

## Keynote Advanced

## End-of-course Test A

## Audioscript

## Track 1, Part 1

MP3 file: Track1\_Keynote\_Adv\_TestA\_Part1

1

**Man:** What are all these bundles of clothes and boxes and things doing stacked by the front door?

**Woman:** I'm decluttering.

**Man:** You mean tidying up?

**Woman:** No, no, it's more than tidying. I've got too much stuff so I'm chucking out all the things I don't need anymore. Chucking out and giving away. I fancied a change.

**Man:** What brought that about?

**Woman:** My mother gave me a book by a Japanese author on how to tidy 'ruthlessly' so you don't need to do it again and again. The idea is that you then have a clear, happy living space.

**Man:** A 'happy' living space? Sounds a bit unconventional at the very least. How do you achieve that?

**Woman:** You hold each thing and if it gives you a 'spark of joy' – you know, a, a feeling of happiness – you keep it.

**Man:** And if not, out it goes?

**Woman:** Exactly.

**Man:** You've obviously got a good imagination as you've certainly filled bags. Why not go the extra mile and throw *everything* out?

**Woman:** Ha, ha! No thanks. I'm hoping this will work. I know the 'spark of joy' idea is strange, but I'm keeping an open mind on it and I really needed to clear some space and simplify.

**Man:** Ok, well ... good luck. But seriously now, don't overdo it – you need to keep *some* things. Come on, I'll give you a hand shifting this stuff to the bins. Are you sure you want to chuck it all out?

2

**Woman:** Let me write down your number.

**Man:** Sorry, I don't have a phone.

**Woman:** Pardon?

**Man:** I don't have a phone. I know it's odd, but I don't.

**Woman:** Seriously? Wow, how do you live without one?

**Man:** It's easy, really. I mean, phones are a pain in the neck. Constant beeping and whistling and people can contact you anywhere, anytime...

**Woman:** But you can switch them off...

**Man:** I know, I know, that's what everyone says, but noone ever really switches their phone off, do they? They put them on silent sometimes, but not off. And then they keep looking at their phone every thirty seconds because if they don't, they end up up to their eyeballs in messages.

**Woman:** It's not that bad...

**Man:** It *is*! People seem to have no idea of the threat phones pose. It's a mass addiction. An obsession. And as a society we run the risk of losing our ability to communicate face to face.

**Woman:** Mmm. So, what's your email address? Or don't you have one of those either?

**Man:** Yes, I do. I'll write it down for you. Have you got a pen?

**Woman:** No... but you can note it down here... in my phone.

**3****Man:** How was the interview?**Woman:** I don't know, really. It was strange...**Man:** What does your gut instinct say?**Woman:** Well, it went alright. Fine, in fact. But there was a really awkward moment at the end, so now I'm not sure I want that job, even if they offer it to me.**Man:** Really? Why? What happened?**Woman:** Nothing terrible, but after a whole day of visits and group tests and meeting people, the last interview was one-to-one, with the Head of Human Resources. It seemed like a normal interview with the usual questions.**Man:** And your usual brilliant answers?**Woman:** Oh, of course! But at the end of the interview, he suddenly looked me straight in the eye and smiled and said, 'You don't remember me, do you?'. Well, I hadn't the faintest idea! I knew his name because he'd been mentioned throughout the day, but that was it. So I just sat there looking stupid.**Man:** So... what was he referring to?**Woman:** Well, that was... oh, so embarrassing. When I said I was sorry, but no, he said, 'The last time I saw you, you were this big and standing in your pyjamas and dressing gown, saying goodnight to my wife and me. We'd been having dinner with your parents at your house. How is your father?' I nearly died!

All dressed up for an interview and he's remembering me aged eleven or so, in my pyjamas!

**Man:** Definitely awkward.

## Track 2, Part 2

MP3 file: Track2\_Keynote\_Adv\_TestA\_Part2

### Woman:

Carter's Gallery in London's Chelsea opens a magnificent exhibition this week which is a must for anyone with a love of history, fashion, music or London culture. Titled 'Sloane Square to World's End: The King's Road', what we have here is a visual history of one of London's most iconic, best-loved streets. Originally a private road for the King – hence the name – from the 17th century to 1830, King's Road became famous as a symbol of everything unconventional and trendy in the 1960s and 1970s. This exhibition takes us on a mesmerizing, eccentric and utterly British stroll from one end of the 3km road to the other, beginning to the east with the regal architecture of Sloane Square, with its theatre, chic bistros and fountain, to World's End in the west, where the World's End Estate is one of London's best examples of 20th century Brutalist Architecture. These clashing architectural styles are, somehow, representative of the street as a whole.

The exhibition includes photos by some of the world's best-known names in photography over the last hundred years or so, and includes memos and personal snaps belonging to a variety of residents and regular visitors, ranging from shop-owners and restaurateurs to the musicians and fashion designers of then and now.

Starting with the east end of the exhibition, the underground station forms the background of an atmospheric series of images taken in the very early 80s which show the colourful variety of characters around at that time – the so-called 'Sloane Rangers', an upper middle-class 'tribe' who left their mark on the decade's fashions. Punks with safety pins and bicycle chains hanging from their clothes and their hair a blaze of colour, shop assistants and bar staff in uniforms, with sleepy Monday morning faces, elderly locals, buskers... you could spend hours looking at these images alone.

Further along, as you pass photos of the Peter Jones department store windows at Christmas, you come to an impressive, beautiful, idiosyncratic piece based on the lyrics of a 60s song. It's a tribute to the mysterious Gina in her shiny white raincoat and purple leather mini skirt, a striking collage created by a local art group putting

together photos of the road taken in the 21st century.

But one of my favourite pieces came as a surprise to a Londoner like myself. As you walk along, taking in the images of the visionaries of punk – there's a couple I remain in two minds about – entrepreneur and producer Malcolm McLaren and his former partner – both professionally and in the personal sense – fashion designer Vivienne Westwood. We see them wearing brightly splashed, ripped T-shirts, and later, in garments based on the fashions of the 18th century – both styles that became hugely popular in Britain. Then shortly before you come to the life-sized photo of Westwood's modern-day shop at World's End, there is a curious image – a drawing made in the late 19th century. It shows wealthy Londoners in coats and hats, furs and gloves, at The Glaciarium, a private club for ice skating, which opened close to 150 years ago at number 379. The Glaciarium opened in 1876 and although it only lasted for two years, it was the world's first mechanically frozen ice skating rink.

So, I thoroughly encourage you to note the dates for this exhibition in your diary, as it is a truly wonderful, nostalgic, highly imaginative exhibition, which paints a magical picture of London's more recent, rich cultural history. Well worth the visit. That's Carter's Gallery on Sloane Street, Chelsea from May 16th to August 31st.

## Track 3, Part 3

MP3 file: Track3\_Keynote\_Adv\_TestA\_Part3

**Int = interviewer, J = Jeremy**

**Int:** So tell me, Jeremy, why did you decide to start this blog? I understand it's crowd-sourced...

**J:** Yes, that's right. I started the blog with my own posts and ideas, but early on I decided that it would be far more useful, it would reach far more people, if it were crowdsourced and became a team effort. I put it together and promote it but it is the result of... well, many people contributing to something worthwhile.

**Int:** And you began it around five years ago, is that right?

**J:** Oh, yes, sorry. I didn't answer your first question. Yes, roughly five and a half years ago, now. I had been trying to combine two jobs with two teenagers, a city lifestyle and several other challenges, and I developed a stress-related health condition. I had to address it immediately, but in an affordable way which would not affect my daughters at all. Relocating to the countryside, for instance, was out of the question.

**Int:** And starting a blog helped? That sounds like a contradiction – reduce stress by adding something else to your list...

**J:** Yes, I guess it does. I should clarify. When I hit this health obstacle – let's call it that – I had to spend a week in hospital and my neighbour, um, in the room there, was reading a book on stress-reduction. Serendipity, I call it!

**Int:** Serendipity?

**J:** Yes, a lucky coincidence. It was one of those best-selling self-help books that sell like hot cakes and I usually avoid, but ... well, I don't believe in messages or that sort of thing, but I didn't have anything else to read, so he lent it to me. And it changed my life! The chapter that did it was on the value of happy memories and nostalgia. Initially I was in two minds about it – it stated that allowing yourself to dig around in your memory and find a happy moment, a memory of a truly happy moment, which you then try to relive, well, that this is

highly beneficial for relaxation. It takes you to a positive place in your mind and triggers positive feelings, emotions, sensations.

**Int:** But surely if life is hard, it could also cause resentment and sadness, comparing with the then and now.

**J:** That's exactly what I thought. But then I read more carefully. The idea is that you revisit a specific moment – a walk, an ice cream, a football match you enjoyed with your father – not a whole era. You're focused on the sensations, the smells, sounds and so on of that moment. You remember how happy you felt. You don't focus on 'I was far happier then than now, life was much better'. You just live in the moment.

**Int:** Visualizing and mindfulness mixed, in a sense.

**J:** Yes, exactly. And the blog is simply a collection of people's memories. I encourage contributors to find a memory, to spend five or ten minutes reliving that moment from their past, and to get it down, record it. To take time to enjoy the experience and 'save it' somehow. Some people illustrate it, some draw it, most write it. And I put it on the blog.

**Int:** And it's proving very popular, I believe.

**J:** Yes, it's quite amazing. I didn't have the faintest idea that it would be so appealing to so many. That so many people would find it helpful and... pleasurable, fun! Far from having a cool reception, it has taken off and I have had to ask my daughters help me put the new site for it together, and keep it up-to-date.

**Int:** And the name is... ?

**J:** De-stress Stories. There's a new set of three stories every week.

**Int:** Thank you for coming in, Jeremy. So, that's this month's Online Innovation and Imagination winner – at the end of the year, we'll be asking you to vote for our favourite contenders so far...

## Track 4, Part 4

MP3 file: Track4\_Keynote\_Adv\_TestA\_Part4

---

1

**Man:**

We have to do it as part of our final two years, it's part of the curriculum, and it looks good on our university application later on, so it's in our interest, too. We were given various suggestions, ways to contribute to the local community, and I chose this because I enjoy the company and the laughs. It's not a 'nice' job obviously and it the cold can get to you, but I do feel we do something positive, and everything we pick up goes to be recycled so, yes, it's a good thing to get involved with. I'd recommend it.

2

**Man:**

It's totally different from my day job – you know, working outside, driving great big dirty machines – I'm part of a team there, but actually work alone all day, shifting earth. But doing this, well, I love seeing their faces, mesmerized, waiting to hear what happens next, but also the joy at knowing someone has taken the time to be with them, make their dark world a little brighter. No. That's not fair. It isn't necessarily a *dark* world and many have family, but as they say in that film about a hotel in India, there's no present like time.

3

**Woman:**

I have a car, obviously, it's my job, isn't it? But although I'm always at the wheel when I'm working, I figured I could use it to help folks who can't get about too. So I've got my regulars, and most of them get dinner and breakfast, but some get lunch too, and I try to stay for a little while with each of them every week – I can't stay every day or it'd become my full-time job – but it's a good way to get to know stories about the town and talk to people who can see your face rather than the back of your head!

4

**Man:** Before I qualified, I worked in a boarding school for a while, looking after things, you know, fixing things around the school. I saw how the teachers motivated and spoke to the kids, and it seemed like something I wanted to do, but I found it hard seeing young people with so much money, so many opportunities and privileges that others don't have. So I gave it up and went and got qualified, and now I'm doing the job I used to watch, but here, where people have next to nothing except smiles and a desire to learn. No second thoughts whatsoever.

5

**Woman:**

My normal job is all about adrenaline, high-stakes deals, late nights predicting market prices, numbers on a screen and... oh, information overload. So, I spend a month a year doing something totally different, just to keep things real. Helping out with people who've stuck their neck out for us in conflict zones and the likes, and working alongside the people helping them to cope with their new physical reality – a real privilege – well, it helps me keep perspective and it's good for the soul.