

The Personality Transplant

By Dennis Knight

It struck me, while reflecting on the assignment to write on the topic of my personality, that perhaps I should get one. As it is, I might as well describe the charisma of a bat upside down in a cave. I can't hang by my toes which do little more than keep me upright, so you can see my dilemma. I need a transplant.

I know I should just write about who I am, but the fellow I want to profile is one who radiates. I spent the weekend poring through entertainment and personality magazines looking for radiators. I found some interesting models, but they all seem to have drawbacks, the big one being the need for fame and the corresponding inability to handle it. Who needs that? The people in People are very good looking, but, while I could use a facelift and some rearranging, I'm only in the market for a personality transplant.

It looks like my best chance will be to design my own. The core personality trait I would adapt is that of an extrovert. With that I could hit every business and social event and actually work the room. I would drop terms like 'doll' and 'babe', and my hands would be everywhere and anywhere. I would be freed of my concern for other people's space, because I would be the most important person there. I would initiate or interrupt conversations, but never finish because I would always be migrating to the next.

I might add the dimension of adventurer. After all, if I'm going to do the talking, I might as well leave little thrills in the memories those who will be drawn to my radiance. Maybe even the hint of 'bad boy'. It is said that women are fascinated by men with such a strain. Is it the dark and dangerous side, the tantalizing charm of unpredictability? Oh my, this is going to be great.

Now I have to consider how to get the work done. Are there psychologists who do this sort of thing? Can a hypnotist do it? How about acupuncture? Is there an Earl Scheib on Colfax offering cheap personality paint jobs?

My instincts tell me I will have to do the job myself, and the cost will be not in what I desire, but in what I must give up. I like being in small social situations, and I will even attend large events if I can occupy a little space in the corner or at a table where I can have a nice conversation with those nearby. The pleasure and value I get from being with other people comes from what I hear, not from what I say.

If being an extrovert means I have to leave the table and work the room, I guess I don't want the job. And frankly, while I enjoy the company of others, I am perfectly happy in solitude. A little introversion and a little introspection while hanging in the bat cave may make a personality too boring to write about, but then again, who's writing?