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On Necropolitics and the Female Refugee in Edna O'Brien's *Girl* (2019)

Abstract: Written six decades after the contentious, yet highly influential feminist saga *The Country Girls* and inspired by the traumatic abduction of several young Nigerian women by local terrorist factions in 2014, Edna O'Brien's 2019 novel *Girl* echoes the author's earlier concerns with Irish parochialism and patriarchalism. Maryam barely survives the ordeals of the terrorist camp. Moreover, her subsequent reinsertion in a society that completely effaces her illustrates the ever-shifting criteria that will determine if she is to be deemed fit for living or dying within globalized structures of governmentality. Focusing on Maryam's flight from one carceral site to another, this paper inquires whether by building a sense of localized resistance that connects the female refugee to the endangered landscape, O'Brien's narrative entertains a more widespread possibility for such transversal solidarity frames to counteract the "techno-thanatological" drive of power.

Keywords: Edna O'Brien; Achille Mbembe; Rosi Braidotti; Necropolitics; Subaltern.

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Trapped in a dense forest that acts as a setting for much of Edna O'Brien's *Girl* (2019), Maryam and Buki, recent escapees from a terrorist camp attacked by governmental forces, witness their hideout by a lake being surveyed by a stealthily gliding "machine" that makes a muffled sound, "like the distant buzzing of bees."¹ Naked and alone, the two Nigerian teenagers – who have suffered abduction, indoctrination and rape at the hands of terrorists – realize that they are if not altogether invisible, then irrelevant to the martial gaze: "But it saw us?' 'But we were nothing to them.' We stood, our hands across our timid bodies, ashamed of ourselves."² In fact, the women's uncanny encounter with a drone draws attention to the vulnerability of the female refugees, not only amidst the violent backdrop of the local conflicts between the militants and the military, but also within the far broader context of global warfare. As one of the girls remembers, "countries from all over the world sent [drones] into other countries in order to spy. They were just machines, gathering information that would be sent back, by satellite, to some alien territory."³

As depicted in O'Brien's novel, the necropolitical drive of the global, looming

large in this unexpected encounter between fragile victims and indifferent technologies, speaks to a certain disinvestment of the consciousness of death from the abhorrence of carnage⁴ that more direct forms of warfare are usually associated with. It also sheds light on the multiply displaced gendered subalterns: culturally, ideologically and, not least, corporeally. Boko Haram's forced removal of the two hundred and seventy-six girls from their school dormitories,⁵ their transportation into the heart of the jungle, their imprisonment in the terrorist-run reeducation camp, and their half-hearted acceptance back into their communities upon their release from captivity taps into a certain exhaustion of the imaginary of lived spatiality for them. Invisible to the global gaze of power, before which they feel mortified (either because of their lack of clothing or because of their lack of (geo)political significance), the female refugees are also barred access to forms of local emplacement.

The use of the singular noun in the title of O'Brien's text is, of course, the sign of a rounding of the loop in the author's concern with women's emancipation from the triple trap of parochialism, patriarchy and paternalism in the *Country Girls* trilogy. The "incendiary, trailblazing" echoes of that triad of novels, which were published almost six decades ago and "charted the fortunes and sexual awakening of two young women in the Ireland of the 1950s,"⁶ are heard in *Girl*. It is a novel about collective trauma, condensed in the painstakingly researched and imaginatively conveyed ordeal of one victim: Maryam, the brilliant-minded Nigerian girl who used to win essay-writing contests before being seized and abused by the terrorists.

In various interviews, Edna O'Brien has confessed to the lengths she went to document the plight of the girl she felt impelled to write about. These documentation efforts included, among other things, her interviewing many other rescued victims of the Chibok abductions, "whose survivor's stories she absorbed and then transformed into the novel's single, soul-searing narrative."⁷

This narrative asks whether, given the obliteration of her presence in the post-colony,⁸ the subaltern can nonetheless overcome the tense opposition between the local and the global by participating in the reconfiguring of planetary relationality.⁹ Seen through the lens of geocriticism, O'Brien's novel of 2019 participates in a worlding of literary cartographies, as well as in a coming together of by-now "mondialized" narratives of (anti)slavery and (anti) coloniality. For example, the paradoxically caring form of infanticide in Toni Morrison's *Beloved* undergirds the representation of Maryam's a-maternal relationship with Babby, the child she bears to her dying terrorist husband. In addition to this, the mother's failure to provide sustenance to her infant is also explicitly related, in the Irish writer's African trauma narrative, to another novel about the violence of coloniality, namely Charles Dickens's *Great Expectations*. The latter's Bildungsroman frame serves as a counterpoint to the disturbed rhythms of Maryam's growth and development. The question posed by *Girl* is if the traumatized subaltern – whose frail existence unfolds entirely within the compass of death – can nonetheless access a state in which violence, whether cataclysmic or attritional, ceases to be levelled at her. What forms of resistance or solidarity

need to be shaped so as to interrupt the persistent effect of necropolitics? Guided by such questions, this paper tries to see if in Edna O'Brien's narrative the female subaltern can step outside the purview of the "war machines."¹⁰ It also seeks to determine whether the female subaltern can form alliances within transversal frames of camaraderie that cut across the boundaries of ethnicity, nationality and religion and that can nurture her reconnection with the bonds of motherhood.

Returning to the scene discussed at the beginning of this essay, one can see that the drone¹¹ is the mark of what Rosi Braidotti calls "necro-political governmentality"¹² or what Achille Mbembe refers to as "necropower." Mbembe's term refers to a political paradigm in which the disciplining goal of biopower gives way to a politics of death. The aim of necropolitics is no longer to preserve the disciplinary illusion but to ensure the proliferation of "sites of violence," conflict zones or refugee camps, where the death technologies can be applied to eliminate those deemed to be disposable.¹³ In O'Brien's story of trauma and flight, a story whose focus straddles "continents and cultures to describe the pain and suffering of women and girls,"¹⁴ biopower is deployed as necropower. This happens, in Mbembe's terms, in the postcolony, whose chronotope compresses and redoubles the twin pulsations of the colony: displacement (dislocation, transgression) and entanglement (boundary pollution). The "aftertime" of the postcolony, Mbembe states, is a time of "discontinuities, reversals, inertias, and swings that overlay one another, interpenetrate one another, and envelope one another."¹⁵ In other words, "the postcolonial condition is one of aftermath: It is an

inherently unstable condition comprising 'decomposition and violence' as the trauma of colonialism, and signifies the continuation or nonclosure of the violence of colonization."¹⁶ As Mbembe notes, the colony's traumas are not eliminated from but, possibly, aggravated or intensified in the postcolony. Here, the tangled accumulation of suffering, guilt and trauma is additionally complicated by the shift from disciplinary biopower to exterminating necropower. In O'Brien's depiction of the "topographies of cruelty," "weapons are deployed in the interest of maximally destroying persons and creating *death-worlds*, that is, new and unique forms of social existence in which vast populations are subjected to living conditions that confer upon them the status of the *living dead*."¹⁷

With its "blend of economy and lyricism" and its "intense focus on the emotional lives of women on the sharp end of mental and physical incarceration or constraint,"¹⁸ the novel shows how after they are kidnapped by the terrorist marauders, the girls also have their fates sealed by the politicians. The latter all too eagerly boost and boast their technologies of death: "*We have helicopters now that can fire four thousand rounds per minute. A truly devastating piece of military hardware. A game changer.* Nigerian government statement in response to Boko Haram."¹⁹ O'Brien's skillfully steers attention away from the global hysteria this national trauma generated by pushing the confrontations between the government and the militants into the background.²⁰ Her real focus is revealed in the novel's second epigraph, taken from *The Trojan Women* by Euripides, a play that reminds one of the theaters of permanent warfare and the slaughtering of innocents

in the postcolony. In O'Brien's retelling of the Boko Haram incident, the epigraph "Here's linen to clothe your wounds"²¹ touches upon the personalized impact of trauma. It suggests that it may be possible to heal an unspeakable pain and to unravel the "knotted assemblage"²² of traumatic effects through empathic encounters with others.

Maryam's testimony, which is simultaneously private, meant to be recorded in her notebook, and public, discloses her self-awareness as a victim of corporeal trauma. Her first self-portrait identifies a rift between her former and her present states. This unhealable divide is signaled by the imagery of the congealed blood that is wrapped around her body like a second skin: "I was a girl once, but not any more. I smell. Blood dried and crusted all over me, and my wrapper in shreds. My insides, a morass. Hurtled through this forest that I saw, that first awful night, when I and my friends were snatched from the school."²³ As she treads the threshold between bare life and imminent death, Maryam holds on for a long while to her little notebook. This and the imagery of a knotted dynamics between humans and nature²⁴ remain her sole incentives to sanity: "In the scramble, I managed to hide my little notebook. It was a teeny notebook, meant more for sums than for letters, but I squeezed words into each little square. I hoarded them. They now were my only friends. I had won the notebook, along with a scented sheet of paper, for my essay on nature. The sheet of paper had 'Woods of Windsor' written on the margins. I did not know where Windsor was."²⁵

Maryam's life in captivity in the Sambisa forest hovers between these two

extremes – the self's annihilation through physical degradation, torture and ravishment, and the self's survival through reminiscence and remembrance. In the forested camp she has several encounters with other subalterns who are equally desperate to narrativize their experience. In doing that, they hope to find bridges of communion with their addressee, who becomes a testifier by proxy to their singular yet shareable grief. For instance, John-John, the ten-year-old, tells Maryam his family saga. This includes his home village being pillaged by the insurgents and his family being dismembered and forced to flee their farm. His trauma account forefronts his abduction and subsequent reunion with his grandmother, whom he nonetheless abandoned when he was once again taken hostage by the terrorists: "On the way back in the dip between two big hills, I saw the lights of the cycles bounding towards me and before I could hide from them, one was already picking me up by the hair, laughing, laughing. Then I was squeezed in between them, calling out, 'Granny ...Granny,' and they laughed more. My granny died in that field and her furniture is elsewhere, rotting."²⁶ Maryam's first-person story is filled with the nested first-person stories of the humans she interacts with while imprisoned in the forest camp. Not least among these is Mahmoud, the warrior husband she is gifted to so as to reward his merits in battle. The necropolitical grasp of a postcolonial power that harks back to the colony's generalized state of exception²⁷ makes itself felt in the way Mahmoud is used as a cog in the war machine wielded by the terrorist group. Having chosen to embrace a life of warfare rather than watch his mother starve, Mahmoud incurs fatal psychic and physical wounds after

being ordered to raid his native village and to slaughter his kinsmen:

Then his mind cracked and he began to speak senselessly, the nine daughters of some god and the image of a beheaded head. 'A beheaded head is a wild and dripping thing.' It was what he held, it was the creature that he had been conversing with all those weeks and that he cradled in his arms. 'Shut up, Mahmoud, or they will shoot you.' I knew that if they heard him he would be brought out for a beating, or worse. I kept trying to hush him. *A beheaded head is a wild and dripping thing.* He would never come back from this delirium.²⁸

Incessantly rummaging the atrocity he has committed, Mahmoud slips into an insanity that is neither therapeutic nor pathological, since the symptoms of trauma – madness, delirium, terror and paranoia – affect most of the subalterns treading the realm of necropower. Unable to hold their ground before the avalanche of terror threatening to strike from either pole of the political spectrum, the survivors of trauma whom Maryam encounters or those she reconnects with in her post-captivity days are condemned, in the words of Achille Mbembe, to drift in the “third zone between subjecthood and objecthood.”²⁹ Rebeka, the schoolgirl who wore the halo of survivability in Maryam's memory because she had jumped to her freedom from the truck transporting them into the wild, confesses that she cannot shed the pain-ridden memory of her capture attempt. Nor can she escape from her psychological captivity:

All of a sudden, she was shaking, and asked if we could go and sit somewhere quieter.

'I will never forgive myself,' she said, quietly, and I could see the shame she carried at having left us.

'I have sickness,' she said, whispered it. 'What sickness?'

'The Jihadis will take me. They have powers over me.'

'They don't. They can't.' She was trembling so badly she had to hold on to a pillar. She refuses a drink of water.

'I want to be normal,' she says, the voice urgent.

'You are normal,' I say, although I too am jangled. [...]

I saw her hurry, alone, a fugitive, in and out between the crowds, the sun picking up the glints of gold on her veil. She could not get away from that firmament of power quick enough. I had shattered her one hope.³⁰

The subaltern's fugitiveness – a permanent condition in the postcolony – is consonant, up to a point, with the Deleuzian brand of nomadism embraced by Rosi Braidotti. Nomadism can convey the runaway subaltern's complex relations with the terrain that she can only be embedded in if the death drive of power breaks her lines of flight.³¹ Still, being constantly on the run can numb the initial excitement. Maryam discovers this in her flight through the wilderness, alongside her daughter Babby and her friend Buki. The exhilaration they experience upon fleeing the terrorist camp blocks their realization that the forest can also turn (as Maryam's essay predicted) into a “topography of cruelty”³² towards the human trespassers:

Over a trench and into the first frontier of the forest. It was dark, darker still where the trees meshed overhead. Paths and slopes were wayward, but we ran with a speed we did not know we had. Our legs vaulted us. We had run a great distance before we flopped down under a cover of trees. Old mulchy leaves beneath us, green leaves above us and our hearts hammering. Babby was asleep, as if she had died. We were unable to speak. A bird with a chestnut belly chirped ceaselessly as it stood on the ground looking at us. Fat tears fell from our eyes. Finally Buki whispered, 'We are free ... we are free.' Not since the three girls had been taken that morning, long ago, to be sold as brides, had the word *free* escaped our lips. The leaves were still shedding water, and we raised our faces to them, to be baptised anew, to be washed clean. The shelter that flowed from those trees, so benign, so different from the tamarind tree we sat under.³³

For the emaciated women who can hardly defend themselves against the jungle's ferociousness, a nomadic consciousness is a luxury they can at best hope to learn how to harness if they can swing out of the orrery of necropolitics, switching, at the same time, from a management-of-dying to a management-of-survival.³⁴ The constant, debilitating hunger they experience in a luscious environment, the meagre roots they forage in their desperate attempt to subsist, Maryam's dried-up breast that cannot nourish her baby and the snake bite that ends Buki's life, all these are signs that nature refuses the subaltern role allotted to it.³⁵

For most women, such as the emir's unfaithful wife, disciplining the subaltern swiftly converges into punishing the insurgent. The female body is pitted against an inhuman collective warring machine. The death inflicting technology may be primitive at this moment in Maryam's narrative. However, in forming composite wholes with the humans who throw them, the stones become an efficient lapidation device:

At the exact beat of a wooden clacker they all rushed to the heap of stones and aimed at her. The first stone struck, then bounced off the nape of her neck and she staggered within the confined place where she was held. She tried to elude the stones as they were being pelted at her from all sides, one side of her face all bloodied and then washed in the rain. She quailed helplessly. The stones were coming pell-mell, falling monstrously on what was once the most legendary face in the enclave. Strips of the other side of her jaw came hanging off and when she screamed, those screams transformed in the victorious yells of her executioners.³⁶

The semi-entombment of the emir's wife has been practiced many times on the other girls in the compound. This counterfeit burial ritual ironically embeds the dislocated female subaltern in the ground of graveyards, battlefields, or other death sites: "They had rehearsed us in this. They had built bunkers underground and one day we were brought in small groups, put down there and buried. It was all dark and maggoty like a graveyard. We were unable

to speak a word."³⁷ Not only must the female body suffer the incessant deathblows that arrest her in place. She must also bear the perpetrators' (technologized) gaze. In the forest camp, the mangling, torturing or maiming of women is watched by the terrorists as "some great spectacle"³⁸ that must also be recorded on their phones.³⁹ The scene ends with the traumatic conversion of the emir's living wife (or of her head, since the logic of live burial works along the lines of synecdoche and dismemberment) into an inert "ghoul," "bleeding on one side and shredded on the other."⁴⁰ It also portrays the reverse transformation, the coming to life, as it were, of the "stones themselves, the accomplices of the act, [which] were thrown onto the wheelbarrows, to be kept in readiness. The strangest thing of all was her hair, so long and luxurious, it seemed to bristle with life."⁴¹

O'Brien's portrayal of the collective rape to which Maryam and her fellow prisoners succumb in the Blue House is distilled through the lens of a funereal imagination. The young women are "quiet as corpses"⁴² and the site of ravishment lies across a mass grave. Just before her body becomes the terrain of martial confrontation,⁴³ the girl fantasizes about her self-immurement in the earth, so as to defer her bodily mutilation:

I vowed that I would tighten myself into a knot, a buried bulb, deep in the earth's hole and the elite man would claw and scrape like a badger, but he would not reach me. I would shut the doors of my mind. I was like some mad person shutting doors and windows, but even as I saw him come in, these doors and windows were thrown

open. [...] I both died and did not die. A butchery is being performed on me. Then I feel my nostrils being prised open and the muzzle of the gun splaying my nose. I know now that within minutes that gun will explode inside my head. *I will not wake from this, I will die with my scream unfinished.*⁴⁴

In the face of such vicious docilization strategies, intended to keep women in (their) place, nomadism becomes the only viable alternative. Maryam discovers this upon her return to civilization. Suspected of ideological indoctrination, she fears being regarded as a "bush wife" who has come back to cause mayhem and destruction. Hence, her delusions that the soldiers interviewing her "hate me. I can tell by the way they look at me. All they want is to find a way to prove that I am guilty, arrest me on the spot and have me sent to a barracks, then a place of death."⁴⁵ Rejected by her mother and separated from her daughter, whose birth out of wedlock is believed to bring shame to her family, the young woman also risks becoming a pawn in a media war that juggles her destiny as a mere drop in a sea of statistics. When she realizes that the President's welcome speech is oddly reminiscent of the emir's propaganda and that the trauma of the abducted girls is just another incentive for necropolitical decisions, Maryam experiences inner outrage:

But I wanted to speak, to say, *Sir, you are only a few feet away from me, but you are aeons from them in their cruel captivity. You have not been there. You cannot know what was done to us. You live by power and we by powerlessness. I thought of my friends at that very*

moment, under the tamarind tree, some maimed from the bombardment, some newly pregnant, insects feeding feverishly on them, mouthing the same prescribed prayers.⁴⁶

Maryam's reinsertion in a society that effaces her and reinforces her trauma by separating her from her child illustrates the pervasive grip of necropower and the expendability of women within globalized structures of governmentality. The questions that remain are, firstly, whether O'Brien's novel outlines an emergent sense of localized resistance that could connect the female refugee to the endangered landscape in ways that are affirmative of life itself, and, secondly, if the Irish writer's story of female trauma conveys the belief that such transversal solidarity frames can counteract the "techno-thanatological" drive of power⁴⁷ in territories of what Mbembe calls the postcolony.

In O'Brien's artistic imagination, suffering can be transmuted into art, as indicated by the triptych *War-Home-Harvest*, painted by children, which catches Maryam's eye:

The first was a panel of red, hard and obstinate slabs, with ochre vergings

of blood dripping off the edges of the paper. It was called *War*.

The second was a drab grey, with a crush of children's faces staring out of a window, in a sustained and silent scream. It was called *Home*.

The third was a leafy green vista, full of growing things – maize, corn, rye and sorghum, all ripening together. The effect was lifelike, as if a cool breeze had made those leaves quiver, as it would before a shower of rain. It was called *Harvest*.⁴⁸

The novel's ending confirms that the provisional refuge sought by the subaltern can be found even among a cosmopolitan cast of strangers. In the school where the nuns invite her to teach, Maryam can at last nurture her daughter while also caring for many orphaned children. The narrative ends thus on a peaceful note. As the female refugee strives to overcome the abuse of her body, she is also reconciled with her premature immersion into motherhood. Against a wider backdrop, the fact that in the last panel, entitled *Harvest*, nature's yield comingles crops of plants with a by-now planetary distribution speaks to the vibrant life that can arise in sites removed from the sway of necropolitics.

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NOTES

1. Edna O'Brien, *Girl*, London, Faber, 2019, p. 50.
2. *Ibidem*.
3. *Ibidem*.
4. I am invoking here Georges Bataille's notion of the apprehension of death as resting both in the "horror of annihilation" and in a potential to "accelerate the effusion and exuberance of life," in Fred Botting and Scott Wilson (eds.), *The Bataille Reader*, Oxford, Blackwell, 1999, pp. 242, 255.
5. Adaobi Tricia Nwaubani, "The Women Rescued from Boko Haram Who Are Returning to Their Captors," *The New Yorker*, 20 December 2018, Accessed 2 March 2020.
6. "Nobody's child. Edna O'Brien's new heroine is abducted by Boko Haram," unsigned review in *The Economist*, Volume 432, Issue 9157, 24 August 2019, p. 68. Accessed 3 March 2020.
7. Sean O'Hagan, "Interview. Edna O'Brien: 'I want to go out as someone who spoke the truth'", in *The Guardian*, 25 August 2019, accessed 20 February 2020.
8. Achille Mbembe, *The Postcolony*, Berkeley, Los Angeles and London, University of California Press, 2001, pp. 14-15.
9. See Christian Moraru, "Geocriticism and the 'Reinstating' of Literature," *American Book Review*, Volume 37, Number 6, September/October 2016, pp. 6-7.
10. Using Deleuze and Guattari's notion of the war machine, Mbembe suggests that in the postcolony, where the spectrum of the state of exception looms large, coercion and depredation are the preserve of both official and non-official military formations: "Polymorphous and diffuse organizations, war machines are characterized by their capacity for metamorphosis. [...] The sometimes enjoy complex links with state forms (from autonomy to incorporations. The state may, of its own doing, transform itself into a war machine," in *Necropolitics*, p. 85.
11. The drone is identified by Buki as inaugurating a "new tactic of war," *Ibidem*.
12. Rosi Braidotti, *The Posthuman*, Cambridge, Polity Press, 2013, p. 62.
13. Achille Mbembe, *Necropolitics*, Translated by Steven Corcoran, Durham & London, Duke University Press, 2009, pp. 78, 82.
14. Alex Clark, "Girl by Edna O'Brien review – a masterclass of storytelling," *The Guardian*, 6 September 2019. Accessed 15 April 2020.
15. Mbembe, *The Postcolony*, p. 14.

16. Irene Visser, "Trauma in Non-Western Contexts," in J. Roger Kurtz (ed.), *Trauma and Literature*, Cambridge, Cambridge University Press, 2018, p. 126.
17. "The new technologies of destruction are less concerned with inscribing bodies within disciplinary apparatuses than with inscribing them, when the time comes, within the order of the maximal economy now represented by the 'massacre'." Mbembe, *Necropolitics*, pp. 87, 92.
18. Clark, "Girl," *ibidem*.
19. O'Brien, *Girl*, title page.
20. See Nwaubani, "The Women Rescued," *ibidem*.
21. O'Brien, *Girl*, title page.
22. Visser, "Trauma," p. 125.
23. O'Brien, *Girl*, p. 8.
24. Maryam's essay hinges on the notion of a nature-human assemblage that is perfectly attuned, but may easily be destabilized through warlike action: "In our country we depend on trees for our lives. For shelter in rain and for shade in sun. For food of many kinds. They are our second home. Every part of a tree has its purpose. Some, such as mabogany, have oils that both cool and heal hurt skins. Many have leaves that make a savoury sauce for various dishes. Different leaves are brewed to make different flavoured teas. These induce calmness and help nerves. Then there are fruits so varied, so juicy and so succulent. In the kernel of these fruits other nourishments are hidden away, including a paste to make butter from. No one starves, because the whole year round, our trees anticipate our wants. But the most important aspect of the tree is the Tree Spirit. Ancestors who have died live there and govern lives. They ward off evil. If these sacred trees are harmed or lopped or burnt, ancestors get very angry and sometimes take revenge. Crops fail and people go hungry," O'Brien, *Girl*, p. 24.
25. *Ibidem*, p. 12.
26. *Ibidem*, p. 23.
27. "The colony is thus the site par excellence where controls and guarantees of judicial order can be suspended – the zone where the violence of the state of exception is deemed to operate in the service of 'civilization,'" Mbembe, *Necropolitics*, p. 77.
28. O'Brien, *Girl*, p. 39.
29. Mbembe, *Necropolitics*, p. 79.
30. O'Brien, *Girl*, p. 93.
31. See Braidotti's emphasis on the "bodily roots of subjectivity" in her account of the nomadic "politics of location": "I am arguing that nomadic consciousness is akin to what Foucault called counter-memory; it is a form of resisting assimilation or homologation into dominant ways of representing the self. [...] The nomadic style is about transitions and passages without predetermined destinations or lost homelands. The nomad's relationship to the earth is one of transitory attachment and cyclical frequentation; the antithesis of the farmer, the nomad gathers, reaps, and exchanges but does not exploit," in Rosi Braidotti, *Nomadic Subjects. Embodiment and Sexual Difference in Contemporary Feminist Theory*, New York, Columbia University Press, 1994, p. 25.
32. Mbembe, *Necropolitics*, p. 87.
33. O'Brien, *Girl*, pp. 43-44.
34. Braidotti, *The Posthuman*, p. 122.
35. See, for instance, the image of wildlife being decimated for profit by poachers: "Two men, wild men, in fur-trimmed hats and wadded jackets, stand above me. They carry a long pole, stretching from one shoulder to the far shoulder of the other, with animals tied to it. Hares, rabbits, a monkey with a grinning look and one big animal, its hind legs jutting out and black hairs sprouting from its hooves. It is an antelope. I saw one once in a picture," O'Brien, *Girl*, p. 61.
36. *Ibidem*, p. 33.
37. *Ibidem*.
38. *Ibidem*, p. 32.
39. *Ibidem*, p. 34.
40. *Ibidem*, p. 33.

41. *Ibidem*.
42. *Ibidem*, p. 27.
43. *Ibidem*, p. 26.
44. *Ibidem*.
45. *Ibidem*, p. 73.
46. *Ibidem*, p. 90.
47. Braidotti, Rosi, "Bio-Power and Necropolitics" [published as "Biomacht und nekro-Politik. Überlegungen zu einer Ethik der Nachhaltigkeit", in *Springerin*, Hefte für Gegenwartskunst, 13 (2): 18–23] 2007, <http://www.hum.uu.nl/medewerkers/r.braidotti/files/biopower.pdf> Accessed 2 February 2020.
48. O'Brien, *Girl*, p. 138.