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Pomades
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POMADES

The Chairman of a university Physics department develops "quite a thing" for pomades.

He doesn't mention it to anyone. Not even in bed to his pretty blonde wife twelve years his junior. Not even in his backyard, playing badminton with his good-looking kids, a girl and a boy, ten and twelve years old respectively, who do well in school, have lots of nice friends, and are perfectly adjusted.

He denies the "thing" to himself. He denies even the need to deny having denied it. He in no way ever, not for one split second, indicates the presence of the "thing." It's just as if the "thing" does not exist.

Except it does.

In the lecture hall; in the laboratory; at the beach playing frisbee; at the symphony hearing Beethoven brutalized; at the laundromat washing his hunting pants and his wife's panties the day their washer broke; at the podium chairing the biggest convention of internationally-renowned physicists ever; relaxing in his chaise lounge on his fresh-cut lawn on summer evenings, watching pretty girls bounce by in tans and shorts and halter-tops—loving his wife, and reflecting that life has been good to him.

Pomades.

Oh sweet Jesus, pomades.