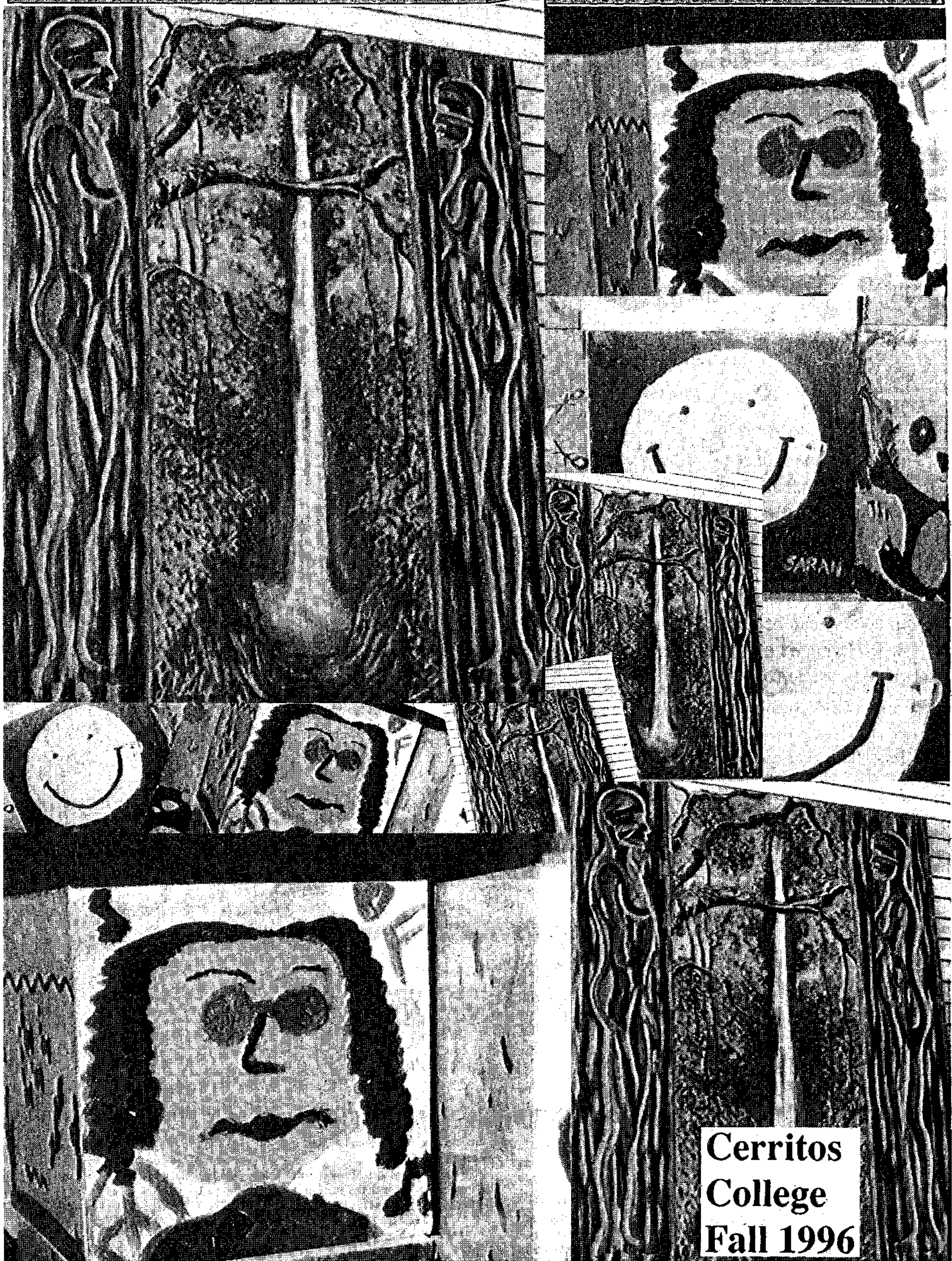


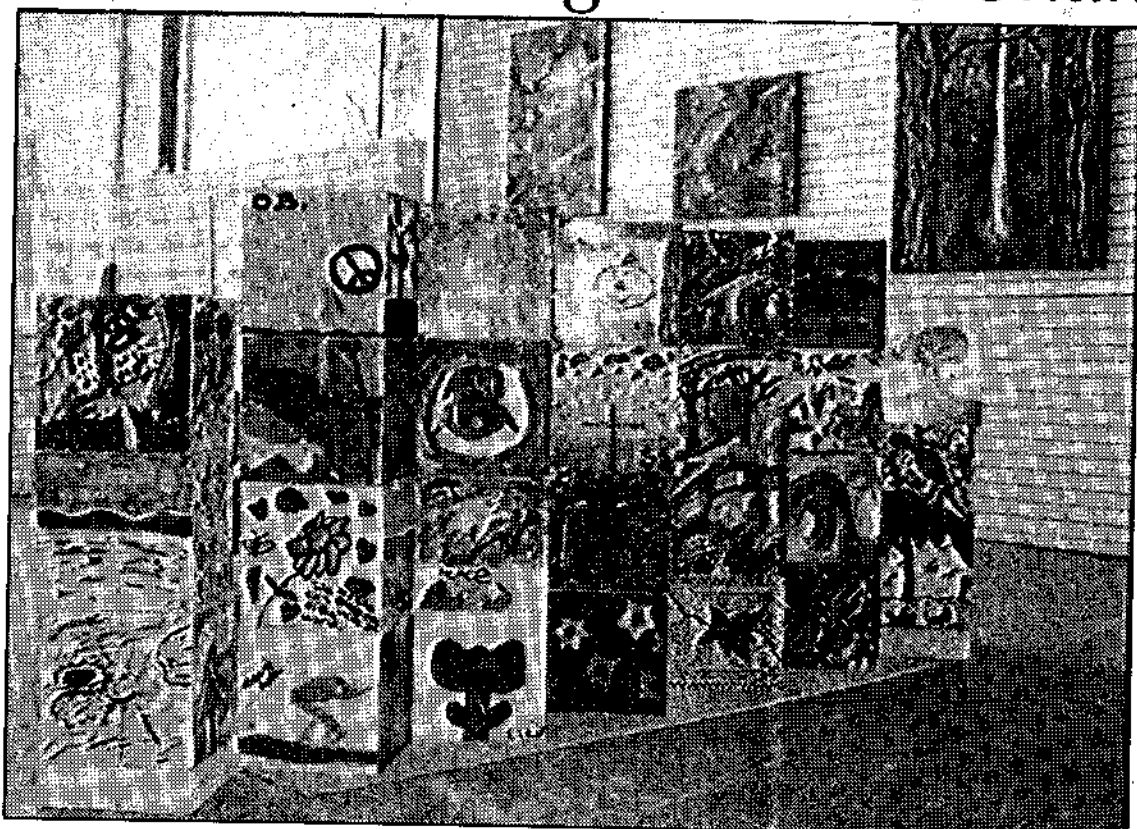
WINGS



Cerritos
College
Fall 1996

The Environmental Mural

Uniting Colors to Change the World



The Environmental Mural, as exhibited at the T. Heritage Gallery, gives the spectator a wide spectrum of colors and ideas. It gives the impression of looking at a giant Picasso work.

Photo by STEVE MUISE

By Cristina Hernandez
WINGS Associate Editor

A whole new world of colors that takes the mind and the heart on a unique journey toward the discovery of our society can be seen at the T. Heritage Gallery in Los Angeles. Diversity, art, and feelings are ex-

pressed in a very simple way, "The Environmental Mural Project."

Composed of multiple panels assembled in the form of cubes and spheres, the mural gives the spectator a wide spectrum of colors and ideas.

When seen from afar, it gives the impression of looking at a giant Picasso work.

However, once you get close enough to the mural to appreciate details, the whole image changes in front of your eyes into many different paintings.

Some are beautiful works of art, full of colors with a perfect balance of shapes and dimension.

These paintings are pleasant to the eye and they speak of artists who have had a deeper involvement with art.

Other paintings are lacking colors and artistic balance. The colors are dull; the shapes are deformed and they reflect feelings of sadness, rebellion, and frustration.

There are still other paintings full of brightness, not perfect in the artistic form, but

that it is possible to make changes in our world by using art as the tool to accomplish them.

"We started to do the first panels and I did some little models of the mural," Heritage said.

"The first panels were done by my family and some of my friends. My mother did one of the first panels and later I started to encourage people from different backgrounds, artists, doctors, students, kids, handicapped people to paint and become part of the mural."

The materials used to create the paintings are acrylic colors and 12 inch squares of laminated foam board (recycled material) and intended to last a lifetime.

Each one of the panels that forms the mural has a different story.

There is the panel painted by Carolina, a little girl with AIDS. Her work is a combination of bright colors and childish drawings.

Close to it there is the panel by William, a homeless man who made a true work of art with his painting.

"He is a true artist. I gave him a panel and some colors and he created this beautiful work of art," said Heritage.

Also a few panels away from Carolina's panel; there is the youngest artist of all, a two-year-old boy whose name is hard to distinguish in his colorful painting.

His panel has many lines of colors, one over the other; and the story is that his mother had to change his clothes every time he worked on his panel.

At another block there is a panel that was painted in Japan.

Heritage sent the materials and the reply

that express happiness and love.

Nevertheless, each one of the panels has a different story, a different perspective of this world, and a unique insight of life.

The founder and director of this project is Tim Heritage, a California native. He graduated from California State University Dominguez Hills with a business degree.

Regarding his degree and his passion for painting he says, "During my school years I would go to the art classes whenever I had the chance. Business was my major, but art was in my heart. I started painting when I was a little kid. It is in my blood and a very special part of myself."

Heritage, a 35 year-old artist, believes

was a colorful work of art.

On and on there are many other panels; each one of them with a different message from different people.

It is like a visual poem just waiting to be interpreted in a thousand different ways.

The panel with a yellow smiling face that shows pierced ears, lips and nose gives an idea of what is going on with the younger generation.

There is another panel that shows four holding hands, each one of a different color. There are hearts, crosses, lips, flowers, blue skies, black skies, bright suns, and a giant TV and a house side-by-side.

All of these paintings form a big picture of what our society is thinking, feeling and trying to change about the world.

It gives us a good idea of how this mural is going to look in a few months from now when more people have expressed their ideas in paint.

"It has been over a year and it represents lots and lots of work from several people," says Heritage. "I have assistants and volunteers that come and help me. We go to festivals, schools, and many other places."

"This project is for everybody...people from ages two to 90 have contributed to the mural," continued Heritage. "We have shown people that they can do art."

"The plans for the future are for the mural to grow. This project has no limitations. You can keep it going for a long time. People will be able to look at the world from different perspective by looking at the mural," Heritage explains.

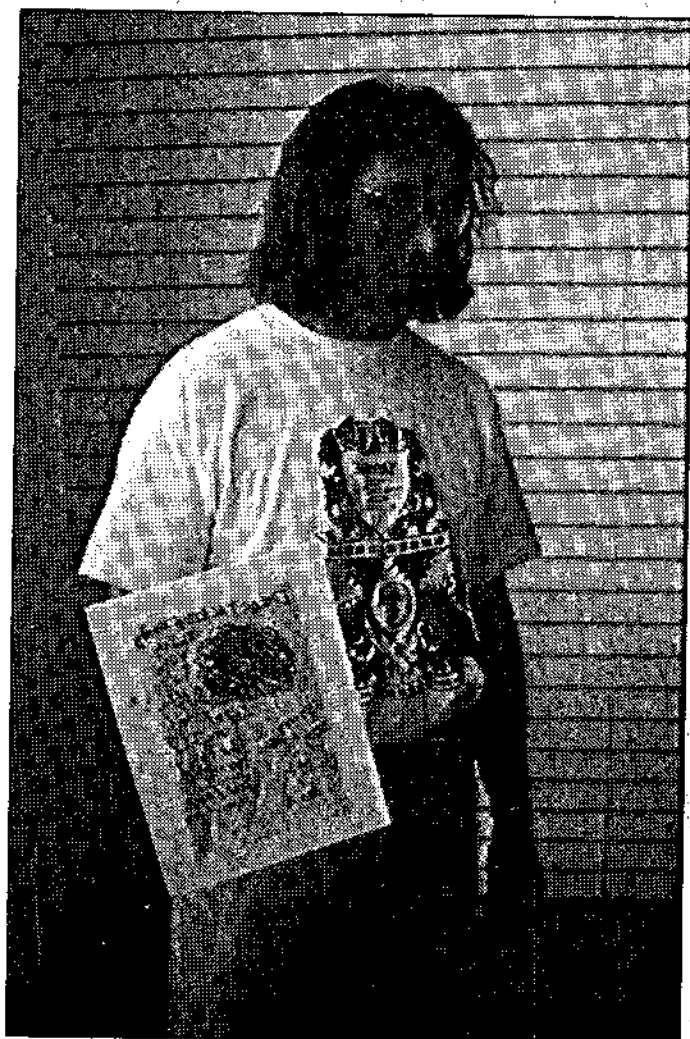


Photo by STEVE MUISE

One of the many pieces that is exhibited at the T. Heritage Gallery.

The gallery also displays works from other established artists and Heritage himself. However, the mural is now the most important part of the exhibition.

The T. Heritage Art Gallery is located at 1027 Glendon Avenue in Los Angeles. The public is invited to participate with no age limitation or artistic ability. There is a \$3 charge to cover material costs.



Tim Heritage displays his art.

Photo by STEVE MUISE

FEATURE

CARE Cares for Single Mothers Gaining Education

By Patricia Roman
WINGS Editor

She appeared wrapped up in paperwork, preoccupied or tired perhaps. Her eyebrows pressed together as she read the pile of papers on her desk.

Her fingers reached her temples as if erasing pressure from her head.

When she realized someone's presence in the room, she turned immediately and greeted me cordially.

"Hi there," she said in the warmest tone.

Her name is Marcia Chaney, Compliance Technician of the CARE program at Cerritos College.

Chaney is just one of many that seem to put more courtesy or professionalism into their jobs than required. She is the type of person that makes a tremendous impression on others, especially single mothers on welfare.

"They really make me feel special, like they really care about my progress," Penny said, a single mother of three, on welfare and

full-time student.

CARE stands for Cooperative Agencies Resources for Education, and is a cooperative effort of the Department of Public Social Services and Cerritos College's Extended Opportunity Programs and Services (EOPS).

"[CARE] is designed to help students succeed in college by providing educational opportunities for single mothers receiving Aid for Families with Dependent Children (AFDC) so they may be able to break the welfare cycle," Chaney said.

"Being a single parent myself and raising three daughters, along with taking a class almost each semester, I can truly understand difficult situations. I empathize with each and every one of my CARE students," she stressed.

There are other advantages of the CARE programs such as psychological services, support groups, workshops, activ-

ity committees, and Christmas and Easter activities designed with the children in mind.

"I had a student several years ago that came to Cerritos with her three young children

after leaving a very abusive marriage back on the east coast.

She had no housing and I was able to get her into a women's shelter until her AFDC case was activated here.

She barely had enough money to survive on and when Christmas came, there was going to be no toys for her children. I found a women's business association that became interested in giving a scholarship to a needy person and I gave them this student's story and along with giving her a scholarship, they made sure her children had a wonderful Christmas," Chaney said.

People that really care to do more than a good job is exactly what the CARE program workers are all about.

Chaney remembered, "A very shy quiet young lady joined our group not knowing that this was more than a simple rap/support group that ate lunch together. With the help of our psychological counselors, we found that this student maintained a 4.0 GPA throughout high school and was still carry-

ing a 4.0 at Cerritos."

"She had never received any support nor encouragement from her family or friends for higher education. She had a baby at an early age, but had continued with her school because she wanted to be able to provide a comfortable life for her and her child. She was in a medical assistant program," Chaney explained.

"After we questioned her, she said that this job track was good enough and she didn't think she could do better. But with some encouragement, specific course direction and transfer/university information, she decided to go all the way with a pre-med major and hopefully become a doctor," Chaney said.

A student must apply for financial aid, be determined EOPS eligible and meet certain other requirements to be admitted into the CARE program.

"There are so many other ideas yet to be implemented that it takes time with a small staff. I still need to make more community involvement to benefit my CARE students to their fullest," Chaney concluded.



Marcia Chaney, CARE Compliance Technician



Idania Padron, paints faces during a Christmas Celebration

trends

La Macarena One-Line Dance Sweeps America

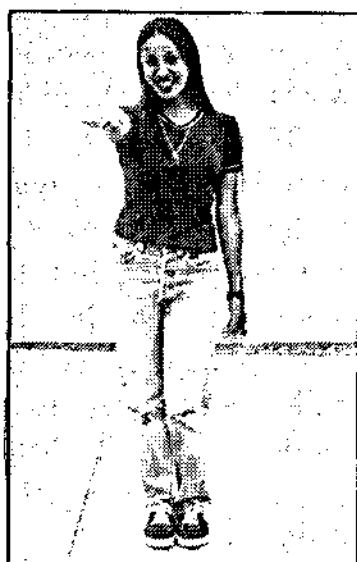
By Patricia Roman
WINGS Editor

It has swept the country and the world! Like a deadly virus, it's affecting old and young. It influenced over 50,000 people at Dodger stadium to participate in a Guinness World Record-breaking event between innings.

What is it?

It's called La Macarena, a one-line song dance, originally performed by Flamenco Spanish duo, Los del Rio, and remixed by Miami's Bayside Boys team. So far, it has sold over 5 million copies worldwide.

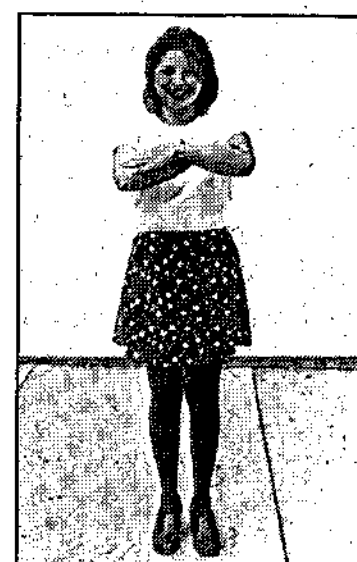
Perhaps the dance music came from Spain, Mexico City, Acapulco, or Cancun. The exact origin of the dance is unknown. However, where it's destined to go will hit hard, and take its toll on all.



1 Right hand out, palm down. Left hand out, palm down



2 Right hand out, palm up. Left hand out, palm up.



3 Right hand on left arm. Left hand on right arm.



4 Right hand on head. Left hand on head.



5 Right hand on left hip. Left hand on right hip.



6 Right hand on backside. Left hand on backside.



7 Sway back and forth three times, then turn 90 degrees to the right.

FICTION

The Marriage Assignment

By David DM Coutant
WINGS Fiction Editor

Their eyes met across the room. The sound of their spoken names hadn't died out yet, and they had already looked then looked away again. So that was their assignment: to be a couple. They hadn't even spoken to each other yet, and in the eyes of the class they were married. They didn't think much more about it.

Rachel pulled her bag off the table with a thud as it smacked against her denimed thigh. Her brown hair hung partly in her face, and partly on the open-fronted flannel shirt she wore over a small, tight t-shirt proclaiming "Leave Me Alone." Lunch, she thought. Five bucks. That's all she had until Friday. Campus food: not too appealing. Off-campus cuisine: with only twenty minutes 'til next class? It'd be close. Where was she parked? Would she have a ticket? Did she want to risk the tormenting glare of the instructor as she walked in to a full but silent classroom five minutes late?

Thud. It wasn't her bag this time. Books were not the weight that swayed her. She looked up from her tangled keychain. It was him. What was his name again? Phil? Paul. That was it. Paul something-or-other.

"Hi," she said without really meaning it. She had no time for assignments now, particularly not such unorthodox ones. Pretending to be married? How home-ec of them.

"Hi," he said with not much more vigor. He glanced back over his shoulder as he moved around her.

He was tall, probably six inches taller than her, with dark hair which he wore brushed back. He wore a loose-fitting overshirt on top of a faceless t-shirt, and jeans that were neither tight nor baggy. His shoes, nondescript black.

She didn't think of him again.

The next meeting of the

class caught her with a surprise. She had forgotten about the assignment. Paul looked a little nervous. He also looked like he had thought more about it than she had. She smiled uneasily at him and looked away.

"I assume you've decided where you are going to live," the teacher said to the room full of 'newlyweds' in her parental preparation class. One couple had picked a city and a street, the color of house, the kind of car, and had narrowed down the baby's name to three options: one for a boy, two for a girl.

Rachel was relieved. It took the heat off of the rest of them. The zeal shown by these two would drown out the inaction of the mass. But not for long.

She looked again at Paul, and he still looked nervous.

Rachel sat at home, trying to fit together the day's hand-out sheets with the assignments given. She sat cross-legged on her bed, wearing her flannel pajama pants and an oversized t-shirt. She was munching on a cookie and dropping crumbs over the pages. The phone rang. She waited. It stopped ringing. She waited. "Rachel!" her mom called through the house. She jumped up and ran downstairs. It was just Phil. Paul. Yeah, Paul. She agreed to meet him tomorrow.

"What do you want to do about this?" he said when they sat down. She looked at him a little sideways. 'Do' about it? "I mean, where do we tell them we're going to live? You know, that stuff Rich and Jenny were talking about. House, kids, that stuff. What do we do?" He obviously didn't care much more about it than she did, but he had this weird drive to do the assignment.

"I don't know," she said, curling up the corners of the pages in her book. She had some ideas, but for real life. She didn't

want to spoil her dreams by dragging them out in front of a bunch of skeptics. What she really wanted played no part in this assignment. It didn't even occur to her to mention them.

"What about that little place on Lima, just south of Grand View?" he said. She looked at him steadily. "You know... the one, it's on the corner, it's yellow." Her eyes narrowed at him. She loved that house. Always had. "I was thinking that place would be cool," he went on, "but with a different fence. Not that big brown one, but a smaller one, like white or something." He was speaking a little nervously, but honestly.

"I thought," he said cautiously, "we would have two cars, but it wouldn't be like mine and yours, they would be ours." Rachel kept a smile inside her. He kept talking.

Some people might say just what other people would want to hear, but he didn't seem terribly aware of what she would want. He was just saying what he felt. That's why it was so unusual for everything to match so well. The more he talked, the less important the secrecy of her smile became. The secrecy of her dreams. She let them show.

She didn't forget his name again.

Dream Through the Day

By David DM Coutant
WINGS Fiction Editor

*I wake up with things on my mind
Let me sort out what was real
If I could, I'd go back
I like the way those things feel*

*If I could make something happen
If one of my dreams could come true
I'd go back to bed right this minute
And have myself a dream about you*

*If you were sleeping and saw me
Would it be worth it to stay?
Would you want me to sleep with you
Could we just dream through the day?*

The World's Dying Cast

By David DM Coutant
WINGS Fiction Editor

*The freezing wind blows the silence
Across the room from the hall
Nothing will ring, no one will come
No one and nothing at all*

*The hours have crept by until now
Now they just seem to stand still
Nothing is on and no one is here
No one and nothing but chill*

*Now, through the silence cut sirens
Rushing with every breath
I'd rather hear them be quiet
Than running to someone's death*

*Louder than sirens there's screaming
There is someone after all
No one is happy and nothing is sacred
Nothing and no one at all*

*After the screams there is silence
Refreshing silence at last
I'd rather be all alone
Than be with the world's dying cast*

WINGS

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