

Frederick
Forsyth

THE 
Negotiator

Frederick Forsyth

THE 
Negotiator

Bantam Books

NEW YORK • TORONTO • LONDON • SYDNEY • AUCKLAND

THE NEGOTIATOR

A Bantam Book

Bantam hardcover edition / May 1989

Bantam paperback edition / April 1990

All rights reserved.

Copyright © 1989 by Frederick Forsyth.

Cover art copyright © 1990 by Robert Hunt.

*No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted
in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical,
including photocopying, recording, or by any information
storage and retrieval system, without permission
in writing from the publisher.*

For information address: Bantam Books.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Forsyth, Frederick, 1938-
The negotiator.

I. Title.

PR6056.0699N44 1989 823'.914 88-43346

ISBN 0-553-28393-6

Bantam Books are published by Bantam Books, a division of Bantam Doubleday Dell Publishing Group, Inc. Its trademark, consisting of the words "Bantam Books" and the portrayal of a rooster, is Registered in U.S. Patent and Trademark Office and in other countries. Marca Registrada. Bantam Books, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10103.

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

RAD 0987654321

The Master of the Thriller Is Back!

"QUINN IS ONE OF FORSYTH'S MOST ENGAGING HEROES . . . A COMPLETELY SATISFYING TANGLE."

—The Wall Street Journal

"FORSYTH IS A SUPERB STORYTELLER AND ENTERTAINER . . . THE NEGOTIATOR IS A TYPICALLY SEAMLESS PRESENTATION SET IN THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE, WILL NOT DISAPPOINT HIS MANY FANS."

—Toronto Star

"THROUGH EVERY ZIGZAG OF THE PLOT, FORSYTH IS DETERMINED TO DELIVER SUSPENSE . . . AND HE ADMIRABLY SUCCEEDS. . . . THERE IS REAL TENSION AS QUINN BEGINS TO ESTABLISH A TENTATIVE RAPPORT WITH THE KIDNAPERS—AND IS THWARTED BY TRAITORS WITHIN THE U.S. GOVERNMENT AND BY A REMARKABLY INCOMPETENT FBI. . . . FORSYTH IS AS VIVID WITH THE SNOWBOUND LANDSCAPE OF NORTHERN VERMONT AS WITH THE SEAMY RED-LIGHT DISTRICT OF ANTWERP."

—Newsweek

"FREDERICK FORSYTH'S NEW NOVEL IS PROBABLY HIS MOST GRIPPING SINCE THE *DAY OF THE JACKAL*."

—The Ottawa Sun

"THIS IS THRILLER-WRITING OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY, A MASTERLY BLEND OF EXCITEMENT AND TENSION WHICH TAKES THE GENRE BY THE SCRUFF OF THE NECK AND PROPELS IT INTO THE NEXT DECADE."

—The Sunday Telegraph

"QUINN [IS] AN ACTION MAN TO MAKE JAMES BOND SEEM SHY AND FEARFUL, A PROBLEM SOLVER OF . . . UNERRING EFFECTIVENESS."

—The New York Times Book Review

"A CLIFFHANGER OF A CONCLUSION . . . FORSYTH KEEPS A FEW SURPRISES UP HIS SLEEVE AND WRITES ACTION SCENES MORE CRISPLY, AND WITH LESS GORE, THAN LUDLUM."

—Publishers Weekly

"FORSYTH IS A MASTER OF HIS CRAFT."

—Winnipeg Free Press

Bantam Books by Frederick Forsyth
Ask your bookseller for the books
you have missed

THE DAY OF THE JACKAL
THE DEVIL'S ALTERNATIVE
THE DOGS OF WAR
THE FOURTH PROTOCOL
THE NEGOTIATOR
NO COMEBACKS
THE ODESSA FILE



CAST OF CHARACTERS

The Americans

JOHN J. CORMACK	President of the United States
MICHAEL ODELL	Vice President of the United States
JAMES DONALDSON	Secretary of State
MORTON STANNARD	Secretary of Defense
WILLIAM WALTERS	Attorney General
HUBERT REED	Secretary of the Treasury
BRAD JOHNSON	National Security Adviser
DONALD EDMONDS	Director, FBI
PHILIP KELLY	Assistant Director, Criminal Investigations Division, FBI
KEVIN BROWN	Deputy Assistant Director, CID, FBI
LEE ALEXANDER	Director, CIA
DAVID WEINTRAUB	Deputy Director (Operations), CIA
QUINN	The negotiator
DUNCAN MCCREA	Junior field agent, CIA
IRVING MOSS	Discharged CIA agent
SAM SOMERVILLE	Field agent, FBI
CYRUS V. MILLER	Oil tycoon
MELVILLE SCANLON	Shipping tycoon
PETER COBB	Armaments industrialist
BEN SALKIND	Armaments industrialist
LIONEL MOIR	Armaments industrialist

CREIGHTON BURBANK	Director, Secret Service
ROBERT EASTERHOUSE	Free-lance security consultant and Saudi expert
ANDREW LAING	Bank official, Saudi Arabian Investment Bank
SIMON	American student at Balliol College, Oxford
PATRICK SEYMOUR	Legal counselor and FBI agent, American embassy, London
LOU COLLINS	Liaison officer, CIA, London

The British

MARGARET THATCHER	Prime Minister
SIR HARRY MARRIOTT	Home Secretary
SIR PETER IMBERT	Commissioner, Metropolitan Police
NIGEL CRAMER	Deputy Assistant Commissioner, Specialist Operations Department, Metropolitan Police
JULIAN HAYMAN	Free-lance security company chairman
COMMANDER PETER WILLIAMS	Investigation officer, Specialist Operations Department, Metropolitan Police

The Russians

MIKHAIL GORBACHEV	General Secretary, Communist Party of the Soviet Union
GENERAL VLADIMIR KRYUCHKOV	Chairman, KGB
MAJOR PAVEL KERKORIAN	KGB <i>rezident</i> in Belgrade
GENERAL VADIM KIRPICHENKO	Deputy Head, First Chief Directorate, KGB
IVAN KOZLOV	Marshal of the U.S.S.R.
MAJOR GENERAL ZEMSKOV	Chief planner, Soviet General Staff
ANDREI	Field agent, KGB

The Europeans

KUYPER	Belgian thug
BERTIE VAN EYCK	Director, Walibi Theme Park, Belgium
DIETER LUTZ	Hamburg journalist
HANS MORITZ	Dortmund brewer
HORST LENZLINGER	Oldenburg arms dealer
WERNER BERNHARDT	Former Congo mercenary
PAPA DE GROOT	Dutch provincial police chief
CHIEF INSPECTOR DYKSTRA	Dutch provincial detective

PROLOGUE

The dream came again, just before the rain. He did not hear the rain. In his sleep the dream possessed him.

There was the clearing again, in the forest in Sicily, high above Taormina. He emerged from the forest and walked slowly toward the center of the space, as agreed. The attaché case was in his right hand. In the middle of the clearing he stopped, placed the case on the ground, went back six paces, and dropped to his knees. As agreed. The case contained a billion lire.

It had taken six weeks to negotiate the child's release, quick by most precedents. Sometimes these cases went on for months. For six weeks he had sat beside the expert from the *carabinieri's* Rome office—another Sicilian but on the side of the angels—and had advised on tactics. The *carabinieri* officer did all the talking. Finally the release of the daughter of the Milan jeweler, snatched from the family's summer home near Cefalù beach, had been arranged. A ransom of close to a million U.S. dollars, after a start-off demand for five times that sum, but finally the Mafia had agreed.

From the other side of the clearing a man emerged, unshaven, rough-looking, masked, with a Lupara shotgun slung over his shoulder. He held the ten-year-old girl by one hand. She was barefoot, frightened, pale, but she looked unharmed. Physically, at least. The pair walked toward him; he could see the bandit's eyes staring at him through the mask, then flickering across the forest behind him.

The Mafioso stopped at the case, growled at the girl to stand still. She obeyed. But she stared across at her rescuer with huge dark eyes. Not long now, kid. Hang in there, baby.

The bandit flicked through the rolls of bills in the case until satisfied he had not been cheated. The tall man and the girl looked at each other. He winked; she gave a small flicker of a smile. The bandit closed the case and began to retreat, facing forward, to his side of the clearing. He had reached the trees when it happened.

It was not the *carabinieri* man from Rome; it was the local fool. There was a clatter of rifle fire; the bandit with the case stumbled and fell. Of course his friends were strung out through the pine trees behind him, in cover. They fired back. In a second the clearing was torn by chains of flying bullets. He screamed, "*Down!*" in Italian but she did not hear, or panicked and tried to run toward him. He came off his knees and hurled himself across the twenty feet between them.

He almost made it. He could see her there, just beyond his fingertips, inches beyond the hard right hand that would drag her down to safety in the long grass. He could see the fright in her huge eyes, the little white teeth in her screaming mouth . . . and then the bright crimson rose that bloomed on the front of her thin cotton dress. She went down then as if punched in the back and he recalled lying over her, covering her with his body until the firing stopped and the Mafiosi escaped through the forest. He remembered sitting there holding her, cradling the tiny limp body in his arms, weeping and shouting at the uncomprehending and too-late-apologetic local police: "No, no, sweet Jesus, not again . . ."

1

November 1989

Winter had come early that year. Already by the end of the month the first forward scouts, borne on a bitter wind out of the northeastern steppes, were racing across the rooftops to probe Moscow's defenses.

The Soviet General Staff headquarters building stands at 19, Frunze Street, a gray stone edifice from the 1930s facing its much more modern eight-story high-rise annex across the street. At his window on the top floor of the old block the Soviet Chief of Staff stood, staring out at the icy flurries, and his mood was as bleak as the coming winter.

Marshal Ivan K. Kozlov was sixty-seven, two years older than the statutory retirement age, but in the Soviet Union, as everywhere else, those who made the rules never deemed they should apply to *them*. At the beginning of the year he had succeeded the veteran Marshal Akhromeyev, to the surprise of most in the military hierarchy. The two men were as unlike as chalk and cheese. Where Akhromeyev had been a small, stick-thin intellectual, Kozlov was a big, bluff, white-haired giant, a soldier's soldier, son, grandson, and

nephew of soldiers. Although only the third-ranking First Deputy Chief before his promotion, he had jumped the two men ahead of him, who had slipped quietly into retirement. No one had any doubts as to why he had gone to the top; from 1987 to 1989 he had quietly and expertly supervised the Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan, an exercise that had been achieved without any scandals, major defeats, or (most important of all) publicized loss of national face, even though the wolves of Allah had been snapping at the Russian heels all the way to the Salang Pass. The operation had brought him great credit in Moscow, bringing him to the personal attention of the General Secretary himself.

But while he had done his duty, and earned his marshal's baton, he had also made himself a private vow: Never again would he lead his beloved Soviet Army in retreat—and despite the fulsome PR exercise, Afghanistan had been a defeat. It was the prospect of another looming defeat that caused the bleakness of his mood as he stared out through the double glass at the horizontal drifts of tiny ice particles that snapped periodically past the window.

The key to his mood lay in a report lying on his desk, a report he had commissioned himself from one of the brightest of his own protégés, a young major general whom he had brought to the General Staff with him from Kabul. Kaminsky was an academic, a deep thinker who was also a genius at organization, and the marshal had given him the second-top slot in the logistics field. Like all experienced combat men, Kozlov knew better than most that battles are not won by courage or sacrifice or even clever generals; they are won by having the right gear in the right place at the right time and plenty of it.

He still recalled with bitterness how, as an eighteen-year-old trooper, he had watched the superbly equipped German blitzkrieg roll through the defenses of the Motherland as the Red Army, bled white by Stalin's purges of 1938 and equipped with antiques, had tried to stem the tide. His own father had died trying to hold an impossible position at Smolensk, fighting back with bolt-action rifles against Guderian's growling panzer regiments. Next time, he swore, they

would have the right equipment and plenty of it. He had devoted much of his military career to that concept and now he headed the five services of the U.S.S.R.: the Army, Navy, Air Force, Strategic Rocket Forces, and Air Defense of the Homeland. And they all faced possible future defeat because of a three-hundred-page report lying on his desk.

He had read it twice, through the night in his spartan apartment off Kutuzovsky Prospekt and again this morning in his office, where he had arrived at 7:00 A.M. and taken the phone off the hook. Now he turned from the window, strode back to his great desk at the head of the T-shaped conference table, and turned to the last few pages of the report again.

SUMMARY. The point therefore is not that the planet is forecast to run out of oil in the next twenty to thirty years; it is that the Soviet Union definitely *will* run out of oil in the next seven or eight. The key to this fact lies in the table of Proved Reserves earlier in the report and particularly in the column of figures called the R/P ratio. The Reserves-to-Production ratio is achieved by taking the annual production of an oil-producing nation and dividing that figure into the known reserves of that nation, usually expressed in billions of barrels.

Figures at the end of 1985—Western figures, I am afraid, because we still have to rely on Western information to find out just what is going on in Siberia, despite my intimate contacts with our oil industry—show that in that year we produced 4.4 billion barrels of crude, giving us fourteen years of extractable reserves—assuming production at the same figure over the period. But that is optimistic, since our production and therefore use-up of reserves has been forced to increase since that time. Today our reserves stand at between seven and eight years.

The reason for the increase in demand lies in two areas. One is the increase in industrial production, mainly in the area of consumer goods, demanded by the Politburo since the introduction of the new eco-

conomic reforms; the other lies in the gas-guzzling inefficiency of those industries, not only the traditional ones but even the new ones. Our manufacturing industry overall is hugely energy-inefficient and in many areas the use of obsolete machinery has an add-on effect. For example, a Russian car weighs three times as much as its American equivalent—not, as published, because of our bitter winters, but because our steel plants cannot produce sufficiently fine-gauge sheet metal. Thus more oil-produced electrical energy is needed for the production of the car than in the West, and it uses more gasoline when it hits the road.

ALTERNATIVES. Nuclear reactors used to produce 11 percent of the U.S.S.R.'s electricity, and our planners had counted on nuclear plants producing 20 percent or more by the year 2000. Until Chernobyl. Unfortunately, 40 percent of our nuclear capacity was generated by plants using the same design as Chernobyl. Since then, most have been shut down for "modifications"—it is extremely unlikely they will in fact reopen—and others scheduled for construction have been decommissioned. As a result, our nuclear production in percentage terms, instead of being in double figures, is down to 7 and dropping.

We have the largest reserves of natural gas in the world, but the problem is that the gas is mainly located in the extremity of Siberia, and simply to get it out of the ground is not enough. We need, and do not have, a vast infrastructure of pipelines and grids to get it from Siberia to our cities, factories, and generating stations.

You may recall that in the early seventies, when oil prices after the Yom Kippur war were hiked sky-high, we offered to supply Western Europe with long-term natural gas by pipeline. This would have enabled us to afford the supply grid we needed through the front-end financing the Europeans were ready to put up. But because America would not be benefitting, the U.S.A. killed the initiative by threatening a wide range of commercial sanctions on anyone who cooperated

with us, and the project died. Today, since the so-called "thaw," such a scheme would probably be politically acceptable, but at the moment oil prices in the West are low and they have no need of our gas. By the time the global run-out of oil has hiked the Western price back to a level where they could use our gas, it will be far too late for the U.S.S.R.

Thus neither of the feasible alternatives will work in practice. Natural gas and nuclear energy will not come to our rescue. The overwhelming majority of our industries and those of our partners who rely on us for energy are indissolubly tied to oil-based fuels and feedstocks.

THE ALLIES. A brief aside to mention our allies in Central Europe, the states Western propagandists refer to as our "satellites." Although their joint production—mainly from the small Romanian field at Ploesti—amounts to 168 million barrels a year, this is a drop in the ocean compared to their needs. The rest comes from us, and is one of the ties that holds them in our camp. To relieve the demands on us we have, it is true, sanctioned a few barter deals between them and the Middle East. But if they were ever to achieve total independence from us in oil, and thus dependence on the West, it would surely be a matter of time, and a short time, before East Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and even Romania slipped into the grasp of the capitalist camp. Not to mention Cuba.

CONCLUSION. . . .

Marshal Kozlov looked up and checked the wall clock. Eleven o'clock. The ceremony out at the airport would be about to begin. He had chosen not to go. He had no intention of dancing attendance on Americans. He stretched, rose, and walked back to the window carrying the Kaminsky oil report with him. It was still classified Top Secret and Kozlov knew now he would have to continue to give it that designation. It was far too explosive to be bandied about the General Staff building.

In an earlier age any staff officer who had written as candidly as Kaminsky would have measured his career in microns, but Ivan Kozlov, though a diehard traditionalist in almost every area, had never penalized frankness. It was about the only thing he appreciated in the General Secretary; even though he could not abide the man's newfangled ideas for giving television sets to the peasants and washing machines to housewives, he had to admit you could speak your mind to Mikhail Gorbachev without getting a one-way ticket to Yakutsk.

The report had come as a shock to him. He had known things in the economy were not working any better since the introduction of *perestroika*—the restructuring—than before, but as a soldier he had spent his life locked into the military hierarchy, and the military had always had first call on resources, materiel, and technology, enabling them to occupy the only area in Soviet life where quality control could be practiced. The fact that civilians' hair dryers were lethal and their shoes leaked was not his problem. And now here was a crisis from which not even the military could be exempt. He knew the sting in the tail came in the report's conclusion. Standing by the window he resumed reading.

CONCLUSION. The prospects that face us are only four and they are all extremely bleak.

1. We can continue our own oil production at present levels in the certainty that we are going to run out in eight years maximum, and then enter the global oil market as a buyer. We would do so at the worst possible moment, just as global oil prices start their remorseless and inevitable climb to impossible levels. To purchase under these conditions even part of our oil needs would use up our entire reserves of hard currency and Siberian gold and diamond earnings.

Nor could we ease our position with barter deals. Over 55 percent of the world's oil lies in five Middle East countries whose domestic requirements are tiny in relation to their resources, and it is they who will soon rule the roost again. Unfortunately, apart from arms