

Zentralabitur 2024	Englisch	Material für Prüflinge
Prüfungsteil 2: Textaufgabe – Aufgabe II	eA	Prüfungszeit: 225 min

Name: _____

Klasse: _____

Hilfsmittel

Ein- und zweisprachiges Wörterbuch der Zielsprache

Aufgabenstellung

1. Outline Amy Tan's experiences with memory. **(30 %)**

2. Analyze how the author presents her experiences with memory. Focus on the use of language and its effect on the reader. **(30 %)**

3. Choose **one** of the following tasks: **(40 %)**

3.1 “[A]ging memory is impressionistic and selective in details, much like fiction is.” (l. 36)

Taking Amy Tan’s statement as a starting point, comment on the impact of perception and memory on a person’s life. Also refer to the text at hand and materials studied in class, such as the novel *Atonement*.

or

3.2 You are taking part in an international school project on “Crafting Identity: Our Presentation – Our Truth?”

Write an article for the project website, discussing the benefits and dangers of presenting yourself through photos on social media.

Material

Text: Excerpt from Amy Tan, "Introduction" to *Where the Past Begins: A Writer's Memoir* (2017)

In my office is a time capsule: seven large clear plastic bins safeguarding frozen moments in time, a past that began before my birth. During the writing of this book, I delved into the contents – memorabilia, letters, photos, and the like – and what I found had the force of glaciers calving. They reconfigured memories of my mother
5 and father.

[...] I never throw away photos, unless they are blurry. All of them, even the horrific ones, are an existential record of my life. Even the molecules of dust in the boxes are part and parcel of who I am – so goes the extreme rationale of a packrat, that and the certainty that treasure is buried in the debris. In my case, I don't care for dust,
10 but I did find much to treasure.

To be honest, I have discarded photos of people I would never want to be reminded of again, a number that, alas, has grown over the years to eleven or twelve. The longer I live the more blurry photos I've accumulated, along with a few sucker punches from people I once trusted and who did the equivalent of knocking me down
15 to be first in line at the ice-cream truck. Age confers this simple wisdom: Don't expose yourself to malarial mosquitoes. Don't expose yourself to assholes. As it turns out, throwing away photos of assholes does not remove them from consciousness. Memory, in fact, gives you no choice over which moments you can erase, and it is annoyingly persistent in retaining the most painful ones. It is extraordinarily faithful
20 in recording the most hideous details, and it will recall them for you in the future with moments that are even only vaguely similar.

With only those exceptions, I have kept all the photos. The problem is, I no longer recognize the faces of many – not the girl in the pool with me, or three out of the four women at a clothes-swap party. Nor those people having dinner at my house. Then
25 again, I have met hundreds of thousands of people in my sixty-five years. Some of them may have even been important in my life. Yet, without conscious choice on my part, my brain has let a lot of moments slide over the cliff. While writing this memoir, I was conscious that much of what I think I remember is inaccurate, guessed at, or biased by experiences that came later. If I were to write this same book five years
30 from now, I would likely describe some of the events differently, either because of a change of perspective or worsening memory – or even because new evidence has come to light. That is exactly what happened while writing this book. I had to revise often as more discoveries appeared.

I used to think photographs were more accurate than bare memory because they
35 capture moments as they were, making them indisputable. They are like hard facts, whereas aging memory is impressionistic and selective in details, much like fiction is. But now, having gone through the archives, I realize that photos also distort what is really being captured. To get the best shot, the messiness is shoved to the side, the weedy yard is out of the shot. The images are also missing context: the reason why

40 some are missing, what happened before and after, who likes or dislikes whom, if
anyone is unhappy to be there. When they heard "cheese," they uniformly stared at
the camera's mechanical eye, and put on the happy mask, leaving a viewer fifty years
later to assume everyone had a grand time. I keep in mind the caveat that I should
question what I see and what is not seen. I use the photos to trigger a complement
45 of emotional memories. I use a magnifying glass to look closely at details in the black-
and-white images in sizes popular in the 1940s and 1950s – squares ranging from one
and a half to three and a half inches. They document a progression of Easter Sundays
after church and the annual mauling of Christmas presents, which were laid
underneath scraggly trees or artificial ones, in old apartments or new tract homes.
50 Some of these photos refuted what I had believed was true, for example, that our
family owned no children's books, except one, *Chinese Fairy Tales*, illustrated by an
artist who made the characters look like George Chakiris and Natalie Wood [1] from
West Side Story. A photo of me at age three shows otherwise: I am mesmerized by
the words and pictures in a book spread open in my lap. In other photos of that same
55 day, there is evidence of presents of similar size waiting to be ripped open. I had not
known this when I wrote the piece "How I Learned to Read." But it all makes sense
that I would have had books given by family friends, if not by my parents. As a writer,
I'm glad to know that my grubby little paws were all over those pages. [...]
This past year, while examining the contents of those boxes – the photos, letters,
60 memorabilia, and toys – I was gratified to learn that many of my childhood memories
were largely correct. In many cases, they returned more fully understood. But there
were also shocking discoveries about my mother and father, including a little white
lie they told me when I was six, which hugely affected my self-esteem throughout
childhood and even into adulthood. The discoveries arranged themselves into
65 patterns, magnetically drawn, it seemed, to what was related. They include artifacts
of expectations and ambition, flaws and failings, catastrophes and the ruins of hope,
perseverance and the raw tenderness of love. This was the emotional pulse that ran
through my life and made me the particular writer that I am.

(963 words)

[1] George Chakiris, Natalie Wood – U.S. actors playing Puerto Rican characters in the 1961 film
version of the musical *West Side Story*

Quelle: Amy Tan. *Where the Past Begins: A Writer's Memoir*. London: 4th Estate, 2017. 1–6.

Gesamtergebnis

Aufgabe	Mögliche Prozent	Erreichte Prozent
1	30 %	
2	30 %	
3	40 %	