

**MIGRAZIONI  
E IDENTITÀ****MIGRATIONS AND IDENTITY**  
a cura di Pietro Deandrea

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**Migrazioni e identità**  
**Migrations and Identity**

rivista di poesia comparata



# SEMICERCHIO

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*Il nostro domicilio filologico è la terra*

*Erich Auerbach*

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# Is Migration a Permanent Condition? Nigerian Migration to Italy

di Carmen Concilio

*Migrations / Migrazioni* (2016), edited by Wole Soyinka, Alessandra Di Maio et. al., is a modern poetic «certamen», a contest and a dialogic experiment aimed at bridging Lagos and Lampedusa in verse. The aim of this paper is to provide a close reading of some of the poetic texts of the collection. First and foremost, it is important to notice that the implicit and indirect mechanism at work in this poetry collection is the call-response strategy: «La Nigeria chiama e l'Italia risponde» (Di Maio, «Prefazione» 2016, 13).

Sixteen Nigerian poets, chosen by 1986 Nobel Prize winner Wole Soyinka, introduce the topic of migration and an equal number of Italian writers answer on the same topic. They had to work within the same prosodic pattern of twenty-three lines: the reader will notice that the number of lines is the reverse of thirty-two, the total number of writers involved in the project. Sixteen is a magic number in Yoruba culture, it stands for cosmic order and it is the number of prophecies pronounced by Orunmila, the God of divination. He is a nomadic spirit, who was condemned to wander all over the world. In so doing, he learns a lot about humanity and thanks to his empathy he is able to perfectly understand human beings and their universal condition. Finally, he finds a home when a woman offers him hospitality (Di Maio, «Prefazione» 2016, 10-17).

Migration is a way of wandering. It is a fact that migration is perceived as a permanent condition in our imaginary, as if one were a migrant forever, even

though, in reality, there is – there must be – always a departure and an arrival. Yet, there are two distinct approaches in Migration Studies, one that privileges departures and arrivals, one that privileges journeying, as Robert Press illustrates in his essay «Dangerous Crossings: Voices from the African Migration to Italy/Europe», where he aligns himself with the latter type of research (2017, 6). James Clifford, too, privileges travel as the most representative experience of our times: «But what would happen, I began to ask, if travel were untethered, seen as a complex and pervasive spectrum of human experiences? Practices of displacement might emerge as *constitutive* of cultural meanings, rather than as their simple transfer or extension» (Clifford 1997, 3; author's emphasis).

Lagos and Lampedusa are, indeed, points of departure and arrival. In the past years the flow of immigrants from Nigeria to Italy was more intensive than it is today. In 2018, only 6% of the migrants arriving in Italy were from Nigeria, but in the same year Nigerians were the most numerous to ask for asylum in Italy with over 5.000 applications.<sup>1</sup>

Lagos is one of the mega-cities of the so-called Global South; it is estimated that it includes more than 20 million dwellers. Its gigantic spread has been photographed, among others, by Canadian artist-photographer Edward Burtynsky with the purpose to show the anthropic impact on the landscape. From this city, as well as from the rest of the country – “still a des-

perately poor country”, claims Nigerian writer based in New York Teju Cole<sup>2</sup> – waves of migrations departed, in order to reach the Italian coast, and later other Northern European Countries:

Over the past decade or two, Lagos has emerged as one of the economic capitals of Western Africa. As the city is composed of a series of islands and peninsulas on the Gulf of Guinea, natural processes of coastal erosion are exacerbated by climate change, putting much of Lagos at a high risk of flooding. [...] Since 1970, Lagos has grown at breakneck speed, from a city of around 1.4 million inhabitants to one of more than 20 million people in just two generations. The wealth disparity is stark, and a significant number of residents live in dense informal settlements. [...] Nigeria is the most populous country in Africa, with a rapidly growing population that by 2018 had expanded to more than 190 million people. In 2017, the United Nation’s World Population Prospects found that among the ten largest countries in the world, Nigeria’s population was growing the most rapidly. As such, the population of Nigeria is projected to surpass that of the United States shortly before 2050, at which point it would become the world’s third-largest country by population. Integral to the city’s fabric, the growing low-income communities of Lagos are nonetheless precarious in the face of climate change, politics, and capital (Burtynsky 2018, 72).

On the other side of the Mediterranean, Lampedusa, a small rocky island, has been a point of arrival for migrants. Its name might allude to light, for, traditionally, torches were lit there for sailors:

Italy was a logical primary location because it is a major destination for migrants arriving from Africa. The Italian island of Lampedusa is the southernmost part of Italy, about 70 miles off the coast of Tunisia, though most migrants leave from neighbouring Libya. Rome is both a destination and a transit point for migrants heading north to other European countries, Naples has one of the few pro-immigrant social movements in Italy, and Caserta has a reception centre that attracts many migrants passing through or seeking asylum (Press 2017, 6).

In a sense Lampedusa has been a lighthouse for those migrants who succeeded in saving their life and reaching Italy:

They woke up, to embrace Lampedusa,  
Flickering lamp of liberty, poisoned  
With the oil of two continents  
(Tolu Ogunlesi, *A Never-ending Flood* 2016, 66).

Across this geography, bridges become relevant, for a variety of reasons. This collaborative poetry collection not only crosses the Mediterranean,<sup>3</sup> but it also crosses genres, for it alternates words and images, poems and photographs portraying migrants on the move in various parts of the world. Between the pictures and the poems, one-line messages spam the page, like thin bridges, like ropes or ribbons of words. They are sorts of refrain: items from the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. They recite: «No one shall be subject to arbitrary arrest, detention, or exile» and «Everyone has the right to seek and enjoy in other countries asylum from persecution.» Wole Soyinka made reference to Kofi Annan’s declarations, showing a certain sensitivity to human rights in the twenty-first century.<sup>4</sup> The volume can be read from beginning to end, it can be browsed for its images, or it can be read skipping from call to response, namely from section one (Nigeria) to section two (Italy). It works as an augmented text, for the Articles of the Declaration function as pre-text for the poems, while a new textuality arises from the combined interconnectedness of word-image.

Let us begin at the beginning: rightly enough, the first poem in the collection, by Chris Abani, is called *Cartography / Cartografie*. Actually, the plural would sound more appropriate, for the toponyms mentioned in the poem are both Italian and African. Alexandria, in Egypt, Harare, and then Venice and its Piazza San Marco, Siena and its Piazza del Campo, Tuscany. Chris Abani’s Italy is a tourist’s site. Yet, his Nigerian eyes perceive the presence of a gypsy singing, of Eastern European refugees begging. The poem is also allegorical: Freedom is a character smoking, talking about the cold weather, the guerrilla, butterflies as big as a man’s soul. Wisdom, too, is a figure who speaks about going back home.

Abani is the first to open the call, he is the first writer who speaks of an indefinite, almost infinite voyage: «We are always on a platform / waiting for a train.... [...] in truth it is all journey.» Here, the poet does not necessarily speak of migration, but rather of life, universally intended as a journey, of knowledge. «And yet we are always on a train travelling to happiness»

(Abani, *Cartography* 2016, 26-27). The two main verbs («waiting» and «travelling») are in a non-finite form. The non-finiteness is stressed by the adverb «always», that in this case is synonymous with «for ever».

Richard Ali, too, speaks of a permanent condition in his poem *Beneath the Wind / Sospinti dal vento*. Being tossed around, like a leaf, by the wind: «...journeys of bearing [...] each born leaf is a page / Ferrying us to elsewhere, even to Ravenna [...] / ...Until we give up breath – become one wind with all else» (Ali, *Beneath the Wind* 2016, 30-31). Here too, as previously, the poet speaks of humanity at large, under the tags «oneness, sameness, all men in one embrace», we are all equal in our life's journey in and around the Mediterranean – «Roman, Arab, Sudanese» (ibid.). Here, Ravenna is evoked as a final destination, one that was dear to Oscar Wilde, as claimed in the poem. Nevertheless, the verbs «bearing» and «ferrying» remain in the non-finite mode and confirm the never-ending journey.

Mimetic to this condition of eternal wandering are those poems where words design a graphic pattern on the page, obliquely, like the side-walking of crabs, like grains of sand sliding down dunes. Such a graphic or concrete/visual poem, is *Wandering Souls 1 / Anime in pena 1* by Olufumni Aluko. The lines of the poem shift from right to left on the page, and back. They speak of wanderings and returns, of searching for home, but the recurrent refrain stresses the never ending despair: «Theirs, the agony of awaiting / loro è l'agonia dell'attesa» (2016, 34-35). The subject of the poem seems to be always the same, a generalized «they». Thus, they are the ones who go, who travel, who search, who will go back. But, «they» are those whose destiny is also to wait. Thus the «awaiting» becomes almost synonymous with the journeying, a permanent condition of precariousness, a constant, endless zigzagging. The photograph that matches this poem shows two separate rows of camels following the profile of the – similarly slanting and sliding – desert dunes, that create zigzagging lines and shadows on the page.

Similarly, *To Him Who Will Never Return / A chi non farà ritorno*, by Ify Omalicha, is a zigzagging poem. Significantly, the picture accompanying the poem portrays a pair of abandoned sandals, half-hidden in the sand, like Ikenga, the Igbo protagonist, who left the village for city life. The protagonist's first name is the first sound in the poem. This time, the identity of the emigrant is relevant, is known.

Ikenga would walk walk walk

T  
h  
r  
o  
u  
g  
h

a thousand footpaths  
across many deserts and dark seas...

Ikenga would walk walk walk

and walk and will never return (2016, 70-71).

This simple poem, whose first and second stanzas are specular, reproduces oblique side walking, sliding or stepping down sandy paths, while the repetitive rhythm of the verb «walk» almost gives back the onomatopoeic sounds of the feet, moving forward, eternally, never to return, never to reach a target.

The word «through» is visual evidence of an original example of *carmen figuratum*, which does not reproduce the exact shape of an object, but rather the print of feet, movement, the walking itself.

The poem alludes to the destiny of many a man who abandons rural life, in order to emigrate to big cities – here a «wild city» (ibid.) – and never go back home, either because they build a new life, or because they simply die in that elsewhere. Walking seems the essence of Ikenga's existence, while neither a clear point of departure nor of arrival is provided. Once again, the journey is what characterizes the migrant. As in the previous case, the poem about the wind, the existence of the migrant is a transit, it is transient.

*This Bridge / Questo ponte* by Ben Tomolaju is a symbolic poem in the collection, for it explicitly metaphorizes the purpose of the whole project, that is, building a bridge between Lagos and Lampedusa:

We build this bridge from the mind,

[...]

Our vessels ride your rolling waves

[...]

We carve this bridge

[...]

But we carve,

[...]

This bridge we build,

Dressed in Stellar fabrics by the diva from Kabba

(2016, 78-79).

The poem is dedicated to Wole Soyinka, Claudio Gorreri, Egi Volterrani and Nike Okundaye. A Nobel laureate writer, a scholar at the University of Turin, a translator and publisher in Turin, a fashion artist and designer: each of them created the possibility for an on-going dialogue between Italy and Nigeria, Turin and Lagos; all of them Soyinka's friends.

The poem is this bridge itself. It has a performative value: it is what it does in reality. The bridge is a mental construction, an abstraction, an idea realized in words. The sea in between is crossed by the migrants, as clearly stated in the line «Our vessels ride your rolling waves», where «our» and «your», the possessive adjectives, are pins that identify refugee and host. The migrant's voyage is a bridge, too, per se.

The poem creates an extended chiasmus «we build, we carve, we carve, we build». Carving wood, ivory, stone or bone, is an African talent, an African art. And this carving of the mind is a bridge in words, between what is left behind

Not as those we choose to guard our barn  
Who eat all the yams and stool in the house,  
Stripping us, earthworms on sun-baked soil,  
Baited for relief by glitterati of the northern skies:

and what awaits them:

Factotums at construction sites,  
Minxes at red-light shanties,  
Surrendering virtue  
To bring some lucre back to Africa (ibid.).

This is one of the few poems that name some of the jobs the migrants have to accept once in the host country, in order to meet the expectations of those left behind. «So many hands await that first / Remittance home. Will there be one?» (2016, 74-75), claim the lines of a poem, simply entitled *Migrant / Migrante*, written by Wole Soyinka himself.

In response to the call, that is, in the Italian side of the collection there is a photo with travellers behind a wall too high to see beyond it, to touch the hands of those on the other side. Moreover, there are two paintings. They are both by the Italian Nobel Prize winner for Literature, the playwright Dario Fo: one grotesquely ironic, where a petrol company suggests: «We shall conduct research and drill and will keep the oil for us / And for you we'll just leave the barrel» (2016, 98). In

Italian the translation of the last portion of the sentence sounds like a joke: «A voi lasceremo un bidone» (ibid.). For *bidone* is an ambiguous term, meaning both «barrel» and «fraud».

The second painting suggests that water, too, (*Acqua*, 99) is a resource subtracted to those in need and irremediably polluted. Here the reference might be to the region of the Niger delta, a highly polluted stretch of water where people collect oil spills, and frequent fires produce toxic fumes. But, above all, this area speaks of natural resources easily exhausted, subtracted by multinationals to Nigerians, who do not get any share from the selling of their resources.

In contrast, the Italian poems strike an even sadder note. They all are aware of deaths by water. Achille Mbembe reminds us that among Europe's deadly policies one could mention

those laboratories that the Mediterranean Sea and the Sahara Desert have become. According to various figures, something like 34,000 people have already lost their lives over the last few years trying to cross the Mediterranean; this without counting those who have met their end in the Sahara Desert, or those who are the subject of new forms of enslavement and capture in lawless places such as Libya, where Europe is funding militias and encouraging them to capture would-be African migrants to detain them in makeshift camps or to sell them into slavery (Mbembe 2019, 16).

Fabiano Alborghetti, an Italian-Swiss poet, explores the theme that is gaining relevance in reports by migrants, who interrogate themselves on «ways of dying» in a foreign land:

This may be where he'll have to die. And where will his body go?  
Take it back to where he was born, where we're the ones who are absent  
Or go against his will and bury him here where we are present?  
This is just one story, a personal experience.  
How many bones, dressed in earth, are now in the wrong place?  
(*The Silent Song of Distance* 2016, 102-103)

*The Silent Song of Distance / Il canto muto della distanza* echoes Valerio Magrelli's *From an Aria in Rosini's The Turk in Italy / Su un'aria del Turco in Italia*:



*Cara Italia, alfin ti miro,  
Vi saluto, amiche sponde  
G. Rossini*

Riposa tutta quanta la Penisola  
avvolta da una trepida collana  
di affogati. Ognuno di loro è una briciola  
fatta cadere per ritrovare la strada.  
Ma i pesci le hanno mangiate e i clandestini,  
persi nel mare senza più ritorno,  
vagano come tanti Pollicini  
seminati nell'acqua torno torno (2016, 149).

This poem is worth quoting in Italian, for it presents a few interesting translation shifts. The first line has been superbly translated into «The shores of Italy rest in peace» (148). And this gives the poem its funereal tone, for the subject matter is dramatic and serious. The drowned circle the Peninsula. Yet, in Italian they «wrap» it round in a «trembling» necklace. The adjective is lost in the translation and, although not a problem per se, one term that is typical of Opera arias («trepida») is lost. The «clandestines» become the «migrants» in the English translation, and that also changes the perception people get through the media, where «clandestines» is used to create paranoia about the illegal purposes of those who attempt to reach the Italian coasts, whereas «migrant» would be a more neutral term, as demonstrated by Triulzi and McKenzie:

By 2006, 19,000 irregular migrants and refugees had arrived on the island [Lampedusa]; they had almost doubled by the end of 2008, when the landing on the Italian soil was labelled for the first time by the Italian authorities as «clandestine» and pursued indiscriminately by Italian law as a severe criminal offence (Del Grande 2010, Morone 2009, Rastello 2010). [...] in April 2007 it was increasingly clear to police authorities and legislators in Italy that there was no other way to handle irregular, i.e. «clandestine» migration, but to crash it. Although there was ample evidence indicating that the number of irregular migrants arriving in Italy by sea was small, [...] the very fact that the majority of the sea-born irregular migration was arriving via Lampedusa allowed the Italian government to invest in the symbolic importance of the «clandestine invasion». (Triulzi, McKenzie 2013, 214)

In Magrelli's poem, in a sort of nursery-rhyme-like or

fairy-story-like sequence, the corpses become bread crumbs, eaten by fish, so that Tom Thumb will never be able to find his way. Those deaths are in the end countless and purposeless, for they do not show the way in, to those who arrive, nor the way back, to those dreaming a homecoming. They are dispersed themselves. The very meaningful repetition «torno torno», which has a hint of common use in Italian southern dialects, while also hinting at a child's play, has been rendered through the term «circumnavigating», which implies endless journeying.

As a variation on the same theme, Armando Pajalich created twin poems, called «Companion Pieces»: *White poem – Little Wave* and *Black poem – Big Boat*, the latter ending with the lines:

There were 528 saved. Dark and desperate.  
Cordoned off by men in dinghies  
Who disinfect, stamp and reassure them all –  
Except for three corpses, kids, on the rocks (2016, 156).

The three dead bodies, identified as «kids» in English, – thus, immediately reminding us of the little child Aylan Kurdi, found dead on the Turkish coast<sup>5</sup> – in Italian are, in fact, «ventenni», that is, young men in their twenties.

Furthermore, the Italian poet Roberto Mussapi echoes *The Waste Land* and its leitmotif of death by water, translating it into a modern migrant's journey:

[...] the road laid out  
at the bottom of the ocean, invisible route to human eye.  
It was the sea, its depth; unreal city...  
I had not thought death had undone so many  
[...]  
Then I woke up. Screams, shooting, again I lost  
consciousness.  
The rest would be too long to tell.  
[...] my consubstantiality with the drowned  
(*The Road / La strada* 2016, 152-153).

The lines are echoed by migrants' reports:

Some migrants were unaware of the dangers of the sea: «Lots of people were going to Italy, across a big sea. . . . I didn't know a lot of people had died» (Kwame 2014) (Press 2017, 19).

This collection includes a series of other topics that

echo and bounce from one section to the other. One interesting aspect concerning hospitality is the food offered to migrants, another one is the food they left behind. «What we do reach is coffee, biscotti and Bob [Marley] on the iPod» (26) – writes Chris Abani. «Our world unrolled in a dash of pasta / sauced yellow and red and green to cure jet-lag» (62), writes Odia Ofeimun in his *Travelogue / Diario di viaggio*. In contrast, a reproach to those left behind is expressed by Ben Tomoloju, as already mentioned:

Those we choose to guard our barn  
Who eat all the yams and stool in the house (78).

In this case, it is interesting to notice that the stool is lost in the translation, for the substantive becomes a verb and it emphasizes the taking over of the alien, the usurpation.

Food is also connected to feelings of longing and nostalgia. For instance, the migrant represented by Uche Peter Umez in *Crows in Flight / Corvi in volo* oscillates between the mangoes left behind and the olives of Italy:

Now you've made here your home [...] each time you eat an olive when you'd rather peel the skin of a mango that tastes familiar (86).

Similarly, Ubah Cristina Ali Farah, an Italian writer of Somali origin, writes in her poem that bears an Ethiopian name in its title *Aksum*:

When you've crossed the sea, all you will find is biscuits and fruit where once your obelisk stood (106-107).

A TV commercial show on best recipes and chefs is also mentioned in the poem by Ascanio Celestini *The Revolution / La rivoluzione*, where the lines ironically announce an approaching revolution:

The head of the head of police and all the armed forces was watching television a cooking programme about prawns in cocktail sauce when there was an unwarranted interruption (122-123).

More dramatically, migrants are «Walking dead they

drag themselves to a piece of bread / a bite of salami» (140), as Jolanda Insana writes. Interestingly, the Italian version says «Morti di fame si trascinano dove c'è un pezzo di pane / un morso di companatico» (141), using a typical Italian idiom: «pane e companatico». And, finally, Barbara Pumphösel expresses the sadness of a migrant's Sunday:

on sundays i feel like an outsider  
everyone knows where to go  
who to take cakes to  
to make sauce for and at what time  
before or after mass, the match, the movies  
[...]  
by chance i'm foreign inside  
it's not a matter of place  
or language but perhaps of perception  
(Pumphösel, *Along the River / Lungo il fiume*, 160-161).

After all, Wole Soyinka once claimed that Italy and Nigeria share a lot of things: «peppers, social disorder, your 'polenta', our *flour*, your 'ossobuco', our '*mokon-tan*'... » (Soyinka in Di Maio 2012, 44).

One more minor theme, and a surprising one, is the presence of animals. In a poem dedicated to Wole Soyinka, the dolphins are the protagonists of migration cycles:

Visitors from waters far away  
Dolphins, on occasion  
Came up for air  
In estuaries of the Niger Delta,  
That is, before the crude surge;  
[...]  
How many there in the brood  
Did not make it back to sea?  
(J.P. Clark-Bekederemo, *Migration Poem / Poesia migrante*, 38-39).

Here the theme is the pollution of the environment and the endangered ecosystem, because of oil extraction and oil spills. As an answer to this call, the collection includes the already mentioned poem entitled *Crows in Flight / Corvi in volo*:

Crows in flight  
sometimes lace a spell  
over your heart  
where the Middle Sea spumes  
in your face (Umez 86-87).



Here the crows bring back thoughts of home, look familiar, remind the migrant of a common journey across a Middle Sea that evokes the Middle Passage of the slave trade. This dramatic experience is narrated in the already mentioned article by Robert Press specifically on the journeys of African migrants to Italy and Europe:

For example, Diego, a 25-year-old Nigerian migrant said: «We were three days on top of the sea. We saw so many things. We saw a big ship. I don't know which country it was. They put us in the big ship. . . If not for the rescue at sea, I'd be a dead person. . . The water can *change your brain*» (Diego 2016; italics added for emphasis) (Press 2017, 7).

Children are a less frequent subject, yet they are often portrayed in the photographs, while Stefano Benni, a prose writer, dedicates to them the poem *Children*, in which kids exchange fables and tales across a divide, only to discover that they are telling the same story after all and in the end they 'throw' a challenge: «And don't let anyone tell us / they can't hang out together» (114).

Much more can be said about this incredibly rich and complex collection. But what persists in the end is the impression that migrancy is described through movement that does not provide peace or rest – it is a permanent condition attached to individuals who dare to cross the border:

They go they come they come they go  
They get ahead they get behind  
They come they go they go they come  
[...]  
and nothing happens  
for you they're just deaths to add to the dead  
(Insana, *They Go They Come They Come They Go / Vanno vengono vengono vanno*, 140-141).

They are indefinite, indeterminate, anonymous, even «uncountable» (De Luca, *The Uncountable / Gli innumerevoli* 132), unnameable («They do not answer to their names / Non rispondono all'appello» 128-129), invisible. They are the migrants always on the move, never really settled, never truly arrived, never fully integrated. «Come» and «go» are verbs in the simple present but they also sound as non-finite actions.

Most relevantly, this collection works in and through

translation, and James Clifford ascribes an incredible heuristic and epistemic relevance to translation: «*Traduttore, traduttore*. In the kind of translation that interests me most, you learn a lot about peoples, cultures and histories different from your own, enough to begin to know what you are missing» (Clifford 1997, 39; author's emphasis). The texts, side by side, in two languages create a bridge on the Mediterranean question, writes Deandrea, too (2017, 11).

This collection provides a challenging reading and learning in translation, for it positions itself as a possibility of «border thinking», that is to say «a critical response to both hegemonic and marginal fundamentalisms»: it is a «pluriversal» vision (Grosfoguel 2008, 2) for it includes both Nigerian and Italian perspectives on migration; it is a polyphony, for it includes voices of artists of different ethnicities, religious and cosmologic views, of linguistic and cultural diverse backgrounds.

Similarly to what is proposed by decolonial thinkers, Soyinka, too, lucidly detects the responsibility of Eurocentric colonialism in his refined and well-articulated prose:

The magnitude of the phenomenon of migrations in our present age is a mere reflection of the retrogression that the world has made in the name of 'progress', having fashioned instruments of war and destruction that now compel us to reckon the tides of human displacement in their hundreds of thousands, and millions, a reflection of our failure to choose instruction from the paradigms of vulnerability and need, as manifested in those archetypes whose fates prefigure the repetitive history of the unfortunate, the persecuted, and the condemned (Soyinka, «Prologue» 2016, 19).

Bridging geographical borders, crossing borders between genres, media, and artistic codes, this collection is a multimodal and multimedia production, aimed at activating one single praxis: «The responsibility of offering shelter and protection» (ibid.). – Thus spake Orunmila/Soyinka, a prophet of our times (Soyinka, «Prologue» 2016, 19).

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## Notes

- <sup>1</sup> [www.cir-onlus.org/wp-content/uploads/2018/10/Scheda-dati-asilo-e-immigrazione\\_Settembre-2018.pdf](http://www.cir-onlus.org/wp-content/uploads/2018/10/Scheda-dati-asilo-e-immigrazione_Settembre-2018.pdf). (Last accessed 20 April 2019).
- <sup>2</sup> T. Cole, "Letter from Lagos. Madmen and Specialists", *The New Yorker*, August 15, 2013, <https://www.newyorker.com/books/page-turner/letter-from-lagos-madmen-and-specialists>. (Last accessed 20 April 2019).
- <sup>3</sup> Cfr. Pietro Deandrea's review: *Il dito medio rivolto al potere: Il ritorno di Wole Soyinka sulla scena editoriale*, «L'Indice dei Libri del Mese», 7/8, 2017, 11.
- <sup>4</sup> Cfr. Wole Soyinka, «Assoluti e relativismi culturali. La dignità e la sacralità della vita umana». (It. transl. by A. Di Maio 2012, 55-76).
- <sup>5</sup> The tragedy has become a play performed at the Quatticciolo theatre: "Alan e il mare" (2017).