

 **POLVO** I first heard Polvo's *Shapes* shortly after it came out in '97, at a house occupied by a bunch of hard-core weed-smoking music geeks who had gotten completely caught up in the post-rock boom. Its fractured, dragged-out song structures, nontraditional instrumentation, and generally bugged-out vibe got under my skin in a way that other post-rockers' stuff never did, but the album ended up slipping out of rotation, and I haven't owned a copy of it in years. When I heard they were reuniting I picked it up again and found it a very different record than I remembered. It doesn't seem nearly as exotic now—lots of musicians have since taken bits of Polvo's formula for their own, and these days I'm able to get past the experimental stuff to notice the bits of Sabbath the band took for their own in tunes like "Downtown Dedication" and "Rock Post Rock." But the album's still great—whatever logic (or illogic) guided the creation of these songs, it retains the peculiar singularity of genius. Red Eyed Legends and Sybris open. See also Saturday. 📍 9:30 PM, Subterranean, 2011 W. North, 773-278-6600, sold out. —*Miles Raymer*

[Polvo's MySpace page](#)