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THE B-SIDE

## FUEL FUR THE FIRE

# The B-Side Collective's Bold New Chapter for Fresno's Creative Youth BY: FRANKIE GARIBAY

In the heart of Fresno, a new artistic movement is taking shape – bold, inclusive, and rooted in the community. The 2025 B-Side Summer Workshop (Summer Art Experience) marked the official launch of The B-Side Collective's flagship initiative, and with it, a powerful new vision for the city's creative future. Designed to foster artistic growth, cultural awareness, and meaningful community ties, this inaugural program became more than a workshop, it became a milestone for a newly established nonprofit committed to reimagining what arts education can be as we journey towards the future.

Held over the summer, but manufactured over the last 2 years, the program brought together a diverse group of creatives from across Fresno for an immersive, hands-on creative experience. The curriculum was as diverse as the city itself, blending traditional techniques with contemporary approaches. Participants delved into drawing, digital illustration, animation, spray painting, sewing, sneaker customization, and explored the interplay between sound, music, and visual storytelling. Alongside the technical training, students engaged in candid conversations about the art world – from branding and marketing their work to navigating creative careers and entrepreneurship.

Many of these creative youths are stepping into their artistic identities and into the vast unknown of the art industry and we wanted them to leave not just with new skills, but with a sense of power and possibility. Ultimately, one of our main goals is to be a resource as they continue on their respective paths, daring to be great! Support isn't always easy to find, so whatever piece of the puzzle they might need, hopefully we're able to provide that, especially as we continue to grow.

#### **Art, Expression & Connection**

One of the most powerful aspects of the Summer Art Experience was its commitment to cultural relevance. Through guest artist workshops, storytelling sessions, and open forums, participants get a chance to explore their identities and histories as fuel for creativity. These aren't just meant to be time consuming activities,

A but instead an invitation to reflect, express, and connect on a deeper level. This type of impact is palpable. One where teachers and students described the space as affirming, exciting, and fun, with many calling it a highlight of their summer. As the program drew to a close, the energy was dynamic. The final day culminated with participants receiving a custom-made B-Side Collective x Kicks Under the Stairs cap - a symbol of appreciation and GANAS. And to cap it off, a trip to the beautiful and inspiring Getty Center in Los Angeles, where art, architecture, and landscape come together in ways that sparked fresh questions and ideas. It was a fitting end to a program designed not just to teach, but to transform.

#### The Launch of the B-Side Summer Art Magazine

As a lasting tribute to the creativity cultivated during the workshop, The B-Side Collective is introducing The Art Adjacent, a B-Side Collective Magazine. A vibrant print and digital publication showcasing student work alongside contributions from local writers, photographers, and designers. The quarterly magazine will serve as both a creative archive and a launchpad, highlighting regional talent, promoting the program's impact, and acting as a bridge between artists, audiences, and opportunities. Each issue will feature a new local artist, along with a numbered and signed print of their work, which will only be available through the purchase of the magazine. It's the perfect way to expand your art collection while supporting an organization that supports creatives. It's just one of the ways we pay it forward.

The B-Side Summer Workshop is more than a program, it's a platform for transformation. In just one summer, it has elevated young voices, expanded the region's artistic possibilities, and planted seeds for a future where creativity, culture, and community lead the way. Through the continued work of The B-Side Collective and the launch of the Summer Art Magazine, Fresno is witnessing the emergence of a new creative legacy strategically coloring outside the lines.





































We believe in the power of collaboration, where diverse minds come together to create something extraordinary. Inspiration is the fuel that drives creativity. At The B-Side Collective, we strive to inspire and be inspired. We celebrate individuality and encourage free expression. Embrace your unique voice, share your stories, and let your creativity shine. Be a part of a community that values authenticity.



### MEET THE ARTISTS/FACILITATORS



#### ATLAS SHRUGGED

GIVE ME A SECOND
WHILE I SHRUG MY SHOULDERS
ATLAS

SEAL IT WITH A KISS JADA LIKE PREFIX

HEAR THE ANGER IN MY VOICE

NO FUCKS GIVEN

LIKE THE CHANCES THAT AREN'T GIVEN

SO WAIT A SECOND

WHILE I SHRUG MY SHOULDERS
AND START LIVIN'

LIVID

SO I TOOK MATTERS INTO MY OWN HANDS
CREATED MY OWN LUCK

MISS FORTUNE - WE BROKE UP

REBORN A LADY

LIKE WHEN HIP HOP WAS MISSIN'

A COMMON MISCONCEPTION

I USED TO LOVE HER MEANT SHE WAS GONE FOREVER LIKE A GOOD GIRL GONE BAD

I'M JUST GLAD I MET HER/HIM/THEY

ALL IN THE NAME OF THE GAME THAT WE PLAYED

CALL IT WHAT YOU WANT

JUST UNDERSTAND

I'M NOT HERE TO STAY

I'VE TAKEN MY STAND

THE MOMENT I TOOK A SECOND

TO SHRUG MY SHOULDERS

DUES PAID

THE BURDEN IS YOURS NOW THE PEOPLE HAVE SPOKEN

WE'VE TAKEN OUR CHANCE

AT LAST

MADE SURE IT'LL LAST

**FOREVER** 

SO PLEASE, GIVE ME A SECOND ON SECOND THOUGHT, YOU CAN HAVE IT

WHO AM I ?

YOU ASK

WE ARE ATLAS

By Angelica Cano

# THE MAGIC OF A SUMMER SOUNDTRACK

**Central California** has been home for my whole life. That means I've spent many years saying "at least it's a dry heat" all through June, July, August, and some of September.

I've learned that making it through the heat takes some strategy and a willingness to lean into the sweat. Fans help. Misters are a game-changer. Popsicles add whimsy. Iced drinks are necessary. But my tried and true trick? A blow-up pool and a SPF-kissed setlist.

Maybe it's the heat on your skin, maybe it's the smell of sunscreen in the air that tips life into sun-drenched music-video territory. I'm talking pool floatin, joint in hand, breeze barely cutting through the heat when the sonic sunshine starts dancing like sun rays through the trees. The type of moment when the song doesn't just play ... it hits.

**That's the magic of a summer soundtrack.** It might not take away the burn, but it will cool off the vibes.

For me, a solid summer playlist becomes a time capsule. Cool intros for warm nights and beats with the right simmer point. Then throw in some early-aughts hits pulled from that one scratched-up summer road trip CD burned by a friend, labeled in Sharpie, played on repeat. (If you were born after 1995, skip that last sentence.) The result? An irresistible collection of aural tanlines and nostalgia, equal parts memory and mood.

Your summer vibe might be totally different. As it should be! The quintessential summer soundtrack is personal. It lives in your memories, your rituals, your sound.

With that in mind, here are a few of the summer scenarios I like to soundtrack, each with a distinct



energy. I'll share some of my favorite tunes that match these moments:

- Summer Sunday in the park "Wicky Wacky" by the Fatback Band
- Floating down the river "Island in the Sun" by Weezer
- Windows-down night cruise "We Don't Funk" by Kirby
- A summer crush "Dissolve" by Private Island

And last but not least – a few of my all-time favorite summer vibes:

- "Master Blaster (Jammin')" by Stevie Wonder
- "Montego Slay" by People Under the Stairs
- "Viva Tirado" by El Chicano
- "A Sweet Summer's Night on Hammer Hill" by Jens Lekman
- "Talking Bout My Baby" by Fatboy Slim

However you build your summer rotation, let it be personal. Here's hoping you find the right hybrid of songs that remind you of your neighbor's pool growing up and beats that feel like sunshine. When your playlist fits just right, it can turn ordinary days into something golden.

Have a summer song to recommend? I'd love to hear it. Send a note...

thescribeatseasonedvibes@gmail.com.



There is a time in some people's lives that is often overlooked and rarely discussed, especially for those of us who first attend a city college in our hometown before going off to a four-year university. It is that time right after high school, when you're feeling on top of the world, when all the drama, pain, and glory finally comes to an end, only to quite abruptly discover that you're absolutely broke, you can only get low-paying part-time jobs that feel empty and meaningless, and you have absolutely nothing to do with your time aside from homework, which usually feels like a heinous continuation of the mountain that you (supposedly) just finished summiting. You have several years until you can afford your own apartment, are centuries away from earning a college degree, and seemingly eons away from finally landing a slightly above the poverty line entry-level job. This reality, this new state of being comes crashing down on you, and, if you were like me growing up in the 90's and early 2000's, you may go to great lengths to ease your pain; like listening to emo music, for example.

It was in a state much like the one described above that my friends and I discovered the "Ashlan Drive". At this time, most of us had cars, or something that resembled a car, and the only thing we could do, aside from hang out at one another's houses (which nobody's parents were thrilled about, or often condoned) was drive. So, that's what we did; we drove, and usually ate at night, after everyone was off work.















It was during one of these outings that someone, at some point, discovered that you could take Ashlan Avenue East of Clovis, and drive until it turned into Watts Valley Road. You could then drive up and through the foothills that surrounded Clovis, past the Academy Cemetary, and back into Clovis, all in roughly 45 minutes. This was the discovery of a lifetime. I personally spent so many hours of my youth on this road, listening to Art Bell talk about ghosts, aliens and bigfoot on Coast-to-Coast AM, getting a little frightened as I navigated the dark twists and turns. The old oak trees looked haunted, contorting as they reached up into the sky, and every once in a while, you would see a pair of eyes flash before you, likely a coyote but, who knows? Perhaps it was a little green man hanging out on the side of the road just outside of Clovis. This photographic essay is intended to recapture that small, often forgotten, yet still significant part of my youth, growing up in Clovis in the 90's, and if you've never experienced the Ashlan Drive for yourself, I highly suggest you give it a try.

#### The Emberwake Archives

# Fragment I THE HOLLOW FLAME

Blackened shapes littered the street in uneven piles of burned and hardened would-be executioners. A graciously tumbling breeze blew in favor of delicate noses, pushing unkind odors deeper into the alley's length. The ambush, unexpected, infuriating, and brief, resulted in eleven guilty bodies and one innocent victim—the unassuming merchant anticipated receiving coin, not death.

"You followed me."

Kaedin offered a side-eyed glance, lips tugging. "You heard me following you half an hour ago."

"You made enough noise to wake the spirits."

"I'm a mage, not an assassin." Staff spinning, crest smoldering, Kaedin stowed his weapon. "I don't sneak."

Zevaris sheathed his polished blade with a hushed click of metal. Expensive footwear clipped stone while Kaedin dusted lingering black smoke from the palms of his gloves. Navigating the sea of charcoal lumps placed Zevaris at Kaedin's side where the slain merchant had fallen by another's hand. A sealed, glittering vial, loosened when clothing crisped to rough ash under an infernal tidal wave, twinkled between two pairs of boots. Kaedin plucked it from the street and held it to the stars. Vibrant, dancing plumes twirled behind reinforced glass.

"You were supposed to wait for me at the Velatrium," Zevaris chided.

"I'm sorry." Kaedin rolled the container. "Are you pissed?"

"You could have listened to me."

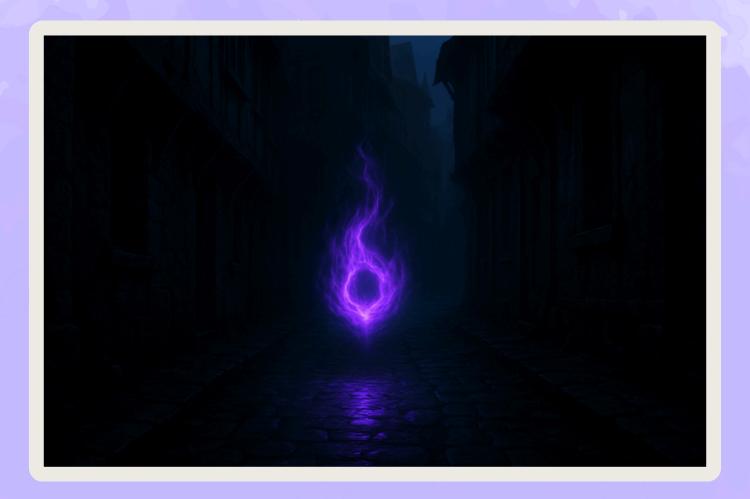
"And you could have stopped me half an hour ago."

Heightened hearing captured every word muttered in response. Kaedin, disregarding the gentle reprimand, surveyed the darkened alley for options. The vial bounced once in his hand. Twice. Powered magic cracked across his palm in rippling waves of blue lightning. It snapped at glass to weaken the barrier.

Zevaris inhaled sharply. "Don't—"

Shifting, Kaedin flung the item. It glinted in a violent arc.

A sharp shatter smashed on crumbling limestone walls. Shards splintered in a mess of useless debris, yet the contents undulated in a current of eerie tendrils. Like a floating snake, released vapors writhed to cobblestones, hovering above the naturally damp surface. Purple fire coiled, flickered, and popped. A ghostly, heatless flame pulsed, its edges undeterred by the ongoing drift of wind. Air whistled through the hollowed center in an invitation Kaedin accepted.



"Vásha," Zevaris cursed. "Be careful."

"I'm always careful," Kaedin argued, toeing closer.

"You are never careful."

Traces of it tugged at Kaedin's mind. He reached toward the fire, spiraling runes breathing to life in ribbons through fingers. A mirror of replicated glyphs materialized in the empty core. Its arcane thrum whispered through his body. It pushed. Strained. Molten orange flared from Kaedin's palm in a wash of resistance. The dying shriek of that cursed light pulsed in a final attempt to persevere in the short-lived battle. It failed.

Writhing purple snuffed in a wail of defeat within Kaedin's curled fingers.

Its essence faded in a quieted prickle at the back of his neck.

Kaedin yanked the hood of his coat over pointed ears to shutter against the unnatural chill. Seven more.

#### GENERATIVE A.I. - A PRIMER

BY: NEIL HAYES

When you hear "generative AI", what is the first thing that pops into your head? If you're a regular user of social media, your exposure to generative AI is likely badly generated pictures that look "just a bit off". Perhaps you have seen the very convincing deep fakes of celebrities or world leaders saying phrases that are completely uncharacteristic of them? Maybe you're in education and see the number of badly generated reports and homework assignments becoming a concerning commonality? An artist who sees the danger of generative AI in a corpocapitalist zeitgeist as corporations elect to use "cheaper" generated models for maximum profits?

No matter the lived-experience, one thing is certain: AI is here to stay and is getting better at an alarming rate. The conversation around AI has been focused on "what can we do with this?" rather than "should we do this?" As such, we have seen a gross amount of unethical usages such as generating art assets for movies and games rather than hiring human artists. After all, an AI model doesn't have the needs associated with being a fragile bag of meat. AI doesn't need to sleep, nor, have personal beliefs, or familial obligations. It does what it is told to do tirelessly, without objections. AI is the perfect creator.

This perceived "perfection" comes with a significant, non-monetary cost. That cost is the devaluation of what makes art uniquely human. AI discards the soul of art. The lived experiences, cultural nuances and emotional expression that makes art not just another piece of media but rather a composed expressive performance that brings art to life.

AI further threatens legacies and reduces centuries of honed expertise, techniques, and traditions into a homogenized standard product. Art is not something we can just package for a one-size fits all consumer. Art is messy. Art is hard. The creative process is rarely linear, never perfect and that is exactly what makes art uniquely human.

AI productions are becoming more obvious and more chastised by society. LLMs have trained on themselves and created an echo chamber of "learning". People are becoming more aware of the imperfections that make AI productions obvious. Noticeable effects such as fast movement creates an unnatural blur to simulator movement. AI still struggles to keep up with how objects look in motion in the real world. AI voice overs are becoming more obvious in the words that are used and the way the voices are modulated. Many generated digital artworks now have common characteristics that are included as a baseline for most objects and are very pronounced. For now, creatives can rest well and continue their craft. Human art is not going anywhere for a long while as long as we continue to support human artists.



#### Can you tell us a bit about your background and how it shaped you as an artist?

I'm Persian, born in the U.S., and grew up between Yazd, Tehran, and Fresno, California. That constant movement between two very different worlds really shaped the way I see and process everything. There's something about the tension between tradition and technology, chaos and quiet, that runs through both my visual work and my music. It made me sensitive to detail and contrast. In Iran, especially as a kid, access to certain tools was limited, so I learned to work with whatever I had. That kind of resourcefulness became a big part of my creative identity.

#### What was the moment you knew art was going to be a central part of your life?

There wasn't a single moment, it was more like a slow flood. Drawing and making beats were my escapes early on, but I think when I started releasing music through Zabte Sote and other labels, it became real. Not just something I did to survive mentally, but something that could live outside of me and connect with others.

#### Are there particular people, places, or experiences that have had a major impact on your work?

Yeah, absolutely. Yazd and Tehran are always in the background — their geometry, colors, the feeling of heat and dust. My grandfather's house in Yazd had this tiled courtyard that I think about a lot. On the other hand, California gave me space, literally and creatively. People-wise, I owe a lot to friends I've collaborated with and of course my son, who made me approach everything with more intentionality.

#### What does your creative process look like from concept to finished piece?

It starts with a feeling or a visual. Sometimes just a shape or a sound. I usually sketch ideas in a notebook or hum them into my phone. For music, I build loops I go back and forth a lot, layering, destroying, rebuilding. For drawing, I often begin with textures or lines and let the image grow from there. I rarely know exactly where it's going to be in the beginning.

#### How do you handle creative blocks or periods of low inspiration?

I try not to fight it too much. Sometimes it means I just need to live a bit more, take things in. I'll go for walks or listen to music that sounds totally different from mine. If I force it, I end up making noise that feels empty. That said, showing up and making something, even if it sucks, is still part of the work.

#### What themes or messages are you most interested in exploring through your art?

Memory, displacement, technological erosion, and emotional residue. I think I'm always trying to translate something internal — grief, nostalgia, that weird liminal space between cultures. A lot of my work also deals with repetition and distortion — how patterns can hold meaning or lose it.

#### Do you want your audience to feel or think something specific when they see your work?

I want them to feel a bit haunted, but also seen. I'm not aiming to tell people what to think it's kind of a coded message from a place that's half memory, half sci-fi dream. If it stirs something in you, that's enough.

#### Who or what are your biggest artistic influences, past or present?

Musically, I grew up on boom bap, experimental electronica, and Persian classical music.

#### What's been the most challenging part of your artistic journey so far?

Staying consistent while juggling survival. I've had to work through self-doubt, burnout, and being between cultures — never fully belonging in either. There's also the challenge of building an audience without watering things down.

#### What's a moment you're especially proud of in your career or practice?

Putting out my self-titled album on Zabte Sote felt huge. Not just because of the label, but because it was a body of work that covered years of quiet labor.



# THE GRANT WRITER'S LABYRINTH VELVET, PASTEL, AND THE TRUTH TOLD WELL

Somewhere between a velvet-curtained ballroom ruled by a glam-rock Goblin King and the pastel symmetry of a meticulously framed hotel corridor lies the true emotional landscape of the modern grant writer. It's a place of ambition and anxiety, beauty and bureaucracy—where dreams are translated into logic models, and visions for justice must squeeze themselves into rigid character counts.

Some days, we are Sarah from Labyrinth—chasing our mission through bewildering mazes of eligibility criteria and submission portals that seem designed to disorient. We face distractions, delays, and the ever-looming Goblin Kings of imposter syndrome and rejection. Other days, we are Zero Moustafa from The Grand Budapest Hotel—quietly dignified, impeccably composed, moving our programs and projects forward with methodical grace and a suitcase full of skills the world often overlooks.

Grant writing, much like these cinematic journeys, is not just a technical exercise. It's an art of persistence, of vision, of storytelling. It's a craft that demands both heart and precision—a willingness to navigate systems that often feel intentionally and unnecessarily opaque. But as both Wes Anderson and Jim Henson remind us, in vastly different yet equally resonant ways, what often looks like chaos is just a puzzle waiting to be solved—and clarity, courage, and a shift in perspective can oftentimes change everything.

#### Part I: Dangers Untold and Budgets Unnumbered

In Labyrinth, Sarah fights her way through a surreal and constantly shifting dreamscape to recover her baby brother from the Goblin King. Along the way, she encounters a cast of misfit creatures—chaotic, confusing, and, at least to me, endearing. But beneath their antics and riddles lies a deeper truth: the obstacles Sarah faces aren't physical so much as psychological. The real power holding her back is illusion—fear, doubt, and disorientation wrapped in fantasy.

The same can be said of the world of grants.

Forms, portals, logic models, attachments, scoring rubrics, shifting priorities, and funder-specific language can feel just as disorienting as a talking doorknob. But the most formidable challenge isn't logistical—it's internal. It's the creeping fear that you're not saying something the "right" way, that your program isn't polished or data-rich enough, that your mission isn't as impressive or urgent as others, or that you've somehow missed the exact phrasing that would magically unlock the next round of funding.

Sarah's breakthrough doesn't come through brute force or cleverness, but through her resolve. When she finally stands her ground and declares, "You have no power over me," the illusion crumbles and the spell is broken. That's the turning point—not just in the story, but in her own sense of authority.

For grant writers, a similar moment awaits: the realization that you don't need to contort your story into someone else's mold. You don't need to outmaneuver the maze—you need to see through it. The key is clarity, conviction, and the courage to tell the truth about your work in the boldest, most unapologetic way possible.

Do you need to persuade? Of course. Do you need to be perfect? Absolutely not. What you need more than anything though is Resolve—to craft a narrative that is authentic, sharply written, and impossible to ignore. Resolve to be undeniable, and you will be.

#### Part II: The Symmetry of Strategy

Wes Anderson's films offer a completely different aesthetic—but one equally instructive. In his world, stories unfold with deliberate composition. The visuals are precise. The dialogue is deadpan. And yet, under all that stylized surface lies deep emotion, idiosyncratic logic, and unexpected heart.



A great grant proposal works the same way. It's not just about emotion or structure—it's about the intentional alignment of both. Like a Wes Anderson film, success lies in proportion: knowing exactly how much sentiment to pair with data, how much narrative to balance with logic, and where to place each detail for maximum impact. Every element has its place, and every frame—every section of your proposal—should be curated with care.

Use your budget table like a meticulously labeled cross-section diagram in The Life Aquatic—clean, precise, and almost architectural in its clarity. Let it tell a visual story about your program's logic, scale, and feasibility. Frame your outcomes like one of Suzy's letters in Moonrise Kingdom—short, emotionally charged, and bursting with intent, as if addressed directly to the reviewer's conscience. And build your theory of change so that it unfolds with the elegance of a page turning in one of Anderson's pastel-toned storybooks—inevitable, interconnected, and quietly persuasive.

In the worlds Anderson creates, every character is flawed but persistent—quietly unraveling, yet always pressing on with purpose. That's your project, your program, your mission—in short, your nonprofit. You're not perfect—but you're moving forward, deliberately and meaningfully, with integrity at the core. You show up, you adapt, you put in the effort day after day, and almost always without applause.

You tell your story the best way you know how—honestly, thoughtfully, with whatever tools and time you have. And when you do that well—when you align clarity with intention, your heart and fight with structure—it won't just resonate.

It will be enough, and it will be powerful.

#### Part III: The Maze Isn't Real

The greatest illusion of grant writing is the belief that someone else holds all the keys—that funders are gatekeepers, and you are just knocking, hoping to be let in. But what if you flipped the script? What if, like Sarah, you realized the maze only has power if you let it? What if, like one of Anderson's eccentric protagonists, you embraced your quirks, trusted your instincts, and told the truth—beautifully, authentically, and with style?

Funding isn't about groveling. It's about alignment—shared vision, shared values, shared outcomes. Yes, you still have to follow directions, hit the character count, and attach the correct documents—obviously. But beyond compliance, and before you apply for a single grant, YOU must believe in your story. Then it becomes your honor-bound duty to craft a narrative as precise as Anderson's cinematography and as enticing as the ballroom scene in Labyrinth—where every detail is dreamlike and alluring, but the real breakthrough only comes when the illusion is shattered, and the protagonist sees clearly.

What the hell am I talking about? Simple: You must own your story 100%. Believe in it, tell it to anyone who will listen, and never let anyone else put a mask on it or shrink it. Because in the end, it's not sleight of hand that wins grant awards—it's the truth told well.

#### Part IV: You Have No Power Over Me

The most powerful moment in Labyrinth isn't a sword fight or a magic spell—it's a shift in belief. When Sarah stops being intimidated, the illusion collapses. Power returns to where it always belonged: within her. For grant writers, the same is true, and if you haven't yet, it's a truth you need to grab tight to and never let go.

You may be staring down a labyrinth of formatting rules, budget templates, and jargon-stuffed RFPs—but your job isn't to serve the maze. Your job is to recognize the illusion for what it is, reclaim the narrative, and take control. To see through the confusion, and in doing so, craft a proposal that is equal parts structured and inspired—anchored in data, elevated by story, and true to your mission. Your job is to deliver your organization's truth—clearly, and if necessary, in fucking technicolor. Whether you write in velvet and lace or type in a symmetrical frame with a vintage font, the outcome can be the same: a proposal that lands, that moves, that supports your incredible and worthy cause, and that wins.

Because in the end, if there is a will, there is a way. And sometimes, the only thing standing between you and the support your organization needs is the clarity—and the courage—to tell your story the way it should be told, and to say:



#### SPECTAL THANKS

SELLES MICHAEL MAJOR CELESTE SARRON JASSMINE HOUNG SIMPEN BIL HELICHALEEM DANTEL DOOLEY ANNA INGLES ALEXANDRA LAUBER SHAVEEZU NATHAN DOOLEY ROMMEL CONTRERAS **HEVIN CLIFTON** RAY OTAZ JOSE AGUTARE ALEX GUITERREZ VANESSA PUOPOLO CARLOS APARICIO LINDA LAETTNER MONICA RUIZ PHOENIX SOLEI SEBASTIAN KAI LAURA WARD

THE HICHS UNDER THE STAIRS
FRESNO ARTS COUNCIL
ARTE AMERICAS
ORAND TECHNOLOGIES
MCLANE HIGH SCHOOL
FRESNO UNIFIED
VISIT FRESNO COUNTY





There's nothing M.re p.werful than :Jaca whose time has come

