

Counted out / in

Type in Bethesda and other views



Peter Geyer

APTi Leadership Conference and subsequent experiences

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*Well I used to be a burglar,
Rolled too many numbers
Now I am a smuggler on the Amazon ...*

*Well, I'm living under cover
So I won't be discovered
Sailing hot cargo on the Amazon ...*

*Up in your cities
You think my crop is pretty
Taking care of business on the Amazon ...*

Skip Battin

Don't follow leaders, and watch your parking meter

Bob Dylan

Out and in

Whatever your type profile, the reality is that where you're from, where you might be hiding out, is a significant component. It can also be who you know and who knows you—and there are multiple dimensions involved in that.

So it was with a mixture of pleasure and consternation that I accepted an invitation from the Association for Psychological Type International—effectively the North American APT, as Canada is a region of APTi—to become the co-ordinator of their Research and Theory interest area, and to sit on the review board for APTi's new research publication.

My membership of APTi began in 1990, predating the foundation of what became AusAPT. I'd been to all their conferences, except the most recent in Portland, and had presented something fairly regularly since 1993. So I was known in a particular way and made welcome. I still considered myself an outsider though, due to the complex interrelations APTi has had internationally, notably on the training and licensing side.

An Interest Area Co-ordinator gets to write a column in the *Bulletin of Psychological Type*, and to organise a symposium at whichever APTi conference occurs on their watch. For a voluntary position that seems to be enough to focus on. I quickly discovered, though, that I was automatically a 'Leader', which made me a little uneasy as I didn't see myself that way.

Even before I got involved in organisational theory, and subsequently in type, I was uneasy about the use of the term 'leader'. It seemed to be applied indiscriminately and with little rationale. The right questions didn't seem to be asked, and the people I saw identified as 'leaders' I didn't want to follow anyway.

Through type I learned that my perspective is consistent with my INTP preferences. Through experience I learned that I prefer not to put myself forward and am better off (in health and other terms) to be hiding somewhere, doing the best I can from that vantage point, with public performance when necessary.

It turned out that my appointment, as well as that of Gill Clack from Britain, is part of an effort by APTi to become genuinely international in outlook. Ever since I joined, the North American conferences have been described as 'international', but they are essentially American in focus.

To kick-start this process, and for a host of other reasons which became evident later, APTi announced a Leadership Conference at their new offices in Bethesda, Maryland, just outside Washington DC. I was invited and funds were allocated to enable me to get there. Fortunately, I'd also been contacted by Katharine Myers, co-owner of the MBTI, on a related issue, so I arranged to meet her at her home in Pennsylvania just a few days after this meeting.

Leaving and Arriving

Travelling to the United States is not as simple as it seems, particularly if you have a specific timeframe with some quirks in it, and it involves the north-east USA, and so cross-continent flying. This meant that I travelled United, rather than Qantas as I'd done for several years now. I was happy to do that, as I'd always enjoyed flying with United and thought their service and attention superior to the Australian carrier, which I considered diffident at best.

Unfortunately, the flight from Melbourne and Sydney was a little depressing, to say the least. The cabin crew seemed grey and perfunctory, and perhaps were depressed themselves. Certainly, smiles were out of the question and they seemed a little deaf.

The plane itself looked fairly worn inside and although there was better legroom from fewer seats, you could see that the lights and air above hadn't been altered to fit the new configuration. Like a few other US airlines, United is just about bankrupt and job losses and related issues would be fairly much on employees' minds. United is unusual in that the workers have a stake in the ownership of the company and that can be stressful as well.

So I was glad to leave at Los Angeles and grapple with US Customs and Immigration. They were surprisingly genial, which was good, as there are extra requirements such as fingerprinting and photo taking and it's really best to be dutiful and forget the long flight and tiredness. I think I helped by producing written information on why I was coming to the USA. But they were certainly more approachable than my last mainland experience at Toronto airport around two years ago.

The cross-continental United flight was pleasantly different in almost every way, with bright and helpful staff and a newer plane. The plane was also fairly empty which was good as well. Unusually for me, I struck up a conversation with a Filipino man who was working on climate change projects in Fiji. Interestingly, he was doing that with Tom Roper, a minister in John Cain's government in Victoria in the late 1980s—which was initially quite well

known for the intellect and ability of its ministers, rather than its later failures. Such is politics and history, I suppose. He was quite amazed that I knew of Roper. We had an interesting discussion about regional and international politics, particularly with regard to guest workers, before he went off to a vacant area to try to get some sleep.

The plane flew indirectly to Washington DC, as there were several thunderstorms in the way, so a longer flight ensued which was pleasant enough, particularly as the plane seemed to be almost drifting and floating. The ground couldn't be seen at any stage, just dark grey-black cloud cover below, until we finally burst out of the clouds into the Washington night sky and some fairly spectacular lightning strikes.

Pooks Hill / Hotel

The place I was to stay was at Pooks Hill, just outside Bethesda, and the locale for an old children's story. Getting there was via the Washington Beltway, a ring road of sorts that surrounds the capital and is the origin of 'gridlock', one of many terms ('-gate' is another) appropriated inappropriately by a lazy Australian media, rather like the Post-It note style advertising that has recently appeared in some newspapers.

Being late in the evening there weren't too many difficulties, other than the turnoff that the driver was after was blocked by a Highway Patrol car. No reason was given for that, nor was one asked for. I suppose that's not what you do: you just read between the lines, and, as an outsider, reflect on the several levels of law enforcement in the United States.

My arrival at the hotel was less smooth than I had expected, perhaps due to the complexity of my booking, which had a part paid for and part I was to pay. I didn't think that was all that difficult but, to be fair, I experience that sort of thing fairly regularly (most recently at the hotel for AusAPT's Brisbane conference), so there must be something I'm missing with respect to the job description for hotel front desks. And this was an expensive hotel—I could not have afforded to stay there without assistance and discount.



Take me to your leaders

The hotel rate and length of stay was sorted out later, mainly through the intervention of Newma Hawkins, the organiser of the conference. She had to repeat her earlier instructions to the hotel.

I had further cause to wonder about the idea and reality of customer service when I sought out a stamp to airmail a letter to Australia. The hotel shop sold stamps, and the person there was cheerfully inattentive to my request. On attempting to send the letter, a front-desk person indicated that perhaps the stamp sold wasn't sufficient, but offered no information or knowledge as to what might be the right amount. I suggested to him that someone employed by the hotel should know the answer, and that it was unacceptable that no-one seemed to know. His reply was 'yes, sir', and that was apparently that. No offer or attempt was made to find out.

It's at this point that one begins to understand Russell Crowe's hurling of phones, although that's probably a more complex issue. But I also recognised this method as similar at least to something I saw used by Commonwealth Government staff dealing with unemployed people, pre-Centrelink. The idea is to withdraw emotionally from the person requiring assistance if they get a little agitated.

I would have thought that this sort of thing would be counterproductive on several levels as it involves emotional punishment, akin to those mothers who seek to control their young children's behaviour by smiling and waving and saying, 'Goodbye! ... Goodbye!' In that way they withdraw their love from their child, unless the child decides to come along with Mum (I've never seen a dad do it). I consider this emotional abuse, even 'cruel and unusual punishment' as the Americans are wont to say, but I'm aware there are other explanations.

Conference / FASEB

The APTi Leadership Conference was at the offices of the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology, just a short walk from the hotel. Before arriving, I'd pictured the environment as being the hotel surrounded by various buildings, but

instead the hotel is virtually standalone and FASEB's offices are a separate, quite large building in another location entirely.

FASEB is the new management services provider for APTi, which ended its four year association with AMC in Illinois. One of the reasons for this meeting was to introduce FASEB to the assembled group. There were financial and other difficulties with the previous providers, apparently, as well as organisational issues for APTi. A lunchtime start was useful for my sleep patterns.

About 50 people attended the meeting—APTi Board members, Regional Chairs, Faculty members (the people who teach the APTi MBTI Qualifying Program in the USA), Interest Area Coordinators, the next Conference Committee, *Bulletin* members and FASEB staff just about cover it.

I knew about 10 people, some better than others, with a couple I view as friends. Those who had visited Australia, or were about to, were Sandra Hirsh, Katherine Hirsh, Ray Moody, Greg Huszczo, Nancy Barger, Linda Kirby, Laurie Lippin and Jean Kummerow. Jean Reid, Margaret Fields and Danielle Poirier feature in the pages of this *Review*.

American welcomes are always effusive (as I see it, anyway), and this was no exception. What was interesting was the genuine pleasure expressed by people who I really didn't know at the attendance of both me as an Australian and Gill Clack as a Briton. This group seemed genuinely interested in developing a bridge to other parts of the world. The question, a difficult one, was where to start, and how to go about it

The first day was largely introductory: individuals introduced themselves, and Jean Kummerow had something to say about Larry Demarest, a colleague of many at APTi and CAPT, who had died recently. Larry's quirky and humorous funeral celebration speech was read out.

APTi president **Chuck Pratt** and Finance Director **Jane Kise** told us the state of play as they saw it. One of the interesting things is that although APTi has a regional structure, being a member of a chapter or group



Greg Huszczo,
long-time friend

does not necessarily mean that you are an APTi member. 80% of people in regions don't belong to APTi, and 80% of APTi members don't belong to a region. It was clear that the Board is essentially trying to re-establish APTi, both financially and structurally.

Tony Fragnito from FASEB outlined his organisation and how it would work with APTi. I thought this presentation was impressive, in that the organisation seemed able to operate in an organised, flexible and time-responsive manner. The fact that they are an organisation who look after the professional interests of 40 000 scientists made me think that the Association is in an appropriate place—at least, from my research and theory perspective.

One attendee suggested that there was an opportunity for FASEB to learn about type, and by that he meant some sort of training exercise. I thought that missed the point, as it was seeing whether type could provide a plausible interpretation of the research undertaken by the scientists under FASEB's umbrella. A couple of days later I picked up Sean Carroll's *Endless Forms Most Beautiful* (2006), about evolutionary development, *hox* genes and the like, which suggested to me I could be correct in my presumption.

The day also started off various group meetings (Board, Faculty, etc). I joined my IAC colleagues, facilitated by **Dick Thompson**, a deep-thinking man with a dry wit. Of the other IACs, I knew **Gill Clack** and **Greg Huszczo**, a long-time friend. One INTJ, two INTPs, two INFPs and two ENFJs made up our group. It was interesting to see how each person viewed their subject matter area.

The aim of the meetings seemed to be essentially to work out what we had to do, how we were going to do it, and how that would contribute to the progress of the Association in general. Having met and started the process, a genial dinner was held at FASEB that evening.

These meetings were to be the focus of the next day. There was a lot of discussion, and Gill and I were asked to sit in with the Board and regional chairs, who asked us about what was happening in our countries.

This was a little difficult for me, as it's a long time since I've had a leadership role in AusAPT. I made that clear, while at the same time offering my opinion for what it was worth.

It's a bit hard to set yourself up as an international association when APTs in other countries have their independence. One of the things of interest, however, was the utilisation of an *e-chapter*, an online group where all sorts of activities might be attractive. I undertook to raise this with the AusAPT national council. The Conference Committee was also interested in making sure that APTi conference dates are compatible with the schedules of people from outside the US who may wish to attend or present.

Rather than another collective dinner, a number of restaurant choices were presented for the evening. This sort of thing is difficult for me—not because of food choices, but because I have to make a choice as to who I'd like to have dinner with, and that's not easy. Ultimately I selected a group who were going to a local Japanese restaurant, and a genial, if crowded, time was had.

The next day was a combination of group presentations and a presentation on MBTI Step III by Allen Hammer.

The group presentations were interesting. The camaraderie and enthusiasm in the groups was very high. It's at this point in similar experiences that I start to worry about style over substance, but I had to remember this was another country and they do things differently there.

Having said that there was a feeling that highly-expressed geniality and agreement can hide serious disagreement at the unconscious level. I was aware of that being a part of the APTi dilemma in the past; it happens elsewhere too, of course, as many people know. Still, you can only do what you can, and there was a lot of positivity about what was said and what I'd heard from various people in the course of the conference.

Jamie Johnson from CAPT was there to present **Chuck Pratt** with his President's pin, a tradition started by Mary McCaulley.



Jamie Johnson presents
Chuck Pratt's president's pin

The pin is a badge of sorts with a type-table design and a birthstone placed at the correct spot for the President's type code. Chuck was clearly moved, and it was an emotional moment.

Allen Hammer / Step III

Allen Hammer's presentation on Step III was fascinating and all too brief. I could have listened to several hours of what he had to say.

Essentially, Step III is a project run by the Center for Applications of Psychological Type (not the MBTI publisher, CPP) to produce an instrument to get at the patterns and indications Isabel Myers arrived at in her several decades of work on the MBTI. It is particularly to do with impediments to type development. The development of Step III was the last thing Mary McCaulley negotiated before her death in 2003.

Allen spoke about lots of interesting things. Apparently Isabel Myers wrote to Jung's wife, Emma, who gave Isabel advice on how to get in touch with Jung.

The data being examined to help with Step III is several dozen file boxes relating to information Isabel gathered on patterns in the way people answer MBTI questions, of which there are about 150, so there are several computers engaged in the project. Data is from a wide range of institutions and people who are still alive, including some famous people.

Allen commented on Isabel's facility with statistics, stating that she had developed multivariate statistics by hand 'before it was called that'. There were several things that the development team was working out how to measure. Allen also suggested that Isabel's work indicated she'd developed something paralleling Bandura's self-efficacy theory in the 1940s.

All of these snippets and information that Allen swiftly presented were fascinating to me: not just the things that answering questions in a particular pattern can suggest, but also Isabel Myers as a theorist of personality. There's a book or two in there somewhere.

Danielle / Washington

After the conference ended, **Ray Moody** and I took a ride into Washington with **Danielle Poirier** and her parents, whom she'd driven down from Ottawa because they had never been to the US capital.

The journey to the city centre was fairly chaotic as INFP Danielle drove with one eye on the road and another on a map, cheerfully engaging everyone in English and French. Both her parents prefer sensing, and there seemed to be a bit of family banter about Danielle's approach to reality. It was a hairy ride at times, particularly as I was sitting in the front in the place I'd normally be driving, so I didn't have much of a grip on reality myself. We got there, and had a genial lunch before wandering down to the White House.

Police blocked one road, and access to the White House area was limited. When we got there we had to view it from across the road in the company of protesters, who had apparently been resident for 20 years or more, warning about a nuclear doomsday. On the White House roof you could see a man purposefully wandering around, dressed all in black and carrying a serious looking weapon.

I thought that not being able to get to the White House fence was the norm, but the police on the spot were apparently operating on instructions without explanation, and after a while the fence was open to inspection, largely by a bunch of school-children. The gardens and entrance seemed pretty and tranquil.

We returned to the car, eventually locating it in a car park, and headed off for other landmarks. We careened around the Lincoln Memorial for a time before concluding that we couldn't get close to it in the car; so we settled on the Jefferson Memorial, which I hadn't visited before. This is an impressive monument, standardised in some way, as the Jefferson and Lincoln statues are both described as 19 feet high. Jefferson quotations were on the inner walls of the circular stone pavilion, and an excellent view was provided from the steps.

All in all, a satisfying day.



Mr G goes to Washington

Smithsonian / Air and Space

Next day saw me travelling with Jamie and Doug Johnson to the Smithsonian Air and Space Museum, which I'd seen several years ago in the centre of Washington. Part of the museum is now out in the country close to Washington Dulles Airport, with an enclosed viewing platform affording extensive views of a large variety of aircraft coming in to land, and technology showing how the sky above and around airports is regulated. An impressive stainless steel sculpture slashing into the air lies at the end of a pathway into the car park, which was mostly empty, and so excellent for three introverts

The museum itself is impressive, predominantly American planes (no Spitfires or Sopwith Camels, but a Concorde). A Space Shuttle and Stealth bomber are contained within, as well as various space capsules and an array of World War II aircraft. The Concorde and Shuttle were smaller than I had expected. I enjoyed seeing a Focke-Wulf 190, as I'd been given a model to put together when I was quite young. An American Corsair was spectacularly set up.

After wandering around mostly on our own, we had a break in the McDonalds set up as part of the museum itself, which we all thought was a little disappointing, as there were no other alternatives. I think an Australian museum of similar calibre would provide a café and a respectable restaurant, but perhaps this is considered family fare and so the family restaurant appears.

The visit was completed by an Imax film, *Fighter Pilot: Operation Red Flag*, about war games in the Nevada area, and quite spectacular and extremely interesting, once you got away from the jingoistic undertones.

The day finished with a meal in a Bethesda Italian restaurant, which was quite pleasant. The dishes were quite different from what you might expect in Australia, even those with similar names. As the proprietors were Italian and came from similar places to what you experience in Australia, perhaps it's the American influence that drives the nature of the selections.

White Flint / Metro

The next day I had free, as I had a couple of days to go before I travelled up to see Katharine Myers. I'd received a cheque from APTi for the flights I'd paid for and thought I would avoid charges by cashing it at their bank, which was at a place called White Flint. The Washington train system (Metro) had a station of that name, so I thought I would go there and look around as there appeared to be a shopping centre there and the prospect of books.

It didn't seem to be too far away to walk, actually, but in order to get there I would have to go in the other direction, as the intersection of several main roads meant there wasn't a roadside path. So I headed towards Bethesda, strolling down Rockville Pike, much like one or two people who seemed to be heading to work that way.

The National Institutes of Health, essentially giant research centres, were some way down the road, with the Bethesda Naval Hospital, the scene of many emergencies over past decades, taking up large grounds opposite. There was also a pleasant rocky stream, not far from a wooden church, which announced itself as the reason for the naming of that area, in 1820.

The medical institutes had a Metro station and so I headed in to the bowels of the earth in search of the train, which came along soon enough. I must admit to being a fan of the Washington Metro; it seems to work fairly simply and well, something the Melbourne train system doesn't seem to be able to achieve, particularly in its ticketing system.

I expected everything (shopping mall, bank, etc) to be clustered around the station, but it wasn't like that at all, and I was lost for direction until I asked at a hotel. The bank I sought was a small place opposite the mall and, apart from being asked to put my thumbprint on the back of the cheque, everything was straightforward, although I had to explain to the teller that I had never done that sort of thing before. This was my explanation for being unable to locate the small, closed, ink pad that you had to press your thumb onto.



The Enterprise has landed:
Smithsonian Museum

The mall opposite was congenial with regard to books and other interesting items, and I again lunched at an Italian restaurant, testing out my regional theory. The trip home was perfunctory: it's interesting how a walk back to the place you're staying is always shorter than the outgoing journey.

Union Station / Fairfax

Although I had a couple of days before a train journey northward to visit Katharine Myers, I thought I might be better off not to seek a last-minute ticket. I also intended to catch up with Otto Kroeger and I was running out of time for that. So I headed off seeking the Metro again, except this time I went further, into Bethesda, which I don't think my body enjoyed, as it was a few miles walk, I thought.

After a substantial breakfast at an old-fashioned diner of sorts (after which I knew I wouldn't need to eat for several hours), I walked around a little before seeking the Metro again. This was a lot harder than I thought, as there weren't too many signs clearly describing anything much, let alone something underground, so I spent some time at intersections looking around, as well as at traffic lights, which seemed to count out how many seconds you had to cross the road.

At Union Station, where I could buy the Amtrak ticket I needed, there was lots of activity. The architecture is quite stunning but it can be hidden by the commercial enterprises touting for business within. Getting a ticket was easier than I thought. I selected a time that was congenial and made a simple enquiry about baggage limits and that was that.

The Metro system extends into Virginia, on the other side of the Potomac River. From previous visits I knew that I just had to go to the end of the line and get a taxi to the OKA offices, where Otto would be teaching. I turned up unannounced, as I wasn't sure when, or if, I would go, and I surprised a couple of people, but not Otto, who knew I would be turning up that week. I think he expected me earlier in the week.

He had commitments after the course that day, so we had a good chat in a break and

he drove me to the station in his new red *Mr MBTI* Cadillac, a most comfortable machine to ride in. I had mixed feelings about turning up, as I was soon to finish teaching the OKA qualifying workshop in Australia (something Otto didn't know), an event out of my control. Essentially I was saying goodbye to the building and those in it, as well as bringing back a few memories of when I started learning the OKA course there in 1995.

I finished up the day by experiencing the Italian cuisine offered by one of the hotel restaurants, following suggestions made by the waiter, and I must say it was one of the best meals I ever tasted.

Wilmington / Kendal

The next day I headed for the Metro and Union station, to take a trip to Wilmington, Delaware, not far south of Philadelphia. It is apparently the nearest stop to Kendal, the retirement home where Katharine Myers lives. The ride was extremely pleasant, particularly as the train had a 'quiet' car which means free of mobile phones—although the people who chose the car didn't talk much either.

I got to Wilmington earlier than expected. Katharine was returning from a cruise she had always wanted to do, and wouldn't arrive for a couple of hours, so I wandered around for a while. I didn't go too far, as the immediate surrounds looked desolate and run down, although there were new buildings not far away. I sought out a row of terraces which looked like the sort of place where people like me might have a meal, but I was only partly right, as most of the terraces didn't have that sort of custom, so I propped in a coffee shop and had an enjoyable sandwich.

I read in the station for a while, until I decided it was better that I was in Kendal rather than there. The taxi trip was quite pleasant, green and leafy, although the trees of the US are alien to me, much as Australian trees were to early European settlers, and perhaps the early settlers of Jamestown, Philadelphia and the like. Forests have their mystery; I preferred a German forest to these woods.

I was saying goodbye to the building and those in it, bringing back memories of when I started learning the OKA course there in 1995

I stayed overnight in a building identified as a Farm House: it had had that original purpose, but was now for visitors. It was quite nice, although I would have preferred an en suite so I didn't have to guess when I could use the bathroom. The downstairs parts were elegantly presented in drawing room style.

I found Katharine's place and waited for her, wandering around a bit as well. Kendal is one of those places where you can have self-contained accommodation (like a unit or semi-detached house), as Katharine had; assisted accommodation; and a hospital-style wing for the inevitable decline, I suppose. It's set in attractive gardens and there are walks in the woods. Run by Quakers, it had a calm about it. Katharine isn't a Quaker, but the philosophy suits her and it's not far from where she grew up.

She arrived and we greeted each other and started to reacquaint ourselves. We hadn't really spoken since the APT Scottsdale conference in 1999, but had occasionally corresponded. I told her about the meeting I had just attended and there was a brief discussion about the business and politics of type. Mostly, though, it was a rambling thing, which suited me and was quite enjoyable.

We shared a meal in the dining room at Kendal, which had a hospital-like air, but produced good enough food. They have a reasonable library and lots of activities, intellectual and otherwise. I noted a framed piece of needlework on the Bayeux Tapestry, something I have an interest in and a special book on at home.

I found myself explaining some of the inner secrets of INTPs, as I see them anyway. It's something I enjoy, as I've spent most of life being misinterpreted or misunderstood. I tend to think that if I explain where I'm coming from, people will understand and learn from that and relationships might get clearer and better. It doesn't work as well as I would like, actually, but in this instance it seemed to help Katharine with experiences in the past with people she cares about.

The next morning was more of the same, a pleasant discussion. Katharine asked me why I was there. It was really for the chat.

I missed out on seeing Mary McCaulley a last time when the APT Toronto conference was postponed because of SARS and so I made sure I took the opportunity when it came. Apparently people usually come to visit Katharine with something to request.

We then drove out into the country to the Farmhouse Restaurant, adjacent to Loch Nairn Golf Club, a place of some reputation as far as food goes, particularly crab cakes, and it lived up to its promise.

After that it was time to start the journey home. Katharine drove me to Philadelphia International Airport, where we said our goodbyes after a really pleasant time.

Philadelphia / home

In going through the airport doors, I felt a sense of completion and relief, as I had achieved everything I'd set out to do. I was also a bit exhausted with all the travel and socialising, so looked forward to a simple trip home.

Unfortunately, United presented me with something unexpected, in an automatic check-in facility, complete with a pleasant person to explain it, which I couldn't comprehend at all, particularly as this woman was so pleasant she didn't listen to me and my concerns about being a passenger travelling internationally. There seemed no facility for that sort of thing, and she couldn't explain it to me nor answer my questions. Stress fell pretty quickly on me and I started to stutter and not be able to speak, as happens to me in these situations.

It was embarrassing, as there were others waiting to get their baggage processed and I was struggling to be coherent. I'd also noticed that people in an adjacent area who were going to Australia, were being processed differently. The person doing that processing overheard what was going on and tried to catch the attention of the woman who was insisting on the process she was presenting as being right for me.

Eventually I was processed properly, but it was a long time after I took my runners off for the airport security people before I got back on an even keel. The person who had stressed me had been trying to help,

of course, but only in the way *she* understood, not from what I requested: which, of course, is no help at all I hope the system works better now and she knows more about what it doesn't do. It seems that I end up being the exception rather than the rule, even when I don't seek it out. Must be something about life.

Nothing dramatic happened after that, just a tired traveller trying to get back in one piece, knowing he had a group to teach the day after touching down in Melbourne, and that home *per se* wasn't really on the agenda for another few weeks.

Travel, enjoyable though it is and interesting in itself, will take a back seat for a while to reading, writing and refection, as well as a bit of home maintenance and gardening, until the money pile diminishes enough for me to seek the outer world again in familiar and unfamiliar places. ❖

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Photos: Peter Geyer, Margaret Fields

*You tell me that it's evolution
Well you know
We all want to change the world
But when you talk about destruction
You know that you can count me out (in)*
John Lennon, 'Revolution 1'
