

Tony Timpone's Elegies: Days with Dave

Written by Tony Timpone
Friday, 21 May 2010 15:08



Though we only worked together for maybe five weeks or so, former '80s FANGORIA editor David Everitt, who passed away May 7 at age 57 from Lou Gehrig's disease (see item [here](#)), affected my life in so many profound and wonderful ways. Fresh out of college, he showed faith in me that not even I had in myself when I started at FANGORIA as a lowly editorial assistant in July 1985.

The first day, he made me feel at home and quickly began assigning me short Monster Invasion pieces, captioning and other tasks. Before my initial week ended, Dave had already begun assigning me major feature articles for the magazine—a dream come true. He gave me the confidence to keep writing and challenged me to keep up with his own Herculean literary assignments (back then, Dave would write as many as four articles an issue, as well as novels and novelty books in his spare time). Over the course of just two issues, Dave continued to put his trust in me and rapidly promoted me from editorial assistant to associate editor. No trial by fire for this green 22-year-old in his first job out of college; Dave made these transitions seamless and empowering. With co-editor Bob Martin having quit Fango shortly before I joined the team, I became Dave's right-hand man. I loved every minute.

During our short time together, Dave also infused in me that man (fan?) does not live by horror alone. We talked about baseball (he worshipped the Mets), Westerns (a genre I had never embraced before, but soon got hooked on, thanks to him) and politics. Me being a graduate of New York University, where the emphasis in Liberal Arts studies landed squarely on the "liberal" part, Dave opened my eyes to other, let's say, challenging points of view. Heck, he even taught me the professional way to answer the phone in the office, and to always keep an old pair of sneakers under your desk for those sudden soaking thunderstorms. I also admired Dave's casual but productive work ethic. No job, no matter how much fun, is worth killing yourself for. He made sure he took his hour lunch every day and never ate at his desk. He had so many buddies in New York City that he regularly went out to eat instead of giving *his* time to the company. Keeping your family and friends in perspective was his unspoken motto.

I was stunned the morning Dave walked in and said he'd be leaving FANGORIA after not even three whole issues as editor. Who'd want to leave the coolest job in the world?, I thought. Not losing sight of the bigger picture, Dave had a new wife, Laurie, to take care of and a baby on the

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way, so he had found a better-paying job at a video trade publication to make ends meet. He felt he'd be leaving the mag in good hands with STARLOG editor David McDonnell taking over as Fango's interim editor (for issues #51-62), while this newly minted managing editor earned his (demon) wings over the next 12 months.



Fortunately, Dave and I remained friends after he left Starlog Group. He still worked near Fango's Park Avenue South offices, so we would occasionally get together for laugh-filled meals, joined by other buddies like Fango scribe/fellow spaghetti-Westerns buff Tim Ferrante and muscular B-movie actor Steve James (DELTA FORCE, THE EXTERMINATOR, C.A.T. SQUAD, etc.; pictured right with me and Dave), another gem of a human being taken way too soon. A couple of times I sought career advice, I turned to Dave, who always laughed away my insecurities and set me straight. I also had the pleasure of editing him years later—not that he needed any—when he contributed to Fango's landmark 100th issue, as well as his set visit to TALES FROM THE DARKSIDE: THE MOVIE.

I also phoned Dave when FANGORIA's 30th-anniversary issue was coming together in early 2009. Unfortunately, by then, his body was already being ravaged by the terrible terminal illness that eventually robbed him of his life. Despite his difficulties in talking, he still asked about his former co-workers and wished us luck with Fango's future. In the end, I hope Dave knew how much he meant to all of us at STARLOG and FANGORIA, realized the legacy he left behind and the readers he entertained with his wonderfully witty writing. Dave was a quiet guy on the outside and kept his feelings tight, so I never told him how much he impacted my life. However, I am comforted with these words that his friend and former Starlog officemate, Susan Adamo, mentioned in an e-mail to me after his death:

"The STARLOG and FANGORIA craziness came up every time we saw each other," she said. "I am struck that you and he only worked together for six weeks, because he mentioned you every time I saw him."

Peaceful trails, Dave.

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Watch this website for further tributes to David Everitt next week from friends and fellow employees.

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