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screaming females. quote sheet 2009.

"Her name is Marissa Paternoster, and she is 2009's answer to Sleater-Kinney's 2006 breakup, using her throaty pipes and serious chops to channel that trio's femme-shredder legacy to a new generation."—**Rolling Stone**

"Screaming Females' emotionally detailed songs and tight playing push against a slightly muddy sound straight outta the mid-'80s underground."—**SPIN**

"While there's only one screaming female in the group (the electrifying Marissa Paternoster, who just might be our generation's official guitar hero), the name hints at the power and fury that comes out when this band hits play; there are spitting bass notes (from King Mike), pulsing drum lines (courtesy of Jarrett Dougherty), scorching shout-sung lyrics, and incendiary guitar solos. It sounds totally familiar yet completely new—the fact that bands as diverse as Weezer, Sleater-Kinney, The Slits, and Spoon are cited as the band's influence tells you everything and nothing about Screaming Females."—**NYLON**

"The last three "guitar heroes" I saw were women: Marnie Stern, Kaki King, and Marissa Paternoster of the the Screaming Females."—Sasha Frere-Jones, **New Yorker**

"The Females recently toured with the Dead Weather; no idea how Jack White had the balls to even walk out onstage after Pasternoster was done with it, or how there was still a stage left at all. Call it Guitar Hero: Riot Grrrr. Bow down."—**Village Voice, named Marissa Paternoster NYC's Best Guitar Shredder 2009**

"Screaming Females is a rock trio from my home state of New Jersey. And like many NJ notables, these two guys and gal know how to rock."—**Teen Vogue**

"...songs that reach back to late-1960s power trios, with fuzzed-out riffs and psychedelic guitar solos full of scurrying lines and wah-wah abuse, tempered with an indie-rock concision that shapes the blare into songs. Everything Ms. Paternoster has on her mind — loyalty, anger, horror-movie mayhem, ambition — arrives in a fervid din."—Jon Pareles, **NY Times**

"Marissa Paternoster starts singing, no, growling and screaming, before your now saucer-sized eyes, and you realize that she's not there to just 'look pretty,' she's there to eff you up and lay down some greasy guitar licks all over your face. Marissa no jokes plays the guitar like she made a deal with the devil himself to be able to do so."—**BUST**

"Screaming Females' live show sparks word-of-mouth like wildfire"—**Venus Zine**

"Fuck the Dead Weather. Also Fuck P.J. Harvey, Karen O., Sleater-Kinney, Patti Smith and any other clever girl-rocker comparisons people have been making to Marissa Paternoster of the Screaming Females. And not just the guitar chicks. Fuck Jimi Hendrix. Fuck Jimmy Page. Fuck power trios that don't start with Screaming and end in Females (I'm looking at you Cream and Nirvana). Fuck Jack White. Fuck Meg White. Fuck the Queens of the Stone Age. Fuck the Kills. While we're at it, fuck people who hold up their iPhones to take five-minute videos of the Dead Weather. The Screaming Females killed last night at Terminal 5. The Dead Weather, eh. I could have done without."—**New York Press**

"This is something unique. This is something vibrant. The Screaming Females have at the helm one of the hardest working axe-men in rock, and she roars, too. No one is going to tell them to get away."—**Impose Magazine**

"In a rare example of an opening band being every bit as awesome as the headliner, the New Jersey trio Screaming Females provided ample evidence that it was more than ready for the sudden leap it recently made from tiny, underground all-ages clubs to sold-out theaters as the Dead Weather's hand-picked support."—**Jim DeRogatis, Chicago Sun-Times**

"Marissa Paternoster will not be denied. Her voice, pitched between a loud demand and a scream, hits you between the eyes. In case she didn't make herself clear, her guitar attacks like a machine-gun. She's barely 5 feet tall but she absolutely devours the stage, a guitar shredder in the tradition of Antietam's Tara Key and Chicago's Alex White."—**Greg Kot, Chicago Tribune**

"I mean, she could shred unlike anything I've ever seen live."—Camden Andrews, **NPR**

"The Screaming Females have been one of the most exciting and original bands to come out of New Brunswick since the Ergs crawled out of the basement scene in the early 00's. But now, after two self-released CD's and a couple of national tours behind them, the band ratchets everything up a notch with the release of its third full-length album *Power Move* on Don Giovanni Records, already a buzz-worthy and much-blogged-upon contender for one of the most praised indie albums of the year."—**Jersey Beat**

"Screaming Females' "Power Move" is a well-deserved uppercut of thrilling punk prowess, born from the blood and sweat of basement shows and beer-stained jeans. "Power Move," awesome in its shocking intensity, features Screaming Females on top of their game."—**NewCity**

"Screaming Females fire right down the middle between Husker Du, Damaged Black Flag and Teenage Jesus and the Jerks and occupy more psychic space as an irreducibly solid three-piece than bands several times their age and weight combined."—**LA RECORD**