The Faces of John McCain

By Marty Kaplan

Man, those relentless close-ups were cruel. And the split screen was killer. If you only heard the debate on the radio, you missed the show of the century.

Ninety minutes of John McCain making faces was more than enough for a lifetime. He smirked. He grimaced. He sneered. He fake-smiled. It's hard to imagine anyone willingly inviting that antic lemon-sucking grinfest into their homes for the next four years.

His face was a way better read-out of how the debate was going than the CNN seismograph of independents. The more rage he felt, the more weirdly pixillated his expressions. It's ironic that McCain more than once warned debate-watchers to beware Obama's eloquence, because if you ignored the words, there was nothing left to do but be mesmerized by the flamenco being done by his cheeks, his lips, his eyebrows, his eyes.

At least he didn't wink.

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