

A Tolling Bell

by Gus Griffin

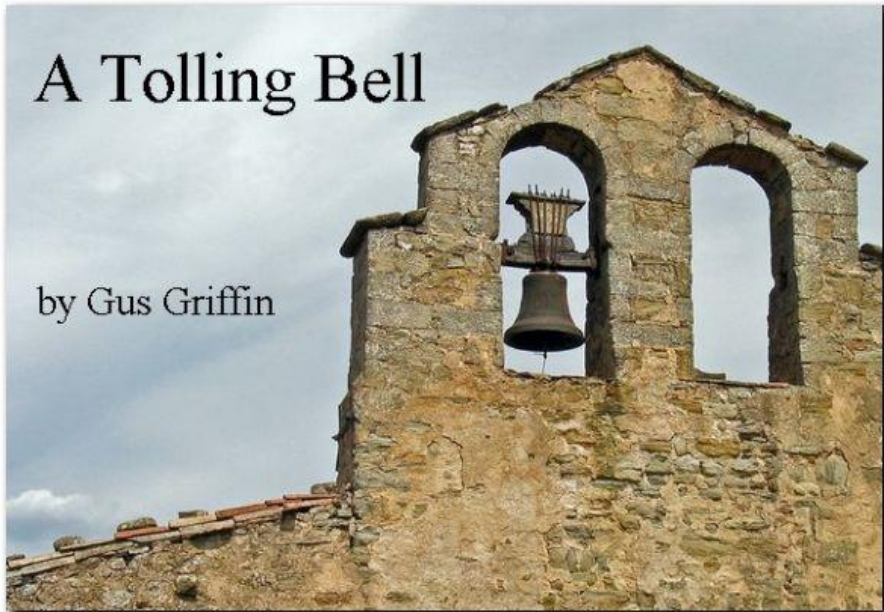


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People ask what made me develop **Instinx**[®]. What they also want to know by this is, “*Where are you really coming from, Gus?* Here’s the story—it will answer both questions.

First, a little necessary background. I got off to an early start in commerce and did well. Before my 18th birthday I was writing ad campaigns for multinationals—ultimately on three continents—for the likes of TWA, Alitalia, Air India, P&O, Kodak, AGFA, 3M, BASF, Remy Martin, Campari, etc.

That was in the 70s. In the 80s, in Australia, while working to master the rest of the marketing mix I ran across videotext—forerunner to the Internet—and was soon hooked by the vast untapped commercial potential of cyberspace. I pioneered pre-internet comms & marketing: designing & launching the first telex/email interchange in Australia, designing & manufacturing cutting-edge communications terminals, inventing new market research methods, that sort of thing.

Through leading such initiatives, I came to focus on management more than marketing, eventually putting this experience to work as partner in a venture capital firm: forging management teams for new ventures and shepherding them toward productivity and profitability.

In other words, I was fully invested in hi-tech industry. But in 1988 something happened to change all that. On a round-the-world business tour I ran into something I hadn’t bargained for.

The trip was basically a series of negotiations with corporations in Hong Kong, Tokyo, LA, Vancouver, New York, Boston, London and

Singapore. Familiar with most of these cities, I was stunned by the pollution that had built up since last I was there. The oil-slicked harbour of Hong Kong, the gritty greyness covering Tokyo, the poisonous air of LA—all revolted my senses.

If I'd been a newcomer the impact might have been less, but I remembered these places in better times. I looked in vain for the bracing tang, the vibrant colours and friendly breezes of days gone by—and was appalled.

As my journey progressed, it became ever more apparent just how badly humankind was fouling its own nest. Gripped by an awful fascination in this, I couldn't help asking the executives with whom I was negotiating what they thought about it. And the reactions I encountered in boardrooms around the world were doubly fascinating.

There were various responses, but underlying them all was a curious displacement of responsibility: a *“Yes it's terrible, I wish they'd do something about it”* attitude. But who was “they”? These people ran many of the companies doing the polluting, though they seemed unaware of it. They had little or no recognition of themselves as causal agents.

At first look, you might think they were passing the buck, but that wasn't it. They truly weren't aware of ducking the issue, and did feel genuinely concerned about the problem. These industrial power-brokers (one could hardly call them leaders) honestly hoped ‘someone’ would come along to solve this pollution issue.

From my years in advertising, I recognised a unique opportunity to conduct ‘market research’ at normally ‘inaccessible heights’ of the corporate world. So my trip became an informal survey of the ruling classes of industry on the environment ... and everywhere I found this same eerie disconnection factor.

I came to see how completely the situation was out of control. Most people think industrial leaders deliberately ignore the need to adapt to changing ecological conditions. But there's nothing deliberate about it!

Imagine hurtling down a mountainside aboard a runaway train. You make your way forward to the engine, wondering if something terrible has happened ... and find the engineer leaning against the wall, arms akimbo, wondering why no-one has arrived to apply the brake. That's how it looked to me then—and still does today.

I got quite arrogant about it, affecting a superior ‘how benighted you are’ attitude toward my corporate colleagues. But when I got home, back

into my own routine, the penny finally and painfully dropped. It hit me that I was *exactly the same* as those I was judging. In the entire trip it hadn't once occurred to me that I was a causal agent in all of this too.

Throughout my career I had aided and promoted many major polluters. I helped new polluters get up and running. My own ventures polluted. And while shaking my head at other people's unawareness and denial, I'd been oblivious to my own.

Ouch.

There's an old sermon that goes: *never send to know for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee*. Well, I could sure hear it now, but it wasn't long before I was wishing I couldn't. No matter which way I turned, it no longer seemed possible to pursue my career and do the right thing at the same time. Oh, why couldn't I have minded my own business? ¹

Now what?

Well, what was 'my business' had now changed—and there was no going back. But what to do? You have to adapt, don't you? Which means finding some way to bring your existing talents and skills to bear on the problem. But what *was* the problem exactly?

On the face of it, it looked like global industry—with the complicity of billions of consumers—was destroying our host environment. That seemed to be it in a nutshell.

However, as any manager worth her salt can tell you, the only one who truly understands a problem is the one who can fix it. Any fool can state what he thinks the problem is (and most do), but if that doesn't reveal how to solve it—that can be implemented *right now!*—well, you're really just getting in the way.

My first instinct was to find someone whose solution made sense and throw my support behind them. However, despite searching for months, *I couldn't find one*.

I found lots of people making lucrative careers out of 'reasons why', but none of their solutions actually *met* the situation: a) at the necessary order of magnitude, b) utilising readily available or developable resources, and c) implementable within the likely window of opportunity.

¹ Truth be told, I *didn't* want to ignore it. Here finally, 18 years into my working life, I felt something fierce and remarkable kindling inside of me. '*The two most important days of your life are the day you were born and the day you find out why*'. - Mark Twain

Various ‘silver bullet’ solutions called for innovations which didn’t exist yet. Wishful thinking about government controls blithely ducked the issue of how to get politicians actually mandating the measures prescribed. And most common of all, mitigation strategies sought to ‘patch’ some part of the problem, but left it to the Fates whether the aggregate of all such patches would somehow be enough.

To most people it seems reasonable, if you don’t have the entire answer now, work with what you’ve got and build things up from there. But fatal pitfalls lurk within that logical fallacy. As Sun Tzu pointed out long ago: *victorious warriors win first and then go to war, while defeated warriors go to war first and then seek to win.*²

Here then was my starting point: though I knew many in my field more competent to take this on, none had actually done so. To find out what the *real* problem was, I’d have to work it out myself.

Effectively appointing myself management consultant to our whole darn species, that showed me how to bring my expertise to bear on the situation. Always the first step with a new client, I began by verifying I was indeed addressing humankind’s most pressing need: which proved easy enough to confirm.

Despite all the threats facing us back in 1988 for nuclear holocaust (this was two years *before* the Berlin Wall came down), pandemics and other doomsday scenarios, the environmental problem did loom larger and more urgent than all the rest: because the others were *possibilities*, whereas there was no ‘maybe’ about the damage being done to our ecology. Aware of it or not, our intrepid captains of industry had long since entered into the planetary demolition game.

Applying my analytical tools, I mined the available data looking for a way out of the mess. It took almost a year of applied research, and trial and error, to hit bedrock on what was causing humankind to be its own greatest threat to survival.

We have met the enemy ... and they is us. — Pogo (1970)

Finding Bottom

The ‘hard science’ side of things was relatively easy to fathom. I

² A classic illustration of this is how George W Bush and his successors have been unsuccessfully ‘seeking to win’ in Afghanistan and Iraq, compared to the comprehensive manner in which FDR and his Allies vanquished the Axis back in WWII.

soon eliminated the usual excuses for “having to pollute”. Despite all the spin to the contrary, existing technology *could* enable industry to operate sustainably if it wanted to. But who would pay for it?

So the problem appeared to be *economics*, which made it a *behavioral* issue. Corporations and consumers the world over were behaving as though they couldn’t *afford* to make eco-friendly choices. Perhaps all that was needed was to demonstrate that ‘green is gold’.

Setting out to test that, I focused on making a range of client companies more environmentally-responsible in ways that would also make them more profitable. This looked promising at first, but in every case, no matter how much profits increased, other ‘needs’ always ‘regretfully prevented’ the client from reinvesting the gains made back into more sustainable practices and processes.

I learned that demonstrating green really *is* gold is not all that difficult with a little ingenuity, but getting managers to *adopt it* as their way of doing business *is*—no matter how much lucre it generates!

To be clear: my clients did cooperate willingly, but in *every* case, even though we *proved* that ‘being more green’ was ‘making more gold’ in their own companies, for some reason they couldn’t bring themselves to put more eggs in the greener basket *on their own initiative*. Something else prevented them from embracing the change.

(I could have kept on talking them into it, but that wasn’t the point. I needed to find out why it wasn’t happening already. Why on earth weren’t they willing to pursue, off their own bat, the standard they now knew could be made more profitable as well as more ethical???)

If proof alone wasn’t enough to get through to them, what else would it take? Digging deeper, despite my background, it seemed that I had overlooked a guiding principle of public relations: *communication precedes action*. (Mutual discourse engenders rapport which in turn engenders cooperation.) In other words, the only way to incite desired action, if you can’t command it, is through sparking sufficient discussion.

The key word being ‘sufficient’. In some cases, you must keep on stimulating discourse for years, even decades, fanning its growth all the time, before ultimately generating the tangible results you want to see. (Abolition of slavery in Europe & the Americas took almost a century to unfold in this way.) But you *will* eventually get there, *if* you keep on stirring up people to talk about it ... and talk about it again ... and *again*.

This revealed how much *more* discussion was needed: not only inside polluting enterprises, but also in political bodies perpetuating the status quo *and* the communities keeping them in power. Taking that lesson to heart, I founded—*Terra Pura: Management Consultants to the Environment Industry*—and began spreading the word.

As a result, on World Environment Day in 1989, I found myself standing at a podium talking to some 500 community leaders—government ministers, officials, educators and leading business-people—on: *What Business Can Do About the Greenhouse Effect*.

As with my trip, however, this did not go over as expected. While waiting my turn to speak, I felt a sense of disquiet stealing over me, but was called to the podium before I could put a name to it.

Shrugging off my agitation, I tuned in to the sea of expectant faces before me and began working the room. Getting into my stride, it seemed the talk would turn out ok after all.

But then something shattering happened. All of a sudden, I couldn't speak: like an express train thundering out of the dark, the devastating reality of our true situation finally hit me.

The Bottom Line

As I stood looking out over the crowd that day, abruptly I knew, with sickening certainty, I was wasting my breath. Every speaker that day was wasting their breath. Not only here, but in every other Environment Day event around the world. It ... was ... all ... pointless.

None of it would be enough. Like some cosmic judge rapping his gavel, passing sentence on the human race, a clap of doom reverberated through my soul.

It wasn't about the mood of the place: the audience appeared interested, willing, many nodding in agreement. Most of them had already demonstrated real ability to make a difference. But finally I saw what I'd only glimpsed in those boardrooms on my trip, what I'd really been up against with my change-averse clients. Though it stared me in the face the whole time, only now did I know it for what it was.

We just didn't have what it takes. Like mice debating the belling of the cat, no matter how much more talking and planning we did, no matter what knowledge we developed, we, the Human Race, were not up to the magnitude of the task: not in the time available to us. The pace of our

adaptation had *no chance* of overtaking the pace of our self-destruction within the handful of decades most likely available to us.

Stumbling through my talk somehow, I got away as soon as I could. Walking along the river, I tried to come to terms with what I'd just seen. Once again, of course, I was confronting my own shortcomings and tarring others with the same brush. But there was more to it than that.

I'd been investigating the problem for almost a year, not just theorising, but in practical coal-face applications. Every week I met more people pursuing sustainable goals and that day I'd mingled with hundreds of like-minded and capable individuals. I had learned a lot about the 'human resources' available.

In that devastating moment up on stage, I'd seen past the heartening willingness on display and realised *it was contained and delimited by a more intractable unwillingness*. Like a scene in a fairy tale, the kingdom lay exposed before me, benumbed under some malevolent spell.

Several psychological concepts hint at this common human limitation—perceptual distortion, cognitive bias & dissonance, prejudgment, confabulation—all of which fall under the psycho-neurological heading of *cognitive flexibility*. In practical terms, what it boils down to is this: *we humans only solve the problems we allow ourselves to see*.

When a problem is too great, each of us has an escape valve that throws our consciousness 'out of circuit'. Going into shock is a severe version of this mechanism, but milder forms affect us *all of the time*.

For example, the feelings of *difficulty* and *disappointment* are signals that your *tolerance threshold* is being approached: the point beyond which you lose the ability to see a problem clearly. Neural overload begins to impede your ability to respond appropriately to circumstances.

This goes deeper than mere denial or avoidance. Something more intrinsic to our nature stops us from collectively confronting the full reality of the global situation and responding accordingly. We humans pride ourselves on our adaptability, *but only because we have no more adaptable species to compare ourselves to*.

No, in fact we're not nearly as adaptable to changing conditions as we could be. What I really saw that day on stage was how far the problem exceeded the 'tolerance threshold' of our species as a whole. Not only for climate change deniers and relentless polluters, *but even for those 'converted' sincere supporters of sustainability*.

The real reason why the needed communication—and thus action — wasn't happening was the situation was *psychologically* beyond us. We were like Native Americans in the 1860s, loosing our arrows at the Iron Horse to try and stop it. For all the good we'd achieve in the end, we might as well go home now. Try to have less kids or something, so there'd be less suffering when the crunch came.³

Fossicking

Phew—heavy stuff. For the second time that year, I was stopped dead in my tracks. Environmentalists talk of their personal 'oh shit' moment—when the true magnitude of the situation hits them—which happened on my trip, so I thought, but it was nothing compared to this.

Unable to work, licking my mental wounds for weeks, I struggled to come to terms with the inevitability of it all. There was no-one I could confide in about this: the vision was simply too bleak. For lack of anything better to do, I poked through the ashes of my research, putting my notes in order.

I wasn't looking for anything special, not consciously, but something did eventually draw my attention. It seemed trivial, like a shard of broken glass glinting in the ashes of your burned out house, but I poked at it anyway.

The *inconsistency* of the human capacity to adapt niggled at me. Why was it so *variable* in our race? What made it so?

I knew something about this. An alternative education in my teens, based on A.S. Neill's free-schooling approach, had re-introduced me to my own *instinctive* ability to learn—and *have that learning actually change my behaviour*.

This natural ability to transform learning into action, employed unconsciously and continuously by every healthy human infant, is 'buried alive' in most children under the steam-roller of conventional schooling: which is basically a system for force-feeding information.

³ I wish I could express this in a way that wouldn't offend so many people working so hard to produce the changes desperately needed in the world, but subsequent events bear me out. *28 years later* NOAA reports that the CO₂ level in our atmosphere is still *climbing at an increasing rate*. And still no solution of the necessary magnitude is being implemented, to say nothing of even more dire threats like dissolving arctic and undersea methane.

Neill's student-sovereign approach to learning allowed me to escape that fate, turning me instead into quite a nimble adaptor thereafter. It also left me puzzled why people I worked with throughout my career were not more adaptable, giving me a lifelong interest in helping others to learn and function more effectively.

This disconnect—between learning what we're doing to the planet but then not adapting our conduct to stop doing so—was obvious. But it wasn't at all consistent from one person to the next.

In most species, like starfish, dung beetles or kookaburras, the ability to adapt varies little between organisms; however, in some there is wide variation. This is especially true of cooperative mammals like wolves, dolphins and primates. The vast majority of the ape family follow the lead of their *most adaptable* comrades, and humans are no exception.

Instinctively, we establish pecking orders and choose 'alphas' to follow, 'betas' naturally reinforce their lead, and so on. To an uncanny degree, the more adaptive these alphas are, the more adaptable and successful is the human group led by them. That might seem commonplace to you or me, but it's not what happens with most species. To put it in street terms: anthills and beehives don't thrive or fail according to the ability of their queens (rulers), but human enterprises usually do.

This is not entirely a one-way street. Jimi Hendrix, for instance, wouldn't have found an audience if Chuck Berry and then the Beatles had not preceded him. In other words, any would-be human leader must still find people ready to respond to his or her lead.

But it's astonishing how far down unfamiliar paths humans will follow their alphas: witness the Nazi Party and Jonestown, but also the extraordinarily self-sacrificing undertakings of the followers of Florence Nightingale, Martin Luther King and Abdul Sattar Edhi.

Hence, adaptability of human institutions is *not* actually determined by how adaptable the average human being is, but rather by that very thin top stratum of our species: namely, the bosses or influencers the rest of us end up falling in line behind.

In the Ballpark

This extreme alpha-orientation in humans is obscured in our early years by the constraints and ravages of conventional schooling: seeking to regiment the normally adaptive inclinations of our young as it does,

confining them instead in warehouses called *classrooms* in which their keepers constrain them to ‘sit still’ for four or more hours a day.

The so-called ‘learning’ that goes on in such places (aside from the playground) is largely *non-adaptive*. It bears little resemblance to the experimentation that humans instinctively engage in when naturally looking for ways to adapt; and, in fact, seriously stifles the ability to think for oneself, thus stunting those instincts which drive adaptation.

“It’s a deep and ancient part of human nature to be imaginative and inventive. The human species is biologically a creative species.”

— Desmond Morris

The upshot of this is, in modern society, we seldom get to see how naturally adaptive a person still is until well into their adult years, after they’ve managed to shed the worst effects of misguided schooling and parenting. In the meantime, we honour those young people gifted at regurgitating information—winners of the schooling game—who seldom turn out to be very adaptable in the ‘real’ world.

In tribal times, a radically different reality prevailed: with highly adaptable children having the freedom to stand out at an early age and so be groomed for leadership accordingly.⁴

Social and political fashions aside, the biological truth is humans live in an *adaptarchy*—where the most adaptable people get their way—and we always have. (The apparent exception to this rule being periods when ruthless elements succeed in removing our most adaptive sons and daughters from the game for a while: such as Stalinist USSR, the Cultural Revolution in China and McCarthyism in America. But naturally adaptive alphas do eventually find a way to circumvent such repression—as Mikhail Gorbachev, Zhou Enlai and Edward Murrow *et al* respectively succeeded in doing in the examples given.)

All of Nature, for that matter, functions as an *adaptarchy*—and no ‘-ism, -ology or -ocracy’ has ever enabled anyone to escape that reality for very long. So speaking zoologically, the human species as a whole is failing to adapt enough to meet the current environmental

⁴ In tribal times, someone whose main gift was the kind of refluxive memory suited to modern education was more likely to become a storyteller or perhaps a healer (requiring comprehensive pharmacopœial knowhow), but never a chief.

crisis *because* our alphas, our leaders, are failing to lead us to do so. That's the only way it could happen with our particular species.

The real reason our race is failing to adapt must be either: a) our most adaptable members aren't adaptable enough, or b) there's *not enough* of them to go around to overcome the inertia of the overgrown institutions we've become prone to build since developing agriculture.

The Real Problem

But here lies the rub. Even amongst these most adaptable of humans, there are strange inconsistencies in when they do or don't adapt. A successful Fortune 500 CEO can't houstrain his own pets. A medical paragon, saviour of thousands, can't kick an addiction to kiddy porn. A Nobel Prize winning author fails over and over again at marriage.

No matter who you are, no matter how many others choose to follow your lead, there *will* be ways you want to adapt your behaviour, and yet cannot do so.

In some activities, when we humans see a better way to go about things, we just do it. Change comes easy. But in others, we actually watch ourselves doing what we know we shouldn't, doggedly persisting to do it anyway. And we *keep on* doing it—sometimes even at risk of life and limb or that of our loved ones. It's clearly not knowhow we lack in these circumstances: so what the heck is it?

This was the crux of the matter: the point I finally saw could possibly lead to an answer of sufficient magnitude to resolve the whole mess. If the industrial world, egged on by its supporting consumer base (and vice versa), was destroying our host environment simply because we're adapting too slowly—then what is it that makes the difference?

Yes, communication may precede action, but what other variables determine *how much* communication it takes to generate *how much* action? What magical elixir is present in the mind of those people who do change appropriately, when they do—especially when this leads others to change as well—compared to watching oneself *not* changing?

Plato pointed out long ago that necessity is the mother of invention, and perhaps it is, but that can't be the whole equation. Necessity is a subjective attitude, not an objective fact. What you deem *necessary* depends upon your standards. So what is it that pushes *perception of necessity past that threshold which triggers commensurate action and invention?* What else predisposes and seeds that adaptation?

If that ‘X faculty’ could be isolated and reverse-engineered—what makes one person more influentially *adaptable* than another—or more so in some situations than others—perhaps I could somehow bottle that.

Insights gained could possibly: a) improve the adaptive performance of existing alphas (leaders), b) increase the *proportion* of effective leaders through turning betas (would-be leaders) into true alphas, and c) mimic the mind to provide adaptive computing solutions capable of operating unhindered by cognitive flexibility (problem blindness).

Of course, I was contemplating yet another innovation here which did not exist yet. Was I the same as the ‘silver bullet’ peddlars I’d so recently dismissed? There was no telling how long this might take to achieve.

At least, I decided, by addressing the root cause I wasn’t just seeking to put off the inevitable. And to be honest: it was the only solution I could find with even a ghost of a chance of addressing the problem at the magnitude necessary. In the absence of a more promising strategy, it *was* worth pursuing.

The Reason Why

So *that* is the genesis of **Instinx Performance Coaching**: the mission I embarked on in 1989 that has held me in thrall ever since.

We now know that the ‘default’ condition of any healthy human being is highly adaptive, even super-adaptable. That’s our *natural* state: a level of *mental fitness* our innate instinctive endowment makes possible which parallels the excellent physical fitness our natural genetic endowment makes possible.

The extraordinary abilities we applaud in our paragons—those most adapting alphas we honour above all others—do not derive from more highly-developed adaptivity, but from *less impeded or encumbered* adaptivity. Which is really good news for the likes of you and me.

Prior to the 20th century, medicos thought being of good or poor ‘stock’ is what really determined health and stature, not nutrition and environment. Now they know better. But psychologists & psychiatrists still cling to similar wrong-headed beliefs about mental capacity.

In truth, ‘adaptive deficiency’ is the chief limiter to effective mental powers—not DNA or any other kind of heredity. Just as nutritional deficiencies can easily be remedied, now we know how to restore the adaptive ones too. However, that’s getting ahead of the story.

Every Golden Age in history came about when two or more extraordinarily adaptive human beings managed to wrest the reins of power from more conservative hands—and then held onto that power long enough to foster the innovative potential lying dormant within their subjects. Rather than seeking to control or curb creativity as most governments do, such leaders sparked it by their own example.

Babylon under Hammurabi; Athens under Pericles; India under Asoka; Rome under Augustus; Baghdad under Haroun al-Rashid; Aachen under Charlemagne; Five Nations under Hiawatha; Cusco under Inca Pachacuti; Florence under Lorenzo; Central Japan under Nobunaga; Britain under Elizabeth I, St Petersburg under Catherine, Washington under Kennedy, Moscow under Gorbachev—these are all classic examples of this dynamic at work.

Most regimes feel threatened by too rapid a rate of change, but in a Golden Age the adaptive inclinations of its leaders translate into a plasticity of culture and celebration of innovation: not merely encouraging, but *inciting* new and better ways of doing things.

Could increasing the number of highly-adaptive individuals within a populace be the means to deliberately engender a *global* golden age of furious innovation, not just in industry, but throughout society?

These possibilities served to rekindle the guarded hope in my heart that a solution of appropriate magnitude might still be possible. And I've been working to vindicate that hope ever since.

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Ok, there you have it: why **Instinx**[®] was developed and my personal 'eco story'. The rest of the odyssey—the puzzles and pangs, the trials and triumphs of the R&D years—is covered elsewhere. (See my recent article, *Lifting Your Game*, for more technical highlights.)

But will it be enough, you ask? Is it the solution I was looking for?

Well, that's a question to be answered by deeds not words, but I can say that **Instinx Performance Coaching** is now producing the changes in individuals I hoped for when setting out on this quest. In that respect, the research is a stunning, even mind-blowing success.

From the very first coaching session a person's adaptive ability improves, always beyond their expectations, never to fade back again. But you don't reverse the effects of a lifetime's accumulated adaptive defic-

iciencies by just snapping your fingers: no more than you'd expect even the best nutritionist to repair prolonged malnutrition in a month or two.

It takes time. You have to work for your gains, as amazing as they are. Which begs the question: how much time do we still have?

Look at the date under my signature below. Over the long decades required to perfect this catalyst, our global ecology has taken an immense battering. As predicted, nothing has emerged to even slow down the net effect of our planet's demolishers in the interval.

Not being my area of expertise, I'll refrain from voicing my own opinion about exactly how dire the situation is today, but even expert opinions are becoming increasingly difficult to rely upon. It's really anyone's guess whether we have passed the ecological point of no return some time past or still have time to redress the situation: and that very uncertainty is a big part of the problem as it now exists in 2017.

The ever faster pace of change on all fronts today—which has become a cliché, but is a reality nevertheless—makes the reliability of predictions, good and bad, increasingly suspect.

No single enterprise can afford to track all the vectors needed to produce *scientifically-reliable* forecasts anymore. Currently, the best we can hope for is a variety of "best guesses". Even the once-influential UN-sponsored 5-year IPCC report is now considered well out of date *by the time it's published!* The interval required for peers to review & integrate its contents now makes it redundant before it comes out.

This makes it so much easier for climate change deniers to fudge the issue, adding to the uncertainty which even the most rigorous scientists must acknowledge. The level of doubt about the environment prevailing today, actually far broader than it was in 1989, shows just how well the fossil fuel industry is exploiting this weakness to blindly defend its interests, at the expense of all future generations.

We all need oracles we can trust to make sense of our lives, but we've lost confidence in those we traditionally relied upon. Finding a way to replace them could actually be the most important job required in today's world. Certainly, a forecasting agency capable of predictions so thoroughly researched as to be inarguable would inevitably attract a huge following.

Yes, we at **Instinx** do finally possess the necessary insights to increase adaptability on a grand scale. And this will be done. But as you

can see: the question now is where best to start to produce the most strategic change fastest?

Which brings me back full circle to where I found myself in 1988, looking for the best enterprises to throw my support behind. At least, now I have much more support to ‘throw’.

Obviously, the best candidates will be those who have the least adapting to do to make the biggest difference in the world. So that’s where I’m focusing now.

Thanks for listening.

Gus

October 2017

Kentucky Ridge Farm

P.S. By the way, If you stop and listen real hard, you are sure to hear your own bell—that one tolling just for you. Don’t you think it is time to heed its call?



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