

Siren song

Space, time, language, type, money



Peter Geyer

A journey to the APTi Baltimore conference

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*You thought the leaden winter
Would bring you down forever ...*

Martin Sharp

*Don't change your mind
Don't be a fickle friend
Don't change your mind
Don't pretend to something false ...*

Peter Hammill

In the beginning ...

*If you cross the stream, you never can return
If you stay, you'll surely burn*

Peter Hammill

In a world which insists, against logic and evidence, that we always have choices, no matter who or where we are, how we might live, what sort of power we have and so on, any sort of decision can seem like Caesar crossing the Rubicon. Different aims and realities, though, make things a little more nuanced and muddy—more like life itself.

There's also the call to go somewhere, experience something, find things out, meet people, see what happens: none of which may help you at all, but you go anyway.

A siren call can leave you foundering on the rocks, unless you find another way—as I did to get to the APTi conference in Baltimore in July. I had a role to perform there, and could have easily justified non-attendance on recent experiences. But I kept looking for ways and means. Friends and supporters would be attending, so, for me, these events are something like long-distance travel for self-esteem.

Travelling requires adjustments of some kind. Home, its comforts and resources are left behind. You have to fit in with others. The plane you catch, the time you leave, what you take, and what you can do in that time are all constrained.

I began with a 260 kilometre midnight flit to Melbourne for flights that would end in Japan, a place I'd never been. I had no idea when the airport opened, but wanted to be early in case there were security issues or other things outside my control. I don't like to rush; last-minute is for other things.

When I arrived around 3.30 am the building was open, if slumbering. A few people were dozing, sprawled or cuddled on seats. Some walked about. A video blared some distance away, to no-one in particular, for an unclear purpose. Someone came up, worked out how to turn it off, then walked away, satisfied.

At 4.30 am the place opened for business. I was on my way to Brisbane, then Cairns, before leaving home altogether.

In Brisbane, the unclear internal signage and gate information—a consequence of redevelopment—put tension into a somewhat chaotic transfer to a flight filled with the enthusiasm of a large number of young Americans, who disembarked at Cairns. A half-full plane continued northward, bathed in silence, to land in the Japanese night.

Japan

I didn't know what to expect at Narita Airport, hoping simply to be understood in some way. A light rail vehicle took me to baggage, Immigration and Customs. The officials, softly dressed in varieties of pale blue, were genial, efficient and quiet. The person I dealt with wore a surgical mask.

The hotel shuttle arrived on time, although it was a long wait. The driver was dressed immaculately and wore white gloves. He spoke a couple of English phrases, but did not understand English. At first this seemed curious, but all he has to do is to drive to and from designated places, with random encounters with English speakers.

The driver listened to a radio program in which someone spoke in short sentences with reflective space between. Perhaps it was philosophical or religious. A screen on the dashboard showed various scenes, mostly water.

The hotel was at the end of a slow drive, a 50 km/h limit, and the roads seemed narrow. Outside were the signs of small businesses you see anywhere, some with English, most without. It's really another country when its written language gives no hint of meaning to outsiders.

A number of Americans lined up at the hotel desk. They appeared to be military, airmen of some sort. At registration, short, clear, genial exchanges got me to my room. An American sports bar was offered as somewhere to eat. I glanced through the smoke, sound, and TV screens, decided it wasn't for me, and settled on the main restaurant.

The restaurant was friendly and efficient, pleasantries exchanged via brief English with smiling and bowing, which appealed, as I naturally give a small bow as part of a greeting. This seemed a non-direct form of extraverted feeling: I was looked after in a non-servile manner without feeling interrogated, or exhorted to 'enjoy'.

I've never understood why waiters feel it necessary to impose themselves in the name of 'service', or that you need to be encouraged to express enthusiasm about what you eat and drink. It's possible to be genial and friendly without all that, as I experienced here.

I had time to wander around near the hotel and see a little of this part of the country. I'd woken to a view of what looked like market gardens and one or two houses, with cyclists going past on their way to work. The hotel was set back from the road, in pleasant gardens.

It was humid as I strolled up the road each way. I was in a semi-rural area, perhaps an outer suburb. The market gardens looked like they were for flowers. Election posters appeared randomly. Businesses and houses lined the road, but not completely: a vacant space was offered for subdivision and there was a clump of natural bamboo. Cars and trucks went past regularly.

My curiosity satisfied, I returned to the hotel and headed for the airport.

The walkway is ending, please watch your step.

Narita Airport

At Narita Airport, pointing at a menu and brandishing a credit card got me food and drink at a bar; I didn't have any Japanese language or money. You sat at a common table or close together at a window. I got a window spot, Eric Clapton's laid-back tones in the background. (He and other popular musicians have been popular in Japan for decades, and Japanese-pressed LPs and CDs have a superior reputation.)

The airport wasn't all that cool: air conditioning didn't seem to be used in the American way. Perhaps the temperature is accepted as it is, or maybe it didn't work well. Cool water was readily available.

I searched for something to read. There were no newspapers at all, just books and magazines, predominantly in Japanese. At brief, regular intervals an automated voice outside asked people to watch their step—a little disconcerting after a while.

Your happiness is our standard.

Narita Airport leaflet

There were some leaflets in English, one on customer feedback. It sought general personal information and impressions on a scale of *very good*, *good*, *normal* and *bad*, with relevant pictographs. It seemed better than offerings I've seen elsewhere: particularly 'bad', which invites criticism and clarity. At home it seems we can't get to 'bad' (everything appears defensible at some level) without emotional expression.



I had time to wander around near my hotel and see a little of this part of the country

Photo: Peter Geyer

Two-thirds of one side of the leaflet was set aside for comment, indicating some openness, or at least a presumption that customer experiences require more than ticking boxes in predetermined categories, with a line for you to expand on the issue.

Recently I had several issues regarding a government instrumentality's competence and service. I was referred more than once to their customer feedback form, smaller than this one, with one or two cramped lines to write in. Suggested alternatives included contacting their call centre, or online, or the local MP. The latter showed startling political naiveté and the first was one of my issues.

You have to fit into one of their categories, which limits the free flow of information. (That may be the intention.) My letters, in considered prose, remain unacknowledged, and my requests to see a manager were unsuccessful, in part because of misleading conduct by a staff member. Life's like that, I suppose. But I presume Narita Airport's management don't think that way.

Narita – Los Angeles

The flight to Los Angeles wasn't full, so I had space next to my window seat. A young woman came to sit by the aisle, smiled in greeting, and said, 'You're not using your pillow?', which startled me. I'd put it on her seat by accident, and she presumed I didn't want it. She quickly moved for a solution, helpfully suggesting it go somewhere out of the way, but I said I wanted to have it. This was a pleasant example of extraverted feeling, a natural, benign presumption of order of this sort.

On this flight you paid for drinks, the first time I've experienced it on an international flight, and it struck me as parsimonious. I don't mind it on domestic flights, as I can't see why there's a need for a drink, or a meal for that matter, on most flights. I found this unduly mercenary, hardly good customer service and more than faintly quaint.

It's like someone running a lolly shop in the sky without a cash register. The trip is more uncomfortable, with trolleys in the way, largely stationary due to exchanging of money and the language of shop-like

activity. One of the women providing this service also spent a lot of time saying 'Coffee? Coffee?' in a loud voice to a largely dozing plane. Perhaps that's what some people think customer service is.

The plane flew down the US west coast: an interesting view, mostly sepia toned. It's hard to work out whether it's dry and rocky everywhere, or that it's just humidity and haze. The sepia feeling continued at Los Angeles airport, in the throes of renovation. Customs and Immigration were more friendly than of late. Perhaps everyone's got used to the fingerprint machines and the retinal scan, neither of which I mind: it's what they do, and I'm an ex-Customs man, anyway.

I walked out in the morning heat towards Continental, who were getting me to and from Baltimore. American Airlines were cheaper, better for frequent flyer points, but their website didn't accept Australian credit cards—surprising, but not unusual for American transactions.

I wasn't leaving for a while, but I decided to enter the gate area, though services past the gate are limited. Security requires you to take your shoes off to get through. This was OK, even if it was a juggling act with my laptop. I had left my boarding pass in my bag, so couldn't go through until my scanned bag was returned to retrieve it; the whole process was then repeated. Security people were firm, not aggressive. Their language was military, which is what you get in the USA in these situations.

Inside, a sports bar was the best choice for lunch. The TV had sports commentators discussing whether Roger Federer, who had just won Wimbledon, was the greatest sportsman of all time: a silly discussion at the best of times, but these men essentially argued and shouted at each other, using extraverted thinking without logic. Their alternative 'greats' were all Americans, which isn't surprising. It diminished my enjoyment a little, but I suppose sports bars are about that type of discussion.

At the departure gate a young woman slept on a few chairs drawn together. She was woken by people coming off a flight, who didn't seem to notice her and conducted a loud conversation right next to her.



When the language gives no hint of its meaning, it really is another country

Photo: Peter Geyer

Later, a cleaner woke her to rearrange the seats. The revised layout was about 30 cm different, so I'm not sure what his point was. She was better left alone: people can be unnecessarily upset or hurt by someone 'doing their job'. The cleaner was quietly going about his business: you don't have to be loud and aggressive to be disruptive.

Another young woman wandered around talking on a mobile phone, appearing randomly over a couple of hours. It seemed to be the same conversation. I marvelled at her endurance, both in walking and the call itself, which didn't seem to be about anything in particular.

It was hard to understand announcements, Continental's in particular. Sometimes it seemed that the announcers didn't have a facility with English. People who read out jargon-laden information on planes and in airports without interest or meaning aren't helpful at all. I expect a person who uses a microphone to be comprehensible. I know my expectations don't get met in railway stations and supermarkets, but one can always hope.

Los Angeles – Baltimore

There was no service on my overnight flight; I slept most of the time, anyway. Newark airport was modern, pleasant, full of morning commuters. It's in New Jersey, but nearly all its souvenirs were of New York City, for which it is a third airport.

The flight to Baltimore was by small jet, which took its time to get off the ground. I found out later from others at the conference that this was better than flights being cancelled without warning for a variety of reasons, including not enough bookings or bad weather. When aloft, the fascinating, jagged coastline of the Upper Chesapeake appeared, with islands, inlets and marinas. It was a perfect opportunity for photos, but I didn't take any. Since 11 September 2001 there are activities that can be misconstrued, and that is one of them.

Signs in Baltimore's small airport were in Spanish and English. I took the rail link to the city. The train was much higher than the platform, with steps to negotiate, too. The platforms were clearly new, so this

was curious, given that people who catch the train usually have baggage, and may also be disabled or elderly.

The few passengers in my carriage—nearly all African-American—didn't mind the intrusion of my large bag. An inspector appeared to check tickets: a loud, friendly, white woman who engaged in banter with a group of young African-Americans. I'd never seen this kind of interaction before in the US; usually it's quieter and formal, particularly with an authority figure. The woman enjoyed the conversation so much she stayed in the carriage for a few stops.

I'm only trying to find a place to call my home.

Peter Hammill

I got off at the station suggested and walked in the heat to the Sheraton. Unfortunately, it was the wrong one. In the cool lobby I was given directions I didn't understand. I was very tired. I also had in my mind that my hotel was in or around the Inner Harbor area. I wandered off in that direction.

Inner Harbor was a beautiful sight: blue skies, blue water, pleasant breeze, nice surroundings—but it wasn't where I was supposed to be. I asked a group of women sporting *visitbaltimore.com* T-shirts, but they didn't know my hotel, which struck me as slightly incongruous. Perhaps it wasn't part of their training.

A homeless man offered to take me to the hotel. I accepted, not without misgivings. I didn't know where I was going, and I prefer to work things out for myself, but I realised I was exhausted, needed some assistance and he seemed genuine enough. He asked me where I came from. I gave him some information about Australia, and he told me something of his plight—in particular, how hard it is to get work of any sort from his position in society.

I knew I'd have to give him money, and felt constrained by financial limits I had imposed to get to the conference. I knew I wouldn't give him enough to satisfy either him or me. He got me there, for which I was genuinely appreciative. I should have given him more money, but I didn't.



Inner Harbor was a beautiful sight: blue skies, blue water, a pleasant breeze

Photo: Peter Geyer

The Sheraton City Centre is away from the water, in indifferent surroundings. The hotel is an older style, with dark wooden panelling: not a favourite, but a minor quibble. One of its two towers was being renovated. I was fortunate to gain a room in the renovated one.

The front-desk people had their names and qualifications on placards on the counter. The young woman who adroitly served me had a business degree. Her colleague was from Kenya, with five languages. When I said that I couldn't even speak English, he responded, 'But you do, sir, you do!' His English and mine were more similar than American English.

In one of the restaurants attached to the hotel (a franchise called Shula's, after the American football coach), I was served by a large, friendly African-American woman who made me feel welcome. I never know whether I'm going to be welcomed or not, no matter where it is, and so this was very important to me, to be treated like a person, as someone of worth on that basis alone.

I'm not all that robust in situations like this. I come from a family where social anxiety was pervasive. So, in meeting new people of whatever type, ethnicity, etc, it's not whether I will like them, but whether they will like me. I'm never sure of the outcome. What I look like may tend to obscure; my psychological preferences are relevant, too.

While I was enjoying my recommended Shula sandwich and local beer the heavens opened with a spectacular downpour of rain, wind, thunder and lightning. I saw people battling the elements on their way past. The spire of a church was struck by lightning, collapsing in fire. This and its aftermath was in the local papers for a few days.

The most expensive part of being in the USA is eating well—a combination of limited food venues, state taxes, tipping, and the price of good wine. As I entered the hotel lobby in the evening I saw a group of familiar type faces and decided to go with them, wherever that was.

For me, on that Tuesday evening, the conference had begun.

A restaurant was found soon enough. Our waitress was a friendly young woman who needed order. She delivered news about specials, called to be heard, and exerted some pressure for the group to decide on what they wanted. She seemed to find it confusing that people couldn't or wouldn't make quick decisions, but took it all in her stride. It was an evening with many good discussions.

Wednesday

I was in Baltimore essentially to facilitate and present at a Research & Theory symposium on the Thursday. Dick Thompson had generously kept open the possibility of a symposium, making the arrangements. I met him to discuss what was to happen and what I had to do.

Before that, I ran into Sally Campbell, a keynote speaker at AusAPT's conference in Brisbane in 1998, and a correspondent when I was editing the *Australian Journal of Psychological Type*. We had a lengthy chat. Mary McGuinness also appeared, and we caught up with what was happening in our various lives.

I thought I'd see Baltimore and went for a walk, unsure of directions: I experience north as south in the USA. Someone asked for money for bus fare and I gave it to them. I wandered past buildings in various states of repair, and people in variable states of repair, too. The light rail that I'd arrived on went straight up the middle of a wide street typical of Baltimore's grid layout.

The Johns Hopkins Medical Center came into view, a possible source of the sirens flashing through the city. In a minuscule cemetery attached to a church I located the grave of the writer Edgar Allen Poe. His home was nearby, but I couldn't work out where. I found a place to buy sandwiches and newspapers and settled in.

That evening I attended the APTi Regions and Chapters dinner where office-holders, including AusAPT's Sue White, had some general discussions, together with useful group exercises on issues such as succession planning. This was another pleasant evening.



Mary McGuinness
appeared and we
caught up with what
was happening

Photo: Nancy Silcox

Thursday

To be inside and outside a position at the same time—to occupy a territory while loitering skeptically on the boundary—is often where the most intensely creative ideas stem from.

Terry Eagleton

The **Research and Theory symposium** opened to a packed room of 20 or so, which was most gratifying. Katharine Myers, Danielle Poirier and Sally Campbell had all turned up as promised, which was an honour. Liz Hallows and Peter Richardson were at the back. Peter has just published *Archetype and the Spirit*, following his excellent *Four Spiritualities* (1996).

- *Culture.* Individuals interact with, and express, themselves through their environments. Environments and culture are not separate from individuals.
- *Development.* How I, as an individual, wish to survive is a psychological question with material outcomes. This isn't linear; people develop (or not) because of other factors. A generation raised on computers may have a different developmental path altogether, particularly regarding consciousness.

My paper was received well, and it led easily to the next presentation, by **John Giannini**, a Jungian analyst and author, and the centrepiece of the event. I'd never met him before. He'd taken the trouble to look up my website and read some of my work, which he liked.

How I as an individual wish to survive is a psychological question with material outcomes



I opened with 'Unfolding, Evolving: Some observations on psychological type, genes, culture, development' (2007), contending that because Jung's typology is little used, even alongside other ideas, this has consequences for its understanding, e.g.:

- *Essentialism.* Jung's typology is about individual characteristics. Anti-essentialists, including psychologists and sociologists, presume humans are all the same. Some type users can present type in an anti-essential way.
- *Tabula rasa.* Unlike type, the 'blank slate' view presumes that personality is not innate in any way. Although scientifically untrue, this continues to have adherents.
- *Evolution.* This label simply describes a natural process, a presupposition of Jung's and Myers's work, particularly regarding development, adaptation and the unfolding of personality.

John began with Jung's circular type diagram of 1925, and interwove other ideas (e.g. Myers; Osmond; Moore and Gillette; Hermann; Lowen; Deming) to build up a model with a theme of the four functional pairs.

John described Jung's ideas as an open system, always dealing with polarities, and referred often to the *yin* and *yang* of Taoism as context for understanding Jung.

Dreams are an essential component for dealing with this system. John used metaphorical and symbolic language—"the symbol is our psychic power plant"—particularly when discussing emotions.

As in his book *Compass of the Soul*, John presented his metaphor of contemporary American and Western culture as having a powerful ESTJ typological overlay, which he considers pathological. Typologically, the counterculture is represented by INFP.

Photo: Danielle Poirier

To elaborate, John used the *I Ching* hexagrams of Heaven and Earth, which is not to do with individuals of either type, but with the archetypes that these type codes represent.

‘We need to work with the best part of ST’, he said, ‘we need Warrior characteristics’, but we don’t have positive examples. For John, this current situation illustrates the continuing neglect of the feminine side in favour of patriarchy. Being ‘maternal’ is not matriarchal.

This fascinating presentation stimulated many thoughts, reframed others, and had an interesting list of references.

Dick Thompson presented on the interface between type and emotional intelligence landscapes. Emotional intelligence seems to be an innate ability, which might limit individual capacity to learn about it. Every decision has an emotional component.

Too much stress turns off the prefrontal cortex and turns on the amygdala. If we have too much emotion, our decisions won’t be very good. If we’re emotionally overwhelmed, then we can’t use the functions.

The tertiary function seems more susceptible to stress. People who complete the MBTI under stress don’t put down the same things. Inclusion also drops, people are covered up, more closed.

We have access to all the functions all of the time, some of them more conscious than others. Sensation is the one function we all use all the time.

Dick also presented his description of the recursive nature of the function-attitudes (feeding back on each other, influencing and being influenced), using Taoist *yin* and *yang* symbols. This complemented John Giannini’s presentation, covering similar subject matter with different language.

The overall theme was that all presenters want to look beyond psychological type into other fields, and to re-examine the work of Jung and Myers.

There were many interesting questions for the panel session that closed out the day. I was really pleased how everything went.

Sirens darted across the city at regular intervals, or so it seemed from inside. The whole conference was punctuated by sirens and, being inside, it was hard to work out a purpose for the sounds. I presume the locals were used to it.

Along with the symposium and various meetings, I attended the keynote and panel sessions, about all the information I can handle. There were some interesting concurrent sessions that I would have liked to attend, but I couldn’t manage to do so.

Keynote I: **Elizabeth Murphy**

On Thursday evening **Elizabeth Murphy** opened the conference *per se* with a video presentation on how the different ways children approach toys and tasks illustrate type preferences. I’m a fan of Elizabeth’s work, and I’m interested in early childhood development. Elizabeth interpreted and explained lucidly.

There were difficulties with the visual aspect of the presentation, unclear from my vantage spot. Some of the excerpts went on for too long, particularly for an evening session. I’d like to see more of this material. Perhaps it could have been scheduled at a different time, and in a smaller room where the material could have been seen more easily.

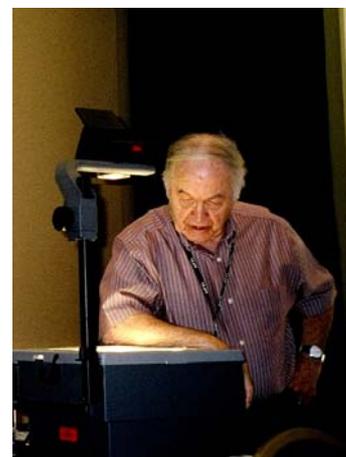
The day finished with an event honouring **Peter Myers** and **Katharine Myers**, co-owners of the MBTI.

This had been notified as a secret in order to get contributions to a commemorative folder. The event was like a celebrity roast in reverse, praising Peter and Katharine’s virtues and achievements with the MBTI and the type community. While this was well-deserved, I found some of the statements overly effusive, in the American style, I suppose.

It was also uncomfortably like apotheosis. I thought that some of the statements could have been a little more circumspect. I and many others there knew that it hadn’t all been plain sailing, and I would have liked that acknowledged, as it is more realistic, and would have indicated a higher level of achievement.

How can there be psychology without a psyche?

John Giannini



Consciousness lives in the tensions of the opposite

John Giannini

Photo: Danielle Poirier

Friday

Personality is treated by many as an extra-corporeal type of thing

* * *

We know people who strive for novelty and people who shy away from novelty

* * *

You deal with deterministic situations only in psychology labs

Elkhonon Goldberg

Keynote II: Elkhonon Goldberg

I take you very conveniently to my own area.

The conference resumed with an address by neuroscientist **Elkhonon Goldberg**, unfamiliar to me, but with an impressive reputation. I find neuroscience very interesting, but struggle with the terminology, or how it's described, anyway. It seems impersonal, even though it's about human beings. Perhaps it's all those diagrams.

Goldberg introduced his talk as 'Frontal Lobes and Executive Functions'. He did not refer to type, except through allusion. This was a smart move as he could stick to his area of expertise, leaving it up to us to make the links to type and consciousness in general—and they were fairly clear.

He pointed out that many are unwilling to see personality located in the body, notwithstanding that it can hardly come from anywhere else. There's a blurry distinction between the pathology of the frontal lobes (brain damage) and normal personality, and a fine line between clinical assessments and normal personality.

The frontal lobes are considered the seat of personality, the latest addition to the brain phylogenetically (that is, having to do with a natural process of evolution),

linked to consciousness and the capacity to distinguish between self and non-self.

There can be environmental reasons for undeveloped frontal lobes. The lobes are phylogenetically mature by the late 20s. Frontal lobe damage can mean loss of the ability to understand others, needed for a successful social existence. But, short of outright pathology, social obtuseness is a normal personality trait.

The stages of social maturity parallel the frontal lobe development. All of us know people who are socially immature without regarding them as clinical, a function of a normal variability of frontal lobes. This is usually not before 18 years.

As we get older we develop goal-directed behaviour, planning, temporal organisation of cognitive processes, critical judgement and impulse control. We also develop the ability to anticipate the consequences of one's behaviour and a capacity for insight into other people's minds.

Frontal lobes disorder is vulnerable to a range of neurological and psychotic conditions: schizophrenia, Tourette's, a wide range of dementias, ADD or its pathologies. If subtle, then it's dismissed as personality changes, but may be a clinical condition.

Goldberg was clear in what he had to say, and had a dry wit which enabled him to put his point of view over easily.

And now I think my time is up, ja?

John Giannini

John Beebe

Angelo Spoto



Individuation is very personal, very private, but it doesn't mean you're not being public.

Someone once said about me that I never went anywhere without going in the wrong direction.

We need more consciousness.

Photo: Vicky Jo Varner

Panel I: John Giannini, John Beebe, Angelo Spoto

The first of three panels was enthusiastically facilitated by **Bob McAlpine** of Type Resources in his genial, military ISTJ way. **John Beebe, John Giannini** and **Angelo Spoto** responded to questions on the theme of Jungian typology from Bob, and then in writing from the audience. This is not a process I favour, as its success depends on the quality of the questions. The panellists tended to use the questions as springboards for a more general discussion.

They were largely in agreement, and there was much banter and laughter. Spoto's disagreement with Beebe's order of the functions seemed to be the only issue, and nobody seemed too bothered. The importance of Jung's *Symbols of Transformation* was emphasised. Giannini pointed out the connections between Jung's understanding of type polarities via the *yin* and *yang* of Taoism.

Beebe used movies as illustrations—his 'way' (so not necessarily for everyone). An exposition of the cartoon ('so we're in the archetypal realm') *Beauty and the Beast* was quite potent. 'What integrity is, what it's for, is to hold the Beast'—a connection, not a beastly transformation.

Beebe said that when he last spoke at an APTi conference, in 1993, 'I just hadn't got into my model to be able to explain it.' This was reassuring, as I heard him then and felt he was unclear, although engaging. It's a reminder it can take years to be able to express your ideas coherently to others, even though they make sense to you.

Spoto suggested that the tertiary function 'keeps people in the fog', a metaphor that met with general panel approval. All three agreed that the tertiary is probably weaker than the inferior function. Beebe stated that the types are types of consciousness more than anything else. He thought Isabel Myers's great insight was to construct a theory of consciousness, and that there were never many who were conscious.

This was an engaging presentation and discussion, and made me feel a sense of belonging—in these events, at least.

Saturday

I got down early for breakfast, as my role was to co-ordinate tables for my Research and Theory area. Due to miscommunication the room was set up for a lecture and it took a while for the tables to be brought in. The hotel staff were genial and unhurried, and what occasionally got lost in efficiency was more than made up by the feeling that you belonged in some way. Nearly everyone who helped in this way was African-American, and I had some genuinely interesting chats.

Keynote II: Dick Thompson

Dick Thompson spoke on 'Type and the Flow of Human Experience'. He began with a Japanese drawing of waves, which I'd happened to have bought as a postcard at my hotel in Japan.

Dick observed that Isabel Myers's vision was not the MBTI as such, but a way of using differences constructively around the world. The MBTI tool is part of the structure of that.

Not all people look at the picture of type the same: there's different knowledge and other factors such as multiple time scales and levels of consciousness. Dick urged us to get outside the type community and read widely—e.g. Vygotsky, Bjorkland, Clare Graves, Kegan, and Kaufman.

Cognitively, for most people, by 30 you're 'pretty well where you're going'. Some grow to higher levels, past 80 for instance, and we tell them to 'go play' much earlier than that.

There are no positive relationships between IQ and type. The IQ of the average CEO is 120 to 125, a narrow band, while 'down the bottom' it's 'all over the place, 70 to 140+'. An IQ of 140+ is a double-edged sword, because you can't understand why people don't sort things out like you do.

Dick presented a model for expression of the emotions in the first 3 years. Emotional maturity tends to develop in the 20s and 30s, with earlier consequences for driving, risk-taking, MySpace, etc.



Dick Thompson spoke on type and the flow of human experience

Photo: Danielle Poirier

Psychological type is a blended system, part of a larger system; not just sitting there by itself. The function attitudes always seem to be paired, not experienced as a single function. Emotion can be attached to any of the functions.

Dick's presentation was informative, challenging and entertaining; sometimes his dry wit doesn't escape his delivery.

Panel II: **Allen Hammer, Donna Dunning, Gary Hartzler, Roger Pearman**

I'm not sure that anything is safe to say.

Roger Pearman

The second panel was on 'Innovations of Type'. **Robin Wiley** facilitated.

Allen Hammer spoke about the web-based MBTI Complete, launched earlier this year in response to demand. He assured us that all ethical criteria had been accounted for. It's comprised of Form M, scored online (although you don't get the results immediately). A standard interpretation, starting with S-N, is provided.

Donna Dunning spoke about the booklets she had produced for CPP, *Introduction to Personality Differences* and *User's Guide*, intended to be less time-consuming than the conventional MBTI presentation. It revolves around a shorter questionnaire, based on Form M items, which gives function results, differently labelled.

Gary Hartzler, speaking about function skill development, asked: 'What are we talking about when we say we *develop* within our type?' This is the subject of two booklets and an instrument that he and Margaret Hartzler have developed regarding five mental skills to identify each of the functions.

Gary drew a parallel with language, in that you can learn *English in context* without learning *English* (as I had experienced in Japan). Similarly, you can learn skills in other type preferences, but that may not be development, just skills. There are passive skills, active skills and gnosis skills.

This was the clearest I'd heard Gary speak about his work. I was impressed, and for the first time I could see a link to my own perspective.

Roger Pearman spoke more broadly, asking whether these innovations were for the practitioner or the end user. He saw future developments in the areas of generational learning needs, developmental applications; a deeper integration into psychology and organisational development frameworks; use of affinity space and type science.

Technology offers new media for sharing and application, leading to competition among type-related assessment methods. Roger saw an integration with broadband development techniques and type as a process driven by a participatory culture. This is the age of 'drop-down insight'; 'the marketplace will follow a better product'.

From a 2005 paper on interpersonal effectiveness, Roger quoted the words of a US psychologist: 'I don't really care about all these arguments about the MBTI: it works.'

This was an interesting session. I learned much. There seemed to be an undertone of selling products which I wasn't keen on, but I suppose you have to live with that.

Awards

An awards presentation followed.

I stayed to see my friend **Jamie Johnson** receive the Mary McCaulley Lifetime Achievement Award. Jamie started at CAPT in Isabel Myers's time. She's their Research Services Coordinator and maintains the Isabel Briggs Myers Memorial Library. I can't think of anybody more deserving of this accolade, particularly as Jamie is someone who operates according to the legacy of Isabel Myers and Mary McCaulley.

Charles Meisgeier received an award for research. The co-author (with Elizabeth Murphy) of the Murphy-Meisgeier Type Indicator for Children (MMTIC) gave an impassioned acceptance speech in which he hoped that 'children aren't 40 years old before they discover their type.'

Several other awards were presented for a wide range of achievements.



Jamie Johnson
received the Mary
McCaulley Lifetime
Achievement Award

Photo: Peter Geyer

Sunday

Five-minute break for hugging and congratulations!

Carol Linden

When did an INTP need 60 seconds for a hug?

Allen Hammer

Keynote III: Allen Hammer

I once wrote on a screen!

Allen Hammer, INTP, preparing to present his keynote address

The last day of a conference usually has people milling around, saying goodbye or organising something. Some had already gone, which was unfortunate, as **Allen Hammer**'s session 'New Discoveries about Myers's Theory', was a key reason for my attendance.

I'd heard him speak on Step III last year in Bethesda and wanted to find out more. Allen is one of my favourite presenters: a clear speaker with genuine wit, humour and knowledge. We're the same type, so I could be biased, but I didn't see anybody not laughing with him.

Allen started by saying that Isabel Myers was 'not a theoretician, but a scientist' with an 'insatiable curiosity'. She 'never, ever stopped answering questions'—'Why did they say that?', 'Why didn't they say this?' By 'scientist' he meant empirical scientist in the American style.

Allen gave examples of how Isabel looked at the MBTI, starting in 1946 with different facets, more than 50 scales, and at least 4 or 5 versions of a computer program she developed in the 1970s, with a 10-page report. (Allen himself had used this report while working at Michigan State University with Cecil Williams in 1976, although he didn't know about the data it represented.)

Allen drew the archaeological analogy of Howard Carter's discoveries in Egypt for the workers on MBTI Step III, engaging with Isabel's 651 boxes of data, with their 'sample sizes that would embarrass people today'.

Type arises from preferences for perception and judgement, so Step III is about how effectively you use perception and judgement. Development means differentiation, separation of the fused functions from other functions, and separation of the opposites within a function.

Only the things which I notice shape my mind.

William James

Allen gave several examples to explain ineffective use of perception and judgement, including the apposite quote from William James above. A couple of Step III scales were briefly described.

Much as he did last year, Allen finished with an observation on the good life, in these terms:

- have intimate relations;
- work effectively at your job;
- raise or nurture children or pets.

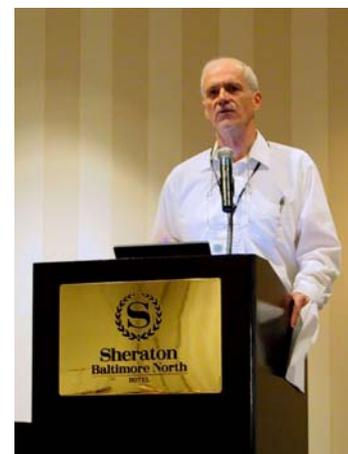
These get you to develop your other preferences.

Step III, available in 2008, isn't going to be available for everyone to use, and is for use with individuals, not groups. It's not a test, but a diagnostic tool designed to stimulate a conversation.

This presentation was much too short. Even Allen was surprised when told he had five minutes to go, and he ditched much of what he had to say. Although he really didn't address the theory of personality implicit in Isabel Myers's work, this was fascinating and insightful.

I presume there'll be a manual containing the details of Isabel Myers's work here, the work that got her and Mary McCaulley together, amongst other things. It strikes me that another style of book is required for the educated general public explaining Isabel's life and work.

Understanding type can make your perceptions clearer, your



judgement sounder, and your life closer to your heart's desire.

Allen Hammer

Photo: Vicky Jo Varner

Panel III: Margaret Hartzler, Linda Berens, Paul Tieger, Naomi Quenk

A type practitioner has to know complexity and depth; the client doesn't.

Linda Berens

We are not Step III.

Paul Tieger

The conference ended with a panel session, 'Latest, best applications of psychological type', facilitated by **Leona Haas**. Following the Hammer presentation it was somewhat anticlimactic, and I think the panellists might have agreed with me.

Linda Berens explained a recent change in business orientation, which seemed to be helping more by going corporate, as a way of introducing the concepts she is working with. Temperament is *why* we do what we do, deep motivations; Linda's Interaction Styles are *how* we do what we do. We need to work on the 'core self', not the 'contextual self'.

Naomi Quenk spoke about her work on type and stress, which didn't seem aligned to any product. She started with psychic energy and the importance of differentiating psychic opposites (e.g., S and N). It's a real asset to have preferences.

Tension is necessary for psychological adaptation. Each type can appear in an exaggerated manner, impulsive, absurd, erratic. Through fatigue, illness, stress, alcohol or drugs we can become 'out of whack', which leads to a lower level of consciousness. In response to a question, Naomi said she does not think Beebe's model has anything to do with Jung or Myers.

Margaret Hartzler said that if we're going to use Naomi's work, then we have to use the eight functions. She recommended some exercises (S-N, what comes to mind; exercises before giving out MBTI results), and spoke about moving from preference to skill, and opposing personalities in teams.

Paul Tieger then spruiked about his speed-reading venture, describing it as 'anti-Step III': not in a pejorative sense, but because 'you are the instrument'.

Using demeanour, speech patterns, energy level, appearance, and body language, his technique enables you to communicate more effectively: 'Something about me, but about communicating with you.'

I must admit that parts of this were too much like advertising for my comfort. At the same time, with so many people in the type community relying on their products to make a living, that makes some sort of sense.

Baseball

After that, people clustered in groups or went their separate ways. I decided to go to a baseball game, a first for me. Greg Huszczo, Marilyn Parente, Jill Chivers, Gary Williams and Katherine Hirsh were the group, Katherine and Marilyn being baseball fans.

The Baltimore Orioles were playing the Chicago White Sox. We went by foot and car to Camden Yards, where there was a milling crowd, a reasonable queue, the occasional scalper, and some police officers. The stadium itself had been recently redeveloped; everything looked new.

Neither team had been all that successful, which didn't worry me, as I didn't know enough to work out the difference between an excellent performance and an ordinary one, and was there just to observe.

The game was quite enjoyable. Aspects were explained to me by several in the group and an anonymous spectator, and I offered comparisons with cricket, which was met with interest.

The Orioles won, and we wandered out past television commentators sitting under a tarpaulin. It seemed to be break time but they didn't talk amongst themselves at all, which was curious.

Next day the *Baltimore Sun* told me what I'd seen in baseball language. I found this interesting, if fairly incomprehensible (Kubatko; Igo and Kubatko 2007).



I decided to go to a baseball game—a first for me

Photo: Peter Geyer

Reading culture

It's always interesting to see what overseas newspapers talk about. Usually there isn't anything to do with Australia, although there are similar items for discussion. The dimensions of our broadsheet newspapers, for instance, are following the American model. It may look strange, but essentially content is what people buy papers for.

USA Today discussed 'business casual' clothing, a concept initiated in the US and becoming more regulated, and a process that creates its own problems (Armour 2007). More regulation, of course, means more resistance. It's like acknowledging the need for children to play, then telling them when and where and how to do it.

That paper had stories on Detroit African-Americans formally and metaphorically burying the 'n-word' ('nigger'), as though it would then disappear (Hackney 2007), and the notion that obese people might be 'addicted' to food, over-simplifying this complex issue somewhat (Hellmich 2007).

Elsewhere, someone in Baltimore claimed to be the originator of the dessert tiramisu, but the photos didn't look much like what I'd experienced (Black 2007). Another article observed that, notwithstanding the popularity of Harry Potter, kids have not become regular readers (Rich 2007), which is unsurprising, really; reading is a complex issue, and many may not have even read the books, given the movies.

Somewhat ominously, Paul Krugman wrote critically on inequities in US health care (2007), and Adam Liptak reported that in San Diego 'poor people who want public benefits must give up their privacy', and that officials sought to justify this (2007). This is what John Giannini means by 'pathological ESTJ'.

Monday

Before flying home I spent a day around Baltimore's Inner Harbor. As with harbour and dockland redevelopments worldwide, many buildings had been recycled. An old power station housed a bookshop, which provided a pleasant browse and a quiet

breakfast view. An aquarium and an interactive science facility some distance away were newer buildings.

Several historical ships were docked at various places: a floating lighthouse, the *Chesapeake*; a submarine; a Coast Guard ship which had been at Pearl Harbor; and two sailing ships, including the impressive USS *Constellation*, the US Navy's last all-sail vessel, launched in 1854 and still in service in World War II.

I took a cruise by water taxi, stopping off at various spots including Fells Point, an older area with many restored buildings containing restaurants and other tourist facilities. The dominant feature was a large old building sporting a 'Domino Sugars' sign. It looked abandoned, but it wasn't. It reminded me of old riverside buildings in Melbourne.

There were lots of small sailing boats on the water, a picturesque sight. Apparently they contained schoolchildren learning to sail, and it was a nice day for that. The return journey mixed those sights with some impressive views of the Baltimore skyline.

Dry land returned me to the land of sirens; for a while the sounds sprang out every couple of minutes, often fire engines, but also police. The *Baltimore Sun* that day reported on 'another bloody weekend in Baltimore', with four people killed and others injured by firearms (Marech and Irwin, 2007). I walked to South Baltimore, an older area nearby where I looked in a bookshop and passed the premises of a psychic. And that was that.

Going home

Is it a weapon?

Continental staff member

My flight was around 7 am, so I left the hotel in the dark, wanting to be sure I had sufficient time. This was a good decision, as I waited several minutes while my bag was X-rayed (it had the wrong locks). I didn't mind waiting and was well looked after, as I'd come to expect in Baltimore.



A large old building sported a sign that said 'Domino Sugars'

Photo: Peter Geyer

After a few minutes another Continental staffer inquired why I was waiting, then asked whether I had a gun in my bag. This was quite startling to me, but obviously something regular for her.

After my bag had been cleared I ventured towards the gate, joining a very lengthy queue, at least 100 metres long. It moved reasonably quickly; the airport had signs telling people what delay to expect and what they could do to help the flow.

The flight headed to Houston, which I'd never seen. I was surprised at the green and watery approach, thinking stereotypically that Texas was dry everywhere. The Gulf of Mexico appeared in the distance, as did the city itself: the airport wasn't close at all. The transfer to my LA flight was smooth, except for the landing, which was very heavy on the brakes, as were all of the Continental landings.

I spent several hours at LA airport waiting for my flight home, as Qantas didn't open until late afternoon. Their lounge was being redeveloped, so I took a bus to a temporary facility for several airlines. The staff were located in the centre of a very large space, announcing boarding of flights by walking around ringing a bell, which was startling and amusing at the same time. I looked twice at a familiar face in James Hird, the AFL footballer, in LA on business, according to later accounts.

I was flying to Melbourne via Auckland, which suited because of the opportunity to walk around. In my row was a young man with a Detroit Tigers baseball cap, and we exchanged pleasantries. He was on his way to New Zealand for a few weeks, and was pleasantly surprised at being given something, in the small Qantas package offered to travellers. I don't know what he thought of the small package of water and snacks dropped by later.

The arrival in Melbourne was uneventful. I walked out into a chillier environment than I'd been recently used to, put on a windcheater, and headed for the car park to drive home to Warrnambool, still a world away. I carried memories and other souvenirs of an enjoyable, successful and interesting time, wondering where life would take me next. ♦



I walked out of the terminal wondering where life would take me next

Photo: Peter Geyer

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