

Silajdzic's "givebacks" were from Croat-controlled territory—and no Croatians were present. I whispered to Hill to get Tudjman.

Ten minutes later, Hill appeared with Mate Granic. Although it was now after 4:00 A.M., the Croatian Foreign Minister was dressed impeccably and looked as if he had just stepped out of his office on a relaxed day. Sitting down, he politely shared a drink with us and listened to the explanation of the deal. Then, quite calmly, Granic asked to see the map, which was leaning against the wall. As he studied it, an extraordinary transformation came over him. When I thought about it later, it reminded me of the way Zero Mostel had turned himself into a rhinoceros in Ionesco's play. Turning red and barely able to speak at first, Granic slammed his fist into the map. "Impossible! Impossible!" he finally said, walking rapidly around the small room. "Impossible. Zero point zero zero chance that my President will accept this!" He stormed out, almost tripping over Jim O'Brien, who was sitting on the floor in the corridor drinking a beer and chatting with Jim Steinberg.

Within minutes, Granic returned with Defense Minister Susak, who took one look at the map and turned on Silajdzic. "You have given away the territory we conquered with Croatian blood!" he yelled, in English, at Silajdzic, who sat motionless at the table. Milosevic said nothing. Izetbegovic was leaning forward now, listening carefully. This, his body language seemed to say, was getting interesting.

There was still a chance to salvage the evening's gains. If the problem was simply that Haris had given away too much Croat land, perhaps we could redistribute the "givebacks" more equitably between the Croats and the Muslims. I suggested that we try to do just this, "shaving a bit here and bit there."

Izetbegovic still had not said a word. I turned to him, fearing his response, "What do you think, Mr. President? Can we finish the negotiation right now?"

His answer sealed the long day. "I cannot accept this agreement," he said in a low voice, in English.

"What did you say?" Christopher asked, in astonishment.

More loudly: "I cannot accept this agreement."

We sat absolutely silent for a moment. Suddenly Silajdzic took the papers in front of him, slammed them down on the table with great force, and shouted, "I can't take this anymore." Then he stormed out into the cold Dayton night, leaving the rest of us behind.

"Let's deal with this in the morning," I said, and Izetbegovic, suddenly quite animated, walked out, followed by Granic and Susak. We were left alone with Milosevic, who had said nothing during the entire scene.

The "peace" had lasted thirty-seven minutes. We sat with Milosevic for another half hour, utterly spent. The twenty-two-hour day had ended in disaster. Nothing since the Mount Igman tragedy had hit us as hard. Finally, shortly

after 5:00 A.M., we parted to get short naps before resuming. We were too exhausted to imagine a way out.

### DAY TWENTY: MONDAY, NOVEMBER 20

We rose again after one hour of sleep. (Christopher told me later that he had not slept at all.) The conference was now stalled within sight of its goal, and after the drama of the previous night, emotions were raw in all three delegations. Christopher, Donilon, Steinberg, and I met early in the morning, and agreed that it was time to bring in the heaviest weapon we had: President Clinton.

Intervention (but not a visit) by the President had always been part of our operating assumptions for Dayton, but the questions were when and how. It was important not to weaken the President. The presidential coin is precious, and should not be devalued. The rest of us could rise or fall, succeed or fail, be replaced or repudiated if necessary. But the President represents the nation. There is no higher authority, and his failure or error can hurt the national interest. Thus any involvement of the nation's chief executive is something that White House staffers debate strenuously.

We called Tony Lake, and asked him to arrange two calls—one to Tudjman, the other to Izetbegovic. (No call to Milosevic was needed or desirable.) We recommended a simple presidential message: You are very close to success, and I am asking you, in the name of peace, to work out your differences.

Lake said he wanted to delay any presidential calls until the afternoon, while we made another try to reach agreement. More important, Lake opposed any call to Izetbegovic, on the grounds that the President should not appear to be pressuring the Muslims. Christopher and I felt differently. Both calls, we said, were essential.

Lake was adamant. He would oppose a call to Izetbegovic, he said, even though Christopher and I said that without it the risks of failure increased substantially. When we argued that the call could be couched in a manner that would not be construed as pressure, he still objected.

The core team at Dayton was not happy. Kerrick, using his direct channels to the NSC, tried again, but with no success. Then he wrote the first draft of the "talking points" that the President would use with Tudjman. I suggested that Christopher call the President directly to get him involved immediately and more deeply. But the Secretary was reluctant to get in an argument with Tony over whether the President should call Izetbegovic.

We called on Tudjman, who told us that his ministers had acted with his full support in killing the Milosevic-Silajdzic agreement the previous evening.

"We cannot be the only ones who give up land," Tadjman said. "The Muslims must give up something too."

We saw Bildt at 9:15 A.M. and asked him to meet separately with each of the three Presidents, starting with Tadjman. After calling Spanish Foreign Minister Javier Solana in Brussels, Carl went to each delegation with a simple, but important, message: "Don't hold out for a better deal in Europe. Make it here."

Tadjman walked across the parking lot to see Izetbegovic to see if together they could force Milosevic to accept less than 49 percent of the land. They concluded, as we had, that it would be impossible.

At 11:00 A.M., Bildt came to my room to ask how we were doing. "We are deeply concerned," I said, "that even if Milosevic makes more concessions, the Bosnians will simply raise the ante."

"Do you think Izetbegovic even wants a deal?" Carl asked. It was a question that Warren Christopher had also been asking. "I'm never quite sure," I replied. "Sometimes he seems to want revenge more than peace—but he can't have both." Chris Hill, normally highly supportive of the Bosnians, exploded in momentary anger and frustration. "These people are impossible to help," he said. It was a telling statement from a man who had devoted years of his life to the search for ways to help create a Bosnian state.

It was a beautiful sunny day, clear and crisp, not too cold. People walked around outside to relieve the tension. A sort of "parking-lot diplomacy" took place as people ran into each other and discussed the situation. At one point Bildt ran into Milosevic in the barren asphalt between our buildings, and found him "desperate." "Give me anything," he said, "rocks, swamps, hills—anything, as long as it gets us to 49–51."

At about three in the afternoon, President Clinton made the call to Tadjman. "I am impressed with how much has been achieved in the overall agreement, and with the benefits that will come to all the parties," he said. "A very difficult trade-off will have to be made to resolve the map. I'm calling to ask you to give back a small percentage of nontraditional Croatian territory in western Bosnia in order to bring the map back in line with the basic 51–49 territorial concept of the Contact Group plan."

Tadjman's reply baffled the President and his advisors in Washington, listening in and taking notes. "We have already made such a proposal," Tadjman said, adding that we were only two or three hours from a final agreement. This brought the short conversation to an end.

As soon as Sandy Vershbow, who had listened to the conversation, briefed us on it, Christopher and I went to see Tadjman. Contrary to what he had told

the President, Tudjman had made no proposal prior to the call—but he knew that he would have to do so now. “In response to President Clinton’s request,” he said, “I will instruct my negotiators to give up seventy-five percent of the land needed to reach 49–51.” This was good news. But then came two important conditions: “The Muslims must give some of their land up—and I must get back at least part of the Posavina pocket.”

President Clinton’s call had given us a new lease on life. We returned to Izetbegovic’s suite immediately, hopeful that reason would prevail once again. We told him and Silajdzic that, with the President’s personal intervention, we had gained agreement from Tudjman that he would “contribute” 75 percent of the land required to reach 51–49. The remainder—just 1 percent of the land—would have to come from them. This would not be difficult to accomplish, we said, especially since the Bosnians would not have to give back any land they currently controlled, only land that they had been given in the last few days by Milosevic—“theoretical land,” as we called it.

To our consternation, Izetbegovic refused to budge. While Silajdzic sat silent, Sacirbey argued that the Croat position was still unfair. And, to Christopher’s amazement, Izetbegovic began talking again about Brcko, Srebrenica, and Zepa. We returned to my rooms, where Christopher expressed himself in unusually vivid terms on the performance we had just witnessed.

Our next call was on Milosevic. We told him that we could achieve 51–49—but only if he gave back part of the Posavina pocket. Although this request momentarily stunned Milosevic, he understood its importance to Tudjman. Working with detailed maps, Milosevic, Hill, and I started a protracted subnegotiation that went on intermittently for the next six hours. Milosevic finally agreed to return to the Federation a sliver of the Posavina pocket that contained the town of Orasje, which had been the scene of ethnic cleansing of Croats early in the war, and the town of Samac, which lay on the Sava River. A deadlock developed over the exact boundary of Samac. Thinking of Harold Nicolson’s negotiators at Versailles, who drew lines on maps with almost no understanding of what they were doing,\* I drew a line on the map that ran down the middle of the Sava River, directly on the international border, and then curved around the town’s boundaries.

Tudjman accepted this last-minute return of Bosnian Croat land with pleasure. In addition to eastern Slavonia, Tudjman could now show the Croatian people that he had regained some Croat land in Bosnia. And since it was near the home area of Federation President Zubak, it had special value.

By 9:00 P.M., Tudjman had given us enough land in return so that the map stood at 52–48. A shift of only 1 percent, and the deal was done. Yet the

\* See opening quotation, chapter 17.

Bosnians still refused to share this tiny amount of land. We met in Christopher's room to discuss the situation—Christopher, Donilon, Steinberg, Kornblum, Hill, Burns, and myself. We were depressed and tired. "The land the Bosnians have to give up is only theoretical," I said again. "We are not asking them to give up one inch of land they actually control."

"It's truly unbelievable," Christopher said. "The Bosnian position is irrational. A great agreement is within their grasp, and they don't seem able to accept it."

"What more can we do?" Christopher continued, almost rhetorically. "We have gotten them everything they asked for."

"Chris," I said, "this game has gone on long enough. We must give everyone a drop-dead time limit." I then recommended that we tell Izetbegovic that he had one hour to decide, after which we would close down the conference. "And I really mean close Dayton down," I added. "This should not be a bluff."

It was a huge decision, foreshadowed days earlier in my "Closure or Close-down" memorandum. A heated debate broke out in the room between those who wanted to keep trying and those who thought that our best chance for success was to force everyone to confront failure. The argument went on for close to an hour. Would we resume the shuttle if we closed Dayton down? Would we let the conference continue in Europe under Bildt's chairmanship? It was a gamble. Some people shifted sides, but Kornblum and I held firm for absolute closedown, without resuming the shuttle. Finally, after protracted debate, Christopher agreed that we had to give the Bosnians an ultimatum. We suggested a flat midnight time limit.

"I'd better get the President on board," Christopher said. Over a secure phone line, Christopher told the President what we proposed to do, listened for a moment, and said, "Thank you for your confidence, Mr. President." Then, turning to us, he said, "The President is comfortable with this approach. He will give us complete support."

Kornblum alerted the Bosnians that we wanted to see them immediately, and told Bildt that we were going to deliver an ultimatum. At 10:30 in the evening, Christopher and I walked slowly to the Bosnian President's suite.

Izetbegovic, Silajdzic, and Sacirbey sat in the room waiting for us. Christopher and I took up our usual places next to each other on the couch, and Christopher began.

"Mr. President, we have come a long way in Dayton, and we are very close to a successful conclusion. If you will reduce by one percent the amount of land you claim, we can make a final deal. You do not have to give up any land that you currently control. It's a very good deal, Mr. President. We have obtained almost everything you asked for."

Izetbegovic was visibly uncomfortable. He began to review his grievances—a familiar litany. We tried to reason with him, but he became increasingly obdurate. He mentioned the city of Brcko several times. He felt that he had become the object of all the pressure at Dayton, and he hated pressure. He was tired and beleaguered, and his delegation was about to explode. His eyes narrowing almost to the vanishing point, he looked away from us and mumbled something to his colleagues.

Christopher's famous politeness and patience finally ran out, and he delivered the ultimatum in a tone that conveyed genuine anger. "Mr. President, I am truly disappointed," he said, "at the fuzzy, unrealistic, and sloppy manner in which you and your delegation have approached this negotiation. You can have a successful outcome or not, as you wish. But we must have your answer in one hour. If you say no, we will announce in the morning that the Dayton peace talks have been closed down." We rose to leave, and I added, "Not suspended—closed down. In one hour."

Exhausted, Christopher went directly back to the Hope Center to sleep—his first in three days. I promised we would call as soon as we heard from the Bosnians. Less than a minute after Christopher had left, the door to my room burst open and Haris Silajdzic entered, in a towering rage. "You and Christopher have ruined everything!" he screamed. "How could you let this happen? Don't you know that we can never give in to an American ultimatum—never!"

"You are the ones who have ruined it," I said. "You have at least ninety-five percent of what you wanted, and now you are about to piss it all away, because you can't get your own act together." Silajdzic continued to argue, and I asked him to leave. "Use the next hour to get your President to accept this offer and the war will be over. You will not regret it."

At precisely 11:30 P.M., John Kornblum went to the Bosnians' building to receive their reply. Sacirbey stopped Kornblum in the hall. The Bosnians, he announced, would agree to shave the necessary 1 percent of the land in order to get to 51-49, but they wanted something in return—Brcko.

"You have added a new condition," John said. "You know that we cannot agree." John gave Sacirbey the draft failure statement, and told him it would be issued at 10:00 A.M. the next day.

I called Christopher with the news. "It's over—but maybe it's not over," I told him. "Perhaps confronting the abyss will clear some heads overnight. Please get some sleep, because we are going to have a tough day tomorrow."

Hill delivered the failure statement to Tudjman, who was playing cards with his aides. As befitted a man who already had most of what he wanted, Tudj-

man laughed, and asked Hill if the United States was really ready to blame the Bosnians publicly for failure. He urged us not to quit.

I sent Kerrick and Hill to deliver the failure statement to Milosevic. Clark, Pardew, Kornblum, and Perina joined the meeting as it went on. Before they left, I told them to make clear that we really were going to close down in the morning—unless Milosevic could save the negotiation. I deliberately stayed away in order to avoid another negotiating session.

It had been, without question, the most depressing day of my professional life. It was hard to believe that the Bosnians would let the agreement slip away over so little, but they seemed ready to do so. I fell asleep quickly, without awaiting the news of the meeting still going on with Milosevic.

Kornblum described the meeting to me later: Milosevic began in a jovial mood, and offered everyone scotch. But when he realized that we would really close the conference the next morning, he reacted strongly. "You can't do that," he said, his voice showing the strain. He became emotional. "We've got this agreement almost done, you can't let this happen. You're the United States. You can't let the Bosnians push you around this way. Just tell them what to do." When the Americans replied that the United States had done a great deal already, but we could not dictate the terms of peace to any party, Milosevic pleaded: "Try some more, don't give up."

Distraught, Milosevic said he would see "Franjo" right away, and propose that the two men sign the Dayton agreements with or without Izetbegovic. Milosevic sent faithful Goran to set up a meeting, but the Croatian President was asleep. Milosevic said he would see Tudjman in the morning. At about 2:00 A.M., the Americans departed, leaving behind a deeply concerned, perhaps even confused Milosevic, who could not believe that we would not be able to force the Bosnians to sign. "Mr. President," Kornblum said as he left, "it's up to you. We've done everything we can."

At 6:30 A.M., the phone rang in our room. It was David Martin, the CBS Pentagon correspondent. It was the first time a journalist had managed to get past the Air Force switchboard since the talks began. "I'm going on the air in a few minutes," Martin said, "and I need you to confirm something. Sacirbey has been at the Holiday Inn all night long, telling everyone that you gave them an ultimatum, they refused, and you are calling off the talks."

Suddenly I was wide awake. "David," I said, "I don't know what Sacirbey said to you, but you can say that we are at a moment of absolute crisis."

"Thanks, that's all I need." A few minutes later, I watched Martin say on television that we had reached "a moment of absolute crisis." It was indeed. As I showered and dressed, I mentally composed a personal statement to ac-

company the formal announcement that Dayton was closing down. I would thank everyone for their support, and state that I was withdrawing from the effort, since it was clear that I could accomplish nothing further.

The television was now filled with reports similar to David Martin's. Donilon and Kerrick had briefed the White House, and even as we held our final staff meeting in Dayton the President gathered with his senior advisors. One of the people in the Oval Office that morning, George Stephanopoulos, later described the scene to me:

We all woke that morning to hear television reports from Dayton that you had failed. When we gathered in the Oval Office to discuss the situation, there were mixed emotions. Some people, primarily on the domestic side, were relieved, because they knew that if you got an agreement the President would have to make the single most difficult decision of his presidency—to send troops to Bosnia—and then defend it during the 1996 elections. Our polls showed the public overwhelmingly opposed to sending American troops to Bosnia. Yet everyone knew what an enormous amount of prestige we had invested in the effort. The President did not express his own views, but followed the discussion carefully.

I would summarize the general attitude as follows: if Dayton failed, there would be a combination of relief and disappointment. If you succeeded, there would be a combination of pride and apprehension.

Through Tom Donilon, we were already aware of Washington's ambivalence about our efforts. Lake had also told us the previous day that "not everyone in Washington wants you to succeed." This neither surprised nor alarmed me; every Administration contains different points of view. The responsibility for failure or success rested with us, and this was no time to worry about Washington's ambivalence.

As I dressed for the 8:00 A.M. staff meeting there was an insistent knock on the door, and Chris Hill came in. "Something's up," he said, excitedly. "Milosevic has just gone to see Tadjman. I think Sloba is going to suggest that the two of them sign the agreement even if Izetbegovic does not."

This did not constitute a breakthrough, but at least they were still talking. After the terrible feeling of failure and exhaustion, I was suddenly, perhaps irrationally, optimistic. As Christopher arrived from the Hope Center for the staff meeting, I pulled him aside and whispered, "We're going to get an agreement!" He looked at me as if I had lost my mind.

The staff meeting was a gloomy affair. Twenty tired people crowded into every corner of the small, messy room. With no more business to conduct, I said this was our last staff meeting, our "shutdown meeting," and started a final statement of appreciation. "The Secretary and I would like to thank

everyone for their magnificent efforts. We gave it everything we had, and, no matter what happens today, we should not feel that we have failed, but—"

Suddenly Kati burst into the room. "Milosevic is standing out in the snow in the parking lot waiting to talk to you," she said. For the first time I noticed that it was snowing. She ran back out and pulled him into my room, where Christopher and I met him. He looked as if he had not slept all night.

"Something has to be done to prevent failure," he said wearily. "I suggest that Tudjman and I sign the agreement, and we leave it open for Izetbegovic to sign later."

"That's quite impossible," Christopher said firmly. "We cannot have an agreement that is not signed by everyone. It is not a viable contract."

"Okay, okay," Milosevic said. "Then I will walk the final mile for peace. I will agree to arbitration for Brcko one year from now, and you can make the decision yourself, Mr. Christopher."

Christopher said that he could not personally be the arbitrator. I said we would choose Roberts Owen for the task if we completed the rest of the agreement. I said we had to see Tudjman and Izetbegovic immediately to see if we had an agreement. We ended the brief meeting, and raced to Tudjman's suite.

Tudjman listened intently as I outlined Milosevic's offer. When I finished, he slammed his hands on his knees twice, and, leaning as close to Christopher's face as he could get, said, in English, "Get peace. Get peace now! Make Izetbegovic agree. You must do it now!" Shaking with emotion, he got up, almost pushing us out of his room.

Christopher and I walked back to my suite. I locked the doors so that we could be alone. As we talked, other staff members stood outside, banging on the door, but we ignored them. It was essential to have a single focus for the next meeting, and not a cacophony of voices. This was not a time to consult anyone.

"Chris," I said, "the next meeting may be the most important of your entire tenure as Secretary. We can get this agreement—or we can lose it. Forget Washington. It's entirely in our hands. We must go into the meeting with an absolute determination to succeed."

Christopher listened silently, then nodded. Without stopping to talk to anyone else, we walked directly to Izetbegovic's rooms, where the three Bosnians waited for us. We outlined the offer from Milosevic. Silence. I repeated it, slowly and carefully. There were seven hundred journalists waiting outside the base, I said. They had been told by Sacirbey that the talks were over, and, in fact, we would make such an announcement at 10:00 A.M. unless the offer to put Brcko under arbitration was accepted. Time had run out, and we needed an answer immediately.

There was a long, agonizing pause. We watched Izetbegovic carefully. No one spoke. Finally, speaking slowly, Izetbegovic said, "It is not a just peace." He paused for what seemed like a minute, but was probably only three seconds. My heart almost stopped. Then: "But my people need peace."

Remembering how often things had unraveled with the Bosnians in the past, I did not want to discuss anything else. Leaning over to Christopher, I whispered, "Let's get out of here fast," and rose. Christopher shook Izetbegovic's hand and turned rapidly away. As we reached the door, I said to Sacirbey, "Why don't you come with us and work out with General Clark the final details of 51-49 right now." He said he would be over in a minute, and we left.

Christopher and I called President Clinton from my room, as our team crowded around, excited and relieved. The President offered to fly to Dayton for the announcement. "Mr. President," I said, "you don't want to be anywhere near these people today. They are wild, and they don't deserve a presidential visit." Instead, we suggested that the President make the initial announcement as quickly as possible from the White House, and we rescheduled the ceremony for 3:00 P.M. We also suggested that Secretary Perry and General Shalikashvili fly out to symbolize the Pentagon's support of the agreement.

When he heard that Izetbegovic had accepted his offer, Milosevic came to our rooms. He was in a highly emotional state. As he entered the room, he hugged Don Kerrick, and we saw tears in his eyes. He shook everyone's hand.

There was plenty of unfinished business in Dayton. Focused on the problems that still remained, we could not relax or celebrate yet. A re-energized negotiating team went into action across many fronts at once. Clark and Sacirbey began the tricky process of shaving the map by 1 percent. Kornblum, Owen, and Miriam Sapiro convened the three Foreign Ministers to work out several details of the political annexes. The refugee voting issue was settled by a compromise that permitted people to vote in the area where they had lived in 1991, as the Bosnians wanted, but allowed them to apply to an electoral commission for the right to vote elsewhere, as the Serbs wanted. Two years later this provision would be important, enabling Muslims to elect eighteen members of the eighty-four seat Republika Srpska Assembly.

President Clinton made the announcement from the Rose Garden at 11:40 that morning. "After nearly four years, two hundred and fifty thousand people killed, two million refugees, and atrocities that have appalled people all over the world, the people of Bosnia finally have a chance to turn from the horror of war to the promise of peace," he said. He called on the American people—

and especially Congress—to support the agreement with American troops. “Now that a detailed settlement has been reached, NATO will rapidly complete its planning for IFOR. American leadership, together with our allies, is needed to make this peace real and enduring. Our values, our interests, and our leadership all over the world are at stake.”

We briefed the Contact Group, and then brought the three Presidents to Christopher’s suite at the Hope Center for lunch and discussion of the remaining details. In order to strengthen our case with Congress, I drafted a letter to President Clinton, which I insisted that all three Presidents sign, in which each man personally guaranteed the safety of the NATO/IFOR troops.

By prearrangement, President Clinton called Christopher’s suite during the lunch. The three men huddled around the speakerphone, leaning closer and closer to one another as they strained to listen to President Clinton as he congratulated them. Christopher and I glanced at each other, half amused, half astonished at the sight of Izetbegovic, Tudjman, and Milosevic with their heads almost touching.

Meanwhile, Hill and Kerrick had made an alarming discovery. In conversation with Foreign Minister Milutinovic, they learned that no Bosnian Serb would initial the agreement. In fact, Milutinovic told them, the Bosnian Serb delegation had seen the map for the first time just before lunch. “They went completely crazy,” Milutinovic said with a laugh. Milosevic had decided that Milutinovic would initial for the Republika Srpska.

This was unacceptable. What good would the agreement be if the Bosnian Serbs refused to initial? And why would the signature of the Foreign Minister of the Federal Republic of Yugoslavia be valid for Pale? I asked Hill and Kerrick to find Milosevic and tell him that we would delay the initialing ceremony until he got the Bosnian Serb signatures.

Milosevic professed amazement at our attitude. “Why are you making such a big thing of such bullshit?” he asked. “I’ll get the Republika Srpska signatures as soon as I return.”

“Why can’t Krajisnik initial now?” they demanded. Milosevic laughed. “Because he is in a coma after seeing the map.”

After further discussion, we decided to accept Milosevic’s initials—though not those of his Foreign Minister—in place of Republika Srpska, but on one condition: that Milosevic sign a separate letter, addressed to Christopher, promising that he would deliver the Pale signatures within ten days. He mocked this letter as completely unnecessary. “I guarantee you that I will have the signatures within twenty-four hours of my return to Belgrade,” he said. (And he was right; the Bosnian Serbs, including Karadzic, signed the agreement the day after Milosevic returned to Belgrade.)

The ceremony that we had not even dared dream about—"a day that many believed would never come," as Warren Christopher put it—began at 3:00 P.M. in the same room at the Hope Center where it had all begun twenty-one days earlier. Facing the press and our colleagues, I could see in the front row Katharina Frasure, Gail Kruzel, and Sandy Drew—proud, silent witnesses to the price we had paid for the agreement. Around them were the members of the Contact Group, our negotiating team, and General Shalikashvili and Deputy Secretary of Defense John White, filling in for Perry.

Christopher began the ceremonies by outlining the positive features of the agreement, but cautioned that the road to full implementation would not be easy. Carl Bildt followed with a short and generous statement of praise for the Americans, with special thanks to the staff of Packy's All-Sports Bar. Knowing that he would now be the senior civilian responsible for implementation, Bildt talked of the "massive effort by the international community" that would be required.

As the third co-chairman of the conference, Igor Ivanov had not played a major role, but he spoke next. To our surprise, he announced that his government would "reserve its position in regard to the military and arms-control annexes." It was a minor hiccup on a day of great achievement, and was soon ironed out. More importantly, President Yeltsin had spoken to the Russian people about his country's support for the basic agreement at Dayton immediately after President Clinton's first announcement, and pledged his country's participation in the effort.

Milosevic was next, his first public words since arriving. He spoke optimistically about the future, calling November 21, 1995, the day that "will enter history as the date of the end of the war." All sides, Milosevic said, had made "painful concessions," but now "the war in Bosnia should be left to the past."

Washington was most concerned about what Izetbegovic would say. Jim Steinberg worried that Izetbegovic would repeat publicly his private comment that the agreement was an "unjust peace," and asked Menzies to try to talk the Bosnians into a positive statement. But Izetbegovic's real audience was in Bosnia, and he was not ready to give unequivocal praise to an agreement that troubled him and that he was not sure the Serbs would respect. After calling this "a historic day for Bosnia and for the rest of the world because the war, we hope, will be replaced by peace," Izetbegovic began the delicate process of gaining support for the agreement at home:

And to my people, I say, this may not be a just peace, but it is more just than a continuation of war. In the situation as it is and in the world as it is, a better peace could not have been achieved. God is our witness that we have done everything

in our power so that the extent of injustice for our people and our country would be decreased.

In the crush of last-minute problems and details, I had not thought about my own remarks until after the ceremony was already under way. I therefore had to write my statement while half-listening to the previous speakers. My mood was more one of relief than exhilaration, more weariness rather than euphoria. I could not find a way to share in the joy that some of the participants showed, even though I wanted to. After the behavior we had seen from some of the participants at Dayton, I was more worried than ever about implementing the agreement. As several reporters pointed out the next day, my remarks were notable for their cautionary tone, far more so than that of any of the other speakers that day. They began with a tribute to Bob Frasure, Joe Kruzal, and Nelson Drew, and continued:

The agreements and territorial arrangements initialed here today are a huge step forward, the biggest by far since the war began. But ahead lies an equally daunting task: implementation. On every page of the many complicated documents and annexes initialed here today lie challenges to both sides to set aside their enmities, their differences, which are still raw with open wounds. On paper, we have peace. To make it work is our next and greatest challenge. . . .

It's been a long and winding road for all of us, and it's not over yet—far from it. The immense difficulties and the roller-coaster ride we have lived through in Dayton over the last twenty-one days, and especially in the last few days, only serve to remind us how much work lies ahead. Let us pledge, therefore, that this day in Dayton be long remembered as the day on which Bosnia and its neighbors turned from war to peace.