Fahrenheit 451

March 1, 2009 By David Capogna

“A book is a gift you can open again and again.” - Garrison Keillor

While working on my ’25 Things About Dave’ on facebook, which I took very seriously, probably too seriously. And although I’m a blogger, writing doesn’t come easy to be either, because I suffer from dysgraphic. That’s a whole story. As I was working my way down the list, I realized the stroke had taken from me my loved of books. A twinge of melancholy hit me with I wrote number ten, ’Haven’t read a book since my stroke in 2005 - concentration issues.’ (The stroke was caused by the liver disease, which created portal hypertension inside of my veins - Google it, if you really care.) There a little bit more to the story than that, and I properly can?t describe was actually

going on in my brain when I’m attempting to read. After the stroke, I suffered for over a year and half from excessive anxiety. I remember begging my now ex-boyfriend to have me check into the psychiatric ward, seriously. It’s was MAJOR. My excruciating anxiety was put in check with some magic pills from my psycho-pharmacologist, but I’m saving that for my unfinished chapter from my website ?I’m not myself?!?

After my long illness, I separated from my ex-boyfriend and had to look for my own apartment. Number fifteen read, ?I’ve been going throw a major transition (health, financial, emotional, relationship-wise, etc.) since I left my job in 2004, and I’m getting tired.? (I told you I was taking this list way too seriously!) For most of my adult life I have existed as a nomad, waiting to being an adult, and now 38 ½ years old I think I will always be a child. Planning the move was pretty simple - no car, just a bike (do a need to remind you I live in Manhattan,) no furniture, nothing for the kitchen, just various tschockes, tons of cloths, and lots of books. Non-fiction was my drug: biographies; autobiographies; religion; history, especially New York City; sociology; self-help, mainly during my prolong illness; etc. Without any furniture, the sky was the limit. I bought a couch with the sole intention of building a customized book shelf surrounding it. Every detail was the planned, including the Ralph Lauren Modern Loft (dark navy) Paint. You?re dealing with a serious queen! I?m very proud of my library-esque living room (pictured above,) and even Jonathon Alder thought it was ?gorge? (last summer I was an interview with him for an internship.)

Now what do I do? Rather than ended up like that old women, with the book-filled house, in "Fahrenheit 451," who sets herself on fired with kerosene. I do love my books, but that?s friggin? crazy-ass! Maybe I need more time for brain recovery, perhaps a change in anti-anxiety meds, or just forget ever reading all together, and became an interior decorator...

Ahhh?the possibilities!
Dplus

© 2026 Smart + Strong All Rights Reserved.