Fact or fiction? Is Clutchy Hopkins an alias? Or is this the true name for a reclusive musical powerhouse? Are his recordings vintage, new, or a mix of both? Some may wonder about these things, along with why some dudes have long pinky nails or whatever happened to myspace, others may ask if any of this really matters? While the mystery surrounding the artist is no longer news, the music only gets better, maturing like a fine wine.

This album was delivered to Ubiquity HQ on a beaten-up iPod, which was wrapped in what looked like ancient scroll, but turned out to be two paintings of Hopkins by Spanish artist Thabeat Valera. One painting is the album cover, and the other will feature in the booklet. The iPod included all of the album tracks, plus a reading of the story behind the recording, repeated in 10 different languages. The album booklet will include the entire story, unfiltered, a short version is below.

It's the most varied Hopkins album to date encompassing lots of vocal textures, and a dash of worldly vibes. Check the Brazilian-psyche-like “No Contact...Contact,” and the mad spooky science of “Miles Chillin,” or the shuffling “Thinkin' of Eva” which would sound perfect at home playing in a Parisian café. It’s an album influenced by Hopkins time in jail, where, while in the courtyard, he met many international prisoners waiting to be deported. Lo-fi, acoustic, finger-snap, hand-clapping, whistle-and-hummed jam sessions gave Hopkins the ideas which he later put to tape.

The tale begins in the winter of 1982. Hopkins had run into some legal trouble in his Mojave Desert hometown. He was convicted of insurance fraud and sentenced to a lengthy prison term. He immediately took a liking to, and got along with many of, his fellow inmates. By way of impromptu jam sessions in the courtyard Hopkins even united rival gangs and cliques. The other inmates were able to take music and use it as a common ground to break the monotony of every day prison life, and change hateful relationships into actual friendships.

Unfortunately the prison guards were scared by the newly united crowd and concerned that this new singular group of felons could turn against them. They decided to take Hopkins out of commission, to prove their dominance over the inmates, and to disband the music sessions.

After twenty days in a dark isolation chamber Hopkins was walked through the main prison corridor. He was being turned into an example, to show that no one was safe from rough treatment by the guards.

He walked with his head down but could feel everyone staring with heavy hearts. Then a faint sound came from down the hall, from somewhere near Hopkins’ cell. Looking up, Hopkins was able to see his cell mate, a 7 foot 6 inch man who had hands the size of bear claws. Previously disinterested in joining the musical jam sessions, Hopkins was surprised to see his cell-mate slapping the brick wall and the prison bars as loud as he could. A nice rhythm beat was established, one inmate turned into two, then two into four, until the entire cell block had turned into a symphony of new found musicians. As the guards turned to drag Hopkins back to isolation the only thing the Hopkins could do was smile, because he knew no matter how much hell he had to endure, the story he had long attempted to spread was now loud and clear.

Watch out for new video evidence featuring one of Hopkins amazing instruments, and also a music video for one of the album tracks by renowned Dutch artist Christian Borstlap.

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1. Giraffe Crack
2. Laughing Jockey
3. No Contact...Contact
4. Miles Chillin'
5. Nina
6. JT Goldfish
7. Truth Seekin'
8. Thinkin' of Eva
9. Light As A Feather
10. Drunk Socks
11. Verbal Headlock

*Purchase of the LP includes customer link for free download

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