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Letters to the editor should be limited to 500 words. Announcements regarding life transitions (births, deaths, unions, etc.) should be limited to 200 words; photos are welcome. **Deadline for submissions** to the editorial department and for the **Calendar** is the Thursday 15 days before the next publication date. Views expressed in letters to the editor, columns and features are not necessarily those of the publisher.

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50 is a funny thing

Just Out's publisher laments hitting the half-century mark

I woke up the other morning and I was 50. I was not very happy with this.

Other milestone birthdays hadn't had such an effect on me. Thirty was a blur, but 40 felt fine—like maturity attained.

Fifty, well, 50 has the potential to feel a little old. To borrow from a local radio station mantra, "I don't wanna grow up, I don't wanna grow up..." I'm sure it's not politically correct, but I don't want to get old. I can accept growing older—but the distinction is important.

Cronism, the American Association of Retired Persons, calcium supplements, and camera and colon combinations that would make the gayest of gay boys wince—these are a few of the exciting new additions to life at 50.

The membership letters from AARP actually start arriving months before the Day. This cheerfully provides a virtual ticking countdown to senior citizen discounts at Denny's. Discounted pie, is this really any way to mark a life milestone?

One of my birthday gifts was my very first—and please let it be the last—issue of *Crone Chronicles*. Crone, what a word. It clearly brings visions of Hansel and Gretel to my mind. While the thought of terrifying small children is not totally without appeal, I can tell you that without even understanding the concept of cronism, I don't want to be one. Maybe at 60, maybe at 70, but for now I'm just not ready.

I'm much too busy dealing with the other annoying and amusing complexities of the aging process. Besides, anyone who has ever seen my kitchen floor can clearly see that I don't even own a broom.

Fifty brings about creaky joints, multiple pairs of glasses and a forgetfulness that borders on the absurd. At 50, you get arthritis ointment to sit along side your acne medication. At 50, you watch the 10 p.m. news rather than the broadcast at 11 p.m. (It's clear that Kim Singer isn't getting any younger, either.) Soon it's bound to be the 9 p.m. news for the baby-boomer crowd. Jay Leno and David Letterman are going to have to go on without me now. Fifty means you finally really do have to get "proper amounts of rest." I'm already tired of being tired. It's really kind of pissy.

Physical failures aside, it's the mental aberrations that worry me the most. Last week I went to the garden center and returned home with a cute pig decoration. Egad! Can colorful lawn ornaments be far behind? Oh please, dear Crone above, don't let it be the fat lady in the swing!

I worry also that the day will come when I'll falter during *Celebrity Jeopardy*. This will truly mark the beginning of the end. Once state capitals go, just what will be left? Do we all become candidates for the vice presidency?

Fifty means craving the vibrant energy of younger friends. Fifty means cherishing the beauty of fine lines around the eyes of older lovers. Fifty means savoring the gracefulness of aging hands. Fifty means embracing without question the aging process in others, even while finding it hard to accept in myself.

Fifty means looking at our rainbow symbol and viewing the colors of diversity in a new light. The soft hues of mellow maturity, the bold bright colors of youth—all are shades of diversity, all are beautiful colors.

I went to sleep the other night and I was 50. It was fine.

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LYSISTRATA

and other summer things to see and do in Portland



featuring
AIDS news analysis,
Just Entertainment,
Out in Oregon,
Out Across the Nation,
Record and Book Reviews.

May 11-May 25
Vol. 1, No. 15

15 years ago in just out

VOLUME 1 NO. 15, MAY 11-25, 1984

- *Just Out* is available, free of charge, after a 25-cent-per-issue price tag is dumped. Reasons for the switch? Homophobia, among others. Seems some readers didn't feel comfy being spotted purchasing the paper.

- The summer entertainment spotlight is on local talent. Sarazan James appears in Robin Lane's *Changing Matter*, a production of Do Jump Dance Company. The Northwest premiere of *Dos Lesbos, A Play By, For, and About Perverts*, opens June 8 at Judy's, 1431 N.E. Broadway in Portland. The production stars Carol Steinel and the busy Sarazan James. Faith McDevitt appears in *Hollandia '45* at Portland Women's Theatre Company.

- The Human Rights Campaign Fund kicks off its 1984 fund-raising drive by encouraging gay men and women nationwide to donate \$19.84.

- In national news, "Dear Abby" says most gay people don't have a choice about their sexual orientation and are living their lives without apologies or guilt.

- The death of Chester Brinker, a k a Esther Hoffman Howard, the 24th empress of the Imperial Rose Court, is attributed to complications from AIDS.