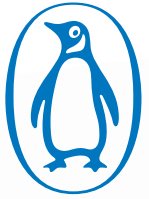


GEORGES SIMENON



'I am not Maigret'

Up to now, I've been called Sim, Georges Sim, but I've had enough of that. From now on, I'm going back to my real name and I'll sign my books Georges Simenon. I'm a traveller, or an explorer if you will. I come in from the Baltic, and a month later I'm off again, maybe for Oceania.

1903

BORN IN LIÈGE, BELGIUM

One might say I've always run away from my youth. This time, I went on purpose, to find it again at the chapel of the Bavière hospital where I served at mass. In the ursuline convent where we used to go on Sundays to visit an aunt who was a nun, in certain streets where I used to walk, dreaming ambitiously of the future.



1919

**BEGINS WRITING FOR
THE LIÈGE GAZETTE**

I was a beginner, a reporter at the Liège Gazette. Every morning I used to write one of those daily columns... which most often focus on local life, with a bit of poetry, some facile and affected philosophy, some irony, etc... at that time I liked to roam around City Hall, I loved the noise, the bustle, the colours, the music...

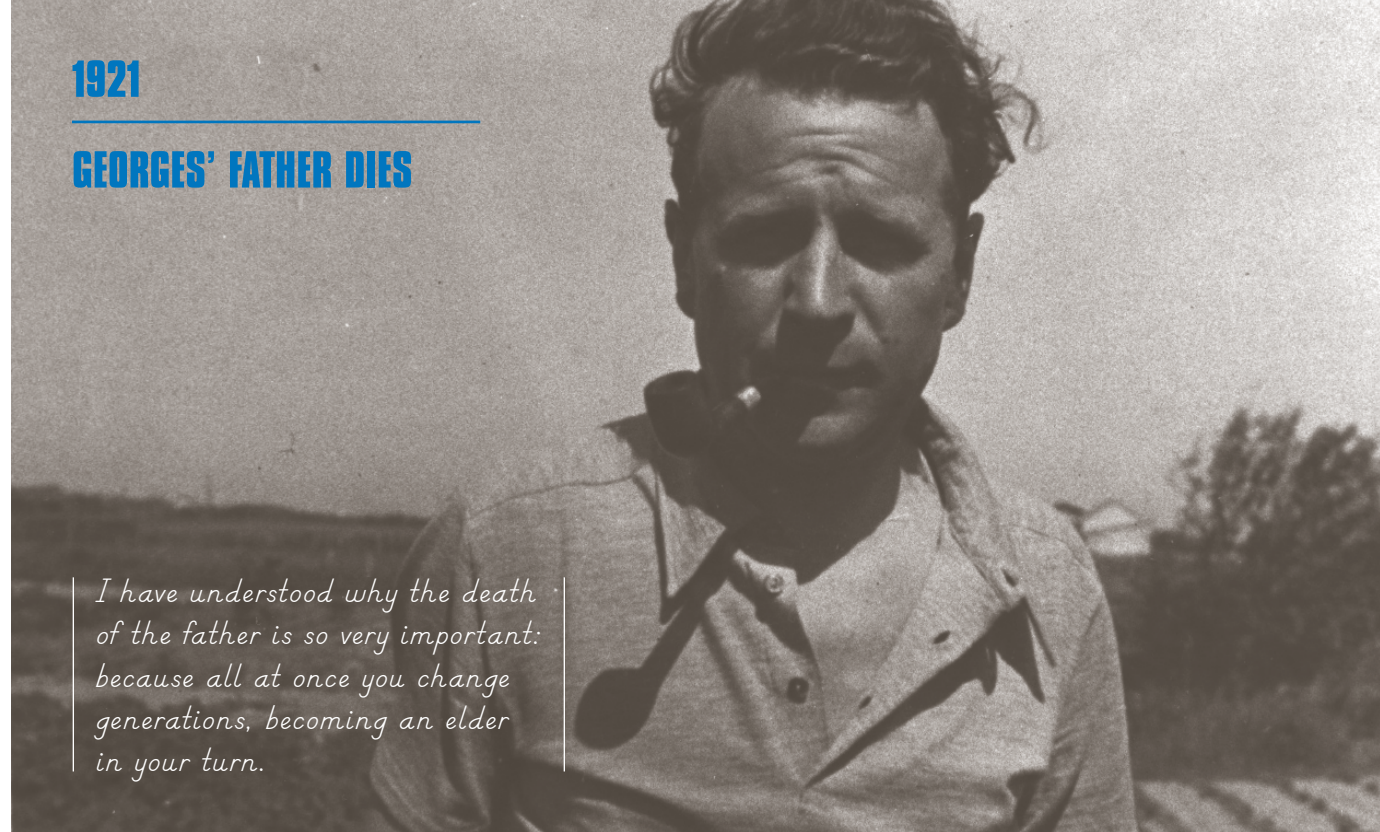


I loved the little cafes of the neighborhood which smelled of gin and were frequented by Walloon poets and actors from the local theatres.

1921

GEORGES' FATHER DIES

I have understood why the death of the father is so very important: because all at once you change generations, becoming an elder in your turn.



1922

MOVES TO PARIS

I was young, just arrived in Paris. I had everything to learn... I spent evenings and nights at dancehalls, at cabarets, looking, listening... In my bar on Place des Vosges, I forced cocktails on my guests in order to produce more quickly the release that would permit me to see them naked.



1930

WRITES THE FIRST MAIGRET NOVELS

I recall sitting in a café one sunny morning... I'd had one, two, maybe three small schnapps laced with a dash of bitters. In any case, an hour later, slightly sleepy, I began to imagine a large, powerfully built gentleman I thought would make a passable inspector. As the day wore on, I

added various accessories: a pipe, a bowler hat, a thick overcoat with a velvet collar. And since it was cold and damp on my abandoned barge, I put a cast-iron stove in his office.



1945

MOVES TO USA

Here, in our old house at shadow rock farm I am under a spell, persuaded that I am here for life. I fit naturally into the life of this place and, for the first time perhaps, I have the illusion I really belong... I love our streams under their crust of ice, our wild woods, so wild that I will never get to know more than a part of them.



I take my envelope, take my telephone book for names, and take my town map—you know, to see exactly where things happen. And two days later I begin writing. On the envelope I put only the names of the characters, their ages, their families. I know nothing whatever about the events that will occur later.



1955

RETURNS TO EUROPE

Here I am once more at sea, between two continents, as has happened to me so often... I am aboard the Ile-de-France, and I am reminded of another crossing, effected ten years earlier, when the war had barely ended, aboard a Swedish freighter taking us to the United States.



© Atelier Konzett & Hüber

1972

WRITES THE LAST MAIGRET NOVEL

Always when Maigret announces his retirement for three years hence — because he is fifty-two and retirement age for a police chief is fifty-five — I myself feel that I also want to retire... I grumble, like Maigret, and I dream of his little house in Meung-sur-Loire, of his strawberry plants, his espaliered apples, his chickens on the manure heap, and his fishing pole.

1989

DIES IN LAUSANNE



SIMENON



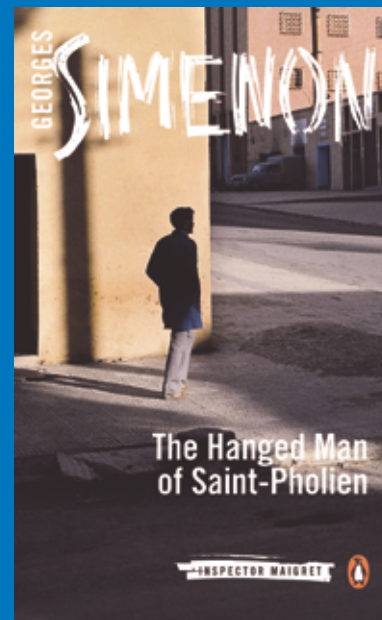
INSPECTOR MAIGRET



7.11.2013
£ 6.99



5.12.2013
£ 6.99



2.1.2014
£ 6.99

**AVAILABLE
FROM
NOVEMBER
2013**

INSPECTOR MAIGRET



'He had begun to take himself for me'

*My motto, to the extent that I have one, has been noted often enough, and I've always conformed to it. It's the one I've given to old Maigret, who resembles me in certain points...
"Understand and judge not"*

© simenon.im



THE MAN

He didn't have a moustache and he didn't wear heavy boots. His clothes were well cut and made of fairly light worsted. He shaved every day and looked after his hands.

But his frame was proletarian. He was a big, bony man. His firm muscles filled out his jacket and quickly pulled all his trousers out of shape.

He had a way of imposing himself just by standing there. His assertive presence had often irked many of his own colleagues.

It was something more than self-confidence but less than pride. He would turn up and stand like a rock with his feet wide apart. On that rock all would shatter, whether Maigret moved forward or stayed exactly where he was.

THE PIPE

The waiter from Brasserie Dauphine brought in six glasses of beer and four thick-stuffed sandwiches on a tray, which he laid on the table.

‘Are you sure that’ll be enough?’ he asked, seeing that Maigret had company.

Maigret had taken out his pipe and a pouch that had only a sprinkling of brown dust left in it. Mechanically Torrence handed him an opened packet of shag.

There was a pause. Tobacco crackled in Maigret’s pipe. Then came a sound of footsteps and tinkling glassware on the other side of the door, which Torrence opened.





© simenon.im

HIS METHOD

It was a ridiculous situation. The inspector knew there wasn't one chance in ten that his surveillance would be of any use.

Yet he stuck it out — just because of a vague feeling that didn't even deserve to be called an intuition. In fact it was a pet theory of his that he'd never worked out in full and remained vague in his mind... what he sought, what he waited and watched out for, was the crack in the wall. In other words, the instant when the human being comes out from behind the opponent.

Maigret was completely calm, as he always was in such moments, when his face would settle into an expression of such stubborn density that he seemed even a touch bovine.



© simenon.im

AT THE OFFICE



He stayed upright in front of his stove for a while. It was beginning to roar, for Maigret had an unrivalled knack for getting even the least combustible coal to catch. Then he plodded his way to the cupboard, where there was an enamel sink, a towel, a mirror and a suitcase. He dragged the case into the middle of his office, undressed and put on clean underwear and dry clothes. He rubbed his unshaven chin.

‘It’ll have to do...’

He looked lovingly at the fire, which was now burning grandly, placed two chairs next to it and carefully laid out his wet clothes on them.

AT HOME

It was nine o’clock in the evening. Maigret was at home in Boulevard Richard-Lenoir in his shirtsleeves, his collar off, and his wife was sewing.

‘Did my wife call?’

‘This morning... She was told you were out on a case...’

She was used to that. He knew that if he went home she would just give him a kiss, stir the pot on the stove and serve him a delicious plate of stew... The meal would always be ready for him, whether he turned up at noon or at five.





It's not my business to make excuses for them, to justify or absolve them... It's my business simply to consider them as fact, to look at them with the eye of one who knows them... without hatred.

ON THE JOB

I have sinister memories of the Gare du Nord. I don't know why, I always picture it full of thick, damp early morning fog, with its drowsy crowd flocking towards the lines or towards the Rue Maubeuge.

The specimens of humanity I have met there have been some of the most desperate, and certain arrests I have made there left me with a feeling of remorse rather than of any personal satisfaction.

© simenon.tm

