

## Tango, Desaparecidos, Maradona

"What do you know about Buenos Aires?" That's the question posed to Barcelonan detective Pepe Carvalho at the beginning of Manuel Vázquez Montalbán's excellent crime novel *Quinteto de Buenos Aires*. Carvalho's response mirrors what mine would have been: "Tango, desaparecidos, Maradona". I suppose I might have added Evita. Not much else.



Neither Jürgen nor I had ever been to Argentina before. Or South America, for that matter. I can't say exactly why we chose Buenos Aires for our next three month stay; for some indefinable reason, the city has always tempted us. The words "Buenos Aires" conjure images of smoky tango clubs, chaotic street life, and beautiful, rotting decadence. The very idea of the city is alluring. Maybe it was the promise of steaks and pizza, or the reputation which Argentines enjoy of physical beauty. Whatever the reason, we arrived in February of 2011 to find a huge metropolis teeming with culture and history laid out before us, just waiting to be explored.