

## Adieu !

“I have full sympathies with you,” he said after finding out what I was engaged in with this journal. I was wondering why. Isn't it something great that I was doing, making me proud. But the learned consultant to WHO, an author of many books and the past editor of a reputed journal in Europe continued with “My wife was almost about to leave me when I was in your shoes. I was being envied in my peer and they felt as if I had snatched away the glory which they deserved. They never realized that I was envious of all those who were not doing what I did.” He kept pouring in “That is the reason I chose to write books. There are no deadlines. You have finished one issue of the journal and instead of rejoicing you worry. You worry for those whose papers could not be included, for the little mistakes that still crept in despite your best efforts, for those where you included someone else's paper that came in much later than theirs, even if there was no queue system here but the pricks can't stop their hurt. And the bigger worry is not that, it is whether you have enough for the next issue, whether the reviewers have given you what you wanted at that time and there are many with the free advice ‘why can't you let someone else do the corrections and you just do the management’ but you are worried if the next issue would have adequate number of papers with a reasonable quality. Above all, would you still have the funds coming in.” That made me open the channels in my brain to think.

I did not realise that until the birthday of my son two years ago. While he was wanting to spend time with his friends, as parents we wanted to enjoy with him. He traveled five hours to reach home only to find me struggling to finish the ‘next issue’ of the journal saying ‘I won't be long’ without realizing that it really took me a good time late into that evening just to be able to squeeze a quick dinner at a place which was just about to close. There went all the fun into resentments in everybody's mind it would have been better “if only we could have...” How true our learned friend from WHO was, I realised.

There have been good times: taking up the responsibility, learning how to do the proofs, how to do the nitty gritty of publication software and learning how to be even on the pages and then squeezing the bleed of two lines into the new page or not to leave ‘orphans’ at the end of a column or a page, getting good resolution photos or be able to get good quality papers. Then the best things that happened was the thoughts of putting the journal on the web even though just for the heck of putting it when India was relatively naive in doing so, not thinking that one day the readership would go so high that we got over 10,000 hits a month and it is not stopping at that, and get

papers not just from India but practically from all continents. I can't forget the days when we used to ‘beg’ the presenters of good papers in the conferences to contribute to the hungry journal. The scenario has changed a lot. We are now choosy and also have a ‘reasonable’ rejection rate. Even though personally, I don't feel comfortable to reject the work of someone but one also has to have a reasonable standard being answerable to the scientific world and a lot of responsibility of what is published. When I started, the biggest challenge was to have two publications a year, if we were not choosy about what to publish, we could easily bring four provided we have finances and the influx of quality work from our native land.

On one hand we have tried to keep the basic motto of spreading the knowledge to the world by making the journal available to most libraries in India free but costs have been increasing many folds making us find the way through the electronic versions rather than the print versions. We also found like minded people on the web: Directory of Open Access Journals, who also make freely available the scientific knowledge. I am proud to say that our journal is a part of that and hopefully shall remain there in the future too.

Having kept the journal alive and growing was not without the usual pains of growing since 1993. It was entrusted upon me not by choice. Like it was entrusted I was nicely relieved too a couple of years later but with a few missing issues, it was thrust back on me. We limped back to regularity and frequency to the present and are ready to embark into the future with the help of each one of the contributors, readers, the critics, the friends and specially my dear editorial team. I shall be failing in my duties if I don't mention the contributions made by my dear friends assisting me in all the possible ways in fulfilling the editorial responsibilities: Dr VS Gogia, Dr Gita Handa and Dr Ak Joy Singh. They have shared my burden along with Dr SY Kothari and Dr R Sharma, who have stood by me in the difficult times through this journal. I bid adieu to the journal's editorship, perhaps the last issue I shall be editing. While thanking all of you for what you did, I also beg your pardon for any misses on my part. I sincerely hope that our dear journal into which have gone my heart and soul besides my time, goes into better hands.

‘Adieu’ (*French*) also means ‘To God’ to whom I salute to have made me do this.

*Dr U Singh, Editor*