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Saturday, Jun 7, 2014

← *RAKO STUDIOS* →

Leave Cali day 43

Packing up the shop, the music room, and getting a tire off a 1960s Sportster front wheel.



This is the 600-square-foot side-room I used as a motorcycle workshop. There are gas tanks and part in the wooden cabinets, and they made the move. The other Harley parts are on the Gorilla Rack, in those nice [Really Useful plastic bins](#). I've got some parts on moving dollies to help me push them around. The move was 14,000 pounds, I should have sold a lot of this, to halve that weight.

It's Saturday, so a good day to empty shelves, tossing and packing, and then I retire to the music room where I pack up enough stuff to empty out one of the three desks there. That can go out on the curb, where the Silicon Valley metal scavengers will have it gone by the next morning. Once in the music room I can continue to transcribe 10-inch reel-to-reel audio tape into the computer.



This wash rack is a restaurant sink from Litton Micro, and a frame from Applied Materials.



Movers empty out all the drawers, I try to get ahead of the game. All this got tossed.



The frame is used in semiconductor fabs, I can't move the liquids, but motorcycle parts are OK.



Sportster straight pipes you can never tune the bike with, and some casters also get tossed.



Still working on the kitchen. I sold the [Toast-O-lator](#), my aunt's 1950s wedding present.



A huge wad of Christmas lights intended for a color organ I never built also gets tossed.



The jack, wood cribbing and some motorcycle parts all make the move, as does the desk.



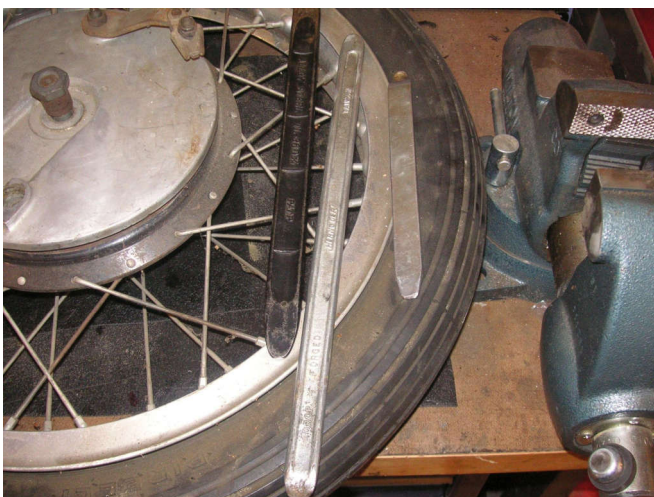
The trick is to use your belly to push the bottom of the tire into the recessed rim, spoons then can pry the other side up and over the rim.



Steel desks from back when this country still made things other than finance billionaires.



Tire gone, it's ready for the move.



The tire is junk, no need to move it. I get out the tire spoons. The wheel is early Sportster.



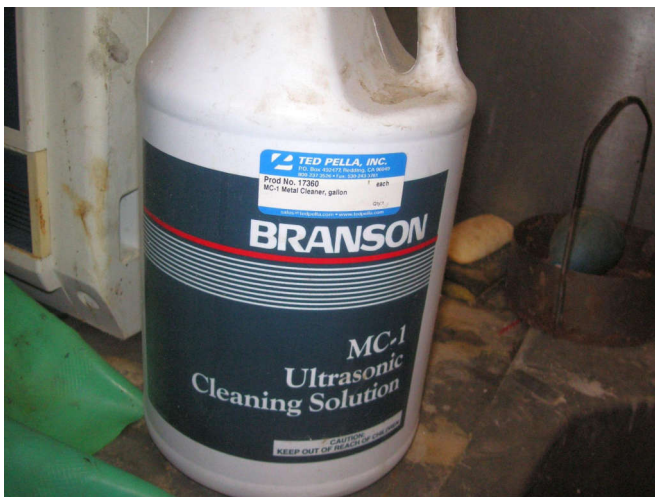
Lots of small stuff got tossed or given away to friends. You will need it all in the new house.



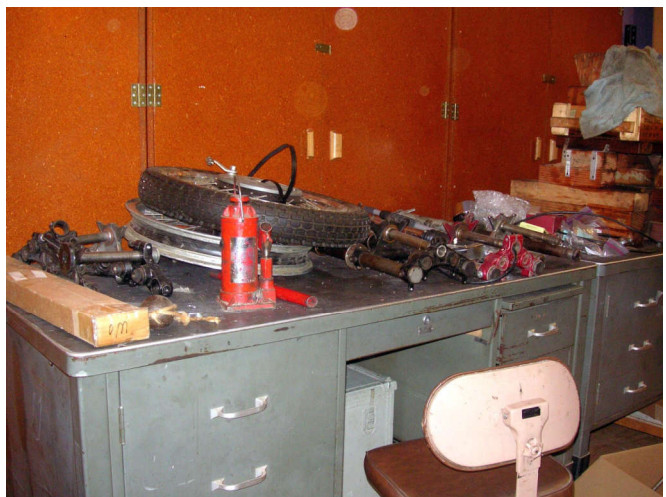
The desk gets piled with Harley parts that will make the move to Florida.



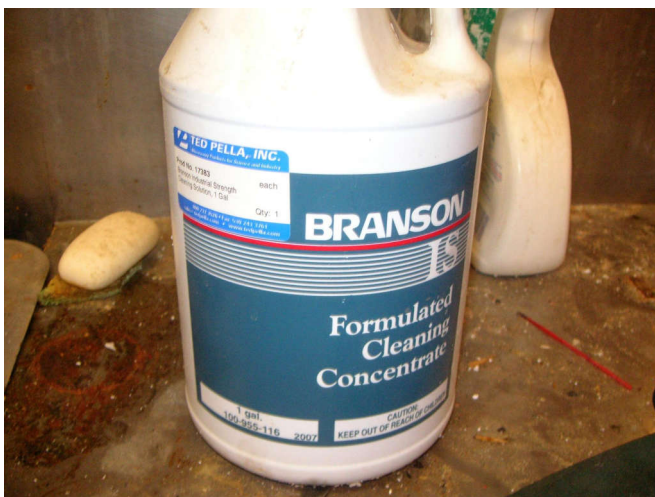
The wash rack is ready to move. The movers took it apart and taped the bolts to the frame.



I can't move the ultrasonic cleaning fluid, the movers don't take liquids.



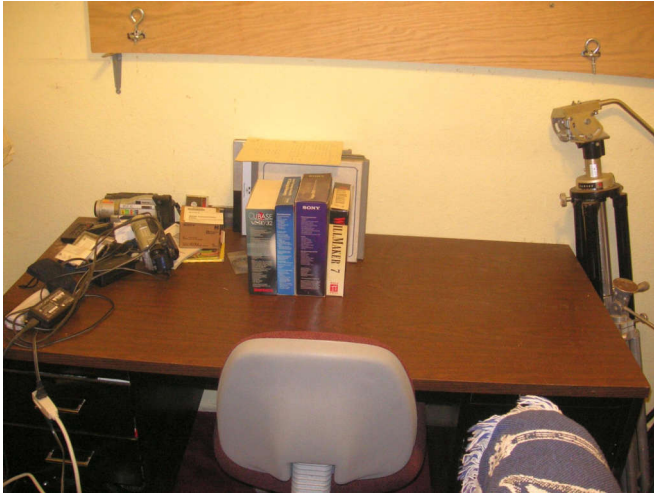
Now to find a place for all this stuff. The movers made a lot of custom boxes.



A buddy said to rent a U-haul and drive all the liquids and acetylene to Florida. He was right.



Into the music room where I was transcribing 10-inch tapes with a [Fireface 800](#).



I want to scrap this desk. Note the sound-deadening plywood over the window.



All this little stuff goes, wire cutters for guitar strings, an A-440 tuning fork, and picks.



I empty out the desk drawers and pack up, I didn't want strangers handling this stuff.



Fancy 200-dollar Etymotic Research earphones, and some guitar cords get packed.



Some foot-pedal switches go in a book-pack moving box.



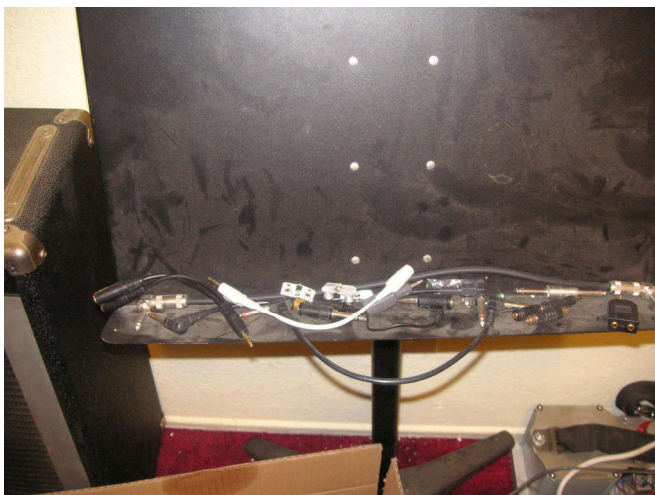
Guitar strings, capos, finger cymbals and odds and ends get packed up.



I think there were three backpacks by the time I was done packing this room up.



The empty desk goes on its side and gets sneaked by the door, where I hang cables.



The music stand has lots of little parts to stash away for the move.



The desk in the front room, on its way to the curb. You can see moving boxes here too.



These are data tapes that work in a Digital-8 VCR. I gave them to a Dave Mathis for backup.



Another shot of the one of the eight desks I bought from Applied Materials facilities.



I learned to run a few construction screws into the dolly to keep the desk in place.



Tripods and a keyboard are stacked up, ready for the movers.



The desk on the curb. It will be gone before dawn tomorrow. Yay metal scavengers.



A home-made amp and some boxes on the other side of the room.



With the desk gone, there is room for the boxes. I will seal them for the move.



The Teac 3440 I gave to [Steve Williams](#), an [audio guru](#) that can appreciate the player.



I got this from my mom. I am not sure if she thought her parents were screwed up, or me.



The second tape, I wonder if I kept this, I don't think so.



The Teac was shedding tape particles from some old crappy tapes. Good I got it done now.