



## **Coast Range Chronicles 39: “Nude Beach”**

by

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There's a nude beach in a secluded cove up the coast. Well, it's a regular beach with one section frequented by nudists. Most of the beach is for the clothed. To get there you hike through coastal scrub on mudstone bluffs. Occasionally the waves are surfable, but it's not known as a surfing beach. It's a pleasant place to spend a few hours.

But there's something creepy about it. It's not the nudists; they're just sort of flapping in the breeze, minding their own business (though the high density of men with mullets and fanny packs is curiously unsettling, but that is a topic for another day).

The creepy vibe is the result of the clothed, middle-aged perverts lurking at the nude beach. And they're not hanging out there by accident. The nude section is pretty cramped and the clothed section is massive and wide open. You would not loiter in the nude section unless you were either nude or ogling.

Recently, I saw a guy hunched in the coastal scrub on the bluffs, peering down at the nude beach through binoculars. He must have thought he was being stealth in the thick vegetation, but his perving was quite obvious. And it looked like he was rubbing one out with his free hand. Glancing over when a naked woman prances across the sand is one thing (understandable if not flat out compulsory), but peering through binoculars in the scrub while stroking like a convict? That's just plain antisocial behavior.

There was, however, some poetic justice. The coastal scrub he groveled in was dense with poison oak that was almost unidentifiable because the plants had shed their leaves for the winter. All that remained were innocuous-looking stems and branches that were heavily coated with rash-producing juices. The guy had no idea he was rubbing the toxins in like massage oil.

But he'd learn in about 24 hours.