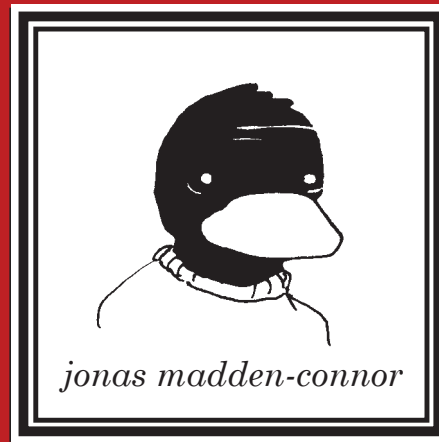


**The Family Style
Jamboree No. 5**



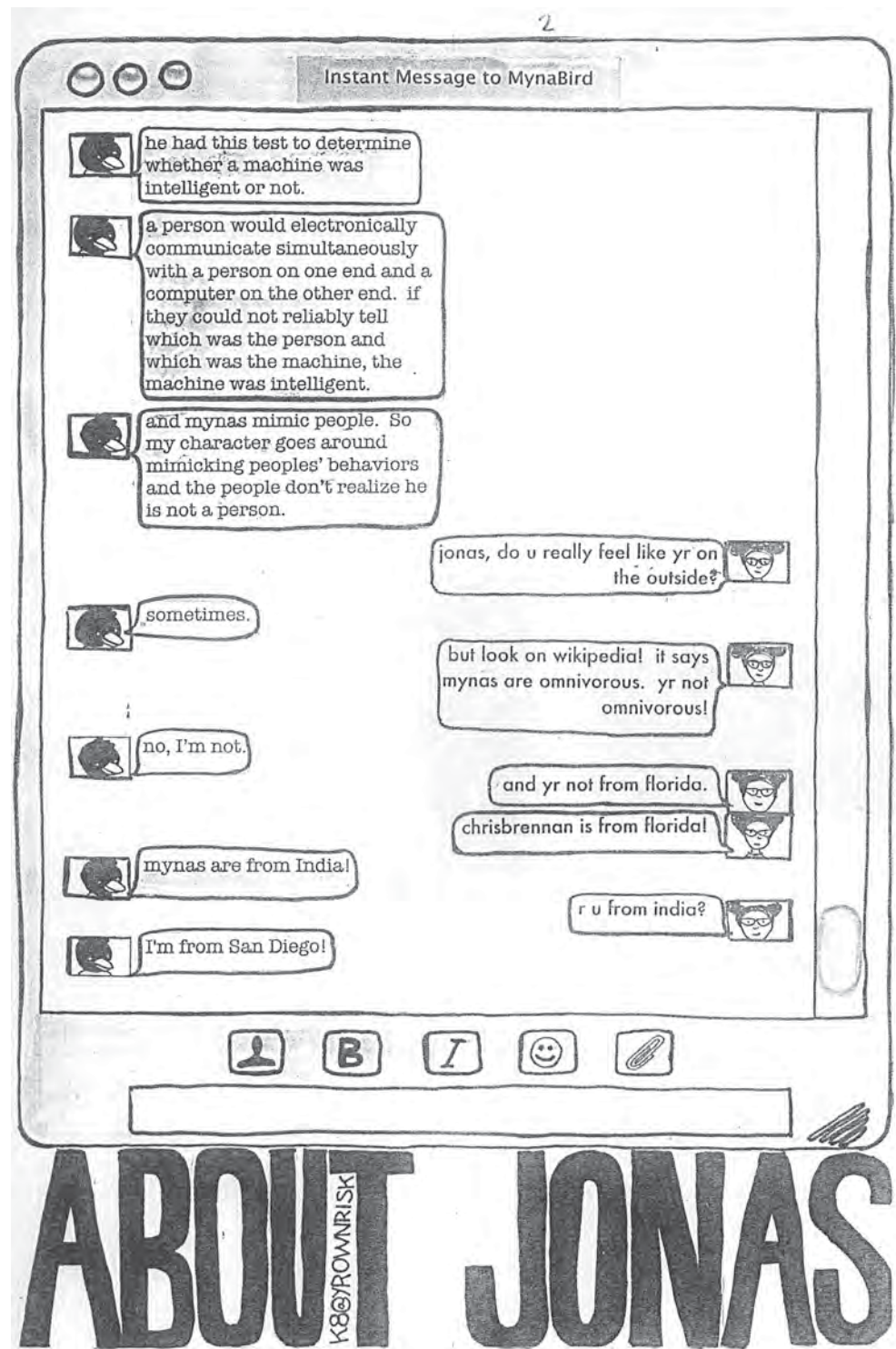
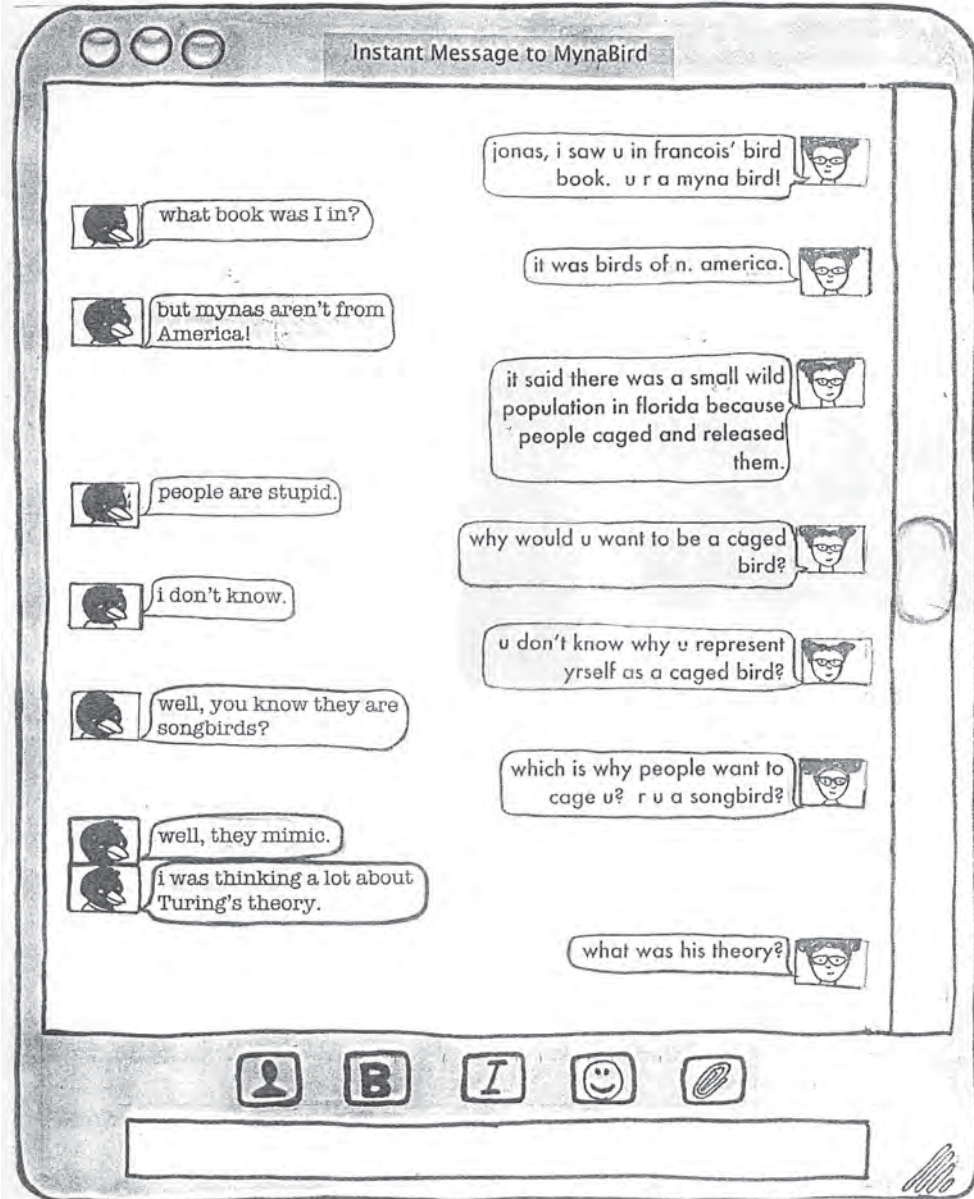


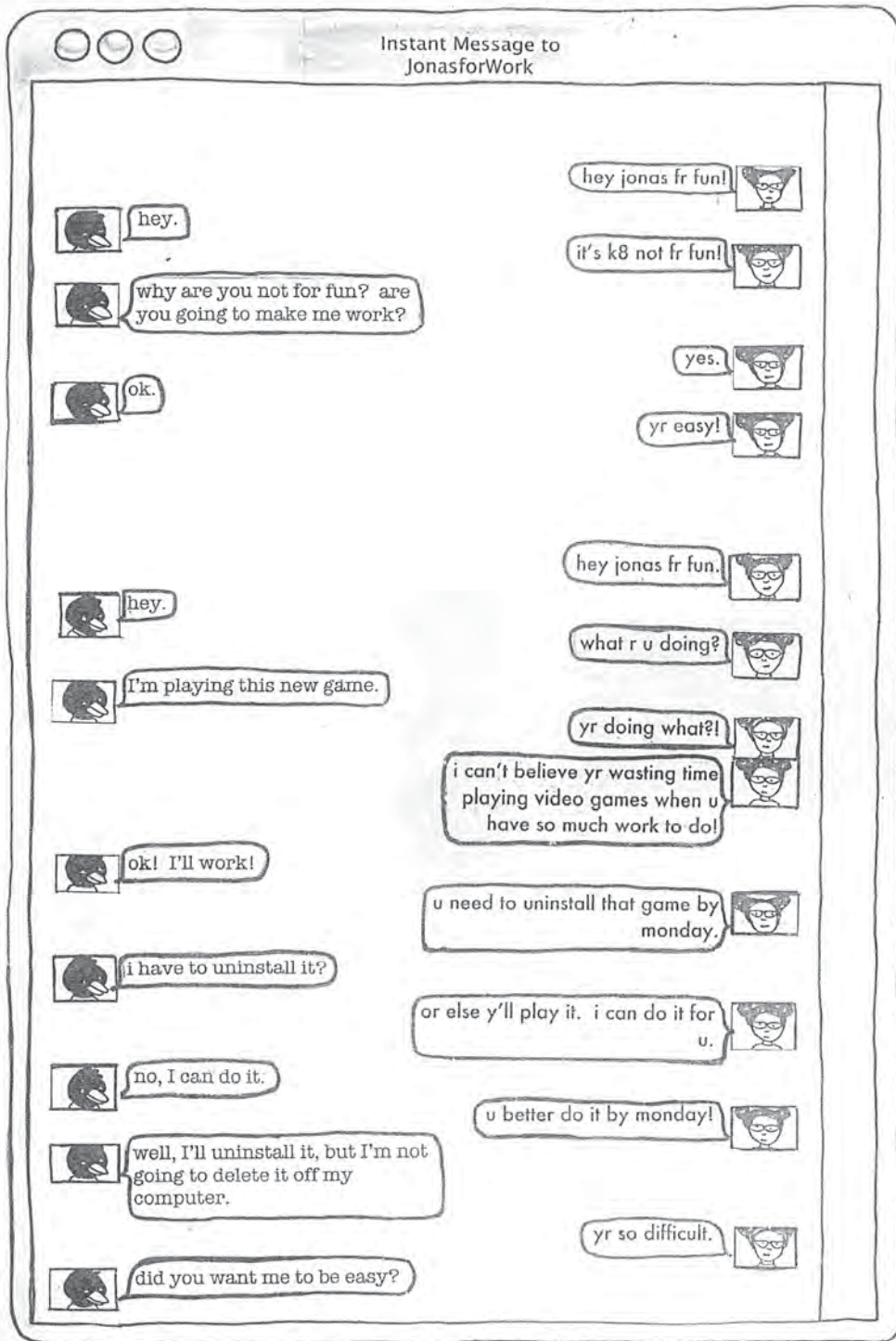
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Family Style Jamboree v.1, No.5; Summer of 2005. Published quarterly-ish. All opinions and views expressed herein are those of the individual authors, and thus should not always be taken as totally accurate. Please tender all letters, orders, and submissions to 2802 21st Street, San Francisco, CA 94110. Our prices: No. 1- \$1, No.2- \$2, No. 3- \$1, No. 4- \$4, No. 5- \$3.50

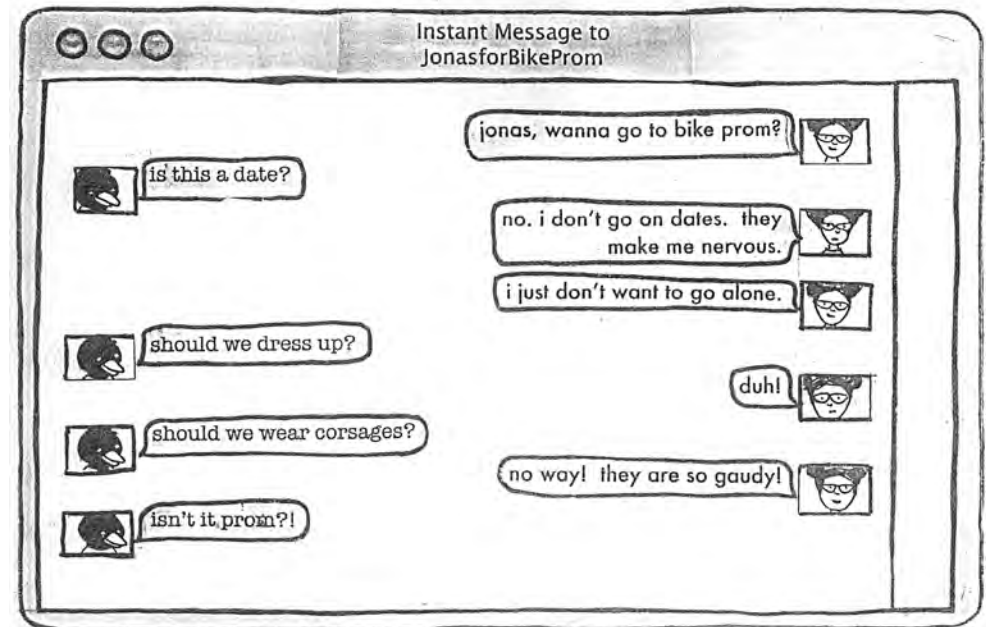
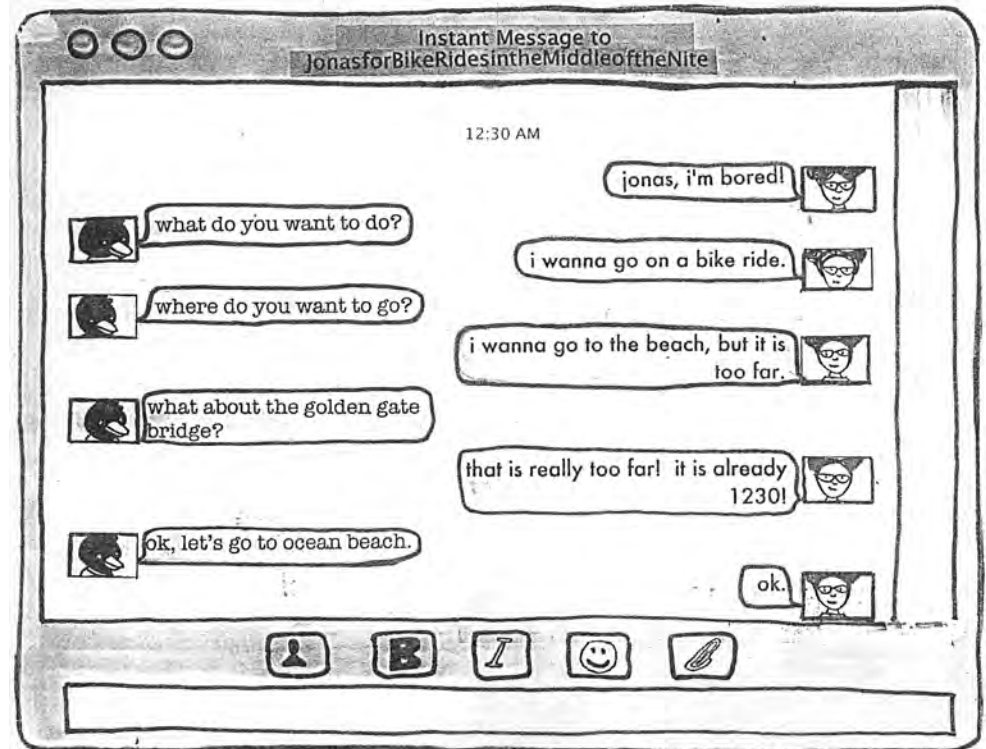
Bonus! Some copies of this 'zine include a very special mini-comic, "Ten Reasons to Love Jonas" by Kate McCarthy! Golly!

4MIGNETTES





4.



5.

I can't draw Jonas at all.

I first met Jonas at my 22nd birthday party.



the next time I saw him, he was super drunk and aggressively making out with girls at a New Year's Eve party. I was confused, wondering where the meek boy went.

It was weird to meet an apparently introverted boy only to end up protecting girls from him.



Luckily, I've had a year and a half to temper that experience, but he maintains a distance.



I think he likes to hide in corners.

one thing that strikes me is that Jonas seems genuine. Like, he only smiles if he means it.



and he always says Hi, which is surprisingly rare & consistently makes me happy.

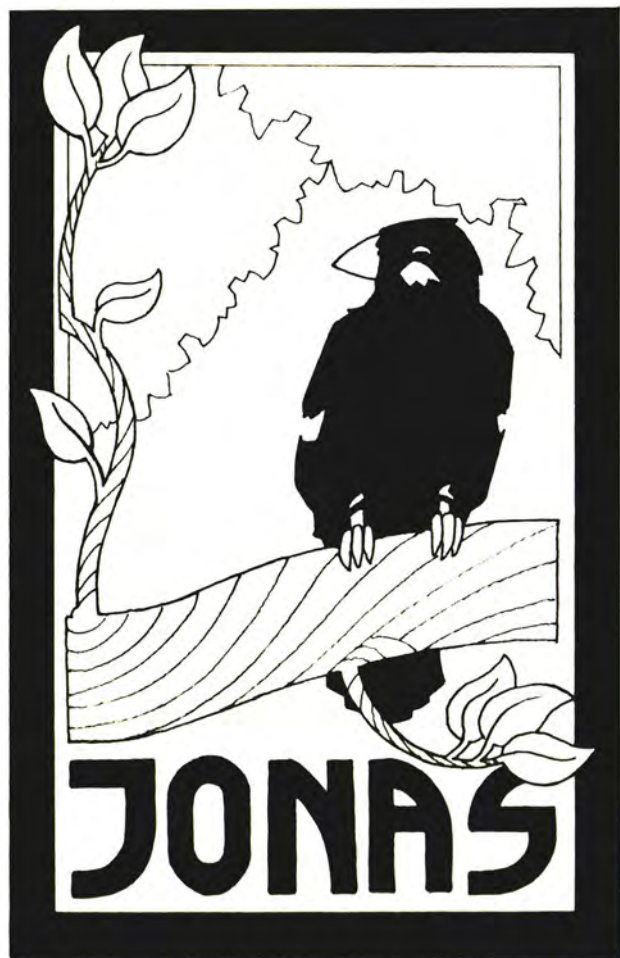


jonas will bake you cherry-potato pie.



he will be the first person who has ever fallen in love with you.
you will write him a letter every day.
sometimes you will miss the way his room smells.
he will lead you down a path of nervous naïveté.
you might eventually hurt his feelings a little bit.
you might not be sure if you've ever seen him truly worked up.
maybe he just doesn't have the energy.
you will remember his handwriting - spidery and jonasy.
jonas will bake you cherry-potato pie.

emb'05

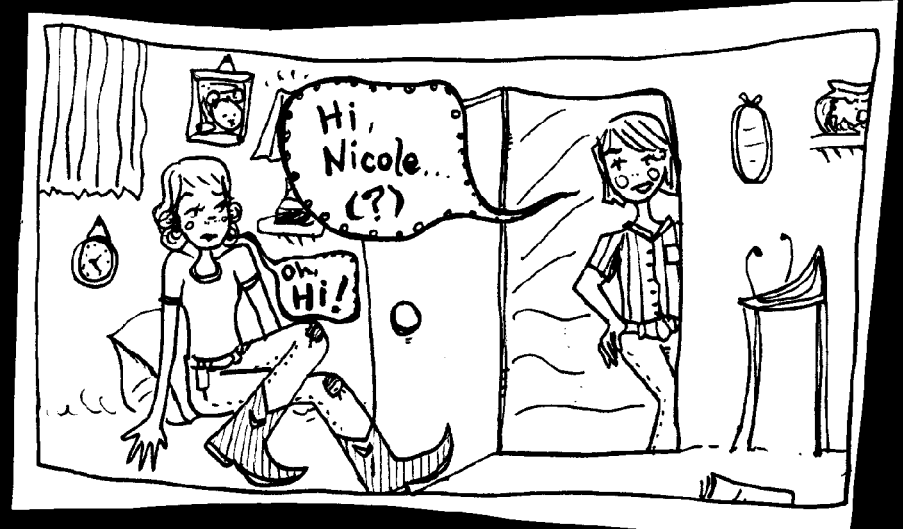
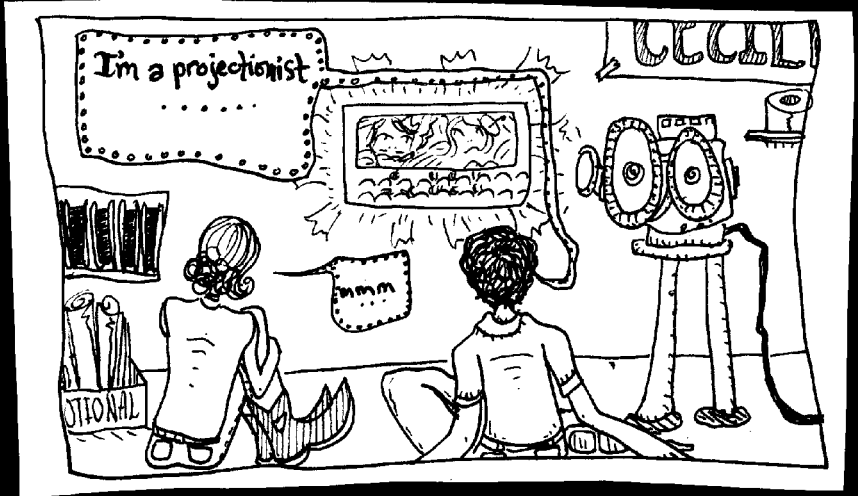


Having known the man for more than a decade, I find it difficult to sum up his invaluable friendship in any concise way. Jonas is, quite simply, one of the most incredible friends you will ever have. The reach of his intelligence and the depth of his insight are staggering.

Once, for my birthday, he wrote a bad-ass song about a dancing robot and gave it to me. Even though I rarely see the lovable scamp these days I still regard him as one of the best friends I'll ever have.

- James

When I first met Jonas.....

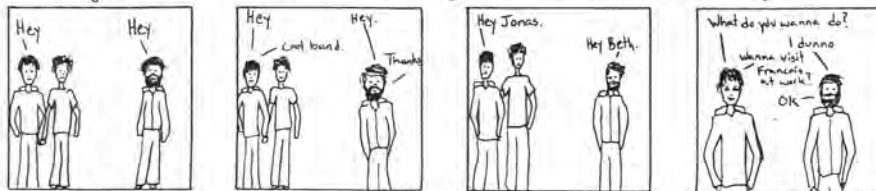


How Jonas Stole My Life

by Beth



I met Jonas when François and I stayed with him in San Diego.



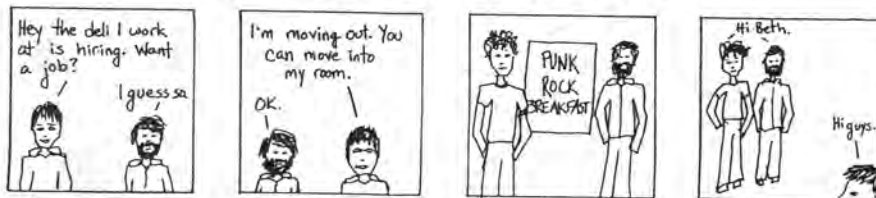
Over the next three years I would see him occasionally on visits.



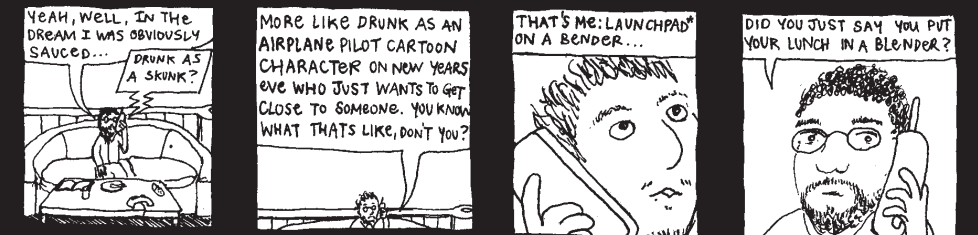
And I heard some funny stories about him.



Then he moved to San Francisco and lived with us.



Pretty soon he had settled in.



San Francisco's Most Eligible Bachelor:

Jonas Madden-Connor!

AGE: 26 **FROM:** San Diego, CA
STUDENT/MAN ABOUT TOWN:

He might seem quiet, but this half-caste has got a lot going for him; he's more than just an honest to gawd vegan and junk collector, he's also:

A jock: "I like to take my shirt off when I play basketball that way all the dames get a peek at my manly chest and its manly chest hair."

A brainiac: "In high school I was in Academic League, the club for smart people."

A goof: "One New Year's I got so drunk I whipped it out and peed in the middle of the dance floor! Ha, ha, hot!"

Likes: "Well, you know, the usual: computers, vegan food, fold-out couches, PF Flyers, my little orange room, bike rides to Rainbow, soy grilled cheese sandwiches, and hot chicks like Buffy the Vampire Slayer."

Dislikes: "Angel Baby, flat tires, doing chores, bad attitudes, and bad breath."

Favorite Body Part: "Definitely my booty, and it's not just the ladies that love my ba-donk-a-donk, even those tea bag salad tossers want to bite into my apple bottom."

His type: "A homebody that likes long walks and bike rides to Maggie Mudds. Somebody I can hang out with in my room. Somebody that can appreciate vegan culinary delights. Somebody that is willing to wear a bondage mask found on the streets of Berkeley."

By staff writers Danielle Rodrigues & Katie Salas



YEAH, ITS PART OF MY
NEW RAW FOODS DIET.



AH YES, THE RAW POOP
DIET... ENZYMES RIGHT?



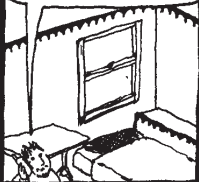
Y' KNOW, JONAS,
IF YOU STOP EATING
"DEAD FOOD" YOU'LL
FEEL MORE ALIVE.



GOOD, CUZ LATELY
THE ONLY TIME I FEEL
ALIVE IS WHEN I'M
EATING BABIES.



VEGAN BABIES,
I'M ASSUMING.



OF COURSE.



WHERE'D YOU GET
THOSE?



OTSU,



D'VH.

OH YEAH, THEY'VE GOT
VEGAN EVERYTHING
THESE DAYS, DON'T THEY?



THERES ONE THING THAT
I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND:
VEGAN GIRL FRIENDS.



THEY MUST BE OUT
OF STOCK.



YEAH, THEY JUST FLY
OFF THE SHELVES...



UM... JONAS?



YOU WANT TO TALK
TO DANIELLE?

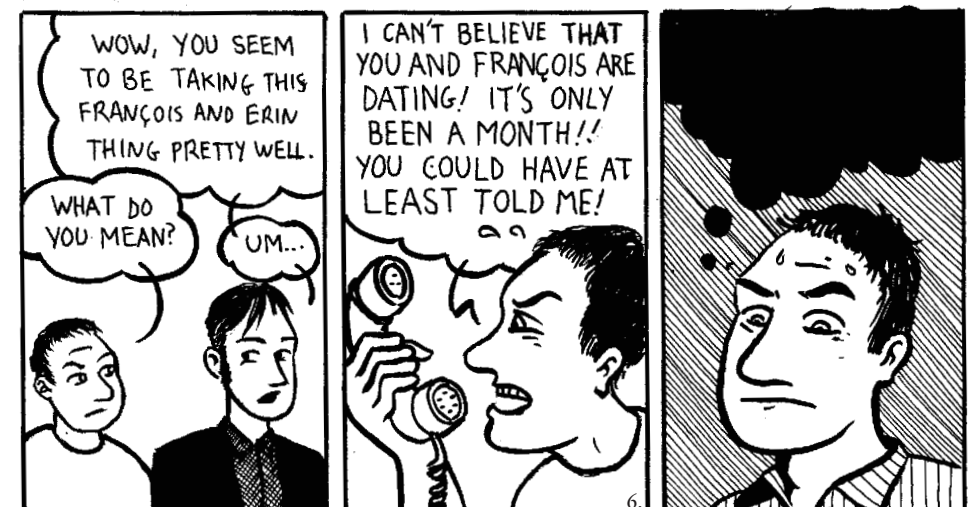
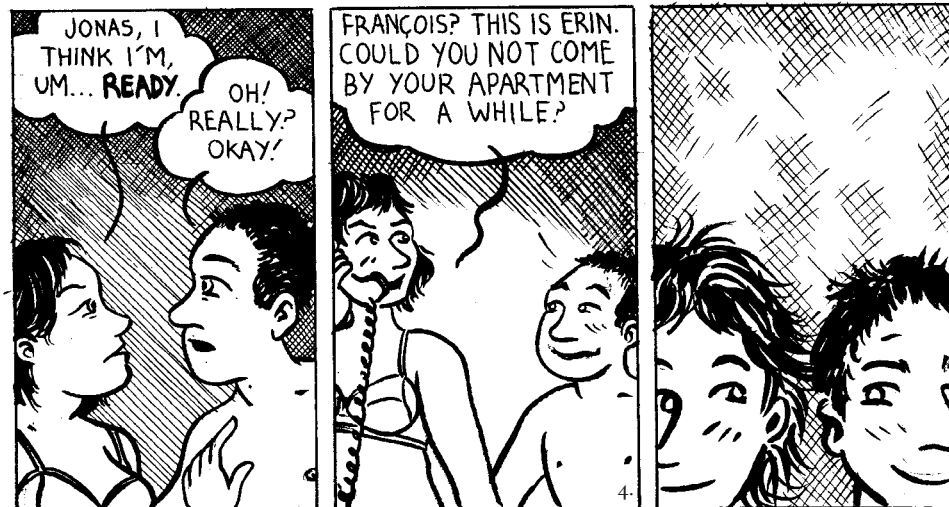


COULD I?



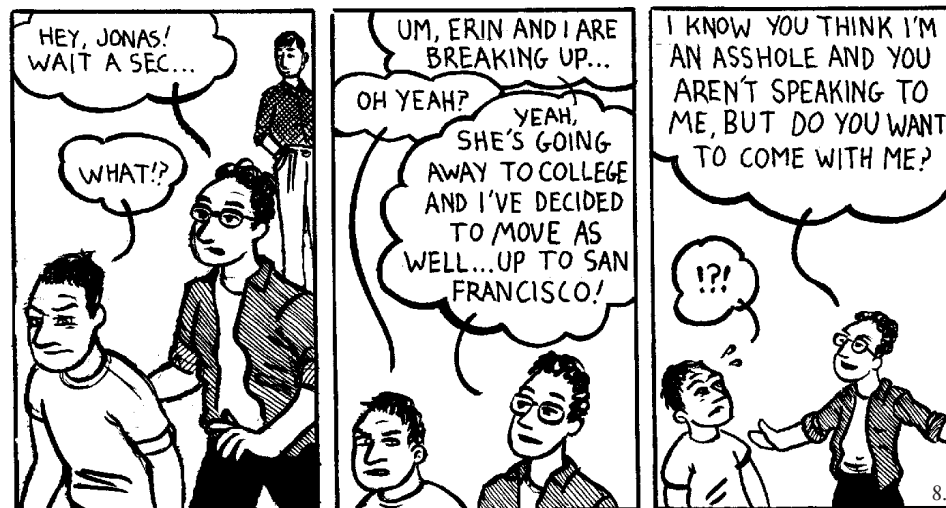
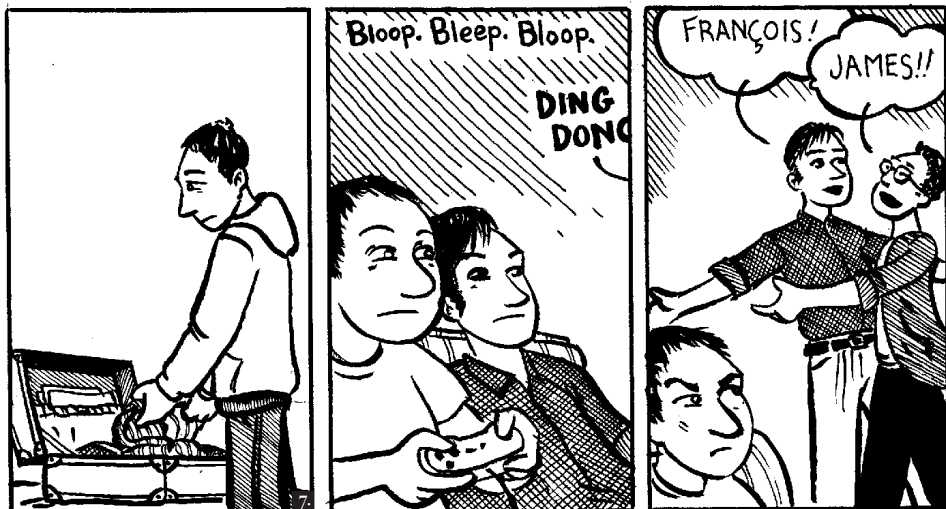
YEAH, HOLD ON, I'LL
GET HER FOR YOU...



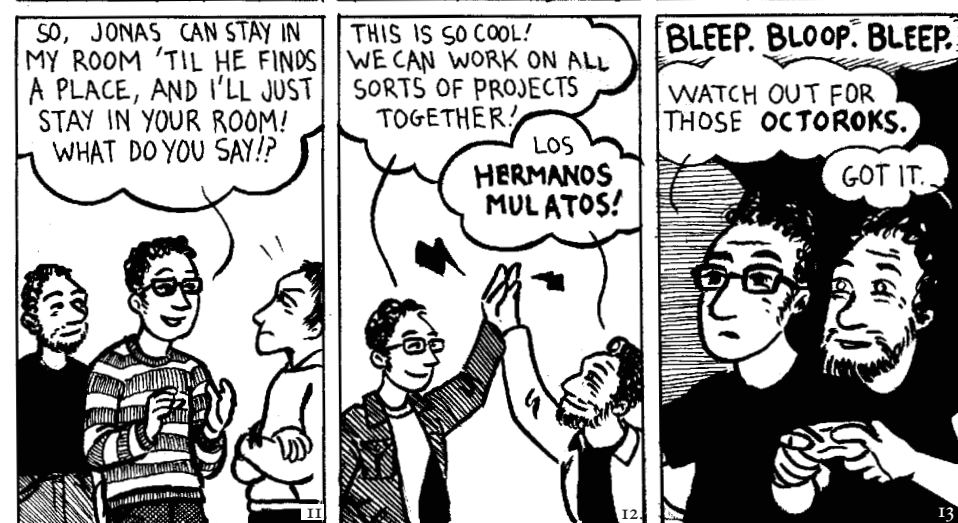
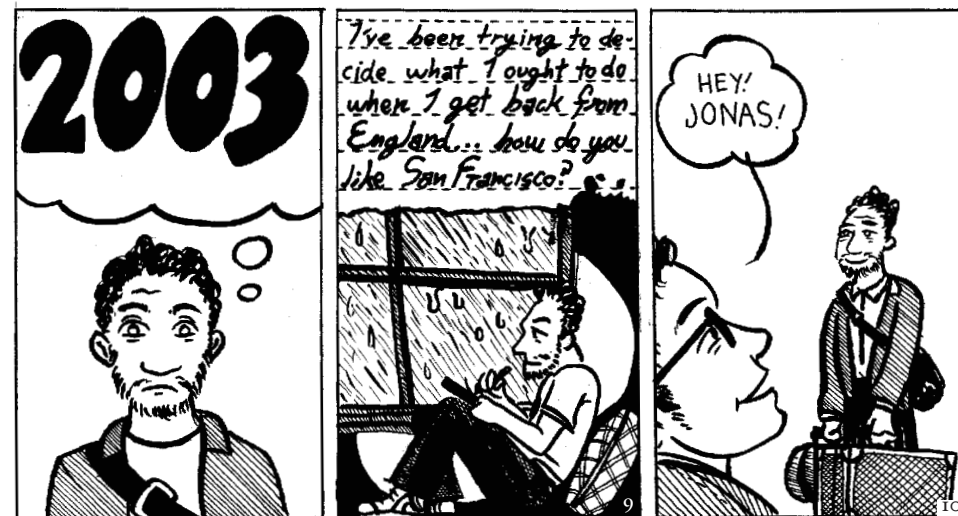


1. After his graduation from the San Diego School of Creative and Performing Arts, Jonas Madden-Connor decided to delay his departure to college by a semester (USC, film). He fell in with a high school buddy (your humble author) and soon moved into my squalid North Park studio apartment (see *Family Style Jamboree* (henceforth *F.S.J.*) v.1, no. 4, pg.4 for a description by E. Blakemore, soon to appear here).
2. The comic in question is *Roscoe E. Hazard*, a “supernatural detective” serial that Jonas and I collaborated on during the end of 1997 and the beginning of 1998. By the time he and I had finished the first issue we were so thoroughly disgusted with the quality of our work that we decided to throw out the whole lot and start fresh with the next issue, of which only four pages were completed before the project was once again scrapped, this time for good. Despite the exuberance seen here, the actual comic was childish at best, and little attention was garnered by its premature demise.
3. Erin Marie Genvieve Blakemore. High school senior, grammarian, Jonas’ girlfriend. During the fall of 1997 Jonas, Erin, and the author would spend ridiculous amounts of time with each other, no small portion of which was spent in the rather futile search for a some girl that might deign to be taken out on a date by the author.
4. Yes indeed, Jonas and Erin lost their virginities to each other in the confines of my tiny apartment, far from the prying eyes of their parents. I was only too happy to lend my good friends this service, if a little jealous that no similar occurrence was foreseeable in my own case!

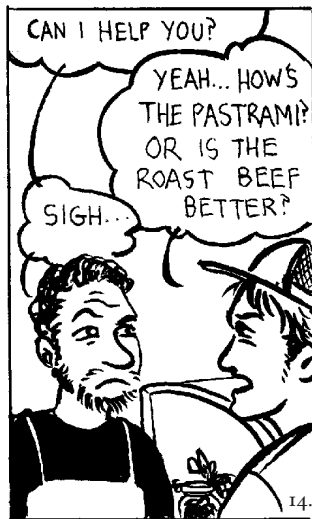
5. In the strictest sense, this scene is not wholly accurate, as Jonas (and, by extension, Erin) had known he had been accepted to USC since before he graduated from S.C.P.A., however, I felt that it was appropriate to insert it here, given that Jonas’ departure for Los Angeles was the direct cause of his and Erin’s break-up.
6. Two weeks, actually. When I tell people that Erin and I started dating just after Jonas had left, the universal reaction is one of absolute shock, “Francois! How could you!?” The fact of the matter is, at the time it felt completely natural to both Erin and I... we were a pair of horny teenagers, after all. The real trouble came, I think, from the fact that Erin and I had attempted (with little success) to keep the details of our new relationship a secret from absolutely everyone we knew. Although we hated to admit it (Erin especially was adamant that we had done nothing wrong), we were on some level ashamed of our tryst, which was getting harder and harder to hide from our circle of friends. Most of all, we dreaded the inevitable day that Jonas would find out. Thank you, James.



7. Jonas returned from USC after only a semester; cause unknown, (or unremembered by the author).
8. Okay, so maybe it wasn't exactly like that. This scene is a fabrication, an attempt to symbolize that Jonas and I had reconciled our friendship to such a degree that in a few short months Jonas and I had gone from not speaking to each other to moving together to Berkeley, in late 1998. In all honesty, I have no idea how it happened: My memory is famously spotty, and Jonas and I don't, as a rule, discuss these youthful escapades. In order to quite literally keep a long story short, the various misadventures that Jonas got into with the author upon their relocation to the Bay Area in the Fall of 1998 and into the Summer of 1999 have had to be excised from this edition of my biography of Jonas. Suffice it to say we (along with Ossian Winningham, Chris Pearce, Danielle Rodrigues, and Jonas' new girlfriend Heather) inhabited a shoddy, roof-less house on the outskirts of Berkeley, surrounded by abandoned homes and a gigantic car repo lot, which we often plundered for various treasures on Sundays, while the guards were away. Existing in a bizarre, lawless purgatory for nearly a year, we all developed an intensely insular outlook, expending all of our emotional energy, for good or ill, on the few people we came into contact with, namely each other. Eventually this led to a deep rift in the house, as Jonas eventually became completely fed up with our seemingly endless immaturity and slowly withdrew into his bedroom, where he would hide from the rest of us and have loud sex with Heather. As our domestic situation deteriorated, Jonas abandoned ship and moved back to San Diego. Once again, we weren't speaking to each other.



9. Jonas moved in late 2002 (?) to live in Aylesbury, England, where his elder sister had relocated years before and married a comically stereotypical Englishman (bad teeth, Dr. Who fan, etc.). Jonas and the author had once again been in contact for quite a while prior to this move, but it was their letters back and forth across the Atlantic during 2003 that set the stage for their eventual reunion in San Francisco late that year.
10. Jonas arrived from England via San Diego, solicitously driven up by James Pearce (see pg 17, panel 4) and his brother Chris Pearce (recently returned to civilian life after a military stint in S.Korea).
11. To say that Beth Bouffard was not particularly pleased by this infringement on her territory would be an understatement; in fact it could be asserted that Jonas' presence in the house had a marked and adverse affect on Beth and the author's relationship (admittedly already on unsteady footing by this time).
12. Jonas and myself are both of mixed ethnicity (Jonas' father is black, and my father was himself Mulatto). At various times in our life together we've been alternately insulted by and amused by the rather frequent assumption that we are brothers (see F.S.J. v.1, no.4); "Los Hermanos Mulattos was a name we gave to ourselves years ago in smirking homage to "Los Bros Hernandez", creators of *Love and Rockets* (Fantagraphics, 1982-present) and sometime heroes of ours.
13. *Legend of Zelda: The Wind-Waker* (Nintendo, 2003)



14. Jonas' first gainful employment in San Francisco was at the "New York" style deli where Beth worked; perhaps not the best fit since Jonas is a dedicated vegan.

15. Rose. Jonas and the author met Rose through Raquel Mendoza, a friend from San Diego who had come up to San Francisco for the Alternative Press Expo (APE). She was from Leeds, England, and studying for a year in San Diego. Jonas and Rose began sending each other e-mails and instant messaging, and soon were embroiled in a passionate romance (Jonas told me that they were already thinking of getting married after only a week). As a side note, the author is aware that "Oi!" was not, in general, a working part of Rose's vocabulary, but it has been so long since I saw her that I simply couldn't capture her fascinating English accent in a more accurate fashion. Mea Culpa.

16. When Rose left for England (early 2004), she and Jonas chose to continue their nascent relationship despite the increased distance, even making plans for Jonas to visit her that Christmas; but it soon became clear that she was having trouble with their situation. After a lengthy period of painful indecision, Rose decided to call it off.

17. In a moment of unprecedented hedonism, Jonas whipped out his dick and pissed all over the dance floor of like, the biggest New Year's Eve party in San Francisco (you were there). What does this have to do with our relationship's ups and downs? Not much, I suppose. But he fucking did it! One of the strangest things about living with Jonas again is seeing him get shit-faced at parties, such a radical departure from his previous tee-totaling.

18. *Family Style Jamboree*. Although I doubt that history will look upon this little 'zine as brilliant or groundbreaking, so far we've had a far warmer public reception than we ever received for *Roscoe E. Hazard*, or anything else we've worked on, for that matter. Despite some false starts and distractions, it seems that Jonas and the author might finally be on the verge of creating a mutually supportive and collaborative artistic relationship.

19. The interested reader may find more on the author's break-up with Beth: see my contributions to *F.S.J.* v.1, nos. 1 & 3, Beth's side of the story can be found in v.1, no. 4, and also, to a lesser degree, in v1, no.5, pg. 12.

20. The more things change, the more they stay the same. Love, François.

"I am lazy, Jonas is.... uh, Something"

The subject of this issue of Family Style Jamboree -Jonas- is a man who is known to me, only not all that well. Having moved to San Francisco in the year previous to my leaving we didn't have so much of an opportunity to explore the finer nuances of each others personalities. I do know that he can be very smart, funny, and charming, also a bit of a sleazeball when drunk (which isn't often). This beginning might make my submission seem more like an apology about not having enough to say about Jonas than a proper character portrayal, and that's because it is.

I'm sorry, Jonas. I'm at a loss. You see, way back a month ago I asked François for advice about how to write about you. The two of you are about as close as close gets. He was wonderful as an editor with lots of ideas on how to proceed in a way that could possibly be both good for the magazine and good for you. I even kinda thought that the idea of doing interviews with people in Berlin who have never met you was something I should've thought up. Or the throwing a Jonas themed party. That one was good too. Well, half heartedly I made some drunken queries to a couple DJs one night, and they didn't get it. I tried to explain about the magazine and how you were a friend of mine that I didn't feel I could fully portray, and so i was going to shirk my responsibilities with tongue firmly planted in cheek. DJs aren't the smartest of people. I know, I am one. They got it less after I explained it.

So I procrastinated. A lot. Then I promised you I would do something on a Tuesday, 14 days after the last deadline. Well, the story of how I never got around to it isn't one of emergency or harrowing life saving, hell, it's not even one that is too far from most weekends around these parts. There were after-hours dance parties, drugs, the making of and subsequent loss of far too much money, a 24 hour bar where the 40-something manic party mom started crying, and at the very least 4 guys whose trashiness and disgusting dudetype is indescribable (two Turkish, one French, and one guy from Sacramento who may or may not have met my dad).

It's Wednesday now, Jonas. I still haven't written anything about you. Well, I wrote that you are smart, funny, and charming. And sometimes drunk. And sometimes sleazy. Like, remember that time on New Year's Eve when you kept forcibly (or is that too strong a word) making out with that girl that I used to date? Wasn't that also the night you peed in the middle of the dance floor. That totally impressed me. Oh, crap. It's hard to sit down right now. I have these massive bruises on the outside and bottom of my right thigh.

OK, back to you, Jonas. Um, I always enjoyed eating breakfast at the St. Francis with you. Or was that just once? My memory isn't what it used to be. Even if it was just that once, it seems like we did it a bunch of times. Because it was so enjoyable. Will flattery get me anywhere? Listen, I could try a lot harder. And it might be better. And that might be more fair to you. But hey, like everyone's mom told them, life isn't fair. And more importantly, I'm kinda a lazy jerk. I look forward to seeing you when I come to visit in a few weeks. But I'm sorry Jonas, and I hope when I get there you don't punch me in the nose.

JONAS

madden-connor



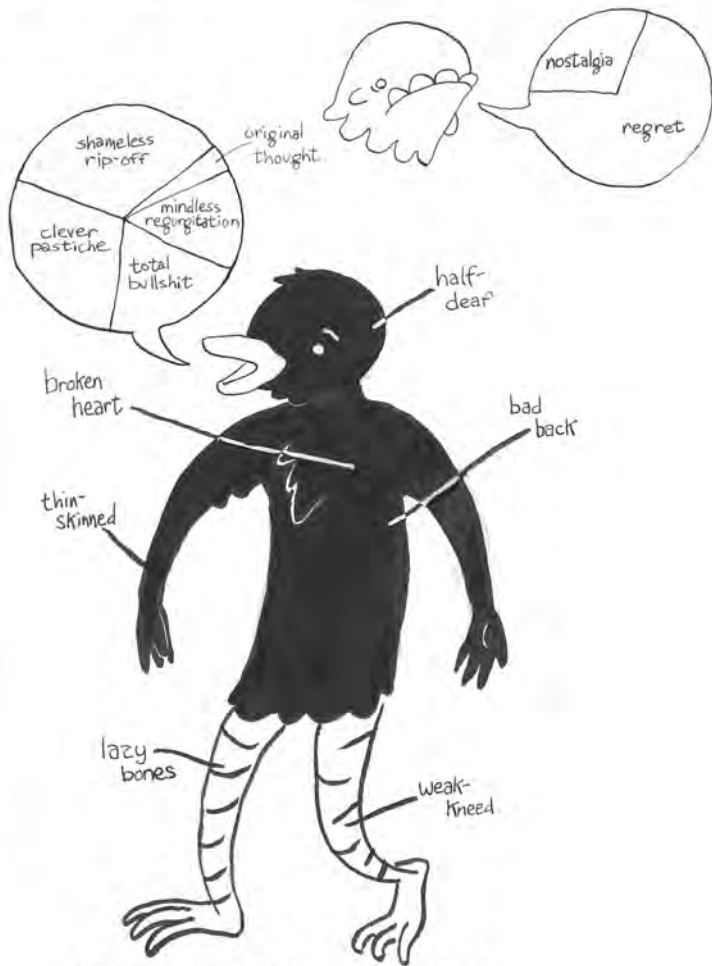
Jonas just kinda showed up at our house one day and stayed. That's what it seemed like. At first he seemed really quiet, and I'd try to talk to him, but he seemed disinterested. When school started we must have had the same schedule or something because we were always in the kitchen at the same time. So we'd sit at the table together and "study" (or maybe Jonas was designing a new font and I was playing solitaire). We kinda bonded by just sitting there together. One time one of the neighbor boys "hollered" at me, at least I think it was a holler - that never happens to me! Anyway he wanted me to come out and go to the corner store for ice cream or some shit and it was a total issue for me because I didn't know how to say no and yeah, I did want ice cream! So I told the guy I'd go but I didn't want him to get the wrong idea (duh, I'm like, married) so I made Jonas tag along. And he did. And

I don't even think Jonas bought anything for himself - I think he just brought back something for Francois! On new year's eve 2003 Jonas + I shared a bottle of something... tequila I think - it was a big bottle... he got really drunk and made out with a bunch of girls. It was funny. I miss living with Jonas. I'm sorry I always talked so much when he was reading, I know he's researching something cool. It was fun trying to catch mice (and naming them too!) Jonas is a good person and a good friend. I'm trying to think of something stupid or mean to say about him because this is so Hallmark or some shit, but it's hard. His room has no windows except one in the ceiling that leads to the bathroom ♥

AT THE PARTY.



FEB 2 6 2005



COMMON MYNAH
notable characteristics

FEB 2 5 2005



STILL AT THE PARTY.



AT NIGHT.



IN THE CAGE.



FEB 2 4 2005



CONTRIBUTORS

Founding Members

Beth Bouffard (*Issue No.1*) came to San Francisco from rural Vermont by way of NYC. She can be found at the Arizmendi worker's collective bakery when she isn't fighting to change the world one party at a time.

Chris Brennan (*Issue No.2*) is retiring from the Family in order to run his acclaimed new website collectornerd.com and plan his next appearance in the *New York Times*.

Erin Ruch (*Issue No. 3*) recently graced the cover of the *Bay Guardian* due to her go-go dancing in the band Hey Willpower.

François Vigneault (*Issue No.4*) is "hard at work" on his new comic *Friends No. 3*, due out "this winter".

Jonas Madden-Connor (*Issue No. 5*) is the driving force behind the beautiful Family Style website. He is currently collaborating with both François and James Pearce on two separate comic book projects.

Antonio Roman-Alcala (*Issue No. 6*) has his fingers in a wide variety of projects; musical, artistic, and political. His zine "Peak Oil Tract" is available now.

Pablo Roman-Alcala (*Issue No. 7*) has emigrated to Berlin, Germany, where he leads the sort of all-night party lifestyle that you might expect of an international playboy DJ, only to spend his days cleaning wealthy German's toilets.

Gabe Ramos (*Issue No. 8*) lives in enviable domestic bliss with his lady friend Maura in Portland, Or. He and Antonio still occasionally play as the beloved rock duo Hello Noisy; when Gabe is not pursuing his own solo musical projects.

Nicole Bennett (*Issue No. 9*) has several projects in the offing, including her new comic *Hideous Women* and a collection of her infamous feminist raps.

Jenny Dickow (*Issue No. 10*) and her soon-to-be husband John are incredibly busy taking care of their newborn son, Owen.

Sarah Gion (*Issue No. 11*) has been writing her zine *The Science* since the tender age of 13, slowly accumulating the kind of credibility that the rest of the Family can only wonder at.

This Issue's Special Guests

Kate McCarthy is the curator of a street museum dedicated to the 1906 earthquake and fire.

Erin Blakemore has recently joined a Roller Derby Squad, and is writing a novel on post-WWII Germany.

Danielle Rodrigues is a world class animal lover and designs custom underwear and stripper clothes.

Katie Salas has been working hard on not working at all.

James Pearce lives in San Diego. He is working on comic with Jonas and is building a life-sized replica of a *tyrannosaurus rex*.

Family Style Jamboree

is published by Family Style, a loosely affiliated group of friends and creative types who have joined forces to make zines, comics, music, & more. Our flagship title, **Family Style Jamboree** is a bizarre cocktail, equal parts scandal-laden tell-all and warm and fuzzy toast. Each issue focuses the entire Family's collective gaze upon one of our founding members, with each contributor expressing themselves as they see fit, whether the verdict be kind or cruel; and the subject being none the wiser until the issue sees print! A fascinating look in to the lives of strangers through the eyes of their loved ones! **Family Style Jamboree** and an ever-growing selection of the Family's other projects are now available in a scattering of finer shops across the nation, or come visit us: family-style.com

Next Issue!



