

or permission, apparently without the full knowledge of his own editors—we could not ignore the situation. I told Milosevic that while we would continue to discuss the issues, no agreement would be possible at Dayton unless Rohde was found unharmed.

Milosevic was astonished. "You would do all this for a journalist?" he said incredulously. "Yes," I replied. "We would have no choice." It was the beginning of a dramatic subplot at Dayton.

The Bosnian Serbs. The joint Yugoslav-Bosnian Serb delegation at Dayton included Momcilo Krajisnik and Nikola Koljevic, and one of General Mladic's top deputies, General Zdravko Tolimir. Milosevic relegated them to the second floor of the two-story Serb quarters, and treated them with open contempt. This was in sharp contrast to his treatment of Momir Bulatovic, the genial, low-key president of Montenegro, whom he often brought to meetings to demonstrate that the Federal Republic of Yugoslavia consisted of more than just Serbia.

On November 2 and 3, Jim Pardew met with Krajisnik and his colleagues to test their attitudes. The meetings were unproductive but revealing. Krajisnik, an unreconstructed opponent of a single state, proposed that Sarajevo be divided, and that the airport be moved so that the land it occupied could be converted into a new Serb downtown area. After five hours, Jim told them their positions were completely unrealistic, and left.

From then on, the Bosnian Serbs were essentially isolated at Dayton. Dark and brooding, they hovered on the edge of the conference, eating alone at Packy's, avoiding contact with the other national delegations, and trying to communicate with Carl Bildt and Wes Clark, whom they thought would be more accessible. Within a few days, Krajisnik began sending us angry letters demanding to know what was going on. I showed them to Milosevic, observing how odd it was for us to receive missives from members of his delegation asking *us* what was going on. Milosevic took each letter, crumpled it up without reading it, and threw it ostentatiously into his wastebasket. "Pay no attention to those guys," he said. "I'll make sure they accept the final agreement."

The Museum Dinner. We constantly looked for ways to break down the barriers of hatred and distrust. The most ambitious effort took place on the evening of the third day: a large dinner for all the delegations at the Wright-Patterson Air Force Museum.

We picked the site with great care. The Wright-Patterson Air Force Base included the greatest military air museum in the world, with a collection that covered the entire history of aircraft, from before the Wright brothers to the cruise missile. Hangar after hangar held priceless airplanes, beautifully displayed. For an hour before dinner, the delegations walked through the exhibi-