

Facundo Cabral

  
**You Are Not  
Depressed**

**YOU ARE DISTRACTED**



Facundo Cabral

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You Are Distracted

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For Maria De Los Angeles Coello. Poet, mother, friend, and warrior. Your grandchildren are beautiful. Your love is forever.

Gracias Facundo. For everything.



No soy de aquí, ni soy de allá  
no tengo edad, ni porvenir  
y ser feliz es mi color  
de identidad

I'm not from here, I'm not from there,  
I have no age, nor future  
and being happy is the colour  
of my identity

# Introduction

**Facundo Cabral** (May 22, 1937 – July 9, 2011) was an Argentine singer, songwriter, and performer-philosopher. Best known for his song *No soy de aquí, ni soy de allá* (*I am not from here, nor am I from there*) Cabral was named a UNESCO Messenger of Peace in 1996. From the most humble beginnings, and over a career that spanned 50 years, he inspired millions around the world with his songs, books, radio and television interviews, and legendary concerts.

Born in the open air of a side street in La Plata, Argentina exactly one day after his father abandoned his penniless mother and six other siblings, Facundo was soon brought to the desolate lands of Tierra Del Fuego where his mother struggled to provide for them. He could not speak until he was 9, and it was at this tender age that the determined boy who saw little hope for his desperate family decided to escape one day and walk 400 km to the city of Buenos Aires to seek aid for them. After a harrowing four month-long journey on foot he ended up meeting (First Lady) Evita Perón at a public rally, who spoke with the boy and sent him home with the promise of help to come. This intriguing event seemed to herald a life of miracles to follow.

By age 14, Facundo had lost several of his siblings to hunger, survived street life as petty thief and thug, and been detained in a juvenile prison where a Jesuit priest finally taught him to read. It was this key act that changed him forever, from angry young man to life loving would-be sage, beginning a never ending commitment to learning which matched a voracious desire for true knowledge of self and world. He also studied the classics of world

literature, the great philosophers, and the Holy Bible with such relish that he could share memorized passages at a moment's notice with lightning recollection. In the written word he found the first genuine cornerstone in his mission as "first class vagabond" and storyteller par excellence, converting himself into an engaging performer and recording artist by his early 20's. By his mid 40's, Cabral achieved world-fame, with concerts growing to stadium size, seemingly overnight.

Within his extraordinary life, Facundo befriended luminaries such as Jorge Louis Borges and Mother Theresa, among others, performed in over 165 countries, coped with near-blindness as a partial cripple, survived a form of cancer for four decades he was never meant to survive, and even suffered the tragic loss of his young wife and one-year old daughter, the only child he ever had, on a flight within California in 1978. He lived for the road, didn't care much for money, and preferred the austerity of long-term hotel rooms over the banal responsibilities of householder with fixed address.

Accompanied only by a plaintiff guitar style, a simple chair, an infectious smile, and his ever-present walking cane, his performances were a blend of songs, poems, prayers, candid stories, and philosophical humour. He spoke of a loving God, an easier way, and the joyful simplicity of a life lived in the moment. Armed with a disarming optimism that could transform even the most indifferent or diametrically-opposed with the spellbinding mastery of a magi, Cabral was a captivating minstrel with the flashing eyes of a man in love with the mysteries of creation. Such was the essence of his soul.

With spiritual views influenced by Jesus, Lao-Tzu, Krishnamurti, Gautama Buddha, Jung, John the Baptist, St.

Francis of Assisi, Gandhi, Whitman, Blake, Gibran, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and others, Cabral advocated pacifism and championed quantum mysticism and subjugation of ego as well as the Golden Rule as the only political necessities of a life lived well.

Approaching the end of his career's final retirement tour, Cabral was shot and killed in a car en route to the airport in Guatemala City on July 9, 2011. The official story stated that the bullets were meant for the car's driver and previous night's concert promoter because of possible connections with organized crime, but many still believe otherwise.

His body was flown to Argentina on July 12, 2011 and from the plane, officials carried a single guitar and small bag to Silvia Pousa, whom he had married only seven months before. Cabral had always said that these few possessions were all he needed for his work.

Argentine television stations interrupted their broadcasts with news of the 74-year-old singer's death, and the national government decreed three days of mourning. An eloquent and outspoken critic of many past military regimes in South America, not least in his native Argentina, he spent years in exile from his homeland because of his views and inspired millions to maintain their hope and courage in times of great tyranny and despair. Cabral was a beacon for human rights and social justice and is still a great inspiration to all who fight bravely for freedom, peace, and liberty on a social scale as well as within their own hearts and minds.

-Indio Saravanja 2020



# YOU ARE NOT DEPRESSED

## YOU ARE DISTRACTED...

Distracted from the life that surrounds you. You have a heart, brain, soul, and spirit, so then how can you feel so poor and unhappy?

Distracted from the life that surrounds you, yes... dolphins, forests, oceans, mountains and rivers.

Don't fall into the same trap that your brother fell into, who suffers endlessly over the loss of one human love affair, when there are over 7 billion other humans in the world. And anyway, living alone is not so bad. I have a good time deciding at any moment what I want to do next, and thanks to solitude, I know myself, which is something so fundamental to life.

Don't fall into the same trap that your father did, who feels so old because he just turned 70, forgetting that Moses led the Exodus at 80 and Rubinstein interpreted Chopin at 90 like nobody else, just to mention two examples.



# YOU ARE NOT DEPRESSED

## YOU ARE DISTRACTED...

And that is why you believe that you lost something, which is impossible, because everything was given to you. You didn't make a single hair on your head, so how can you be the owner of anything? In addition, life doesn't take things away from you, it frees you of them. It lightens your load so that you can fly higher and reach completeness.

From the cradle to the grave, it's all a school, and that is why the things that you call problems are lessons and life is dynamic, and that's why it's in constant movement, which is why you only have to pay attention to the present. And this is also why my mother used to say: "I occupy myself with the present. The future is God's business." Jesus said: "therefore be not anxious about tomorrow, for tomorrow will be anxious for itself. Sufficient for today is its own trouble."

No, you didn't lose anybody. Those who died simply went ahead of us, to a place where we are all going to go. In addition, the very best of them, their love, lives on in your heart.

Who would dare say that Jesus is dead? No, there is no death, there is only relocation, and many marvellous people await you on the other side... Gandhi, Michelangelo, Whitman, Saint Augustine, Mother Theresa, your grandmother, and my mother, who believed that in poverty

one is closer to love, because money distracts us with unnecessary things and makes us stray and become suspicious.

You can't seem to find happiness and yet, it's so easy! You only have to listen to your heart before your head, which is conditioned by memory, intervenes and complicates everything with old things and the orders of the past, with its prejudices that sicken and enslave. The mind divides and impoverishes. *The mind does not accept that life is just as it is, and not how it should be.* Do only what you love and you will be happy.

One who does what one loves is blessed, and condemned to have success, and that success will arrive when it is supposed to arrive because what should be, will be, and will arrive naturally.

Don't do anything out of obligation or compromise, but for love alone, and then there will be abundance, and in that abundance everything is possible and comes without effort, because the natural force of life will move you. The same force that lifted me up again when the plane carrying my wife and daughter fell from the sky. The same force that kept me alive when the doctors gave me three or four months to live.

God put someone in charge and that someone is you, and you owe it to yourself to be free and happy, and with that happiness, you can then share true life with others. Remember what Jesus said. The Golden Rule is to love your neighbour *as you love yourself.*

Reconcile with yourself. Put yourself in front of the mirror and realize that the creature you see before you is the work of God and decide right this instant to be happy. Contentment is an acquisition, not something that will eventually arrive from outside. In addition, happiness is not a right, but a responsibility, because if you're not happy you're embittering the whole neighbourhood.

One single man who had neither talent nor respect for life sent 6 million Jewish brothers and sisters to their deaths. There are so many things to enjoy and our time on this earth is so short, that to suffer is just a waste of time.

For our enjoyment, we have the snows of winter and the flowers of spring. The chocolate of Peruggia, the French baguette, Mexican tacos, and Chilean wine. The oceans and rivers. Brazilian soccer and the cigars of Davidoff.

For our enjoyment, we have The Thousand and One Nights, The Divine Comedy, Don Quixote, Pedro Paramo, the boleros of Manzanero, the poetry of Whitman, Mahler, Brahms, Ravel, Debussy, Mozart, Chopin, Beethoven, Caravaggio, Rembrandt, Velazquez, Cézanne, Picasso, and Tamayo, among so many other marvels.

If you have cancer or aids, two things can happen, and both are good.

If they beat you, you will be freed from a body that is such an annoyance: "I'm hungry, I'm cold, I'm tired, I want, I'm right, I'm full of doubt."

And if you beat them, you will become more humble and grateful and find it much easier to be happy, free of the tremendous burden of blame, responsibility, and vanity, ready to live every moment of your life profoundly, as it is meant to be lived.



# YOU ARE NOT DEPRESSED

## YOU ARE IDLE...

Help the child who needs you. That child will one day be business partners with your child. Help the elderly, and the young in turn will help you when you are old. Furthermore, service to others is the surest way of feeling happiness, as much as enjoying nature and taking care of her for those who come after you.

Give without measure and you will be given to beyond measure. Love so much that you become the lover, and *more* than that, until you *become* love itself.

And don't be discouraged by a few homicides or suicides. The good *are* the majority, but we don't notice them because they are silent. A bomb makes more noise than a caress, but for every bomb that destroys, there are millions of caresses that nurture life and give it power. Goodness is fed by itself. Evil destroys itself.

If the bad guys knew what a great business being good can be, they would be good even if it were only for the money.

If you listened to the other... to the one you carry inside, you would know everything, and you would find something waiting for you in everything and then you would elevate yourself constantly and there would no longer be

confusion, but rather, nuances, and in that serenity you would look for nothing, and therefore find everything. Being in the present, you'd say and do what had to be done in each subsequent moment, naturally and graciously, without any struggle, and your relationships with others would be bountiful.

And by growing in love you would become more creative, without limits or conditions.

Ignorance makes us feel closed up and mortal, and we incarcerate and limit ourselves all on our own.

Fear distracts us from love, which is wise and brave because it knows that it has no measure or end. Look within and the peripheral clouds will disappear. Stay still and in silence, so that you're able to hear the wisdom you carry within yourself that contains not only the few years of your body, but the centuries. You will see that it lies beyond your capricious measures and prejudices that cause so much fear, which is the offspring of your ignorance.

The real wisdom resides beyond the effects of what you believe to be good or bad, rich or poor, or dark or light, because it lives in the essential and in the very cause itself. In the invisible from where everything surges.

And when you hear the wise one you carry within yourself, you will feel that even the rain and the cold are healthy. You'll be so aware of the cause, that all of the effects will be illuminated. That state of clarity will impregnate every corner of your life. You'll share it all and to

all you'll arrive with grace, and richness will multiply with every step.

David asked God for wisdom and God said, "you're not asking me for little you know, because wisdom contains everything!"

Do not live within limits, but rather, in the very centre of the miraculous, free of the illusory order of the linear mind, excited by the imagination and in harmony with hope.

You are a spirit that occupies a body for just a little while. An able vehicle built for a journey over oceans and mountains, among dolphins and elephants, and within cities and deserts that they cover up every once in a while to begin the story all over again.

Reason itself lies in the middle of the world of the spirit. The same spirit that cures cancer, facilitates communications, studies the surface of Mars, and puts people on the moon.

And thought brings you to new places, or to places where you can see things differently, and in much richer ways than yesterday, and this will change you so much that your attitude about the world will change as well; *The world you once wanted to change instead of understand*. And once you change, you'll have an impact on it.

Close your eyes and you'll see everything that will come to be. Freed of linear time, you'll travel at the speed of light, and your journey will help the lives of many, because the power of thought is incalculable and is a great alchemist



that can transform any poor circumstance into a joy, which is to say, any metal into gold.

Once the interior light has been lit, nothing can turn it off. It's as perfect and incorruptible as gold is, which symbolizes the power of purity, of the essential, and of the spirit, whose journey is infinite and marvellous because its life will be lived with depth at all times.

Our holiness is the transcendence that has been planned out in advance for all of us, even though so few of us might take notice, while others take roads that lead to it willingly.

Abandoning the ego, miracles begin, and without any fight or struggle, you'll restore your natural power and be able to create life through love. You'll walk upon water and cure with a word. Remember that Jesus said "Greater things shall you see, and greater things shall you also do."



# YOU ARE NOT DEPRESSED

## YOU ARE DISTRACTED...

By your ego, that distorts things, in contradiction to innocence, which actually makes things clear.

The ego confuses things with its own judge. It really thinks that things are what it thinks they are, and moreover, the ego believes that words are the things themselves. The ego doesn't live, it interprets, in a constant play that never reaches reality.

Innocence treats everyone equally and is closer to happiness, abundance, and tranquility. Innocence sees everything without shadow and carries us from one joy to the next. Innocence believes that everything is an adventure, because it sees everything as if for the first time, and for her, the world is full of new things and everything is a mirror, because in innocence, we become conscious that we are an actual part of God, which is to say, one who sees herself in all things.

Innocence has a good time with ease because everything calls its attention: a cow eating grass, the trunk of an old tree, black butterflies on golden wheat, the hummingbird hovering in the air, the baker taking bread from the oven, the starry sky, the rain in winter, the logs ablaze in the fire, the papers of Matisse, the ants in their

ant hill, the bedouins in their tents, the Sunday morning sermon and afternoon football game.

The ego puts a name on things, but innocence simply sees them. Ego judges them. Innocence lives them. Ego divides. Innocence brings harmony to differences. Ego depends on mind. Innocence on the heart.

The ego is old because it depends on memory, but innocence is reborn in every moment. The ego exhausts us. It's always fighting. Innocence floats graciously because it always makes itself whole.

Ego is bored. It can't stop searching for something. Innocence goes from astonishment to astonishment, always finds something, and could forever stay enjoying the same horse or the same flower or the same star. Innocence is integrated into life, because it changes just like life does, constantly.

This is why the same old thing is never the same old thing, and why innocence is always fresh forever. Now that you are calm and alone, forget what you are, because that is the creation of others, and listen to your heart:

What do you want to be? What do you really want to do right now?... because *life is right now*.

Forget what you believe that you are and begin from zero right this instant, and then you will co-exist with others easily. It is so pleasant to live without divisions... good, bad, rich, poor, black, white, friend, enemy, neighbour, foreigner. There is such lightness when there are

no enemies that we can fly at any moment because happiness holds the sympathy of magic.

You did not lose your innocence, you've only hidden it for fear of the ridicule of those who classify everything because they've lost theirs.

Let it come out and the games of your childhood years will recommence, but now, they will be enriched by your greater intelligence. Free yourself from the preconceptions of memory.

See everything for the first time, and you'll save yourself the boredom that shadows those who think they already know everything. Don't confuse activity with life. The sun is there, exactly there, so that you can see it. That tree has been there for many years, waiting for you to realize that it is a wonder.

Liberate yourself from the image of yourself that everyone around you helped you forge and you will return to your innocence, which is your natural state. Then you will be content with the wrinkles on your skin that confirm everything that you've lived through. Only in your innocence will you feel that you are part of everything around you, which is to say that only in innocence will you be able to see God.



# YOU ARE NOT DEPRESSED

## YOU ARE DISTRACTED...

From good news, which is integral for a good life.

Solomon or Borges, instead of the newspaper. Mahler or Bach instead of the television. Intelligent and positive friendships, in place of those lost to indolence or surrendered to ignorant wretchedness. By living in this manner, you will receive the best energy - the essential energy. Growth is the natural force of life, and constant movement is her cause, and to be ready for changes we must be free and attentive, with our tools at the ready and prepared to run and to function when certain energies pass through us, *otherwise they just as easily vanish like chimney smoke.*

It's more convenient to always stay close to good receptors. Awakened people. Curious people. People like Russell, Schopenhauer, Bradbury, Ecco, Paz, Krishnamurti, and Osho, to speak of the most recent.

Einstein's great secret was that he followed the intelligence of those in higher places than his own. Joseph Campbell's was to dive into every corner of history. Only the intelligent can detect how the strands of life intertwine and interconnect.

Only intelligence can connect us to the universe, until we understand that we are a part of it and share its same energy.

Nothing repeats itself. *We have to live in the now* and the fullest life is to be found in each and every act, just as everything in existence can be born from a single atom.

Intelligence sees before it sees, hears before it hears, knows where it is going, and what it is saying or doing, achieving the greatest consequences with the most minimal attitude.

And only one who is truly present can understand everything - the one who drinks directly from the fountain of the essential, and for this reason knows that anything is possible and nothing afflicts him. And more, from learning from his errors, he can transform them into certainties.

Nobody has the right to remain ignorant, for ignorance will come at a great cost and lamentably throw darkness over the roads of others as well, because ignorance is an unconscious form of evil. This is how an ideologist in his separated state can come to the brink of provoking and inciting a war.

The wise person knows that the actual task at hand is to make oneself responsible for oneself and harmonize any differences with others. To separate is not only to self-impoverish, but to commit a form of suicide. It is for this reason that people can even die from violence in soccer stadiums.

The wise do not separate, but rather, stay a part of everything, and only pay attention to connections. I once sang that when one picks a flower, it makes a star move in the sky. The knowing one stands in the river that unites everything. In that energy that interweaves everything, the wise one knows that she is but one more dream of God made into reality, or let us say, *what we call reality*, or another way of dreaming.

Where the ignorant might see two things, the wise sees one, and that one is Truth. The wise man sees himself in what he sees, is illuminated, and then illuminates, while being conscious that he himself is also part of that same light, or said a different way: that more elevated state of being.

What we call death is the most subtle state of light itself.

If you want life, then live in peace. If you want death, then live in war. Watch every word you say, because we are made out of words. Do not wound or offend anyone, because passing from one to another to another, the energy of your seemingly small offence can one day return to you in the form of a bomb.

Saint Augustine counselled “Only ask for justice, but really, it would be better if you asked for nothing.” Said in a different way... don’t interrupt the great and glorious works of the Creator with your limited little brain. The same Creator of whom Saint Francis asked, “please make me an instrument of your peace, that where there is sorrow, I may bring joy. That where there is darkness, that I may bring light. That where there is hate, that I may bring love.”

One of my mother's most beloved sayings was:

Dear God, I ask you to forgive my sins before anything else, for while I was a pilgrim in your many sanctuaries, I forgot that you are present everywhere. Secondly, I ask you to forgive me for the many times I implored you to help me in my life, forgetting that my well-being worries you even more than it worries me. And finally, I ask you to forgive me for being here to ask you to forgive me, forgetting that you have already forgiven my sins before I've even committed them. So great is your mercy my beloved God!

Don't exhaust yourself competing. God knows exactly what is meant for you, and this data has been pre-written in your heart. So do what you love, because there is no other way to live.

The same love God brought for me, God brought for you. It's an error to say that we make love, when love not only made us, but models and molds us day after day, and this miracle depends upon just how malleable and open we really are. Just for being a work of love itself, the human being is truly a wonderful creation.

To him we owe bread, cheese, wine, music, great paintings, and airplanes and computers, among so many other things.

And by loving mankind, we understand that we are everything that ever was, and everything that made us possible. From Buddha to Rembrandt, from Mozart to Picasso, and Copernicus to Freud, we are the wind that



refreshes and the rain that renews. We are the snows of winter and the flowers of spring. We are the moon and the sun, and we are another fruit of God.

My birth was only recent, but because of all of the life-experience my memory itself has stored and kept in safe-keeping all along, I now know that I don't want to hurt anybody. I now know that aggression brings illness and complicates things. We are all part of the same thing, and in addition, if I do you harm, I do myself harm. I used to be moved by reason, which is objective, but now, I am simply moved by love, which is the singular and central reason of the universe, and no, I never lost my fire, in fact, my fire now has a much greater quality to it. *Before, it only burned, but now it illuminates, which is to say that I moved from being a destroyer, to a creator.*

To the poor I speak of hope, and to the rich, I speak of conversion. Hope will save the poor and conversion will purify the rich. Hope on the side of the poor and conversion on the side of the rich will bring our brothers and sisters much closer and I came here to work towards this encounter and when everyone finally unites someday, you will no longer find bullet holes in doors and worrisome borders to fret about. Then, we will simply share everything and good humour will reign over all. Clinton and Castro will play tennis in Cancun and Saddam Hussein will bring his children to Disney World.



# YOU ARE NOT DEPRESSED

## YOU ARE DISTRACTED...

From peace. I ask you, when are you going to stop fighting to really begin your life? *Because you can't do these two things at the same time: fight and live.*

You ask me when Jesus will return, and I tell you that he never left. He has always been in your heart. All you have to do is silence your head and listen to Him. People don't ask themselves the big questions anymore, like, who am I? They keep playing their roles, which are generally decided upon by others, just the same way that so-called success and failure are, when really, everyone is simply what you see them to be. Their bodies, and achievements, and material things are so important to them that love affairs that begin in parks end up finishing in court houses.

All people exercise some form of begging in some manner, forgetting or not understanding that they are actually royal princes and princesses, and part of an extraordinary kingdom that they totally forget about in exchange for their tiny locales, parochialisms, and sometimes even only their nuclear family.

I recognize a lot of faces and I know a great number of names, but I have come across very few individuals who *really* know who they are.

You ask me where you can find me, and I say that you can find me anywhere, because I am part of the universe.

One's name, office, or position, are simply distractions, prisons, and limitations... they are nothing more than well-trodden paths that mark us as we follow them blindly. We are so busy, that we never stop for a moment to think about who we really are, but the spirit, *which is what we are*, does not accept conditions.

There is no reason to confuse the material world with reality, because there are no actual borders between things, although the majority of people need them because of their fear of the infinite. This is why institutions like marriage, nationalism, ideologies, and patriotism were invented. And these are the stakes and hitching posts that we tie ourselves up to, so that we do not have to live the totality.

*The home of a man is himself*, and this is why I am fine in all places, and thoughts and happenings enter and leave my house on a constant basis.

If my own house is me, myself, and I am actually a part of everything, then this would mean that my house is this sea, and this beach, and those dolphins, and that hotel, and this chair, and that sailboat that leaves a white wake on the foamy turquoise colour that the waves mixed with sunlight create, which are also my home, just the same way that shadows that populate the labyrinths of the minds of the mad are also my home.

It's the same with the music of Mahler, the paintings of Cézanne, Davidoff cigarettes, and rock and roll.

You can't move your body because you are far too weighed down by the past. Forget even as much as your own name and start living again this very moment, and you will immediately feel that you are living in a marvellous world.

*When you finally feel that you are not what you think*, you will be able to fly. The beginning and the end, meaning, life and death, are nothing but inventions of the mind. How much you suffered when your son left you! You got so used to thinking that you were nothing more than a mother.

Leave the past to one side and you will feel the totality of life. Only molecules dissolve. Consciousness doesn't die with the body. The light of consciousness continues to illuminate the infinite roads of life.

We aren't as bad as we think we are. Peace *is* possible and peace is the highest point that we are able to reach. It seems that God loves us more than we love ourselves, because God keeps giving us opportunities to love ourselves every day.

Saint Francis was right. The sun and the moon are brothers, and the plants and animals are brothers, because we are all creatures of God. So our works and creations are also our brothers and sisters of the sun, and the moon, and the plants and animals.

And when I say our works, I mean our paintings and our music and our literature and our cars and airplanes, and telephones, and computers.

Don't look on the outside for what you can't find on the inside.

You can't ask for love if you didn't give it.

You can't ask for justice if you weren't just.

You can't look for peace outside of yourself if you don't have it inside.

But, there's no rush, you have all of eternity before you, and anyways, the journey is more exciting than the arrival, if in fact, arriving at anything is actually even possible. The sensible thing to do, is to *always start again*.

If it weren't for impatience, violence would simply disappear. Life beats death, and that is why more people are born every day than those who die, and they are born more in the poor countries than in the rich countries, which fabricate firearms to murder the greatest amount of people possible, which is a rude and useless task, because life beats death no matter what, and at the end of the day death is simply another form of re-creation and rebirth.

This is why art itself is such a huge miracle that keeps inventing new fables for this life, to fill people with hope, and also why this is done in a language that all of us can understand, which is the language of beauty.

Art brings peace which brings community to life and enriches everyone. Towns that communicate in this way are usually indebted to art, which dissolves all boundaries.

Cities that don't stop growing and elevating and evolving, like Manhattan. Towns that float so graciously, like Amsterdam. Cities with illuminated corners like Paris, which Cortázar could see all the way from Buenos Aires and Henry Miller could see from New York.

Towns like Seville, where they lean on each other in song. Towns like Copenhagen, with its frozen winter plazas that make you want to return to your hotel where logs are burning in the fireplace, which was once the favourite company of Ravel. Towns like Zurich, with its powerful banks surrounded by lakes and swans. It was such a tragedy for Salvador Dali when his died.

In peace, everything is creation. All of life becomes art. Peace smiles at me. It wraps me up in its fresh air. It makes me see and enjoy the sun I find in others.

For peace my song rises high and brings light to the lowest corners. Peace is a poem that makes me reborn practically better than anything. In peace, my brothers work the earth and have children. In peace they sit down comfortably and justice is easy.

Peace is a single flower within which all of the springtimes of the world are held and protected. In peace, we look each other in the eyes and share our dreams with one another, no matter how audacious they may seem.

In peace, one is one's self, without effort. In peace, everything gives me the right to feel like I am a child of God.

Don't be ungrateful. Just think of how many things had to come together and be connected from the most secret and hidden places in the universe, just so that you could be made into this person that you are right now, and the city that you live in could exist.

Think about how many millions of years had to pass so that we could be conscious of the wonderful immensity that surrounds us and that we are a part of.

"I am us", said Marcos Constance, which was trans-personal, meaning, he was already in the new age, and its vision.

Open the eyes of your heart and you will see God, which is what inhabits us when we are conscious, and then you will feel that the spirit was reborn, to reach the person who arrives at an understanding of God. This person within which all of evolution is repeated.

We ourselves are the final part of an extraordinary chain that is 15,000 million years old, and maybe we ourselves *are* this creation's objective. And so our religion is universal.

Risk, because life is nothing but permanent change, and will always want a rematch. *Remember that he that is not prepared to lose it all, is not prepared to gain anything.*

Now that you are alone and calm and are with yourself, the only person you are responsible for, let me tell you: let your curiosity lead you to where life is really happening. Don't be a spectator, sitting in front of a television, but

rather, be a protagonist on this earth. *Remember that those who rose to the challenge are the ones we owe everything to.*

Paint a big yes on your front door so that only those who really want to live will approach you, without any worry about time. Eternity begins again at every moment.

And don't waste your energy taking care of yourself, because life is a beautiful danger. If my mother had taken so much care of herself that she could have avoided my father, I simply wouldn't be here.

When we come together, we are truly rich; because you have what I don't have and vice-versa.

What would happen if all of us could get together? Each and every one of us? Life proposes so many permanent things to us, that one has to make a bigger effort each and every time, to continue to remain poor and unhappy, living in limitation, rather than rich and happy.

Don't forget that you are an aristocrat. A prince or princess, because you are the son or daughter of the king and queen of the universe. You only have to notice this. Remember that Jesus said, "Truth will bring the bread and everything that you need".

So really, there are no limits. You decide where you want to get to with an inner joy in your possession that opens all doors because, for God, we are always children.



And then life is a wonderful game. A game that includes everyone and everything. You are made in the image of God, and so, you can create anything.

*When you say 'I can't, you are actually saying 'I don't want to'.*

We already have enough martyrs. We need more heroes. Rise up and walk! I will accompany you, and so will everyone who was ever inspired to live better, and ended up improving humanity, which is this grandiose thing that belongs to everyone.

Walk with tranquility, so that the newsmen don't confuse you. The good really *are* the majority. Don't let the media distract you from your task, which is to reach the land of plenty.

There is nothing like living in one's self. *This is the only way that you can feel at home anywhere*, where nothing is far nor near.

If every one were simply themselves, society would become a true orchestra, enriched by all of our different sounds and unique voices. A massive harmony made out of many individuals. A symphony to which everyone offers their own voice. A score written out for every single instrument; I mean to say, *a score that is respectful of everyone*, no matter who they are.

But this orchestra that *should* be a reality is fragmented and everyone is contrary to everyone else and this fills us with anguish and desperation. We lose the imagination that could show us the way to harmony.

And fear, which is actually ignorance, separates us more and more and this separation makes us ill and impoverishes everyone. Humanity has such a rich repertoire, and it is brilliant and interminable.

And we all have to see that, because we all come from the same first man and woman.

So, there are blacks and Chinese within me. I am as good and pure as Jesus and I can be as dangerous as Hitler ever was. I am as much a Muslim as I am an atheist.

I die like everyone else dies and I am born the same way as everyone else is born. We are all given birth to and then aided by others, but then we end up detesting everyone, because we detest ourselves. Instead of enriching ourselves with the presence of others, we run away from them. We fight, instead of associating.

To kill someone else is actually to commit suicide because they are simply a continuation of ourselves. Hate is fear. It has brought us to this hopelessness where the imagination drowns, and without imagination, we lose the blessed seed, and we stop being creators.

The task, is to harmonize this giant variety of possibilities that comprises humanity and enriches everyone.

The task, is to understand that life is up and down, constant movement... changes.

Nothing is forever.

We should stay attentive, aware, ready for changes, ready for any circumstance, because life is how it is, not how it should be.

Everything was given to us, so nothing really belongs to us.

All we really own is the ability to enjoy (in-joy) creation, and take care of it for those who will come after, who will also be an extension of ourselves, just the same way that we are a continuation of our parents and our grandparents, all the way back to Adam. The “Red Adam”, the way Borges used to enjoy referring to him, was the Adam *who committed the worst of all sins, which in essence was, to not be happy.*

This is why he felt persecuted by the shadow of being an outcast.

The first gift of true knowledge, is to know who it is that really knows. The second gift, is to be with and live amidst the things we really love, which make us even more brilliant because we are instantly more attentive and surrendered.

Love actually updates us somehow, so that we can then fall in love with everyone.

It is totally ok to fall down, but not for you to stay on the ground.

At this very moment, society is being detained in the same way as the roads in our cities are, by excessive traffic

congestion, because our cities have now become so excessive.

And maybe it is the same way with the way we have been thinking and maybe we will soon stop thinking in these ways so that we can change our ideas and start again.

There are no longer any big myths to follow, or new ideologies to kill or die for. Now, we should simply learn to communicate man to man. This is now the era of the individual, which is why the internet will increase quality and the macro will disappear so that the micro can be heard.

This means that from here on out there will be no television, politics, or family that will be able to extinguish or hold back that sacred fire which is your soul, where true intelligence resides forever, fed by the universe for so many endless centuries.

Those who continue to ask questions will advance. Those who do not ask questions will stay put, which is to say, they will die, because life is movement and everything is constantly being recreated and that is why we must stay attentive.

For a woman's love and devotion, you would lose everything. For a house, you would lose the world. For a corner of your own somewhere, you would lose the oceans and rivers... dolphins, whales, salmon, sharks.

For a family, an ideology, or a religion, you would lose architects, egyptologists, poets, philosophers, shamans,

anthropologists, prophets... thousands of ways of seeing the spirit and the stars.

The orchids of Columbia, Francis Bacon, Giacometti, Nietzsche, The Gulf Of Aqaba, Alexandria, Tokyo, Homer's Greece, Guanajuato, where I fell in love with Catherine Valetzca, even though I didn't get the opportunity to tell her so.

Chichicastenango, where with a certain dance they ended up fixing my troubled back. Paris, where Rilke watched beauty disappear every single morning right next to Rodin. The Trastevere of Rome, where Fellini dreamed up his protagonists and where Michelangelo's Moses is completely fed up with the constant tourists that crowd and asphyxiate him in San Pietro in Vincoli, so that he barely fits there anymore.

London, Berlin, Brussels, and Prague, where the romantic writers had such a high notion of a happiness that they could never arrive at, and felt like outcasts in a sadness that excited them and a pain they enjoyed, much like the flamenco or tango singers.

Madrid, where the La Lupe zone is always on the border of thought, but never falls for it. Miami, which is the bridge where the Latins communicate with the Saxons. The Sonora Desert, where I got to know Erich Fromm, who said that Suzuki was a Zen buddhist because he had experimented with it and that its authenticity made it difficult to read, seeing as Zen doesn't ever give any satisfying or rational answers, while the books of Western

intellectuals did, and explained it all perfectly without knowing anything about it!

Don't ever idolize anything or anyone, because to have idolatry is to lose one's independence and this is instant conflict and ensured illness.

In the same way that one can so easily lose what one has gained without any effort, one who doesn't enjoy what is left over, is doomed to remain poor.

The big step in this life is to move from egoism, which compromises and enslaves you to so many external things, over to inner freedom.

And then one can reach peace, *and it is peace that makes you live with abundance*, because it enriches you.

Our latest 'saviours' have been doubtful, but they can't affect the teachings of the Buddha in any way whatsoever, nor can they mar the Holy Bible. The teachings of the Buddha can't be debilitated by anyone who doesn't believe in reincarnation, and neither does the bible suffer when put face to face with the more realistic and scientifically updated knowledge of the history of the earth and the evolution of man.

Just the same way that it is innocent to think of a society without delinquents, anyone can become a better person if they really want to become a better person.

Good intentions aren't enough for the Universe, which is simple the way it is, and not the way we wish it would be.

True faith begins to work within ourselves, so that we can believe in ourselves, and when one is well-planted in one's own true self, then he or she is encouraged to see it all, and then we can know what true reality is and from there we can understand it.

And then we can save ourselves from all deceptions. We know that behind one mask, we will always find another, just the same way we still see purity in nakedness, freedom in jazz, and ugliness in the grimaces of dictators.

To accept reality, is to save ourselves from trickery and lies, and then truth makes us live fully.

Don't trick yourself, and nobody can trick you.

Be strong like Buddha, like Jesus, like Espinosa, Einstein... Ford, strong and firm but open to the world's proposals.

Preach virtues, but don't silence truths.

*You will never regret your enthusiasms, but you will also never forgive yourself for not following through with them and doing what you came here to do. In addition, you have nothing to lose, because not even one of your ears was made by you! Don't worry about the future, because at the end of the road there is no mountain peak waiting for you, but rather, a peaceful valley.*

As long as you are not causing harm to others, you don't have to be accountable to anyone, and no one has to explain anything. This is why you shouldn't let yourself get

worn out in vanities where people try to convince one another or do things to be liked. *The important thing is that you yourself are convinced and that you truly love what you're doing. And if you have a big dream, you have to be available to make a big effort to make it a reality, because only the big can reach the big.*

If you study things superficially, you will only learn superficially. If you live life only half-way, you will only get to know half of life.

If you have a divided head, you will see a divided world and,

if you only work out of obligation, you will only be one more unemployed soul... another outcast. And if you are afraid...

...you won't get to know what love is, which is valiant and courageous and brave.





# **YOU ARE NOT DEPRESSED**

## **YOU ARE DISTRACTED...**

From the present, where life is actually happening. The dawns and the sunsets, the seagulls and condors and eagles, the pigeons and swans.

The mountains, the valleys, the rivers and oceans, sport, art, agriculture, architecture, the wilderness, the macaws, the monkeys, tigers, lions, crocodiles, the elephants, the streams, human beings of all colours...

Illusory time that pushes you onward and the eternity that permits you to change your course and begin again at any moment.

## **YOU ARE NOT DEPRESSED, YOU ARE DISTRACTED...**

From the wonders that are happening all around you. From births to harvests, from revolutions to concerts, from football championships to interplanetary travels.

*You are not depressed because of something that happened to you. You are distracted away from everything, everything that is happening right now.*

I've come to remind you that we are all part of the greatest business - humanity itself, which builds, heals, plants itself, washes, sings, and dances.

God waits for you to become a child again, in order to hold you in his embrace.

**YOU ARE NOT DEPRESSED, YOU ARE  
DISTRACTED...**

**FACUNDO CABRAL**







## About the translator



Argentine-Canadian Indio Saravanja is a songwriter, musician, composer, producer, poet, translator, teacher, and infrequent actor. He resides in Canada near his young daughter, who is his greatest inspiration. Although he has lived throughout the world, Indio's favourite destination is his birth city of Buenos Aires where he continues to record much of his work. His family fled to Canada in 1975, only months before the military takeover of Argentina in 1976. This violent dictatorship regime lasted until 1983 and was responsible for the murder, torture, and disappearance of tens of thousands of lives. He holds the work and spirit of Facundo Cabral in great esteem and is honoured to have donated his time towards the sharing of the light within these words for present and future generations.



Flabber

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