

charukake beja



tell a story

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Time and Space Arts

MFA Thesis Project

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Charukake Beja/Tell A Story

Charukake Beja was exhibited at Cinema Orion
as part of the MFA show, Kuvan Kevät 19
04.05.2019-02.06.2019

Film essay, moving image

Duration: 11'28

Cameras: Black Magic Mini Ursa, iPhone 5S

Other image material: Childhood images from our
family album

Camera assistant: Lauri Elstelä

Sound Designer: Vesa Hoikka

Graphic Designer: Lauri Tiainen

2019 Tammisaari/Helsinki

Supervisors
Tanja Kiiveri

Examinators
Koko Hubara
Meeri Koutaniemi

excerpt from Kuvan Kevät19- catalogue

*Tu chei storyake beji?
Ävä min frögaker ish uda varje shäv.
Min hajeker story-etwe
och voice ewe.*

*Can you tell a story?
It's what I asked from my mom every night.
I loved her stories
and her voice.*

From Bagdad to Tammissaari.
I was six and immediately
I became "the other"
or perhaps spesifically
I already became "the other"
by being born as a Kurd.
Saddam didn't like the Kurds.
He wanted to play war.
It wasn't all fun and games.

I was six and immediately
none of the kids liked me at the kinder garden.
They wanted to play war.

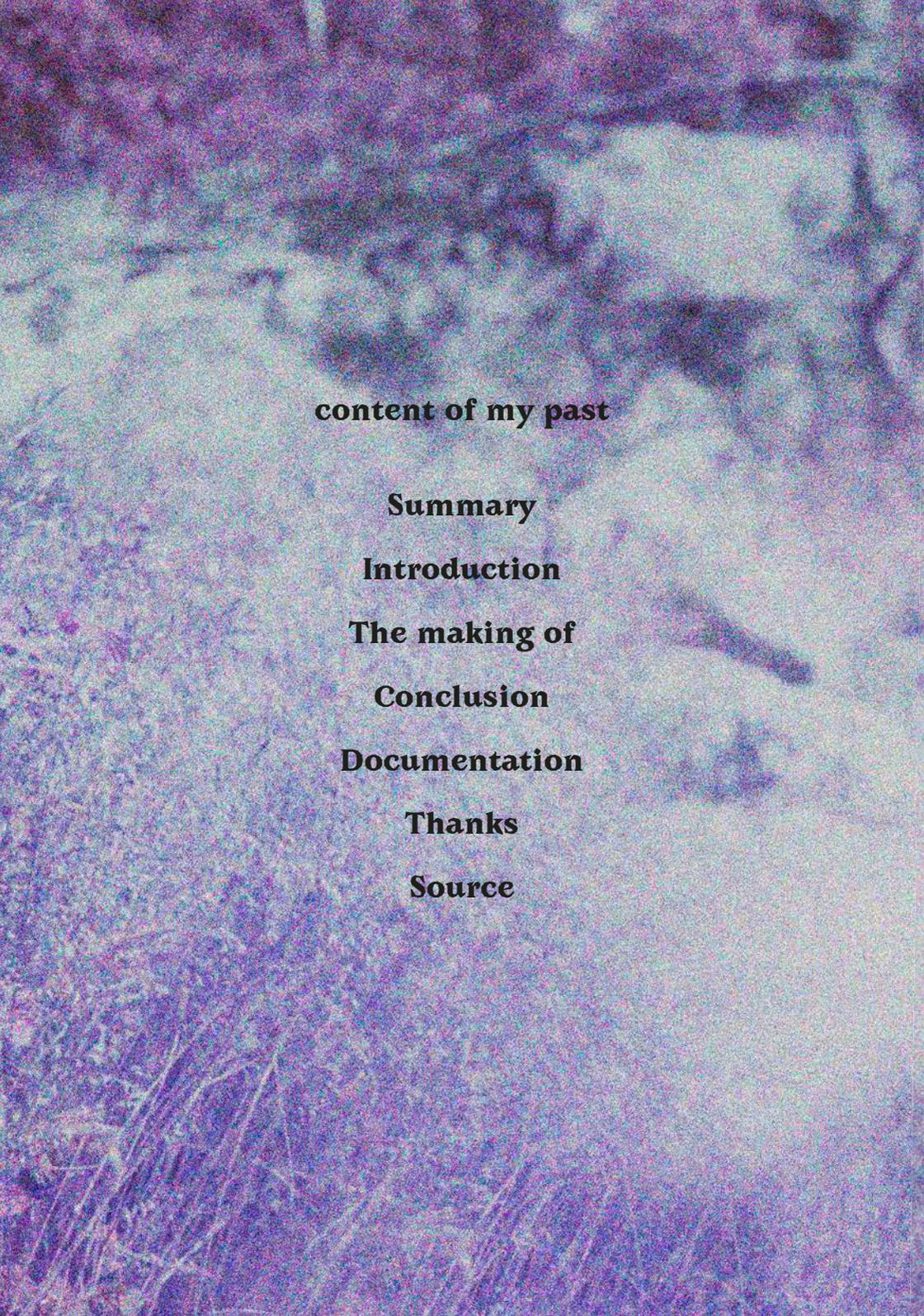
Now, remembering vividly, a moment.

A decision.
Which set my future.

I was swinging
S l o w e d
it down with my feet.
Staring deep into strange trees and thought:
From this day on
i will forget
K u r d i s h
A r a b i c
and Turkish.
I will only learn and speak
Swedish so I will have friends to play with.

This is a story about how language
can define one's identity and how it
has a big part to play within our little
sphere called, family.

Being once a stranger in my native
country,
now against my will a stranger in this
country I call home.



content of my past

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Summary

The essay film, Charukake Beja-Tell A Story, is a short essay film that was exhibited at Cinema Orion. The work was part of Kuvan Kevät MFA show during 4.5-2.6.2019. Besides me, there were three other art students whose works were also video pieces. Cinema Orion had screenings of the works once a week during the exhibition. Kuvan Kevät 2019 had record breaking amount of artists participating in the MFA show, which consisted of 51 artists.

Charukake Beja which translates from the Kurdish language, tell a story, is a dive into a mother and child relationship through code-switching. The languages are integrating into our lives while trying to develop a deeper dialogue only ending up facing an emotional and linguistic barrier. It is an exploration of how to deconstruct this barrier revolving around us. While working on this film I have had struggles to find a narrative that I wanted to represent and also the fear of representing a stereotype of a refugee family.

I wanted to avoid exploiting our traumas because behind every refugee there is a human being. It is also a contradicting emotion because I come from a refugee background.

The process began in January 2019, when I commuted by train regularly to my mother's house located in Tammisaari. The process of making this led me to locations I have not been to in ages and produced intuitive and site-specific materials that can be seen in the film.

Choices of the medium had also a big part while filming this work and how I ended up using main footage material filmed through an iPhone 5S. The tiny device enabled me to get closer to my mother and thus closer to a narrative I wanted to represent.

In the thesis project, I will be talking more about the process of making this film.

As well as how languages form their own subculture and can a location be an object are just one of the subjects that are written in the thesis.

Cultural identity, language, memory, and generational traumas are the main themes that are present in my artistic practice which mediates through moving image, sound art, and installations.

Introduction

Memories as an entity have always intrigued me in my artistic practices as well throughout my whole life. My interest began when I was 7 years old. I started collecting different objects that were hidden, found, and given. This feeling embarked on a movement in me. These cute and strange objects defined my existence therefore I am my objects. I still have them and some of them are even buried around Tammissaari where I used to grow up.

There was no choice other than being a refugee. When you are born in a world where there are people in power dictating your existence, you start to hold on to things that matter. In my case storing birthday cards, teeth, old beans, and plastic pieces of an old 90's tiara.

I guess the objects at the time were also mainly there for me to slowly morph from a Kurdish kid into a "Finlandsvensk", meaning a Finnish Swedish-speaking person who inhabits a particular culture in Finland. It is also a group of a minority existing in Finland for centuries.

The strong need to integrate into society made me make choices. Rather have a deal with myself and my baby brother. We made a pack from that day in 1996 that we would ignore our mother tongue and start only speaking Swedish together.

Tammissaari is mainly a Swedish-speaking town on the southwest coast of Finland. The immigration system put refugees from Kurdistan in Swedish-speaking towns because it is easier to learn Swedish rather than Finnish. Thus, I quickly learned Swedish as my first language in Finland.

A wall was starting to build up between us and our mother. The mother tongue started to ravel and from there time created a new language.

For this Master of Fine artwork, I started playing with the idea of language. Especially the language me and my mother has created. Our little language consists of four different languages such as Kurdish, Arabic, English, and Swedish.

That is to this day still evolving.

I started to think about how can code-switching creates its own sub-culture.

Code-switching is a form of speaking. I wouldn't call it slang language. It is when different languages are spoken at the same time, for example in one sentence. This is a quite common quality amongst refugees and immigrant families.

A sub-culture is formed through foreign words and those words take a different meaning from a sensuous perspective. What I mean by sensuous perspective is how a word tastes like when you are pronouncing them. The Kurdish language compared to the Finnish language differs a lot. You can really taste the meaning of the word when you say it in Kurdish.

For example, "Shirin" (sha-reen) means something sweet while you associate it with a delicacy like Korvapuusti or Baklava. Soil, dirt, and earth are aaqh, the QH part hits in the back of your throat, leaving your tongue at rest. As if you would experience heavy snoring.

You can really feel the fine grains of the soil caressing your throat.

Kurdish language by comparison to Finnish is an older language and behind the language even older social culture. Even though I sense that the Finnish language is also evolving constantly due to cultural changes in society.

Words start to take new forms of expressing oneself.

This was the starting point for my work that later evolved towards my childhood memories and the rekindling of my relationship with my mother. She has for years suffered from schizophrenia which has disturbed our relationship.

The work became important. I wanted to make a physical memory in a form of moving image. That can be presented again and again. Finally, restore it in an archive for the future.

A personal archive.

A language for memories starts to establish.

I am part of a memory that my mother is reciting the past back to me. Of course, I remember happenings, feelings, and establishments of new beginnings through violent events.

Languages are stored in the back of my head. Establishing identity. Barriers are constructed concretely and mentally.

"These soldiers that you see keep our language and our time, but have no other country but the mind."
Only when reciting the memories of our past can I truly be in the present with my mother.

I can only travel back in time with her yet never acknowledge the present. Too painful for her and painful for me when we cannot discuss the feelings of today. All the choices made in the past are molding into the present we live in. There has to be a reset button in my mother's opinion. The acceptance of the present is triggering. The harsh reality of entering into a whole different social culture where you value your individualism. Has been a strange concept for us while growing up here.

Even though my heritage's social culture is rooted in collectiveness, there are still many things that resemble Finnish social culture. I feel that Kurdish people and Finnish people share the same notion of generational trauma due to war. We too have difficulties speaking of them.

We too have sometimes difficulties speaking about our feelings.

Especially now. This present.

The time is still present in my mother's past.

From Mosul to Tammisaari,
Once a stranger in my birth land,
Now a stranger in a land I call home.

Home is a structure I often think about. About what it means to me. The first home I remember was filled with animals such as hens and cats back in Mosul, Iraq.

Sunflowers are taller than my mother. Concrete walls surrounding our front yard.

A pomegranate tree growing next to our date palm tree.

Me and my brother running around the neighborhood not knowing what a kindergarten is. I guess it's the suburban area raising the children.

I even remember my first crush. It was a young kid who sold popsicles in the neighborhood. My mother opened the door and all I saw was a bright silhouette around them holding a cold bag, they looked like a superhero. Smiled and gave me a red popsicle.

The stars filling the dark night is one of my most vivid memories. We used to sleep on the rooftops during the summer due to the heat. We had huge squeaky beds with mesh canvas supported by 4 pillars attached to the beds.

For a 5-year-old it was the first time I began thinking beyond my existence. That the world is vast and full of stories that I have not yet crossed my path. The future seemed bright.

These are the first memories of our first home. A structure that got shaken later and still to this day a quintessential change in my life. Roots that are pulled off from the soil and scattered around in bits of pieces all over. I wonder if we have left a mark in those places as they have left on us.

In a homeland, we, Kurds, became a "bad mark" in the eyes of Saddam Hussein. As if we became an ugly fleck he wanted to cosmetically remove.

Our second home was briefly at a red cross camp. The second home became for a US military person who held me in their arms, reminiscing in tears of their own child back at home. I felt powerless while simultaneously soothing them.

From there we moved to Ankara, Turkey.

Our father left us at a young age. I was probably at the time 4 years old. It was just me, mom, and my baby brother. He left us to arrange a new home somewhere. We thought it was Turkey, but he wasn't there. Living there felt like a hunt. A search for something.

A sense of belonging. These were the dominant emotions hanging on a 5-year-old child's shoulders. Survival was not a choice.

Growing up shortly in Turkey, I learned the language by playing in the streets with other children. The culture was different from how Finnish people let their children play with each other. In Turkey is more acceptable and a vital aspect for letting children grow up and learn from each other in the streets since the adults were also always visiting each other. A culture where you are constantly surrounded by each other. Drinking chai tea till 5 am, eating fruits and nuts. Talking about life in humble surroundings. I still feel very nostalgic about it. Now when I look back it certainly did not raise a feeling of safety, it was just survival.

Am I also living in the past as my mother? Is nostalgia linked with trauma?



I remember the day I decided to forget Kurdish and Arabic

Why do places has to have a name?

Locations as an object intrigue me. A **geomemory**. Different places are filled with my childhood memories.

A trace exists in the memory of the water and soil.

If I am rooted therefore, I must adapt. Even for a split second in this vast universe, a self that has no matter, but from a global perspective, a matter has to belong somewhere.

Locations are objects I can stubbornly hold on to and reminisce through a curious experiment of how it would feel if I would stand and run through the forests on the exact paths I did as a child.

Sometimes, very often, I play with the idea of me traveling to Iraq. I almost wrote back. You can't really go "back" somewhere where you have had progressive detachment formed from early years, I am speaking of being five years old when we moved from Iraq. What is back?

I call it geomemory because there are so many memories buried in the soil of a geographical environment.



Screenshot from
Charukake Beja

The body remembers. Which is a medium I often use in my artistic practice.

The body gets triggered in various familiar and unknown places.

For this purpose, I have planned a movement that would occur in the yellow fields residing next to my father's old neighborhood. Would my body get a trigger? Would my feet remember the familiar paths in the forest? The need to include this in the work was necessary.

I wanted to explore physically my childhood memory.

Memory is in another hand a certain kind of truth. Emotions usually play a key role; they are the defining factors of what has happened in a certain situation. Defining your experiences for the future. My purpose was to question those definitions.

I wanted to redefine my bodily triggers.



Memories have anniversaries.

Bodily memories get triggered for example a year later on the date which something has occurred to them. Heartbreaks can be included in this example. My body can remember the date years later after a heartbreak has occurred, sometimes unknowingly.

Maybe it is something I have carried in the past- triggers become a safety blanket.

They manifest through shaking. The body is getting rid of them, an act of self-preservation.

I often wonder how it would feel to grow up somewhere you have born in. Speaking to strangers with the same mother tongue. Passing through places where my ancestors have been born and grown. A heritage that is passed down generation through generation.

It is also an inspection of the physicality. Would the soils of gravity change something within my body? Would my body remember something I have thought that has been forgotten? It is an envious feeling.

A native Finnish person is already accustomed to that feeling.

Would I feel any different if I would walk on the same street in Iraq I grew up for a short time? Would I feel in a naïve way, "Okay, this is how it must feel, a sense of belonging in a country you were born in? Now I am complete."

What are you supposed to feel?

Mind you. I am not trying to other myself. Or at least consciously. I am also a Finnish Swedish person, it is one of my belongings. There is a hereditary culture within me.

It is in the way I speak of things, joke, and be in silence.

Today I can say I am of many things. Identity is not one thing and something so primitive as speaking, a language, should not define the whole history of a person.

Memories and empathy are not a polarized entity.

These thoughts are deeply rooted in me and merely reflect the mirror of the western societies inhabiting old ideologies of what nations could be and look like. Oblivious to the beauty of complex societies, people, cultures, and religions.

By inhabiting different languages, you create new sounds, new actions, and emotions embedded in words that have been created through geopolitical lenses. In turn, they form new social environments that question the very lines drawn on this soil we call earth.

Change is inevitable. We cannot hold on to things for the sake of nostalgia. Maybe not just nostalgia, but also cultural pollution.

What I mean by cultural pollution is when an idea or a movement has become a tradition people hold on to. Sometimes they don't necessarily hold a purpose anymore. Author Yuval Noah Harari wrote in his book *Homo Deus: A Brief History of Tomorrow* (2015)², had a chapter on the history of lawns. Lawns were derived from French and English aristocrats back in the middle ages. A lawn was made to be gazed at not walked on. Which raises a question, what is their purpose if not feeling the grass beneath your feet?

Western society holds on to old ideologies, mainly in politics. They are afraid of a possible future that reminds them of when refugees outside of western society migrate to Europe. Refugees are a reminder of a group of people who have lost their belongings, their houses, and their countries. That may have happened through war and climate change drying their fertile soil.

It is a capitalistic fear. The fear of material loss. People are their objects and the structure of a home is vague for most.

The idea of this work was not only to revisit the locations where I have an attachment, but also a practice of letting go.

Buildings, locations, and the environment are changing constantly.

The process of locating

Spring of 2019 was a struggle of finding a narrative, and a visual style to fulfill the concept I had. To be honest the beginning of March in Finland is quite horrendous.

It is a whole month of different weather phenomena which seems incapable of deciding in which condition it wants to stay, to be snow or plain puddles of water. To be rainy or sunny. Soil is visible, but nothing yet really grows out of it. The trees are still sleeping. I am still sleeping. The whole nature of South-West Finland is sleeping.

I borrowed the best camera equipment from the school. A Black Magic mini Ursa camera. I just dreaded the idea of filming but felt compelled to. So, I pushed myself a bit harder to travel to my mom's home in Tammissaari. I began filming her regularly doing her own thing. Waking up in the morning, making breakfast, praying.

Nothing really seemed to have a shape or an angle. It became clear that I was not even sure what kind of a story I wanted to tell.

I grew restless, frustrated, and sad. That all the images produced during that time were just as grey and ugly as March. Everything seemed to be in that nature.

A nature that has its own physical laws followed by believing that having an expensive high-quality camera, would naturally become something magical.

A certain frame of "now it looks right". It is true what they say. It is not the eye of the camera, but the eye behind it. Back then it felt that to be taken seriously as an artist, I had to have the best equipment. That I am a professional artist.

I was bound with that nature for a long time and did not seem to give space for failures or the fact that conditions might change in the process of making. I was heavily fixated on how the images and scenes would look like and completely forgot the connection between myself and my mother. The gap increased between us.

Our relationship obviously became distant, because the equipment was large and heavy to grasp my hands around them. The camera. An object interfered.

The object enabled me to think about the structure of being.

Being seen as another. An alien. My structure was built not to fail. It was built for proving myself to others.

This nature had to be unlearned.

One month passed and in April 2019 I found out that my video work would be presented at Cinema Orion in Helsinki. Cinema Orion is one of the oldest cinema theatres in Helsinki. It sounded amazing, but I did not feel my work was meant for a cinema theatre space.

For my video work, I wanted to create a sensuous and intimate space for the viewer. It was meant to be a video installation. I had the idea of installing the space with a video projector covering the whole wall and in the same space, there would be big soft seating pillows. Inviting the viewer to experience a sense of feeling at a Kurdish home. I even played with the idea of serving tea to the viewers.

The original space was supposed to be located at Exhibition Laboratory on Merimiehenkatu 36. The Fine Art Academy also rented extra space in the building next door.

The curator at the time, Suvi Lehtinen, convinced me that Cinema Orion would be a better option. Also, Kuvan Kevät 2019 had a breaking record of art students showing their work in the masters of the fine art show. We were 51 art students. Showing 51 work must have been a hassle. So, I definitely understood why my work amongst the other three had screenings at Cinema Orion.

The location of the screening became a precious memory.

The footage I harvested did not resonate with me. It felt as if I was telling a stereotypical story about my mother and me. A story that most westerners are familiar with regarding the gaze toward middle eastern people and their society.

Perhaps I, myself was estranged from my Kurdish culture. For I have grown up in a western society watching from the media how the west interprets middle east.

At the same time, it felt like I was mystifying my heritage through the lens.

I filmed her in a way that she was always in the distance. It did not make her familiar. Which is interesting. That an object, a camera, can carry a load of emotions that I did not know of carrying. Through the camera, I tried to be the family that we used to be. My gaze through the lens was telling an illusion.

It was then that I realized that we have become strangers to each other.

While integrating into a society conceived feelings of shame towards myself, my roots, and even towards my mother tongue. Later I realized it was constructive racism that has been a huge factor in my childhood. Feeling constantly of otherness has caused many traumas.

These elements built a language barrier between us. We had known each other our whole lives yet somehow imperceptibly we had become strangers toward each other's strange worlds. Finnish Swedish and Kurdish cultures inhabited our home where there seemed no space to form familiarity.



Mom and her grandchild Jasmine

How we became strangers was also due to her mental health issues. She suffers from schizophrenia. It began right after when my father passed away in February 2007.

At first, I did not realize it. I was only 17 years old when it began. It took me 4 years to realize that something is not right with her and with us.

This work became ever more important.

I wanted to have a physical memory of us.

During the process of making this essay film, she has just checked out from the hospital. Seeing her doing well was confusing to me.

Confusing in the sense that she became the mother I have longed for, but my body had constant triggers. Triggers that made me question our relationship. When we had fights I began questioning whether was she acting like a mother or someone who is in a psychosis.

I had to teach my body to be her child and not the parent. The switch of roles was confusing.

I am still learning to be her child.



Which got me thinking about the ethical part of this work. Even though she was doing well and not having psychosis, was it still okay to film her?

Even though I am her child and I need to establish a connection with her through a camera, was it still okay?

Even though she has given me permission, was it still okay?

To this day I ask these ethical questions, which I think every artist should ask themselves regarding any art projects they face.

Is this okay?





He told me that he wasn't an educated man. He referred to himself as an animal. His mother and father left him.



I just want you and the children to stay alive and healthy

Soundscape

Kuvan Kevät's opening is getting closer.

My footage looks cringe-worthy.

I decided to channel my focus elsewhere, on sound. My first instinct was to contact my dear friend, Vesa Hoikka, who has helped me as a sound designer for my previous works, Lullaby, which was a sound installation part of the BFA Show back in 2017.

We had a meeting regarding this work and I expressed that I wish to have one of Fairouz's song, Sa Altak Habibi. Fairouz was a known Lebanese artist, a singer. She was my mother's idol and I grew up listening to her music. Thus her music was important to include in this work.

I was at the time recording my singing which I included in the work. The singing was in lament style that one can often recognize in middle-eastern music. I call it "itkulaulu tyyli", which roughly translates into cry singing style. It is a certain singing style deriving from middle-east (or that is how I am familiar with) that the singer is trying to convey their past and their life.

The singing voice is trembling on purpose as if the singer is almost bursting into tears. The body is shaking and is carrying the stories of ancestors never met.

My choice to sing in this video was a form of a letter to my mother. I felt that she would only hear me through a song.

She loves singing.

The lyrics:

From what should I begin?
Where should I begin?
How should I begin?
Where should I begin?
In this life, you don't know
I don't know
I was never good at talking about my life
I only had my thoughts on my mother when she was ill
Her life x 2
Was not an easy one
In all these years I have only spoken of her
I didn't have a chance
I didn't have time
I didn't have the energy
To focus on me

Vesa Hoikka sound designed the whole video and created a beautiful ambient background.

Chapters in the film

Coming back to a location can be an object. It felt necessary for me to travel back to Tammisaari where my father resided. He used to live next to a field of yellow flowers.

I and my brother spent many fun times on that field and our father took images of us holding arrow bow's that he made for us. The images were included in the film.

I have not been on that field since he passed away. My memories were foggy and untraceable.

I thought that if I ran on the fields I would remember again and my father's presence could be felt.

At the end of the video, there is a performative site-specific action. It started with the dress having the colors white and blue which can be associated with the Finnish flag.

Exploring my cultural identity has always been present in my artistic practice.

I performed intuitively on the field a dance that resembled a middle-eastern dancing style or at least my interpretation of it. It became also another letter to my mother. Maybe she could hear me through my movements that seemed familiar.

My camera assistant, Lauri Elstelä, filmed my performance with a Black Magic mini Urusa camera. I wanted to use the same visual style in my previous footage.

It was 5 days till the opening of the Kuvan Kevät MFA show and the previous week I was having huge anxiety and cried almost every day. The material did not feel comfortable which lead me to a drastic move.

I decided 5 days before the opening to discard almost all of the visual material I have filmed of my mother and use the footage I have found from none other, than my iPhone 5S.

The material was filmed during the process of Kuvan Kevät.

Suddenly everything became clearer. I could see in my mind where to begin the visual narrative, the middle of it, and the ending. iPhone 5S enabled the connection I wanted between me and my mother. iPhone as an object is light and almost invisible. It enabled me to get closer to my mother and she forgot that there was a medium in between.

The material in iPhone 5S consists of my mother when she walks around her yard, showing her flowers and vegetables. Later we sat down on a swing found in her yard and the movement of the swing was the work of both of us. The movement lead us to have meaningful conversations and it enabled me to truly be her child. It made me let my guard down because she made me feel safe and told me that vulnerability is the key in life.

The film has 3 chapters:

- My voiceover is on top of childhood images and the story of new languages being formed from a young age.
- The relationship between me and my mother.
- All this happening in her house in Tammisaari.
- Performative act on the field where my father used to take us to play.

Recollecting my past with my present.

The editing part took me 3 days. I included in the video old images from my childhood where you can hear my voice-over in my code-switching language.

The background audio is from the iPhone 5S material, which enabled the core foundation of this narrative. Throughout the video, there are English subtitles.

After the images comes to the footage that was filmed via iPhone 5S and towards the ending, there is the footage filmed through Black Magic Camera my performance dance.

The choice of rewinding some scenes had a symbolic gesture of going back in time to the field.

Ending with credits.

I handed my file to Sami Van Ingen, who used to teach at the Academy of Fine Arts, in Time and Space department. Sami Van Ingen made a DCP file so it could be screened at Cinema Orion theatre.

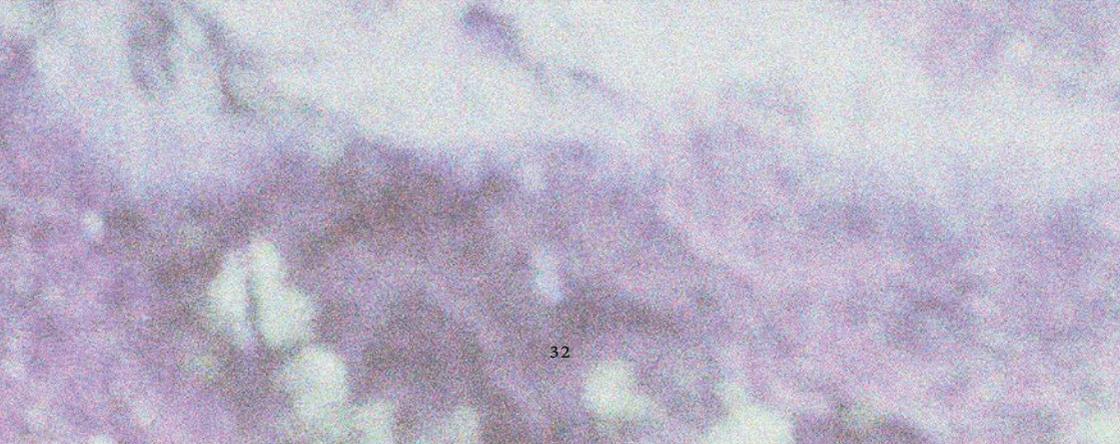
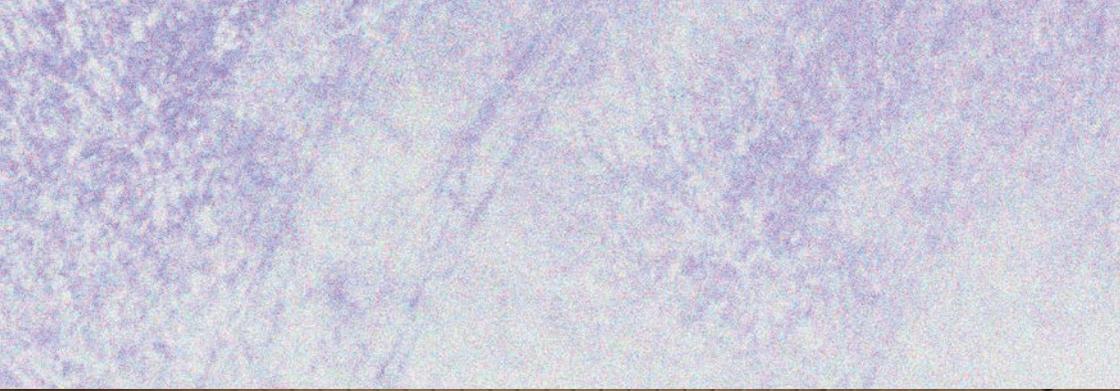
The opening at Cinema Orion was on 4.5.2019.

What made it beautiful was when I took my mother to her first ever cinema theatre experience and the first film she would see was mine and also hers.

It is a precious memory.

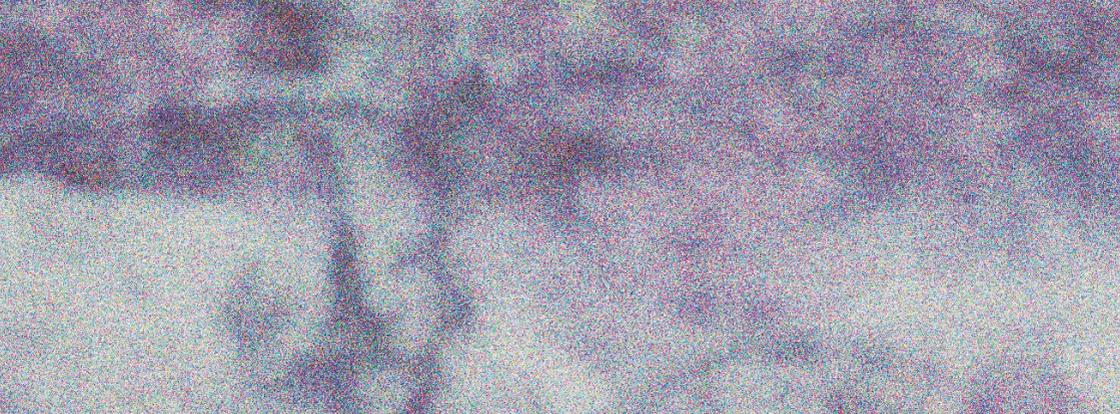


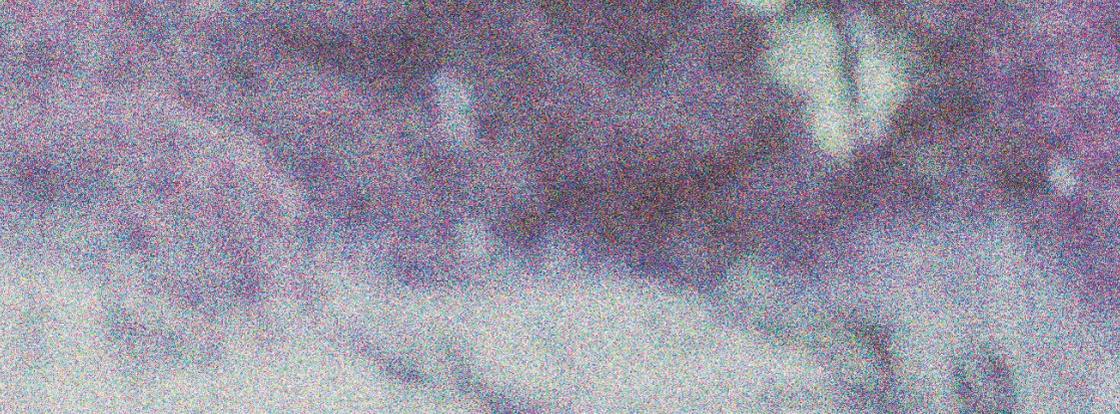






He must pay a lot. Like your dad paid for me.





Only spoken of her





CONCLUSION

During my artistic process at the Fine Art Academy, I have unknowingly been decolonizing my artistic practice as well as a therapeutic means for my traumas to get healed through creating art.

There have been echoes in the past saying:

“Does my voice have a right?”

Even though I came as a refugee but grown up in Finland. Can I still make a refugee narrative?”

The echoes derive from xenophobia and racism which I have experienced in Finland.

During the process of making this film, thoughts on ethical questions came up quite often. Even though she is my mother who suffers from a great deal of mental health issues and even with her permission, was it still okay to film her?

This comes to the question of exploiting one’s suffering.

That somehow is the standard myth of being an artist.
One must suffer to make art.

While creating this artwork I have also learned better to understand myself and my heritage. It feels that I have found a voice I am not ashamed of showing. I have learned how to be critical and what representation means in my artistic practice.

Special thanks

I would like to thank my father, who decided Finland would be our asylum. It would be either Finland or New Zealand.

Big thanks to my mother who has always been there for me even in her psychosis.

Especially granting me the freedom to study art. Honestly, she had no saying in this, but the support means a great lot.

Thank you Kuvataideakatemia for the 9 years. I have grown up here, learned a lot, and made precious memories with you. It has given me a feeling of community and I have found my tribe here.

I would especially thank a visiting professor and artist Annika Von Hausswolff, who believed in me and was a mentor to me. As well thanks to Tanja Kiiveri, Sami Van Ingen, Salla Tykkä and Jaana Kokko.

I could not have been doing what I do without the dearest technicians of Time and Space, Sami Kustila and Joakim Pusenius. Sami has been a great supporter and has become a dear friend.

Thank you for all these years friends.

Source material

1. Stanley Kubrick's film, Fear and Desire, 1953
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fear_and_Desire
2. Yuval Noah Harari, Homo Deus: A Brief History of Tomorrow, 2015
https://pubhtml5.com/aoj/ungd/Homo_Deus_A_Brief_History_of_Tomorrow_-_Yuval_Noah_Harari/69





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2022