



The Star team



The Last of the Tuesday Blues

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It's a Tuesday today, the day we go to print, the day my colleagues, friends and family try to stay out of my way knowing the rise in my level of crankiness. Today I start the day with that same sense of panic – will I be able to finish my column before I leave home, is the cover story in yet, what about Chintito, did I replace the correct version of some column, am I forgetting something? It is the routine masochism I indulge in every Tuesday turning me from what I believe, a fairly pleasant person to a crotchety matron, snapping at the drop of a hat.

This Tuesday I feel all that irritation building up in me but also an annoying lump in the throat. It is my last Tuesday as Magazine Editor and the last day I will be goading, harassing and prodding my team to get things done. We will no doubt, take a tea break – joining two tables to accommodate everyone – we will make disparaging comments about the puri, the alur chop, the uninspiring noodles yet gobble everything up with gusto thanks to that magic sauce the DS café has concocted with utmost secrecy. We will joke and laugh for sure but deep down there will be a sense of sadness – some of us will be leaving this cosy, close knit family. Manan, Ahmede, Amitava, Upashona, Ananta, Fayeka, Chandan, Prabir and Saifur Bhai –my last magazine team- will have a special place in my reminiscences.

The last few days I have been trying to clear out the debris from my desk and the results have not been admirable. I just find it hard to throw away things. I come across old CVs of team members present and past, files of possible candidates from five years ago, applications for leave, certificates of interns, a hundred CDs of photographs and texts from contributors, brochures, files, old magazines, annual reports and art catalogues. Among them I collect the things I want to take:– an album created by Imran, a dear colleague who painstakingly collected pictures of our team back from 2001 to 2007, capturing all our happy, slightly insane moments; pretty cards with lovely, quirky messages from Fayza Apa, our very own Santa who has showered us with gifts and fed us 'gâteau' on every occasion she could come up with, letters from readers in far away districts with hyperbolic praise for the magazine along with their poems, stories or solutions to all the problems of this country.

It is with gratitude and love that I admit that for a good part of my life the Star magazine has been my cocoon, it is a place where I know exactly what to do. And most of this confidence has been because of the people I have worked with. I have had the pleasure of working with the most intelligent, enterprising, talented people – all of them younger than me. I have learnt so much from them and hopefully they have learnt a little from me too.

It has also been an exhilarating process – to help bring out a brand new publication week after week. Whatever our readers see each Friday is the result of an amazing team effort that starts with our brainstorming on Wednesday, thinking of new ideas for features, researching, interviewing, transcribing, taking photographs, handing in drafts, editing, formatting, proofreading, designing and finally sending to print. So many people are involved in this entire process; it also includes the people in charge of getting advertisements, the accounts section and of course those in charge of the printing, binding and distribution.

So before I leave to start my new life in the editorial department I must say thank you to all of you who have been part of this stimulating, nerve-racking, highly rewarding, process. I must also acknowledge the unstinting support of our editor Mahfuz Anam who has always encouraged us and given us immense independence to shape the magazine in our own way. To the new editor and her newly formed team I wish you all the very best as you take *the Star* to new levels of excellence and creativity.

And now dearest readers, we must get back to business and put this magazine to bed. It's Tuesday remember? ■