

So we've reached that time of the month, and no, it's probably not what you're thinking, it's more along the lines of midsession exams! Hurrah! But before you hang your head in misery and snuggle up to your textbooks, think positive. At least you have the September issue of *Comunicio* to keep you entertained! At least for 10 minutes. It's been one long and hectic year, and here we are midway through

semester 2. But let's think positive! We're one step closer to enjoying the freedom and absolute fun-ness of the end of the year holidays. But unfortunately, for Ray and I, our reign over *Comunicio* is finally coming to a close. *pouts*. So it only makes sense that we use whatever is left of our power to entertain, ignite laughter and perhaps save the world.

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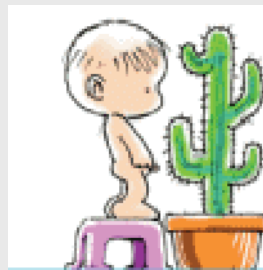
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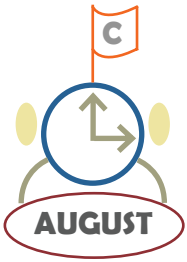


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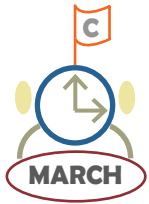
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COMSOC :

AUGUST IN REVIEW



Hey guys, COMSOC Clock is back! Yes I've been on a bit of a hiatus for the past few months (I had the flu), but that certainly doesn't mean COMSOC has been sitting on it's buttocks all this time! Now that I'm back, stronger and more attractive than ever, it's about time we take a look at what COMSOC has been up to in August!

Accounting BBQ

This was COMSOC's second Accounting BBQ of the year, and the student turnout was enormous as usual. Sausages, onions, bread (sorry no Helga's here), industry specialists... you name it, it was there. It was a unparalleled opportunity for all those students who wish or are still considering to major in Accounting, to have their questions answered, hesitations rectified, and doubts completely washed away. Or it might just scare you away from Accounting forever. Just kidding... Big kudos to Alex and Karen, our fellow COMSOC Careers Directors, and representatives from the accounting firms for putting on such an awesome event.



Bittersweet

Definitely more of the latter than the former. You know that feeling when you're perhaps in the middle of studying for your finals, and your mouth gets so itchy, you just need to completely satisfy it with a delectable taste of smooth dark chocolate? Here's the same thing, in experiential form.



Business Trivia Master Results

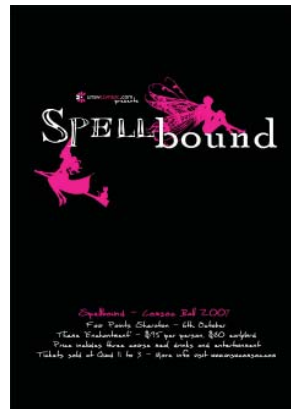
The Top 20 list for the Tri-Uni Online Business Trivia Master 2007 based first on average score then on average time of completion (out of a maximum of 10) was announced in mid-August.

A whopping 14 out of the Top 20 list were UNSW students, establishing the perfect testimony to the abundance of cerebral talent we possess at Kensington. The full Top 20 list can be found on www.unswcomsoc.com, but the 14 that make us UNSW students proud are the following:

Adrian Wong	Frankie Leung	Steven Liu
Stephanie	Khoo	Yang He
Pranav Kapur	Rose Wan	Sandy Do
Michael Wu	David Dou	James Nguyen
Albert Suryadi	Shirley Weng	Helen Hung

COMSOC BALL 07:

You know that irresistible urge to strap on that witch costume of yours and dance to the enchanting tunes of your iPod? Or those mid-lecture fantasies of fairies breaking into CLB to set you free? Yes we know all about them and it's safe to say you're not alone. At COMSOC Ball 07: Spellbound, you will relish the opportunity to meet those who share the same supernatural fetishes and infatuations. The household mirror will no longer be the one and only to witness that sexy witch broom dance of yours. Yes people, buy your tickets at the Quad and come experience a stupendous evening of witchcraft so enchanting, it'll leave you spellbound. For more information please visit www.unswcomsoc.com



WHATS HOT

1. Muffins - but not the ones at the quad coz they'r bloody expensive.
2. Yoga - for the ultimate hourglass body.
3. Aviator Sunglasses - unbeatable at covering those dark circles.

&

WHATS NOT

1. Hayfever - especially when those poor horses are suffering from the flu.
2. 'Jammy' handshakes - if you're above the age of 2.
3. Scaley skin - *shudder*

THE

Answer to Last Issue:
Big Jim was looking through the window of a car.

Ivan the farmer, has four children: Catherine, Sandy, Wesley and Eric. All four of them love to eat apples.

One day Ivan brought home an apple and decided to share it between himself and his children.

However, he only has one knife, and it can only be used 3 times.

How is he able to split the apple so that each gets a fair share?

(Answer in next issue...)

RIDDLER

"Passengers Please Disembark. This Train Will Now Terminate."

BY : TIFFANY SO

Sdney, with all the glamour and riches of any developed nation boasts of being 'the place to visit, or certainly up there in terms of being one of the major tourist destinations in the world. Hell, we're even hosting the APEC summit! So, more to the point, why are our train systems riddled by endless trackwork and delays? "Maybe because only the locals take public transport."

We as students, we whinge about it all the time, the endless waiting for signals, electrical faults, delayed trains and even the occasional loss of power. It seems our public transport system is as volatile as the recent sharemarket movements.

These everyday annoyances have become almost routine to everyone's daily life. It makes the news headlines every now and again, and has become a daily part of our conversations.

With one word. Trackwork. It has become expected. Its now understood. Trackwork. There's nothing certain in life, except death, taxes and now trackwork.

Trackwork seems to be a single and endless occurrence which happens weekly and for longer than all of stars wars movies put together in one

There's nothing certain in life, except death, taxes and now trackwork.

marathon. "Happens to every guy sometimes this does" as Yoda would say. Are our tracks in

so dire a situation as to require trackwork every weekend? That is worrisome in itself. For no obvious and apparent reason besides agitating those doomed to the woes of public transport it doesn't ever appear to end.

With all the secrecy that would make the Gestapo police proud, Cityrail announces delays for no specified time periods. This makes, in some instances, walking faster than catching a train. At least we would be moving. We

would also cure the latest obesity epidemic. Two birds with one stone.

At the moment virtually every line on the network appears to have trackwork scheduled in the next month disrupting any plans for the city over the weekend. I know this because, I had plans tomorrow and just realised there is trackwork. I kicked myself for being surprised. In fact, I'm not surprised. I'm more surprised at the fact that I'm surprised at being 'not surprised'. If that makes sense. It makes perfect sense.

In fact, the occurrence of 'trackwork' and other Cityrail glitches have become so understood that it's become one of, whatever governmental party speaking at the time's top priorities. Although how they intend to fix it is a little less clear, it is sure that it is a problem that has affected at least 22 of the 10 people in the room at the time. I.e. Absolutely everyone, and their 1.2 kids.

Maybe with all the attention suddenly being paid to climate change things will change. On a brighter note, a reliable system,

to combat the ingrained aversion of Sydney-siders to Cityrail trains is surely a desirable fix to global warming.

In short of expecting the latest bullet-train from Melbourne to Sydney (which would be GREAT), we'll settle for new train lines (ie. new train lines that would be completed in our lifetime) and a major update on Sydney's rail grid which are apparent national priorities at the moment. Or so officials say. But surely ANY update or upgrade short of MORE endless trackwork will help. Or so we hope.



Tiffany's cool. She knows it. Tell her you know it too.

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"No Sweat!"

Do you wish that sometimes that you ate that menu rather than eating that fifty dollar meal?

Eating out is the layman's idea to see how someone else's cooking can be worse than your own. This seems a better idea when turning

up at a 24/7 Coles wasn't the best idea to prepare your next meal. But of course as consumers of a world full of

adjectives you decide upon an adjective meal. You want to be told how good something tastes



SWEAT?

"Now I can stop watching golf or when golf is not on, golf re-runs to fall asleep to ease my hangover."

and c'mon you have to know how it tastes since you don't get a taste test. What good is it to say chicken on a menu

when this-is-going-to-make-you-gym-for-the-next-two-months would also suffice? Solution: Guiltless and gentle persuasion from the menu.

Or, you can sweat. It now comes in a can, it has a label, it works with you at the gym and best of all; you can now measure how

much sweat you have lost at the gym and then re-use it! It is the new thirst quencher! It is then an unbelievable idea that some of us continue to

exercise. This exercise is existent only to shed enough happy meals, so that you can fit into the same pair of pants when you go eat to out again. To avoid going into rehab for anoerexia, sweat is pre-made for this type of person. The only difference is that people expel sweat rather than insert sweat.

It is a fine display of the blending lines between producer honesty and just telling you how much

BY : LESLIE WONG



they are going to rip you off when you smile and consume simultaneously. It works against the objectives of the producer when they honestly explain that they attempted to make two minute noodles but ended up with burned meat flavoured chips. But instead of succumbing to the tip, you think of it as an expensive delicacy.

It is sometimes hard not to be impressed and get screwed by a well adjectified menu. Sometimes they may provide subtle suggestions of why you should buy one menu item opposed to another. It has recently come to my attention that restaurants also provide useful remedies to everyday problems such as a hangover. Now I can stop watching golf or when golf is not on, golf re-runs to fall asleep to ease my hangover.



Leslie needs a shave. Remind him.

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Our everyday consumption of food is led by our eyes rather than our wallet and stomach. We focus on the literary description of our food to decide whether the bet can be placed on the particular food item. Producers we can realize wanted to sell cans but they got two for the price of one from their workers. We now also know that we can forget about the state's shortage on doctors when restaurants can substitute as viable medical treatment.



"You were poked by..."

BY : SHIRLEY WENG

Facebook, the internet sensation causing a stir, making headlines in all forms of media from local newspapers to major trashy magazines, has become so integrated into popular culture that one

ponder, what is it about Facebook that lures the weak to wile away endless hours in front of the computer when this time

could have been used productively to make the world a better place...or to study. Hence, purely for research purposes, I undertook the task to find this out and logged into my Facebook account.

Once I logged in, I was confronted with a news feed that told me what all my 'friends' have been up to, and it amazed me how fascinated I was at all the things they've been up to! Friend A

has joined a new group, friend B has written on friend C's wall, friend D has changed their profile picture and omgggg friend C wrote back on friend B's wall!!!! I was overcome by excitement as I clicked on the icon 'See wall-

to-wall', exhilarated in knowing that I could discreetly read their conversation without being branded an eaves dropper and/or creep with no life.

So, overcome by the wonders of writing on walls, I decided to write on friend F's wall. Whilst waiting for a reply on my wall, I realised that friend F was appearing online on msn. But of course, I ignored them on msn because why go through the tediousness of quick messaging on msn when you could wait ages for a reply on Facebook.

Hence, to fill the time before an

Friend A has joined a new group, friend B has written on friend C's wall, friend D has changed their profile picture and omgggg friend C wrote back on friend B's wall!!!

eagerly awaited reply by dear friend F, I clicked on the 'Friends' icon to view which of my friends have 'recently updated'. Once again I was taken aback by how interesting it was to know that my friend would be Hagrid if they were on Harry potter, and while I skimmed through the photo albums of friend P, which contained pictures of people I've never met before and will surely still pretend to have never seen before, I was utterly ecstatic when friend F replied on my wall. And as if this wasn't excitement enough, I decided to 'poke', 'send a gift', 'join a food fight' and 'super poke' other friends, which all seemed to characterise an 'uncanny' substitute for the real thing.

Overcome by all this stimulation, I realised that this is why we are drawn to things like Facebook, MySpace, Xanga etc, and that is because the world is filled with nosey narcissists who love to read about everyone and loves to write about themselves...or those who just simply have nothing better to do. But until the world can find another craze to substitute this current hysteria, I shall remain 'online' indefinitely.

Disclaimer: I apologise to those who have no idea what Facebook is as this article probably would have made even less sense than its already lack thereof. But honestly, get with the time people!



Shirley prefers Woolies over Coles. Do you?

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THE BIG

PAYOUT

By: Katherine Choo

Almost Spotless: Death to the Stepford Wife!

When a one month long renovation was announced at work, I decided to dabble in a little responsibility. In the comfort of my own home, I would throw myself into the nitty gritty of housework.

Or so I thought. I had imagined myself being a glamorous party hostess (without the party) - immaculate in presentation from start to finish, I would flutter about multitasking chores without so much as a feather being ruffled. Everything would be easy breezy and I would take a break at exactly 1pm to watch Oprah with a glass of cranberry juice in hand.

I just wish the washing machine hadn't stood in my way. The entire load stank to the heavens. How could it be, I wondered? Is it some form of washing machine backwash?

I still don't understand the science behind it. I thought it might go away if I chucked everything in the dryer. Let me advise you now that this definitely does not work.

I'm an honest person so I will note here that ironing was also abandoned after I somehow managed to melt a hole through a white shirt...moving on.

Gardening is not housework per se, but listening to my mum complaining about the rising prices of vegetables reminded me my vegetable patch. Technically it is not a patch, but a number of miniature patches of randomly distributed seeds between the trees in the garden.

Its not that I didn't have enough space to dig out a nice geometric shape in the grass, rather I had forgotten whereabouts my dad had buried my beloved guinea pig Chub Chub all those years ago. The best way to avoid harvesting vegetables grown over a pet's resting place was to plant around

the possible grave area.

Anyway, it didn't matter much as I found out. I had neglected forgotten that I even had edible vegetation in my garden and everything had died and disintegrated into the earth.

On a cheerier note, vacuuming was almost therapeutic. Thanks to cord extensions, I made it out of the rumpus room where I started, up into the kitchen, past the dining area and halfway into the lounge room!



The Cockroach's Nemesis

At the end of the day, I am happy to report that the vacuum cleaner has made my very own invention, the 'paper chopstick cockroach picker-upper' obsolete.

Yes, no longer is there a need to painstakingly roll up an A4 piece of paper and fold it into an instrument to pick up the still squirming cockroach now that it can be sucked up from a safe distance.

There are some cockroach phobic people who live away from home and must deal with dead or dying insects on their own. Perhaps they use a variation of the 'paper chopstick cockroach picker-upper'.

Not only this, these truly independent students must do other housework on their own (clearly they understand the science behind washing machine backwash and how to deal with this, as their clothes do not have the distinctive smell) on top of worrying about the rent and utility bills. Respectable fellows.

Meanwhile, I have postponed any further attempts at being a Stepford Wife; Domestic Goddess (i.e. Nigella Lawson style) sounds much more appealing...

