

Dear John:

You sang the song of peace and freedom to the young, and they bought records. Thousands of records. Millions of records. And you got dollars. Millions of dollars. Isn't that neat?

Meanwhile the warriors put down their swords (it was not a profitable war anymore). And the young thought that it was your song that did it. And they felt happy and content. And they bought more records.

Then you took your friends to the orient, to the ultimate guru. And the guru wrote a book. And the young started buying the book. Thousands of books. Millions of books. And the guru got millions of dollars. Real neat.

And you - and your Friends - popped, smoked and doped. And the youth doped and smoked and popped. And they felt happy. And content.

And when the establishment talked bad adjectives about pot, dope and pop, and made a few token arrests, just for show, youth felt enraged. So youth sang songs about it. And the establishment looked the other way in most cases. So youth thought - again - that the songs were the hero.

Meanwhile, they forgot to vote. And social justice, social medicine and everything that is good and decent was voted out of the government by a moral majority with the morality of an amoeba. And youth stayed home.

Popping, doping and smoking. And singing. Your songs, John.

You played the game well. Youth thinks that you were a hero. And maybe you were. But you should have taught them awareness. And you should have taught them to fight the real war. Not the phantom war that those in power throw at us.

You see, John, they are smart, real smart. Whenever there is an issue that bothers them, they throw some dollars into it. They make it popular. They make it a fad. They emasculate it. Now you are a martyr, John.

A hundred thousand people mourned for you in Central Park. I wonder who mourns for the two hundred and ten thousand killed by hand-guns this year. So far. I wonder, also, where was the youth on election day? The day on which a tough gun-control law could have been voted into government, and the day on which, by their absenteeism, youth voted into government the immoral minority. If they were home, convinced that their vote doesn't count, they probably deserve identity cards, prayers in school, poverty and a hand-gun blasting them away for no reason.

Like the one that blasted you away, John.

Sadly yours,  
George

P.S. Your records are selling at a record pace. Somebody must be making money. Isn't it neat?

WRITTEN BY GEORGE LOTITO ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF JOHN LENNON

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