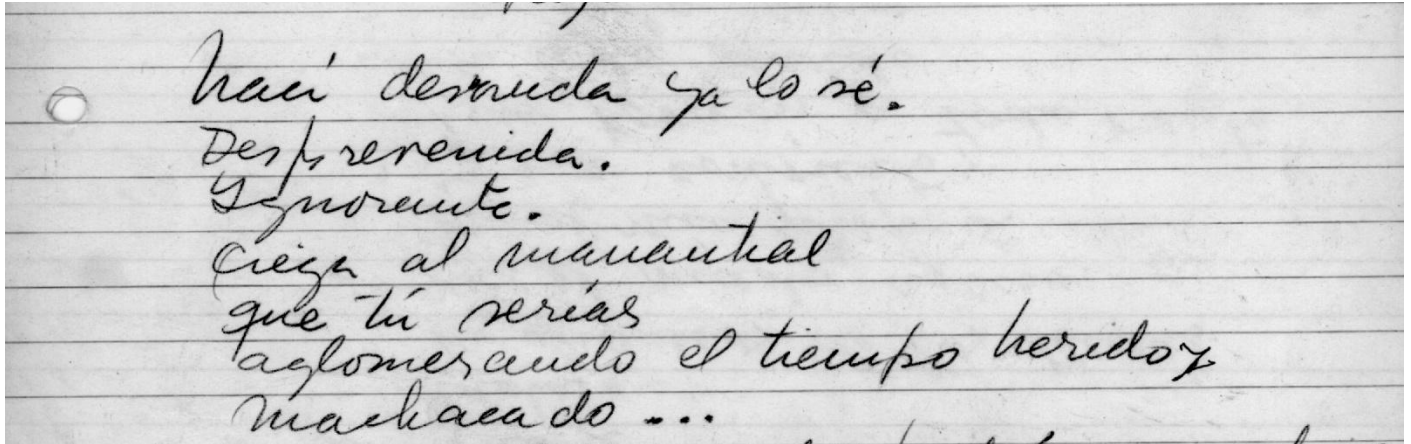
Perhaps with my fears
It would not be possible.
Perhaps the Persian Gulf depress me.
Perhaps the disappeared,
Long crying, and powerless
Will prevent me.
And the injustice disarms me.
But,
Today is the song I want to hear:
Free yourself.
Get rid of so much chaos and sadness.
Relax.
That desperation does not reach you
Prepare yourself to fix the world
Spread your plain words
So it will reach all.
And that no one will be missed in your voice
Run. Breathe. Hurry up.
Continue bravely to arrive.

Climb up, before the heart of the earth

Stop to beat forever.

9

For Jacqueline and all the women disappeared. International Women's Day 1986. By Jacqueline's mother, Norma Yurich. (Extract)



I was born naked,

I know that.

Unprepared.

Ignorant.

Blind to the spring water.

And the knowledge

That you would be

Expelled from time, wounded and

Crushed...

But nothing can change

The strength of your truth

The power of your voice.

Nor the sweet shadow of your smile.

That encourages me.

That ensures

That each air molecule I breathe

Enfolding the scent

Of you,

Resonates

To the pulse of my heart.
Jacqueline
So so soft
As the Spring
That makes the trees
And fragrant blossoms burst.
Cracking through the soil,
Transforming everything,
After the cold and
Wintery rains.
Jaqueline,
You fly towards summer lands
On fluttering, pulsating wings
Migrating
From who knows where?
Here or There?
I know not how you found the strength
To come to me
Across so much time
Finding this country
This home
This century.

Nicolle Drouilly, 2021