INTRODUCTION

When I was a child my father often took me fell walking. We spent misty days climbing the gentle peaks of the Yorkshire Dales and Lakeland crags. Each trip a new route, a different summit to climb, always a bar of chocolate at the top.

I don't remember him teaching me per se, but I inherited from him the rituals of the Great Outdoors: close the gate to keep the sheep in, walk at the edge of the field to protect the crops, stand aside for those coming uphill.

My favourite tradition was placing a stone on the cairns, the small pile of rocks that walkers create to help mark the way. A simple, easy practice, both altruistic and self-preserving in its aim: to help others find their path, knowing that the next time the lost fell walker could be you.

We benefited from those cairns ourselves many times, when the clouds came in and the path was unclear. And even on bright days, those cairns provided welcome reassurance, while more distant ones hinted at different paths still to explore.

Off the mountains, I've come to appreciate that sometimes a few words of advice can act as cairn stones in life; a wise sentence

or two that get you back on course when you're lost in the fog or stuck in boggy terrain, knowledge from a fellow traveller who can point out the best views of the safest route.

On at least three occasions a single piece of advice has changed my life. And over the years I've gained a deep appreciation of learning from people both wiser and more experienced than myself. So ten years ago I made a simple promise to myself: whenever I met someone remarkable, I'd ask them for their best piece of advice.

The result is this book.

If I Could Tell You Just One Thing . . . walks the full spectrum of human experiences and emotions, from those of Simon Cowell at one end to those of Lily Ebert, an Auschwitz survivor, at the other. In between, you'll find the considered wisdom of presidents and popstars, entrepreneurs and artists, celebrities and survivors; from people who've made it and from others who have endured incredible hardships, from those who've climbed as high as you can go in life, and from people who've witnessed the worst of what humans can do to one another.

Good advice is like a nutrient-rich broth, made from boiling down the bones of life. And being fed so much of it, sourced from such remarkable people, has enriched my life and understanding of my fellow homosapiens immeasurably. If chosen well, a few words can capture and disseminate the main insights gained from someone's hard years of experience, thereby allowing us all to benefit from them. That is certainly the aim of each of the encounters in the book.

Every person is someone I've met, either through running my

own business, or from my subsequent varied career working in government, charities, the arts and the media. Some people featured are friends, some are people who generously agreed to be interviewed, and a few are unsuspecting folk I ambushed when fate put us in the same room at a party, a conference or, in one case, at a urinal.

When I ask people for their best piece of advice, I urge them to really think about what they consider to be *most* important. I put the exact same question to everyone: *Given all that you have experienced, given all that you now know and given all that you have learnt, if you could pass on only one piece of advice, what would it be?* There is something about asking people to stand behind just one nugget of wisdom that gets them to reflect harder, dig deeper and be more candid in their response. And it has led to some extraordinary answers. The material is diverse and wide ranging, and covers everything from achieving success to dealing with failure, from finding love to having better sex, from getting the best out of people to surviving abuse. There should be something in this collection that speaks to everyone.

Most people when asked for advice are happy to give it. This desire to help is a manifestation of the better part of human nature; it costs nothing, can be shared infinitely and will last indefinitely. And I hope that this is the first of several books. For there are countless remarkable people on the planet, and this first collection only captures the insights of a fraction of them. There are endless stories to be told and wisdom to be captured.

Over time I hope to help create a global commons of advice, a shared pool of wisdom that everyone can both contribute to

and gain from. After all, as a species we are much more alike than we are different. And while everyone's path through life is unique, we can all benefit from the knowledge of more experienced walkers ahead, who can tell us of the most beautiful things to see and guide us to the safer places to cross the river.

Richard Reed
June 2016

IN THE BUBBLE WITH PRESIDENT CLINTON

His staffers call it being in 'The Bubble', the experience of travelling in President Clinton's entourage. You ride in the President's plane, drive in his armed convoy, sit at his table. You don't so much as move, you *glide*. There's no queuing for passport control, no checking in, no checking out – it all just happens behind the scenes. You go wherever and whenever Mr President goes.

I got to ride in The Bubble on a Clinton Foundation trip round Africa. It was a gruelling schedule: eight African countries in eight days. Every day the same: wake up in a new country, get in the convoy, drive hours down dusty tracks and potholed paths into the middle of nowhere, visit a project – an HIV testing clinic, a malaria treatment facility, a woman's empowerment group – then back in the jeeps and on to the next project, at least four times a day.

At each visit, the President was an unstoppable force: straight out of the 4x4, hug the local community nurses, talk with the dignitaries, dance with the local tribal performers, pose for the photos, do the speech, present the gong, stop and chat with the

locals, play with the kids, notice the quiet one at the back, make a point of talking to them, give them a hug, coax out that smile. At every event. In the searing heat and dust, all day, for eight days straight. I've not seen anything like it. I don't think anyone has.

He reflected for a while when I asked my question about advice for life in a rare moment between stops. But the President's answer made sense of what we were seeing:

> ***'I've come to believe that one of the most important things is to see people. The person who opens the door for you, the person who pours your coffee. Acknowledge them. Show them respect. The traditional greeting of the Zulu people of South Africa is "Sawubona". It means "I see you". I try and do that.'***

Never has a person practised more what they preach.

The craziest bit, back at the hotel, after twelve hours in the field, tired, dusty, depleted, when us mere mortals would be up in our rooms ordering room service and hiding, President Clinton is down in the dining room talking to the waiters, joking with the other guests, making an American couple's honeymoon, accepting an invitation to join a family's table, sitting with Mum, Dad and two saucer-eyed children. He doesn't stop. He knows what it means to people to meet a President, or more specifically to meet *him*. And *everyone* is made welcome. Everyone is made to feel important. Everyone is *seen*.

'One of the most important things is to see people. The person who opens the door for you, the person who pours your coffee. Acknowledge them. Show them respect.'

– *Bill Clinton*

MARINA ABRAMOVIĆ IS PRESENT

I'm in downtown New York looking for soup. Specifically chicken noodle soup *with* prawns, or, I am now wondering, did she say *without* prawns? I arranged this lunchtime meeting with Marina Abramović, the Serbian-born, internationally revered performance artist, a month ago and we agreed I would bring her favourite soup. I just can't remember what it is.

To avoid a potential faux pas, I get both. So when I arrive in the Greenwich studio where Marina works, the first order of business is to decide who gets which soup. Personal preferences are to be discarded; she insists on tossing a coin. Fate shall decide.

The fact that I worried she may be upset about which soup she gets both shows my hopeless Britishness and ignores the fact that this is an artist who has flagellated, cut and burnt her naked body for her art in public on many occasions. She is probably not the type to get worried about soup.

In fact, she is a woman who fits no type at all. She is gloriously, gorgeously unique and manages simultaneously to be sincere,

saucy (she likes telling dirty Serbian jokes*), free-living, disciplined, reckless and loving, and is about the most interesting and alive human being I have ever met.

In her performance art over the years she has pushed herself to the point where she has lost consciousness, gained scars, spilt blood and risked her life. One of her earlier works, *Rhythm 0*, involved her lying on a table while people were given access to seventy-two different objects – scissors, a feather, a scalpel, honey, a whip, etc. – and told to use them on her as they saw fit. By the end she'd been stripped naked, had her neck cut, thorns pressed into her stomach and a gun put to her head.

She has recently hit seventy and is more in demand than ever before. MOMA's 2010 retrospective of her work, 'The Artist Is Present', super-charged her international profile. As part of this exhibition, she sat immobile and silent in a chair for over seven hundred hours while thousands of visitors queued, some overnight, to sit opposite her. Marina would hold eye contact with each person, fully present in the moment, reacting to them only if they cried, by her crying too.

She explains that being present, gaining consciousness, is a big theme in her work. She sees cultivating inner-awareness as the best way to disentangle ourselves from the artificial structures of society, so we don't feel disempowered or helpless. *'With many people, there is a sense the world is falling apart and it creates a feeling of just giving up. And that inertia is the real danger to society.*

*'How do Montenegro men masturbate? They put it in the earth and wait for an earthquake' (Apparently a favourite Serbian joke about how lazy Montenegrin men are. With apologies to all our male Montenegrin readers. Source: Abramović, M.).

People have to realise we can create change by changing ourselves.'

This heightened consciousness can only come if we stop thinking and achieve a state of mental emptiness; only then can we receive what Marina calls *'liquid knowledge – the knowledge that is universal and belongs to everyone'*. The mission to help people attain it explains her more recent work, in which she invites her audience to count grains of rice or water droplets, to open the same door over and over again, to *'create distractions to stop distraction, and rediscover the present so they can then rediscover themselves'*.

Given the originality and uncompromising nature of her work, the risks she has taken and the sacrifices she has made, it is unsurprising that her main piece of advice is a rallying cry to commit deeply to whatever it is you feel that you must do.

> ***'Today 100 per cent is not enough. Give 100 per cent, and then go over this border into what is more than you can do. You have to take the unknown journey to where nobody has ever been, because that is how civilisation moves forwards. 100 per cent is not enough. 150 per cent is just good enough.'***

I hugely respect the advice, but I reply that most people may not be prepared to put themselves in harm's way and in real pain for their passions as she has done. But for this too she has advice. *'Yes, the pain can be terrible,'* she replies, *'but if you say to yourself "So what? So Pain, what can you do?" and if you accept pain and are no longer afraid of it, you will cross the gate into the non-pain state.'*

Advice I choose to accept rather than put to the test.

‘Today 100 per cent is not enough. Give 100 per cent, and then go over this border into what is more than you can do. You have to take the unknown journey to

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– *Marina Abramović*

TERRY WAITE, A PATIENT MAN

I'VE JUST HEARD WHAT MUST be one of the most understated sentences a human being could utter. I'm having lunch with Terry Waite in his local cathedral town of Bury St Edmunds. He is telling me about his experience of being held hostage for five years in Lebanon in the late 1980s, after having gone there as the Church of England's envoy to negotiate the release of existing prisoners. He describes his four years of solitary confinement in a tiny, windowless cell, chained to a wall. He recounts the beatings and mock executions he suffered. He explains how he had to put on a blindfold if a guard came into the cell, so he didn't see a human face for four years, and how they refused him a pen, paper and books and any communication with the outside world, including his family. He reflects back on it all and says, *'Yes, it was a bit isolating.'*

Terry Waite is the human manifestation of what it means to be humble, to serve and to sacrifice. He put himself in harm's way in the hope that he could help others. And twenty-five years later he is still working tirelessly to help people who have had family members taken hostage, which says it all.

The craziest thing is that he claims he was mainly doing it for himself. I tell him I know the concept that no charitable gesture

is selfless, but this is pushing it. He insists, saying his career has been about achieving reconciliations and that following that path has helped him reconcile the different sides of his own self.

He is also quick to point out that many people have to endure far more than he did. He talks of people held captive in their own body, when disease or accident have taken away their ability to move. And he knows only too well of the many hostages who don't get to come home at all.

Both Terry's words and actions advocate the profound importance of having empathy: it is a fundamental tenet of his approach to life. He recounts meeting with the British mother of a man who was beheaded by terrorists in Iraq, who even in her terrible grief said that she knew her suffering was no different to that of a mother in Iraq who has lost her son through warfare or insurgency. *'In that simple statement she summed up with tremendous courage something we should never forget: we are all members of the same human family. We all have fears, and hopes and aspirations. We all have our vulnerabilities, so we should be very careful before we attribute negative stereotypes to other people.'*

Terry's empathy helped him stick to the three rules he set himself when he realised that he'd been taken hostage: no regrets, no self-pity and no sentimentality. He also stuck to his principle of non-violence, a philosophy tested to the extreme when one day he found a gun in the toilet left accidentally by his guard. (Terry said *'I think you've forgotten something'* and handed it back to him.)

So, how does one cope with four years of entirely unjust and unrelenting solitary confinement?

'I did my best to structure each day. I would allocate a period of time to doing my exercises, then I would write for an hour or two in my head, then do mental arithmetic. And I spent a lot of time dreaming up poetry too. And then it would be time for some more exercises. And so on.'

I tell him it seems it would be impossibly hard to fill all those lonely hours. In another world-class example of being understated, Terry just nods and responds, *'You know, the whole experience wouldn't have been so bad if they'd just let me have some books.'*

He claims there have been unintended benefits of the ordeal. It gave him the confidence to leave his salaried job afterwards and live a freer life. So one related piece of wisdom he is keen to pass on is that every disaster, or seeming disaster, in life can usually be turned around and something creative can emerge from it. *'That is not to say such suffering is not difficult and damn hard, but it doesn't need be totally destructive. It's the way you approach it, and the way you approach life after.'*

So, given that, what is his best advice for how to approach life?

> ***'It's the same lesson I learnt in that cell. What you have to do is live for the day, you have to say, now is life, this very moment. It's not tomorrow, it's not yesterday, it's now, so you have to live it as fully as you can. Invest in every day.'***

After speaking to Terry, I will.

ABSOLUTELY LUMLEY

I'M AT AN AWARDS DO and the god of seating plans has smiled benevolently upon me. I'm sat next to Joanna Lumley, one of the UK's most loved actresses, and also one of the country's most prolific and effective activists. To talk to, she is as one would expect. Warm, inclusive, crush-inducing. But with these soft-edged charms come inspiring, hard-edged principles: a sense of civic duty, of justice, of doing the right thing. She is a heady combination of warm heart and iron will. Which explains that while her TV and film work would be a career to be proud of in itself, it is her commitments and contributions off screen that are the most remarkable.

Take the new Garden Bridge across the Thames in London. An idea soon to become reality, providing the most beautiful addition to the city this century. Everyone in London knows about it and everybody loves it. Just like Joanna Lumley. But what is less known is that it was entirely her idea, a concept she dreamt up and then agitated to make happen, bending the will of those who naively told her at first it couldn't be done.

Or look at the issue of Nepalese Gurkha veterans (who served in the British armed forces before 1997), who have been histor-

ically denied the right to settle in the UK after fighting *for* the country – a morally bankrupt decision and one that needed reversing. It was an unfashionable and unfabulous fight, but one that Joanna Lumley took on unreservedly, using her charm, celebrity, conviction and sheer dogged resilience until the victory was achieved and those rights installed.

In short, she is no ordinary woman.

And when I give a short speech later at the awards do and say I've been sitting next to Joanna Lumley, the audience erupt into applause: everyone in the room loves her.

There was therefore a synchronicity to the advice she gave me.

> ***'The secret, darling, is to love everyone you meet. From the moment you meet them. Give everyone the benefit of the doubt. Start from a position that they are lovely and that you will love them. Most people will respond to that and be lovely and love you back and it becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy, and you can then achieve the most wonderful things.'***

Then she leant forward and whispered in my ear.

> ***'But get rid of any of the bastards that let you down.'***

As I said: warm heart, iron will.

‘The secret, darling,
is to love everyone you
meet. From the moment
you meet them. Give
everyone the benefit
of the doubt.’

– *Joanna Lumley*

THE ELOQUENT MR FRY

THE PREVIOUS TIME I SPOKE with Stephen Fry he was a robot. The setting was a tech conference, and he attended via an iPad attached to a cyborg-on-wheels, controlled remotely from a joystick and camera in his bedroom. This time, we're chatting in person over afternoon tea, sipping from bone china cups in a cosy members' club in London. The different interactions capture two sides of a fascinating man: on the one hand, a self-confessed techno-geek with an interest in the latest gadgets, and on the other a graceful British gentleman with a love of classic traditions and culture.

As you would imagine, meeting his real, rather than virtual, self is the richer of the two encounters. In person you experience his warmth and thoughtfulness, and a wonderful sense of complicity from the stories and confessions he weaves into the conversation. He's an easy man to spend time with.

Modestly, he says advice is something he is wary of giving, but he does have a few thoughts he'd be happy to share. I am expecting something literary or spiritual, but surprisingly his first thought is a broadsiding of life-coaching. *'One piece of advice I want to give*

is avoid all life-coach lessons; they are snake oil, without exception, and the art of stating the so-fucking-obvious it makes your nose bleed.'

I was not, it has to be said, expecting *that*.

When I query why, he expands further. One reason is '*their obsession with goal-setting. Because if I meet my goals, what then? Is that it, is my life over? I met my goal, do I just set another one? What's the meaning of the first goal if the second one has to be set? Or if I don't meet it, am I a failure?*'

As he talks, I subtly turn over the page in the notebook that lists my goals for the day.

Unsurprisingly, Stephen does not have a life coach. But he does have Noël Coward. And a quotation from him, which Stephen has above his desk, guides his approach to life: Work is more fun than fun.

'If you can make that true of your work, you will have a wonderful life. I know how lucky I am to have found that, and how unlucky so many are to have not found that. People talk about work–life balance. But the idea of balancing one against the other makes no sense. My work isn't against my life – work is my life.'

Of course, just loving your work is not enough; if you want to get anywhere, you have to be prepared to work really hard at it too. *'Everyone I know who is successful works, and works hard. Really hard. Maybe that should be my advice: work your bloody bollocks off.'*

But the strongest recommendation Stephen has is to avoid the trap of thinking it is somehow easier for other people.

'It is never right to look at someone successful and think "That person's got money, that person's got looks, that

person's good at cricket . . . so it's easier for them.'' Chances are, 90 per cent of the time you're wrong. But even if it is somehow true, thinking that is a very self-destructive thing. It leads only to resentment, which is corrosive and destroys everything but itself.'

Stephen believes it is better to try and put yourself in their shoes. Imagine what life is like for them.

'It is the secret of art, and it is the secret of life: the more time you spend imagining what it's like to be someone else, the more you develop empathy for others, the easier it is to know yourself and to be yourself.'

Which is the best thing for us all to be.

‘Work your bloody

bollocks off.'

– Stephen Fry

THE EROTIC INTELLIGENCE OF ESTHER PEREL

THIS IS PERHAPS THE ULTIMATE sign of the times: I am at an international tech conference, featuring literally thousands of founders of cutting-edge internet companies, but the talk *everyone* wants to hear is Esther Perel's, the world's most renowned relationship therapist and advisor-in-chief on handling intimacy in the modern age.

Esther is ready to speak, but the organisers won't let her. We're in the main auditorium and there are 500 more people than there are seats. Founders are sat on the steps, stood at the back, crammed into the doorways. However, the fire regulations won't allow for such numbers, so an announcement is made: until the extra 500 people leave, Esther can't start. But no one is prepared to miss out and a stand-off ensues. It's resolved only by Esther promising to repeat the talk later for the people who can't stay. In fact, such is the demand that over the weekend she ends up giving four talks. In comparison, the founder of Uber gives just one.

I catch up with Esther later, in her current hometown of New York. I ask her why she thinks so many people were keen to get her advice on sex and relationships. She explains, *'We have gone,*

at this point, into a digitalised way of life, a generation that has been clicking away forever, in environments that are sensorially deprived. And it creates a corrective need, for human contact, for face-to-face relationships, but after the digital world we can often struggle with the imperfect nature of real people.'

The fact that people immersed in the online world sometimes need help with handling real life is not something she judges or condemns, but it is something she occasionally worries about. *'There can be something beautiful about the immediacy of connection that the digital world allows, but on the other hand dating apps where we swipe left or right can leave people feeling disposable, commodified even, and that commodification is hurtful and degrading.'*

Esther first received international acclaim for her insights into relationships when she published her book *Mating in Captivity*, an exploration of 'erotic intelligence' and how to keep sex alive in long-term relationships. Esther brought into the open the underlying contradictions in coupling-up: the fact that we crave both freedom and security, the predictability love needs yet the novelty desire longs for. It gave some straight-talking solutions and has been credited with saving countless relationships ever since.

Beyond the actual content of her work, the most fascinating thing is why Esther was drawn to studying people and relationships in the first place. *'My interest in people, in humanity, in the way people live, whether they create a life of meaning or not, it goes back to my two parents, who are Holocaust survivors. They both spent four years plus in concentration camps and came out with nothing. All they had was themselves, their sense of decency and their relationship. That is what endured. And my dad said that was all that mattered.'*

And her father's wisdom echoes in the advice Esther gives, which is among the best and most profound I've heard:

> ***'The quality of your life ultimately depends on the quality of your relationships. Not on your achievements, not on how smart you are, not on how rich you are, but on the quality of your relationships, which are basically a reflection of your sense of decency, your ability to think of others, your generosity. Ultimately at the end of your life, if people commend you, they will say what a wonderful human being you were, and when they talk about the human being that you were, it won't be the fact that you had a big bank account, it really won't. It will be about how you treated the people around you and how you made them feel.'***

‘The quality of your life ultimately depends on the quality of your relationships. Not on your achievements, not on how smart you are, not on how rich you are,

BUT ON THE QUALITY OF YOUR RELATIONSHIPS, WHICH ARE BASICALLY A REFLECTION OF YOUR SENSE OF DECENCY, YOUR ABILITY TO THINK OF OTHERS, YOUR GENEROSITY.'

— *Esther Perel*

INSIDE HESTON BLUMENTHAL

It's not going well. The score is 10–1, match-point to Heston Blumenthal. The Michelin three-starred chef and owner of the best restaurant in the world (as voted for by the best chefs in the world) turns out to also be a fiend at table tennis. In my defence, before the match started he plied me with strange-coloured cocktails and confessed to having table-tennis lessons up to three times a week. At least the humiliation is swift: his final serve goes the way we both know it's going to, and I retire to the bench and to the solace of my next cocktail.

The experience of going to see Heston at home is the British middle-class equivalent of visiting Hunter S. Thompson: liquor is drunk, cigars are smoked, deep chats are had, and while no guns get fired, he does have his table-tennis serving machine, a device that shoots out one hundred balls a minute. We turn it on and it causes a hailstorm of the little blighters pinging off every wall and surface in his table tennis-dedicated basement.

I've known Heston for a while now. His brain is like that ping-pong machine, capable of throwing out a hundred ideas a minute. His curiosity, creativity and appetite for learning are greater than in anyone I know. The first time we met was at a

company meeting, where I watched him get 300 people to each eat an apple holding their noses, to demonstrate how flavour is what we smell, not what we taste. He is a man who lives and, literally, breathes sensory experiences. And to illustrate the point, we're now back in his kitchen and he's teaching me how to smoke a cigar so you can appreciate all the different flavours. It involves repeatedly pulling a lit cigar from his lips with a pronounced 'schmack' sound; the trick apparently is to *'keep the smoke out of your mouth, don't let it get past your teeth'*.

Food doesn't just play a central role in Heston's life, he sees it as a way of explaining all of human existence; food has shaped not just what we do and who we are, but also *what* we are.

'We evolved because of eating and the things around eating . . . when we discovered fire we moved away from eating only raw starches, our lower digestion started to shrink, our neck and therefore our larynx lengthened, which allowed us over time to start to vocalise. And that ability to communicate meant we could start to spread ideas, build up our imaginations and from that everything became possible.'

Connecting food to human imagination is his signature dish. He's brought more original ideas into the kitchen than anyone else. He first got major attention in the culinary world when his restaurant, The Fat Duck, put crab ice cream on the menu – a dish that now seems almost ordinary in the food fantasy world he's since created of edible pubs, food you can listen to and chocolates that float in mid-air.

He says his interest in the world of food went from zero to one hundred in a lunchtime: as a teenager, his dad got a bonus from work and to celebrate he took the family to a Michelin

three-starred restaurant in France. The combination of not just the food and the tastes but the sensory overload of the smell of lavender from the restaurant garden, the feel of linen on the table, the crunch of gravel underfoot, the sounds of crickets and clinking glasses: *'It felt like I'd gone down this rabbit hole into wonderland and I found something that fascinated me and I knew right then I wanted to be a chef.'*

His imagination and curiosity were kick-started by studying ice cream. He found a recipe from 1870 for Parmesan ice cream. *'I thought, "That's bizarre!" and then I started questioning why was it bizarre, who says ice cream has to be sweet? And once I started questioning that, I began questioning everything. I found that thread and just kept on pulling.'*

It means that while your average chef is checking out other restaurants and menus for inspiration, Heston will be investigating the worlds of biology, chemistry, history and geography. He has teamed up with professors in macrobiotics, psychologists and molecular scientists. As an example of how deep he can go in these lines of enquiry, this year the Royal Society of Chemists is publishing a list of 175 of the most influential scientists and chemists on the planet, alive or dead. Einstein's on it, so is Heston.

He leads me over to a coat of arms he created, now framed on the kitchen wall. He says it took him seven years to design, as he wanted to capture everything he stood for. There is a twig of lavender to reflect smell and the trip to that first restaurant, a pair of hands to reflect the craft of his work, a Tudor Rose for the historical element of his cooking, a magnifying glass for the importance of investigation and enquiry, and an apple to reflect

Newton's discovery and non-linear thinking. Most telling of all is his motto, just two words, inscribed in italic font, which explain his approach and his creativity and what he puts forward as his best piece of advice for life:

> ***'Question everything.'***

And to me he expands:

> ***'The opposite of question everything is question nothing. And if you don't question things, there's no knowledge, no learning, no creativity, no freedom of choice, no imagination. So I always ask why. And why not. I ask question, question, question, question. And then I listen. And that's how I discover something new.'***

He then concludes by asking me a question. It's the one I am most dreading: *'Fancy another game of table tennis?'*

'Question everything . . .
If you don't question things,
there's no knowledge, no
learning, no creativity,
no freedom of choice, no
imagination.'

– *Heston Blumenthal*