May 1998

Essay: A Day in the Life

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Recommended Citation
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Once again, it's been a long day.

Not only that, but it's been one of those days. You know the kind I'm talking about. You wake up late and order pizza to get your day going. Of course, it's about noon or one in the afternoon, but that's not too bad for a Saturday.

As you wait for your pizza, you look around your room and remember that earlier in the week, you said you were going to clean your room today.

What a bullshit lie that was. I mean, you think on Tuesday, "Hey, on Saturday I have nothing to do, so I'll clean my room." But when you wake up Saturday morning, you know that there is no way in hell you're going to clean your room and what bullshit it was to think that you would, even though on Tuesday you really meant it. But don't worry—everyone is a hypocrite, and if they say otherwise then they masturbate more than you do.

So the pizza arrives and somehow you slowly drift into thought of what exactly life means, or at least meaning in your life. At the same time, you scan ahead in the day, trying to remember if there is anything you should do—like a party or going to a movie—heaven forbid that whole "clean your room" thing would come up now. Sitting on the couch, some old friends stop by. They tell you about a happening that's going to go on later, and they want you to go. You tell them you'll think about it and drift back into the meaning of life or, more specifically, what life means to you. You see nothing can take you out of thinking about this topic. The funny thing about thinking about life is that you can't remember when you started thinking about life, but you know it started a while ago, and you know you won't ever stop thinking about it. You know when you didn't think about it, but, then again, we can't be 16 forever. And when you think about it, it's always, "Am I doing the right thing with my life?" "Will I ever fall in love?" "Is there beer in the fridge?" and "Damn, that's really bad acting on TV—oops, it's ESPN and they ain't actors, they athletes, why, why, why, uhh, my head hurts."

Because in reality, the answers are never the answers we want them to be. The answers always make us simpler people than what we want to make ourselves out to be. Complexity is the name of the game when it comes to showing ourselves off to other humans. Each one of us has this desire to be somebody complicated and not have things be as simple as $2 + 3 = 5.$

So, some other friends drop by. At least your afternoon was well spent. Evening rolls around and it's time for the bars. Let's see, which bar do we want to go to again, and again, and again. Well, there's the dumb-stupid-meat-market bar, another crappy-band-too-loud-can't-talk-to-your-friends bar, the Tommy Hilfiger meets make-up queen tavern, the place we always go, the place we go when we don't feel like walking to the place we always go, and the old folks home (no beer, but they sure can dance).

But you don't really feel like going out. You can't. This question is on your brain. This is where the clever writer inserts an explanation that will make some sense to you but still doesn't answer the question. I'll save you the experience of the nonchalant and skip that point. I mean, if you can't figure it out for yourself, why should I give a canned metaphor that will save your ass for the time being? It's all about understanding, anyway.

Without understanding, no one would ever have sex again. Or answer "5" again, for that matter. There is my answer for you. It's got more substance than you may think, but, then again, thinking is what got us to this point to begin with.

Well, it's an answer isn't it? Everything is sexually related—who am I not to jump on the bandwagon of sex (or who am I not to jump off it)? The funny thing is, most of life's details are based on sex—what we wear, why we wear it, why we make a decisions like admitting that under certain circumstances liking a shitty band is perfectly OK. Being wrapped up in problems that don't really exist seems to be another favorite pastime of the confused. How many friends do you have that when they are not getting laid on a regular basis, all of the sudden develop these "issues" they need to work out with someone—when you know it's really a ploy to get some? Well, as it turns out, this was another one of those days. Tomorrow will be another one, then I'll have kids and you will be married. All of us from so-called Generation X will turn 80 one day, and we will look back wondering why we were called Generation X. Because we were more a generation confused than Generation X. But that's an essay for next time. Though I will need another somewhat no-achieving day to write it. Shouldn't be too long of a wait...I mean, I have to get up tomorrow and everything.

Herb Sawyer is a senior in pre-advertising. He said this essay is an excerpt from his book-in-progress, Disco Lemonade.