

GRUPO CULTURAL YUYACHKANI

ROSA KNIFE

Performance by Ana Correa

When I was alive, people called me Rosa Huanca.

My parents died because there was an earthquake when I was very young and men came to molest me.

Then I said to myself: "It will be the best to live up in the mountain, in my small plot (chacrita). I have heard that if someone draws a cross in the ground, and "plants" a knife, it will help to protect you from the bad spirits, and wishes,.... the wishes of men. So, I did it.

But the same ...the same, one night one of my master's sons had come to abuse me. I took a knife, I defended myself...and he ran, plenty of fear... he went out.

"Jay, jay, jay..." When he was drunk in the "chicheria" he talked with others, and because of that, never more I was called Rosa Huanca ...I was named "Rosa Knife"

After a year, I met a good and working man, he is Dionisio. I had had a beautiful and strong, healthy, baby. Liborio was his name. But when "el Liborio" – maq'tacha, was youngthe war has begun "mamitay".

"Papay", you know of it? And you sir?and you miss (mom)?

One day the "trupakunas, the soldiers came into our village, and took all young men and women, accusing them.

When we returned to our village we ran to the police station.

And they said: "Manan", No, we don't know anything. The "sinchis".....

-Running we went to the "sinchis",

"Manan", no, that was not ours..."

Then we said to ourselves: Let's go to the military quarters.

During four, ... five days, we were crying, standing up in front of the bars of the quarters. Finally, a young captain came, and looking to me, he said: "Terrorist, your son surely must be a terrorist, a "terruco". Get out of here or you will be shot , too."

With other mothers of the village,

when someone said to us that there are bodies of young personas thrown on the road, dead, and nobody ,...because of fear...rescued them,.....we went to observe, looking for our children....and without any money to pay a place in a truck to return home....crossing the mountains we came. And I was walking saying to myself ..."probably my Liborio escaped, probably my Liborio is....., injured in some place, and I began to call him: "Liborio, Liborio....the echo of the mountains answered me.

Once a day, someone told me...."To the Infiernillo" must go".

And when we came there:

Ay, ay ay, ay...mamitay!!! Men and women bodies, death, very young among them, with their small hands, tied at their backs, children they, babies they, "guaguas". ...and turning up their bodies I began to die, "de pena"....saying to myself that even dead, I would continue looking for my son.

Suddenly, "shasssssss" (una expresion onomatopeyica) ...I appeared in the highest placer of my village, and I understood everything. Putting my hand on my breast.....to the soil, and I kissed her, lovingly, saying to her: good by happiness (joyfulness) and....goodbye....good by....

In that instant I heard a voice calling me: "Rosa, Rosa "Knife".

Looking back meI saw my "allhuchay", my little dog "Huayra", that I cared for when I was a little girl. A puma (lion) killed him to eat one of my sheep. (Se inicia un dialogo con el espíritu del perrito)

- "Huayra"

- "Don't be afraid Rosa, I came for you", he said.

-“Have you seen my Liborio?”

-“Yes. He crossed this road before you. Come on, we have to cross the “Wañuy Mayu”, the rough river of black waters that separate the living from the death.

I hugged my Huayra, and went into the river.

Shaggywe crossed to the other side) and a “Punku” was open in front of us. It was the entrance to the Uhgu Pacha” the underworld, a place that will be open to every one in a particular way, a place impossible to return from.

There I found men and women, half human, half animals. I asked them for my Liborio. I helped some of them, others help me, and others make me run scared..

After we came before the “Hatun Rumi”, the Great Lord of the Mountains and bowing II said to him: “Great Lord, for my Liborio, I’m asking.”

“He is before you Rosa”, he said to me. “Now you must continue. You must cross the “Kollur May” the river of white and milky waters that cross the stars and the “luceros” “And that we did it. In the middle of the river I felt joyfulness, looking at myself, and I saw myself as you are looking me now.

When I came to the other side of the river, another “Punku” was open to me. It was the door of the “Hanan Pacha”, the Highest of earth (world), and I observed a white pigeon flying over the horizon.

From deep inside came a very white light....white one. Then I saw the “Great Capac”, the “Wiracocha” God of Creation, coming toward me, with his arms open and from his breast came my Liborio coming out, and just in that moment I could embrace and kiss him with unfinite happiness.

Now, I come back because is the time. I am crossing (visiting) villages, towns, fairs, those places where people meet. I want to say to you, that my people are still sick with sorrow and being forgotten”.

And because of that I came here, to dance, to flourish so the memory may flourish.

And because of that I will dance for you, I will "flourish" you.
So the memory, "flourish"