Mister Magoo



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ome of us stand accused of negligence because we don't seem to be paying as much attention to our surroundings as other reference groups might wish. Sometimes we are improperly accused of memory impairment or idiocy. I stand in defense of a certain class of thoughtful but somewhat absent-minded guys. Mister Magoo is the standard bearer of our brotherhood. We revere Magoo for his immaculate concentration on the inner life and for his immunity to distraction!

Are we really just out to lunch or is something significant going on while we are apparently oblivious? As we have been telling you all along, we are *thinking!* Part of our public relations problem is that we are so often unable to report what we are thinking *about* when we are interrogated. I claim that this is because we are not thinking consciously at all. We are practicing cognitive *jujitsu*, summoning a great insight from the depths of our unconscious! We are like Minnesota fishermen huddled around an ice hole drinking shots of Jägermeister, awaiting enlightenment from the deep! We are conserving our limited attention in order to guide the great unruly mass of our unconscious thought in some direction we have chosen. This type of thinking is like herding cats and our attention flitters hither and yon; redirecting a deviant stream of unconsciousness here, encouraging a promising hint of an idea there, and suppressing what feels wrong or irrelevant everywhere. This is our way in the world and it causes us to miss some things that others find surprising. But remember that we love you and judge us by our irregular products rather than our attentional deficits. Thank you for your patience! Trust me. Call me.

Concise Personal Counseling

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