Voces internas, luchas externas

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Inward Voices, Outward Struggles

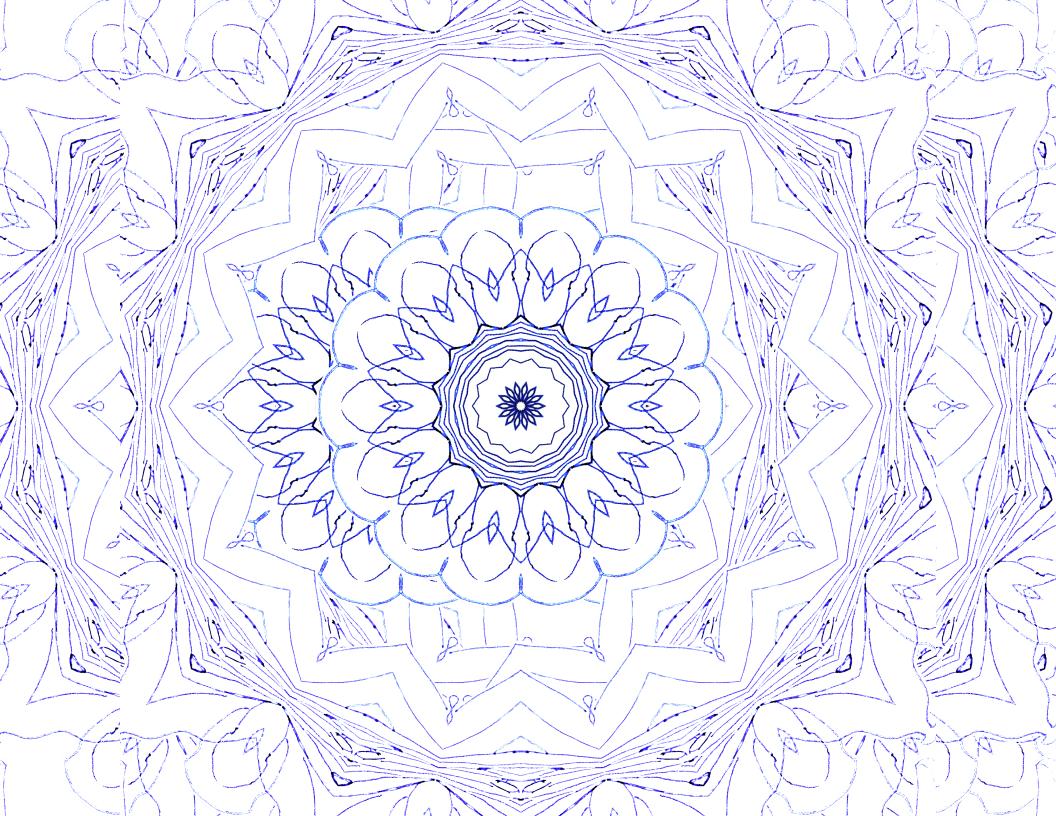
Immersive Music of Gender Dissonance - Voices from México

Special Guest: Molly Jones, Saxophone

disonancia interrumpido y fragmentado

menos que nada

un futuro



"[...] al cuerpo de Liliana. A la vida de Liliana. A la muerte de Liliana. ¿Cuántas veces al día murmura la palabra justicia? Uno nunca está más inerme que cuando no tiene lenguaje. ¿Quién, en ese verano de 1990, iba a poder decir, con la frente en alto, con la fuerza que da la convicción de lo correcto y de lo cierto, y la culpa no era de ella, ni dónde estaba ni cómo vestía? ¿Quién en un mundo donde no existía la palabra feminicidio, las palabras terrorismo de pareja, podía decir lo que ahora digo sin la menor duda: la única diferencia entre mi hermana y yo es que yo nunca me topé con un asesino?

La única diferencia entre ella y tú."

— El invencible verano de Liliana, Cristina Rivera Garza

"[...]To Liliana's body. To Liliana's life. To Liliana's death. How many times a day does one murmur the word justice? One is never more defenseless than when one has no language. Who, in that summer of 1990, could have said, with their head held high, with the strength that comes from the conviction of what is right and true, it wasn't her fault, nor where she was, nor how she dressed? Who, in a world where the word femicide didn't exist, where the words partner terrorism didn't exist, could say what I now say without the slightest doubt: the only difference between my sister and me is that I never crossed paths with a murderer?"

The only difference between her and you."

— Liliana's Invincible Summer, Cristina Rivera Garza

A Loana y a Liliana.



¿Cómo me veo en 10 años? Viva (How do I see myself in 10 years? Alive)

disonancia

d i s o n a n c i a (dissonance) traces the friction between two phrases.

The other is a

One is a call: *lo personal es político*—the personal is political. Born from feminist movements in the late 1960s, it reminds us that private struggles are not isolated. They are shaped by—and shape—larger systems of power. In the intimate spaces of daily life, in homes and relationships, politics takes root.

warning: I a r o p a s u c i a s e I a v a e n c a s a —dirty laundry is washed at home. Common in México and Latin America, it urges silence. It keeps personal matters behind closed doors, especially those that disturb. It protects appearances, but at a cost: women's voices are softened, struggles hidden, autonomy denied.

disonancia lives in the space between these two phrases. It names the dissonance felt by gendered bodies in México—between silence and exposure, private pain and public denial.

Through the Hybrid Audio Diffusion System, the piece splits itself: binaural audio through headphones offers closeness, a sense of being inside—private, quiet, even secret. The speaker array opens outward, filling space—public and shared.

Moreover, disonancia exists in multiple versions. There are four in total, and each audience hears only one. These are parallel experiences that reflect the variety of struggles lived, hidden, and carried.

interrumpido y fragmentado

interrumpido y fragmentado (interrumpted and fragmented) is a piece about fragmentation, interruption, and the aching desire to hold on to what has been lost.

Dahlia de la Cerda wrote a story called *La Huesera*—a raw, devastating piece structured as a diary addressed to her best friend who was murdered in an apparent femicide. Overcome by grief and anger, she becomes obsessively immersed in the brutal reality of gender-based violence in México. What begins as a desperate attempt to make sense of

her friend's death becomes a reckoning with the overwhelming weight of personal memories. In this writing, De la Cerda intertwines the political with tenderness, humor with heartbreak. The story swells with interruption sharp turns from cold recountings of violent deaths to absurd, painful love.

She first hears the story of *La Huesera*, an ancient, almost comic figure spends her time collecting bones, especially the bones of wolves. Once she has sings over them, and the wolf stirs, becomes flesh, and eventually runs free as a in De la Cerda's mind and begins to shape her mourning.

The myth becomes a metaphor for memory, grief, and the act of wants to become *La Huesera*—to collect the metaphorical bones of her friend language, through whatever scraps remain. She imagines each recollection, no as a bone: a stolen *tamal*, a shared meme, a *pulque* hangout, a blurry selfie in a them, she hopes to bring her friend back—to give her a form, a name, a voice, space of the text.

This story left me struck. I don't even have the right words to say. What I this piece. The main idea of this piece is about fragmentation, scattering,

statistics, headlines, and the personal, rage with and emotional fragmentation memories of adolescence and

who lives in the desert and gathered every last piece, she woman. This myth lodges itself

reanimating the lost. De la Cerda through memory, through matter how small or ridiculous, cemetery. And in gathering even if only in the imaginary

wanted to say, I tried to say it in interruption—incomplete

moments that ache with the desire to become whole. The sounds in the piece act like those bones and memories: short, isolated snippets that stutter, break off, or fade before they can fully speak. They are scattered in the sound field, spatialized as if thrown apart, waiting to be gathered. The piece never quite reassembles them, but it stays with the attempt, the labor of memory and mourning.

menos que nada

 $m \, e \, n \, o \, s \, q \, u \, e \, n \, a \, d \, a \,$ (less than nothing) is a meditation on absence.

After reading Cristina Rivera Garza's essay *On 2501 Migrants by Alejandro Santiago*, I turned to my accordion to explore how sound might express the lingering presence of what is no longer here.

The piece was shaped by Santiago's installation of 2,501 life-sized clay sculptures. Each figure stands in place of someone who left his village in Oaxaca, Mexico.

When Santiago returned home after years abroad,

he found it transformed: empty houses, silent repopulate the space, giving form to the departed.

traces of the people they represent.

My piece extends this meditation on absence who migrate, the loss of those who are gone forever, memory. As someone who has lived far from full, now quiet—where presence lingers only in

The title, menos que nada, reflects how no longer here can take up space in everyday louder than sound.

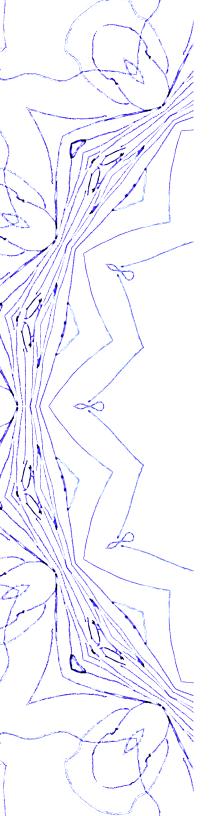
This piece lives with that silence. It does traces how loss, even when invisible, become a repository of memory, and how that

When Santiago returned home after years abroad, streets. His response was to symbolically The sculptures bear cracks, textures, and marks—

in different forms: the emptiness left behind by those and the spaces that continue to hold their home, I've felt the lifelessness of places once memory.

absence is not silent, but loud—how what is life. It is a silence that speaks, one that grows

not try to resolve it. Instead, it honors it. It continues to shape us—how absence can memory, in turn, becomes a presence.



Aire by Churupaca

Soy vida contenida

En un envase descartable

Tengo un latido atento

Donde rompe tu silencio

Aprenderé a ser aire

Me volveré impenetrable

Y en el frenesí de mis tardes

Nunca encontraré la lógica

A la densidad de tu boca

I am life contained

In a disposable container

I have an attentive heartbeat

Where your silence breaks

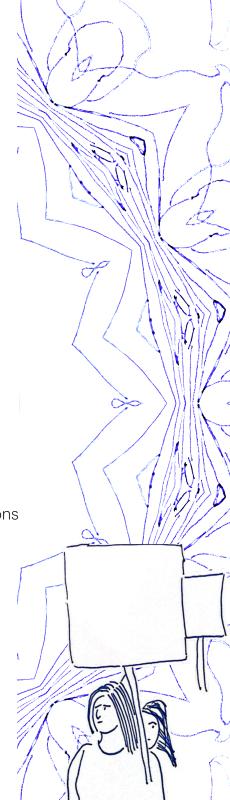
I will learn to be air

I will become impenetrable

And in the frenzy of my afternoons

I will never find logic

To the density of your mouth



un futuro

un futuro (a future) is a sonic act of remembrance.

In many parts of the world, March 8th—International Women's Day—is a day of celebration. But in México, it is not a celebration. It is a day of mourning. A day of protest. As Valentina Palma said: "Today is Women's Day, but in Mexico we don't celebrate—we commemorate it. Between 10 to 11 women are murdered in Mexico every day."

In 2025, I attended the Women's March in Mexico City for the first time. I had lived abroad for years, and this was my first time experiencing the march as an adult, fully aware of its weight. I went with my best friend. Over 200,000 women gathered—most wearing purple and green, many holding handmade posters that pierced through the crowd. The march moved from *El Ángel de la Independencia* to the *Zócalo*, the symbolic center of governmental power.

What struck me most was the sound. A massive, unrelenting cacophony of female voices. Chanting phrases that some might consider harsh or violent—but for us, it was a form of resistance. Voices layered with urgency, grief, and defiance. I brought a field recorder and captured what I could of that sonic landscape.

This piece is built from those recordings. After editing and layering them, I cut them into fragments that could be repeated and reshaped into musical phrases. I added analog synthesizers to trace and support the emotional arc. I also included live performance: the piece begins with an a cappella interpretation of *Aire*, a song by the Argentinian group *Churupaca*, followed by live saxophone and accordion, both processed and spatialized in real time.

The piece ends with a recording of a participant reading the names of women who have been murdered. After each name, the crowd responds: *¡Presente!*

Present.

Still here.

Never forgotten.

Through this piece, I aim to honor their memory and affirm their presence.



