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Nell'aprile 2006 il mondo editoriale italiano è stato sconvolto da un bestseller clamoroso e inaspettato, trasformatosi in poco tempo in un terremoto culturale, sociale e civile: "Gomorra". Un libro anomalo in cui Roberto Saviano racconta la camorra come nessuno aveva mai fatto prima, unendo il rigore del ricercatore, il coraggio del giornalista d'inchiesta, la passione dello scrittore e, soprattutto, l'amore doloroso per una città da parte di chi vi è nato e cresciuto. Per scriverlo si è immerso nel "Sistema" e ha così svelato come, tra racket di quartiere e finanza internazionale, un'organizzazione criminale possa tenere in pugno un'intera regione, legando firme del lusso, narcotraffico, smaltimento dei rifiuti e mercato delle armi. "Gomorra" è un libro potente, appassionato e brutale che afferra il lettore alla gola e lo trascina in un abisso dove nessuna immaginazione è in grado di arrivare.

Gomorra: viaggio nell'impero economico e nel sogno di dominio della camorra Details

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Amar Pai says

I saw the movie first. Now that I've read the book, I'm amazed at how faithful the movie is to the book. The film is an almost chapter-by-chapter recreation of the original. One of the most faithful adaptations I've ever seen.

But, something's always lost in translation. What gets lost in the movie is the book's poetry, and also its anger.

Saviano is a brave man for writing this. I'm surprised he's not dead yet.

Gomorra film author to leave Italy after mob death threats

The author of the book that inspired the prize-winning movie Gomorra announced yesterday that he was leaving Italy after spending almost two years under close protection...

"I want a life. I want a home. I want to fall in love. I want to [be able to:] drink a beer in public, go to a bookshop and choose a book after browsing the back cover," Saviano said. "I want to go for a walk, enjoy the sun, walk in the rain and see my mother without fear - and without frightening her. I'm only 28 years old for fuck's sake."

Saviano said he was under round-the-clock protection by a team of seven paramilitary carabinieri. He spent his time in carabinieri barracks, "here today, 200 kilometres away tomorrow - moved around like a package without knowing what's up or what could be up"...

[H:]e expressed his gratitude to his protectors, not one of whom, Saviano said, had applied for a transfer on learning of the Camorra's chilling deadline. But he said that life in a "decompression chamber" was preventing him from pursuing his career as an author.

"In order to write, I need to steep my hands in reality," he said.

The conditions in which he was forced to live were also having a wholly unexpected effect, he said. They had turned him into a "worse man".

"In private I become an unlovely person - suspicious, wary and, yes, mistrustful to a completely irrational degree. I think that everyone wants to steal something from me, or at least trick me - use me. It is as if my humanity had been impoverished," he said.

Sean Owen says

In "Gomorra" Roberto Saviano sets out to expose the workings of the modern Italian criminal underworld. Visions of the mob as depicted in hollywood movies are quickly dispelled. The current mob is a hyper-capitalist beast with it's hands in the world of drugs, politics, garbage and fashion. Saviano got great access,

but unfortunately that isn't sufficient for a book to be a success. The writing is terrible and inconsistent. There are paragraphs of hyperbole attempting to be literary followed immediately by paragraphs that are nothing more than lists of names and places American readers are unlikely to be familiar with. I'm betting that a lot of the difficulties here are the result of a poor translation. It's unfortunate and a reworking would be a welcome sight for this interesting subject.

Louise says

This is a worrisome portrait of the extra-legal underworld centered in and around Naples. It is run by "clans" that are much larger, more ruthless, more sophisticated and more international than the American style Mafia family. These clans compete with each other for market share in drugs, hazardous waste, high fashion, arms and anything else they choose.

The prose is absolutely wonderful. Well chosen words provide descriptions of people, life and feelings in a way you usually don't find in investigative journalism. Both the author and translator deserve credit because this high level of prose is maintained throughout. On pp. 214-5 there is a beautiful rumination on concrete. Phrases, "secrets in the bowels of the economy, sealed in a pancreas of silence" and "micro-criminal excrescence nourished in movies" demonstrate that the prose originates with Saviano.

Organizationally, the book is not 5 stars. It seems like these are loosely tied together articles. It is not clear how the opening part about fashion, shipping and the Chinese ties up with the rest of it. Even within the chapters there are a lot of unfinished vignettes and some come out of nowhere. For instance, Anna Vollero's minute of fame on p. 147, or the mention of local governments "dissolving" which is not explained. Does this mean the schools close? The police get laid off? There is an isolated but interesting piece on Mikhail Kalashnikov, who's invention has helped to make this all possible.

I feel like I received an education on the reach of organized crime in Italy. I knew nothing of the Aberdeen connection and little of the Sparticus trial. Some of the stories, for instance about the 14 year old recruits training with body armor are chilling.

Last year I read *The Sack of Rome: How a Beautiful European Country with a Fabled History and a Storied Culture Was Taken Over by a Man Named Silvio Berlusconi* which described how the government operates. Berlusconi inspired laws, enabling the accused to choose their own prosecutor and laws whereby a witness is not compelled to testify do not help in bringing an end to this scourge.

The dedicated police, prosecutors and press of Italy seem to labor in the shadows. Their lives and families are in danger, but they persist. This unheralded group deserves the respect and support of the world, if only in self interest as witness to the hazardous waste tsunamis can bring to their shores.

Jonfaith says

The most concrete emblem of every economic cycle is the dump.

Earlier this summer I enjoyed a podcast by one of the members of Wu Ming. The author spoke about responsibility and the New Italian Epic. Gommorah was the one example of the latter which was discussed at

length. It was noted that the work suffered from a horrible translation into English. Perhaps the last qualification should give it a pass, as I found the work to be uneven. Nominally this is an exploration of criminal culture in the Naples area of Italy. This is a deeply emotional response to a Foucauldian nightmare, one where modern capitalism has disrupted classic Mafioso structures and replaced them with something more pervasive and insidious. The book opens with how the fashion and garment industries occupy the area around Naples and the fierce and often lethal competition which exists within such. Many of these operations expand upon a certain level of growth to include drug trafficking. The modern business notion of focus groups becomes warped to a situation where nearly free heroin is given to the destitute to see if it is safe. Credit and logistics allow the clans influence in global flashpoints and thus arms begin the circuitous travels.

The book concludes exploring the criminal involvement in construction and waste disposal. The details are harrowing. Saviano lists the misdeeds impassively, periodically noting "I know and I can prove it". This verification strikes me as an even more bleak outlook.

Nikki says

This book seems to have suffered a loss in translation, and there were also some formatting problems with it that may have been a result of it being on my Kindle, and not in paper form. Also, the author obviously wrote for the Italian reader. Several times, he made long lists of Camorristas or of cities in Italy, and I suspect that these may have meant something to someone who lives in Italy and who has more knowledge of the state of organized crime in the country than I do, but for me, it was just a slog to read through lists of people or places I am completely unfamiliar with. I just wanted him to get to the point.

All of that said, I was sometimes moved and sometimes disturbed by this book. I was particularly disturbed by the last chapter, where he wrote about the link between organized crime and waste management, and how garbage, including toxic waste and human remains, is being "disposed of" by putting it in abandoned mines and underground storage tanks, in composting facilities, in fertilizer, and in the ocean. This has worldwide implications, and my mind is kind of reeling from it.

I also enjoyed reading of the author's struggles with having grown up where organized crime is *de regueur*, and trying to find his way in life. One passage I particularly liked was this:

"Being born in certain places means you're like a hunting dog, born with the smell of the hare already in your nose. You chase after the hare even against your own will, even if, once you catch it, you snap your jaws and let it go."

I didn't grow up in the kind of place Saviano did, but I did have a "wrong side of the tracks" kind of upbringing, and after reading that passage, I had to wonder whether the smell of the hare is in my nose, and how it may be manifesting.

Overall, I think this was worth reading, but I was left wishing my Italian was good enough to have read it without the translation.

La Petite Américaine says

****Update**** Saw Roberto Saviano on TV last night. He was talking. Talking. And talking. And talking. And talking. And talking. For a frickin hour and a half without stopping except when he was interrupted by applause. Great writer, but his nonstop jabber has me ready to whack a star off this book.**

Gomorra is a young journalist's account of just what the power of the mafia has done to southern Italy, particularly (but not solely) the *Camorra* in the Campania region. While he does discuss briefly other groups such as the Calabrian *'Ndrangheta*, the Sicilian *Cosa nostra*, and the Pugliese *Sacra Corona Unita*, the main focus of this book is the *Camorra*, whose massive power in the drug trade, the fashion industry, arms deals, hotel construction abroad, cement-manufacturing, and illegal toxic waste-managing have turned Naples and the surrounding cities into the lawless trash-heaps they are today -- literally.

This is one of the most upsetting books I've read in a long time, even if the translation was poor, it still worked. The voice is that of a professional journalist, but someone who also grew up in the *Camorra* territories: he is an emotional reporter, a saddened philosopher, but he never overdoes it. He takes us through the internal family wars which leave hundreds of *Camorristi* dead, while a few outsiders fall victim as well: mothers of bosses, a 14 year-old girl caught in a crossfire of bullets, an ex-girlfriend of a low-ranking *Camorrista* who is tortured, shot, then burned in her car. He tells the story of a priest who dared speak out against the *Camorra* simply by publishing open letters to the church community -- these letters are arguably the most moving part of the book -- only to be shot dead in his church. He reveals the lives of the *Camorra* wives, who are just as involved in international business and trade as their husbands are -- and they are just as violent.

These are not the mafiosi that Americans have glorified in movies like *The Godfather* and *The Sopranos*, with pinstripes and stupid shoes restricted to a few Jersey-trash families. Today's *Camorristi* dress like they walked off the set of *The Matrix*, they are more brutal than ever, they are forever expanding, and they happily recruit young boys in the surrounding regions of Naples -- a place so goddamn shitty that the two times I drove through it I thought I would be shot ... it makes Oakland or Pakistan look like Disneyland -- because these kids have no hope. There is no work, there is no money, there is no way out, no life other than this. Studying and moving north seems pointless to them ... the only people with power and respect are the mafiosi. Death at the hands of a rival family or boss is glory for them.

Now here's the fun part. After ten years of experience in Italy and having lived in Verona for the last 3 years, I have become a firm believer in the Lega Nord party, the political group that wants to control immigration and eventually cut the country in half, making Italy two separate countries. And they should. Southerners are the most wonderful people in the country, but if they don't join the military or escape to the north, they generally turn to organized crime. Not all, but most. The corruption in the south leads all the money in the north, where everyone works, to just get wasted paying the taxes that the southerners either evade or can't pay.

Well, I've been fucking stupid and naive. After reading this book, I now know that, heh, the vast majority of the toxic trash dropped on Napoli has come from Veneto, my region. Whenever a mafioso is in trouble, he hides out in the north, usually in Veneto. Not only that, the biggest producers of Christmas cakes in Veneto and Lombardia? *Camorra* ties. The biggest milk producers in Italy? *Camorra* ties.

And it's not just organized crime, it's a national affliction. Cell phone companies here get together and fix prices every year. When there was talk of making pharmacies something anyone could open, EVERY

PHARMACY CLOSED because all of the pharmacists went on strike. Same with the cabs, who didn't want more than one cab company operating.

I love it here, I honestly do, but I can't help but think ... THIS.FUCKING.COUNTRY. ARHGHG!

I wish everyone would get off America's back about how we need to pollute less and recycle more, that we need to have more equal opportunity and basically just be better all-around. Goddamn.

Read this book only if you want any sort of nice image you have of Italy destroyed. Excellent read, but thoroughly upsetting. Read at your own risk.

Hope I don't get whacked for having written this.

Chris says

In America, we seem to have a love affair with the mob. Look at the *Godfather* or *Scarface* just to name two. Then there's *Goodfellas* and who can forget *The Sopranos*. (Actually, I could. I never liked it). Maybe the love affair is because of the desire to get away with things.

The real mob is one scary thing, but we know that. Roberto Saviano doesn't just tell us that; he also tells us how the mob ruins society.

Gomorrah is most likely not the best translated book, yet there is something compelling about the story. The first 30 pages are the hardest as you are getting use to style, but then, hold on.

Saviano is less concerned with the life of the mob bosses (though he does look at that) than with the effect the mob (Camorra) has on society. One of his most heart rending stories concerns a teacher who testified about a murder simply because she believed it was the right thing to do. She didn't die, but she becomes socially dead. Not because of her testimony, but because she thought it was the right thing to do. She didn't get anything from it, wasn't looking for anything.

The amount of violence that Saviano details is shocking and frightening. His analysis is riveting.

piperitapitta says

Agghiacciante

Al di là degli omicidi, delle connivenze, dello squallore umano e ambientale, quello che mi ha sconvolta è stata la descrizione degli affari e del riciclaggio delle merci che si svolgono nel porto di Napoli: crocevia della criminalità del mondo intero.

Approfitto del mio breve commento d'epoca per ricordare che oggi, 3 maggio, si celebra il **World Press**

Freedom Day .

Ricordo, a memoria, perché sono sicuramente molti di più i giornalisti sacrificati per la libertà di stampa:

Daphne Caruana Galizia, blogger e giornalista di inchiesta *con le sue indagini aveva affrontato per anni, illuminando i legami opachi tra la Politica e la Finanza nera che hanno fatto di Malta lo snodo cruciale del riciclaggio nel cuore dell'Unione Europea. La cassaforte discreta e a prova di scasso del denaro frutto della corruzione domestica e internazionale. L'hub dei trasferimenti di denaro da e per le principali piazze off-shore del mondo. La porta di accesso allo spazio comune di sceicchi, satrapi e oligarchi sufficientemente liquidi da comprare una seconda cittadinanza (quella europea, appunto): nel Golfo, nella vicina Asia, nella Russia di Vladimir Putin.* (cit. *La Repubblica*), uccisa a Malta con un'autobomba il 16 ottobre 2017 (e invito tutti a leggere e a seguire il Daphne Project).

Ahmet e Mehmet Altan, detenuti da otto mesi insieme ad altri colleghi giornalisti nelle carceri turche senza accuse degne di tale nome (in questo senso la lettura di Ritratto dell'atto di accusa come pornografia giudiziaria è illuminante).

Federica Angeli (qui la sua pagina Facebook - dove oggi annuncia l'uscita in libreria del suo libro "A mano disarmata"), giornalista romana (di Ostia, per la precisione), sotto scorta dal 2013 per aver osato denunciare un membro della famiglia Spada, impegnata nella denuncia costante dello strapotere della mafia e della criminalità organizzata sul litorale romano nel X Municipio, quello dove anche io mi glorio di abitare da tredici anni.

Roberto Saviano, di cui ormai sappiamo tutto (ma ormai sembra essere passato di moda e infastidire i più: perché parla, molto, perché le sue idee non sempre sono condivise, perché il suo successo è diventato la sua prigione: ma il successo, si sa, si perdona a pochi, anche se in gabbia), sotto scorta dal 2006.

Roy says

I read this book while travelling through Campania. We had lovely weather, stayed in some of the most beautiful coastal town in Europe and had a very breezy and relaxing week, but every moment I expected to turn the corner and find the seedy underside of southern Italy – some youth selling drugs, or hand bags, or Kalashnicovs – but never found it.

Well, there was a very lively trade of cheap clothes wherever we went ...

For any fan of the Wire, you won't be surprised by how organized crime can embrace modern economics. The Comorra (aka the system, aka the clans, aka the Naples mafia) have their fingers in so many pots and pushing down so many scales, that they don't feed off of the economy of southern Italy, they are the economy of southern Italy; swallowing up so much of the country that they've had to turn to legitimate and semi-legitimate businesses. Any corporation starts to die when it stops expanding, and once you've saturated and monopolized the drug market, you have to move on to waste management, hotels, designer jeans and local government. The Economist often reports on how inefficient the Italian workforce is, and one could assume it has to do with two-hour lunches and the general personality of the people, but actually it is because of the multi-billion dollar crime syndicate that is ingrained in the country; seems to make more sense, when you think about it.

This is the world that Saviano grew up in and investigates. His prose is passionate and floral, and could use some editing when he is opining at the end of chapters, but when he is reporting on events and ideas, he writes more solidly. Gomorrah made me feel like I was floundering in corruption and continuing cycles of crime, but what keeps the story from being repetitive is the ingenuity of the subject. The criminal syndicate in Italy is so far reaching that each chapter tells of a different aspect of the whole. Sadly, but realistically, Saviano does not offer any solutions, but casts light on the problem, and in doing has done an impressive job of investigative journalism that is enlightening, depressing, and enjoyable, though not the best choice for beach reading in Capri.

Saša says

Chi vive al nord Italia può vedere la mafia come qualcosa di astratto, a metà strada tra la realtà e la finzione, più legata ad alcuni film come "Il padrino" che a fatti concreti e tangibili. Chi vive al sud invece conosce una verità ben diversa, sa che la mafia è un cancro nero, in apparenza inguaribile, che fagocita cose e persone. La mafia è il cuore maligno dell'Italia; un'organizzazione così forte che si fatica ad immaginarla. Il saggio di Saviano è un meritevole ritratto di questa organizzazione, nelle sue infinite ramificazioni e atrocità. Potere e denaro da una parte, dall'altra morte e dolore senza fondo.

"Tutto quello che esiste passa di qui. Qui dal porto di Napoli. Non v'è manufatto, stoffa, pezzo di plastica, giocattolo, martello, scarpa, cacciavite, bullone, videogiochi, giacca, pantalone, trapano, orologio che non passi per il porto. Il porto di Napoli è una ferita. Larga. Punto finale dei viaggi interminabili delle merci. Le navi arrivano, si immettono nel golfo avvicinandosi alla darsena come cuccioli a mammelle, solo che loro non devono succhiare, ma al contrario essere munte. Il porto di Napoli è il buco nel mappamondo da dove esce quello che si produce in Cina, Estremo Oriente come ancora i cronisti si divertono a definirlo."

Warwick says

There's an extraordinary scene near the start of *Gomorrah* that I don't think I'll be able to forget. Roberto Saviano, investigating the numerous clothing sweatshops in the countryside around Naples, happens to be with one of the master tailors when he turns on the television in his run-down shack one evening. It's Oscars

night, and Angelina Jolie is on the red carpet – wearing one of his handmade outfits.

The man breaks down in tears. He had no idea – they just told him that one was ‘being sent to America’. He's one of the greatest tailors in Italy and he's just dressed one of the most beautiful women in the world – but he can't tell anyone. His job doesn't officially exist. He works twelve-hour shifts. He's paid six hundred euros a month.

How? Why? Because this is how even top fashion houses get stuff made – they (or possibly, for better deniability, some subsidiary entity) auction out the tailoring to groups of sweatshops in the South, who fall over themselves with promises to produce the work faster and cheaper than their rivals. Everyone who wants to take part is given the material, and whoever produces the right quality work first gets paid. Everyone else has to sell off their products however they can – in Asia, or Eastern Europe, or, as a last resort, in market stalls. That brand-name handbag being sold by a Nigerian outside the railway station may not be a forgery at all, but rather, as Saviano puts it, ‘a sort of true fake’ that really lacks nothing but the company's imprimatur.

It's just another part of The System – meaning the dense web of Camorra-controlled activities whose agents and beneficiaries extend not just up into northern Italy, but across Europe and, in fact, around the world.

The Camorra are much more numerous than Cosa Nostra or the 'Ndrangheta, and much more deadly – they've been responsible for more deaths than the Sicilian Mafia, Basque separatists or the IRA. (Campania has one of the highest murder rates in Europe.) That's nasty enough, but what's really chilling is how pervasive their control is, and quite how much economic power, according to Saviano, they wield.

In fact they're presented here as not so much a crime syndicate as a purified distillation of naked capitalism. It's not just drugs, it's also a vast global supply chain, a portfolio of legitimate and semi-legitimate businesses which all support and feed off each other, so that trying to find some area or segment that has not been tainted starts to feel hopelessly naïve.

Drugs, though, are important, and Saviano is impatient with worthy pontifications about the sociology of the ghetto. As he points out, ‘An area where dozens of clans are operating, with profit levels comparable only to a maneuver in high finance—just one family's activity invoices 300 million euros annually—cannot be a ghetto.’ The numbers are sobering:

A kilo of cocaine costs the producer 1,000 euros, but by the time it reaches the wholesaler, it's already worth 30,000. After the first cut 30 kilos becomes 150: a market value of approximately 15 million euros. With a larger cut, 30 kilos can be stretched to 200.

But you expect drugs. What I didn't expect was to hear about the Camorra controlling all the merchandise flowing in and out of Naples port; or how they have taken over Italy's waste disposal industry. This last is particularly upsetting: Saviano details how industrial and chemical waste is mixed with gravel or mislabeled so that it can be more easily transported, and then dumped in vast landfills. One abandoned quarry near Naples was found to have 58,000 truck loads of illicit waste in it. Child labourers are used to unload the barrels, which are acutely toxic. The area has inflated rates of cancers – but it isn't just a problem of the south. The activity is directly linked to big Italian companies in the Veneto or the capital, and in fact Saviano says that without this under-the-counter service from the Camorra, Italy would never have met the economic

conditions for entering the EU.

Holding it all together are the capos and bosses who hide away in armoured mega-villas, conferring with accountants and issuing instructions to prosecute the latest inter-clan killing spree. The most important have jaunty Neapolitan nicknames – '*a scigna* (the monkey), '*o scellone* (the angel), '*o 'ntufato* (the angry one). Local politicians are generally helpful to the clans, when they aren't outright members. The Camorra is often an area's main economy; as Saviano puts it, 'refusing a relationship with them would be like the deputy mayor of Turin refusing to meet with the top management of Fiat.'

Their opponents are beheaded by circular saw, beaten to death in front of their families, or thrown into wells along with a couple of hand-grenades to take care of murder and burial all in one. In 2001, a guy called Antonio Magliulo made a pass at a boss's cousin:

They took him to the beach, tied him to a chair facing the sea, and began to stuff his mouth and nose with sand. Magliulo tried to breathe, swallowing and spitting sand, blowing it out his nose, vomiting, chewing, and twisting his neck. His saliva, mixing with the sand, formed a kind of primitive cement, a gluey substance that slowly suffocated him.

It is refreshingly jarring to read a book which links this violence with the run-down kids and sweatshop workers who drive it all – that does not, in other words, glorify it. We are a long way from cool Ray Liotta voiceovers and Tony Bennett soundtracks. (Far from Hollywood looking to the Mafia for inspiration, it's actually the other way round – Camorra bosses model their mansions on Al Pacino's house in *Scarface*, kids angle their guns sideways like Tarantino stars, and one female capo has a retinue of women bodyguards dressed in fluorescent yellow like Uma Thurman out of *Kill Bill*.)

The book generates a lot of disgust and outrage, and I wish there were a few more suggestions for what we could productively do with these feelings. Perhaps Saviano doesn't know any ways left to be an ethical consumer; certainly the tone often borders on the pessimistic. But it's saved from defeatism by his trust in the power of language.

In Elena Ferrante's Neapolitan novels, Lila is constantly pushing Lenù, the respected writer, to finally write the devastating exposé of local Camorristi that she thinks will bring them down. Lenù can't quite do it, and the book she writes doesn't have the effect they were hoping. But Roberto Saviano really did lift the lid on a lot of things that Italians didn't know about or didn't talk about. The effects were dramatic, not least on his own life: he was put under police protection in 2006, and has lived outside Italy since 2008. But he made ignoring the issues infinitely more difficult. Words still have power, and someone using them like Saviano needs to be celebrated and protected.

Francesca Lenti says

This book should be taught in schools.

The media tend to forget about the camorra in Campania.

They only talk about it when there's more than 2 deads a day...

this book is a great tragical testimony of somebody who does not want to forget and wants to shout to everybody what the truth really is.

Recommended to anyone who doesn't want to stop to the surface and wants to go deep into the scum of reality.

°°°.°..°-°._.· ????? Ροζουλ? Εωσφ?ρος ·_.°-°.°° ·°°° ★·.·~·.·★ ?????? ???????
??????? Ταμετο?ρο Αμ says

“Καταραμ?νοι μπ?σταρδοι, ε?μαι ακ?μα ζωνταν?ς!....(;)”

Με αυτ? την ζωνταν? κραυγ? θαν?του κλε?νει ο Σαβι?νο το βιβλ?ο. ?να ευαγγ?λιο κ?λασης που ?γραψε ως καταγγελ?α, μαρτυρ?α, αποκ?λυψη, β?αιη λιτανε?α διαφθορ?ς και νεκρικ?ς σ?ψης, που συνεπ?γεται απελπισ?α και οργ?.

Τα « Γ?μορρα» του κ?σμου μας εξετ?ζει ο συγγραφ?ας, παρατηρε? και μας αποκαλ?πτει, με ?ναν συγκλονιστικ? τρ?πο, σε μια αφηγηματικ? κλ?μακα εγκληματικ? σκληρ?, σχεδ?ν π?ρα απο την καταν?ηση του απλο? αναγν?στη.

Σχεδ?ν π?ρα απο τα ανθρ?πινα ?ρια αντ?δρασης, απολ?τως εφιαλτικ? και αποτρ?παια, δι?τι ε?ναι αληθιν?.

Ξεκιν?ει αργ? και συνεχ?ζει με υπομον?, επιμον?, π?θος, μαν?α, οργ? και θ?ρρος να αδει?ζει π?νω στον ανυποψ?αστο αναγν?στη την παθιασμ?νη και συγκρου?μενη δραστηρι?τητα της ναπολιτ?νικης μαφ?ας Καμ?ρρα.

Προ?λευση, ιστορ?α και αιματηρ? ?νοδο στην εξουσι?α διαφ?ρων μαφι?ζικων φυλ?ν με απ?λυτη επιρρο? παντο? και παν?σχυρη δ?ναμη για τα π?ντα, ?χι μ?νο στην Ιταλ?α μα σε ολ?κληρο τον πλαν?τη.

Τα «Γ?μορρα» ε?ναι το ?πλο που δι?λεξε για να απειλ?σει το «θ?νατο», το μη αναστρ?ψιμο, το αι?νιο και αδ?στακτο «Σ?στημα».

Μετ? τη δημοσ?ευση της απειλητικ?ς του προκ?ρηξης εξαναγκ?ζεται να κρυφτε? και να ζει προστατευμ?νος υπο στρατιωτικ? κ?λυψη.

Ο Σαβι?νο προσπαθε? να κατανο?σει διαδικασ?ες σκ?ψης πριν τις εν?ργειες, συμπεριφορ?ς και επιχειρηματικ?ς πρακτικ?ς των ν?μιμων δολοφ?νων της μαφ?ας.

Μας δε?χνει μια διαδεδομ?νη και αδ?στακτη οργ?νωση αν?τερη και αλληλοεξαρτ?μενη της σικελικ?ς μαφ?ας, μια συνομοσπονδ?α καρτ?λ, μια πανανθρ?πινη φατρ?α που ελ?γχει ?λες τις πτυχ?ς του παγκ?σμιου εμπορ?ου.

?πλα, ναρκωτικ?, λαθρεμπ?ριο, βιομηχαν?α μ?δας, καταναγκαστικ? πορνε?α, παιδεραστ?α, ηλεκτρονικ? αγαθ?, ε?δη καθημεριν?ς καταν?λωσης, ακ?μα και μονοπ?λιο στη δι?θεση και διαχε?ριση απορριμμ?των - βιολογικ?, τοξικ?, απ?βλητα, πυρηνικ? - κ?θε ε?δους.

Το εμπ?ριο του πλαν?τη περν?ει απο τη Ν?πολη και τελει?νει επιστρ?φοντας στα προ?στεια της ως απ?βλητο, που πρ?πει να διατεθε? παρ?νομα στις γ?ρω περιοχ?ς.

Εξαιρετικ? καλ? βιβλ?ο, δ?σκολο ?μως να διαβαστε? ως το τ?λος και να δ?σει συμπερ?σματα. Μπορ? επιγραμματικ? να αναφ?ρω τις τρομακτικ?ς σκ?ψεις που ?κανα γυρ?ζοντας κ?θε σελ?δα.

Πως να ζει κανε?ς σε μια κοινων?α που ε?ναι τ?σο διεφθαρμ?νη;

Το οργανωμ?νο ?γκλημα ?χει εισβ?λει παντο?, ?χει παρ?μβει σε ?λα τα επ?πεδα της καθημεριν?ς

ζω?ς και συνεχ?ζει να ανθ?ζει με τις ευλογ?ες και την αγαστ? συνεργασ?α πολιτικ?v, δικαστ?v, φορ?vων, θεσμ?v, δημοσιογρ?φων, εμπ?ρων, αστυνομικ?v, απλ?v πολιτ?v, φτωχ?v, απελπισμ?vων, ν?vων, ηλικιωμ?vων, γενικ?, ανθρ?vων ανεξαιρ?τως.

?λοι, οι π?vτες και τα π?vτα που ?χουν ?δη αγοράστε? και γεμ?ζουν τις τσ?πες τους με κ?ρδη, με χρ?μα και αδιαφορ?α, με απληστ?α και συνα?νεση, χωρ?ς ?χνος δισταγμο?, γνωρ?ζοντας πως η αρρ?στεια που διαδ?δουν σαπ?ζει με γοργο?ς ρυθμο?ς ?λη την υδρ?γειο.

Η Καμ?ρρα και τα πλοκ?μια της πολλαπλασι?ζει καταστροφικ? την εξουστ?α της και δεν χορτα?νει ποτ?.

Κ?ρδος απο ηρω?vη, κοκα?vη και χιλι?δες ουσ?ες.

Κ?ρδος απο υλικ? οικοδ?μων και περιβαλλοντικ? απ?βλητα.

Μ?λυνση, τοξικ? υπολε?μματα απο κατασκευ?ς, αμ?αντος, αρσενικ? και δηλητηρι?δεις χημικ?ς ουσ?ες και εν?σεις.

Περισσ?τερο κ?ρδος. Τοξικ? απ?βλητα ευρωπα?κ?v π?λεων φορτ?vονται με συμφ?ρουςες τιμ?ς σε σ?πια πλο?α που βυθ?ζονται στον ωκεαν?. Πλωτ? θαλασσιν? σκουπ?δια θαν?του, μ?vουν για π?vτα στο βυθ? και επιπλ?ον κ?ρδος ?ρχεται απο την ασφ?λιση τους.

Δεν αρκε?. Περισσ?τερο κ?ρδος χρει?ζεται. Δεν ειναι ικανοποιημ?vοι με την καταστροφ? του περιβ?λλοντος, τη διαφθορ?, τις τοξ?νες και τα ναρκωτικ?. Αυτο? οι θ?vατοι δεν αποφ?ρουν πολλ?.

Συνεχ?ζουν.

Το Καλ?σνικοφ, το πιο επιτυχημ?vο ?πλο ?λων των εποχ?v. Ε?κολο στη χρ?ση, ανθεκτικ?, φθην?. ?να πεντ?χρονο παιδ?κι μπορε? και το ?χει ?δη χρησιμοποιο?σει - για να σκοτ?σει ..!

Παραποιο?v και εκμεταλλε?ονται πρ?ην σοβιετικ? αποθεματικ? σε ?πλα, τα πουλ?νε σε ?θνη που πολεμο?v με προθυμ?α και το κ?ρδος αυξ?νεται.

Τα πυρηνικ? απ?βλητα θανατηφ?ρα για πολλ?ς ανθρ?vινες γενι?ς αν δεν διαχειρ?ζονται σωστ?.

Κι ?μως, αυτο? οι κυρ?αρχοι της παγκ?σμιας καταστροφ?ς κινο?vται και στη σφά?ρα π?λησης για αυτ? τα «απ?βλητα» σε χ?ρες που μπορο?v να βελτι?σουν αυτ? τα υλικ? σε πυραυλικ? ?πλα.

Δεν θα αναφερθ? σε ?λλα, ?δη ε?πα π?ρα πολλ?.

Γεμ?το διορατικ?ς παρατηρ?σεις και συγκλονιστικ?ς περιγραφ?ς δολοφονι?v, μ?χες σε ?λη την επικρ?τεια, πολ?μους μεταξ? φατρι?v, θλιβερ? και αποτρ?πια βασανιστ?ρια και εκτελ?σεις σε ?ποιον τολμ?σει να αντισταθε? στο Σ?στημα. Απελπισμ?vος τρ?μος.

Παρ?λληλα ε?vαι μια συνειδητοπο?ηση ηθικ?ς, ?χι μ?vο για τη μαφ?α, για ολ?κληρο τον κ?σμο, αυτ? τη μεγ?λη επιχε?ρηση απο αδ?στακτα ?ντα που ?φθασε να αυτοκαταστρ?φεται και να ακυρ?vει κ?θε μακροπρ?θεσμη προοπτικ? ? ελπ?δα.

Καλ? αν?γνωση.

Πολλο?ς ασπασμο?ς.

Robin says

Roberto Saviano was still in his 20s when he wrote this courageous exposé of the Neapolitan camorra. That it is such a stunning read is no doubt down to the fact that he comes from the region and feels passionately about how criminality pollutes – sometimes literally – life in the region.

The book is vivid in recounting events such as the horrific and dismaying Secondigliano War, the disastrous dumping of toxic trash illegally, the almost suicidal mentality that wants to kill every rival (and their relatives), and the sheer industrial scale of the phoney fashion labels, drugs and other scams.

A particularly heartfelt chapter concerns Don Peppino Diana, a parish priest who stood up to the mob and was brutally and stupidly murdered (even many of the 'soldiers' blanched at killing him). It's one example of courage in book that is pretty breathtaking and also reveals the author's almost poetic side and his belief that perhaps words, or the truth, can be a major weapon against the gangsters.

Majo's Library. says

Beh.. prima di fare questa recensione penso che sarebbe giusto dire che Saviano non è il tipico scrittore di quei racconti storici che a volte rimangono nel buio della memoria.

Visto che qui non si parla solo di Napoli o della Campania o del Sud; Gomorra è il motore del capitalismo. Ciò che ho però trovato di interesse davvero eccezionale è la descrizione della strategia manageriale della camorra moderna. Nessuna struttura centralizzata di famiglie che controlla il territorio: le famiglie ci sono e il territorio lo controllano, ma delegano gli affari ad una struttura tipo "Franchising".

Poi in particolare, questo -Viaggio nell'impero economico e nel sogno di dominio della camorra- mi ha sembrato un lavoro molto buono, anzi, un vero capolavoro italiano, dove qualche straniero può vedere ciò che in realtà accade in un posto dove il fatto di raggiungere qualche pezzo di pace è proprio una odissea. Un posto dove il denaro e la mafia ti affettano, e dove per forza devi scegliere da che parte rimanere.

Pat says

Since he has published his book, Saviano is a hunted man. Does he glorify organised crime after all? Or where did my fascination come from when I read him? The book portrays the Camorra as the incarnation of capitalism in its purest form, whoever stands in the way of business will be eliminated with the appropriate means. Appropriate? How much are moral standards essential for good business? The question is neglected and yet imminent on each page. Who is good? Who is evil. Names over names are quoted. A documentary whodunnit, a novel about life and death, methods of killing portrayed in horrible details, a disgusting and fascinating book. The best chapter "Don Peppino Diana" about a priest who resists traditions, breaks the wall of silence and calls fellow priests to not baptize newborn family members of the godfathers, who names the system what it is: evil. What is power, what is the meaning of life? The book never mentions the final questions explicitly but it's hard to find literature where they are more present than in this one. I go to shops with different eyes now. Not for the faint of heart.

Michael Finocchiaro says

Roberto Saviano must have some massive cojones. To bring out this book with exposes the Camorra - long hidden in the shadows of the crumbling high-rises of the poor neighbourhoods north of Naples - and their hydra-like influence on the Italian (and global) economy. Saviano grew up here and is able to talk to the dealers, the corner boys, the counterfeiters, the hitmen, etc and give us an closeup, unfiltered view of the heart of this organisation. This candid book earned him the glory of an extraordinary movie (2008) and a great TV series (2014 - 2 seasons) both also named Gomorra. but also two or three 24h/day bodyguards assigned by the Italian government because the Camorra (perhaps other mafia families too?) have a \$5M bounty out on his head (that number may have changed but that is the approximate number from 2 or 3 years ago.) I would recommend this book followed by the movie (which also follows the book and adds a few other asides) and the TV show (somewhat more dramatised but still captivating and used on true stories that Saviano picked up.) It is an eye-opener as well as a page turner. Once you finish, definitely read Extra Pure, his analysis of the cocaine industry.

F.R. says

Anyone expecting a kind of cool, macho life of gangsters, with charismatic real-life characters and bloodily amusing anecdotes is in for a shock. This is a raw, vicious and angry book, a true expose of how the Camorra dominates life around Southern Italy and how from there it extends its tentacles worldwide.

Although it gives an overview of the various gangs and the characters involved, the book goes much further and breaks down the sociological and economic causes of and reactions to all that happens around Naples. How there are numerous communities where a young man can either be a nobody with no respect in a dull steady job, or can have the possibility of riches and glamour in a gang. Then once in a gang, how he is part of a huge international conglomerate with its fingers in drugs, smuggling, waste disposal, cement, fashion and many other areas.

All of Europe, the US, South America, Africa, Asia are touched by what happens in Naples. With particular mention going, bizarrely, to Aberdeen in Scotland.

There are numerous stories and little details which will live in the memory: the long-time dead being exhumed and dumped on rubbish tips; women not wearing high heels because they're harder to run in; ambulance drivers finding men wounded by gunshots in the street and not taking them to hospital, instead waiting at the roadside for the killers to come back and finish the job off; the fates of mayors and priests who had the bravery to stand up to these gangs.

I remember when this book came out that Roberto Saviano had to go into hiding in an Army base, such was the various gang's fury at this expose. Since then he has been forced to leave Italy altogether. Hopefully one day circumstances will change and he can go back without fear of reprisal, as this is brave and searing account which clearly needed to be written.

Tea Jovanovi? says

Mu?na tema, sjajno napisana knjiga, odli?an novi prevod... Preporuka ♥?

Azumi says

Un recorrido por el mundo de la Camorra napolitana contado en clave de reportaje periodístico que a veces puede llegar a abrumar con tantos nombres, apodos, barrios, pueblos, etc... pero que también llega a espeluznar por lo que cuenta sobre la industria textil, el tráfico de drogas, la gestión de residuos o la guerra entre los clanes. Un mundo en el que la vida no vale nada....

Ha sido muy valiente el autor al atreverse a escribir este retrato tan detallado y documentado sobre la organización de la Camorra, sus negocios, las rivalidades entre clanes y los continuos asesinatos cometidos sin ninguna impunidad. Una obra que le va a suponer verse amenazado de por vida, porque aunque pase el tiempo esta gente no olvida.

Me esperaba más una novela que ensayo pero lo he encontrado interesante, a pesar de que a veces con tanto aluvión de datos se puede hacer un poco pesado.
