In the 19th century, von Bismarck, the Chancellor of Germany, made an extraordinary announcement. He declared 65 to be the age of retirement, when a pension could be received. It was a somewhat cynical exercise, since it was meant to keep the veterans of the Franco-Prussian War quiet. It was thought they might not rebel if they got a pension. Nevertheless, since most people in those days lived to only 50, there was not much of a demand on the Exchequer. This 65-year-old cutoff is amazingly still recognized, though some sensible countries have chosen to ignore it. Demography, biological aging, personal vanity, and a host of other factors have made it a nonsense. Yet, for the time being, we still yield to it. It represents something symbolic, if not real. It is the next to last hurdle in life. It raises the specter of whether retirement is a predeath experience.

Bearing all this in mind, I am giving up my medical job and my Editorship of International Psychogeriatrics on my 65th birthday. Since this was on 030103 (January 3, 2003), a kind of palindrome, it has poetic significance. In retiring I want to reflect briefly. Sandy Finkel asked me to be Editor at the Sydney International Psychogeriatric Association 7th Congress in 1995. During the subsequent 7 years much has changed, mostly for the better. There have been a few checkered intervals but the Journal now has a healthy supply of papers, very enthusiastic reviewers, and an improving impact analysis. It should fly. I look forward to seeing it preeminent in its field in the future. Finally, obviously, I want to thank the many helpers over the years.

You have met David Ames, the former Deputy Editor, before frequently in the Journal and IPA Bulletin. I am delighted that David will edit the Journal in years to come, and like the next rocket stage he will really take it places. May you both welcome and support him in the future.

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