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The Acceleration of Political Times and Mrs. History's Responses

Raúl prophesied the emotional synergy of men – and women – who perceived themselves isolated by a larval and collective frustration... He assumed that there was a "subsoil that could revolt." A current of identity strained by an unnerved indignation that contained backward political demands.



When death is presented as possible trauma and politics threatens to be tinged with shadows, only the crowd manages to exorcise the damage. The last few weeks will be remembered by a street contest, the night of the failed attack and the Plaza of popular response.

Those who make history don't always have a notion that they are carving it out. There are nights, dates, weeks, when the evolution of a people is condensed moments in periods of transition, prospective hinges, changes of rhythm.



However, his contemporaries do not always have the capacity to assess the potential significance of events while we are living them.

Only the assiduous readers of the story manage to conjecture clues: they sniff the rumor of the earth, they know how to capture the density of the movements because they are sensitized to social ruptures, with the images turned into frescoes of a past that tends not to happen.

Historians linked to popular tradition have a kind of seismograph of events. They know that the processes of collective mobilization – when they pierce the veil of their invisibility – change the political climate of a stage.

Maybe the last week of August will become a kind of brand. We'll see in a few months. It is possible – although there are never guarantees – that the agreement with the IMF, doubt and inflation will be installed as a milestone of recomposition of the popular forces, hit by the pandemic.

A century ago [Raúl Scalabrini Ortiz](#) predicted that social fatigue would have a boiling epilogue. He prophesied the emotional synergy of men – and women – who perceived themselves isolated by a larval and collective frustration.

But that, surprisingly, could be summoned to an agitation capable of transforming silences into murmurs. And the screams in chants. Raul assumed that there was a "subsoil that could rise up." A current of identity strained by an unnerved indignation that contained backward political demands.



As if the planets were going to coordinate in pursuit of a common melody, of an inherited memory that had been transmitted by generations of thieves: "We were wisps of multitude and the soul of all redeemed us. It felt that history was passing by us and caressing us gently, like the cool breeze of the river.

What I had dreamed of and intuited for many years was there present, corporeal, tense, multifaceted, but unique in the whole spirit. They were *the men who are alone and waiting*, who began their tasks of vindication. The spirit of the earth was present as I never thought I saw it."

History never breaks out twice in a similar way. It only leaves traces on the ground of a reality that has contact with its past. However, he insists on its surprising character. It produces amazement in front of – and against – those who consider themselves owners of common sense: their irruption is presented with territorial occupation. That is the image that usually frightens well-thinking souls. Those who doubt or fear emotion, disorder and citizen courage.

Faced with the *escrache* in Cristina's house, the popular response in the middle of Recoleta, the repression, the attack and the popular mobilization, there are those who see a

worrying mutation. Others see, again, the man portrayed by Raul, tired of waiting. Waiting was always a relative of hope.



[The people in the street: thousands of people against hate speech](#)

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