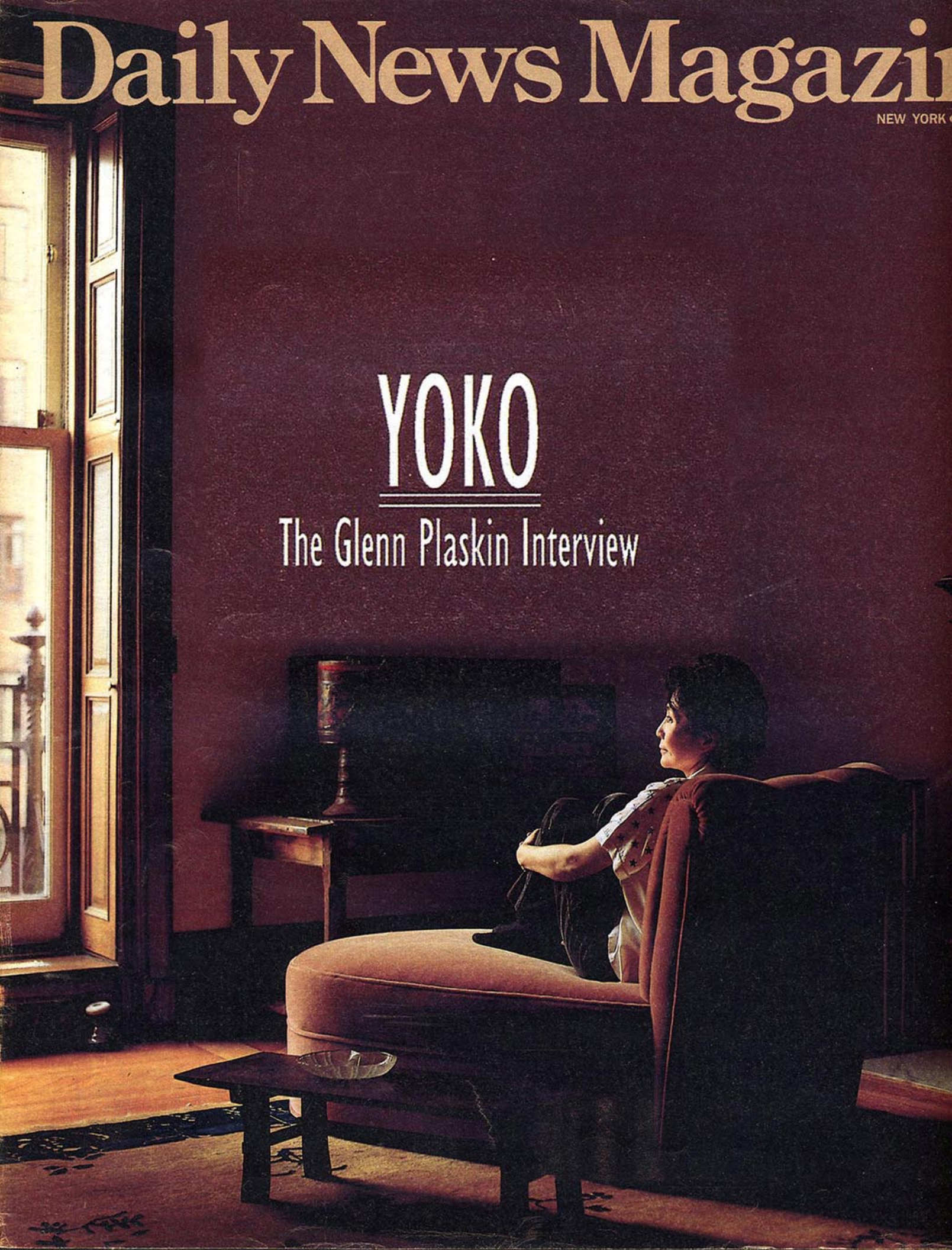


Daily News Magazine

NEW YORK

YOKO

The Glenn Plaskin Interview



*“There were
some people in
my life who
specialized in
hating
widows.”*

YOKO

THE GLENN PLASKIN INTERVIEW

SHE SITS ALONE.

“The widows of the world,” she whispers, “they understand this”—understand the mournful lament of “Ocean Child,” Yoko, a spirit filled with poetry.

“Sleepless night/the moon is bright,” she pens into her writing book; “Woke up this morning/Blues around my head/No need to ask the reason why. . . .”

No need.

Perched at the window of her fortress, the venerable Dakota, Manhattan’s oldest apartment building, scene of the horrible “thing” nearly 10 years ago, Yoko Ono stares below at Strawberry Fields.

The teardrop-shaped garden, an echo of John Lennon’s childhood days in Liverpool, nestles

inside Central Park, winding paths and wildflowers maintained in perpetuity by the widow. “After John died,” she says, “some days, it just wasn’t that important for me to go on.” But there still was Sean, the son she bore at 42, just 5 years old when John Lennon died on Dec. 8, 1980. “As a mother I told myself, ‘I gotta survive.’”

And so she has. Sean, now 14 and tucked away in a Swiss school, already is testing his wings in a recording studio; Yoko is jetting from London to Tokyo to Copenhagen, to Venice and Oslo and Milan and Moscow, overseeing retrospectives of 150 major works created in her avant-garde heyday; and she is supervising the elaborate celebration of John Lennon’s 50th birthday year, a celebration kicked off yesterday in Liverpool, to be followed

