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ENGLISCH

– Textteil –

Arbeitszeit: 190 Minuten

Der Prüfling hat e i n e Textaufgabe seiner Wahl
nach den Arbeitsanweisungen des beiliegenden Aufgabenteils zu bearbeiten.

Textaufgabe I

You for Sale: Mapping, and Sharing, the Consumer Genome

It knows who you are. It knows where you live. It knows what you do. It peers deeper into American life than the FBI or the IRS¹, or those prying digital eyes at Facebook and Google. If you are an American adult, the odds are that it knows things like your age, race, sex, weight, height, marital status, education level, politics, buying habits, household health worries, vacation dreams – and on and on.

Right now in Conway, Ark.², north of Little Rock, more than 23,000 computer servers are collecting, collating and analyzing consumer data for a company that, unlike Silicon Valley's marquee names, rarely makes headlines. It's called the Acxiom Corporation, and it's the quiet giant of a multibillion-dollar industry known as database marketing.

Large-scale data mining and analytics – based on information available in public records, consumer surveys and the like – are perfectly legal in the United States.

Julie Brill, a member of the Federal Trade Commission (FTC), says she would like data brokers in general to tell the public about the data they collect, how they collect it, whom they share it with and how it is used. "If someone is listed as diabetic or pregnant, what is happening with this information? Where is the information going?" she asks. "We need to figure out what the rules should be as a society."

Acxiom executives declined to be interviewed, but the company's chief privacy officer, Jennifer Barrett Glasgow, has endorsed increased industry openness. "It's not an unreasonable request to have more transparency among data brokers," she said in an interview with *The New York Times*. In

25 marketing materials, Acxiom promotes itself as “a global thought leader in addressing consumer privacy issues and earning the public trust.”

But security experts and consumer advocates paint a portrait of a company with practices that privilege corporate clients’ interests over those of consumers and contradict the company’s stance on transparency.

30 And, in a fast-changing digital economy, Acxiom is developing even more advanced techniques to mine and refine data. It is integrating what it knows about our offline, online and even mobile selves, creating in-depth behavior portraits in pixelated detail. Its executives have called this approach a “360-degree view” on consumers.

35 Scott Hughes, an up-and-coming small-business owner and Facebook denizen, is Acxiom’s ideal consumer. Indeed, it created him. He is a fictional character who appeared in an Acxiom investor presentation in 2010. A frequent shopper, he was designed to show the power of Acxiom’s multichannel approach. In the presentation, he logs on to Facebook and sees
40 that his friend Ella has just become a fan of Bryce Computers, an imaginary electronics retailer and Acxiom client. Ella’s update prompts Mr. Hughes to check out Bryce’s fan page and do some digital window-shopping for a fast inkjet printer.

Such browsing seems innocuous – hardly data mining. But it cues an
45 Acxiom system designed to recognize consumers, remember their actions, classify their behaviors and influence them with tailored marketing. When Mr. Hughes follows a link to Bryce’s retail site, for example, the system recognizes him from his Facebook activity and shows him a printer to match his interest. It’s not a random offer. Acxiom has its own classification system, PersoniX,
50 which assigns consumers to one of 70 detailed socioeconomic clusters and markets to them accordingly. In this situation, it pegs Mr. Hughes as a “savvy single” – meaning he’s in a cluster of mobile, upper-middle-class people who

PLEASE TURN OVER

do their banking online, attend pro³ sports events, are sensitive to prices – and respond to free-shipping offers. Correctly typecast, Mr. Hughes buys the printer.

55 Privacy advocates say they are more troubled by data brokers' ranking systems, which classify some people as high-value prospects⁴, to be offered marketing deals and discounts regularly, while dismissing others as low-value – known in industry slang as “waste”.

60 Exclusion from a vacation offer may not matter much, says Pam Dixon, the executive director of the World Privacy Forum, a nonprofit group in San Diego, but if marketing algorithms judge certain people as not worthy of receiving promotions for higher education or health services, they could have a serious impact.

65 This year, the FTC published a report calling for greater transparency among data brokers and asking Congress to give consumers the right to access information these firms hold about them. Jon Leibowitz, the commission chairman, said consumers should have the right to see and correct personal details about them collected and sold by data aggregators⁵.
70 After all, he said, “they are the unseen cyberazzi who collect information on all of us.”

From: Natasha Singer, “You for Sale: Mapping, and Sharing, the Consumer Genome”, in: *NY Times Supplement of SZ*, July 16, 2012, adapted from *New York Times*, June 16, 2012 (abridged)

Annotations:

- | | |
|---------------|--|
| 1 IRS | Internal Revenue Service (<i>entspricht in etwa dem deutschen Finanzamt</i>) |
| 2 Ark. | Arkansas |
| 3 pro | <i>here</i> : professional |
| 4 prospects | <i>here</i> : potential customers |
| 5 aggregators | Internet companies that collect information about other companies' products and services, and put it on a single website |

Textaufgabe II

Dogs in the Fields

Sixteen-year-old Ree lives a life of poverty in the backwoods with her two younger brothers, aged eight and ten. Her mother is mentally ill, following years of drug abuse.

The snow fell first in hard little bits, frosty white bits blown sideways to pelt Ree's face as she raised the ax, swung down, raised it again, splitting wood while being stung by cold flung from the sky. Bits worked inside her neckline and melted against her chest. Ree's hair was shoulder-length and full, 5 with ungovernable loose curls from temples to neck and snow bits gathered in the tangle. Her overcoat was an implacable black and had been Mamaw's¹, grim old wool battered by decades of howling winter and summer moths. Her swings were practiced and powerful, short potent whacks.

Once the pile of splits became big enough to sit on, she did. She sat with 10 her long legs close beneath her, booted feet spread wide, pulled headphones from a pocket and clamped them over her ears, then turned on *The Sounds of Tranquil Shores*. While frosty bits gathered in her hair and on her shoulders she raised the volume of those ocean sounds. Ree needed often to inject herself with pleasant sounds, stab those sounds past the constant screeching, 15 squalling hubbub² regular life raised inside her spirit, poke the soothing sounds past that racket and down deep where her jittering³ soul paced on a stone slab in a gray room, agitated and endlessly provoked but yearning to hear something that might bring a moment's rest.

The valley seemed in twilight though it was not yet noon. The three 20 houses across the creek put on white shawls and burning lights squinted

golden from the windows. Ocean waves kept sighing to shore while snow built everywhere she could see.

Headlights came into the valley on the rut road. Ree felt a sudden bounce of hope and stood. The car had to be coming here, the road ended here. She
25 pulled the headphones to her neck and slid down the slope toward the road. It was the law, a sheriff's car. Two little heads looked out from the backseat. She rushed around the hood to the driver's side, taking firm aggressive strides, "*They didn't do nothin'! They didn't do a goddamned thing! What the hell're you tryin' to pull?*" A rear door opened and the boys slid out laughing until they
30 heard Ree's tone and saw her expression. The glee drained from their faces and they became still. The deputy stood, raised his hands, showed her his palms, shook his head.

"Hold your beans, girl – I just brung 'em down from where the bus stopped. This snow has shut the school. Just give 'em a ride is all."

35 She turned to the boys, hands on her hips. "You boys don't need to do no ridin' around with the law. Hear me? The walk ain't that far." She glanced across the creek, saw curtains parted, shapes moving. She pointed to the woodpile. "Now get up there and bring them splits into the kitchen. *Go.*"

The deputy said, "I was on my way here, anyhow."

40 "Now why in hell would that be?"

"You know Jessup⁴'s out on bond⁵, don't you?"

"So what?"

"You know he cooks crank⁶, don't you?"

45 "I know that's the charges you laid against him. But you ain't proved it on him."

"That won't be no hard thing to do. But this noise⁷, this noise ain't even why I'm here. Why I'm here is, his court date is next week and I can't seem to turn him up."

"Maybe he sees you comin' and ducks."

50 “Maybe he does. That could be. But where you-all come into this is, he put this house, here, up for his bond⁵. If he don’t show for trial, see, the way the deal works is, you-all lose this place. It’ll get sold from under you. You’ll have to get out.”

55 Ree nearly fell but would not let it happen in front of the law. She heard thunder clapping between her ears and Beelzebub⁸ scratchin’ a fiddle. The boys and her and Mom would be dogs in the fields without this house. They would be dogs in the fields with Beelzebub scratchin’ out tunes and the boys’d have a hard hard shove toward unrelenting meanness and the roasting shed⁹ and she’d be stuck alongside them. She’d never get away from her family as
60 planned, off to the U.S. Army, where you got to travel with a gun and they made everybody help keep things clean. She’d never have only her own concerns to tote.

She closed her eyes, tried to call to mind the sounds of a far tranquil ocean, the lapping of waves.

65 She said, “I’ll find him.”

“Girl, I been lookin’, and...”

“I’ll find him.”

From: Daniel Woodrell, *Winter’s Bone*, 2006 (abridged)

Annotations:

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|--------------------|---|
| 1 Mamaw | <i>here:</i> Grandmother |
| 2 squalling hubbub | <i>here:</i> confusion of loud and shrill noises |
| 3 jittering | nervous, trembling |
| 4 Jessup | Ree’s father |
| 5 bond | <i>dt.:</i> Kaution |
| 6 crank | synthetic drug |
| 7 noise | <i>here:</i> issue, problem |
| 8 Beelzebub | a name for the devil |
| 9 roasting shed | <i>here:</i> place where illegal drugs are produced |