YOU KNOW YOU'VE BEEN AN ACADEMIC TOO LONG IF...

You deconstruct your breakfast

Wow, a high-brow feminist would be horrified by the secondary significations of these "pop-tarts."

I notice that both "grapes" and "nuts" are conspicuously absent from this "text."

You name your children like conference papers

Come here, "Mary (Jo): hybridized moniker of a Christian archetype and (or) regional subaltern transgendered other. Meet your new sibling.

Let's call him "Ashley: progressively sexually-ambiguous progeny with mildly Anglo-Aristocratic overtones spawned by (bo)urgeois/hemian parents."

Theoretical jargon has infiltrated every corner of your life

Jane, so as to avoid phallocentric discourses and a regressive affirmation of Judeo-Christian, capitalist institutions, I offer you no ring, and ask you to ask me to marry you.

I'm sorry Bradley, you have failed to discern that I am a post-feminist with an ironic appreciation of patriarchal structures and retro-bourgeois traditions, and thus no is my answer-er, I mean your answer...

You feel compelled to spoil your child's vacation

Don't you see, Timmy, that the central activity in this consumerist, hyperreal "amusement" park is a passive waiting in line?

Don't listen to him son. Your father's obsessive antipathy for this simulacrum serves only to distract him from the pathetic artificiality of his own day to day life...

SOPER '02