

tion with museum guides. Izetbegovic showed little interest, but the others were fascinated by this brief diversion. With controlled emotion, Wolfgang Ischinger pulled me aside in front of a Messerschmitt. "This was the plane my father flew during the war," he said quietly. "I have never seen it before." Ischinger was a true son of modern Germany—sensitive, urbane, and determined to see his country play a positive role in the world.

Jacques Blot, however, was nowhere to be seen. When Rosemarie called to find him, she discovered that he was boycotting the dinner because the security guards at the gates of Wright-Patterson had stopped his car, forced him to walk around the inspection post, and then searched him using dogs trained to smell explosives.

We put an end to this excessive zeal the next day by ensuring that all senior personnel would be treated with respect and allowed to pass unimpeded through the gates. But it was too late to soothe Jacques Blot's wounded pride. I called him to apologize and promised it would never happen again, but, enraged, he said my apology was insufficient. The insult was not simply to him, but "to all of France." He would not leave the compound for our dinner—but he would make a formal protest to Washington and consider returning to Paris. "I will not," he said, "be sniffed." He pronounced it "sneefed."

Apologizing again, I asked Jacques to come to the dinner. Again he refused. When I offered to send my vehicle, he reluctantly agreed, and arrived at the dinner in a foul mood. When Igor Ivanov heard the story, he laughed, "Blot should not complain until he has been searched at the Kremlin. They used to do it to us every day." But Blot remained angry, and, irritated by other real or imagined insults in the following days, he was dyspeptic throughout the rest of the conference.

We arrived in the last hangar—the largest one in the museum—to find a great array of modern warplanes and missiles. The tables were laid out beneath the wing of an enormous B-2 suspended from the ceiling. Along the wall, in a fortuitous coincidence, was an exhibit that intrigued Milosevic—a Tomahawk cruise missile. Hill and Kerrick took him and some of the Bosnian Serbs over to the missile that had so impressed the Serbs in western Bosnia. It was only about twenty feet long. "So much damage from such a little thing," Milosevic said, almost wistfully, looking up at it.

Kati had come to Dayton for the weekend, along with several other wives. We seated her between Milosevic and Izetbegovic. Bildt and I took our places on the other sides of the two Presidents, and Croatian Foreign Minister Mate Granic, representing Tudjman, joined us, along with the still-seething Jacques Blot and Haris Silajdzic.

As entertainment, Wright-Patterson had provided the local Air Force band, which played World War II songs in the style of Glenn Miller. Three black