# The Nightshift

To work nights means, at least in the first place, to endure the night. That is, to sustain the reduction of light and physical distress.

It is necessary to keep up the game of "pretending that it is day" and this is why the nightshift has to do with fiction, a sort of self-generated filmic illusion in which you believe without believing, halting in the middle between the various opposing alternations of time. It most certainly has to do with the fantastic, because you live like a vampire, exchanging the night for the day, only to end up like a zombie during daily hours. To endure the night is an calculated attempt to impose yourself on sleep, to escape the dreamlike, clinging with all might to rationality. Dawn is always slow to commence, creating a spellbinding and pleasant state of confusion in the mind of that who's been waiting for it. This pleasure arises from an impalpable alteration in the perception of things, a state of wakefulness which fertilizes the imagination, preferring this over the face of reality.

Sometimes, after sleeping a few hours in the morning, I wake up confused and uncertain. Did I do the nightshift or just dream it? I remain in doubt for 5 to 10 seconds. I mean... one usually sleeps at night, right? Upon remembering it, the nightshift has the same consistency of a vision and the uncertain narrative of a dream.

Evaluating the intensity of night's concentration is one of the most difficult aspects of the job. A balance must be found between a stifling of the natural drift caused by the tiredness of the mind and the intensity with which you are distracted from the night itself. Concentration takes place for a precise and intimate moment and the night, in itself, entails this concentration through an increased intimacy in relation to day.

As the night carries the natural promise of day, so too carries the nightshift a promise for future. In a manner of speaking this work is a tiring transition to something else. And thus, the night shift has the malignant reputation of a job that is not real. At least not in the eyes of the diurnal workers, who see the night as a pale imitation of busy day jobs. So, all the jobs carried out at night are just a wait; an exhausted, unfinished gesture. In the end, what matters most, is holding the night and to get through it.

Even if the most difficult task of the job consists in enduring the night, there is a final paradox known by all night workers: an admonition given by doctors and psychologists. So in fact, after having accompanied the night to its end, after not having fallen asleep and not having let tiredness conquer you, it is strongly advised to wear sun glasses on the way home. This small lie, imposed on the own gaze, helps to deceive the brain and to feign that the day has never arrived. Darkened glasses should therefore favour a voluntary suspension of our disbelief; the day turns into night, just like before, in the hotel, the night posed as the day. An awkward attempt to take the dark with us, all the way into bed.

To take the night home is a transient condition, exactly between the abandonment and awareness of yourself, the last part of the game "let's pretend that..."