
Adventures with Reinhold

Posted by theguy - 2008/05/24 03:59

I have used Reinhold's amps exclusively for years. The Shiva is, in my mind, perfect. It was not until recently that I have procured an endorsement from Bogner. I met Reinhold at the New York Amp Show (held for reasons unknown to me in Piscataway NJ), to pick up a Bogner Duende 15w. I left with much more.

I had heard that Reinhold was a character, not unlike most electronics guru's. Upon introduction his reputation was pleasantly confirmed. Think of a tall, German Keith Richards, with a jovial disposition as opposed to the stream of conscious Cockney drone. I brought my Duende to the car, and met Reinhold and his girlfriend Katya at the bar of the hotel around 7:30pm. From that point on the night became exponentially more interesting. One drink turned into dinner and wine, which was succeeded by tequila shots, washed down (naturally) with beer, and followed immediately by another shot of tequila; a sequence which in subsequent hours, was to be repeated many times.

A 20 year high school reunion was being held in the hotel. It was begging to be crashed. We invaded the dance floor with the intention of bringing some excitement to an oppressively dull high school reunion. However, the (likely) former year book editor/captain of the color guard/president of the drama club was determined to keep the mood of the party consistent with that of her own disposition. She confronted the apparent "culprit of disruption," 6'3" in the pink faux fur hat. She assured us that either we would leave immediately or the police would make us leave. I heeded her advice. Reinhold, however, decided that he would not leave before taking the opportunity to "rile her up."

Katya and I returned to the bar and danced around the foyer. Reinhold returned shortly thereafter having succeeded in aggravating Mrs. "Put-away-the-fun," and placed his pink hat on my head. Katya and I danced our flailing bohemian dance for some time until I felt a tap on my shoulder.

"I need to speak with you sir." The officer said.

"Me!?" I exclaimed.

"Yes. You need to come talk with me over here." He said. Pointing to an alcove.

"Me!?"

"Right over here." He said as he eased me aside.

"Oh, this isn't my hat!" I said, having just made the connection between the recent events and my conversation with "THE MAN."

"Sir, you can't go in there. It's a private party. Now..."

Katya interrupted, and appealed to his male vulnerability with her highly developed, sensual, Russian charm.

"Oh offycer we wheyr joost DANCYING." She said.

His facial expression transformed from one typical of a stoic authoritarian, to one reminiscent of a child who had just been caught stealing cookies.

I returned the pink "Shapka," which had just lost all novelty, to it's rightful wearer. We continued to dance and were subsequently kicked out of the bar as well. Our conversation shifted to the lasting effects of the Puritans on society in America. We met with some musicians and amplifier builders to find a place which would embrace our style of recreation. We transversed hedges, crossed main roads, cut through back yards, navigated our way through woods and found a dive bar we could call "home."

There the debauchery continued. We danced, mingled with the locals, shed articles of clothing, and accelerated the intake of tequila and it's brewed counterpart.

I would be remiss to mention other "colorful" details of that night. The next morning I left with a Bogner Duende, a severe headache, and a newly formed friendship with Reinhold Bogner.

=====