

Kook

Mandy Flombay returns...

All your celeb goss in Cheek Week

The first ever Kook centrefold!

Issue 2

Kook

Issue 2

Failing graphic design
classes since 2007

Yes peeps Kook is finally back, and haven't the months since the release of Issue 1 been a total HOOT! If only I had known that a zine filled with my mad ramblings would help unleash the one and only Miss Zina Kook into the world!

It all started when I launched Kook at the first ever Sydney Writer's Festival Zine Fair. Apart from drinking a little too much beer and meeting some funny characters, I also managed to offload a decent number of copies.

I still had copies left after the Zine Fair and unfortunately they didn't work as either a place mats or frisbees...damn that! I then had the bright idea of dropping Kook in cool stores around Newtown and thrusting copies into the hands of concert punters. Amazingly, this shameless self promotion lead to roughly 30 seconds of fame!

I was interviewed on Triple J radio about Kook's campaign to bring back the 'Thank You hand' and some common courtesy to Sydney's roads. After the interview, comedian Terri Psiakis who was part of the segment, wanted to nominate me for 'Young Australian' of the Year. I totally must have sounded like a 12-year-old girl on air. Eeek!

Despite my brush with celebrity, unfortunately my dream of becoming an overnight publishing sensation has not come to fruition. But you know what? When your 60-something-year-old parents support you by sticking a 'Bring Back The Hand' bumper sticker on their car (and someone tries to rip it off and steal it) you soon realise it's all been worthwhile. So you know what peeps, it's time to get cracking with the next issue!

With an appreciation for anything a bit silly, and anyone that doesn't take themselves too seriously I have finally decided on a direction for Kook. From this issue forward ridiculous piss-takes and humorous blog-style self indulgence is where it's at. So sit back and enjoy the crazy-ass randomness that is Kook. It really is a wee bit odd! Z.Kook XX



Kook Zine

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A special big thanks to Ms AM, Brad and all members of the Kook special edition crew - you know who you are!

Inside Issue 2...

Ask Mandy!

Mandy Flombay, the Unknown Chef and star of Kook Issue 1, is here to solve your problems, cooking or otherwise, with a dash of humour and a tablespoon of rock 'n' roll common sense!

Cheek Week

The very latest and greatest celeb gossip brought to you by Kook's roving reporter Sheila Makesitup.

The Kook Centrefold

There's no gratuitous nudity here kids... just a particularly fetching outfit, a golf club, and a fabulous fella named Brad - Kook's very first pin-up boy!

Kook inside scoop: solariums

Wanna be solarium junkie Justin gives us his tanning tips. Listen up kids, it might just save you from looking like a roasted 'ol duck.

Quit with that shit!

Clogged arteries. Diseased lips... like whatever! Check out Kook's take on graphic cigarette warnings - you'll cough a lung up laughing!

The Lab: can pets pick Lotto numbers?

Can Maggie the corgi (right) or Kook's favourite kitty cat Babette make the Oz Lotto truck dump its load on us?

The Daily Toiletgraph

In his first hard-hitting and hilarious column for Kook, Jak (A.K.A Miss June Long Weekend) asks if coming out once is really enough?



The campaign continues!



If you would like to your very own 'Bring Back the Hand' bumper sticker as featured in Kook Issue 1 (and modelled on Gina, the smokin' hot Fiat 124), send a stamped self addressed envelope to:

Kook Zine
PO Box 360
Petersham NSW 2049



Ask Mandy!

The UnKnown Chef and star of Kook Issue 1 returns with her very own advice column. What are you waiting for? Go on then... ask Mandy!

Dear Mandy,

I've been going through what you could call a 'long dry spell' if you get my drift. However after a recent night of drunken debauchery, I've started sleeping with a dear friend and wow... talk about getting back on the horse Mandy! Only problem is, I'm really worried this will wreck our friendship. Is having a 'friend with benefits' viable or is it more trouble than it's worth?

Regards
Rachael

Whoa there, Rach. Whooooooa there. You're having 'bloody fantastic' sex and you're asking if it's more 'trouble' than it's worth? Christ on a crumpet missy, you're either seriously not understanding the sheer friggin' rarity of the nice bloke with the go-for-gold attitude under the doona, or you actually want the rest of us to poke your eyes out in a raging fit of jealousy.

It sounds like you and Mr Friendly Feelgood would probably have had a crack at it someday anyway, because bloody fantastic sex usually comes from pure blind lust, and how long can you pretend that's not happening? And if there's one thing I believe in it's the Doctrine of Having a Crack, so even though I'm so jealous I could mince you up and put you in pastry, I salute you. if it all goes tits-up, you've had a crack. Happy shagging, sister.



Dear Mandy,

My 14-year-old daughter is going through what can only be called an emo vegetarian stage. I'm no emo but her music makes ME wanna slash my wrists! She won't eat a damn thing I cook and she eats like a bird. Needless to say meals times are a barrel of laughs. I know she likes Chinese though, and San Choy Bow in particular. Please tell me there's a way to cook it vegetarian?

Cheers
Amanda

So, your emo kid has decided to give up eating dead animals just to piss you off has she? Well, luckily my sister Narelle is a freaky vego, so I've been eating things made out of bits of old twig and whatever for years. (She went through a 'Avocado and Tofu Shake' phase, though, so I recommend keeping your kid and her black-texta eyes away from the 70s vego cookbooks that have a very disturbing mung-bean obsession. That shit is disgusting.) These days you can get heaps of crazy fake meats that don't taste like meat, really, but also don't taste like mung beans. San Choy Bow is a top idea. Check this out.



San Choy Bow Without Dead Animals In It

For about 4 entrée serves or 2 really big ones

- 5 Chinese dried mushrooms (they're really cheap at Chinese supermarkets)
- Coupla tablespoons vegetable oil
- 5 big shallots, chopped into little slices
- Shake of chilli flakes
- 1 carrot, pulsed in the food processor for a couple of seconds
- Handful of tinned water chestnuts, drained
- Handful of tinned bamboo shoots, drained
- 2 tins mock duck, drained (not rubber duckies as shown right)
- Handful of chopped coriander leaves
- Good splash of soy sauce
- Good splash vegetarian 'oyster' sauce (some times called 'mushroom' sauce)
- 1 iceberg lettuce

1. Soak the Chinese mushrooms in cold water for 45 minutes. Dry them off and chop them into little bits.
2. Heat the oil in a wok or big frypan. Chuck in the shallots and the chilli flakes and stir it all up for a coupla minutes.
3. Now, pretty much everything else needs to be cut into little pieces. I recommend using the food processor. Who wants to spend their time chopping? It's not fun, and it's definitely *not* sexy. Do the carrots first, just a few seconds of whizzing so it's in tiny pieces, then chuck them into the frypan and stir.
4. Now put the water chestnuts, bamboo shoots, mock duck and coriander in the food processor, whiz until it's pretty well minced, and stir all that into the frypan.
5. Stir in the soy sauce, 'oyster' sauce and sort of fry the whole thing for a couple of minutes until it's all mixed and tasty.
6. Trim off your lettuce leaves so there's no brown straggly bits round the edge. You can put them in iced water or some crap if you think it will make them crisper, but I reckon it just makes them wet. Who wants to eat soggy San Choy Bow? No-one. Least of all your emo kids, especially if they accidentally fling water in their faces and end up with black texta running down their cheeks. They won't thank you then Mum!
7. Put a pile of fake-meat mix into the middle of a lettuce leaf, wrap it up as best you can and gobble itdown. Serve with a topping of angst and My Chemical Romance... or not.



Only mock ducks were harmed in this recipe



Got a problem for Mandy?

If you have a cooking query, moral dilemma or even a relationship drama, spill your guts to Mandy in 100 words or less and email it to [kookzine\(at\)hotmail.com](mailto:kookzine(at)hotmail.com)

To keep in touch with Mandy Flombay, visit her site at www.myspace.com/mandyflombay



Ditsy's Daily Fitness Routine

5 mins yoga
Astrology reading
10 mins cardio
Massage

Fake beard & dreads
Like seriously *what* was she thinking?!

PETA Chicken foot badge and Kabbalah bracelet
Ditsy's even joined animal rights group PETA and has become a regular at LA Kabbalah meetings. That's like so yesterday Ditsy!

Cheek Week

What's happened to Ditsy?

Early nights and daily visits from a personal trainer reveal a celebrity trash bag in crisis

In a sign that industry insiders say points to the world as we know it ending any day now, Ditsy B-List appears to be doing the unthinkable: cleaning up her act and becoming a responsible mother.

It's been 15 days since the 25-year-old-mum-of-two was spotted on a drug-fuelled bender in a Las Vegas nightclub. This was just 24 hours after a drunken poolside romp with a mystery hunk, and her shock meltdown when staff at the exclusive Chateau Marmont refused to serve her fried chicken for breakfast.

But now these entertaining hi-jinks appear to be a thing of the past, with the singer snapped jogging in the streets of LA with a personal trainer, and hiding her identity with *ridiculous* dreadlocks and a bizarre fake beard.

Even her nights out on the town have turned into a goody-two-shoes snore-fest. A source at uber-hip LA nightclub Area reveals the extent of the crisis.

"Yeah Ditsy was here last night and all she did was sip guava juice and chat quietly to a few friends. She didn't dance on any tables, flash her boobs or pash any random people. There was no hot girl-on-girl action and she left at 10pm! I gotta say it was really quite distressing to watch."

Close friends of the star are worried that her out of character behaviour could leave many fans feeling left out in the cold. "Ditsy needs to remember she's made a lot of money out of being a ho" said one friend. "No one does skanky quite like Ditsy... no one!"

Our experts in-depth analysis...

Is Ditsy's career in danger?

Discovered busking outside a Dirty Bird restaurant at age 14, Ditsy B-List has made an art out of grabbing headlines during her whirlwind career. But her latest attempt at staying on the straight and narrow leaves our experts worried she could be at risk of losing her lucrative recording contract.

Her record company is reportedly already in crisis talks. A source at Purile Records was blunt. "Ditsy might actually have to release a decent song to attract any publicity. Oh my gawd, like we all know that hasn't happened in years... It's a disaster!"

Ditsy's New Daily Diet

Only recently Ditsy was seen ordering 17 Big Barfer meals in a Vegas drive-through. These days Ditsy starts her day with a beetroot, capsicum and coconut juice, followed by a light salad lunch and a cleansing colonic. Our experts say it's a sign Ditsy may have sadly given up her party girl ways for good.

KOOK



Meet Brad...

Star sign: Aquarius

Interests: Collecting pet rocks, fixing broken lighters

Favourite quote: "I love youse all" - Our hero Jeff Fenech

Heroes: Ita Buttrose, Stephen Hawkins,

About Brad...

Apart from dodging paparazzi and cutting a dashing figure on the golf course, Brad is also known for his wizardry behind the camera and with Photoshop. Wow won't you just look at those muscles kids!



Ten tanning tips for the wannabe solarium junkie

By J. Schoenmaker

I'd never used a solarium before last winter, but as I get older I'm getting quite a bit vainer. So over the past couple of months I've baked myself in a blistering assortment of solariums in my quest for a year-round tan. Now that I consider myself a bit of a veteran, I'd like you all to learn from the many mistakes I made along the way.

1. Wear thongs. Tinea loves it warm and moist, and with the amount of arse sweat in a solarium, it's like a little tinea rave party in there.
2. Don't get your 'bits' burnt. Without going into too many details, some bits can get quite pink and tender, while other bits can go the colour of an Indonesian bondling. And neither look encourages fondling.
3. It's dull in there. But how you pass the time remains a mystery. You can't read a book or else your retinas will melt into your sinuses, and you can't listen to music without headphone marks burning into your face. You could play with yourself, but then you might burn your bits, which we've already established is bad. Very bad.
4. Don't fart in a solarium. The air in there isn't going anywhere.
5. I like to slowly turn on the spot like a little roast piggy in a rotisserie. I believe this gives me a more even burn. You may prefer to stand still like a frigid idiot. It's totally up to you.
6. While you're waiting your turn, don't be afraid to peek in on the person already in the solarium. Don't worry about their civil liberties, I know you wouldn't mind getting peeked on in the same situation, you big tart.
7. Pull weird faces. It's the only muscle group you can really use in there, so release pent up energy with a bunch of hideous facial ticks.
8. More than likely, your bum and thighs have never seen the light of day. Your melanin abandoned that area long ago, leaving you with an impenetrable expanse of deep, white tissue. This part of you will never colour, so give up on it.
9. If you're using a solarium at the gym, don't go in straight after your workout. You'll dehydrate and more than likely die. It's that dire.
10. And finally, don't expect to get a tan. But at the same time, don't expect not to get burnt either. On any given day the solarium you step into could be positioned on any setting, from Total Waste of Time through to Serious Cancerous Burn.



Kook's next centrefold... VICTOR!



SMOKE UP KIDS



Quit with that shit!

By Z. Kook

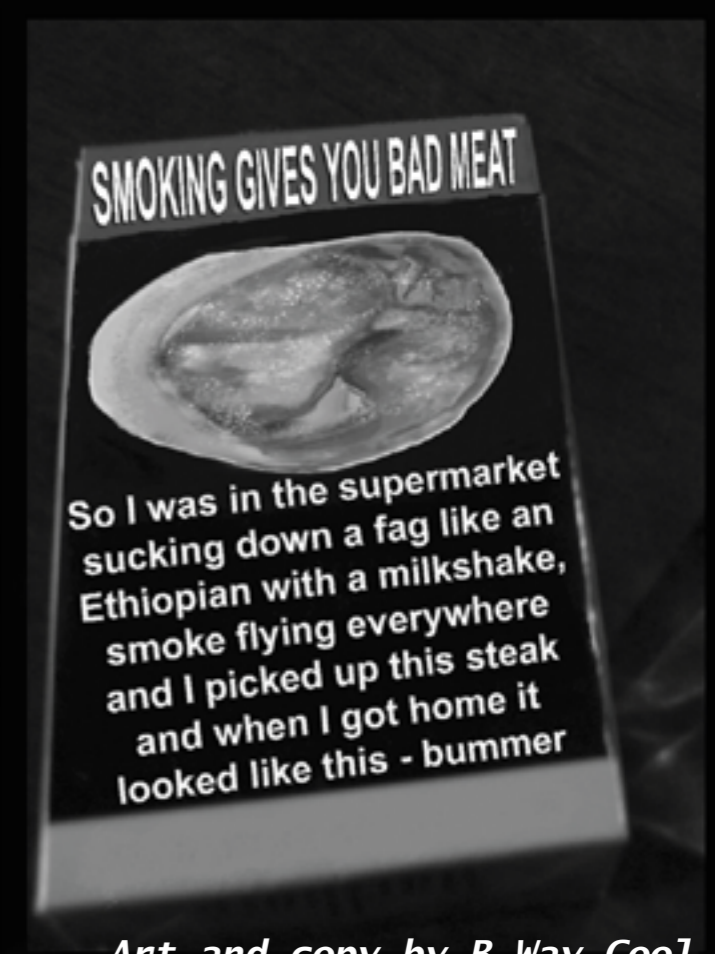
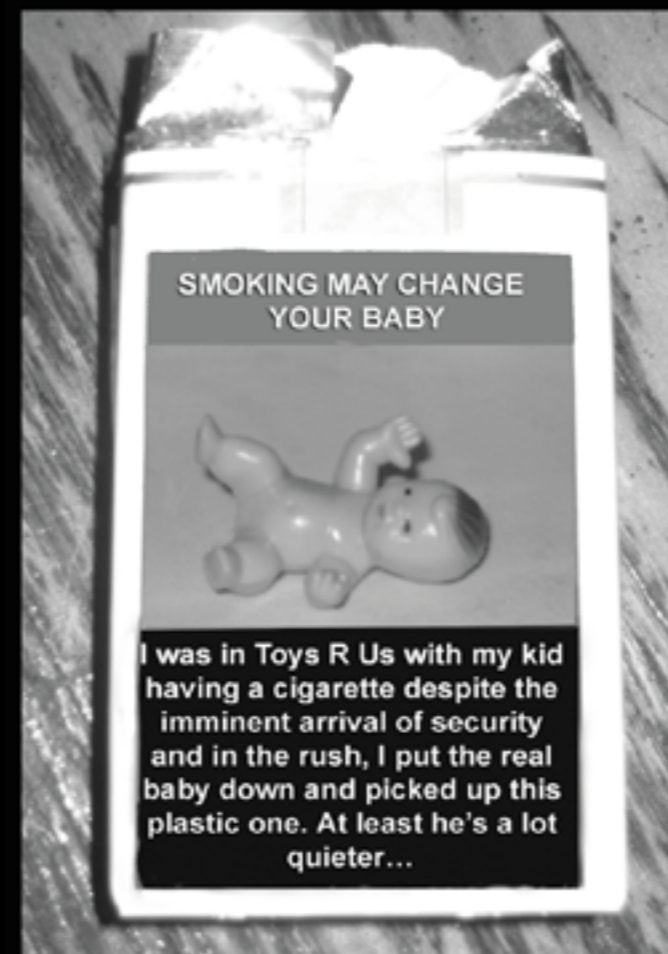
I recently read an article about how effective the graphic warnings on cigarette packets have been in encouraging people to quit. While I admit the photos are disturbingly realistic, these warnings have had absolutely no influence on my smoking habit whatsoever. But before you start screaming "go and die of lung cancer then you stupid beatch", please let me explain...

When the warnings first appeared on packets, I was more incensed about the fact that the sexy white filters on my beloved Marlboro Lights had changed to skanky yellow ones. Sure, it is rather off-putting to pull out a packet with a diseased lip or a clogged artery, especially when you're on a hot date. I must admit that 'Don't you know gangrene feet are so hot right now baby' is a very ineffective pick up line...

However at my age, when I get pains in my legs or feel out of breath, I do not think about any of these pesky warnings!

The fact is, most smokers will quit when we're good and ready, and usually after experiencing their own personal health scare. No matter how big or how graphic these warnings get, I will continue freezing my arse off outside, just to prove a point. It's my right to keep killing myself if I want to damn it!

If anything, these warnings have just created many hilarious conversations with my friends. Using these conversations as inspiration, I asked B Way Cool to come up with her own cigarette warnings. These probably wouldn't be any more effective in making people want to quit, but geez they are a hell of a lot funnier!



Art and copy by B Way Cool



The Kook Laboratory

By Z. Kook

This issue's conundrum: Can pets pick Lotto numbers?

Even as a little kid, I knew that my ticket to fame and fortune lied not in being talented or working hard. I worked out very early on that the only way I would ever have lots of money would be to win Lotto!

At age 11 I was convinced that I had devised the perfect way to pick winning Lotto numbers. It involved a pen, some paper, and the most talented bird in the known universe: my pet budgie Terry. He could sing Aretha Franklin and ride skateboards for Christ's sake! So naturally when it came to picking winning Lotto numbers, I was absolutely sure that Terry would come up with the goods.

One day I wrote each Lotto number on a separate piece of paper, let Terry out of his cage and then recorded the numbers on the pieces of paper he pecked. Then my bemused parents entered the numbers in the next Lotto draw on my behalf. However, to my

utter dismay, not one of Terry's numbers came up... NOT bloody one!

Unfortunately dear little Terry has long passed on and I still haven't managed to win anything besides \$50 on a scratchie. So I decided to see if anyone's else's beloved pet could help me defy the laws of probability. Maybe poor old Terry was having a bad day? Or perhaps I will need to supply my new animal subjects with some added incentive to pick the numbers?

To help me recreate my experiment, I enlisted the help of two fabulous little divas to engage in an age old battle: cat versus dog...

Meet a corgi named Maggie and Babette, Kook's favourite kitty cat on the block. Whilst Kook does not endorse testing on animals, we do encourage exploitation for financial gain <insert evil laugh here>. So let the games begin!



Maggie the Corgi

Age: 5
Weight: None of your business
Nicknames: Margarita

Favourite activities: being the centre of attention, rolling around in dead things, flirting up a storm with any human male who crosses her path.

If Maggie could talk, I'm sure she would let us know in no uncertain terms that as a corgi, this whole exercise is quite beneath her. But when I told her about the life of luxury a big Oz Lotto win could bring, Maggie soon became a very willing participant in our experiment. That and the fact I also put one of her beloved liver treats on each of the 45 numbers...

Babette the Cat

Age: 15+
Weight: Wobbles between 6-9 kilos
Nicknames: Babs, Flabette

Favourite activities: snoozing in the sun, staring at people and piercing holes in chairs. Oh and leaving her white fur on all Zina Kook's black attire!

Babette is a grand old dame known for doing things in her own sweet time and picking Oz Lotto numbers was no different. Not even my taunts or her favourite kitty crack would make her hurry up! With a constant look of disdain, she eventually picked her 14 numbers and then left to have a snooze on a warm lounge chair. Like whatever!

The Verdict...

Well despite entering two big draws with Maggie and Babette's numbers, the Oz Lotto truck is yet to dump it's load on Zina Kook. However, as any seasoned Lotto player will tell attest, you need to stick to your numbers and keep playing them. So stay tuned!

In the meantime, my crazy Lotto experiment seems to have opened a can of worms. After telling Ollie the rabbit (right) about my experiment, he's already got his pimpin' Lotto winners outfit ready to go. Noice!



The Daily Toiletgraph

Is the closet half full or half empty?

For many a decade now, millions have been liberated from their guilt ridden denial and have conquered their underlying anxiety by coming out. And not just as queer. People also come out as compulsive spenders, atheists, nymphomaniacs, alcoholics, substance abusers, caffeine junkies and so on. Coming out to your family and friends is a truly humbling not to mention sometimes harrowing experience. But does coming out mean that you're out for life. Is coming out once really enough or should one come out regularly? Do some people come out and then when nobody's watching, sneak back into the relative safety of the closet?

Those people who have already come out had better pay heed. Unbeknown to yourself you may have become apathetic and gradually slipped back inside the protective lining of the familiar closet. An ongoing and relentless reaffirmation of your 'outness' is the only insurance against the unthinkable. Only in this way can you arrest this scourge on 'outness'. One must ensnare this cancer in a great and merciless pincer like movement and put it to rest while maintaining permanent vigilance.

A girl I know was out to her parents, brother and work colleagues, only to end up so far back in the closet. She ended up submerged behind a 15 centimetre cement rendering. In denial terms she had entered a veritable vault. That's how insidiously subtle the slim line is between being in and out. After all, everyone knows the only difference between a dyke and a straight woman is half a tablet of ecstasy. Conversely, the only difference between a fag and a straight man is half a six-pack...

*Brought to you by
Miss June Long Weekend*



Contact Miss June Long Weekend at
thedailytoiletgraph@hotmail.com

Yes folks, we've come to the end of another Kook Zine!

We hope you enjoyed Issue 2. Please drop us a line and let us know what you think!

Join us next issue when we meet the nurses of Kook, hit the streets with our new roving reporter, and go all environmentally friendly on your arses with a new web site... stay tuned!



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