

Coronavirus in Argentina: quarantine, peak and crack in six months of life in parentheses

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Body

Like many words in the dictionary, "**peak**" has several meanings. The most used in 2020 is the one that refers to the top of a mountain, a metaphor for the moment when each country crosses **the worst of the** coronavirus curve. In lunfardo it's a kiss. In birds, mouth. In the hardware store, a tool to **make cracks and break**, used in demolitions.

There are coincidences that in Argentina are not coincidental. An express press conference was enough, without too much preamble and in which one **of the three Musketeers of the Covid** was missing so that the spell would break and the crack would be channeled again: that day, Horacio Rodríguez Larreta paid the bill and ceased to be "the best friend" of Alberto Fernández.

Why did the bond suddenly fade? There is a political response that analysts have already taken care of explaining. There is also an **epidemiological cause**, a symptom of a reality that no official will go out to announce in the four winds, but which is happening: it is imminent that the Argentine peak of the coronavirus **will start to fall behind**.

The same inertia of the curve commands as planned and the most arduous phase of the road has been traveled. It is not the citizens who relax, in their daily decisions of prevention and estating. It's the politicians, when they pick **up their frozen differences**. They no longer have to agree on whether to open a bar more or less.

The pandemic brought **fear**, but also an illusion of unity: the possibility of a sustainable consensus **that transcended** the need for urgency. When Fernandez communicated by national network on March 19 that from the next day no one could leave his house, two things happened. The first: it was not suspected that this **condition would become chronic**; the second: a "body spirit" invaded people in front of the unknown, that belt all for the same side whose synthesis were the already distant and almost forgotten applause of the 9 p.m. on the balconies.

There was then a new President, with a gesture involving Rodríguez Larreta as the main **ally against the coronavirus**. So much so that, in those days of innocence and scarcity of antibodies, the imposed tune seemed to be greater even with the head of government of Buenos Aires than with the governor of his own party, Axel Kicillof.

Six **months of unpublished idyll passed** between two chiefs of different political colors. There were detunings, but also hard rehearsal for the melody of consensus **to sound at the gala**. The goal was no less: to climb the worked hillside to the peak together, crash elbows and not get distracted from the main target until necessary. While it lasted, it worked.

What changed was, no more or less, the epidemiological scenario of the country. The fire of the pandemic **ceased to be in the AMBA**: firefighters are now missing in the Interior. You have to look at the MTBI (Meanwhile Time

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Between Infections) index, with which the University of Tres de Febrero measures the time between Covid contagions, to realize that, because of **the waning incidence of the metropolitan curve**, the Argentine peak will soon be part of history.

That beak, which is mountain but also a tool, has come to break and update the crack, just as some clerical could trust that the black **hole that absorbs** everything was beginning to close. A rift whose glamour - garbo - is the "luxury" that politicians and ordinary citizens insist on, but which can only be shaped when the risk of the health massacre **ceases to be** a threat.

In the meantime they passed sociologists, psychoanalysts, polytologists. There was a premature optimism about **the teaching that the Covid would leave** in the devalued subjectivity of the West. There was talk of a before and after. Not only in Argentina, but in the world. The idea that, for some unknown reason, coronavirus would be the trigger **for a better place to live**.

Well, the crack **is still the crack**. Any virus that is on the loose with intentions to neutralize His Majesty's eagerness to pollute consciences will clash with this premise: the pandemic was nothing more **than a shy oasis of immunity** to **hatred** in order to cross the threshold of the crisis.

The vaccine will be here soon. Oxford, Chinese, American. Some will come. And **the crazy illusion of unity without pettiness to** advance at least one state policy will have been wrecked once again. Some will suffer from amague melancholy. Majority who legitimize the last play in the grandstands as a goal will archive the anomaly parentheses on the shelf of bad memories.

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