

An ambassador of Polish hydrogeology – interview with Professor Jan Dowgialło¹

by Dariusz Liwanowski²



Professor Jan Dowgialło, honorary member of the International Association of Hydrogeologists (IAH), honorary chairman of the IAH Commission on Mineral and Thermal Waters, former Polish ambassador to Israel, chairman of the Scientific Council at the Institute of Geological Sciences of the Polish Academy of Sciences.

The tourism industry is an important sector in economies of many countries, including Poland. One of its fastest growing fields is, using economists' slang, a "conference tourism". Do you feel a tourist, Professor?

Yes, sightseeing, both domestic and external is one of my hobbies. I am a tourist, although by "tourism" I perceive a slightly different behaviour and experience than those presented by representatives of economic sciences, which you refer to. Nevertheless, I do agree that links between fulfilling professional duties and tourism do also exist.

I used to work abroad for the United Nations: the World Health Organisation (WHO), and the Development Programme (UNDP). I used to be an ambassador of Poland. There were many travels being a part of my duties which, what is obvious, did not have a touristic character. They were simply a part of my work, which I was undertaking firstly, working for international institutions which were helping countries needing a support, and later as a diplomat. However, often, during weekends or holidays I went sightseeing in regions that I was currently working in. I used to learn about local cultures visiting magnificent monuments and trying to look into the people's everyday life from a less official perspective. My rather frequent visits to the former Polish eastern borderland, where I come from have a different, personal character.

Similarly, it happens that as a tourist I return to places that I had been before when participating in congresses and conferences that were organised in different parts of the world.

Could you name one of them?

For example Larderello in Tuscany. I got there for the first time in the early seventies of the past century as a participant of the International Geothermal Course in Pisa. The nail of the teaching programme was a visit to the famous Larderello town, where the world's first geothermal power plant had been built. Its turbines were turned on in 1904 using steam coming from inside the earth. Twenty years later, I gladly returned to Larderello and Pisa as tutor at the same course and as a participant of several conferences organized in Florence.

I would like to make it clear however, that linking conferences and touristic experiences is not a rule. To be honest, I associate participating in conferences with exhausting work in closed spaces rather than with gathering touristic impressions.

This year, for the first time ever, the IAH Congress is being organised in Poland. This gives an opportunity for it's many participants that have never had an opportunity to visit our country before, to get to know it better.

In the conference programme, apart from points that are essentially the congress' matter, we have also included a time for short trips to places that are worth sightseeing. Some of them are closely linked to themes of the conference sessions, while other ones are focused on local attractions.

Cracow itself, where we invited members of the IAH, is one of the most famous touristic symbols of our country. Few years ago, the Main Square in Cracow, which is one of the major achievements in the history of urban planning of the past thousand years, was acknowledged by experts of the Project for Public Walks – an American non-profit organisation that works with revival of public spaces, as the best square in the world. It outdistanced in that ranking other world famous squares including Piazza Navona in Rome, Staroměstské Náměstí in Prague and Campo Santa Margherita in Venice.

Leaving the royal city we will be heading to the Poprad valley in the Beskid Sądecki Mts., and then to Beskid Niski Mts. The professional interests will be fulfilled by visiting the Ignacy Łukasiewicz Memorial Museum of Oil and Gas Industry; Łukasiewicz was a pioneer in oil extraction and an inventor of the oil lamp. In 1854, he initiated building the first dug oil shaft in the world. Then, in Iwonicz health resort, among wooden architecture typical of XIX century spas we will visit a nature monument – the famous Belkotka saline water spring with methane exhalations. It was that spring, from which Łukasiewicz extracted oil that, after distillation, was used for filling his first oil lamps.

On the route of our trip we have also included Krynica Zdrój, which is an interesting place for hydrogeology professionals for its numerous springs and drilled mineral water wells. At Tylicz we can visit one of the most modern mineral water bottling plants that belongs to the Coca-Cola Company.

Another interesting place on our list of attractions, which is not linked to hydrogeology, will be a visit to an outstanding monument – the biggest wooden church in Europe, which is a XIV century, late gothic temple in Haczów. The church is listed by UNESCO as belonging to the World Cultural and Natural Heritage. Another place from the UNESCO list selected for the conference visiting

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programme is the most famous Polish geo-touristic site, a monument of the National History, the Salt Mine in Wieliczka – the oldest salt manufacture on the Polish territory, established in the early Middle Ages. The place is visited by over a million visitors every year.

Over half a million visitors are expected this year in Jurassic Park in Bałtów, which was created on the geo-tourism motives thanks to dinosaur trails found there.

That particular attraction of Świętokrzyskie District I would not recommend to our participants. I don't want to be misunderstood. Popularity of Bałtów is an outstanding phenomenon which is worth noting. I would like to stress, however, that Bałtów has no scientific basis; it is a colorful fun park with plastic figures, which express the hypothetical appearance of prehistoric reptiles, how creators of the park imagine them to have looked like. I remember a playfully statement by Szewach Weiss, a long term chairman of Knesset, and later the ambassador of Israel to Poland, whom I have met when I was the ambassador of Poland to Israel. He said that "if that is a truth, what they say, that Israel has got atomic weapons, then Peres is responsible for it". I will just add, that president Szimon Peres used to be a minister of defence at one stage. So, travestying that diplomatic game of words I will say that "if that is a truth that, what they say, that this is how dinosaurs looked like, then you can view them in Bałtów". Shortly speaking, not many people can say about themselves that they certainly know if Israel has got atomic weapons or swear that they know exactly the shape and behavior of dinosaurs.

With your permission I would like to revert to diplomacy now. You often highlight that every tourist abroad is an ambassador of its country.

That is correct. There is also a term "touristic diplomacy", which is acknowledged by many politicians as not less important diplomacy than classical – intergovernmental, parliamentary or economic diplomacy. Developing a tourism industry and promoting it worldwide is an important element of a foreign policy, which aims to build a picture of a country abroad. Every tourist abroad is an ambassador of his country. His behaviour and attitude have got an impact on creating the general picture of his compatriots. If foreigners see us as nice, optimistic, curious of the world travellers, helpful neighbours at a campsite, restrained guests at a free buffet, participants of instructive excursions – then instinctively they want to visit a country of that nice nation. This role of ambassadors we try to continue in our country when hosting foreigners.

And how are Poles perceived?

An opinion on our country and compatriots is still influenced by negative stereotypes. They are often silly, insulting and harmful. Isn't tourism the best way to change these false perceptions?

I have many friends in different countries that for different reasons decided to visit Poland for the first time in their lives and they did not hide their surprise for the variety of

landscapes, the beauty of towns and the charm and hospitality of their inhabitants. Only a few years ago Poles were perceived as pessimists and malcontents. This, however, belongs to the past. We do have more and more reasons to be proud and satisfied with our personal achievements and with the country that gives us freedom to realise our goals. That is how we are more and more often perceived abroad.

In a common opinion of foreign visitors our national qualities are kindness and hospitality. So, the negative stereotypes are being displaced by positive associations.

What has Poland got to offer?

Extremely much according to variety of tastes and individual expectations. In current, progressively cosmopolitan European culture, the most valuable for foreign visitors are local attractions that have no equivalence in their own countries. What favours Poland is a mixture of modernity and traditions in its best meaning. A lot of old-fashioned charm and sentiment for the past, which are greatly missed by well developed nations at present, have been preserved in our landscapes, behaviour and our traditions. People value the unspoilt natural beauty of our landscapes, elements of our old customs, which sometimes do not fit the 21st century and seem to be stuck in the 19th century – as well as modern infrastructure and international hotel networks for travelling businessmen. This is not meaningless, because one of the business rules is to visit a country prior to making a decision on investing on its market.

For many years you have been working for the World Health Organisation. Is the health tourism one of the strengths of our country?

I am not a physician but a geologist. However, I have visited a considerable number of famous European health resorts.

And how is the comparison?

Progressively better and this is well understood. The standard of sanatorium treatments often does not differ from those offered in Western Europe. Patients are looked after by professional health care staff that are very well trained. Prices have also high significance as costs for accommodation and treatments are considerably lower in Poland than abroad. Joining the EU has also helped Polish resorts. The health insurance system used in Western Europe refunds partial costs of treatments undertaken in Poland.

I would also like to highlight a noticeable group of residents in Polish sanatoria. It is a wider phenomenon, which is linked to increasingly common life style of the European pensioners. Old people feel lonely when their comrades pass away. An important factor, which allows seniors to keep a good form, is a life motivating company of other people. Besides, in a resort, one is supervised by professional health care, eats selected, dietetic meals, takes part in organised activities that stimulate physical and mental activity.

Holidays in sanatoria are trendy among healthy people, in their prime condition.

That is true. I do have a chance of meeting representatives of the present-day generation, young managers that are fully engrossed in their jobs. Continuous stress accompanies their recklessly hard work, which is partly induced by ambition and partly by a fear of losing their jobs for which they fought very hard. This permanent accommodation to burdens of their jobs and an increasing pace of their lives can result in losing their health. In many professions continuous tension and availability can have negative impacts on concentration and creativity. At least a short break and a regenerating rest in this race is for them a necessity of "to be or not to be". In my opinion, holidays in a quiet Polish health resort are more beneficial for them than a trip to the Balearic Islands or Thailand. Healthy climate, relaxing treatments, physical exercises, slimming or quitting smoking therapies, curative waters... What else can one need?

What type of tourism is the closest to you?

I can tell you which is the type of tourism I do not like. I do not like mass tourism. My reluctance to it comes from times when I was passionate about climbing in Tatra Mountains. In the upper parts of mountains you are not looking for a company of random people. You treat them as intruders which are superfluous and annoying. Crowds in resorts still irritate me nowadays. On the other hand I am aware of the wisdom of tourism, which commands us to share the space with other people. Travelling became a common pleasure. We do have to respect all tastes. Holiday makers want to have other people around them. Popular holiday destinations are like a social system, where people meet and make acquaintances. This is a real holiday society. Today, an average holiday maker would stand aghast or feel terrified when seeing an empty beach in high season.

It is also hard to argue with people who think that worldwide tourism is a force, from which we need to protect historical monuments and natural wonders which are threatened by hordes of tourists.

There are many extremely attractive places in Poland, which are valuable for their natural beauty, for example. Do you think that places like these should be protected from inflow of tourists?

In my opinion, wonderful national parks and reserves, that Poland can be proud of, should be made protected areas. Within them, tourism has to be limited; however on their foreland, investments in touristic infrastructure should be developed.

It was loud in Europe about the spectacular protest of ecologists that thwarted the project of a motorway around Augustów running through an important wetland habitat in Rospuda.

I do not and I have never been a fan of "greens". Their methods are controversial and their intentions – not clear. Let's talk about wealthy inhabitants of Saint-Tropez. They present themselves as advocates of environmental protection. They say they want to preserve their landscapes, but what they are really doing is protecting themselves from an

invasion of people who can disturb their peace. In case of Augustów, the ecologists' flag was on the opposite side. The local citizens lost because of that, and it is the narrow streets of their town, that the major transit route from North to South still runs through. And with them, the big losers were also creators of the national motorway building plan. The winners were loud environmentalists who wanted the wetland area to be left untouched and some temporary allies who were forcing for a different route.

In some parts of Ireland it was a conscious decision to leave some road tracks to be grown over, so only the most persevering people can get there.

There are various reasons for a country to be left backward. I was born in a village where there were no railway tracks. We were using horses to get to the closest town of Ostróg upon Horyń. But in Ostróg there was also no railway connection. The closest station was in Ożenin, which was 8 kilometres away from Ostróg. To get to Warsaw from Ożenin, we had to change a train in Lublin. When I was fulfilling my diplomatic duties in Israel, I was invited to a meeting with people originating from Ostróg who knew about my roots. During that meeting I was told that Jews from Ostróg made an agreement with the tsar's clerks not to build the railway tracks to Ostróg. The reason for that was that if the railway tracks were built, Jews would have lost their incomes as they were living from bringing travellers from Ostróg to Ożenin and back. This anecdote was verified historically.

Can the attention of tourists revive a region?

Yes, very often it becomes a good decree of fate. It helps the local people find their cultural identity and create work places. On Bali, people rediscovered temples that were threatened to be ruined, only because of the attention of tourists from Europe and Australia. Similar phenomena can be observed among the native Indian of North America – Hopi and Navajo. Local people and tourist offices take an advantage of that by organising trips into these regions.

Many of us look for holidays that are different from typical holiday scenarios. They decide to travel at times, where other people usually stay at home or, in order to get fully cleared of their everyday life, they go to places where wars take place – we have examples of tourists travelling to Yemen despite of fighting taking place there at present.

The example you've given above about taking a risk by travellers I can, in some way, refer to myself. I like risk. In North Yemen I have experienced that kind of a "man's adventure". Although, it wasn't a search for unconventional travel experiences that brought me to that country, but my professional duties.

On behalf of the World Health Organisation I was acting as an adviser to the Minister of Civil Works. My job was to help developing a well system supplying the citizens of Yemen with drinking water. At that time, people living in the countryside were drinking mainly rainwater, which was being collected in cisterns hewn in rock and tightened with

loam or, rarely, with concrete. The water collected was easily accessible to livestock and used for drinking and cooking without respecting any hygiene rules. Drinking polluted water resulted in spreading various infections and often serious illnesses. That is the reason why the WHO was pressing for implementation of a well drilling programme for drinking water supplies.

I was traversing the country in a 4 wheel drive Toyota, identifying points, where we were to drill a well, at the same time having an opportunity of learning about the country, its people, their language and tribal customs. These trips were very interesting, although we had to be very careful as they did not belong to safe ones.

What sort of incidents engraved in your memory?

For sure you can't forget moments where bullets whizz above your head. That happened to me a couple of times. Danger was waiting for us everywhere during field trips through monuntainous, roadless paths connecting villages inhabited by quarrelsome highlanders, sometimes shooting to an unexpected guest before exchanging welcoming courtesies with him. As a matter of fact nobody was consciously threatening our lives. It was generally understood that we are doing a job which was important for the local residents. Sometimes we were even surprised by unexpected kindness.

One time we managed to drop with our 4 wheel drive (absolutely indispensable in that kind of terrain) into an area of fights between two hostile Arabian tribes. They were placed on opposite sides of a stony path we were travelling through and they were showering one another with bullets using automatic guns (kalashnikovs). We left the car in panic. Its front screen was smashed with a bullet and another bullet got stuck in the driver's seat. When they saw us, the fierce fight stopped. A man representing one of the sides emerged to calm us down offering us coca-cola to show their good will. We thanked and left the area as fast as possible.

There were more drastic moments though. I have one specific case in my memory. My two local co-workers were originating from two opposite tribes. During one of our trips to distant villages up in the mountains, they got into an argument. They settled the dispute by reaching for their guns. I have never found out which of my travel mates was actually right. Anyway, one of the adversaries, fatally wounded, passed away before I managed to reach the medical station in a town lying around 100 km from the place of the fight. This story had its continuation later. In order to calm down an explosive atmosphere among the society and to advert bloody revenge by a family that lost its son, the local authorities, very promptly undertook an investigation. Without any delay they picked out a man guilty of the murder. I didn't choose the words "picked out" accidentally. In order to keep calm the tribe from which the real murderer was coming from and avoid another local war, they chose a random person who had no affinity with that tribe, armed to the teeth. I am talking about that because, as a gesture of a respect to me, I was kindly invited by authorities to observe the execution. Risking an offence to the authorities, I firmly refused without giving any reason for my decision.

My stay in Yemen was a risky and exciting challenge. I do appreciate this time of my life very much. It left me with very valuable professional achievements and fervent experiences. Nevertheless, I will tell you in secret that after making a decision of ending this adventure, full of tension, and leaving that rough country after four years of stay, I hardly resisted the temptation of kissing with a relief the European ground at Rome airport.

You have escaped accidental bullets and equally dangerous to Europeans tropical illnesses.

Bullets missed me, but diseases – not always. Especially one undermined my health. Before going to Yemen, I was participating in a UNDP project in India, which aimed at searching for thermal waters for power needs. Among other places, we were also doing a fieldwork in the Himalayas. In a camp situated 3000 m above sea level I allowed myself for carelessness that had awful consequences. I quenched my thirst with water from a stream that, which I didn't know, in its upper parts ran through a village and agricultural fields. A small gulp was enough to get me infected with amoeba. In confrontation with this tropical protozoan, my body did not show resistance typical for the natives. Getting out of ameobosis I owe to few months' long draconian treatments and to a very particular care of Indian doctors. The disease had sorely exhausted me. I lost so much weight that my wife and children did not recognize me while meeting them at the New Delhi airport, when they arrived from Warsaw.

Did you watch yourself after this experience by drinking boiled water only?

Exactly! But a gulp of fresh water in different circumstances could have saved my life. This happened in the vicinity of Bombay, where, together with my colleagues from the Geological Survey of India, we were examining hot springs. We were staying in a hotel. Every morning a company car was bringing us to the research area. In order to speed up the work we have decided to split up and everyone was working on his own in few locations distant from one another by few km. At a certain time of the day, we were one by one being picked up by a car. One day, my job was to make measurements and take samples for isotopic determinations from a place that was located in a desert valley distant from the pickup point by 2 km. Sweating under the burning heat of the sun, I got absorbed in the fieldwork, forgetting about the rule that cannot be neglected in a desert. I did not drink a drop. Around the midday it happened what was bound to happen. I felt I will collapse. I started getting back as fast as I could. My energy level was sufficient to reach half way only. I sheltered myself under the only dead bush in the area, which was giving a substitute of shade. Lying on the ground, I could feel the thickened blood pulsing in my veins. I lost my consciousness a few times. Happily, in a moment of regaining awareness I realised that I can rescue myself by drinking water samples, I collected earlier. Few drops that I seeped from small laboratory bottles helped me to start moving towards the rallying point and shortly before dusk meet my comrades, who had al-



Fig. 1. Field work break in a friendly company of Yemen's mountaineers. Photo from Prof. Dowgiałło's archive

ready commenced a search for the missing colleague. I had learned my lesson and never got into similar troubles again.

You took the post of the ambassador of Poland to Israel when a conflict started in the region.

That is correct. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, Professor Krzysztof Skubiszewski, did not hide his worries about me potentially refusing to accept the nomination while hearing about the aggression of Iraq against Kuwait and a triggering situation in the Middle East. Saddam Hussein was threatening that, if the United States would decide to attack him in Kuwait, Iraq would attack Israel and set fire to the oil wells in Saudi Arabia. His threats did not stop the Desert Storm and Iraq did not stay idle. Few hours after the American attack had started, first bombs fell onto Israel.

As the first Polish ambassador after regaining diplomatic relations with Tel-Aviv, which were terminated in 1967 by the Polish People's Republic, you have presented the credentials.

I arrived in Israel in the second half of 1990. The beginning of the mission was extremely difficult. There were two reasons for that. The first one was that I arrived from a country that, although had started radical political changes renouncing its communist past, in minds of Israeli people was considered as a country that remained hostile to Israel. Furthermore, the hearts of a considerable group of Israelis were filled with animosity and prejudice against Poles. They were indulged in painful memories blaming Poles for much of their suffering. The memory of compulsory departures from Poland to Israel in 1968 was still alive. At many

meetings with various bodies, I was recklessly attacked as the official representative of a nation that deserves condemnation. Every day one could hear statements referring to "Polish extermination camps" during the World War II which were delivered by the highest ranking politicians. For example, this statement was said by Prime Minister Rabin in Kneset during his inauguration speech when he was starting his office. I sent an official protest note then. In response I was sent an apology for an incident, which was attributed to a slip of the tongue. There was never any official rectification. With time, we managed to improve the relations. I was constantly reminding my counterparts that we should build the future without forgetting the past. My arguments were gaining positive results and meeting understanding. Some results of this work appeared after I left Israel. A few years after the end of my term of office I could see the implementation of one of my ideas. Together with the authorities of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem we were opening the Chair of Polish Culture and History at this prominent Israeli academy.

Coming back to the beginning though – the second reason why it was difficult to do my job as the ambassador was that I was a hydrogeologist not a professional diplomat.

A question arises, where did this nomination come from? Would this be influenced by the fact that you are descended from one of the most glorious Polish families?

Let's not over exaggerate with that splendour. We belonged to the Lithuanian nobility being related to the Chodkiewicz family through my grandmother. In Poland of the communist era, my ancestry, for ideological reasons, was badly perceived. Troubles were furthermore exaggerated due to my rather independent character. It is enough to

say that I was given a professor's title only after the political changes in Poland.

My nomination for ambassador had nothing to do with the sound of my ancestral surname. It was a classical personnel decision, typical of historical turning points changing political systems. In those moments candidates are selected from outside of the past political elites. They are chosen to be given duties that they had no chance to carry out earlier. They are chosen because they know foreign languages, are knowledgeable and experienced, which gives a guarantee that, after training, they will be able to undertake new responsibilities.

For running foreign diplomatic posts, the diplomacy needed people who were free of secret connections with the past system. And, what is understood, people who knew something about the foreign world. I was fulfilling both requirements. First of all, I was descending from the opposition. At the moment when I was offered the position of ambassador, I was acting as a chairman of the all-Polish Committee of the Solidarność trade union at the Polish Academy of Sciences. Secondly, I had fresh experiences of working abroad, including Arabic countries, which matters in the Middle East.

The nomination procedure, full of ceremonious dignity was freshened by, as I remember, some amusing moments. Especially thickly inlaid were diplomatic protocol trainings that were taking place in an office of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Warsaw. I was sitting next to the incoming ambassador to Holland and later to Norway, Stanisław Czartoryski, and we hardly managed to hide our amusement while being provided with knowledge of table manners. By the way, do you know what sort of rules of eating chicken legs during official meetings have been developed by mankind? You can gnaw them holding with a serviette. Under no circumstances can you put a gnawed up bone at your neighbour's plate... Let's agree that while hearing such explicit instructions it is not easy to remain serious. Especially since the tutor was serious to the bone. Not without a reason. There was a precedent. In the history of diplomacy one very important person did in fact put down his name in this history by putting a chicken bone, in a moment of absent-mindedness, on someone else's plate. The name of that person we will keep diplomatically discreet.

Naturally, the educational programme also included a lot of expert information related to functioning of an embassy, for example rules of communicating with headquarters of the Foreign Office in Warsaw and other institutions. Our incompetence in that matter was material for limitless jokes by old stagers who were experienced in diplomacy.

What effects did the training have?

Large volume of knowledge that I was handed down, I have never had a chance to use. Israel proved to be a country where not much attention was given to formal rules of the rigid diplomatic etiquette. It is enough to say that, in a tuxedo that was made for me especially for the occasion of taking the office in Tel Aviv, I had presented myself in front of the tailor only. I have not appeared in it at any official meetings. Not even once. Simply, the organisers and parti-

cipants of meetings and receptions were far away from celebrating clothes.

Did your diplomatic responsibilities tear you away from your earlier professional and scientific interests?

Not really, although time for that was very scarce because I was still acting as chairman of the Mineral and Thermal Waters Commission of the International Association of Hydrogeologists, in cooperation with the local geological survey I organised a conference in Israel for the IAH members. I was participating in meetings of the Israeli Geological Society where I was giving lectures on, among others, the usage of Polish thermal waters. I participated in many geological expeditions, which I was being invited for.

Which of your professional achievements do you value most?

One of them belongs to these episodes that never get to official biographic notes. Seldom, or nearly never do we mention them. They live in our memories only. The moment of satisfaction that I am about to share with you happened to me during my second trip to North Yemen.

When my contract with the World Health Organisation expired, I took an offer from a German aid organization that was engaged in searching for drinking water supplies. We were selecting places and then drilling wells. In the area where we were working, the course of action was quite simple. When drilling into the ground, drillers were encountering in turns, dry sand, layers of basalt and then again fluvial sands. In order to select the right water bearing layer it was necessary to have geological knowledge and experience. But success of the project depended on something else. There was an element of risk and lottery. We knew that water was underneath us but we didn't know how deep it was? Only God knew the thickness of waterless basalt stratum. And every subsequent meter of drilling costs a lot of money. And so in one of the places selected by me a drilling rig was put up and started working. The time was passing by quickly. Meter by meter we were deepening the borehole. And nothing. No effect. Not a drop of water. We were becoming more and more nervous. Eventually, at a depth of 150 m the head of the company started counting the costs; he lost his temper and shouted "Stop!". Then, I put my entire authority on the scale. I convinced him to take a risk and not to give up further drilling. I asked him for the last 30 meters. They restarted drilling and after the 28th meter given to me, water burst from under the basalt with such pressure that it nearly knocked the rig down. If I had failed then, if I had wrongly foreseen and if water hadn't been at that depth, I could have started packing my stuff and the news of my ignominious failure would have painfully affected my professional reputation. The success had no reward and it went forgotten quickly. Just a routine, which was expected of me. I was left with a unique taste of the professional risk and the satisfaction of winning. I can still taste it.

Thank you for the interview.

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