

Books

by Daniel Harris

It sometimes happens a student remains a friend long after you both have abandon academe. There are a dozen former students who still communicate and resonate with me several times a year. Randy was one of those people. He made his living as a high tech lighting and sound guy for live shows. He didn't own a computer or cell phone. His response to questions about this paradox was, "Write me a letter or better yet, buy a twelve pack. We'll talk."

When I left the university town after a decade, I enlisted a few friends, mostly former students, to help load the truck. Even though, or probably because I was a musician, I was a big reader. I also possessed a large library of musical scores. My library had over three thousand items. That's several hundred boxes and many trips between house and truck. As anyone who has moved on a budget knows, the electronics goes on last so there will be music playing while unloading the truck. As I was pulling down the gate on the truck Randy asked, "Dan, where's your TV." Then he remembered, "That's right, you don't own a TV. You should think about getting one," he said facetiously. "You wouldn't have to pack and load all these books."

