

Nub delivers a truly psychotic energy on the impossible to classify weirdness of “Touch The Nub”. Delightfully bizarre they refuse to be pigeonholed liberally borrowing from a whole slew of genres. Funk definitely rests in the center of it all with an insistent bass that helps to anchor the otherwise wild funhouse of mirrors type approach. They additionally draw from post-punk, noise rock, and a completely mutated form of pop. Playful right to its core they skew pretty much everything in sight thanks in large part to their wonderfully oddity that are their lyrics. A demented series of narratives ties the whole of the album together alongside some surprisingly infectious riffs.

Their nods to the true outliers of acid fried rock are complete and full. For the sheer otherworldliness of their lyrics they draw from 1980s Butthole Surfers in terms of sheer “huh” moments. Some of the offbeat western influences recall the Meat Puppets at their absolute loopiest. Beyond these obvious touchstones they incorporate a bit of one hit wonder’s Toni Basil’s “Hey Mickey” into the infectious choruses. By refusing to adhere to any sense of decorum their gleeful abandon feels outright refreshing.

“Body Farm” opens the album up with an insistent groove that refuses to let up. Letting the track unfurl with such ease this track sets the tone for what follows. Totally messing with listener expectations “Fister Blister” chooses to careen wildly, virtually bouncing off the walls as they conjure up images of B-52’s kitsch. Goth gone awry rests at the heart of the urgency of “Necrophilia” where their humor shines through. Layer upon layer intermingles on the wacky tact of “Puddles the Dry Cactus” which features fantastically angular guitars. Showing off their surprisingly deft chops the spacious sprawl of “Throbknopple” revels a bit in a more psychedelic rock. Vocals bring a bit of Mike Patton’s elasticity with “Chocolate Spaceman”.

Wild feral fury makes “Uncle Nub” the album highlight, while it careens unexpectedly. One moment opting for a driving rhythm, another simply collapsing the song is pure joy. “Rubble and Rot” offers some reflection into the proceedings going for a darker tact. Sheer madness runs through the silliness of “Licking Mister Winkletots”. Choosing to create their own fractured fairytale of “The Legend of Goot Vanderboot”. Sort of embodying all that came before it is the hectic pace of the finale “The Gnome Song”.

A true celebration of oddity Nub crafts a thing of wonder on the multifaceted surrealist “Touch The Nub”.

