



IMPOSSIBLE ARMS

Ripped In No Time

ODESSA RECORDS

Two historical routes feed N.C.'s indie rock legacy: one flows South to Athens and its tributaries, the other to the crowded Northeast corridor. The latter best serves this Carborro trio's debut. The jagged Barre chords, pummel-percussion, bass fuzz and shout-aloud choruses of "No Way to Know," "Yourself, Alone" and "Nowhere

At All" provide *Ripped* with mini-novas of mad-trio energy where it's easy to imagine bandmates pin-wheeling off each other even in the studio. The bitter-but-unbowed lyrics come through memorably on the gone-to-seed ode "Here On the Couch," featuring a Feelies pace but played through the Minutemen's gear. That high-octane fare contrasts with a few unfortunate tracks whose melodic intentions fall short, the weakest being "I Pray High," which shuffles past leaving no mark despite the pretty string section, and "Ghost Town," an acoustic cut that reaches for twangy aphorisms and misses by a country mile. These cuts carry critical weight mostly because they break an otherwise promising spell and debut. JOHN SCHACHT

Shuffle

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