

Bosnia agreement and to threaten another war was his primary leverage over Milosevic. His influence over Izetbegovic came from his ability to break up the Croat-Muslim Federation, whose continued survival was essential for Dayton to work. For years Tudjman had been regarded with contempt by Milosevic and hatred by Izetbegovic; now he had the upper hand over his two rivals, and he knew exactly how to exploit it for his own goals.

Warren Christopher. Christopher was appalled by the behavior he had just witnessed. But it was useful that it had happened in his presence; he could warn Washington, as he said, that "it is going to be tough the whole way." Otherwise, he was pleased with the day—more so than I was. It had gone smoothly, and the press coverage appeared to be excellent. Christopher said he would return whenever it was useful, but would leave the timing to the team at Dayton. As we drove to the airstrip, I asked if he was comfortable with the chaotic nature of the process—so alien to his methodical style. "I'm not always sure what you are doing, or why," he replied, "but you always seem to have a reason, and it seems to work, so I'm quite content to go along with your instincts."

I thanked him for his confidence. As he left for Washington, I reflected on the long road we had traveled together. I had known Warren Christopher since 1977, when Cy Vance had made him Deputy Secretary of State and me Assistant Secretary for East Asian and Pacific Affairs. My relationship with him in the Carter Administration had been close, and it became even closer in December 1978, when he undertook a difficult and dangerous mission to Taiwan immediately after President Carter had announced the full normalization of relations with the People's Republic of China. When a screaming crowd of thousands of angry Taiwanese surrounded and attacked his car as he tried to leave the airport, he handled himself with courage and calm.

In the 1980s, Christopher and I kept in regular contact. He invited me to address his partners at O'Melveny & Myers in Los Angeles. We dined together in Los Angeles and New York, and worked on several business deals together. Despite our close association over eighteen years, we were obviously different in style, age, and background. Where he was cautious and methodical, I tended to be intuitive and impatient. While he looked at issues as a sort of lawyer-judge, adjudicating the differences between the two sides, I was more likely to focus on the historical causes of the problem and its internal dynamic. He came to Washington from California, a Norwegian American raised in North Dakota; I was a New Yorker with a mixed Central European Jewish background and had lived overseas for many years, on three continents. Almost twenty years separated us in age.

I never felt we were competitors. But starting in 1992, some mutual friends, perhaps trying to stir things up, began saying that Chris viewed me with con-