

## Cease-fire

(September 27–October 5)

When the people vote on war, nobody reckons  
 On his own death; it is too soon; he thinks  
 Some other man will meet that wretched fate.  
 But if death faced him when he cast his vote,  
 Hellas would never perish from battle-madness.  
 And yet we men all know which of two words  
 Is better, and can weigh the good and the bad  
 They bring; how much better is peace than war!

—EURIPIDES, *Suppliant Women*

**Your Place or Ours?** No one wanted to relive the near disaster in New York. But despite the drama and difficulties, the September 26 agreement, with its unprecedented provisions for a central governmental structure, went a long way toward answering those who had criticized the Geneva agreement as a partition deal.

As we embarked on the evening of September 28 on our fourth trip to the Balkans, shuttle diplomacy had begun to lose its momentum. The three Balkan Presidents would soon have to be brought together in an all-or-nothing, high-risk negotiation. But none of the three key issues for such a meeting had been determined: its timing, its connection to a cease-fire, and where the peace talks would be held. Washington would leave the first two issues to us, but the third required a presidential decision, and our team had a serious disagreement with most of Washington.

Before we left for the region, there was the usual round of meetings with Foreign Ministers and other officials. The most important session was with French Foreign Minister Hervé de Charette in his suite at the United Nations Plaza Hotel in New York. De Charette did not share President Chirac's friendly, open style, or his admiration for American culture. He was a classic high French official, elegant, aloof, always sensitive to real or imagined insults toward himself or France—a distinction that he did not seem to acknowledge.

Yet even though his mission was to show that France still stood at the pinnacle of influence in Europe, on the day before our meeting he said to a group of reporters: "As President Reagan once remarked, 'America is back.'" De Charette was under pressure from his colleagues to show that the Foreign Ministry still mattered. To the annoyance of many professional French diplomats, we had been handling sensitive issues directly with Chirac's small but efficient staff at the Élysée Palace, headed by Jean-David Levitte, a brilliant young diplomat who served as Chirac's national security advisor.

My meeting with de Charette was a microcosm of the complicated relationship between the United States and France. De Charette began with a complaint. "The French press," he said, "is saying that the United States had taken over the negotiations and left France standing on the sidelines." He expressed suspicion that we were already secretly arranging a peace conference in the United States. "It must be held in France," he said. "If not Paris, then in Évian on the Lake of Geneva. We can seal the resort hotels off from the press, and provide a calm and controlled atmosphere." He added that the European Union had agreed that France should host the peace talks—something both Germany and Britain firmly denied when asked a few days later.

I assured a skeptical de Charette that no decision had been made on the location or timing of the talks, but told him frankly that I favored an American site. De Charette proposed that we start the talks in the United States and move them to France after a predetermined time, say, two weeks. I said I did not think this would work, but added that perhaps we could consider a formal signing ceremony in France. As we left his hotel suite, de Charette took my arm and said, "This is very important to me and to France."

The issue of where the talks should be held had become the subject of a fierce internal dispute within the Administration. Our team's unanimous preference was for the United States, but this was a distinctly minority view in Washington. Most of our colleagues, with the exception of Tony Lake, wanted to hold the talks in Europe, preferably in Geneva, a city that symbolized to me unproductive diplomacy from the Indochina conference of 1954 to the endless rounds of Mideast and Cold War diplomacy. If we had to end up in Europe, my preference was for Stockholm, where Carl Bildt would be our host. At my request, Bildt started planning, in complete secret, for a conference at a resort hotel on Saltsjöbaden, an island not far from the Swedish capital.

The final decision would have to go to the President. Worried that the battle was already almost lost, I decided to appeal directly to Vice President Gore, who did not interfere casually in the normal processes of government. Gore returned my call while I was in a car on the way to La Guardia Airport. For security reasons, he asked that we talk on a land line, and so, from a pay phone

at the airport, I made my case. Gore, who seemed surprised by my intensity on this issue, said he would consider it favorably. But, as we headed for Europe, the likelihood of a U.S. site seemed low.

The C-130 lumbered into Sarajevo from Italy at 8:00 A.M. on September 29. In the twelve days since our last trip there had been a visible improvement in the city. In the shadows of the shattered buildings the city streets were animated, even crowded. Streetcars were functioning, and barricades of wrecked cars were being dismantled. It is an unusual experience for a government official to see a direct and immediate connection between his efforts and the lives of ordinary people, but as we drove through the city we felt that our negotiations had already begun to make a difference.

For the first time, we raised the possibility of a cease-fire—without advocating it. Izetbegovic said he was not ready yet: the military trend in western Bosnia was still running in his favor. In fact, we agreed with him.

**The U.N. Dilemma.** In the first thirteen days after the lifting of the siege, General Rupert Smith had not opened either of the main roads leading out of Sarajevo, though this was one of the guarantees we had obtained from the Serbs on September 14. One of the roads ran through a Serb portion of Sarajevo that had been closed throughout the war, forcing all traffic to detour through a tiny, winding, and dangerous street. The Bosnian government publicly criticized the U.N. for leaving it dependent on what Silajdzic called "that notorious street."

The Bosnians were right. Frustrated, General Clark and I went to Smith's office after the meeting with Izetbegovic and urged him to open the main roads and dismantle all checkpoints. "General," I said, "you have a written commitment from the Serbs that these roads will be opened. If they resist, you can use force—but I don't think that will be necessary."

It was a replay of our last meeting. Smith, while far tougher than either Janvier or his predecessor, General Sir Michael Rose, did not appreciate our unsolicited advice, and responded forcefully. He was ready to run his own vehicles out of Sarajevo, but the U.N. had long been doing that. The risks, he said, would be his—not ours. He told us, as he had before, that he did not really control the French forces in Sarajevo Sector who would have to open the road. There were mines everywhere. He needed backing from Zagreb and U.N. headquarters in New York, both of which were passive or negative. Fighting was certain to break out. It would take time. And so on. As for the checkpoints, Smith thought eliminating them was impossible. "Bosnia is a country," he said with a dry laugh, "where every boy grows up with the dream that someday he will own his own checkpoint."

We understood Smith's predicament (and forevermore quoted his memorable line about checkpoints), but even Clark, who had great respect for his fellow general, was disheartened. If we failed to implement the September 14 agreement, its value would quickly be eroded by Serb encroachments and U.N. passivity.

To demonstrate America's determination to uphold that agreement, I asked John Menzies to send his Embassy staff on daily road trips from Sarajevo to Kiseljak. This was not, of course, a real test of the agreement, since the Serbs would not fire on a vehicle with an American flag and U.S. Embassy license plates, but at least it would show that the United States, for the first time in years, was using these roads.

The "Menzies patrols" produced several minor confrontations and small gains that demonstrated anew the necessity of applying continual pressure on the Serbs. Embassy staffers reported that the Serbs still maintained an armed checkpoint just outside Sarajevo. After a vigorous protest to Milosevic, who at first did not believe we cared about "such chickenshit," the checkpoint was opened and the barrier raised. This was an example of the new American approach. We would stand firm on every point, no matter how small.

Most American officials viewed Prime Minister Haris Silajdzic as the Bosnian leader with the broadest vision—an eloquent advocate of a multiethnic state. But his power struggles with Izetbegovic and Sacirbey and other members of the Bosnian government often isolated him. His colleagues complained that he was difficult to work with. He carried a serious additional burden: Tudjman and Milosevic distrusted him. Nevertheless, Silajdzic was one of the two most popular Muslim politicians in Bosnia, along with Izetbegovic.

My own feelings about Silajdzic shifted frequently. There was something touching about his intensity and energy, and his constant desire to improve himself intellectually. Although always busy, he seemed alone—his wife and son lived in Turkey. Silajdzic was the only Bosnian official who seemed genuinely to care about economic reconstruction of his ravaged land. His unpredictable moods worried us, but his support would be essential for any peace agreement. Chris Hill got it right: "If we have Haris's backing, we'll still have problems with Sarajevo," he said, "but they will be much reduced."

**John Shattuck and Human Rights.** The next morning, September 30, we flew to Belgrade, stopping first at the Zagreb airport for a short meeting with Ambassador Galbraith and John Shattuck, the Assistant Secretary of State for Democracy, Human Rights, and Labor. Wedging themselves into the plane's cabin, they gave us a vivid description of their trip the previous day to the Krajina in Croatia, and to Bosanski Petrovac and Kljuc, two towns in

was widely viewed as little more than a public relations device. It got off to a slow start despite the appointment of a forceful and eloquent jurist, Richard Goldstone of South Africa, as its chief. Credit for pumping up its role in those early days went to Madeleine Albright and John Shattuck, who fought for its status and funding. Other nations, especially its Dutch hosts and the Germans, also gave it substantial support. During our negotiations, the tribunal emerged as a valuable instrument of policy that allowed us, for example, to bar Karadzic and all other indicted war criminals from public office. Yet no mechanism existed for the arrest of indicted war criminals.

Although the tribunal had handed down over fifty indictments by October 1995, these did not include Arkan. I pressed Goldstone on this matter several times, but because a strict wall separated the tribunal's internal deliberations from the American government, he would not tell us why Arkan had not been indicted. This was especially puzzling given Goldstone's stature and his public criticisms of the international peacekeeping forces for not arresting any of the indicted war criminals.\* Whenever I mentioned Arkan's name to Milosevic, he seemed annoyed; he frowned and his eyes narrowed. He did not mind criticism of Karadzic or Mladic, but Arkan—who lived in Belgrade, ran a popular restaurant, and was married to a rock star—was a different matter. Milosevic dismissed Arkan as a “peanut issue,” and claimed he had no influence over him. But Arkan's activities in western Bosnia decreased immediately after my complaints. This was hardly a victory, however, because Arkan at large remained a dangerous force and a powerful signal that one could still get away with murder—literally—in Bosnia.

**Belgrade and Zagreb.** Our Zagreb airport meeting with Shattuck and Galbraith completed, we were back in the familiar sitting room in Belgrade by late afternoon on September 30. “The time for a cease-fire is now,” Milosevic said. Like Izetbegovic, he insisted that any peace conference be held in the United States.

When we returned to Zagreb early the next morning, October 1, Tudjman lashed out against Shattuck's criticisms of his government. “This is not correct behavior between nations who are partners and friends,” he said bitterly. I replied simply that Shattuck had an obligation to tell the story the way he saw it, and we would not muzzle him. Besides, Serbs who had lived for generations in the Krajina and western Bosnia should be allowed to remain in their homes in peace.

\* The first military action against an indicted war criminal did not come until June 10, 1997, when British troops in Prijedor captured one Bosnian Serb and killed another who had been named in sealed indictments by Goldstone's successor, the Canadian judge Louise Arbour.

With pressure for a cease-fire building, we urged Tadjman to do as much as possible militarily "in the next week or so." Again we focused on three key towns in the west: Sanski Most, Prijedor, and Bosanski Novi. This might be the Federation's last chance to capture them before we started negotiating. I urged joint operations with the Bosnians. "The Bosnians can't take territory on their own," Tadjman said, as he so often did. He was right, of course, but part of the reason for this was that throughout the war the Croats had denied the Bosnians access to heavy artillery.

Tadjman also wanted the conference to be held in the United States. At least there was one issue on which all three Presidents seemed to agree. But would Washington agree to an American site?

**Sofia Side Trip.** We were moving toward a cease-fire for which we were not prepared, and a peace conference whose location and structure were still undecided. Hoping to slow down the process, we decided to take a long-delayed side trip on October 1 to Bulgaria, a neglected part of the region. I had promised the Bulgarian Prime Minister during a meeting in New York a week earlier that we would visit his isolated nation to show that we recognized and appreciated the cost of its support for the embargo against Serbia.

The visit excited the Bulgarians. Finally someone from Washington was paying attention to them. Because we ran late in Zagreb, our meeting in Sofia with President Zhelyu Zhelev did not start until after 8:30 in the evening. Finally, at 10:00 P.M., he gave an enormous dinner in our honor, with leaders of about twenty political parties. When we expressed astonishment at the number of parties represented, Zhelev, a former dissident, said that these were only the leading factions, out of a total of over two hundred parties.

The dinner ended about midnight. We returned to our Stalin-era VIP hotel, now a Sheraton, for a surprise birthday party for my overworked assistant, Rosemarie Pauli, arranged by her fellow travelers and Bill Montgomery, our Ambassador in Sofia. Although we were exhausted, as usual, it was good to be away from the intensity of the three Balkan capitals and Washington.

**The October 2 Cable.** It was after 1:00 A.M. when I settled into my room, a huge, ill-designed suite, to call Strobe Talbott. I told him that with the Bosnian Serb military in the west stiffening, the front lines seemed to be less fluid. If the offensive ran out of gas, it would be time for a cease-fire. But, I told Strobe, we could not announce a cease-fire without announcing the location of the peace conference at the same time.

This linkage was not self-evident, Strobe said. Could we separate the three issues—cease-fire, peace conference, and location? I told him that we would then find ourselves in contentious and time-wasting negotiations within the

Contact Group. We had to bypass this step with a package announcement. Strobe said that Washington was still opposed to holding the talks in the United States. If they failed, the costs would be too high for the Administration. "It's about nine to one against you," Strobe said dryly, "and I'm afraid right now I'm one of the nine." He said that Lake was still the only person in the senior team supporting an American venue. A White House meeting was scheduled for the next day to make a recommendation to the President. "Strobe," I said, "let me make our case by phone."

"Look," he replied, "I don't think it makes sense for you to participate by phone; as a practical matter, it won't work well, and you won't be at your best in that format. But I have a suggestion: send us a careful, reasoned telegram stating your case. I will ensure it gets a fair hearing at the meeting." The suggestion was characteristic of Strobe: generous and fair-minded. He believed in settling tough issues openly, and he was willing to encourage a message whose content he did not support—in contrast to many officials who made deviousness, even with close colleagues, a way of life and rationalized such behavior as "necessary to get the job done."

So I sat down in the high-ceilinged sitting room to draft the cable. For the rest of the night, I wrote and rewrote, calling Donilon at 4:15 A.M. and Kornblum thirty minutes later to get a better understanding of the arguments against our position. When we boarded the plane early in the morning, I asked my colleagues to review my draft and took a much-needed nap.

By the time we landed in Sarajevo on the morning of October 2, we had distilled a sharp, focused, and unanimous message from my draft. This message would be our best shot at an issue we felt was absolutely critical. Unfortunately, because of concern about protecting the President's deliberative process, the White House would not permit direct quotation in this book from the message we sent that morning—a message that Strobe later called "the most effective cable sent so far in this Administration in terms of changing people's minds."

In our message we argued that we had already invested so much national prestige in the effort that our priority had to be to maximize success, rather than to reduce the cost of failure. A meeting site in the United States would give us physical and psychological control of the process; any other site would reduce our leverage dramatically. To those who claimed that failure on American soil would be more costly politically—the case most frequently advanced against us—we argued that the Administration's prestige was already fully on the line in the eyes both of the American public and of the world, and that failure would be no more costly in New Jersey than in New Caledonia. Failure, although quite possible, was not something we could worry about now.

The American peace initiative, which had already brought a lifting of the siege of Sarajevo and other benefits, had been a powerful signal that, as de Charette had said in New York, "America is back." The choice of venue would be the key indicator of how serious and committed we were. We ended by predicting that the Europeans would complain about an American site, but that they would respect our wishes and come along, and that—contrary to fears being expressed in Washington—it would not have an effect on the fundamental relationships we had with the Europeans and Russia.

A few hours later, Lake called Kerrick to report that while the White House meeting had "moved the ball forward," it had been ultimately inconclusive. Some officials still worried that a U.S.-based conference might somehow draw in the President against his will. But there was also good news: on the basis of the telegram and a talk with Bob Owen, Christopher had decided to support an American venue. So did Perry. Tony ended the phone call by asking Don to gather more arguments in favor of our position before the next meeting.

**Meanwhile, on the Front.** The best time to hit a serve is when the ball is suspended in the air, neither rising nor falling. We felt this equilibrium had arrived, or was about to, on the battlefield. On the trip from Sofia to Sarajevo, after an intense discussion, we decided to shift from "exploration" of a cease-fire to its advocacy. We feared that the Croat-Muslim offensive would soon run out of steam. General Mladic was highly visible again and trying to rally his forces. And we were concerned by the growing friction between Zagreb and Sarajevo, which had caused Zagreb to halt its advance and threatened what had already been achieved. John Pomfret reflected our concern in *The Washington Post* on October 3, reporting that "Croatian forces [have] stopped fighting, allowing the Serbs to concentrate their formidable firepower on the Bosnian army."

When we met Izetbegovic on October 2, he was buoyed by encouraging reports from his generals, and was even more resistant to a cease-fire than he had been three days earlier. The Croatians remained ambivalent, even unenthusiastic, about continued fighting, which they felt would gain ground only for the ungrateful and uncooperative Bosnians. Galbraith, Clark, and I continued to urge Susak to take as much territory as he could, especially Sanski Most and Prijedor.

October 3 ended with the astonishing news that President Kiro Gligorov of Macedonia had barely survived an assassination attempt in Skopje; he was in intensive care after hours of neurosurgery to remove shrapnel lodged in his head from a car bomb. Gligorov's driver had been killed, and it was not certain Gligorov would survive. We sent Gligorov wishes for speedy recovery and asked Washington to send him an emergency medical team.

**October 4, Sarajevo.** The United States Senate confirmed John Menzies as Ambassador to Bosnia-Herzegovina. Ambassadors normally take their oath of office in the State Department, but since Menzies was already in Sarajevo, we decided to swear him in immediately and to turn the swearing in into a high-profile event that would reaffirm our commitment to Bosnia.

The event was held in a building that resonated with history, the Konak House, where Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife, Sophia, lay in state after they were shot on June 28, 1914. The handsome nineteenth-century mansion, with its polished parquet floors and plaster molding, had not been used since the war began but it had survived in surprisingly good condition, with only a few mortar hits on its upper floor. Ghosts seemed to hang in the air of the old building, and as we walked up its elegant stairway, I was moved by the continuity of history. "This is where the twentieth century began to disintegrate," I whispered to Joe Klein, who was following us for *Newsweek*. Government officials, foreign Ambassadors, generals, Muslim mullahs, Serb Orthodox priests, Catholic prelates, and members of the fast-disappearing Jewish community in Sarajevo had assembled for the first genuine multiethnic ceremony in four years. Jammed into the elegant ballroom, many wearing ethnic or religious costumes, they reminded me of the famous photograph, taken minutes before the assassination, of the doomed royal couple descending the stairs outside the City Hall, flanked by costumed dignitaries.

After the short formal ceremony, Izetbegovic made a speech welcoming Menzies, and John spoke briefly. I closed my remarks by saying that Konak House's "historic failures impose a special obligation on all of us who are gathered here today." There was a warm mood among the guests, mingling as if in prewar Yugoslavia. This, I thought, was the perfect moment and place to raise the question of the cease-fire—better than the grim and grimy Bosnian presidency building, where we were scheduled to meet that afternoon. I suggested to Izetbegovic and Sacirbey that we meet in one of the private side rooms at once. The other guests, still drinking and talking, watched in amazement as we closed the doors and disappeared.

Only General Kerrick joined this meeting. I chose Don in order to emphasize the role of the White House, which he represented. We sat on four small gilded chairs in the corner of a large room, our knees almost touching. Stressing that Don was one of our nation's top military intelligence officers, I asked him to give President Izetbegovic and Foreign Minister Sacirbey an intelligence assessment of the military situation.

Kerrick and I had not discussed this meeting in advance. But he played his part perfectly. Quietly and authoritatively, he said that the Federation had probably reached its point of maximum conquest. He said he was concerned Tudjman would not support further territorial gains, lest they go mostly to the

Bosnians. Finally, Don reminded the Bosnian president that in all wars there were times for advance and times for consolidation, and in our opinion this was a time for consolidation.

Izetbegovic listened carefully and uncomfortably. His generals, he said, were still reporting advances in the west. "Your generals may be reporting advances that have not happened," Don said. "Our own information is quite different. According to our best intelligence, the Federation now controls around fifty percent of the land. You would be risking a great deal if the Serbs took back some of your recent gains."

"Mr. President," I said, "this is a crucial moment. Our advice is given to you in friendship and sincerity. I hope you are right and we are wrong. But if you are wrong the price to your country will be enormous. If you want to let the fighting go on, that is your right, but Washington does not want you to expect the United States to be your air force. If you continue the war, you will be shooting craps with your nation's destiny."

Sacirbey mumbled something to Izetbegovic—a translation, we learned later, of the phrase "shooting craps with destiny." Izetbegovic said he would consider the issue immediately with his senior military and civilian colleagues. Would we meet him at the presidency building at 2:00 P.M. to get his answer?

While we waited, Christopher and Lake called to report on the results of a short early-morning meeting at the White House. Tony was upbeat: he had successfully "precooked" the issue of where the conference would be held, and resolved all remaining internal differences. The President would formally approve—and the Bosnia peace conference would be held in the United States.

Nothing could have recharged our depleted energies as much as Washington's last-minute reversal. All the pieces were now in place for the final push to stop the fighting and bring the parties together.

Accompanied by Carl Bildt and Igor Ivanov, we reconvened at the Bosnian presidency building at 2:00 P.M. to discuss the draft constitution and the elections. Such discussions would not resolve the major issues, but they were useful in making the Bosnians contemplate what their government would look like in case of peace. Bildt and Ivanov then left for other meetings, leaving us alone with Izetbegovic and his colleagues.

Izetbegovic was flanked by his military and civilian advisors, and it was clear that they had been arguing up to the moment we arrived. "My military leaders don't want me to stop," Izetbegovic began, looking directly at Kerrick. "They don't agree with your judgment of the situation. But I will agree to a

cease-fire if the Serbs meet certain conditions." First, he said he would not agree to a cease-fire for at least another five days. Second, he would accept the cease-fire only if the gas and electricity were turned on in Sarajevo, and the road to Gorazde opened before the start of a peace conference.

One had to admire his conditions. They skillfully straddled the distance between our position and that of his hard-line generals. Restoring the electricity required that the Serbs remove the many mines scattered around the electricity pylons leading into Sarajevo. He would buy more time for a revived military offensive. Getting gas to Sarajevo was a different matter: Sarajevo's gas was controlled by the giant Russian state-controlled firm Gazprom, which did not wish to turn on the pipeline to Bosnia until it had received a large cash payment for long-overdue bills. In the next few weeks, this unexpected side issue would greatly complicate our efforts and, ironically, bring Sarajevo and Belgrade together in a united front against Moscow and the man behind Gazprom, Russian Prime Minister Victor Chernomyrdin.

**October 4: Belgrade.** We quickly drafted a cease-fire agreement incorporating Izetbegovic's conditions and flew to Belgrade, leaving Hill and Pardew in Sarajevo to facilitate communications with the Bosnian government. We felt we had crossed a psychological divide in both Sarajevo and Washington, and wanted to see how far we could get in Belgrade. Milosevic was in an upbeat, almost celebratory mood. As he read the draft cease-fire agreement with his usual speed, he joked and continually offered us drinks, which I turned down. "Not until we have an agreement," I told him.

We soon began to argue over details. Milosevic gave us a large room in the front of the building, in which we set up word processors. We opened a direct telephone line to our Embassy in Sarajevo through the State Department Operations Center in Washington, and kept it open for several hours. Members of our support team typed and retyped the proposed cease-fire agreement as changes flew back and forth. When Washington heard that we were in the final stages of negotiating a nationwide cease-fire, Christopher, Lake, Tarnoff, Donilon, and Kornblum all joined the telephone marathon. At one point while I was talking to Christopher, Milosevic wandered into the room, drink in hand, and asked whom I was talking to. Hearing that the Secretary of State was on the line, he indicated a desire to speak to him. This was clearly not the right time for the two men to have their first conversation, and I mumbled an excuse.

For hours Milosevic and the Bosnians haggled long-distance, through us, over small changes of wording in the agreement, with Chris Hill relaying each of Milosevic's suggestion to Sacirbey. As the night progressed, we all became increasingly exhausted—except for Milosevic, who seemed to be enjoying

himself thoroughly. In Sarajevo, Hill could not locate Sacirbey. Finally, after one of Sacirbey's unexplained disappearances, the normally dignified Roberts Owen slammed his fist against the wood paneling in our room in Belgrade and uttered a string of unlawyerlike oaths. From then on, he was affectionately known as "Mad Dog" Owen, or simply "Mad Dog."

At about one in the morning, we finally had a document acceptable to both Sarajevo and Belgrade. Izetbegovic had his conditions, almost exactly as he had demanded. Milosevic signed the document with a flourish. We still needed the signatures of Karadzic and his Bosnian Serb colleagues, who were waiting in a villa outside Belgrade. This task we left to Milosevic, who promised to return the document, "signed, sealed, and delivered," before we left in the morning. We stumbled back to our hotel, entering through the basement to avoid the press, and called Washington with the news. We would still have to get Izetbegovic and Tudjman to sign the next day.

**October 5: Belgrade, Sarajevo, Zagreb, and Rome.** In the morning Milosevic delivered the document signed by the Bosnian Serbs. After briefing the British chargé, Ivor Roberts, we raced (laboriously, via Italy, as usual) to Sarajevo to get Izetbegovic's signature.

Izetbegovic's withdrawn and unhappy face told the story. Flanking him were several members of his Cabinet and military. I assumed from the mood in the room that a number of his colleagues objected to the cease-fire. Izetbegovic took the document and read it carefully. We pointed out that Milosevic had agreed to most of Sacirbey's changes, including the immediate exchange of all prisoners of war and a tightening of the language regarding the restoration of full gas and electrical service to Sarajevo.

We were running far behind a difficult schedule: we had to fly to Zagreb to see Tudjman, then get to Rome in time for the first "expanded Contact Group" session we had promised the Italians. As Izetbegovic argued, Rosemarie handed me a note warning that we had five minutes left to make our "window" for the last flight of the day, after which we would be unable to get out of Sarajevo until the next day.

Izetbegovic's visceral fear of the cease-fire had to be resolved quickly. He studied it in silence, his eyes narrowed. Finally, pointing at the Serb signatures, he said emphatically that he could not affix his signature to the same piece of paper as his enemies. I asked Ambassador Menzies to make a photocopy of the document with the Serb names covered up, and again presented it to Izetbegovic for signature.

Still he hesitated. I pushed a pen toward him. "Mr. President, you can end four years of fighting in your country with a single signature," I said, "and on your terms."

His colleagues watched him in silence as he stared at the paper. Suddenly, he looked at me suspiciously. "Where is the American signature?" he said. "I don't see your signature on this document."

I grabbed his pen and took the paper from his hands. "Here it is, Mr. President," I said, and scrawled my name on the document in the lower left-hand corner. "We must leave immediately. If you don't sign now, the war will continue." I started to rise.

Izetbegovic took the paper. His hands shook as he held it. Finally, slowly and reluctantly, he signed the document. We shook hands and raced for the airport, taking the document with us and leaving Ambassador Menzies to call Washington with the news.