

Noctivagans is a sound creation born from darkness, composed from recordings made at night, often using “ghost devices”—the sonic equivalent of the camera traps used by the authors of *Veilleurs de Nuit*, Daniel Magnin and Pascal Bourguignon.

It invites you to enter a world where twilight thickens, where the forest, meadow, and garden begin to breathe with secret life. Owls call through the canopy, amphibians weave their polyphonies, insects intertwine their fragile rhythms, fleeting presences disturb the foliage... and the spirits.

Let these nocturnal voices guide your senses beyond words and images, into a space where the invisible becomes audible.

A world suspended between wakefulness and sleep, where the night reveals as much as it conceals.

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Listening with headphones or high-quality speakers will allow you to better appreciate the details and depth of the sound spaces in *Noctivagans*.

Chapter 1. Winter

[00:00 – 06:30]

A beech forest under a north-west wind. The trunks sway, crack, creak.

A rutting fox travels the frozen underbrush, immersed in total darkness.

A roe deer crosses its path; dead leaves crunch underfoot, and beneath the nascent snow.

In the shadows, a tawny owl watches, calls.

[06:30 – 09:00]

The air becomes more oceanic. The night warms.

Under the growing weight of snow, the spruce grove bends. Freed branches: dull falls, crystalline powders, wooden rustlings and crackles.

[09:00 – 14:15]

The ice transforms. Streams and brooks come alive, whistling, gurgling.

The end of winter approaches.

In an agricultural pond, agile frogs and spotted pélodytes gather for the parade

[14:15 – 17:38]

At the forest edge, a group of wild boars roots through the thawing litter, sparks of energy, then scatters.

Further away, two badgers share an intimate tête-à-tête.

Chapter 2. Spring

[00:00 – 07:30]

Twilight in the hedgerow.

Bees grow sluggish, the cockchafers hum their thirst for chlorophyll.

The robins, faithful to their habits, occupy the soundscape freed by the other songbirds.

A vixen and her cubs bustle in the growing darkness.

A tawny owl awakens, begins its territorial inspection.

[07:30 – 10:50]

Impetuous movements in the scrub. A massive shadow: a solitary wild boar patrols.

The quintessential twilight creatures, several pairs of European nightjars leave their diurnal perches for their parade and hunt.

Trills, aerial calls, and winged percussion from these "wind swallows", as though from another world.

[10:50 – 14:50]

In the beech forest, the scent of moss and lichens.

A roe deer, on alert, bolts, barking under the downpour.

A female tawny owl emits its piercing calls.

Velvet paws, a forest cat on heat prowls.

[14:50 – 19:34]

Clearing in the oak forest.

Amorous amphibians. The fading song of rain. The call of the yellow-bellied toads, which flares and multiplies in the ruts.

The heart-wrenching and staccato cries of juvenile tawny owls begging.

The dance of bats in flight; their cries sometimes brushing the edge of audibility.

In the distance, a fox whines, as in a tale.

Chapter 3. Summer

[00:00 – 05:40]

Garden-orchard and lucerne field on a dry hillside.

The repetitive music of Italian crickets. Perfect serenity, blessed by a distant tawny owl.

Alytes toads, scattered in their secret refuges: each with its note, pure.

Hedgehogs in a hazel thicket. Rustlings, muffled breaths, cries of intimidation.

Quail, low among the lucerne. Their impulsive, intermittent song: Pay your debts! as the popular translation goes.

A red fox slinks by, its cries aimed at the full moon..

[05:40 – 14:00]

At the forest edge, the woodland crickets hum. Hesitant syllables on the dry leaves.

A roe deer scratches its scrapes, rubs its markings: territorial touches.

A barn owl goes about its mysteries. Its piercing call shatters the absolute silence of its flight.

The storm rumbles, distant.

A small sounder of wild boars roots through the still-dry litter of a yew grove; the leaves rustle powerfully under their passage.

The storm draws closer, rolling in the clouds. First drops. Flash, lightning.

[14:00 – 18:16]

Back to the orchard.

A little owl calls out its persistent song. Its pure notes seem to harmonize with the taste of the rain.

The insects gradually come back to life. Decticelles-sparks, quivering grasshoppers.

In the blackened yet refreshed atmosphere, martens quarrel.

Chapter 4. Autumn

[00:00 – 02:15]

Twilight in the beech-spruce forest.

The fine, chiseled calls of a late round of tits.

The buzzing murmur of canopy pollinators gradually fades.

Massive shadows emerge from the depths of the woods: feverish stags, sniffing, listening.

[02:15 – 09:30]

Wet heath, electric bellowing.

The space opens under the impulse of determined, living forces.

Calls of challenge and domination. Lightning-speed runs. Pursuits.

Vibrating peat.

[09:30 – 17:32]

Suddenly, the wind.

A heavy, cold downpour.

Fruits falling into the ink-black night.

Wild boars root through the earth, crunching nuts and hazelnuts, devouring mushrooms.

The solitude of a young fox. Inquisitive, uneasy yelps.

Will the wolf or lynx come?