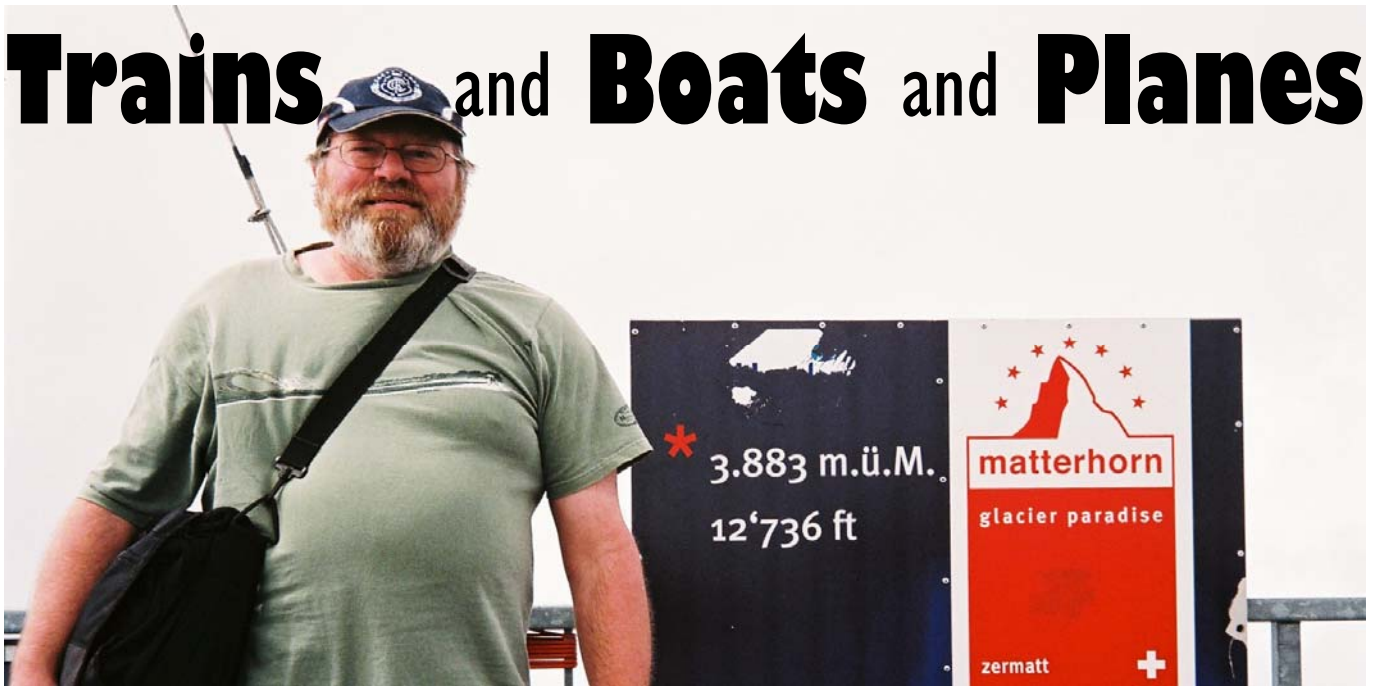


Trains and Boats and Planes



Type and tunnelling around Switzerland

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*Out into the fields, I will go flying
Lovers of the trains will watch my tracks*

Jack Bruce

*There can be a purposive character to an action
without the anticipation of a goal.*

C G Jung

On offers not refused

If an interest in psychological type has given me anything, it's experiencing places that could never have been visited otherwise. Opportunities to teach and work elsewhere have rarely been let pass by.

In the midst of moves of another kind, I received a request to teach type at a private hospitality university in Switzerland. Initially the invitation was for MBTI accreditation, unfortunately no longer available to me, but my offer to research, teach and accredit people in a Jungian questionnaire of my own development was accepted

Psychologically, archetypally, I have an affinity with central Europe: its history, buildings, streams and fields. Over 10 years ago I ventured to Germany and Bohemia to experience something of the land and culture of my ancestors, never really expecting to return (Geyer 1996). Tomorrow never knows ...

Getting there

Emirates provided the vehicle to get me to Zurich, where I would board a train for Brig in Valais/Wallis canton. The airline was less exotic and more culturally diverse than an earlier experience, which was disappointing, particularly as service was more diffident.

At Singapore an African man became my travelling companion. He was rugged up against the cold cabin, which I found a little warm. We didn't really chat. It seemed he'd been refused entry into Singapore and he wasn't happy about it. People came up to him from time to time; I presume he was a prisoner of sorts. I gave him my blanket as I didn't need it, and we exchanged a couple of words as the plane approached Dubai.

The souklike atmosphere of Dubai airport was entered from the intense heat of the tarmac, due to redevelopment. Quiet places previously experienced were closed, seats were a premium. People, mostly Arabs from their dress, were asleep in various places on the floor, which made it a bit crowded, but also interesting and peaceful. In my wanderings I saw my erstwhile travelling companion, and we exchanged greeting and a smile. I hope he got to a safe place.

Zurich airport is large, pleasant and modern. Trains take you to the central area, with tunnel walls covered with countryside and other views, together with yodelling, cow-

bells and other sounds, all fairly amusing. The official processes were smooth, and curiously, they didn't involve stamping my passport—perhaps part of EU policy.

I looked for the train station underneath, a logical idea that doesn't find support closer to home. Looking for money, I found ATMs accessed credit card accounts only. Eventually I settled into a train heading towards my destination, a journey of around two and a half hours, through a countryside littered with villages, lakes and tunnels.

I was welcomed at the station and taken to where I would stay for the next three weeks.

Brig

Switzerland is a confederation of cantons, some quite remote until the advent of modern technology. For Brig, Valais is the canton, German the language and Catholicism the religion.

Located in the south, Brig (circa 40 000 people) is a combination tourist town and railhead; the Simplon Pass and tunnel close by take you to other countries, and there is rail access to places such as the Matterhorn and ski fields. The town is nestled among a number of mountains, forested and rocky, with snow on one or two peaks even in summer.

Ritz University

Ritz is a private hospitality university, with campuses in Switzerland, at Brig and at Le Bouveret on Lake Geneva. It's named after the famed hotelier Cesar Ritz, but has no connection with the Ritz hotels and related organisations

My room was in the student accommodation: a new building with modern technology, Internet access, TV, refrigerator and shower. Coin-operated washing machines and cooking facilities were provided below. It was all very agreeable, although I never mastered the washing and spent more there than I should have.

The accommodation also included meeting rooms and a coffee shop. It was a shortish walk from the university centre and close

to the rail yards. Supermarkets a few minutes walk away provided a wide range of foods at reasonable prices. Mostly I ate local dried meats and cheeses, fruit and vegetables, and also tested out the range of local beers and wines.

The students, mostly in their late teens and early twenties, were from a large number of countries. The teaching (and default) language was English. Both students and staff were expected to dress in business style when attending the campus, although this was relaxed a little in August.

As part of their training to think in hospitality terms, the students were required to greet you. By and large it wasn't a forced effort and it was good to be smiled at and smile in return.

During the week, meals were provided at a central dining room at no cost to me. The teachers, a multicultural group with a surprising number of Australians, sat separately from the students, at a long table. The default beverage was the local spring water, which was excellent: everyone drank it. The other Ritz campus is located at Le Bouveret in France, not far from Evian.

Teaching

I was made welcome by the other lecturers, who knew why I was there. They made many suggestions as to places I should visit, whether by foot or train. It was impossible to do them all, so I waited to see what opportunities would come up.

Although my arrival and purpose had been known for months, a schedule hadn't been formally arranged. I observed there was a little wariness with some about what I would do and how I would do it.

This didn't bother me: I thought it was natural and that people would make their judgements on how they experienced me and the way I presented course material. Most were familiar with the MBTI in some way, as it had been used by accredited people with the students. The nature of the courses offered at the university meant that lecturers had also experienced type in various forms.



Ritz is a private hospitality university

The JPTI

I'd already developed my questionnaire, calling it a Jungian Psychological Type Indicator. MBTI items are copyright, so you can't use the same wording. In any case, the aim was to improve on the MBTI.

I'd had a number of research sources: you need to know your theory before you can work out a question, so I consulted several dozen books and articles. Then you have to think about the target group, the students. Current issues with delivering the MBTI to students include a tendency to report more N and F than expected, so I had to be aware of that, as well as cultural issues.

It was a research form, so I developed 100 items. I discussed them with Paul Whitelaw from Victoria University for hints about consistency of language and presentation. I knew some of the items wouldn't work, but that's the nature of research. I also decided to use a forced-choice format to start with.

As I would be involved in the research at all levels while I was at Ritz, I could also interpret results through discussion with lecturers and students. The main point here was to work out what their type is, then see how accurate the questionnaire was. This is a dilemma in constructing a Jungian questionnaire, in that if you are sufficiently familiar with the theory, then the accuracy of what you're using is less important. I had to teach people who didn't have that knowledge and would therefore be relying on the questionnaire.

Course development and research

The Accreditation course schedule for the JPTI had still to be written. I'd developed some materials for a course folder that would also be a manual for using the JPTI but it wasn't complete, because I needed to know more about how the questionnaire would be used. I also wasn't yet clear how I would assess people for accreditation, other than a rigorous feedback process. I've never considered multiple-choice questions educationally sound, at least for what I thought was important.

Because the JPTI was intended for second-year students, it was arranged for me to present to those at Brig and also to a small group at Bouveret, and give them feedback on results. The aim was to try to ascertain true type, or, as a default, suggest a best-fit.

Brig

The writing and discussions with my new colleagues was helped by walking around the immediate area. Armed with camera and water I strolled around Brig, looking at its buildings and streetscapes. Much of the inner part of the town is cobblestoned and rarely frequented by cars. There are large open areas, winding laneways, and many interesting older buildings, including a local convent and core town buildings. One of the roads out is lined with splendid birch trees.

English-language newspapers could be purchased at the railway station, and at a bookshop which had a small English-language section. Like other shops, this place closed for an hour or so around lunchtime, something regular across Switzerland.

People spoke the local German dialect and mostly kept to it, even if it was apparent that you didn't understand, although they were not unpleasant, simply quietly indifferent.

The local coffee was excellent. Restaurants and elsewhere were populated with smokers. Food on offer included horse, something I balked at; a lunch of meats, cheese and beer was refreshing enough, anyway. The waiters were equipped with large wallets full of notes and change as they moved around the tables doing their business.

Naters

The village of Naters is reached by a bridge over the River Rotten, which at some stage becomes the Rhone and enters the Mediterranean at Marseilles. As with similar places, the natives of Naters and Brig tend not to take much account of each other, or



Brig has interesting older buildings

outsiders. It is a place where some older, more traditional Swiss houses are still in use: charming in their stained wood, green shutters and some concrete.

The local church invited me with sounds of an organ playing, Saturday practice for Sunday, and it was a serendipitous experience. These places have resonance for me as part of my cultural background and I enjoy experiencing them. I walked on through the village, and back to Brig via a path along the Rotten and near the Simplon tunnel, managing to place a hand in this turbulent, cold, milky stream.

A late lunch in a local restaurant met with the quiet diffidence I'd already experienced in Brig. The quietly friendly owner clearly found my lack of language a problem, although I was happy to point at what I wanted. He asked why I was in the area and knew the university. Presuming I would be happier with English speakers, he advised: 'Perhaps you should go to Zermatt'.

Zermatt—Matterhorn

A couple of days later I did go to Zermatt, by train: a shortish, somewhat spectacular journey past gorges, bridges and mountain streams. Zermatt possesses ski lodges and boutiques and other stores that signify a tourist town, for the wealthy. Not too many people spoke English.

I was there to go to the Matterhorn, one of the suggestions, although I had no idea of how I was going to get there. I discovered that access was by a series of cable cars.

Being extremely afraid of heights but nonetheless feeling adventurous, I got into a small enclosed cabin and headed off into the air, deliberately alone. Almost immediately I regretted having done so, as it yawed a little and I felt in an extremely precarious position, but managed to get some equanimity through a bit of self-talk and deep breathing. Two other cable cars had to be negotiated, but they were much larger: you could stand up to look around and concentrate on the views outside on the way to the top.

The ultimate view was in the open on a peak staring at the Matterhorn, hidden in mist. It didn't matter to me, as all around were jagged peaks and ice and snow. An Indian couple asked me to take a photo of them, and they reciprocated. I scurried around as quickly as I could, as I was clad in a T-shirt, not appropriate for 2 degrees below zero. After a couple of minutes I re-entered the enclosed world, walking through a construction area to return from whence I came, feeling successful.

JPTI accreditation

The accreditation course had a core of three 5-hour days. Not everyone could attend the entire sessions, so assessment was able to be completed at later times. 14 people, from both Brig and Bouveret campuses, attended the course over three days.

Participants had to complete a lengthy feedback session and open-book, short-answer questions. The latter ended up being more challenging than I'd expected, which was good, so it essentially became partly a take-home assessment. I've never seen the point in time-related assessment, so I was happy to provide this flexibility. At the end of the process, I was satisfied that those who passed had the requisite fundamental knowledge.

The course itself covered the basics of psychological type, type dynamics and development, and practical material on careers, counselling and organisations. Any and all questions were discussed, which cleared up many misconceptions about type. One of the participants was a Jungian analyst, and it was interesting to hear the sometimes different version of aspects of type he offered.

Overall they were a fairly astute group and asked good questions. The JPTI worked well and was appropriate for the adult group, notwithstanding language issues for some.

The Bouveret accreditation participants wanted me to go there to present to their group of students and provide feedback, as well as teach them to be confident in scoring the JPTI.



All around were jagged peaks

Brig to Bouveret

The train to Bouveret runs in a different direction to Zermatt or Zurich, and mostly close to the Rhone. Swiss trains leave on time, as expected, but there's no noise about it: someone on the station waves, and that's that.

Passengers talk amongst themselves in a quietish fashion, and they are usually at the carriage doors well before they get off. Dogs, particularly accompanying women, are regular passengers: both immaculately groomed and well-behaved.

The names of places passed by through a narrowish valley with cropped fields and an occasional bladed windmill for generating electricity. One stop was Martigny, a place of exile for Voltaire; time meant I wasn't able to see if there were parts of the locality that would remember him.

I was picked up from Aigle in the rain and driven to Bouveret by a student who wanted to know of Australia. Bouveret is a village, rather than a town like Brig.

The Ritz campus is an old chateau-style building, with classrooms, offices, and a coffee shop. My spacious third-floor room had no internet or other modern facilities, but I could stand on the balcony and look over Lake Geneva, with Montreux in the distance.

I'd arrived on a Friday to stay over the weekend and see what I could do before teaching on Monday and returning to Brig by train. It was a public holiday for the Feast of the Assumption, a holy day of obligation when I went to my Catholic school. I wandered around in the rain just to see what was there; little was open. I found the Rhone emptying quietly out into the lake, past a small wharf and a marina filled with boats.

Montreux

In the morning, a ferry which docked just below the university took me pleasantly to Montreux, stopping at a couple of places on the way. Well known for its jazz festival, the Miles Davis Hall and several statues of novelists and musicians were close by. It's

situated on hilly ground and you can walk up *escaliers* to get to the next level. The streetscapes are pleasant, with old-style apartments and similar buildings providing an elegant ambience.

A tourist town, and not especially large, Montreux was much more commercial than other places I had seen. There were several hotels in the grand style and a more modern casino, by the lake at the end of the Rue Igor Strawinsky. I entered, but was daunted by the red and the black and the garish lights.

A small church just up the hill was more congenial. Outside, it provided a spectacular view of a snow-encrusted mountain across the lake, known colloquially as 'The Tooth'.

A bookshop was located further along the road, the best I saw in Switzerland; a short distance away, some young women distributed *Le Bon Sens*, a pamphlet decrying 'la folie du cannabis'.

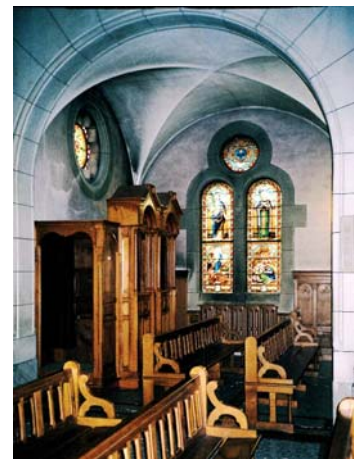
The streets contained a number of Arab men and women: apparently Montreux is a favoured place. The women were in various modes of traditional dress, some covering T-shirts and jeans that the men wore openly, others expressed themselves colourfully in the culturally accepted way.

A personal T-shirt purchase led me to discover that I'd lost my wallet. After a few minutes I arrived at the place where I'd lost it. An enquiry at a nearby restaurant gained a reply of 'I don't speak any English', and a waiter saying 'Are you Peter?', with my wallet in hand. The Swiss are apparently renowned for their honesty in such situations.

Relieved and satisfied, I waited for the boat.

Geneva

Next morning I was the sole passenger on the same ferry, en route, via Montreux, to Geneva. Its old city had been recommended and so I was off to find it. The train largely followed the edge of the lake for an hour or so, passing through places like Lausanne, much smaller than I'd thought.



A church up the hill was more congenial

Geneva isn't a place of skyscrapers, but of older buildings in general, so it was easy to see where I needed to go, crossing a bridge over the Rhone bustling its way out of the lake and on to France, the Ile de Rousseau in the middle. This part of Geneva is quiet but appealing: winding cobblestone roads linking the erstwhile residences of people like Jean Calvin, George Eliot and Jose Louis Borges, amid apartments, antiques, the odd restaurant—and the 'coiffurist' Richard Geyer.

The Cathedrale Saint-Pierre, a formidable looking building, offered an underground surprise with an archaeological site underneath. The building remnants and artifacts below indicate church occupancy back to the 4th Century AD and settlement of some sort going back to the 4th Century BCE. It was a fascinating trail to cover.

I decided on lunch at a centrally located place, initially outside, but my equanimity was disturbed by two American women, previously unknown to each other, who seemed to be depressively supporting each other in regard to the demise of relationships and the perfidious males involved. Inside, with rough-hewn beams and discussion in other languages, I relaxed with local bread, perch and wine, the latter provided in decanters of various capacities in decilitres.

Satisfied, I ambled back across the bridge to modern Geneva and a return train. A Buddhist monk decamped at Nyon, and back at Bouveret yachts sailed elegantly and quietly in the declining sun.

The students: Bouveret

The presentations to the relevant students and hand-scoring the results took up most of the next day. Neil, the Jungian analyst, was determined to learn how to score the JPTI, as well as to gain understanding of type dynamics. He came out ESFJ, which he knew and accepted, but his Jungian colleagues called him a Sensation type, not a Feeling type.

It turned out that this related to completion of the Gray-Wheelwright Jungian Type

Survey, developed in San Francisco in the early 1940s, in which the highest score determines the dominant function—unlike with the MBTI, or my questionnaire, where scores aren't relevant.

We had an engaging discussion, and Neil was extremely pleased to have worked it out, particularly as it would help him with the students. His role was also to teach aspects of Jungian ideas in topics such as dreams.

The students enjoyed the presentation. I asked them to write on a piece of paper what they thought their preferences were. One young Chinese man smiled as he wrote out various parts of the INTJ description. He said he was pleased with the result and liked the description, which in a way is what it's all about.

The students: Brig

Not all of the accreditation participants had completed the assessment, due to other commitments. Arrangements were made for two to complete the feedback under my supervision and the written assessment was also distributed to a couple. Those who had to do extra work also spoke with me.

The Brig students, a larger group, hadn't completed the battery of tests that included the JPTI and MBTI, because of the pressure of mid-term exams, and so a time was arranged for presentation and later feedback. Some of the students had seen me present on psychological type and negotiation, and in an organisational behaviour class.

The students completed the JPTI and MBTI amongst a battery of tests at one session, with feedback given later in the week. Many had completed the MBTI before and there was some unease that they had to complete this sort of thing again, which was understandable.

The feedback time indicated that a few had not thought about themselves as a self or individual, something that's the case also for some adults. I had some individual chats with people who were sorting out meaning.



Geneva is a place of older buildings

One bright Russian woman in her late 20s agreed broadly with her ENFP results, and acknowledged that impulse, more than decision-making, had been her forte and had got her into trouble in seeking out a direction in life.

Research summary

The results were satisfactory as far as its overall accuracy for this type of group, as well as indicating how the questionnaire should be revised.

The presumption of using the MBTI to check the reliability of the JPTI was flawed in that the issues regarding N and F with groups like this suggest it isn't as successful in accessing true type, and so can't be the benchmark it was presumed to be. The most important part of the research was discovering true type, i.e. what the students considered to be their preferences.

Discussions with the students and other observations also gave insight into which items worked better and which could be amended or discarded. Certain topics like emotional expression adaptability, aspects of thinking–feeling and deadlines were not particularly successful indicators, and gave an idea as to what form a revised, shorter JPTI would take.

Olympic Games

One of the experiences at both campuses was watching the Olympics on television. The university was involved in hospitality aspects of the Games, as they had been in previous Olympics, including Sydney, and some of the people I accredited were to be heading off to Beijing.

For my own viewing I selected a German–language presentation, partly out of curiosity, partly as an attempt to avoid the excesses of patriotism from other channels. This meant, for instance that if a commentator was excitedly shouting 'Stephanie Rice! Stephanie Rice!'—as one did—that it was through genuine appreciation, not national fervour. There was a broad range of events provided with people from a wide range of countries. Not knowing the language also

meant looking at emotional expressions: the joy in particular, but also the frustration and even anger from competitors. It was a great experience.

Luzern

My last weekend in Switzerland arrived and I elected to travel to Luzern, home of the famous covered bridge. My Ritz colleagues were dismissive of the town as too touristy and the bridge itself as a bit of a sham, but I decided to have a look to see what it was like.

The station exit and surrounding open spaces gave me an almost instant view of the bridge and its tower. I could see that maintenance included a couple of concrete pillars amongst the wood, and the bridge itself certainly wasn't run-down, with new planks everywhere. But it was appealing nonetheless, and I walked along looking upwards at the many paintings depicting aspects of the city's history.

Further along there was another covered bridge, the Spreuerbrücke, a millrace of sorts. You could walk off that to a Cheers bar across the road, or look at an intriguing business called Lehmann & Hattrick

The old part of the city, alongside the river, was certainly touristy, with lots of boutiques in well–restored old buildings and some fascinating doors, a feature of my visits to many places. I looked for a bookshop but couldn't see one, which was also a general experience. The ornamentation on the very interesting buildings and a walk around part of the old city wall were all fascinating.

The trip back via Bern gave a look at open fields and wider spaces not seen before. The carriages were full of young men and women in military dress of various sorts, some brandishing laptops, others automatic weapons, which was a little disconcerting.

Spiez and Thun

Thun and Spiez were places I'd seen from the train when I arrived and had resolved to visit before I left. Both are situated on picturesque Lake Thun.



Luzern had some fascinating doors

To my surprise, the train I caught was on a different line, clinging to the sides of mountains and travelling through many tunnels. At one point I saw people in cars or trucks in open railway carriages, presumably about to go through a train-only tunnel to elsewhere.

Also surprising was that I'd brought film but no camera, so on arriving at Spiez I had to wait for a return train and start again.

Spiez was enchanting. It was a bright summer's day and I walked down past an imposing chateau to the lake shore to see what was there. On the way, I noticed the local Co-op store closed, but with merchandise stacked neatly outside, apparently with no fear of it being stolen by anyone who came along.

Ferries were available to Thun and also places like Interlaken, for which I was a little late. Sailing up the lake was most relaxing. The white peaks of the Jungfrau appeared astern, and the lake itself was swarming with yachts and even a rowboat, all enjoying the day. The ferry stopped regularly at small villages until disappearing up a river to dock in the centre of Thun.

Thun itself was grubbier than elsewhere I'd been, but this made it more interesting as you could see that people were here, not just tourists. Its imposing castle was out of reach for me this time, but something to investigate should I return.

Going home

I'd thought I had an extra day up my sleeve which I could use to stay in Zurich overnight and look for some Jung landmarks: but, on the way to Spiez, I looked at my rail pass and discovered I had to leave the next day. I'd wanted to say goodbye to some people but wasn't able to do so, which was disappointing. I was sorry to leave at all.

At Zurich airport I picked up a newsprint publication describing itself as the *Journal of Disorientation*, with interesting photos and verse, which might have been apposite. It was for an art exhibition at various places in Zurich, including the airport.

The long journey home was unremarkable but for the experience of sitting on the tarmac at Dubai for several hours while a passenger was first given medical treatment, then taken off the flight. What was remarkable was the captain's almost fatalistic approach, combined a disinclination to provide information, or even comfort, for the passengers. Staff had to be asked to provide some service, such as water. The captain on the final leg from Singapore was much more congenial and professional.

A fascinating journey all round, at any rate, with more research and thinking to come.

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The Jungfrau's white peaks were astern



Photos by Peter Geyer