

11^e RENCONTRES NOMADES 2026

du 17 au 23 août à Séverac (35)



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ABOUT LES RENCONTRES NOMADES

WHAT IT IS

Since 2016, the Rencontres Nomades come to search us each summer across France and Europe to exchange and transmit militants songs from here and everywhere.

Constantly (r)evolving, we seek, through the Singing perspective : to reflect on our political stand points, to weave networks of mutual support as much as to make visible and put together tools for political, collective and personal emancipation, used for our daily struggles.

We are looking for self-organisation values, living and doing together, rejecting consumer concepts. Les Rencontres are an occasion to experiment a non-hierarchical and collective organisation.

Vigilant in front of relations of domination and issues of power, it is a space-time where oppressive systems are fought and deconstructed.

ORGANISATION

The week of the Nomades is collectively organised upon different moments, before :

- inscriptions, budget , material matters
- installation of the site...

And meanwhile :

- transmission of songs
 - daily tasks
 - talking-time organisation
 - a daily attention to each other and to the community needs
- etc

KEY MOMENTS OF DECISIONS ARE SET UP DURING THE WEEK

The launch of Les rencontres nomade

- Sharing of informations about the occupied place,
- Planning of the general every day tasks,
- Receiving important and useful messages from the commissions.

This also permits the co-construction of the program. This is not a place to debate. Requires the maximum of people

Meetings with the team of organisation (l'orga)

- Encountering and discussing with the many commissions of the actual year and start to create the new team that would lead the organisation for the following year.

Les Rencontres Nomades are only possible if there is enough people involved.

KEY MOMENTS TO MAKE IT HAPPEN

- A meeting with the commissions, after which it will be possible to help them during the week.
- End of the week (saturday lunch), to get informed about the commissions if you want to join them the following year.
- End of the week, a forum to make a point about the budget, to vote the proposals that have been debated during collective moments reflection and to accept them or not. Also this is a time to propose a tool to synthesize all these informations.

Requires the maximum of people

This year 2026, les Nomades are changing to shape into their original and historically political and militant character. We want to rethink it, to define and work it better, collectively and pass it on from a year to another.

To open up a bigger opportunity for the participants willing to engage more deeply into the organisational process and the weekly activities (apart from songs transmissions and the tasksboard).

Thus, will be created Morning activities proposed and created by the choirs to share experiences of all kind related to our fights, caring, our supports to local struggles and finally to gather, weave and reinforce our bounds as singing fighters.

Que vivent les luttes , que vive le chant !

Happy week to all !

BACK TO SEVERAC!

As the 8th edition of the Nomades Gatherings in 2023, we're back to L'Antenne in Severac.

L'Antenne is an association and collective place of reception, of activities and a living space located in Severac in Loire-Atlantique (44) region since 2022 , on a former summer camp base.

L'Antenne sets up different activities on the site such as knowledge exchange, artistic creations, ecological projects and cultural events.

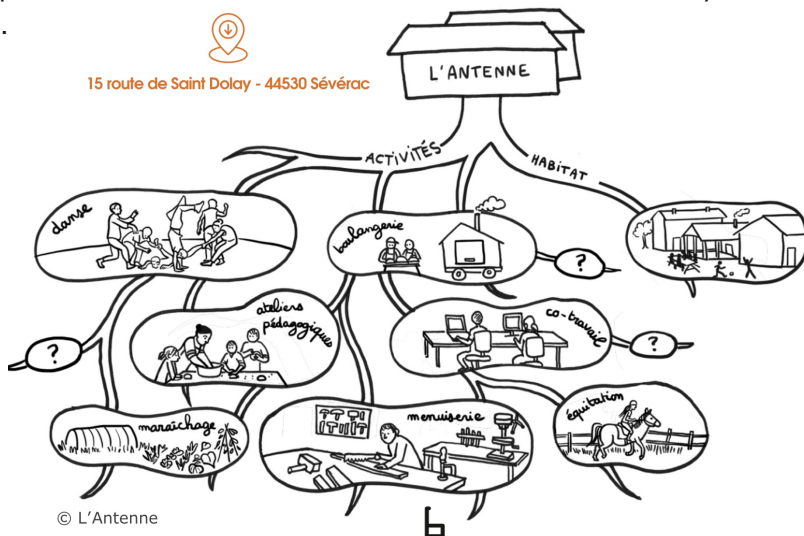
The place is provided with big dormitories, working spaces and a collective kitchen. Moreover the domain encapsulates a forest, a grassland and gardens to implement its projects.

And all this in coordination with a supportive and self-managed collective habitat .

This year, the choice of staying in a location already known and mostly equiped allows us to take a break in our usual motivation in supporting a local fight.

Because this edition will be full of several reflexions about the political and militant meaning of this event...

Suspense! the Matinal Comission (la com' Matin) will tell you all about this.



A WORD FROM LA COM' ENFANTS

These past years, the place of children_as for the adults who come with them to the Nomads Gatherings _has become an important topic and a commission (la com' enfants) exists so that we can think about and realize concretely this matter of inclusion.

It is politically important for us that children live and enjoy these moments of self organisation around our songs of struggle because the purpose of transmitting is quite obvious. And for this reason , we start questioning ourselves on a large scale.

Let's just start with our adulthood attitudes: from « passing the hand through the hair » to « the expectations for a calm and submissive behaviour », little beings who , at the best should not disturb. This makes us wonder how to think self-organization with them.

We must also consider Empathy as the meaning of what is a self-organised space : indeed when we are responsible of children and little ones, especially being a mother with the sensation of doing everything half way, being out of our minds and feeling guilty all the way, not being good enough...

In short , we must activate once more our beautiful revolutionnary imagination :

what if this year we learned a song written by the children ?

What if this year the warm-ups could open a playful moment between them and the children in ourselves ?

And what if we decided to give right away three hearts to the moms so that we can erase this feeling of guiltiness of not doing enough collective tasks like the other chorists or to prevent from choosing between tasks or transmission ?

Children are the adults of tomorrow and building a better world is with them .

We're talking about adults deconstruction processes ; but if we build with a benevolent, welcomming and mutual recognition ; these values will be within them when they grow up! Because they would have live all this in a secure and respectful environment.

The Collective is intergenerational.

Nothing is simple of course but we'll carry ,again this year ,us parents and non- parents this precious topic in perspective .

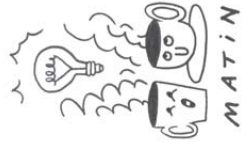
What a joy to have this year again the children with us !



PRESENTATION OF THE COMMISSIONS

COMMISSION	MAIN MISSIONS	MOMENTS OF ORGANISATION	INTENSITY FROM 1 TO 5
 FURNISHING	-Listing all needed equipment for installations , water access, electricity... -Make the plans for constructions -Buy and get the equipment -Be part of the week-end to locate the site -Be part of the week of Set Up of the site and the Dismantling	-From the moment of choosing the site to the Dismantling	5
 MENU AND SUPPLY	-Elaborate the menus -Searching for suppliers and make the orders -WEEK OF SET UP: -Organize and install the kitchen -Buy and get the food -WEEK OF THE ENCOUNTERS: -Manage the stock and the teams in the kitchen	-From the moment of choosing the site to the End of les Nomades	4
 SONGBOOK	-Collect songs and propositions of workshops, informations about the event , the planning -Edit and make it readable for each one. And try to improve the understanding of The Nomadic Encounters and community living through useful informations -Estimate a budget -Autonomy in the creativity and aesthetics of the song book	-Mai to July	2
 COORDINATION	-Manage the mailbox and intern tools of communication -Prepare and facilitate the organization of the reunions -Make link between the commissions and organizers -Prepare and facilitate the week-end to locate the site -Prepare and dispatch the tasks during Set Up and Dismantling -Animate the moments of organisation	-All along the year; peak of activity in october and at the beginning of the event	5

COMMISSION	MAIN MISSIONS	MOMENTS OF ORGANISATION	INTENSITY FROM 1 TO 5
CHILDREN	– Reflecting about the matter of inclusion of the children and theirs accompanying persons – Create a real life moment of militancy for the children – Make realize the richness of relationships between the children and the adults – Plan the set up of the children's space and the needs for specific equipments – Manage communication between the activities of the Nomades and the responsables of the "team children"	– Mostly during the moment of the Nomades	2-3
 INSCRIPTIONS AND ACCOUNTABILITY	– Plan the inscriptions (gauge, sending mails, budget) – Make the economic plan of the event (access to the bank account, refundings, management of the money on the site, establish the "Thunomètre" - tools that allow people to adapt their expenses proportionally to their financial capacities)	– From the moment of choosing of the site to after the Nomades	4
LANGUAGE ACCESSIBILITY	– Promoting a culture of Language Interpretation to fight against forms of domination related to the language in use – Identify the needs of the allophones and suggest solutions before and after the Nomades – Identify the needs of other teams about the language accessibility		2
PLACE	– Search and find the future location of Les Rencontres Nomades – Filling up the informative formularies of the found places "fiches lieux" (where? capacity? accessibility etc)	– From september to the moment of choosing the site and the w-e of sighting the site	2

COMMISSIONS	MAIN MISSIONS	MOMENTS OF ORGANISATION	INTENSITY FROM 1 TO 5
 LOGISTIKS	-Participation to the gatherings-reunions of all commissions -Participation to the w-e of location of the site (sightings) -Put together all the demands for material stuff and transport it to the site -Dispatch the stuff during the Set Up -Participate to the dismantling and bring back the borrowed stuff	-From the moment of choosing the site to the end of dismantling	5
 MORNINGS	-Mutant baby; former Com' Action, created for Les Rencontres Nomades '26 Edition -Reflecting about the political and militant stand point of the Nomades, review of all the years of support to the different local fights, think about future possibilities -Free up time for exchanges and collective reflections during the week -Propose a frame to structure the Mornings. - The past years, the Com'Action was organizing, altogether with the local groups, events and actions in support to the territory's struggles where the Nomades were taking place	-From december to the end of the week of the Nomades	5
 SOIN CARE	-Provide safe spaces where to calm down and chill and eventually listening permanences, caring moments -Provide times of discussions during the Nomades -In charge of the autonomous pharmacy	-From may to the end of the Nomades	2

MATCH EACH CHOIR WITH ITS CITY :

Esclandre•	• Besançon
Meutes•	• Lausanne
Cagette•	• Trièves
NoBorderChorlies•	• Marseille
Débraille•	• Saint Etienne
Aux grées des voix•	• Morvan
Cri du choeur•	• Strasbourg
Renversé.es•	• Paris
Arrach'choeur•	• Berlin
Crée•	• Pays bigouden
Harde•	• Toulouse
Branl'heureux.ses•	• Montreuil
Mandra•	• Arles
Horde vocale•	• Grenoble
Rages-gorges•	• Pouilly le Monial
Chorale féministe•	• Saint Denis
Castagne•	• Redon
Ebarioles•	• Rochefort-sur-terre
Choeur des VNR•	• Montpellier
Strickes•	• Nantes
Barbues mignonnes•	• Zürich
Solichorale•	• Valence
Canaille du Midi•	• Douarnenez
Chorale anarchiste•	• Chambéry
Shakirals•	• Lyon
Chorageuse•	• Die
Meufs•	• Rennes
Proletarische Singgruppe•	• Privas
Ruz•	• Limoux
Echo râleur.euse•	• Bienne
Dissonnantes•	• Lamastre
Widerklang•	• Bruxelles
Lutte enchantée•	
Ourageuse Chorale féministe•	
Kiff au soleil•	
CLASH•	
Choeur archichaud•	
Chabadass•	
Rue-Ralent•	

ALL YOU FASCISTS BOUND TO LOSE

LA CRIÉE MONTREUIL, ÎLE DE FRANCE

Original song from Woody Guthrie (1944), singer and american folk guitar player, influenced by anarchists and labour movements. Our version is adapted from the Resistance Revival Chorus' (2020) one, a feminist, anti-racist and fight for social justice collective, that claims for joy as a tool to fight.

Starting notes : A, C#, E

Intro

I'm gonna tell you fascists [X3 whispered]

I'm gonna tell you fascists [X3 gradually]

Verse 1

I'm gonna tell you fascists

Sure might be surprised

There's people in this world

And we're getting organized

You bound to lose, you fascists bound to lose

You bound to lose, you fascists bound to lose

Chorus

All you fascists bound to lose

All you fascists bound to lose

All you fascists bound to lose

You bound to lose, you fascists bound to lose

Verse 2

People from every nation

Marching side by side

They're marching 'cross the fields

Where a million fascists died

You bound to lose, you fascists bound to lose

You bound to lose, you fascists bound to lose

Chorus X2



THE DAY THE NAZI DIED

BRANLHEUREUXSES 1 LYON

Released in 1993, this enraged punk track denounce nazism and reminds us that the fight is not over. It makes reference to far right supporters who publicly paid tribute to Rudolph Hess, Hitler's former adjunct, at his death in 1987. Song by Chumbawamba.

Starting note : A

1
We're told that after the war
The Nazis vanished without a trace
But battalions of fascists
Still dream of a master race
The history books they tell
Of their defeat in '45
But they all came out of the
woodwork
On the day the Nazi died

2
They say the prisoner of Spandau
Was a symbol of defeat
While Hess remained in prison,
Then the fascists they were beat
So the promise of an Aryan
World would never materialise
So why did they all come out of the
woodwork
On the day the Nazi died?

3
The world is riddled with maggots,
The maggots are getting fat
They're making a tasty meal of all
The bosses and bureaucrats
They're taking over the boardrooms
And they're fat and full of pride
And they all came out of the
woodwork
On the day the Nazi died

4
So if you meet with these historians
I'll tell you what to say
Tell them that the Nazis
Never really went away
They're out there burning houses
down
And peddling racist lies
And we'll never rest again,
Until every Nazi dies.

DESDE EL RÍO AL MAR

LA CAGETTE, GRENOBLE

Rewritten song from The deep throat choir, the hunter, found on Insta by the VNR of Montreuil.

[A]

Cuanto más puede durar toda esa impunidad
Cuantas veces olvidadas poblaciones masacradas

[A]

Desde el río al mar palestina viverá y
Desde el río al mar palestina vencerá

[C]

No parará de sonar ese grito de dignidad
No parará de sonar ese grito de libertad.

Translation

How much longer can this impunity last ? How many times have massacred people been forgotten ?

From the river to the sea, Palestine will live, and from the river to the sea, Palestine will triumph.

This cry for dignity will not be silenced. This cry for freedom will not be silenced.

EXIL

LA CASTAGNE, PRIVAS

Written and composed by Lo Barrut, this song explores the theme of exile through the pain of leaving one's land, loved ones, and roots behind. Non-official traduction by Nathalie Pardo (Chant des Terres).

Starting note : E

Luènh es ma tèrra

Ara soi triste coma un ventre vuèg ~~de femna~~ afamat

Ai tant marchat que mos pès son de pèira,

Ai tant plorat que mos uèlhs son ribièira

Quitar maire, sabla, sentor del primièr lach,

Quitar mon aire, mon aiga, seriá un peril mai fat ?

Luènh es ma tèrra

Cerqui dins cada vanèla l'emprenta familièra,

Mas tot n'es qu'inconegut, vast e sens nom

Mos senses dessecats m'an abandonat

Luènh es ma tèrra

Canti reculhida lo temps passat

La votz de las maires ressona dins mon arma

Dona rason e força a cada pas novèl.

Quitar maire, sabla, sentor del primièr lach,

Quitar mon aire, mon aiga, seriá un peril mai fat ?

Luènh es mon cèl

D'avant, demòran las estèlas escantidas

Al clar de cada luna, nostalgia d'aicí

A l'ombra de cada jor, peril d'ailà

Luènh son mos fraires
Las ombras estiman mon englasi,
lèr vesin e amic, exotica escapada,
Ara langasta, sansuga, pas mai qu'una nièra

**Quitar maire, sabla, sentor del primièr lach,
Quitar mon aire, mon aiga, seriá un peril mai fat ? x2**

Translation

Far is my land, now I'm sad, like a ~~woman's~~ starving belly.
I walked so much that my feet are like stones, I cried so much that my eyes
are like rivers.
Leaving mother, sand, first milk smell, Leaving my air, my water, would it be a
craziest risk ?
Far is my land, I'm looking for the familiar footprint in every alley, but
everything is
unknown, vast and without name. My dried senses let me down.
Far is my land, I sing the memories of the past time, the mothers' voice
resonate into my soul, give it right and strength at every new step.
Far is my sky. Of yore, only stars that have burnt out remain. At every
moonlight, the nostalgia from here. At every day's shadow, the peril from
there. xFar are my brothers. The shadows cherish my fear. Yesterday, neighbour
and friend, exotic getaway. Now, ticks, leeches, nothing more than a flea.

GÜEITADORAS DE LA NUEIT

LES RENVERSÉES 1 NANTES

This song pays tribute to the witches...

Structure :

R1 : all in bass

R2 : 1 voice in R1, others higher

R3 : 1 voice in R1, 1 voice in R2, others higher

R4 : 1 voice in R1, 1 voice in R2, 1 voice in R3, others higher

Güeitadoras de la nueit

Cantan lo desvelh

Eras son l'escur lo vent,

Dan l'aujour lo lusent

Temps de helèro, temps de magréra,

Bohar que cau, tiratz-ve lo mau

Translation

The night guardians

Sing the awakening

They are the obscurity, the wind

Give what warms, what glows

Bad times, food shortage,

You have to blow, remove the evil from yourself

LIBERTA D

CHOEUR DES VNR, MONTREUIL

Text & melody : Jorge Radic. Choir arrangement : Damien Verdin.

Jorge Radic was born in Santiago, Chili. He's playing music and singing in traditionnal music bands. At the beginning of the 70's, he's artistic director and stage manager of the Patagonia International Festival, and creates the Punta Arenas Conservatory of Music. In December 1973 he went into exile in France where he continued his activities with the Duo "Jorge and Beb". In 1976, he founded the group "Karumanta" with Beb Montgaillard and participated with the Chilean troupe ALEPH in the creation of the musical theatre play at the Cartoucherie de Vincennes "The incredible and sad story of the exiled Mateluna and General Peñaloz". Throughout his career in France, he denounces the atrocities committed by europeans during their world conquest, especially in Latin America. Fibra Austral is a 15 songs work whose main sujet is natif american people extermination in chilean Patagonia and Argentina.

Structure : Each voice is sung twice, first the bass, then tenor, alto and soprane. Tutti (jerky) x2 / Tutti (louder) x2

Bass (G)

Vuelven los conquistadores a matar la paz

Tenor (B)

Del pueblo la voz se alzar  ya, gritando todos libertad

Alto (E)

Van los poderosos acopiando privilegios, Van los poderosos despojando indefensos, Niegan los derechos esenciales fundamentos, libertad.

Soprane (G at octave)

Libertaad Libertaad Libertad Libertaaaaad

Translation

Conquistadors are back to kill the peace / The voice of the people will rise to shout together, freedom / Here are the powerful accumulating privileges. Here are the powerful stripping the weakest. They deny essential fundamental right, freedom.

DAS LILA LIED

WIDERKLANG 1 BERLIN

Written by Kurt Schwabach and composed by Mischa Spoliansky in 1920, *Das lila Lied* ("The Lavender Song") is often considered one of the first queer anthems in history. In the early years of the Weimar Republic, movements for sexual emancipation and gender diversity flourished in several major European cities. Berlin became their main hub, with an unprecedented concentration of associations, social venues, and activist initiatives.

It was in this context that Magnus Hirschfeld founded the Institut für Sexualwissenschaft (Institute for Sexual Science) in 1919. A pioneer in the study of sexuality and gender, he actively campaigned for the repeal of Paragraph 175, which punished sexual relations between men, with imprisonment.

In his work, he developed the idea of "intermediate sexes," situated on a continuum ranging from masculinity to femininity, independent of biological sex. He viewed homosexuality as an innate disposition, and thus as a matter for the medical realm, not the criminal justice system. His institute was also a pioneer in supporting transgender people: in particular, he oversaw the first known attempt at surgical transition, that of Lili Elbe.

This song, which takes its title from one of the first films to openly address homosexuality—*Anders als die Andern* ("Different from the Others"), directed by Richard Oswald and featuring Magnus Hirschfeld—is dedicated to him.

Starting notes : Soprano & Alto : A
 Bass starts : E

Was will man nur? Ist das Kultur,
daß jeder Mensch verpönt ist,
der klug und gut, jedoch mit Blut
von eigner Art durchströmt ist,
daß grade die Kategorie
vor dem Gesetz verbannt ist,
die im Gefühl bei Lust und Spiel
und in der Art verwandt ist?
Und dennoch sind die meisten stolz, daß sie von anderm Holz!

**Wir sind nun einmal anders, als die andern,
die nur im Gleichschritt der Moral geliebt,
neugierig erst durch tausend Wunder wandern,
und für die 's doch nur das Banale gibt.
Wir aber wissen nicht, wie das Gefühl ist,
denn wir sind alle anderer Welten Kind;
wir lieben nur die lila Nacht, die schwül ist,
weil wir ja anders als die andern sind**

Wozu die Qual, uns die Moral
der andern aufzudrängen?
Wir, hört geschwind, sind wie wir sind,
selbst wollte man uns hängen.
Wer aber denkt, daß man uns hängt,
den müßte man beweinen,
doch bald gebt acht, es wird über Nacht
auch unsre Sonne scheinen.
Dann haben wir das gleiche Recht erstritten,
wir leiden nicht mehr, sondern sind gelitten.

Chorus

**We're not afraid to be queer and different
If that means hell, well hell we'll take the chance
They're all so straight, uptight, upright and rigid
They march in lock-step, we prefer to dance
We see a world of romance and of pleasure
All they can see is sheer banality
Lavender nights are our greatest treasure
Where we can be just who we want to be**

**Wir lieben nur die lila Nacht, die schwül ist, Weil wir ja anders als die
andern sind!**



Translation

What does one want? Is this culture, that every person is condemned, who is bright and good, yet with blood of their own kind flowing through them, that precisely the category is banished before the law, which, in feeling, in pleasure and play and in nature is related? And yet most are proud To be cut from a different cloth.

(Refrain)

We are just different from the others Who have only loved marching in step with morality.

Who curiously wander at first through a thousand wonders and yet only see the banal in the end. But we don't know what that feeling is like because we are the children of another world. We only love the lavender night that is sultry because we are different from the others

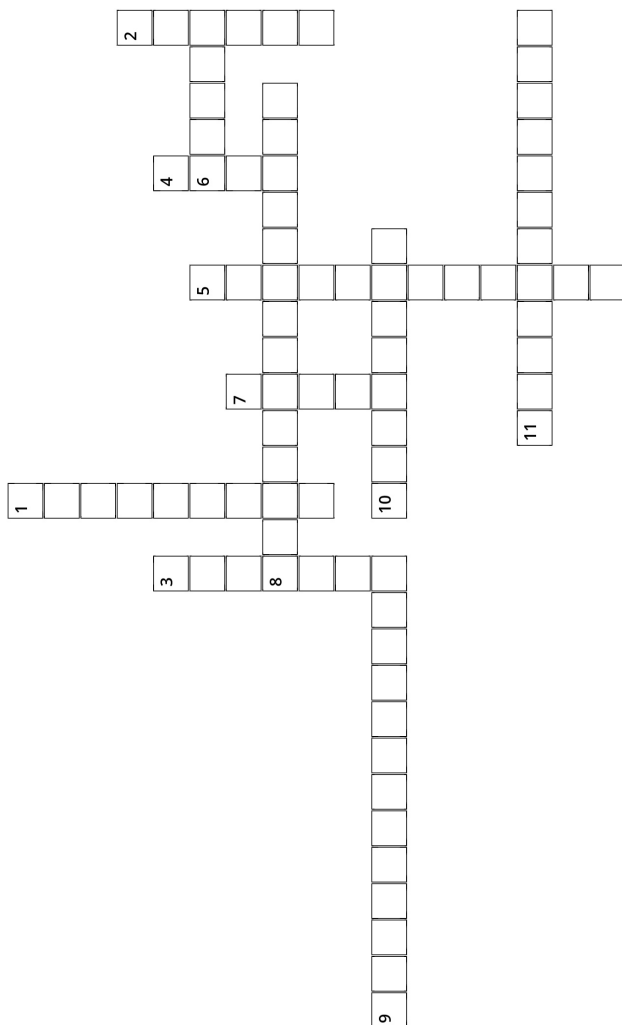
Why the agony of imposing the other's morality on us? We – pay attention now! – we are the way we are, even if they want to hang us for it. But whoever thinks that we should be hanged should be pitied. And soon, take note, overnight our sun will also shine.

Then we will have won the same rights we will no longer suffer, but we will be tolerated!

(Refrain + English Refrain)

CROSSWORDS

Crosswords where the answers can be found by rummaging through the notebook. Knowing the lyrics well will be a valuable asset, as well as their meaning.



Horizontal

6. the shadows cherish my fear
8. they are back to kill the peace
9. the wind caresses their nipples
10. they are bound to lose
11. the wind comes along with it

Vertical

1. from the river to the sea
2. the most beautiful palaces
3. salt fields in aigues-mortes
4. they will feel it too
5. run away turn away

NI UNA MENOS

LA HORDE VOCALE - BESANÇON

This is a cover of the italian singer La Malamurga, who rewrote Mannarino's song Statte Zitta. The song, written from an assassinated woman's point of view, evokes the grip under which she was and calls to fight and to sorority. Part of the lyrics were recently rewritten by le Cri du choeur (Montpellier). Ni una menos is also an allusion to an argentinian movement against feminicides. Starting note : High : G / Lead : E / Bass : G

* Ni una menos -> [high voice : ni una menos]
Ora che la mia storia è finita / Ora che tu m'hai tolto la vita
Come ti senti ? -> [high voice : ni una menos]

Sarò l'ultima voce nel vento -> haute : Do₅ (lead : C₄ & basse : G₃)
Sarò l'ultima e questo è il mio canto

* Non dire amore -> [high voice : ni una menos]
Non sei degno di quella parola / Ho lottato per anni da sola
Con la tua rabbia -> [high voice : ni una menos]

Sarò l'ultima voce nel vento
Sarò l'ultima e questo è il mio canto

Bridge :

Lead voice	Bass voice	High voice
* Non mi serve un <u>perché</u>	-> ou La ₃ b	-> ou Do ₄
* Con le mie <u>sorelle</u>	-> ou Sol ₃	-> ou Do ₄
* Anche tu avrai paura	-> ou Fa ₃	-> ou Si ₃
(La ₄ B) Nella notte scura	(La ₃ b) Nella notte scura	(Do ₄) Nella notte scura
La mia voce nei sogni, ogni ora Griderà ancora io cercavo solo. le tue carezze (x2)	-> ou ou ou ou ou La ₃ b io cercavo solo. le tue carezze (x2)	La mia voce nei sogni, ogni ora Griderà ancora io cercavo solo. le tue carezze (x2)

Sarò l'ultima voce nel vento
Sarò l'ultima e questo è il mio canto
Sarò l'ultima voce nel vento
Sarò l'ultima e questo è il mio canto
Sarò l'ultima donna violata
Sarò l'ultima morta ammazzata

Sarò l'ultima morta ammazzata

Translation

Not one less. Now that my story is over / Now that you you took my lif / How do you feel ? / I'll be the last voice in the wind / I'll be the last and this is my song / Don't talk about love / You're note worthy of this word / I've been fighting alone for years / With your anger / I don't need any explanations / With my sisters / You'll be afraid too / In the dark night / My voice in your dreams at every hour / Wil still shout / I was only looking for your caresses / I'll be the last voice in the wind / I'll be the last and this is my song / I'll be the last woman to be raped / I'll be he last woman to be killed



NOUÉES

CHŒUR ARCHI CHAUD, RENNES

The song is composed by the Company La baleine cargo (The Fret Whale from La Rochelle), taken from the street performance "Furtives". It's about three women sliding in the city to spread the revolt in.

They take the audience with them on a poetic insurrection. Their urgency: to act on the world. The entire show as well as the chorus of this song are performed in chantsigne (linked to French sign language). This song speaks of our revolutionary fights and the strong bonds that result from them.

Starting notes : B (L) / F# (B) / D (H).

Entends-tu sous nos pas les vagues qui grondent
La révolte est là et nos voix comme l'onde
Ils brûlent nos forêts, les transforment en désert
Nous serons la source qui reverdit la terre

[bass voice & percussion entry]

Ils violentent nos liens et dans tout ce carnage
Nous tirons de nos larmes plus de force que leurs armes
De nos milliers de bras nous irons étrangler
Leur machine de mort et la loi du plus fort
Leur machine de mort et la loi du plus foou ohooo ohooort

chorus x2

Et nous sommes nouéées

Comme l'arbre aux racines

Comme l'eau aux rochers

Comme la rose aux épines

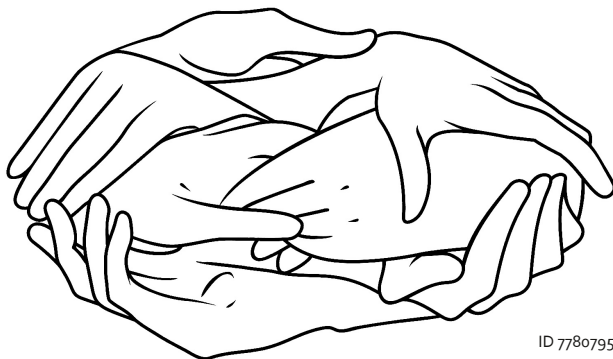
Nous sommes 3 et puis 100 comme un raz-de-marée
Nous sommes fières et puissantes et nous allons noyer
Leur monde asséché, le laver à grandes eaux
De nos corps emmêlés, nous ferons des radeaux
[bass voice & percussion stop]

A nos soeurs de combat et nos frères oubliés
 Nous ouvrirons les bras pour mieux les embrasser
 Et enfin rassemblées sous un ciel
 [bass voice entry]
 Nous bâtirons des rêves, palais de coquillages
 Nous bâtirons des rêves, palais de coquillaaa ahaaa ahaaages
 [percussion entry]

Chorus x2

[percussion stop after the 2nd "racine"]

Ohohohoh Ohohohoh



ID 77807959

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Translation

Tied

Do you hear under our steps the rumbling waves / Here is the revolt and our voices like wave / They burn our forests, change them into deserts / We'll be the spring that makes the earth greening back
 They assault our bonds and in all this carnage / We draw from our tears more strength than their weapons / From our thousand of arms we'll be strangling / Their death machine and the law of the strongest
 And We are tied / Like the tree to the roots / Like the water to the rocks / Like the rose to the thorns
 We are 3 and then 100 like a tidal wave / We are proud and powerfull and we're going to drown / Their dry world, wash it down / From our tangled bodies we'll make rafts
 To our sisters in fight and forgotten brothers / We'll open our arms to embrace them better / And finally gathered under a stormy sky / We'l build dreams, shell palaces

PECCAIS

LA DÉBRILLE - NANTES

Peccais is a location in Aigues-Mortes salt fields. At the end of the 19th century, many italian people and Cevennes' habitants came to harvest salt, in hard working conditions and for a poverty wage. This text denounce their working conditions. In 1893, the economic crisis made job opportunities rarest and competitive, rising nationalism, xenophobia and the feeling of an emmergency to protect local jobs, led to the « massacre of the italians at Aigues-Mortes » : a serie of events during which french villagers and workers lynched and killed italian salt workers.

The origin of the composition and the arrangement are unknown but modern.

En arribant a Peccais, lo baile nos demanda,
Lo baile nos demanda, se volèm trabalhar (x2)
Que lo tron de Dieu, que cura cante Peccaissiana, que cura cante
peccaissiana

En arribant a l'ostal, la femna tòca la borseta,
Tòca la borseta, d'argent n'i aviá pas cap (x2)
Que lo tron de Dieu, que cura, cante Peccaissiana, que cura cante
peccaissiana

Na ! Totjorn ! Jamai, Cal aver tuat paire e maire per anar a Peccais (x2)

Se la repubblica sabíá la vida que nos fan faire
Fariá brular Peccais, Crist, e mai curar baile (x2)
Que lo tron de Dieu, que cura, cante Peccaissiana, que cura cante
peccaissiana

Na ! Totjorn ! Jamai, Cal aver tuat paire e maire per anar a Peccais (x2)

Translation

Upon arriving at Peccais, the boss asks us if we want to work
Let the rumbling God's thunder sing the song of Peccais. Forever and ever,
you must have killed father and mother to go to Peccais
Upon arriving at home, the wife palps the purse, but there is no money.
If the Republic knew the life it makes us endure, it would burn Peccais,
the Christ, and send the boss to hell.

CONNECTS THE DOTS

precious waste



LES PIAFS

L'ECHO RÂLEUR • EUSE • CHAMBÉRY

Les Mécanos (folk songs and percussions), are 10 singers in coveralls, covering folk songs and songs of struggle in french and occitan. They're rooted in the history of the Saint-Etienne's industrial basin.

This song is about the failings of modern society : toxic masculinity, capitalism, rumor, xenophobia, reactionary mind, conspiracism, and this one takes the cake, the elites corruption with the case of embezzling public funds and blackmail with sexe tape. This was orchestrated by Gaël Perdriau, mayor of Saint-Etienne (helped by assistants) against his 1st assistant. It happened in 2015 but only bursts in 2022, thanks to Médiapart. The trial takes place in 2025 and Gaël Perdriau, who refused to retire and even considered standing for re-election, is sentenced on the 1st of December 2025 to 5 years of prison among which 1 suspended year, and to immediate ineligibility. The « Comité Défaite » of Saint-Etienne, after several « farewell parties », celebrated the verdict with a carnaval can toss and a big party.

	Voice 1 (lead)	Voice 2	Voice 3
9	calls	repeats	same as lead
Chorus	Voice 1	Voice 2	Voice 3
8,7,6	calls	repeats	same as lead
Chorus	Voice 1	Voice 2	Voice 3
5,3,2,1	calls	variante contrechant	<i>lead or contrechant</i>
pigeons	Voice 1	Voice 1	Voice 1

**9 corbeaux qui grailent là-haut,
À s'demander qui est le plus gros x2
À s'demander qui est le plus gros,
Les as-tu vu comme ils sont beaux ?**

**Chorus x2
E que quò chanta, e quò trilha, e quò bralha,
E totjorn los mesmes au trabalh.
Si deman [demô], lo jalh chanta pas,
Sab' que lo solelh levarà**

8 vautours dépiaut' de vieux os,
Ils se disputent - leur part du gâteau x2
Ils se disputent - leur part du gâteau,
Pas question d'en lâcher un morceau !

7 mainates qui parlent et qui s'entêtent,
Qu'import' le propos, sans cesse le répètent x2
Qu'importe le propos, sans cesse le répètent,
Orientant les mots des faits qu'ils interprètent.

6 gros jars surveillent et regardent,
C'est pour protéger qu'ils cacardent et cagnardent x2
C'est pour protéger qu'ils cacardent et CANARDENT,
L'oiseau migrateur qui n'est pas sur ses gardes.

Chorus x2

5 goélands qu'on voit venir au loin
Ils pleuren' en boucle sur un vieux refrain x2
Ils pleuren' en boucle **sur** un vieux refrain,
"C'était mieux avant, aujourd'hui ça vaut rien !"

3 pics verts picass' le bois mort,
Huit à dix heures par jour, redoublent d'effort x2
Huit à dix heures par jour, **ils** redoublent d'effort.
Pour combien d'années picasseront-ils encore ?

2 autruches gémissent et s'enterrent
Plus les faits sont précis, plus elles pensent le contraire x2
Plus les faits sont précis, plus elles pensent le contraire,
Le monde - est plus beau avec des œillères.

Un Perdriau qui vole et qui réclame,
Fait chanter les autres, pour éviter le blâme x2
Fait chanter les autres, pour éviter le blâme.
Il sauv' ses plumes sans assumer le drame.

Combien de pigeons roucoulent leurs miettes,
Sans jamais savoir ce qu'il y a dans l'assiette x2

Sans jamais savoir ce qu'il y a dans l'assiette →

À la fin du repas, ils n'auront que des dettes.

Chorus x2 + E que quo x2

Final 1	voice 1	voice 2bis	contrechant	
E que quo !				
Final 2	voice 1	voice 2bis	voice 3	contrechant

Text for the final :

Voice 1	Voice 2	<i>contrechant</i>
E que quo chanta, E quo trilha, e quo brahla E totjorn los mesmos o trabalh Si deman lo jahl chanta pas Sabe que lo solelh levará		Chanta, trilha, brahla, trabalh Totjorn mesmos o trabalh Chanta, trilha, brahla, trabalh lo solelh levará

Translation

Songbirds

9 crows eating up there / One wonders who's the biggest / Did you see how beautiful they are ?

**And let it sing, let it trill, let it bawl / And always the same people at work
 If tomorrow the rooster don't call, / There's no doubt the sun will rise !**

8 vultures chewing on old bones, quarrelling over / their share of the spoils / No way to let go a piece of it !

7 mynah chatting and squibbling, whatever they're saying, they keep repeating it. / twisting up the words, the events, the digits.

6 big geese, watching and vigiling, it is to protect, they cackle and they bark / at migratory birds that are not on guard.

5 seagulls approaching from afar, they cry endlessly old stories / it was better before, now it's all gone downhill.

3 green woodpeckers pecking at dead trees, 8 to 10 hours a day, they keep cutting more wood / how many more years will they keep pecking ?

2 ostriches moaning and burying their heads, the clearer the facts, the less they believe them / The world is prettier with blinders.

One Perdriau* flying and calling out, blackmailing** others to avoid the blame / saving its own feathers, no regard for others.

How many pigeons cooing over their crumbs, not even knowing what's there on their plates / by the end of lunch, they'll only have debts.

*Pun on words with a baby partridge, « perdrix » in french, and Gaël Perdriau

** In french « to blackmail » is « faire chanter », literally « make (someone) sing »



LES PIRATES À VÉLO

LES RUES-RÂLENT à REDON

Re-writing of Chant des Corsaire (Song of the Corsairs (pirates)), transmitted by À tantôt en vélo (Liège, Belgium) at Les Ronronnades 2023 a little bit modified by Les Rues-Râlent so we can dance it on a Chapelloise! (traditional dance known in all europe).

Lead	Basse	Haute
Sont des gentes de grand courage Ciels qui pédal'ront avec nouuus ————→ Des vélos venant d'partout Feront bagages dans nos sillages Vent de face et pisse debout Ciels qui pédal'ront avec nous	Sont des gentes de grand courage Ciels qui pédal'ront avec nouuus Des vélos venant d'partout Feront bagages dans nos sillages Vent de face et pisse debout Ciels qui pédal'ront avec nous	Sont des gentes de grand courage Ciels qui pédal'ront avec nouuus Des vélos venant d'partout Feront bagages dans nos sillages Vent de face et pisse debout Ciels qui pédal'ront avec nous
Ce seront de hardis pilotes Ceux que nous embarquerooons ————→ Acrobates sur leur guidon Avec les potes, même sous la flotte Bras solides et mollets ronds Ceux que nous embarquerons	Ce seront de hardis pilotes Ceux que nous embarquerooons Acrobates sur leur guidon Avec les potes, même sous la flotte Bras solides et mollets ronds Ceux que nous embarquerons	Ce seront de hardis pilotes Ceux que nous embarquerooons Acrobates sur leur guidon Avec les potes, même sous la flotte Bras solides et mollets ronds Ceux que nous embarquerons

Seront des as de la méca Chargeant tout le matos à boooord ————→ ————→ Checkant chacun d leur ressort Rustine par-ci, patin par là Suce ma roue, balance ton porc Chargeant tout le matos à bord	Seront des as de la méca Chargeant tout le matos à boooord Checkant chacun d leur ressort Rustine par-ci, patin par là Suce ma roue, balance ton porc Chargeant tout le matos à bord	Seront des as de la méca Chargeant tout le matos à boooord Checkant chacun d leur ressort Rustine par-ci, patin par là Suce ma roue, balance ton porc Chargeant tout le matos à bord
Iels déboul'ront en cascade Pour bloquer la route avec nouuuus ————→ ————→ Quatre de front sur leurs biclou Dans la tornade des klaxonnades Ne craindront pas les relous Prendront la place un point c'est tout	Iels déboul'ront en cascade Pour bloquer la route avec nouuuus Quatre de front sur leurs biclou Dans la tornade des klaxonnades Ne craindront pas les relous Prendront la place un point c'est tout	Iels déboul'ront en cascade Pour bloquer la route avec nouuuus Quatre de front sur leurs biclou Dans la tornade des klaxonnades Ne craindront pas les relous Prendront la place un point c'est tout
Seront un vrai gang de pédales Toustes à poil dans leur calçooooon ...	Seront un vrai gang de pédales Toustes à poil dans leur calçooooon ...	Seront un vrai gang de pédales Toustes à poil dans leur calçooooon ...

... Le vent caresse leurs tétons Ça fait scandale dans le Cantal Rien à foutre des conventions Toustes à poil dans leur calçon	... Le vent caresse leurs tétons Ça fait scandale dans le Cantal Rien à foutre des conventions Toustes à poil dans leur calçon	... Le vent caresse leurs tétons Ça fait scandale dans le Cantal Rien à foutre des conventions Toustes à poil dans leur calçon
Et c'est nous vaillantes et fière Qui donn'rons le top du dépaart —————> —————> Vite en selle et sans retard Toustes déchainé.e.s à notre manière Car ce n'est pas le hasard Qui nous command'ra le départ	Et c'est nous vaillantes et fière Qui donn'rons le top du dépaart Vite en selle et sans retard Toustes déchainé.e.s à notre manière Car ce n'est pas le hasard Qui nous command'ra le départ	Et c'est nous vaillantes et fière Qui donn'rons le top du dépaart Vite en selle et sans retard Toustes déchainé.e.s à notre manière Car ce n'est pas le hasard Qui nous command'ra le départ
Qui nous command'ra le départ !		

Translation :

Pirates on bikes

They are people of great courage / Those who will pedal with us / Bikes coming from everywhere /

Will pack up in our wakes / Headwind and you pee standing up (or headwind and urination device) / Those who will pedal with us

They'll be bold pilots / Those we will bring on board / Acrobats on their handlebars / With mates even under the rain / Strong arms and round calves / Those we will bring on board

They'll be mechanics aces / Loading the equipment on board / Checking their
springs / Patch here, brake pad there /
Suck my wheel, denunciate your pig* / Loading the equipment on board
They'll tumble in a cascade / To block the road with us / Four head-on on their
bike / In the horn tornado / Won't fear the annoying people / Will take the place,
that's all
They'll be a real faggot** gang / All naked in their underpants / Wind caresses
their nipples /
It causes a scandal in Cantal / Don't give a shit about the conventions / All naked
in their underpants
And it's us brave and proud / Who will give the starting signal / Quickly on track
and without delay / All unleashed in our own way / Because it's not the chance /
That will give the starting signal

Words like « ciels », « ceux », « iels » are all contractions of masculine and
feminine words to create neutral terms.

* This is the literal translation for « balance ton porc », french equivalent for
the « Me too » movement

** In french the word « pédale » (pedal) is also an homophobic, often reused by
the queer community. In the original text it is a pun with the world of cycling.

SMALLTOWN BOY

LA HARDE, TRIÈVES

Text by par Jimmy Sommerville, music by Steve Bronski and Larry Steinbachek. This mainly autobiographical text tells the story of a young queer person victim of an homophobic assault, facing solitude, disregard and lack of understanding from his family. The song became a hymn for the gay community of that time, highlights the young homosexuals' miseries in provinces, forced to flee small towns in order to search their freedom in bigger ones.

Homosexuality is only partly decriminalised and queer people's rights suffer reverses from conservatives. With this song, Jimmy Sommerville publicly assumed being gay while very few artists did so.

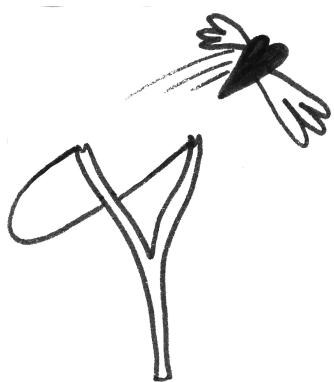
Starting note : C

[illegible]

Voice 1 : soprano	Voice 2 : <u>alti</u>	Voice 3 : tenor	Voice 4 : bass
Ouh Ouh Ouh Ouh Ouh Cry_____ Cry_____	To your soul_____ To your soul_____ To your soul_____ To your soul_____ To your soul_____ To your soul_____	To your to your soul To your to your soul To your to your soul To your_____ To your to your soul To your to your soul To your to your soul To your_____	Ouh ouh ou-ouh ouh ...
You leave in the morning with everything you own in a little black case Alone on a platform, the wind and the rain <u>on a sad and lonely face</u> <u>Mother will never understand</u> <u>why you had to leave</u> <u>But the answers you seek</u> <u>will never be found at home</u> <u>The love that you need</u> <u>will never be found at home</u>		Ouh ouh ouh ouh ... (x7)	
Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____ Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____ Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____	Ouh ouh Ouh Ouh ouh Ouh Ouh Ouh ouh Ouh ouh	Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____ Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____ Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____	Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____ Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____ Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____

Voice 1 : soprano	Voice 2 : alto	Voice 3 : tenor	Voice 4 : bass
Pushed around and kicked around, always a lonely boy You were the one that they'd talk about around town as they put you down And as hard as they would try they'd hurt to make you cry But you never cried to them just to your soul no you never cried to them just to your soul			
Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____ Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____ Cry_____ Cry_____	Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____ Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____ Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____ Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____	Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____cryin' Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____cryin' Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____cryin' Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____cryin'	Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____ Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____ Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____ Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____
Ouh-ouh-ouh ouh-ouh-ouh ouh-ouh-ouh ouh-ouh-ouh Ouh-ouh-ouh ouh-ouh-ouh ouh-ouh-ouh Ouh-ouh-ouh ouh-ouh-ouh ouh-ouh-ouh ouh-ouh-ouh	Ouh-ouh-ouh ouh-ouh-ouh ouh-ouh-ouh ouh-ouh-ouh ouh-ouh-ouh ouh-ouh-ouh ouh-ouh-ouh ouh-ouh-ouh ouh-ouh-ouh ouh-ouh-ouh ouh-ouh-ouh	to your sou-oul Crying to your sou-oul Crying to your sou-oul Crying to your sou-oul Crying Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____ Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____ Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____ Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____	Run run run Run run run Run run run Run ru-un ...

Voix 1 : soprane	Voix 2 : alti	Voix 3 : ténor	Voix 4 : basse
You leave in the morning with Everything you own in a little black case Alone on a platform, the wind and the rain on a sad and lonely face_____ Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____ Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____	You leave in the morning with Everything you own in a little black case Alone on a platform, the wind and the rain on a sad and lonely face Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____ Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____	Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____ Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____ Run away turn away Run away turn away Run away_____	Run run run Run run run Run run run Run ru-un ...



TEST: WHICH SINGING BIRD ARE YOU?

1. When it comes to your roost, you're more the type to...

- A. Sleep in a tent, sprawled out with your paws in the air
- B. Crash in a van with a cozy, custom setup
- C. Bunk in a shared dorm with the rest of the flock

2. In the morning, you like to...

- A. Be the first one up and get the coffee brewing
- B. Show up for the first briefing with toast in hand
- C. Roll out of bed once the day is already in full swing

3. At night, you prefer to...

- A. Sing your heart out until you're completely out of breath
- B. Not linger too long—zoom straight into a soft, cozy sleeping bag
- C. Stay up to watch the sunrise and hear the birds sing—a total night owl!

4. For breakfast, you're more into...

- A. Toast with plenty of butter and honey—neatly applied, of course
- B. A mix-and-match approach: a little bit of every spread available!
- C. Marinated soy protein for maximum energy !

5. Which song do you love belting out the most?

- A. The first morning song; the sun rises with your voice
- B. The evening lullaby at twilight
- C. The thunderous song that summons all the other birds

6. At the morning meeting, you like to:

- A. Sing your ideas at the top of your lungs
- B. Listen to all the different bird voices
- C. Follow the melody of a feathered friend

7. Your best flirting technique:

- A. Fluffing your feathers and showing off your best dance moves
- B. Singing a tune by moonlight
- C. Offering little trinkets or scavenged food

8. You come to the gatherings of nomads:

- A. To bring back loads of ideas for your choir
- B. To meet up with your whole flock of birds from other cities
- C. To discuss class issues and shake up the bourgeoisie of the high peaks

9. You choose your plumage:

- A. Colorful—shining brilliantly
- B. Practical and efficient—no fuss
- C. That's not really the point; we're here to sing, not to put on a fashion show!

10. Your songbook:

- A. Oh boy, where the heck did I put it?
- B. I doodled on it during the opening meeting and already finished the crossword puzzle!
- C. I wrote my name on the cover and the title page, and wrote in pink inside so no one could mistake it for theirs!

11. Your favorite task

- A. Doing the dishes—while singing and dancing!
- B. Cooking together with several hands, meeting others over kilos of potatoes
- C. Emptying the composting toilets—someone's got to do it, and it brings people closer!

12. Your ideal choir name

- A. Les Renversées (The Upside-Downs)
- B. Le Choeur Archi Chaud (The Artichoirke)
- C. La Castagne (The Brawl)

13. A song you love

- A. Muiñera de Ons—for singing, dancing, and clapping all at once
- B. Les Remêdes—a great group song
- C. La Danse des Bombes—voices weaving in and out with varying intensities

14. Your bird call

- A. LALALA
- B. CUICUI (Chirp-chirp)
- C. TRALALERE

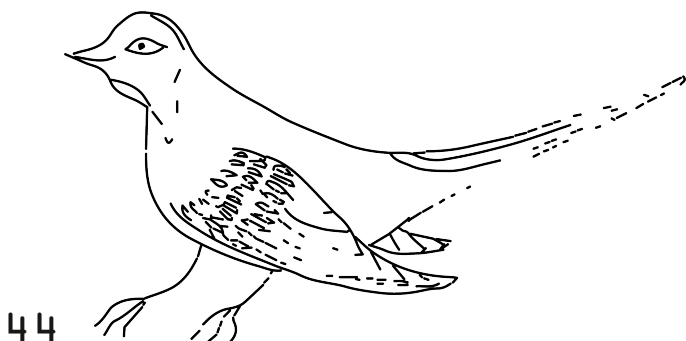
RESULTS

A max of A: you're a wagtail!

You often arrive with a coffee in hand... and leave again in the early morning after having launched one last song.

You go from one group to another, you get to know everyone and turn any break into a friendly moment. You like the energy of meetings, improvisations and last-minute adventures. Your enthusiasm is contagious : without you, the evenings would end much too early.

Your superpower? To create connections and remind people that fighting also goes through joy, celebration, and encounters.



A max of B: you're a robin!

You are the link between people, ideas and voices. You enjoy both the well-conducted rehearsals and the discussions that remake the world after the concert. You know how to listen, welcome new people and find your place in the collective without seeking to be at the center. You like when things move forward, but you also know how to take advantage of the present moment.

We often count on you to lighten the mood, find a compromise or launch the right song at the right time.

Your superpower? Maintaining a balance between commitment, organization, and the pleasure of being together.



A max of C: you're a crow!

You know the schedule, the schedules, the dial tone... and probably where the lost notebooks went.

You like that the projects are solid and that the songs go smoothly. You anticipate, you organize and you notice the details that others forget. Behind your calm demeanor

lies a real ability to move the collective forward. You know that a beautiful improvisation often relies on good preparation.

Even if you are not always the last person on the dance floor, you deeply appreciate the

moments shared when everyone can enjoy them calmly.

Your superpower? Turning good ideas into solid realities.



NOTES . . .

PLANNING

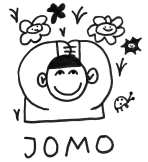
	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday
9 H 30	ICEBREAKER GAMES, BODY WARMS-UP		
10H	OPENING REUNION	INTER-CHOIR AND REGIONAL WORKSHOPS	
12H30	L	U	N C H
14H	Time break		
14H30			
16H	Rest		
16H30			
18H	Time break		
19H	apéro		
19H30	D	I	N E R
21H	NOMAD' VISION And Presentation of the workshops		

Thursday	Friday	Saturday
ICEBREAKER GAMES, BODY WARMS-UP		
	Collaborative Workshop : POLITICAL ISSUES OF LES NOMADES	CLOSING REUNION
L	U	N C H
Time Break - Rest		
Rest		
Time break		
apéro		
D	I	N E R
	BAL BOOM	ACABARET

GLOSSARY



or **Fear Of Missing Out**, when there are too many choices and you don't know which way to turn... but fortunately, there is the Joy Of Missing Out!



Devalidism: better knowledge of disabilities in all their forms to overcome the inequalities.. Documentation at the InfoKiosk!



Rock: Place of refuge, in a small group, to discuss and share with confidence and confidentiality.

Meeting at the launch and closing of the Nomads with sharing information and making collective decisions. It is important to be present!



(Tableau des tâches)Tasks table: to contribute to the self-management, to the smooth running of the Nomads... and collect hearts.



or **Group in Reaction to Aggressions and Deeply Annoying Remarks**, ensures the prevention of oppressions during Nomads.

The howling box : A poem, a crush, a wanted notice, an info, a joke, a love note,... to share? Take your pen!



TO BE CONTINUED



La star qui utilise le plus ce carnet est
This star's notebook is used the most by

