



“Glammy punk, sleazy disco...neo synth-pop, Côte d'Azur kitsch and even some really pretty chansons...” –**Montreal Mirror**

“It's all like some sort of beret-filtered version of the B-52s, or a low-fi Flaming Lips performing a tribute to Pepé Le Pew.” –**LA Times**



In the 1951 musical “An American In Paris,” the hero, an artist played by Gene Kelley, observed that the insults he heard back home sounded “better in French.”

In fact, everything does sound better *en Français*, and here to prove it is **Ménagerie**, the latest album from Francophonic popsters **Nous Non Plus**.

Though they sound French and have plenty of gall, Nous Non Plus (pronounced ‘new non ploo’) is a band out of New York City composed of five Yankees plus one Swiss-German, lead singer **Céline Dijon**. Most of them were previously in the faux-French band Les Sans Culottes. In 2005, several members of Les Sans Culottes staged a coup d’état—a grand French tradition, after all. What followed was a truly bizarre encounter in Federal Court with their former bandmates, lawyers, a blind judge, and a seeing-eye dog. Ultimately, it was settled: Nous Non Plus (literally translated to “us no more”) was born.

NNP’s eponymous first album, which **BUST** magazine said “overflows with confident savoir-faire,” shot to the top 10 of the **CMJ** charts. Songs from the album have been featured on **Gossip Girl** and in European mobile phone commercials.

The band is renowned for their highly charged, sweat-inducing live shows. They’ve played in Paris, La Rochelle, London, Ljubljana (Slovenia), Montreal, and across the US, occasionally touring with friends/labelmates Hello Stranger. In autumn 2008, they stormed the German-Polish border, playing a Green Party fête where **Daniel Cohn-Bendit** (aka “Dany le Rouge”), one of the leaders of the May 1968 student protests in France, danced his ass off (photographic evidence available).

Ménagerie (**Aeronaut Records**), their second album, was recorded over roughly a one-year period in New York, Paris, Los Angeles and Sacramento. Its title is a nod to the various friends who contributed to the recording sessions, including LA-based composer/producer **Michael Andrews** (*Donnie Darko*, Inara George, Brendan Benson, etc.) and drummer **Joachim Cooder** (*Buena Vista Social Club*, Hello Stranger). The album was produced by **Dan Crane** (aka Björn Türoque, of *Air Guitar Nation* fame).

With their latest release, Nous Non Plus builds on their 60’s French pop influences to explore a new sonic landscape—mixing Moog synthesizers with string sections, horns with distorted guitars. Imagine Gainsbourg and Bardot as 21st-century indie rockers: elegant, sexy, chic, multi-lingual.

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"What seems to have happened is that a fake French pop band became a (more) real, attorney-free rock band—which is much better, anyway. Nous Non Plus have been, how you say, liberated, and their exuberant new self-titled album is currently in CMJ's Top 10 with heavies like Wilco and My Morning Jacket." —**LA Weekly**

"Dizzying energy, brilliant lyrics and infectious melodies, all rooted in a solid drumbeat. And, it turns out, one member of the band, one who does a lot of singing, is actually French...if you've ever spent a moment lamenting the passing of the golden age of French pop music, lament no more and get yourself some Nous Non Plus. And if you do not know of what we speak when we refer to the golden age of French pop music, check them out anyway." — **Parisist.com**

"Their new record (self-titled) is catchy, exciting, and never dull or hackneyed or too obvious. It's like ABBA if ABBA were Frogs, punk, and not dating each other....the dude who does the English-sung lyrics is so fucking sleazy I wanna hang out with him and hit the town in search of greasy kicks. Why front, why fight the urge to gush—I LOVE this shit." —**Portland Mercury**

"What could be more flattering for the national ego than to see that in New York, a journalist, an air guitar champion, a sommelier, a poli-sci professor—all American—and a French artiste started a band that parodied, in English and in French, Dutronc, Hardy and other Frenchy yéyés? Truth be told, to see the heritage of the yéyé revisited with strokes of garage riffs, electro and self-derision is quite jubilatory." —**Paris OBS**

"The sort of thing that makes older hipsters cream themselves...Part Gainsbourg, Bacharach, Gilberto and Le Pew...Céline captivated with an-impossible-not-to-stare-at bare midriff and a playful sensuality. With the right amount of sincerity and sardonicism, for the first time in history, the world might just surrender to the French." —**URB**

"From breathy, Françoise Hardy-esque ballads to nervy '77-style punk, jittery technobleepery ala StereoTotal, steamy Roxy Music-ish synthpop and New Wave, dreamy modern indie stuff... all done with great aplomb." —**Slipcue.com**

Also Available from **NOUS NON PLUS** (AERO0031)

