

## Les Claypool and the Holy Mackerel "El Sobrante Fortnight"

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Brimming with all the hopes and desires of American youth, he set forth as a leader of sorts. Just what sorts it is impossible to say at this time. But he had the imaginary support he needed to venture beyond the small environment he'd come to know as his home town.

Friends thought him foolish and felt free to frequently tell him so. Deep down they all felt envy. Envious that he could muster, where they could not, the courage that was necessary to embark beyond the notion that survival was based upon the ability to rise at seven a.m. five days a week.

He felt joy. And well he should. He was a "babe in the woods" and a "kid in a candy store" all at the same time. The world was his oyster and he planned to shuck it, cover it with Tabasco, and slurp it down his cake hole all within an "El Sobrante fortnight".

Definition of an "El Sobrante fortnight" is yet to be determined. But reliable sources say the time span is somewhere between two weeks and a decade.

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