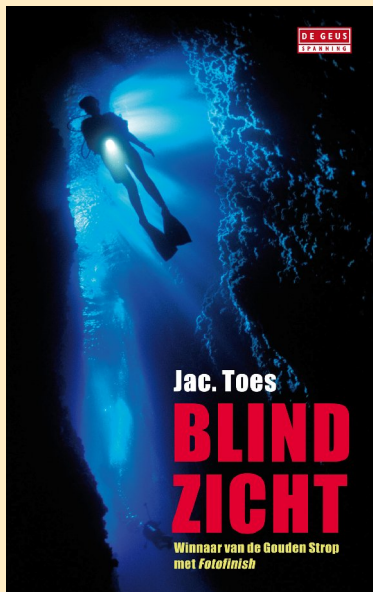


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Jac. Toes

Blind Sight

Original title: *Blind zicht*

CRIME NOVEL

Winner of the Golden Noose
with *Fotofinish* (will be filmed for
television)

Established crime writer dives into the
world of management intrigues,
development plans and double crossing

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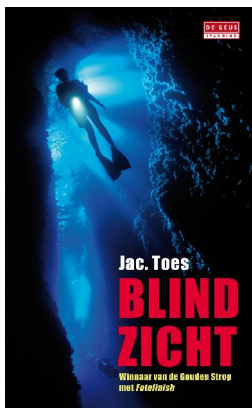
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About the author

Jac. Toes (The Hague, 1950) published the Benter & De Wacht trilogy 'Double Track', 'The Reckoning' and 'Betrayal' (*Dubbelspoor, De afrekening en Verraad*). The first two parts received a Golden Noose nomination. In 1998, he won the Golden Noose with 'Photo Finish' (*Fotofinish*). 'The Small Lie' (*De kleine leugen*), the fourth part, featuring lawyer Fred Benter, appeared in 2006. For his tango thriller, 'The Free Man' (*De vrije man*), he was awarded the German Krimi Prize, *Die Goldene Handschelle*, in 2007.

Together with Arnold Jansen op de Haar, Toes also wrote the World Cup football thriller, 'The Twelfth Man' (*De twaalfde man*), and with Thomas Hoeps the art thriller 'Art Without Mercy' (*Kunst zonder genade*), which was nominated for the 2008 Golden Noose.

www.jac-toes.nl



About the book

What problem did the death of Angela Marskramer solve?

In a conference centre in the Veluwe (Dutch national park), the Works Council of Helzjil port is holding a meeting. The town is in the grip of large-scale construction projects in which very substantial interests are involved. Various parties are fighting for their share of the action. The morning after an evening full discussions, it is announced that chairman Angela Marskramer, who had been called away to an emergency, has drowned in the waters off the Kop van Helle. Suicide, the police conclude on the basis of several signs in that direction. Deliberate, thinks Ray Sola, who has been responsible for Integral Security within the municipality since his forced resignation from his job as marine diver. He is the only one, it appears, as even Angela's husband, Ray's former colleague, is convinced that she has drowned herself in the sea.

Delving into Angela's past, Ray discovers that she was playing a dangerous game, leading a double life that she finally lost control over. She became entangled, not only in the conflicts of interest surrounding Helzjil, but also in a confusion of personal relationships.

Jac. Toes, *Blind zicht*
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Hardcover, 192 pages
Date of publication: 18 April 2008

Bibliography

Dubbelspoor ('Double Track') (1993)**
De afrekening ('The Settlement') (1994)**
Verraad ('Betrayal') (1996)
Fotofinish ('Photo Finish') (1997)*
Het Maecenasproject ('The Mecenass Project') (1998)
Coup Zéro ('Coup Zéro') (2001)
De vrije man ('The Free Man') (2003)***
De kleine leugen ('The Small Lie') (2006)
De twaalfde man ('The Twelfth Man') (2006)
Kunst zonder genade ('Art Without Mercy') (2007)**
Blind zicht ('Blind Sight') (2009)

* Golden Noose winner
** Golden Noose nominee
*** Die goldene Handschelle winner

Prizes and awards

1998 Golden Noose for 'Foto Finish'
2007 Die goldene Handschelle for 'The free man'

Rights

A number of novels by Toes have appeared in Germany, published by Grafit Verlag.

'Fotofinish' will be made into a telenovella for Dutch television in 2009-2010.

The press on `Blind Sight' (2008)

`Jac. Toes is a master in the depiction of very dissimilar milieus. (...) a wonderfully scintillating crime story. (...) Toes manages to capture atmospheres in an original and sometimes witty manner.' – *Trouw*

`Witty and incisive, subtly critical and still exciting. (...) Toes is a master of imagery, a stylist pur sang, the penner of a great many wonderful one-liners, but he is also a deviser of ingenious plots. (...) a first-rate whodunit, with lots of familiar touches for the trueblue Toes fans. (...) Incomprehensible that the jury of the Gouden Strop (Golden Noose) Award 2009 didn't even include this book in its longlist.' – *NRC Handelsblad*, *Gert Jan de Vries*

`Toes has a way of telling stories that captivates the reader (...)' – *Crimezone.nl*

Selection of quotes on `The Small Lie' (*De kleine leugen*, 2006)

`In a subtle way, Jac. Toes makes tangible the sense of drama and powerlessness experienced when someone disappears without a trace.' - *AD Magazine* ****

`*The Small Lie* bundles together all the expectations one might expect to find in a book by a former Golden Noose winner.' - *Crimezone*

`Savoury crime novel. (...) The fragile mother–son relationship and the both naive and must-be-right insistence of the world of animal activists have been beautifully depicted. (...) An exciting ending.' - *Het Parool*

on `The Free Man' (*De vrije man*, 2003)

`A rapid sequence of events. A clever intrigue and a subtle denouement. A complex story, kept well under control by its author.' - *NRC Handelsblad*

`Toes's writing improves with each new crime novel. (...) *The Free Man* is an exciting psychological thriller. The dialogue is sharp and natural. (...) And above all: no one is what he seems.' - *Algemeen Dagblad*

`Probably his best book, Golden-Noosed *Photo Finish* included.' - *Vrij Nederland*

on `Coup Zero' (*Coup Zéro*, 2001)

`*Coup Zero* calls to mind images from screen versions of stories by that great American stylist, Raymond Chandler.' - *Algemeen Dagblad*

`Everything clicks in this book: plot, characters, dialogue and style.' - *De Standaard*

`A stainless-steel intrigue, a slick ending and gilt-edged characters.' - *GPD-bladen*

on 'Photo Finish' (*Fotofinish*, 1998)

'An infallible plot and a perfect thriller.' - *Vrij Nederland* ****

'The most talented stylist among Dutch thriller writers.' - *HP/DeTijd*

'A successful, fast-paced thriller.' - *de Volkskrant*

on 'Betrayal' (*Verraad*, 1996)

'Toes's *Betrayal* lifts the Dutch thriller out of the literary small-mindedness of our small language area and gives us a global impulse.' - *Penthouse*

'Toes rewards the reader with a logical, tight plot and an intelligent denouement.' - *Vrij Nederland*

'*Betrayal* is first and foremost an extraordinary, exciting thriller filled with unruly humor.' - *De Gelderlander*

on 'The Settlement' (*De afrekening*, 1994)

'The plot makes a few gripping turns that are never contrived, and continues to surprise you to the end.' - *de Volkskrant*

'An excellent thriller, especially because of its clear and expert information on tracking methods used by police.' - *Het Parool*

'Rapid progress, sharp to-the-point dialogue and, above all, utterly attractive protagonists.' - *De Gelderlander*

on 'Double Track' (*Dubbelspoor*, 1993)

'A good plot, written with feeling and based on true events, with much emphasis on ambience. The characters are well-developed.' - *GPD-bladen*

'Streamlined, expert, intelligent and not lacking wit. Those are qualifications amply applicable to Jac. Toes' first thriller *Double Track*.' - *De Gelderlander*

'A question of treachery and settling scores, an alternative to the Battle of Arnhem.' - *Vrij Nederland*

Excerpt from the book

Angela Marskramer had been having the greatest difficulty in keeping up the struggle. She'd used all her strength to try and free her feet. Bent over, she had tinkered with the iron cuffs that chained her to the basalt blocks, while the waves splashed her face and her fingers became numb with cold. She had to stop when the incoming tide forced her to sit up straight.

In a state of severe panic, she had then tried to wrestle herself free. The attempt had merely resulted in scratches and cuts on her ankles. The salt water now stung the wounds, but she barely felt it and couldn't afford to feel the pain. It slowly dawned on her that it would take pliers or a metal saw to free her.

The waves were rising over her hips and lapping under her cardigan. She stuck her fingers into her mouth to warm them. In the summer, she had taken pleasure in the rising tide. She had relished the sensation, half lying in the water, her eyes closed, with a smile on her lips. She'd felt the sensual effect of the tepid waves creeping over her, gradually possessing her body.

Now she was freezing and shivering uncontrollably in her soaked clothes. She turned around as far as her chained ankles allowed and looked searchingly along the dike. A massive, dark silhouette with no movement to be seen. Or was there? She opened her eyes wide ... up there, at the top of the dike? Was someone there? The moon appeared momentarily, a sickle that briefly threw a spotlight on to the dike. She blinked. No, it was clouds toying with her. The stones loomed against the blue-black air. There was no one. Nothing.

She moaned softly and turned around again towards the sea. Far in the distance, in the ice-cold darkness, she saw the lights and torch flames of a couple of drilling platforms. Perhaps Roman was at work there, in the depths below. She suddenly needed to urinate. She wrapped her arms around herself as the clouds again showed the rising moon. She lifted her head to the sky and started to hum, to suppress the panic.

'Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are ...' How did it go again? ... Yes, she remembered. '... Up above the world so high, like a diamond in the sky ...'

At the last word she started sobbing uncontrollably and let her urine flow. For a few seconds she felt the warmth streaming from her body.

And a storm was brewing, she observed.

[...]

'How did they find out what happened?' I asked.

Roman turned around and opened the drawer.

'This was in the camper van,' he said and slid a sheet of paper across the table to me.

It was her farewell note.

'Sorry,' I read aloud. 'Sorry, this will be an end to all the trouble. This was the only solution. I couldn't go on any other way. Good luck, Angela Marskramer.'

It was surprisingly short, too short and uncommunicative for Angela, who never left loose ends. She would have detailed the trouble and not hidden behind a couple of clichés. And her name, written in full at the bottom, in that neat handwriting ... I was used to seeing her initials, AM, on her memos.

I slid the paper to Franca and brought out the bills that had given me a night in Amsterdam.

‘These bills were in her desk,’ I said.

I hoped he wouldn’t ask if it had been me who had been prying. Roman studied them carefully. He cleared his throat.

‘Am I expected to give this to the street kids?’ he asked.

Roman glanced at Franc, who was still looking at the farewell note. The street kids, that was what we called the police officers whom we had to avoid when engaged on a secret mission. He stood up wearily and nodded towards the door.

‘Come with me to the shed.’

Translated by Anne Hoey
Last updated 12-Aug-09