

A Sunday or a holiday. The kind of day where everything seems to have stopped. He has no appointments, no one to meet, nothing planned on the calendar. A free day. An empty day. He lives in one of those spaces they call renovated, converted, a former soap factory whose cruelty has been forgotten. A building that once housed pain, exploitation, tears, intoxication, subordination, bent backs, outstretched working hands. Today, the metal skeleton, the beautiful arched windows, the glass roof, the concrete floor, the sheet metal, the bricks, and the exposed pipes have been neutralized. It has good taste—meaning the taste of modern comfort. Everything seems to work well in his home: the intensity of the lights is adjustable, the kitchen cupboards are invisible, and he had the concrete polished. From the vestibule to the first floor, the atmosphere is filled with bold minimalism, discreet decorative objects. A modern space, charming and spotless, if not clinical.

It's already one-thirty in the afternoon. A deceitful hour that makes you believe you still have life ahead of you. Nothing planned, no one to meet, a free day. The week passed quickly; he works late, the loft is expensive, and he wants to soundproof the roof, which makes noise every time it rains. Lying on his gray sofa, he tries to think about his life. You could say he's probing his soul. But before he even scratches the surface of his subconscious, his gaze catches a dust bunny; there, just next to the dresser that hides the TV decoder. He doesn't have a television, but the device came with his "premium internet box" subscription. He also has a landline phone, unconnected, stored in a corner of the dresser. He thinks about the irony of the name of this piece of furniture, supposedly meant to make life more convenient, yet ending up as a refuge for his electronic equipment, now cumbersome for his inner peace, weighing heavily on his love for emptiness. But he must stay connected to the global computer network—quite an aesthetic! In the time it took to write these lines, he's already on all fours, small vacuum cleaner in hand, scraping the corners of his nearly empty living room. He should buy a cleaning robot. Cleanliness urge satisfied, he goes to rest in the bedroom, which opens into a suite—a key factor in his purchase decision, as was the so-called atypical architecture. He takes a shower and tosses his sky-blue towel onto the corner of the railing leading to the vestibule. He doesn't notice that the zenithal light accentuates the shadows of the wet cloth to the point that it looks like a sculpture. Sitting on the floor, he snacks on some fruits he hastily bought the day before, their remains gradually abandoned at his feet. He's feeling down; he even pulled the blackout curtains over the glass roof. They say he's feeling blue. Only then does he realize that the former factory is never completely in darkness. The green light from the decoder disturbs his calm, as does the red light from the microwave clock. The color reminds him of the cherries he ate, and of the time slipping away this afternoon, passing so quickly even though nothing was planned, no one to meet, a free day, apart from a few

cleaning details. A day spent organizing his comfortable apartment. He has aligned himself with his living space. And yet, water still drips in the vestibule; there's a leak. He mustn't forget to change the buckets, as he does every two hours. Every morning, the entrance is wet because he can't patrol during his sleep, even though he sleeps poorly: the noise haunts him. He wonders if the echo of the falling drops is amplified by the metal of the stairs, some of the loft's walls, and the roof. He feels as though his dream is turning against him; the idea of having a place of his own mattered to him.

He had told himself that he needed time for himself, that he liked living alone, that he was introverted, one of those who recharge their social batteries in the privacy of their home. It's not working out; he can't fall asleep, tossing and turning in his gray sheets from the department store. They itch. He wonders if he's properly ironed his shirts for the week. He turns over again, and even with his eyes closed, he can see, as spots on his eyelids, the light from the microwave, from the flashing decoder. He left the window open; a gnat got in. He hopes it hasn't laid eggs in the kitchen; he worries about a potential parasite invasion. A glass of anxious water at the kitchen sink. On his way back to bed, he steps on the afternoon's fruit remains: pits, a banana peel, and three apple cores. He feels like his trash is staring at him with disdain, reminding him that nothing can be left lying around in a large American-style open space, comfortable, an open-plan area. He's still not in his dreams; he'll be working remotely tomorrow. It's three-thirty. The night seems endless. Yet, he had nothing planned, no one to see, free time for himself, an empty day, the chance to see what would come. Everything was possible. Only he had forgotten the life of ordinary objects, the delicate balance that a tasteful apartment demands, everything visible, the constraints of modern comfort, the troubles that come with leading this kind of life. The dominance of objects we forget to notice, the ones that watch us, the everyday ones. Such invisible power weighs heavy, it shapes the rhythm of the days, their arrangement. It counts in the balance of worries. Everything must be weighed, everything must be organized. He's going in circles. He feels suffocated. Sundays, life, worst.