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This last ever issue of *Star Weekend* explores some of these key developments and concerns about where the industry is and where it is headed. It brings attention to layoffs in the media over the past year and contextualises them within a changing landscape. Leading editors, academics and columnists share their aspirations and frustrations about journalism as it is practiced today, under increasingly authoritarian regimes, rampant commercialisation of news, and unsustainable revenue models in the new digital era. Young readers tell us what they actually want to read—and *breaking news* it's not true that they don't have the attention span to read a longform article. We hope this issue provides a context, if not closure, to why we must bid you a tearful farewell.

I am filled with an indescribable grief at the thought that this team will cease to function as one, although I hope that we'll continue to collaborate across departments and platforms as had been our dream at *Star Weekend*. To my team, I have too much to say and not enough space (or emotional strength) to say it: you've been my inspiration. You've been brave and tenacious, you've proved, time and time again, your commitments to journalism and to the public to whom we are accountable. I'll miss the weekly meetings that never quite happened, the inevitable struggle to convince Pathao food to deliver to our office, scolding y'all for your late-ass submissions, that one glorious week of steaming coffee before we broke the coffeemachine, late-night forays into the forbidden *chaad*, gagging in the evening and forgetting we had a deadline to meet, movie screenings of *Mamma Mia* and *Hum Aapke Hain Kaun*, the joy when something we thought would be censored passed the "will-we-get-arrested" test and the satisfaction of putting to bed a satisfactory issue—before midnight. I'll miss each of your quirks and your incredible

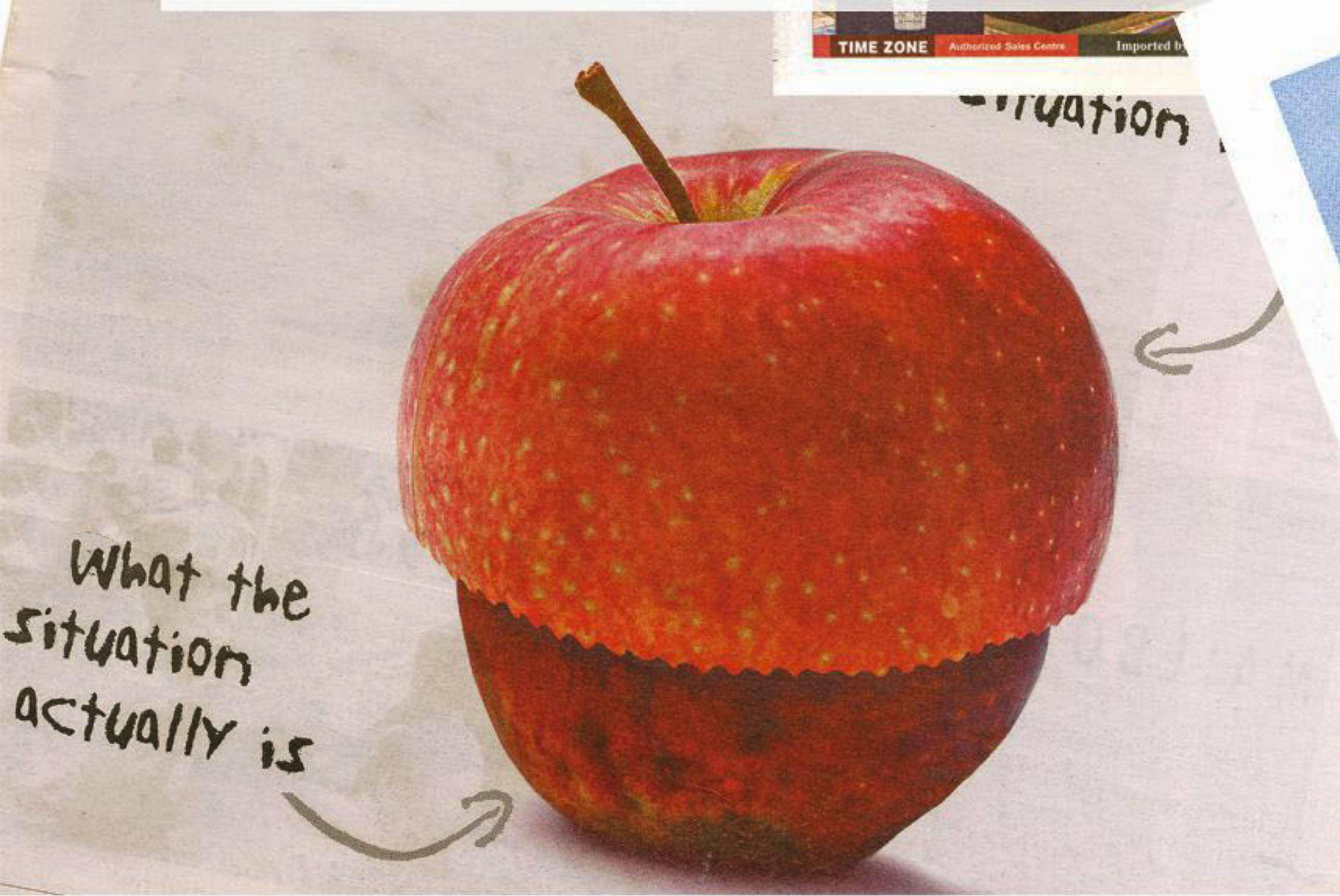
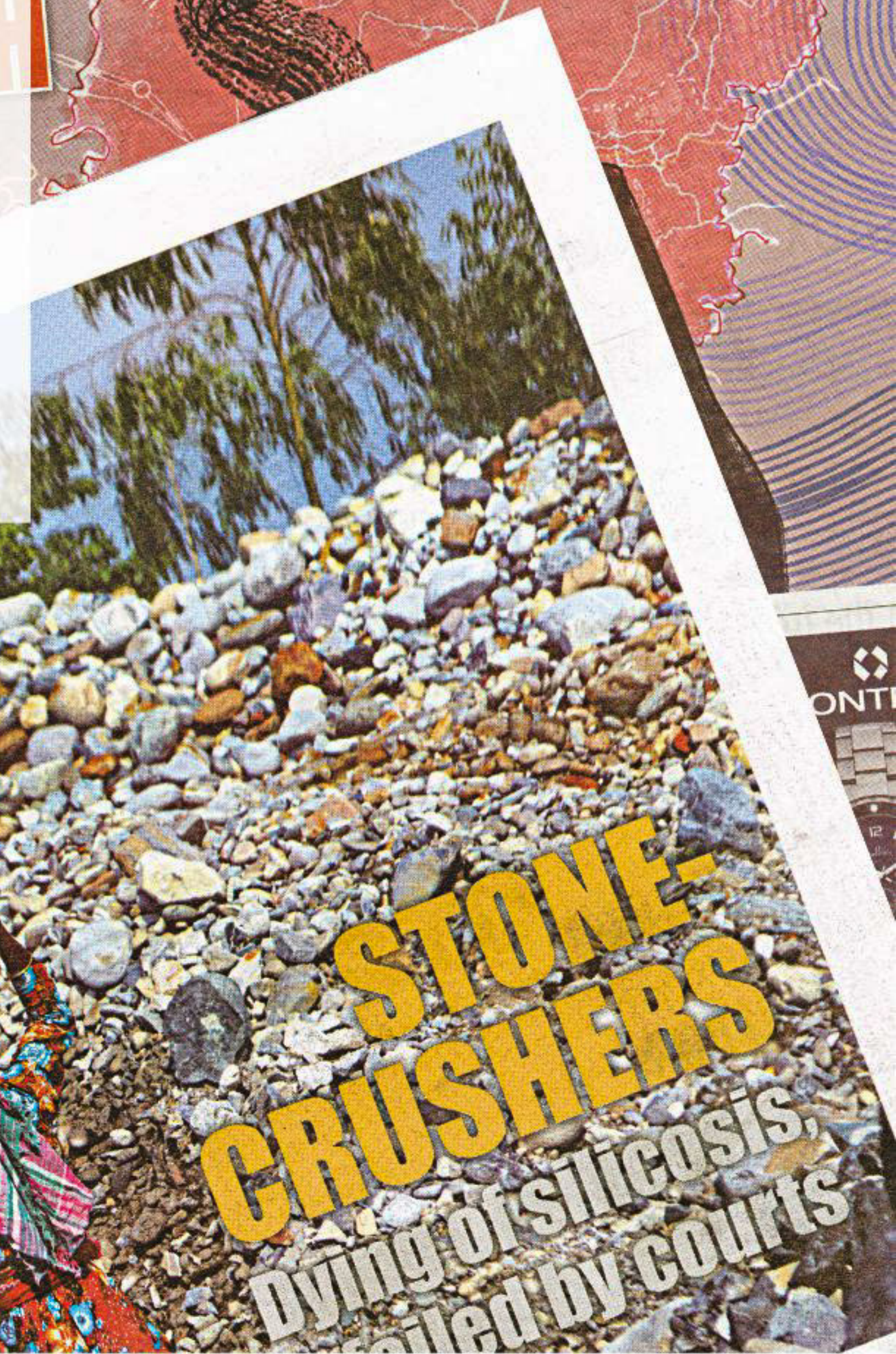
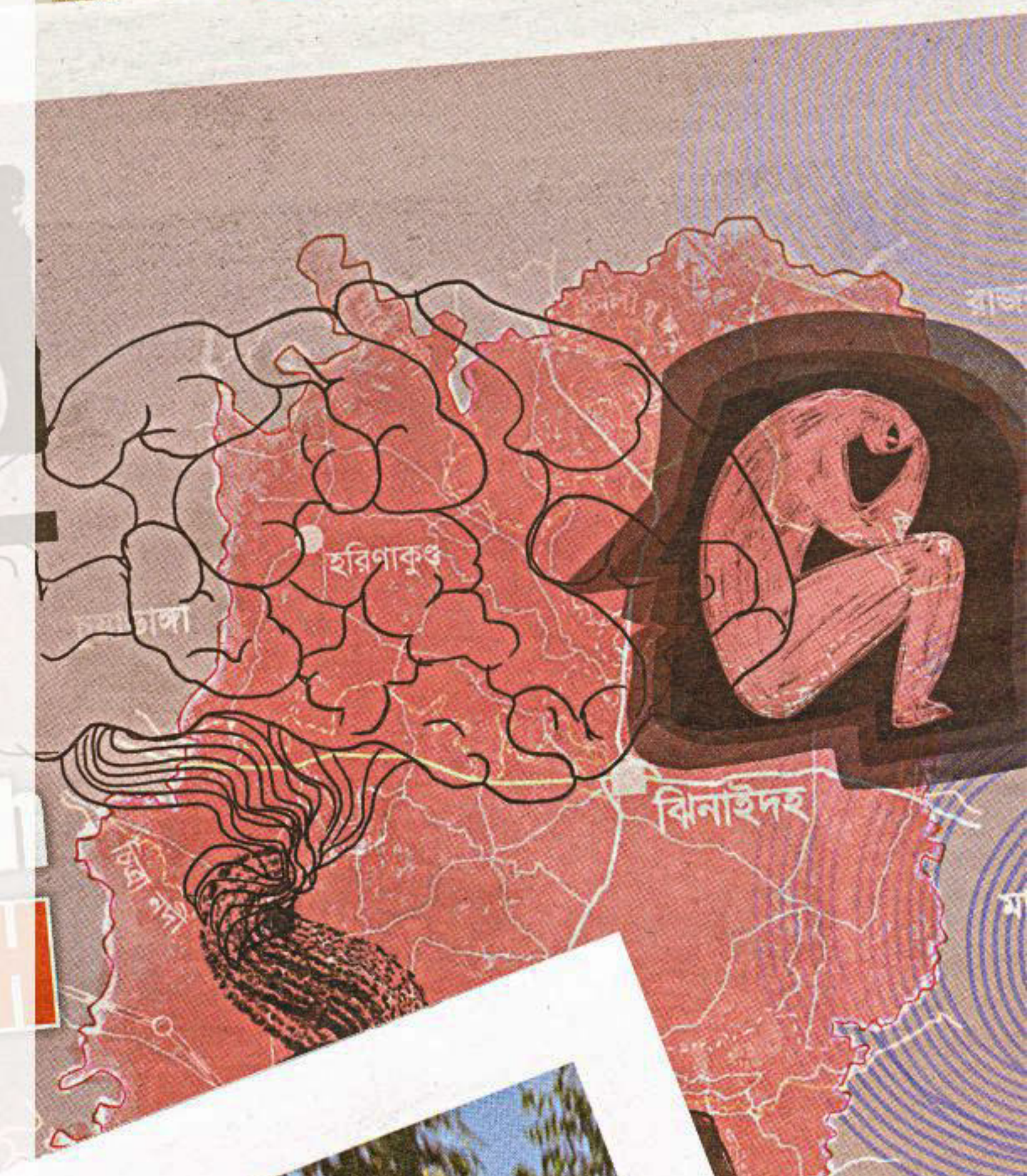
abilities—Abida, Apurbo, Chandan, Maliha, Nilima, Sarah, Zyma, and honorary staff Shaer. To those who left us, Elin, Amiya, Fayeka and Manan da, we wish you were here on this last Tuesday but at least you were spared the end. To Deb da, Emdud bhai, and Shamim bhai, thanks for burning the midnight oil with us. Aasha apa, you've been the fairy godmother when we wanted chocolates and hugs, and the Sicilian godfather when we needed strength and strategising. To Mahfuz bhai, thank you for allowing us to barge into your room at all hours of the day with our stories and ideas, and finally for trusting me with *Star Weekend*. For that, I will always be indebted.

To all those academics and activists we bugged in the middle of the workday (and at times frantically called up on Monday or Tuesday nights!) for articles, advice, and quotes, thank you for your insights, contributions, and encouragements. It's your strength and dedication that inspired us to keep on going when we were tired and frustrated with censorship and the general state of affairs of the country. To all those writers who made us laugh, who made us think and reflect, who made us nostalgic, who made us travel to South America and back, who made us want to pick up a long-forgotten book from a dusty shelf, who made us debate the political potential of a film by Warner Bros, we say, thank you. Thank you for making the *Weekend* chill out, while also engaging us in productive dialogues in the process.

To our successors, the *Toggle* team, we leave our valued readers in your tech-savvy hands. As the Friday magazine evolves to its next avatar, a tech lifestyle magazine, we look forward to what the future holds for our weekend(s).

It was fun—while it lasted.

Sushmita S Preetha
Editor
Star Weekend



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