

### PRIMING Individual and Collective Mindset

From: Oyserman, D. Sorensen, N. Reber, R., & Chen, S. (in press)  
Connecting and separating mindsets: Culture as situated cognition.  
*Journal of Personality and Social Psychology.*

Below are two versions of the general task instructions, once for the paper version, and once for the computerized version.

Instructions are followed by each of the specific priming paragraphs used in Oyserman, Sorensen, Reber, & Chen.

Note that the original prime is the visit to the city version, which is from Gardner and Gabriel, 1999. This paragraph is presented first.

Please read the paragraph on the next page carefully and circle all the PRONOUNS found within the paragraph. The pronouns may be singular (e.g. he, she, etc.) or plural (e.g. they, their, etc). Please take your time.

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We go to the city often. Our anticipation fills us as we see the skyscrapers come into view. We allow ourselves to explore every corner, never letting an attraction escape us. Our voices fill the air and street. We see all the sights, we window shop, and everywhere we go we see our reflections looking back at us in the glass of a hundred windows. At nightfall we linger, our time in the city almost over. When finally we must leave, we do so knowing that we will soon return. The city belongs to us.

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I love to watch the sunset across the lake. Each night during the summer, I drive my car over to the beach near my house where I relax my body and watch the colors paint the canvas in the sky. I like to bury my hands in the cool sand and stare into the golden ball of fire as it sinks into the water. The heat that warmed my face slowly fades away and leaves my body with a cool chill. The bright colors in the sky above me hurt my eyes but the scene is too beautiful to look away. Slowly, the light fades completely and I am immersed into the growing darkness. As I get up, I brush the sand off my body and think to myself, how fortunate I am to experience such a beautiful site everyday. The night rests upon me and I return home to fall asleep to wait for a new day.

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On summer weekends I like to go to the beach. I bring a blanket and my radio and lots of sunscreen. I always remember to bring my sunscreen. Before I swim I rub it on so my skin won't get burned. When I get to the beach, I set my stuff up quickly. Then I run into the water. I love to swim out to the diving dock and jump off the highest board. I have a small boat and love boating on the lake. After the swim, I love lying on my blanket, and reading a good book or I have some ice-cream. I always have fun at the beach, and I always look forward to another day.

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I get up early in the morning and wash my face with ice cold water. Then I quickly go to the cows, which I have to milk. I gather eggs from my hens, and cook myself a delicious breakfast. There is always a lot work for me to do. I have to clean the pigsty and the cowshed. In the afternoon, I love to take my horse for a ride through the fields. The wind runs through my hair and sometimes I see deer. In the evening I feed all animals again, before I go inside and make my dinner. My hands and feet hurt a little from the tiring work. When I leave, I am happy but ready for sleep.

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I love to watch the sunrise at my house. I get up early on the weekends when the sun is still asleep. I go out my window and pull myself on to the roof. Sometimes it's cold outside, and I bring my blanket to cover me. The air seems fresher in the morning, it's cool and crisp and I breathe it deeply into my lungs. The morning sky puts on a show just for me. The colors start to change before my eyes. The sky starts out dark, and then slowly the light begins to come. A hint of yellow appears on the horizons gently grows brighter. Soon I see more and more light, and the colors begin to appear to me. The glorious sunrise delights my eyes. It's not long until the day comes and takes over my morning glow. So I leave my rooftop hideaway and begin my day.

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I don't go out to eat very often, but when I do I have a hard time choosing where I want to go. Thai food, Mexican food, and Indian food are all delicious, but my all time favorite is Chinese. There is a Chinese restaurant near my house that serves the best food I have ever eaten. When I enter, the aroma fills my nostrils. It's a sweet and spicy smell and it makes me hungry. I sit down and order the food. Everything on the menu appeals to me. I know whatever I order will delight me. The food is so pretty, it almost makes me feel bad about eating it. The best part of the meal is when I get my choice of dessert. I can't go wrong with anything I order at my favorite restaurant.

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Every year I take a trip to the amusement park. I get in my car and drive most of the morning. I usually arrive by lunch time. My favorite roller coaster thrills me. It moves me fast and takes me upside down twice. I always feel my pulses racing, and I can almost hear my hearts beating, but I love the excitement. My whole day is filled with fun and enjoyment. Even the pizza that I eat seems to be better here than anywhere else. At the end of the day I always ride the Ferris Wheel. It's nighttime by then, and I can see the whole park, where I have spent my wonderful day. The park is lit with lights of all colors. The Ferris Wheel ride is my way of saying goodbye to the park and preparing for my long drive home.

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During the wintertime, I enjoy visiting the mountains. I dress myself very warm so that the cool air does not make my body cold. When I reach the top of the mountain, my feet are tired and my breath is short. I feel the cool air fly over my face and form small icicles on my chin. As I rest my tired body in the snow, I feel my clothes become damp and my hands become cold. I think to myself how high this mountain stands above the valley below. Then I shout out across the valley and hear the echo of my voice return to me as it streaks through the empty air.

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