

women sergeants performed as the Andrews Sisters, and as they sang "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy" Milosevic sang along, while Izetbegovic sat sullenly. The scene was surreal: the warplanes and cruise missiles, Glenn Miller and the Andrews Sisters act, my wife seated between Izetbegovic and Milosevic.

This bizarre feeling increased when we tried to engage Izetbegovic and Milosevic in a single conversation. To break the ice, Kati told Milosevic that in 1980 she had covered Tito's funeral in Belgrade for ABC. When she was growing up in Hungary during the Cold War, she went on, Yugoslavia had represented the best face of multiethnic socialism. "We always admired Yugoslavia so much," she said. "What happened to you?" Milosevic shrugged, as if he had been no more than a passive victim of events.

Kati asked Izetbegovic how he and Milosevic had first met. The two men had been avoiding direct conversation, but this question triggered an exchange. "Alija, I remember calling on you," Milosevic said, "in your office in Sarajevo. You were seated on a green sofa—Muslim green." Izetbegovic nodded, and said that he remembered the meeting well. "You were very brave, Alija," Milosevic said, trying to charm the man he had been trying to destroy. Izetbegovic tried to avoid all eye contact with Milosevic, but the Serbian President was undaunted.

"How did the war start?" Kati asked. "Did you know that your initial disagreements would lead to this terrible conflict?"

"I did not think the fighting would be so serious," said Izetbegovic. Milosevic nodded in agreement, and added, "I never thought it would go on so long."

It was a striking conversation. They both professed surprise at the dimensions of what they had unleashed. Yet neither man had made a serious effort to stop the war until forced to do so by the United States.

DAY FOUR: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4

Several participants wanted to unwind on the first Saturday. Sacirbey took Izetbegovic to Louisville for a football game between the University of Louisville and his alma mater, Tulane. I asked Sacirbey several times not to do this, concerned that a football game was not in keeping with the seriousness of the peace conference. In addition, I worried about the added strain on the frail Izetbegovic of a three-hour car ride and the bitter cold and rain of an outdoor stadium. But Sacirbey insisted. With his usual dour expression, Izetbegovic merely shrugged when I suggested it was a bad idea. When he returned, I asked him who had won. "I don't know," he said. "I think it was the people in the red clothes." (In fact, Louisville—the people in red—had clobbered Tulane.)

David Rohde. With Izetbegovic and Tudjman away, the pace slowed down that afternoon. We organized soccer, football, and bowling for the delegations,