

The Journals of
CONSTANT WATERMAN
 by Matthew Goldman

“He is a died-in-the-wool boat enthusiast ... a kindred spirit to anyone fascinated with small boats and their milieu ...”

REVIEW BY PETER H. SPECTRE, *COMPASSROSEREVIEW.COM*, SEPTEMBER 7, 2007

“Last year, this magazine received a submission from a writer by the name of Constant Waterman. So artfully crafted was his account of a late season, cross-Sound delivery of a 21-foot Herreshoff sloop that we knew it had to appear in WindCheck ... a rare gem”

REVIEW FROM *WINDCHECK*, 26 OCTOBER 2007

This is an unforgettable collection of ninety short tales about the author’s lifetime love of boats; sailboats, canoes, rowboats, and other floating craft, mostly in New England but as far a field as Florida. All these memoirs deal with the water and many are illustrated with his delightful sketches.

Here is the world of “Constant Waterman” – wryly humorous, intimate, impassioned. Turn another page. You’ll hear the hoarse cadence of the sea grinding shingle, the wrinkling song of a stream through the forest, the complaint of the wind in your rigging.

And, the best part? You don’t have to don foul-weather gear or even know a bowline from a boom. Just sit back and let him tell you a story ...

MATTHEW GOLDMAN has worked as a toolmaker, woodworker, and land surveyor. He has written serious drama, black comedy, and farce as well as publishing a number of poems. He writes the “Constant Waterman” column for *Messing Around in Boats* and has contributed to *Good Old Boat*, *Points East*, and *WindCheck*. He lives in Stonington, Connecticut, and repairs boats in nearby Noank where he keeps his sloop *Moon Wind*. You can hear him read his stories at www.constantwaterman.com.

“The Journals of Constant Waterman; Paddling, Poling, and Sailing for the Love of It” by Matthew Goldman
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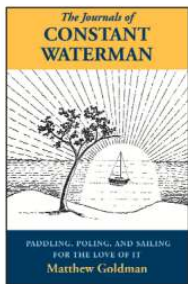
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AN EXTRACT FROM “The Marina”:

Some people have begun complaining to me that summer is over.

“Not for a little while,” I respond. “Not until the Equinox.”

"The what?" they ask, politely.

Then they go haul their boats.

Autumn begins the best time of year to sail – the breeze blows far more constantly than during the hazy summer. It's not unbearably hot.

"Look," they say. "The leaves have begun to change."

"Just get a few miles offshore," I reply. "You won't see any leaves."

Oh, well. Let them haul their boats. It gives the yard crew something to do and leaves the ocean less crowded.

I presently keep Moon Wind docked alongside the walkway that feeds the finger piers. The first hundred yards of the walkway they designate the dinghy dock for those who keep their sailboats on moorings. Everyone rows or putters by my boat and bids me good day.

The boatyard launch has the first berth along the walkway after the dinghies. She's large enough to hold a dozen boaters, plus a couple of dogs—providing they're friendly—and has a busy schedule all summer long. Now, after Labor Day, launch service has been reduced to weekends. Even then, demand becomes sporadic.

Folk who need to come ashore to do their laundry and shopping, or perhaps go out to dinner, tune to channel sixty-eight and grieve in a public way. Some, of course, just want to go home after sailing. Our launch remains nondenominational: They've even been known to pick up people who just went out to their boats for a barbecue.

FOR MORE SAMPLES AND TO HEAR MATTHEW READING, VISIT HIS WEBSITE

www.constantwaterman.com

