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Curation Across the Curriculum: Two Projects for Psychology

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CURATION ACROSS THE
CURRICULUM:
TWO PROJECTS FOR
PSYCHOLOGY

Feedback, please!

Two projects to begin Summer B

Web-based projects

- Students have to think in terms of explaining to a general audience vs. a teacher
 - ▣ Actually published- though very limited exposure
- Showing vs. Telling - Use of images, video. etc.
 - ▣ Must think about image appropriateness
 - ▣ Can convey a 'what it is likeness' to readers
- Something to show prospective employers – demonstrating skills and mastery of subject

Project 1: Student Curation Project

Web Page

- Create a multimedia webpage on a topic in Psychology.*
Include the following
 - Thesis statement* with scholarly support – at least 5 paragraphs with scholarly* citations and references in APA format*
 - Support your thesis statement using all of the following:
 - Images (properly referenced)
 - Narrative
 - Interactive activity such as a quiz or puzzle
 - Concluding Statement
 - Reference Page
 - Also include statement describing this as an educational project
 - Example:
 - <http://addictionpluscompassion.weebly.com/>

Project 2: Meta-Website – Curating Empathy for Mental Illness

- <http://curatingempathy.weebly.com>

The collection

- Purpose: a large online collection of artistic depictions of mental illness to help inspire empathy/compassion for both patients (self-empathy; not alone) and others (parents, siblings, spouses) and to be used a teaching tool for clinicians.

DSM-V Diagnosis of GAD

- The DSM-5 criteria for GAD are as follows:
- The presence of excessive anxiety and worry about a variety of topics, events, or activities. Worry occurs more often than not for at least 6 months and is clearly excessive.
- Excessive worry means worrying even when there is nothing wrong, or in a manner that is disproportionate to actual risk. This typically involves spending a high percentage of waking hours worrying about something. The worry may be accompanied by reassurance-seeking from others.
- In adults, the worry can be about job responsibilities or performance, one's own health or the health of family members, financial matters, and other everyday, typical life circumstances. *Of note, in children, the worry is more likely to be about their abilities or the quality of their performance (for example, in school).*
- The worry is experienced as very challenging to control.
- Worry in both adults and children may shift from one topic to another.
- The anxiety and worry is associated with at least 3 of the following [physical](#) or cognitive symptoms (*In children, only 1 symptom is necessary for a diagnosis of GAD.*):
- Edginess or restlessness.
- Tiring easily; more fatigued than usual.
- Impaired concentration or feeling as though the mind goes blank.
- Irritability (which may or may not be observable to others).
- Increased muscle aches or soreness.
- Difficulty sleeping (due to trouble falling asleep or staying asleep, restlessness at night, or unsatisfying sleep).
- Many individuals with GAD also experience symptoms such as sweating, nausea or diarrhea.
- The anxiety, worry, or associated symptoms make it hard to carry out day-to-day activities and responsibilities. They may cause [problems in relationships](#), at work, or in other important areas.
- These symptoms are unrelated to any other medical conditions and cannot be explained by the effect of substances including a prescription medication, alcohol or recreational drugs.
- These symptoms are not better explained by a different mental disorder.

People often don't speak so coherently about their mental illness.

I am Real. I am your co-worker. Your best friend. Your neighbour. Your spouse. Your sibling. Your parent. Your lover. Your child. I am the person beside you on the train and near you at church. The person passing you on the street. I am everywhere and anyone. Yet I am nowhere and no one, since your eyes are blinded by fear and your mind by ignorance. We are just alike, you & I, me & you, yet we are not the same. For I bear the Label, the unwanted stigma of generations. Thus I am routinely ridiculed and detested, neglected and stereotyped. Forever misunderstood, simplified, restricted. I am master of deception since society deems it necessary for me to conceal my afflictions. I don a mask of pleasantness daily, yet beneath it I am in turmoil lest you discover my terrible secrets. Every day I attempt to escape the prison within me, and the demons that haunt my very soul. The chains that bind me have weakened from the mighty strength brought by knowledge. Yet I remain...trapped within my mind, unable to ever truly be free. Randomly exiled from society, condemned to the confines of my own being. Arbitrarily sentenced to endless punishment for a nonexistent crime. Convicted by a fictional judge and jury, blind to my protests and deaf to my pleas. I am not guilty of wrong doing. I have committed no transgression, yet I suffer continuous agony. I am the victim of a mysterious, unexplainable injustice. Authorized by the universe, chance and fate, ironically enforced from within. My potential is overlooked, my contributions unseen. Only my superficial Label is visible to the untrained, uncaring, shallow eye. Thus I am discarded, abandoned. Left to observe the world from behind a shattered window pane that distorts the vision of my reality from yours. Always on the outside looking in. Shamed into silently enduring infinite torture, eternal frustration. Forever isolated, cast aside, forgotten...My suffering is real, although you may not see it. My fears are real, although you make light of them. My feelings are real, although you ignore them. Do not underestimate my capabilities. Rest assured, I will prove you wrong time and again. Do not brazenly assume to know what it is like. You cannot begin to comprehend my existence unless you have lived inside my head, amidst the confusion and tempest in the darkest corners of the deepest reaches of my mind, my soul. Do not dare judge me according to your misguided perceptions. Do not callously and thoughtlessly dismiss me, for you do NOT know me, despite what you believe. Your assumptions about me are inherently flawed. Tainted by fear, clouded by prejudice, poisoned by ignorance, colored by scorn. You cannot fathom the frustration and confusion felt when your own mind betrays you, becomes your worst enemy. What remains? What do you believe? What do you ignore? Who am I? What is REALLY me? How do I distinguish myself from the parasite, the insidious beast that invaded me, consumes my every moment? THIS is the reality of My existence. The darkness and anguish that envelop me attempt to smother me..drown me. The terror that overwhelms my core tries to devour me..destroy me, yet I remain ..to fight another valiant, hidden battle for my very survival each dawn. Sadly, often the worst pain inflicted comes not from within me, but from outside me. From the society that attempts to label me, limit me. The society that attempts to silence me, ignore me. Relegating me to the outskirts of civilization.

Questioning my morals, my despair, my reality, my torment's very existence. I may falter at times, struggling to overcome the unearthen infirmities of my own brain, yet I refuse to succumb to ignorance from without! I may not conform to your definitions of normalcy. But I beg of you - do not belittle me or berate me, as I already find monumental faults with myself. My mind taunts me, proclaiming that I will NEVER be good enough or normal enough or worthy enough. Overpowering feelings of inadequacy and doubt plague me, shadowing my every step, my every breath, mocking my persistent attempts to fit in, survive, excel. Yet wearily I journey on in my quest. Endlessly searching for the elusive summit, that which is obscure (albeit temporarily?) from my view...Happiness, freedom, peace of mind, hope, control, confidence, respect, acceptance, love, answers. A life. A Future. A Chance. Inching ever closer..Do not deny me this intrinsic human right. I am no less, and no more, deserving of it than you. That which you accept unquestionably, unappreciatively, is my ultimate objective. That which you unknowingly take for granted, is all I desire, all I long for, all I crave with every fibre of my being. I am not looking for your pity, just your understanding. I do not wish you to fear me, simply accept me. I am not seeking an excuse. I merely desire your compassion. I am the face of mental illness, and I am Real.

But sometimes they can show you



