

## The bandoneonist

Autor: Carlos Delfino

Categoría: Humor

Publicado el: 03/10/2017

---

It was the summer of 1958 and the dances that generate more profits to the orchestras were the ones of carnival.

My father was a gifted for music because being a self-taught, but with an exceptional ear could interpret various instruments and different types of music: tango, folklore, classical, etc.

He could also modify or adapt it because of writing, harmony, he had studied everything.

But as he was born in the early twentieth century, in the infamous decade had to try to get work to eat and almost nothing else.

He could do it but nothing had anything to do with the music.

This caused him enough depression, so as a kind of hobby was dedicated to the bandoneon and integrated several orchestras.

He had been commissioned to form a typical orchestra to perform at the Chantecler, as Darienzo had gotten a very good contract to play in Brazil where the carnival was already what it is today.

The Chantecler was a very upscale cabaret in Buenos Aires located a few meters away from Corrientes Avenue, its concurrence was nourished with artists, politicians, tourists and wealthy people who went to drink, eat, dance and witness the spectacles, linked to tango

He formed the orchestra, but two days before one of the bandoneonists became seriously ill and he could not think of a better idea than to tell me that he had to be me, since the bandoneon has a valve that, being open, does not let the instrument emit sound, was going to go unnoticed.

I was sitting there waiting for the musicians to fit in: 1 pianist, 4 bandoneonists, myself included, 4

violins a double bass and 2 singers.

They were good musicians, except for me, since I had never played the instrument or confronted the audience, (which generated what would now be called scenic panic.) (The only I had learned to play was the tango Sentimiento Gaucho once I was sick).

This had increased when I learned that the ruler was a Cuban mobster with a very heavy background.

He greeted us all wearing a white suit, shoes of the same color, Panama that he did not take off while he spoke. He reminded my father that he had signed a contract, so that the orchestra would be good, with all the members detailed and that if something failed .... he would not accept it.

At the first entrance of 6 tangos nothing happened, but after the break when playing a melodic orchestra, the owner calls me telling me that when watching me, he thinks I can not play the bandoneon.

He told me to accompany him to another room that wanted to see my musical abilities.

I trembled and I thought I was dead, but I took it.

He asked me to touch something and I hurried away with gaucho feeling. I saw him surprised, almost seemed to apologize, but asked me to touch something else.

As I was still dead, I answered: No, if you want a particular concert and as a soloist the price is different.

While he waited for the shot he told me that he had virtues and that few had answered him that way.

That next year I would organize it in Havana at the "Hotel Habana Libre" and wanted to have me but as a soloist.

He communicated in November with my father, telling him that he wanted me to go to Cuba and he was going to send me the tickets.

Fortunately Fidel on January 1 entered Havana and saved me.

I never heard of the mafioso again, he must have passed the wall.

---

Publicado bajo licencia [Creative Commons BY-NC-ND](#)

Enlace original del relato: [ir al relato](#)

Otros relatos del mismo autor: [Carlos Delfino](#)

Más relatos de la categoría: [Humor](#)

Muchos más relatos en: [cortorelatos.com](#)