



Dilip & Anupendra – Key members of the *Sandpaper* Editorial Board. *Sandpaper's* in great hands folks!

wrong. And how many times do I have to tell you not to clean out the wax in my ear in public, eh?

ONLY); 2. BITS now has a uniform (I need not elaborate on that, Sandeep, return to campus and thy questions shall be answered);3. The only guys allowed on campus are ex-BITSians (so if you are a guy and catch yourself on campus you have PASSED OUT, remember that) Now the tech team has the following challenge - a team photograph... Good luck. :-)

***Dilip:** Anu pointed out: > if you are a guy and catch yourself on campus you have PASSED OUT, remember that) I seem to recall being in that state for most of my years on campus, actually...

And luckily (for you), we passed on to the more mundane matters of the magazine.



Catch-22 underwear? (And the picture)... Excellent! This is the picture we'll use on next issue's cover. "Mein BITSian woman banna chahtee hoon!"

Dilip: Anupendra, you silly fellow: > Here is the photo for the article (it's me and Dilip). Now everyone knows I have grey hair! However, I gotta say, you're wearing your halter top

***Anuradha:** This photograph shall go down in history and you all must save it for posterity as the BITSAA/Sandpaper logo (Mktg directive) and this shall be thy wallpaper - and Sandeep, if it is not on the cover/part of the cover story you shall face a coup... Diro incidentally has issued the following directive...1. BITS is now BITS-M (M - maiden/mahilayen ke liye

ANTARA BHATTACHARYA (96A6)

Of Preferences In Vain

in my getaway with you, i even dream of rain . . .
 although i myself prefer a sunny day
 but prefer you over the sun
 even sunny california
 or fornicating in a bath tub
 tumbling down a snowy slope
 or mud-slinging, bitching sessions,
 over beer,
 girls, mobikes, magazines,
 and guns . . .
 rain over sun
 if only you came

I always prefer the rain
 mingled with the sense of soil
 trollish dark trees looming
 on a road I speed by.
 Coffee, smokes, poirot and snow
 a world shrouded in white
 late nights and later morns
 while the rats they scuttle aside

