

I Happen To Think I Have A Great Face, Actually

by Matt Rowan

For those of you with a position cemented firmly to the contrary, I happen to think I have a great face, actually. My face, maybe I talk about my body a lot, but my face is pretty great, really it is. My whole face, not just those parts that jut out at you and are great.

I don't want to sound like a raging face braggart, but then I don't want to sound like I don't think I have a great face, either. You see the dilemma.

I could go into the particulars of my great face, so I will.

My face, the parts you see and the parts you don't see -- at first glance, anyway -- comprise what I call "The Complexion of Good Feeling." You feel good because of my complexion, on the whole. That's the very literal definition of this phrase I've attached to myself. Feel free to consider the phrase for yourself and decide how you would define it, as it relates to my great face.

I've talked about other amazing (I daresay "great") parts of my body before. I'd talk about them again, in heartrending detail, if they were the topic of this telling. But they are not, though rest assured my best parts are swaying brilliantly even now, as you read this.

Back up here to my face -- this is, and should continue to be, why I have your attention, reader of great sensibility. I don't need to tell you that my face is great, actually, and still I do! I owe it to you to judiciously argue for my face on its behalf. If I were to do otherwise, my face would be slandered without contest by those unbound by scruples, festering with flawed character, and owning faces slack

and gravid with decay and torpidity. I cannot let that happen.

Conversations involving my great face usually go as follows (I'm the one asking all the questions and exclaiming about faces):

"What if I were to say your face is pregnant with gross?"

"Sir, you'll still have to pay the required admittance fee—"

"AND my face is pregnant with greatness, then what would you say?"

"The same, pretty much. Sorry you don't like my face."

"It's a *horrible* face!"

"Yeah."

A word or two of warning: don't underestimate my face of greatness, because that's where you lose. I can't tell you how many times people have underestimated my face's greatness.

Hollywood, for instance.

I would never trade faces with John Travolta, not for all the John Woo movies in the world. And especially not for the movie *Paycheck*.

I think it goes without saying that I would never want Nicholas Cage's face. Blech. Not even if he cut it off himself and handed it to me, face flaccid.

So there, there you have it -- my face, all the while, stands on its own two feet. It is great, actually, and those who do not think so are filled to the absolute brim with wrong.

I don't care what Steve Buscemi says!

