

CHAPTER 16

Going in Circles

(November 1-9)

The most gifted man can observe, still more can record, only the *series* of his own impressions; his observations, therefore, . . . must be *successive*, while the things done were often *simultaneous*. . . . Actual events are nowise so simply related to each other as parent and offspring are; every single event is the offspring not of one, but of all other events, prior or contemporaneous, and will in its turn combine with all others to give birth to new; it is an ever-living, ever-working Chaos of Being, wherein shape after shape bodies itself forth from innumerable elements. And this Chaos . . . is what the historian will depict, and scientifically gauge, we may say, by threading it with single lines of a few [inches] in length!

—THOMAS CARLYLE

DAYTON. THE WORD CONJURES UP INTENSE memories: the peace agreement that lasted thirty-seven minutes; our main gathering place, Packy's All-Sports Bar; midnight shrimp and steak dinners with Milosevic; the barren parking lot that separated the buildings where we lived; our cramped quarters, the lack of privacy; the effort of our European colleagues to adjust to diplomacy far removed, geographically and stylistically, from what they were used to; tennis matches with a surprisingly agile Tudjman; the emotional visit of the families of our lost colleagues; "napkin diplomacy" in the Officers' Club; dinner with Izetbegovic and Milosevic under the wing of a B-2 bomber; long walks with Silajdzic in the bitter cold; Krajisnik slamming his fist against a map of Sarajevo; Milosevic singing "Tenderly" with the pianist at the Officers' Club; the family of an imprisoned American journalist pleading his case; Izetbegovic refusing to touch his food during a meal with Milosevic; the stunning breakthrough on Sarajevo; the unforgettable final hours and our ultimatum; Silajdzic bursting into my room, shouting "You've ruined everything!"; Kati finding Milosevic waiting in a snowy parking lot outside my room; Tudjman