



Maigret and the Madwoman

Georges Simenon

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"I'm relying on you. I trust you."

Maigret knew those words would haunt him to his grave. As the famous inspector stared down at the lifeless body of the frail old lady, her last words to him kept hammering at his ears: "I'm relying on you. I trust you."

The little old lady had been hanging around Police headquarters for days. She insisted on seeing only her hero, Maigret. Finally, she confronted the Inspector and patiently told her story. Somebody was trying to do her harm. She didn't know who, and she didn't know why.

Maigret promised to call on her as soon as he could find a free moment. Maigret felt partially responsible; how could he not. This was going to be a special case. He would find the killer if it was the last thing he ever did!

Maigret and the Madwoman Details

Date : Published June 16th 2003 by Mariner Books (first published 1970)

ISBN : 9780156028509

Author : Georges Simenon

Format : Paperback 180 pages

Genre : Mystery, Fiction, Crime, Cultural, France

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From Reader Review *Maigret and the Madwoman* for online ebook

Tony says

Simenon, Georges. MAIGRET AND THE MADWOMAN. (1970). ****. An old lady, very prim and proper, insists on seeing Inspector Maigret. She tells him that something wrong is going on at her apartment. Whenever she goes back to it after shopping or visiting the park, she notices things are just slightly out of place. She also thinks that she is being followed, but hasn't ever seen anyone yet. Maigret puts her off with promises of coming by, but days go by before he decides to do so. On the day he was going to call on her, he learns that she has been found dead in her apartment – suffocated with either a scarf or a pillow. This puts a guilt trip on our Inspector and he decides to investigate personally into this murder. There aren't many potential suspects. She had been married twice, and her last husband had died over ten years ago. She didn't keep a lot of money in her apartment, living off a double widow's pension. She had no jewels or valuables worth speaking of, so robbery wasn't the motive. Her only living relative was her niece, a masseuse who lived in an apartment across the river from her. What Maigret ultimately finds out, however, is that she had something of value that she didn't know about, and that was the motive for her killing. This is a suspenseful novel in which Maigret uses all of his detecting skills to ultimately solve this crime. Recommended.

Rhys says

One of the very late 'Maigret' novels, so in theory it should be quite a weak book, because the quality of the series tended to drop off after the mid-1960s, and yet this has an ingenious core element that redeems it a lot. I won't spoil the plot by specifying what that element is, other than to say that something that might be expected to serve as a defence against crime can also be the reason for a crime.

Sharon Barrow Wilfong says

Classic Simenon. An elderly woman approaches Maigret and insists that someone is entering her apartment when she is not there. Things are subtly moved around. Maigret thinks she is not mentally stable. And then she ends up murdered.

Clues slowly unfold until the climax. Another great mystery by Mr. Simenon.

Mathew Walls says

Maybe it's just the translation (by Eileen Ellenbogen), but the writing in this book is terrible. Just very plain and matter-of-fact, no personality. At times it was like reading a transcript rather than a novel. The actual story didn't seem much good either. It could have been fine if the characters had more life to them, but as it was it was just disappointing.

Orinoco Womble (tidy bag and all) says

An elderly woman screws up her courage and demands to see Maigret. Someone is getting into her flat when she's not there, and changing things around. No, nothing's been taken, though she has a considerable amount of money (for 1970) in a drawer. Someone's been following her in the street; no, she hasn't been able to identify them. Maigret and "les enfants" figure she's just another dotty old lady with a persecution complex.

Except she's not dotty, and in a day or two she turns up dead in her apartment. Maigret feels guilty for not taking her more seriously, and since things are slow at the Quai des Orfevres, decides to look into it when it's too late.

I enjoyed the evocation of Paris in the springtime, but somehow this novel was a bit flat. It reminded me strongly of *Cécile est morte*, written 28 years earlier; I almost got the feeling Simenon was recycling a plotline. The denouement just wasn't terribly interesting, though Mme Maigret has a larger role, and Maigret himself actually manages to get home for a few meals in spite of a day trip to the coast (and why, being Saturday, couldn't he stay over with those friends he hadn't seen for years?) I also felt sorry for Torrence, who was constantly referred to as "le gros Torrence" (Fat Torrence) at the same time as he was being told off for night duty. But then Maigret is known for being crusty and impossible with his staff.

Rise says

Having sampled one of Simenon's romans durs (*The Engagement*), I tried one of his Maigret mysteries. It's a police procedural that courts the literary fence with its gritty portrait of human motivations. Based on this novel alone, Inspector Maigret is a multi-layered character, without the foppish frills of a Monsieur Poirot. I would like to see more of Maigret on the page.

Eric Knibbs says

The plot, which is set up very well and quite creepy and intriguing, has a somewhat pedestrian and disappointing solution.

Gaetano says

Si poteva evitare questo omicidio? Forse per un po' questo turba il sonno del nostro commissario.

Intuito, metodo investigativo e conoscenza dell'animo umano e delle sue debolezze porteranno alla soluzione del caso che sembrava irrisolvibile.

Dialoghi, personaggi e ambienti sempre ben descritti dall'artista Simenon.

Un bel racconto, per me velato da un po' di malinconia... anche se la signora Maigret, oltre ad aiutare il marito, gli ricorda il loro primo bacio!

Jeffrey Keeten says

It has been decades since I've read a Simenon. For whatever reason, who knows it could have been a mention in something else I was reading or just a random thought out of the murky muck of my reader's brain, but I have recently developed an interest in Simenon. He has the reputation of a ladies man, a drinker, but a disciplined writer none the less. He wrote over 200 books, small books, but actually they are a nice size for my murder mystery fix.

I liked the relationship between Maigret and his wife. I read too many books about single people. I don't know if that is my fault for the books I pick or if publishing is awash with books about unattached people. Maybe we all become too boring to write about once we get married.

I liked the pace of the book. Maigret uses his noggin to puzzle through the clues he has been given. He is patient, letting things develop, picking away at people's statements, taking the train to Toulon to harass yet again a man he knows is in some part guilty of the crime and then on the way back home on the train he shaves. He always shaves on the train. The trains I've been on that would be a potentially dangerous activity, but I love references like that.

The book was thoroughly satisfying exactly what I expected, but better in the sense that I found myself wondering what Maigret would have to eat next time I had a chance to delve into his life and would he have that second glass of white wine. I have a bio of Simenon on the shelf, a bio of Josephine Baker (She had a bit of fling with Simenon and is damned interesting in her own right.) and picked up a couple of more Harcourt Brace Jovanovich Maigret's to read in the near future. I also have started watching the 12 Maigret episodes aired by PBS in 1992 starring Dumbledore otherwise known as Sir Michael Gambon. I am immersing myself in Simenon and hope to come out the other side with at least a working knowledge of this prolific and fascinating writer.

Three says

non è uno dei migliori.

poi, che la lista della spesa di Simenon sia molto migliore del capolavoro di tanti altri, è un altro discorso

Debbie Robson says

After enjoying Three Beds in Manhattan I was surprisingly disappointed with the famous inspector. There was simply no descriptions or characterisations throughout the novel. The only person described at any length was the victim and this was so unlike the New York novel that I am now intrigued and intend to read the first Maigret novel. Because of the series's reputation I expect it to be quite different.

Astraea says

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Gary says

Clever, persistent, compassionate Maigret. Another good story, too.

Arleen Wolf says

I've been collecting Inspector Maigret books for almost 40 years. They are my "comfort food" reading. Simenon was the opposite of this stalwart, dependable, character. I can pick up any of the Maigret books and feel like I'm in the old Paris. Great to read while waiting for a plane.

Simona Friuli says

Trascinante, malgrado la vicenda venga raccontata in quel modo misurato, composto ed essenziale caratteristico dei gialli di Simenon. Purtroppo il movente - e di conseguenza i colpevoli - mi era già chiaro da tempo; assenza di climax e di picchi emotivi.
