

## Freedom!

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It was a hot and humid August weekend. Typical for the concrete, brick and asphalt slathered areas of the Italian Market in South Philly. I was home from my job that summer – a short break from the administration office of a hospital emergency room where the temperatures in human dialogue were just as humid and sweat-breaking.

It was 1969.

I was getting ready to head into my senior year of high school. As my classmates and friends at that time would tell you, I was not exactly a typical teenager of my era. I had no time for hippies and “liberal” postures. I was a pretty narrow-minded young guy. Sure, I liked the dance music of my times; but I had no affinity with the beaded, tie-dyed, head-scarfed hippies of the era. At least I marketed myself that way. It felt safe.

There I was. On this hot weekend at the end of a day now watching a special report on my parents’ television. Something was going on somewhere in New York State. Never heard of the place. Some farm or something called “Woodstock.” A music convention or something seemed to be going on. Having studied music myself and being a musician and vocalist since I was four years of age, the report caught my attention. In fact, it also made it into newspapers and the radio. And friends and family and neighbors talked about it. It seemed this Woodstock-thing was the major topic of conversation all around me for quite a while. Given my self-styled safety net in life, I tried to push it all aside and pretend it was just “oh so much hippie garbage.”

But it wasn’t.

Every time its music came up on the television or radio, or when I saw the images in newspapers or at newsstands, much as I wanted to push it all aside, I couldn’t. Something deep inside me pushed and pushed. Something deep inside me began to beat. It seemed my fingers would pulse with the sounds. And my feet would begin to tap and dance. The sounds and signs of whatever was going on up in New York on a farm were reaching deep down inside me to something I didn’t want to admit. Deep inside me I knew that the way I was carving myself in life was a kind of self-inflicted prison cell. Woodstock started to call me to something new, something I never expected --- something that only later in my life I would admit as being the cry for.....

Freedom!

## Prelude

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Now fifty years later, I smile and shake my head at the memory of my younger, less than truer self. And given my love of music and festivity that today I so freely enjoy as being at the heart of the man I really am, I celebrate the images and sounds and memories of that wonderful event we know and continue to celebrate as Woodstock.

This edition of the Journal celebrates and honors the memory of Woodstock. Only gradually over the last decades did I come to see in this wonderful festival a symbol of the freedom for which I ultimately was longing deep inside myself. In that spirit, our new edition of the Journal raises up Woodstock as a symbol for our world today for the freedom, the integrity, the Goodness and the Truth for which our world hungers and thirsts and absolutely needs so desperately.

We live in an era when we see again wide and deeply expansive horrors that we thought were gone from our societies, cultures, governments, and neighborhoods: resurging and expanding racism, prejudice and discrimination in all forms, atrocious inhumanities, horrific violations of civil and human rights etc. We see today the emergence of the deepest horrors arising from the Ur-addiction to power and domination. And we see all these nightmares in ways we never thought possible. We live in a time when greatness seems to be defined by nothing more than the deepest of evils. And it is in this time of desperation that we need a prophetic voice --- a call and a challenge to fight the good fight, to raise up those who are bowed down, to speak and live Truth, and to secure The Good.

This is the voice that was intended to sing out from Woodstock. The images and beautiful but also stinging voices of Jimi Hendrix, Joan Baez, Janis Joplin, and Richie Havens seep again into our ears and eyes and hearts calling us today to new horizons. Woodstock, you see, was not just a time bound event. It is not just a memory of oh-so-immature musical joy. Not at all! It is a most powerful cultural symbol urging us to dedicate our heads, hearts and hands to the work of humanization for one and all.

It is in this spirit of humanizing that Woodstock's golden anniversary serves as a fitting symbolic theme for this new edition of the Journal. The Journal is deeply dedicated to explore always the fullness and expansive nature of holistic health --- the fullness of what it truly means to be human. Our editions never-endingly move us in the most diversely wonderful ways to review innovative thoughts and research in the sciences and the humanities so as to discover ever anew how we are being called to be human and humane. Within that spirit, the Journal explores social justice and human rights as intrinsic to the very nature of what we mean by "health."

This edition continues to explore the fullness of health so elegantly. We are moved by the academic richness of the various articles we are so proud to publish. We continue our exploration of historic figures who truly move us to live courageously and selflessly. We are once again moved by critically important and insightful reviews of special films and books that stoke the fires. And we are enriched by new creative writings that move us deeply.

And in this edition, we are proud to inaugurate a brand new section entitled, "Open Forum: Exploring the Intersection of Health, Ethics and Law." This new section offers us profound essays from experts in these fields who will seek to have us engage provocative interdisciplinary areas of ethical concern and formation in our world today.

The Journal continues its mission and its outreach. Interdisciplinary, international in its pursuits, academically intense, and creatively expansive, the Journal is an avenue for profound thought and reflection for us all. And it is always an honor for us to publish it and present it to you, our wonderful readers. The Journal is not just a publication. It is not just an online entity. Rather, we have come to believe that the Journal is truly a rich way to call others to a sense of communal discovery. Indeed, it makes us the Journal Community. And we warmly welcome you to this new edition – an edition that calls us to remember and to be “re-membered” as a human and humane family ever dedicated to The Good! In this new edition, we invite you to join us as we honor the 50th anniversary of the Woodstock Festival with its message of joy and change, and its invitation for us to welcome being catapulted into unbridled Newness.

And so, the drumbeats begin. The guitar strings are strummed. Feet tap and dance. Tie-dyed and tattooed arms embrace. And a gifted Richie Havens begins to call us to a deep Hare Krishna from the front stage of life as he sings to us today just as he did fifty years ago to start the Woodstock Festival:

FREEDOM!!!!!!



Photo by Derek Redmond and Paul Campbell