



*The Corner of the Jerks*

© 2021 Adrián Dozetás

© 2023 Enhanced Edition

ISBN 978 1 4466 5073 8

4.25 x 6.875 in / 108 mm x 175 mm

All rights reserved.

☞ 218 pages made independently with love

**THE  
CORNER  
OF THE  
JERKS**

ADRIÁN DOZETAS



Me down Acoyte Avenue on my motorcycle and Sofia as my passenger covering herself with my back from the wind. Her cold hands on my ribs. She singing a song and playing with the vibrato that the holes in the asphalt produce to her voice.

“Sofia.”

“What.”

“The plan is nicer with you.”

“Which plan.”

“Any plan.”

“What? I cannot hear you, it’s too windy.”

“Nothing.”

Me wanting to pass a bus of the line 42, the driver blocking me, braking the bus, almost crushing us against the row of parked cars. Taking off my helmet to say something to the driver. And the guy with an elbow out of the window spitting on my face, speeding up the bus and disappearing.

Getting off the bike in the La Mar passage. Sofia with a tissue wiping the driver’s spit on my face, wetting a finger with saliva and running it over my moustache.

“You have ash.”

Sofia and I walking down the La Mar passage like two strangers who are ashamed to feel the cliché of knowing each other before they met. And now I’m

asking Sofia to hold with one foot the mechanism that opens the lid of a garbage container. Me with half my body inside the dumpster. A fish, a still edible cake, women's underwear, mouldy tangerines.

Sofia. Bicycle, second-hand clothes, organic food, those things. In social networks she calls herself *sweet\_foxglove* but her name is Sofia Ramona Manuela Victoria Martinez de las Casas and her oligarchic lineage shows up in her corpulent white wrists of generations of white Argentinian loose living life. However, rich grandparents, poor grandchildren; Sofia now works in a call-center to support her artistic career. And she doesn't find it tragic. An aspirational dancer, married to a guy, she has no children nor would she like to have them, unpunctual, phobic of animals that carry a house on their backs. Once she tried snail, she says she threw up and almost drowned.

I don't know more than that about Sofia. Maybe her smell. Like fresh bread, like solid shampoo. But encounters has nothing to do with knowing; they belong to the field of tobacco —they are inevitable. Sofia tugging at my pants.

“Don't dig Adriano the garbage, please, this is embarrassing.”

Me coming out of the container, shaking my hands on my jacket. Giving Sofia a bouquet of flowers and an unused pepper spray founded in that garbage. Sofia's cheeks red.

“Adriano that was so beautiful. They are dandelions, did you know that the dandelion is my favourite flower?”

“You're my favourite flower.”

“Idiot. Do you have a favourite flower? A real flower, I mean.”

“Yes. Marijuana.”

“Ouch.”

“What.”

“When I’m in love I say ouch a lot.”

“In love.”

“We have to talk about love, Adriano.”

“Talk about what and what for. Let’s not talk, let’s not pause the movie.”

“I just can’t stop. When you’re not there, I want you to be there. And vice versa. I really think we should talk. But after the ice cream.”

Sofia in the need of a Magnum ice cream. We riding around kiosks and supermarkets on the motorcycle.

“The world is poorly made Adriano, how can there not be ice cream in winter, how.”

Getting a Magnum at the YPF gas station on Alberdi Avenue. Shivering between cabs filling up gas. Sofia with chocolate all over her face.

“Adriano.”

“Yes.”

“Remind me that we have to talk about love.”





After the sweet Magnum still not talking about love under the smog of the sunset at the Kentucky pizzeria on Avenue Rivadavia corner Otamendi Street with the pepper spray and the bouquet of dandelions on a red Coca-Cola table, Sofia, me, half a greasy pizza and two cold Brahma's beers.

Sofia's pizza edges on my plate and me giving them to a pigeon walking on our table. Sofia unbuttoning her pants, chewing her last slice, wiping her mouth with a napkin.

"Shall we talk about love?"

"If you insist."

"I'm a married girl. You're going to break my life. End of the speech."

"We didn't even kiss, Sofia."

"You have to go away."

"Go away. Where to."

"You have to leave Buenos Aires. That's what I feel. You can't argue against that. I feel that your destiny is not here. You remember that law that says that what you feel cannot be discussed?"

"I'm not good at laws. Now tell me something, Sofia. If as you say I should leave, why wouldn't you come with me?"

“I know you’re going to leave. Even more. I have the feeling that you’ve already left. And you see. You left me here alone.”

“First, I’m not going anywhere. Second, you’re going to be with your husband Alberto.”

“My husband’s name is Juan, not Alberto.”

“Juan. Whatever.”

Smoking cigarettes, making paper balls with the napkins. The shoals of cars merging from Otamendi Street to Rivadavia Avenue. And Sofia red, coughing. Sipping beers.

“Still hungry, Sofia?”

“Seriously. We have to finish this.”

“It never started.”

“Enough, Adriano, let’s make the effort, let’s finish this. Ask for the bill. I pay.”

Now we about to say goodbye at the corner of Avenues Rivadavia and Acoyte, which we baptised as the corner of the jerks. Sofia wiping her tears with her corpulent wrists. Nails of one hand painted in Pepsi-blue colour.

A guy coming up to sell us tablecloths, a homeless man shouting the rage of god and walkers with their faces buried in their phones. The street as an office, as an online game room, as a confessional.

“Sofia.”

“Sofia nothing. This is the last time we see each other. I can’t be your friend. I feel sick.”

“Sofia.”

“It’s super unfair. Do you know why I have this hat on? Do you know? Don’t be quiet, answer me, do you know or don’t you know why I have a hat on my head? Ah, you don’t know. I’m going to explain to you why I have a hat on my head. I have a hat on my head so that when I go back home while I’m walking people don’t see me crying, that’s why I brought this ugly hat. You don’t realise that we have nothing to do together, do you? It doesn’t fit on that big hairy head of yours. Adriano.”

“What.”

“Look at you.”

“It’s just that last night I didn’t sleep.”

“Is there any night you sleep at all?”

“What are you, a cop.”

“I’m snoring at eleven, at seven I go jogging in the park. Adriano all your clothes have cigarette holes and I’m a vegan and I play the ukulele. It’s absurd. For you every day is weekend. It’s not enough to love each other. To be with someone is a decision you make with your brain. Can’t you see that there is nothing between us? Nothing.”

“The moment.”

“You keep looking for me. And I’m a stupid weak. And a liar. I’m lying, I’m looking for you too. In fact I’m worse, I throw you out of my life and when I miss you I look for you. I’m a mean person. No. It’s not that I’m mean. It’s just that I can’t stop. Understand?”

“No.”

“I hate you. I hate me. I hate us.”

“Sofia.”

“I need someone to warm my hands in winter and you— don’t fucking look at me like that.”

“Sofia, listen to me.”

“It seems Adriano that you don’t hear me, I’m telling you that it’s over, there’s nothing to say, there’s no Sofia, it’s over. And I’m going to repeat it until it’s true.”

“Sofia.”

“And again Sofia. I still remember the first time I saw you. All cute with that wild but aristocratic thing you have. And this kills me, it kills me that between A and B you always choose Z. What do you want from me? You don’t believe in couples. I don’t either. Or do I. Do you warm someone’s hands in winter? Well. Enough of this. We’re adults, aren’t we? We’re grown up. The problem is that we don’t know how to love freely. Let’s go. Get on that motorcycle and go

away and I'll go home crying with this ugly hat that covers my face and that's it, that's it. And let me know when you are in the Caribbean or in Europe or wherever you are going to. I know you are leaving, this is clear. But don't tell me where you go before you leave. Write me directly from Tokyo, promise? Promise me—"

"Sofia."

"What."

"I feel you're an angel."

"Ah."



It's been a week since Sofia decided to cheat on me with her husband. I'm absolutely destroyed —her husband is a DJ.

For me to have come all the way to the doctor, my feet must be fucked. No matter how much I wrap them up they're cold. And green.

Radio Cultura FM 97.9, hands turning magazine pages, in the corner the typical doctor's office plant, a brand new ficus. The doctor's secretary. About 65 years old. Her oiled tits sticking out of her cleavage like a breast ass. She asking me name, address, reason for visit. Cold feet.

Me fooling my gaze with the ficus but one must admit that boobs are powerful parts. My nonexistent God since Sofia left me my libido is overflowed. The secretary typing on the computer, raising her eyes over her glasses.

“First time?”

“Yes.”

“Nationality?”

“Argentinian.”

“From where?”

“From here, from Buenos Aires. I don't get it.”

“I mean, because of your accent.”

“What accent.”

“For a moment I thought you had an accent. You can sit down, the doctor is a little late.”

“Late how much.”

“Late.”

Me sitting down. My favourite sport, waiting.

A cough every now and then, magazine pages, a phone ringing. And three hours of laughter coming from the doctor’s office. In my language a doctor’s laughter means you’re fucked. I’m from my grandmother’s logic club —any discomfort is cancer. The secretary.

“Zimerman, Adriano.”

The old-fashioned doctor’s office with a plastic skeleton, a picture frame with family photo on a solid desk congruent with a life of right decisions, glasses on the tip of his nose, working-dad’s perfume. Me spreading a green foot on top of his desk.

“Doctor, look at these things, just look at this. Tell me the truth doctor, am I fucked up. Ice, they’re ice.”

“Sit on the exam table, Zimerman.”

The doctor listening to my chest.

“Save me, doc. It’s urgent.”

“Take a deep breath. That’s it. What do you do for a living?”

“Motorcycle delivery.”

“Breathe, Zimerman, breathe. Do you smoke?”

“Not much.”

“How much?”

“Three packages a day.”

The doctor inviting me to sit again at the desk, sighing, taking off his glasses, rubbing his eyes.

“Look. Apparently you don’t walk. There’s no blood in your feet, no circulation.”



The doctor getting up, opening the door, talking to the secretary.

“Susana, will you make please an appointment for Zimerman for three months from now?”

Coming back, sitting down, yawning.

“Move, Zimerman. Walk.”

“Aren’t you going to prescribe me anything?”

“Walking.”

“Antiinflammatories, soporifics, antipsychotics, nothing?”

“Walk.”

“Ketamine?”

“Walk.”

O.K., I walk. I walk from the doctor’s office to my motorcycle.