I almost sold my albums. The vinyl collection I’ve been cultivating for a half-century. The whole lot of them. It was my wife’s idea. “You never even look at them,” she said. “You can’t even play them. They’re taking up the space you could use for those piles of books.”

She had some strong points. My home office is small. Besides a desk, there are, indeed, piles of books on the floor, CDs and reference books on shelves, a few guitars in the corners. And my albums, which have provided me with joy, solace, excitement. Six shelves of them, in alphabetical order within separate genres. Rock runs from ABBA’s “Voulez-Vous” to Warren Zevon’s self-titled second record. Jazz starts with the Cannonball Adderley Quintet’s “Music, You All” and ends with Lester Young’s “Pres Is Blue.” Folk/Blues kicks off with Roy Acuff’s “Greatest Hits, Volume One” and concludes with Mason Williams’s “Hand Made.” I also have sections for Soundtracks (“Altered States” to “Zabriskie Point”), Comedy (“Woody Allen: The Nightclub Years, 1964-1968” to “The Primitive Sounds of Henny Youngman”), and the unalphabetized Miscellaneous, which includes “Burgess Meredith Reads Ray Bradbury” and Charles Manson’s “Lie.”

My albums had given me a lifetime of pleasure. But I’d stopped playing them and they were taking up too much space. Was it time to let them go?

BY ED SYMKUS | GLOBE CORRESPONDENT

When Bob Marley came to Allston

By James Sullivan

At first, they wanted Stevie Wonder. Who wouldn’t want Stevie Wonder? Then they proposed a triple bill of some of the one’s most formidable female singers — Patti LaBelle, Roberta Flack, and Nina Simone — to share the stage as “Three Ladies of the Night.”

In the end, however, the historic anti-apartheid concert that took place at Harvard Stadium 40 years ago Sunday featured a Jamaican artist named Bob Marley and his backing band, the Wailers.

“It turns out, Marley was the right guy,” says Reebee Garofalo, one of a team of organizers who planned and hosted the ambitious, globally conscious Amandla Festival in the horse-shoe-shaped coliseum on the banks of the Charles River on July 21, 1979. “He was the first black international superstar. He was the appropriate voice for that issue at that time.”

That issue was South African apartheid, the institutionalized racial segregation that for decades relegated black South Africans to second-class citizenship. The concert promoters felt that for decades relegated black South Africans to second-class citizenship. The concert promoters felt that Bob Marley, seen in 1979, headlined the Amandla Festival at Harvard Stadium.

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The Stonewall Riots during the summer of 1969 weren’t just the pivot point between secrecy and openness for the LGBTQ community. They set off decades of personal reckoning as people confronted the pain of oppression and owned what might have previously felt shameful. Then, as many stepped out of the closet, AIDS hit the gay community.

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Inside

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ART

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