

small press review

July - August 2011

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Issues 462 - 463

Leaving the Atocha Station. Novel by Ben Lerner. \$15/pa; Coffee House Press, 79 13th Avenue NE, Ste. 110, Minneapolis, MN 55413.

★

Naked by Now. Novel by Herman P. Mosley. \$12.95/pa; Divinity Sky Publ., PO Box 1402, Moab, UT 84532.

★

Purling Sonnets. Poems by Richard Kostelanetz. \$6/pa; Presa :s: Press, PO Box 792, Rockford, MI 49341.

★

Transplant. Novel by Gerald Neufeld. \$25.95/cl, \$20.95/pa; Novel Voices Press, PO Box 20201, 390 Rideau St., Ottawa, ON Canada K1N 9P4.

★

The Lonely-Wilds. Poems by Elizabeth Breese. \$7/pa; Kent State Univ. Press, PO Box 5190, Kent, OH 44242-0001.

★

Battle Scars. Poems by John Bennett. \$9/pa; Kamini Press, Ringvagen 8, 4th Floor, SE-117 26 Stockholm, Sweden.

July-Aug Pick's

What is Owed the Dead. Poems by R. H. W. Dillard. \$14/pa; Factory Hollow Press, PO Box 9668, Amherst, MA 01059.

★

West of Midnight: New & Selected Poems. By Franz Douskey. \$16.95/pa; NYQ Books, PO Box 2015, Old Chelsea Stn., New York, NY 10113.

★

All Seeds & Blues. Poems by Stella Vinitchi Radulescu. Npl/pa; CW Books, PO Box 541106, Cincinnati, OH 45254.

★

Botched Heroics. Poems by David Clisbee. \$10/pa; Rocksaw Press, 317½ E. Main Street, Mankato, MN 56001.

★

Nozzle 1-36. Poems by Guy R. Beining. \$6/pa; Presa :s: Press, PO Box 792, Rockford, MI 49341.

★

Four Cut-ups or The Case of the Restored Volume. Poems by David Lespiau, trans. by Keith Waldrop. \$14/pa; Burning Deck, 71 Elmgrove Avenue, Providence, RI 02906.

★

Daisy Buchanan's Daughter. Novel by Tom Carson. \$24.95/pa; Paycock Press, 3819 N. 13th Street, Arlington, VA 22201.

Susan Fulton Raymond

Len Fulton 1934 - 2011

In any life there is at least one defining moment; a place and time in which the person's character is formed and forged. For a writer, the defining moment serves as a metaphorically bottomless well, returned to with regularity. For my brother, Len, this place and time was The Farm.

Len was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, a former mill town whose bright days were long over. He was the second child, following his sister Claudia by 18 months. After he was born the family moved many times throughout New England, finally settling in a big white house in Sudbury, Massachusetts. Life in Sudbury was uneventful, filled with normal American family activities. Another girl, Judith, was born in 1935. Then in 1946, in a burst of misplaced post-war optimism, my father and his younger brother purchased a dairy farm in northern Vermont and moved both families up there to run it.

Until The Farm, Len didn't know he was a writer. He watched as his father's dream was born, struggled to live, and then died, raining financial ruination down upon two families. This experience created the Len Fulton which lives on today in many forms, especially his beloved **Small Press Review**.

After The Farm, Len joined the Army and served in Okinawa during the Korean conflict. After he was discharged he finally escaped what he called the "adamantine wastes" of New England and headed west. He had met and married a beautiful young nurse from New York State, Joanne Bouldin, and together they set out for Laramie, where Len attended the University of Wyoming, receiving his BA in Literature in

1961. In 1960 their son, Timothy, was born. In 1961 the family endured the tragic loss of our sister Judith to cancer at the age of 25.

Len, Joanne and Tim then headed further west, to Berkeley, where Len received his postgraduate degree in psychology. He went to work for the California Department of Health as a biostatistician, his one and only "regular" job. Now, for the average person, the experience of The Farm would have sent them running for the safety of such a position for life. But Len went in the opposite direction, and with Joanne's support started the magazine **Dust** in a spare bedroom in their house in El Cerrito. In 1965 the first **Directory of Little Magazines** was published, and in 1968 he co-founded the Committee of Small Magazine Editors and Publishers (COSMEP).

In 1969 the family moved to Paradise, a small northern California community perched in the foothills of the Sierras. The house had a space for Len's publishing business, now known as **Dustbooks**. In 1970, Joanne was killed in a car accident on her way to work at a hospital in Chico, and Len was left to care for their son as well as keep **Dustbooks** alive. In 1974 Len's first novel, **The Grassman**, was published, followed by **American Odyssey**, a bookselling travelogue (with Ellen Walker) in 1975. His novel **Dark Other Adam Dreaming**, about growing up on a farm in Vermont, was also published in 1975 and, like all of his writing, is deeply evocative of that time and place and its profound effect on his psyche.

See Page 2

Len Fulton

1934 - 2011

Susan Fulton Raymond From Page 1

I feel I should pause here a moment and say something about the women in Len's life. As the only boy in a series of sisters, one older and two younger, he became well and intimately acquainted with the feminine. Our mother, Louise Vaillant, was from an aristocratic French family, highly educated, and for whom The Farm was a season in hell. She was his first and most enthusiastic fan, endlessly supportive, proud and non-judgmental. He credits her with instilling in him a sincere respect for women, a trait not hugely in evidence for men of his generation. Joanne was his partner in every way, a loving and unconditionally supportive spirit who left us all far too soon. Ellen (Ferber) Walker, his next long-term relationship, was also one of great mutual support, love, admiration, and creativity. But perhaps his most significant union was his last, with his companion of 20 years, Kathleen Glanville, a librarian at Chico State University. With Kathy and her daughter, Megan, Len was able to achieve the life he dreamed of living: one of a writer working 'til 2 am, and that of a family man, helping Megan with her schoolwork after dinner. He traveled so regularly between his house in Paradise and Kathy's in Chico, he would joke that the car could make the trip on its own. Kathy was the one who, along with Tim (a nurse like his mother), cared so wonderfully for Len during his final illness. Rather than see him hospitalized Kathy

took him into her home and made it her full-time job to see that his final days were comfortable and dignified. Along with Tim, Kathy is determined to see to it that Len's great legacy, the **Small Press Review**, continues.

Len Fulton was many things: writer, publisher, playwright, politician, songwriter, horseman, farmer, husband, father, brother and friend. For the last eleven years my husband, David and I have had the pleasure of living in Paradise and seeing Len often. He also prevailed upon me from time to time to submit reviews to the SPR, a task I wasn't always so enthusiastic about. In his gentle (but direct) way he would make me feel that my main duty in life, or at least by the 15th of the month, was to send him 500 words. When I did finally buckle down to the task I was often amazed at the incredible talent contained in the "littles." Without Len and his ability and desire to capture, organize, legitimize and publicize these writers, many would remain unknown.

As for the future of the **Small Press Review**, we are all determined to see that it continues. **We are asking that its loyal reviewers, contributors, and readership bear with us while we adjust and try to do the impossible: be Len Fulton.** Our hope is that we can honor his memory and (selfishly, maybe) continue to have him with us by keeping SPR alive.

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Founding Publisher
Len Fulton
1934 - 2011

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EULOGY FOR LEN FULTON

YOU THINK OF WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON
AND THE CREATION OF THE US OF A,

APPLAUSE FOR NAPOLEON AND HOW ABOUT ENDING
THE FRENCH KINGDOMS/QUEENDOMS,

WHAT WOULD WE DO WITHOUT MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING,
HAMLET AND ROMEO AND JULIET, REMEMBER BEETHOVEN FINALLY
SAILING INTO THE HEAVENS WITH HIS CHORAL SYMPHONY. SCHILLER'S
ODE TO JOY, 'AUCH DIE TOTEN SOLLEN LEBEN/AND THE DEAD SHALL
LIVE,'

NOT ALL THE DEAD, BUT LEN FULTON, THE SOLAR CENTER OF THE
GRINGO AMERICAN LITERARY WORLD OF THE LAST HALF-CENTURY, A
MAGIC COWBOY RIDING THROUGH THE OTHERWISE DESERT OF
AMERICAN REAL LIT, CARRYING IT EVERYWHERE, ACTIVATING ITS
FORESTS OF TRIUMPHANT GROWTH THAT SHALL KEEP GROWING AS HE
STILL HOVERS IN OUR CREATIVE WAKING HOURS AND TELLS OUR
DREAMS WHERE TO CARRY US (AND HIM) INTO STILL TRIUMPHANT
FUTURES.

-Hugh Fox

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