The Introduction of color and art into a division for youth facility of the New York state prison system

Joan Janas Schwamlein

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarworks.rit.edu/theses

Recommended Citation

This Thesis is brought to you for free and open access by the Thesis/Dissertation Collections at RIT Scholar Works. It has been accepted for inclusion in Theses by an authorized administrator of RIT Scholar Works. For more information, please contact rit-scholarworks@rit.edu.
THE INTRODUCTION OF COLOR AND ART INTO
A DIVISION FOR YOUTH FACILITY OF THE
NEW YORK STATE PRISON SYSTEM

by

Joan Janas Schwamlein

AUGUST 1, 1995
I, ------------------------------- hereby grant permission to the Wallace Memorial library of RIT to reproduce my thesis in whole or in part. Any reproduction will not be for commercial use or profit.

Joan Janas Schwamlein

498 South Main Street

Geneva, New York 14456
# TABLE of CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Beginning</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The First Day</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Conference Room</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Gymnasium</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Balloons Plus</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Artists of Industry</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Results Reviewed</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Illustrations</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BIBLIOGRAPHY</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE BEGINNING

Early in my interior design career I was struck by the beneficial effect that color appeared to have on the residents of health care facilities such as hospitals and nursing homes. Given that these residents were a "captive audience" they seemed more aware of their physical surroundings than the average home owner or apartment dweller might be. Their four walls were their living environment, twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. The more I thought about color and its psychological effect on spatial environs I decided that this subject would make an interesting thesis project. I determined that to effectively test my ideas about color and its potential benefits I would need to introduce it in a facility where there were young residents, able to not only aid in the creative selection of colors but actually assist in the application of their creation on walls in their facility.

The idea of working with incarcerated adolescents occurred to me when I read a series of articles that ran in the New York Times concerning the efforts of various major metropolitan cities attempting to curb rising gang violence. The articles stressed the importance of keeping these youth occupied and involved, to give them a sense of self esteem, I knew I had found my thesis project. After being turned down by various Maximum security prisons in the New York State Prison system and been turned down I naturally turned my attention to the Division For Youth headquartered in Rensselaer, New York. I learned that each
facility was totally governed by its Director who had autonomous control over every aspect of the kids' lives in their charge. In a way this meant that I could conceivably call each facility and hope to "catch" the interest of a director who was willing to let a Graduate student test her thesis premise on his residents. Luckily I found just that person at Industry School in Industry, New York.

Industry is a 130 bed minimum secure facility located South of Rochester, New York amidst rolling hills and lush green farmland. There are no fences or walls to prohibit its residents from leaving, merely miles and miles of open space. Since most of the residents are from the tightly populated boroughs of Manhattan the residents of Industry seem more frightened at the thought of wandering forever through woods and fields than staying and completing their sentences.

My initial interview was with the Associate Director, Jim Rockell. He seemed very interested in the prospect of having his "boys" involved in a creative project, something that would engage their minds as well as improve the physical appearance of the archaic state facility. For two months I filled out a myriad of paperwork and endured countless hours of interviews to discuss the possibility of any negative effect was explored and put to rest. Finally I was given permission to proceed with my project.

As in most successful ventures I determined that advertising would bring the most interested and, hopefully, talented to my attention. I created a poster and placed it throughout the facility (Figure 1). Hoping to assuage any disappointment on my
part Jim Rockell warned me that he doubted I would get any more than five residents to sign up. He said that his boys were usually too cautious to volunteer for new projects. I prepared myself for limited participation. However, to my delight, Jim called to tell me that I had 26 volunteers, boys who had never signed up for anything, boys who had never expressed even the slightest interest in art, had not had any interest in anything, these names were on my list of interested volunteers. I was overwhelmed! Unfortunately, I was very honest with Jim regarding my inability to "handle" that large number of participants. I was hoping for 5, maybe 7, but NOT 26. He promised me that he and his staff would somehow reduce the list to ten, and I promised that I would work with two groups of five each. This doubled the amount of time I had hoped to spend at Industry but I felt it was worth a try.
When I arrived for the first day of painting I found that my list of "10" had somehow turned into 14, with an alternate group of 5, pending behavior improvement. Jim asked that I consider these extra boys since he felt that all of them desperately needed whatever positive rewards my project could give them. I consented. At my initial meeting with the boys I introduced myself and encouraged them to ask any questions or voice any concerns they might have; none were voiced.

I chose two areas of similar size and divided my boys into groups of seven each. The hallway outside the cafeteria area in the main building was to incorporate large, colorful hot air balloons while the second floor hall walls would house vivid Caribbean Island scenes. I had no doubt that even the most amateur novice could draw his way through the intricacies of a hot air balloon but the island scenes were another matter. My objective was that I would let the kids try, and compromise accordingly.

The strangest thing happened when I gave the signal for the balloons to be drawn; nothing happened. The boys just stood there staring at the blank wall. My concern was, "suppose no one did anything"? I envisioned my thesis project a dismal failure and it was too late to find another. Out of sheer desperation I urged the boys to draw. They kept looking at me and then at the guard who
sat nearby. I finally turned to him for help. He explained that the boys were not usually allowed to draw on the walls and would normally be sanctioned (punished) for doing so. He graciously gave them permission and they all began to draw. At first their circular and oval shapes were tiny but as their confidence grew so did their balloons. Soon I had boys standing on tiptoes to outdo each other in the size of their creations. Since I had them do all of their preliminary sketches in graphite the first days' efforts didn't look like much. I promised the aspiring artists that once they started to use color the fun would really begin.

The residents doing the island scenes were actually more aggressive in their initial attempts at palm trees and sandy beaches. The one common problem encountered by all was a fear of being "too big". Perspective was definitely going to be the first obstacle to overcome. I encouraged the boys to stand back and look at their work often but this was a strange concept to them and so most did not unless I reminded them.

The more artistically talented were able to proceed on their own with few proddings from me. Those who had really had no art instruction whatsoever needed almost constant attention, but after a few days even these kids were able to add embellishments of their own to their drawings.

It took almost four weeks to finish the balloons and island artwork combined (Figure 2 through 8). As the time went by each boy responded to his accomplishments in various positive ways. The guards, counselors and Jim Rockell all made a point of
complimenting the kids on their work....this only took a moment of their time but it meant so much to the boys.....these were people who they saw and worked with on a daily basis....and these people were saying nice things about their abilities. Everyone told me how much the kids' attitudes had improved. Boys who were given daily infractions were now smiling and cooperative. One of the guards told me he would rather work with my group than any other at the facility because, when painting, they were amiable and polite.

I think it's important to note that part of my agreement with Industry School was that I would not be told the offense the boys had committed nor would I ask them why they were there. I readily agreed to this as I didn't feel that my knowing would or should have any effect on the art project itself. At no time did I ever feel threatened or afraid...the kids were always very respectful and gracious in their attitude towards me. It was difficult for me to think of any of them as having committed a serious crime. I saw their kind and gentle side.
THE CONFERENCE ROOM

The week between Christmas and New Year's was a free one for my artists since there was no school. Because I could have access to them every day for as long as I liked, I decided to talk them into painting a design on the walls of the Director's conference room. My reasoning was simple, I wanted a public yet heavily used area as a permanent display for the boys' artwork. This was the one area that ALL visitors saw. I reasoned that it would be impossible to overlook or denigrate what these kids were capable of accomplishing when one sat surrounded by the results.

When I explained to them that we were going to repeat the same thing on all four walls I must admit I almost had a mutiny on my hands. They were insulted! To assuage their disappointment and stimulate their waning interest I brought in extra illustration board and had them do personal drawings telling me something about their goals and dreams. This worked beautifully. While some of the kids were drawing at the conference table, the others were completing the "diamond" pattern around the room. (Figure 8). This also afforded me the opportunity to "test" their drawing abilities. I was pleasantly surprised by the quality of the results. One of the boys, Victor, had only done graffitti up to that point and the scenes he was able to produce spoke volumes about a lifestyle I couldn't hope to understand. His usual art included guns, syringes and violence but for me he did scenes depicting life in a gang, the reality was frightening (Figure 10).
Another of my artists named David was especially gifted. He was able to express himself in whatever medium I suggested. For most of the time we spent together he was very quiet and yet very artistically productive. In one of the drawings he did for me about himself he drew a young black man gazing straight ahead with his right hand in his pocket. It was important to David that I understand that there was a gun in that pocket....to him a gun was an essential element of his young life(Figure 11).

Brian was another member of my group who will always stand out in my memory. His art expertise involved complicated layers of various geometric shapes and angles intermingled with bright colors, all challenging the viewer to both absorb and reason out their meaning. I was constantly amazed by Brian's ability to create these drawings and I came to enormously respect his tenacity in completing them (Figure 12 through 14). The staff came to laughingly refer to Brian's brightly-colored circles (Figure 14) as "excedrin headache # 37". Brian took this as a compliment since it meant they were "noticing" his work.

As you can see,( Figure 9 ) the Director's conference room turned out beautifully. He was so pleased that he treated the boys to a pizza lunch which was a rare treat for them at Industry. He also personally came and thanked them. They usually had no contact with him and yet there he was speaking to them as a group and actually telling them he admired something they had done. I felt that moment, and not the pizza, was the REAL treat!

The Director's Conference room was the closest thing to
"pure" interior design that I had exposed the boys to, I found it amusing that they thought this was boring. They could understand the exaggerated color and shapes of the balloons and Island areas. They just couldn't comprehend that a 15'0" by 25'-0" enclosed room might need modified colors or designs. At this stage of our association I realized I was expecting too much.
THE GYMNASIUM

This area was one that EVERY boy had begged me to start. They each had their favorite sports figure and it took many days for us to determine the unimportant versus popular sports hero. I recommended cycling but they all turned that down, not exciting enough they said. I vetoed boxing as being too violent yet somehow the boys felt that football and ice hockey were acceptable.

The physical area of the gymnasium was interesting in that one entered into a large foyer with floor to ceiling windows. Natural daylight flooded the room. Ceilings were at ten feet. I knew from past experience that the proportion of these sports figures would have to be more exacting than anything we had done previously given the spatial reference. How to convey this to the boys was another matter. As always I decided to just let them begin to draw and see what happened.

The first day I lost "Victor", one of my best artists. He said he was not good at faces and limbs. He just threw down his pencil and left. The second and third days I lost Luis and Joseph for much the same reasons. Apparently they all wanted to portray their favorite ball player but without a face or arms. This time, I thought, I was going to fail. I pictured the walls of the gymnasium remaining their dirty, beige color forever. Then I remembered a boy named Nathan who I had not used in the Conference room but who was certainly still on my list. He happily came when summoned and was able to sketch out three of
the most fearsome sports figures one could imagine. Nathan's expertise was with a sketch pad and pen. He would be drawing furiously while talking excitedly about a totally unrelated subject and the finished product was amazing (Figure 15). His soccer player was the envy of the other artists and one of his proudest achievements.

The basketball player trio (Figure 15) was done by Clyde. He surprised even himself with the sheer size of this drawing and it soon became the focal point of the gymnasium foyer.

When completed, the gym foyer held a trio of basketball players, various football figures and a larger than life replica of Troy Aikmen (Figure 16). To add emphasis behind these artforms I had the boys draw in blocks of color. By this time they caught on to the reason for the addition of a color quite easily. For an interesting accent I added a black and white "check" pattern which seemed to augment the importance of the visual display.

An interesting aspect of the effect of this art project on the boys themselves could be seen in the REAPPEARANCE of one of the boys who had previously given up on drawing sports figures. Joe was a very troubled 17 year old who verbally said he wanted to paint and draw but could never seem to bring himself to actually do anything. I had actually given up on him when, toward the end of the gymnasium project, he returned and asked to be allowed to draw. Since we were almost finished in that area I didn't think I had anywhere to place his drawing until I remembered a small alcove housing the water fountain. He insisted
on drawing a baseball figure and, although his figure seemed more
cartoonish than the others, the finished result turned out well.
Placing the green grassy diamond behind him helped place the
figure within the space (Figure 17).

   The gymnasium area was and still is the pride of every
person who works at Industry School. No visitor leaves without an
obligatory tour of this building, and they are all understandably
impressed.
BALLOONS PLUS

Everyone who saw the sports figures felt that the boys had outdone themselves and I considered ending the project on a note of success. One thing bothered me, the hot air balloons. Although very colorful they just seemed to hang there in their subterranean hallway with their icy blue background walls. To achieve the "finished" interior design look that I was after I felt it was necessary to totally cover a hallway with coordinating wall color and complimentary trim. This was not part of my original agreement with Industry School and so I, once again, went to Jim Rockell and asked permission to enlist the boys' help in one more phase of my project. By this time the kids were tired and, they felt they had completed all assigned projects. I explained to him that only by totally "doing" a hall could one truly understand and appreciate how color and artwork can transform an otherwise drab, dreary and institutional area into something bright, warm and inviting. I knew it was going to be difficult to achieve this design solution since I was essentially "working backwards", that is, I should have had the background colors laid out first and the applied artwork done to augment it.

By this time into the project there were only four boys left from my list of volunteers and so I went to them and told them what I proposed. They jumped at the chance to paint. When they found out it was the hot air balloon area they were intrigued since they, along with most of Industry, had considered that area finished. Since this time they would be doing more
straight wall painting they were not exactly thrilled but no one backed out. Since time was at a premium I elected to use vertical bands of the original icy blue to tie in the second hallway with the balloons (Figure 18). In this picture you can see the interminable length of the hallway. I had two huge, colorful balloons drawn on opposing walls but this time I had the boys acknowledge the names of their various "cottages" using banners and flags. Figure 19 shows the balloon done by Clyde. He named it Ohadi since that was where he was confined with the subsequent cottages trailing behind. Figure 20 is the "main balloon" and bears the name of the school itself.
THE ARTISTS OF INDUSTRY

At first I found it difficult to remember their names but as each one's personality became more distinct I had no trouble in differentiating their names from their painting styles. There were a few really talented kids, a few that showed great potential given the proper instruction, and the rest were "trainable".

David, was a displaced 17 yr. old, who had no living relatives. His last name wasn't even his. He said he assumed the name of a woman who had befriended him in his preteen years but basically lived nowhere. He was at Industry because he was an habitual truant and in New York State that was illegal. He was very angry...at what? At everything and everyone. He STILL refused to do his homework and seemed proud of the fact that he had no high school education. His own personal form of rebellion. The sad part of David's story is that he was the MOST talented of all my kids. He was bright and interesting, but a truly lost soul. After working with him for a few weeks he was discharged to a group home somewhere in the Bronx. From this he ran away after only twenty-four hours. Whenever I think of David I feel such a sense of loss, and no one is left to care.

Dan is a 17 yr. old who has been incarcerated since the age of 12. He speaks of his sisters in a friendly manner but of his mother with fear and loathing. I have no idea what crime he has committed but it must have been quite serious to require such a lengthy sentence. Dan volunteered for my project because he is
a workaholic and not because he is artistically talented. He
NEEDS to keep busy to the point of exhaustion and joining my
group was a way for him to avoid the physical confinement of the
cottage and its rules. I often appreciated his help but found his
manipulative, domineering attitude irksome at times. He is
ever extremely intelligent and often was able to manipulate the other
boys into doing his bidding. In the end I was relieved to find he
was eligible for a group home and out of my jurisdiction. His
talent was minimal.

Clyde is one of the sweetest, kindest kids I met at
Industry. He was always eager to try any new technique or
painting assignment I proposed. He was truly involved in EVERY
one of the art projects. He often spoke of his family and felt
very close to them. I shall miss Clyde the most out of all my
kids.

Angel, a very immature, but kind and gentle Hispanic
boy who, given a few years of art instruction, could blossom into
a very accomplished fine arts painter. His sense of proportion
and perspective was instinctually good. His biggest drawback was
his obstinacy. He reluctantly took advice, often plunging ahead
with a basic drawing until he was so desperately out of sync with
what he wanted to accomplish that in frustration he would just
not show up for a few days. It was always interesting to talk with
Angel about his family background as he was very honest about the
filth, crime and hopelessness that represented his childhood. He
was very proud of his Puerto Rican heritage. Angel was 17 but his
mother was only 29 yrs. old.

Victor, a 16 yr. old from Brooklyn was a recovering alcoholic and drug addict. He was of Dominican heritage and often spoke of "his" people as "special". He was not well liked by his peer group because of his condescending attitude. Artistically Victor was a whiz at graffitti. He worked with the tools at hand, namely marker and colored pencil. For most of his life he had done only graffitti for members of his gang. When given the opportunity he would love to spray buildings and abandoned vehicles in his neighborhood. Victor adamantly refused to progress beyond the marker graffitti yet seemed genuinely interested in observing other techniques, he was simply afraid of new experiences. I often had a difficult time keeping him involved in the various art subjects my project required. His attitude was always very respectful and polite. I used two of Victor's drawings in my thesis exhibit because they were so beautifully rendered. Victor is due to leave Industry for a Job Corps assignment soon.

Brian was one of the few white boys in my group. Brian is extremely talented. He came to me under a double guard because he was listed as an escape risk but his counselor thought his artistic talent was so good that to keep him out was a waste. Almost from day one Brian's only interest was painting. He would pick up a brush and paint bottle when he arrived and I often had to physically remove those items from his hands when it was time to leave. He would often beg me to let him stay for a
few minutes more, he really loved his artistic creations. Brian's "talent" was different from that of the other boys in that his was almost always geometric shapes and forms, something that he "imagined", something that emanated from a force within himself, something even he couldn't explain. He was very intelligent and was in Industry because he just didn't consider going to school to be very important. When the authorities came to warn him he played practical jokes on them and ignored the warnings. He went through a period of culture shock when he found himself under guard and in a minimum secure prison. From what the counselor told me they had tried all sorts of programs with Brian to engage his interests....only my art project seemed to reach him. I enjoyed working with him. His artistic creations were truly amazing.

Nathan was my sketch artist. He left after finishing his sports figure in the gymnasium and went to a group home in Brooklyn where he apparently did well. He was an articulate, polite, soft-spoken young man who told me that his father had been an artist, but didn't really know too much more than that about him.

Joseph was an extremely tall (6'3") young black boy who came to Industry and my group with a belligerent attitude. He had been in many foster homes and jails since his early childhood and amassed a terrible record in all of them. I first encountered him when we were working on the gymnasium area. Joe came to "help". He told me he could do anything and that he liked to draw. Joe's
biggest problem was his impatience. He wouldn't take the time to correct a drawing. Once he had put a line on paper or the wall, that was it. If you tried to offer advice he would throw down his pencil and walk away. I'm not sure why I persisted with Joe but in the end I was glad I did. One day he and I were painting in one corner area and he began talking about his father who he got to know briefly. He told me that his father had once been asked to try out for the NBA. He said his father never stayed around long enough for the tryout, he left because he was afraid he wouldn't make the team. He quit rather than fail. Joe said that was why he kept coming back to my project. He believed that he could do the assignment. He just needed time to cool off. I admired him for trying time after time and NOT quitting. After a few weeks Joe and I got used to his "method" of haphazard drawing.

Luis should have never been admitted into my project. When all of my better "artists" were quitting the gym project I needed replacements and Clyde highly recommended his good "friend" Luis. Clyde swore that Luis was a really good artist and begged me to let him try. Almost from day one Luis was lazy, uninterested and more prone to sitting around and gossiping than working. He tried to dominate the other kids and the project in general. It took me a whole week to maneuver him out of the project. Apparently he was a prominent member of the Latin Kings gang and some of the kids were intimidated by his alleged "connections". He would often boast of his three children, all
born before his fifteenth birthday.

Mr. Almonte was the name that Leo insisted I call him. He was a 16 yr. old hispanic youth who spoke flawless English in a very rapid, staccato manner. His intelligence was evident in his verbal diatribes, a born debater, he would often expound upon some philosophical subject that most of the kids could not fathom. I found that the best way of handling Mr. Almonte was to say nothing in response to his diatribes, he was a fairly good artist, but his downfall was when he overtly introduced gang symbolism into his artwork and adamantly refused to remove them. Needless to say both Mr. Almonte and his artwork were ordered removed by the Director.

Harvey was only in my group for a week, but I enjoyed meeting him and was truly sorry to see him leave. He was excellent and quick. He abruptly left to face additional criminal charges and when convicted, was sent to another facility to finish serving his sentence. I tried to track him down through the penal system but no one was sure where he went.

These are but a few of the boys I encountered in my four months at Industry. These were the ones who stood out in my mind and whom I'll remember for a long time. I have introduced them to you so that you will know that my project had to contend with all sorts of personality problems and culture biases and STILL produce art. My own personal problems concerned my having to remain extremely flexible at all times. This I found frightening since I felt I lost a considerable amount of control.
over the finished product. Since I could not afford to have a preconceived idea of how I would like an area to look I had to rely on the unproven artistic ability of my "boys" and this was scary. It was essential that I remain uncritical, unbiased and completely understanding of all shortcomings on a daily basis. That last part was a most difficult attitude for me to assume in my professional life, but I did. The boys taught me to be patient
RESULTS REVIEWED

I set out to introduce art and color into an institutional environment because I believed it could have a positive effect on the residents. Having those same residents participate in the creation and application of that artwork proved beneficial beyond anything I imagined or planned.

Originally I had hoped to be able to methodically lay out both the artwork as well as the color in keeping with some sort of established guidelines. I found it particularly interesting to read of Paul Zelansky's work with emotionally disturbed children where he studied the psychological effects of a "cool" color scheme versus a bright one.¹ He contends that bright colors seem conducive to mental alertness while duller hues tend to sedate. Since I had very little control over the predictability of my participants' reactions I "suggested" certain colors and gauged their responses cautiously.

I began my thesis with the intent of "improving" the living environment of the residents at Industry. According to Sherrill Whiton," the role of the decorator is one of an artist striving for beauty".² Since my project contained both color as well as original artwork I feel that "beauty" was present, not only in the creativity of the participants but also in the eye of the beholders. All who witnessed the transformation of the sterile,

dreary walls into large, brightly-painted artforms marveled at the beauty. As an interior designer I felt pleased with the results of my project.

Combining the introduction of color and art into my project seemed to make the best of two worlds. I found myself reviewing the findings of Faber Birren, especially in the addition of bands of color to the second hallway beyond the hot air balloon area. Because this was a subterranean space I had hoped to use colors that were bright without being too stimulating, yet appealing to the age group of the artists. In his chapter on aesthetic response Birren discusses the results of color-preference tests.3

According to the color research theories of Faber Birren, "among Filipinos the color preference order was red, green, blue, violet, orange, yellow while Negroes favored blue, red, green, violet, orange, yellow". The cultural makeup of my group was almost equally divided between Hispanics and African Americans and I found an overwhelming affinity for red and black. In fact, when left to their own color choice they always selected one or the other or both. My attempts to explain "balance" or "tonal accents" went unheeded. Unfortunately these colors were considered too "stimulating" by the Director and we were encouraged to use them sparingly. Although red is one of the colors mentioned in Birren's research I'm not sure that the residents of Industry were as culturally inclined to favor it as they were "accustomed".


23
to using it from their gang affiliations. Red seemed to be considered a "bold" color. The boys described it as a color that said "look at me" , hard to ignore. Yellow was another color that everyone seemed to favor, the brighter the better. When it came time to accent the hot air balloon area I allowed the boys to choose their favorite colors. Thus yellow and its complimentary hues predominate. I found it particularly interesting to see the reaction of the mostly Caucasian personnel when the boys and I introduced lime-green in the same area with the yellow. Almost without exception they voiced their displeasure saying it was too gaudy, bright, made them sick, etc. When some of the more offended approached the Director about changing the color he refused saying that the boys had a right to their color preferences.

From an interior design point of view the overall effect of the basement hallway is very warm and inviting as you descend the stairs from the entry level. Although bright it invites you to enter the space. I was pleased with the boys' work in this area.

I'm not sure that the residents of Industry really appreciated what they were learning while involved in the process itself. The objective praise of staff and visitors helped to make the boys aware of the beauty they created in the eye of the beholder. They eventually became adept at sharing not only the limelight but also in complimenting each other. Although I constantly discussed light, dark, contrast, etc. with them I was never sure how much they understood. By the end of the project I was impressed with the amount of color "knowledge" they had
amassed.

In seeking to introduce art and color into an environment such as Industry I could only hope to achieve something positive. In fact what happened was nothing short of amazing. I believe that my project left a positive impression on those who participated, hopefully a permanent one.
- Feeling creative?
- Not afraid to use color?
- Sign up now to help paint large, colorful murals on the walls of

- Interested?

See by

Figure 1
Figure 7
BIBLIOGRAPHY


Birren, Faber, Color Psychology and Color Therapy, Carol Publishing Group, New York, New York 1992

Hall, Marcia B., Color and Meaning, Cambridge University Press, New York, New York, 1992


Whiton, Sherrill, Interior Design and Decoration, J.B. Lippincott, New York, N.Y. 1974