

Strange Rides

By Marty Coffin Evans

My life began in New York City, although I don't remember much about it. I think the first year growing up and living in Boulder is much more fun.

I'm one of about 160 others just like me. We look pretty much alike although some are much more grand than others. That would be me, at least in my opinion.

Some of my relatives spend their time in studios helping students play on us, sing with us or just enjoy our background sounds. Others are played in different places like rehearsal rooms or even in the Chamber Hall.

Actually, I'm part of many concerts on the Grusin Hall stage. There I get to shine as I share the stage with Grammy award winning performers, along with our faculty and students. Audiences really enjoy me, especially that one time when there were three playing on me at once! Wow, you should have seen those six hands flying around my keyboard, all reflected in my shiny surface.

I've been told by a few about the strange rides that happen when they're moved around. I heard about this in such detail I found myself in a dream one night living it all while going to Macky Auditorium.

First they tipped me on my nine foot side, then removed my three legs and pedals. Ouch! They were gentle since I needed to get through a regular sized door without being hurt!

Even before they placed me on my side, I was put on a "skid board" or something like that. I thought of a gurney, and that's where I was carefully placed. I got wrapped in blankets to keep me warm and so I won't get scuffed. They must have known how scuffing hurts!

Maybe they thought I was going to yell, so they secured my lid with a large rubber band. That kept my teeth (okay, keys) from falling out too. After all of this, they strapped me to that "skid board."

Then they wheeled me on a four-wheeled furniture dolly to the truck. Once there, I was strapped to the inside of the truck. Maybe that kept me from falling over if they hit any bumps.

Just maybe they strapped me in because they thought I would like to lie on my back. Without legs or pedals, where else would I have gone?! I'd looked like a beetle on its back with legs in the air unless theirs have fallen off!

Since I couldn't see how we traveled across campus, I didn't know if the students waved at me or even wondered who I was. They may not have known where we were going. Since it was dark in the truck and I couldn't see a thing, it felt pretty weird, maybe a little scary too!

When we got to my delivery destination, the process began all over again. They gave me back my legs and pedals, then carefully tipped me over so I could stand without help. I wasn't even wobbly after that ride. Thankfully, they unstrapped my lid so I could breathe, maybe have a quick yawn, and then decide what was next.

Someone with very gentle hands made beautiful music from me. I'm told sometimes people put fingerprints all over your body. If that happened, I wouldn't look so good. There were nice people with white gloves who helped wipe off the smudges or prints so I could look bright and shiny. That felt just like my care in Grusin.

After I've had my stage time (oh, how fun was that!) back we went again. Off went my legs and pedals. I was put on my side and had my lid strapped, just like the first ride.

I'm not sure what happened to awaken me with a start from my dream. Maybe they hit a bump or something.

I was so happy to wake up and know I was back in my special place on the Grusin Hall stage. It felt very comfortable and toasty under my very own Steinway & Sons cover.

Maybe others like to take those special rides. I'm quite content to wait patiently and silently for my next performance. What a grand life I'm living!