



## **Coast Range Chronicles 6: “Whole Lotta Kooks”**

by

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There’s a surf spot along the California coast that, on any given day, is so crowded with beginners that it’s almost impossible to see the ocean surface. Seriously. The bodies are bobbing at such a high density that you couldn’t pack any more in without violating several laws of physics. It would be conceivable to step from one large foam board to the next for a hundred yards without ever touching water.

But on the rare occasion I surf there, perhaps on an involuntary social outing, I’ve never seen a happier group of people. There are no bad vibes or glares or harsh words for or from anybody. Yet drive up the coast a mile to a certain reef and there’ll be two guys surfing with plenty of waves coming in, but if you paddle out they’ll scowl and curse like you’ve come to steal their children.

I can’t stand either spot.