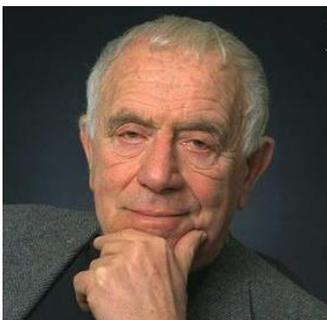


Lingering Memories in Katamon

A literary and historical tour to the San Simon Monastery through streets and parks that treasure memories of victories and sorrow



Yehuda
Amichai
1924 -2000



Yoram Kanyuk
1930 - 2013



Meir Shalev
1948



Shaul
Tchernichovsky
1875 - 1943

Meir Shalev

Bestselling Israeli Novelist & Writer

“Shalev delivers both startling imagery and passionate, original characters whose destinies we follow through love, loss, laughter and death” ” –NY Times Book Review

One of Israel’s most celebrated novelist, Meir Shalev was born in 1948 in Nahalal, Israel’s first moshav. He is a bestselling author in Israel, Holland, and Germany; and he has been translated into more than twenty languages.

A Pigeon and a Boy - During the 1948 War of Independence--a time when pigeons are still used to deliver battlefield messages--a gifted young pigeon handler is mortally wounded. In the moments before his death, he dispatches one last pigeon. The bird is carrying his extraordinary gift to the girl he has loved since adolescence. Intertwined with this story is the contemporary tale of Yair Mendelsohn, who has his own legacy from the 1948 war. Yair is a tour guide specializing in bird-watching trips.

Yoram Kaniuk

A writer of remarkable gifts...highly original and richly complicated.

– The New York Review of Books

(1930-2013) was one of Israel’s leading writers. After being wounded in Israel’s 1948 War of Independence, he moved to New York for 10 years. A novelist, painter, and journalist, Kaniuk published many novels, memoirs, short stories, nonfiction, and books for children and young adults.

1948

Sixty years after fighting in Israel’s War of Independence, Yoram Kaniuk tries to remember what exactly did – and did not – happen in his time as a teenage soldier in the Palmach. The result is a touchingly poignant and hauntingly beautiful memoir that the author himself considers a work of fiction, for what is memory but one’s own story about the past?

Shaul Tchernichovsky

Shaul Tchernichovsky (1875-1943) was born in Mikhailovka, Russia, and grew up in a religious home that was open to the ideas of the Enlightenment and Zionism. He was especially interested in languages and his study of German, French, English, Greek and Latin enabled him later to translate extensively.

In Odessa in the 1890s, he was drawn to Zionist and Hebrew literary circles. His first poems were published in Krakow in 1892. Tchernichovsky studied medicine in Heidelberg. At the outbreak of World War I, he was drafted and served as an army doctor. Tchernichovsky made Aliya in 1934 and moved to Jerusalem in 1936 for the rest of his life.

God has Pity on Kindergarten Children

Yehuda Amichai

God has pity on kindergarten children
He pities schoolchildren – less.
But adults He pities not at all.
He abandons them,
and sometimes they have to crawl on all
fours
in the scorching sand
to reach the dressing station ,
Streaming with blood.

But perhaps
He will have pity on those who love truly
and take care of them
and shade them
Like a tree over the sleeper on the public
bench.

Perhaps even we will spend on them
our last pennies of kindness
Inherited from mother,
So that their own happiness will protect us
Now and on other days.

אלוהים מרחם יהודה עמיחי

אלוהים מרחם על ילדי הגן
פחות מזה על ילדי בית הספר
ועל הגדולים לא ירחם עוד ישאירם לבדם
ולפעמים יצטרכו לזחול על ארבע
בחול הלוהט כדי להגיע
והם שותתי דם אל תחנת האיסוף

אולי על האוהבים באמת
ייתן רחמים ויחוס ויצל
כאילן על הישן בספסל
שבשדרה הציבורית

אולי להם גם אנחנו נוציא
את מטבעות החסד האחרונות
שהורישה לנו אימא כדי שאושרם יגן עלינו
עכשיו ובימים האחרים

Let the Memorial Hill Remember – Yehuda Amichai

Let the memorial hill remember instead of me,
that's what it's here for. Let the park in-memory-of remember,
let the street that's-named-for remember,
let the well-known building remember,
let the synagogue that's named after God remember
let the rolling Torah scroll remember, let the prayer
for the memory of the dead remember. Let the flags remember
those multicolored shrouds of history: the bodies they wrapped
have long since turned to dust. Let the dust remember.
Let the dung remember at the gate. Let the afterbirth remember.
Let the beasts of the field and birds of the heavens eat and
remember.
Let all of them remember so that I can rest.

שהר הזיכרון יזכור במקומי/יהודה עמיחי
שהר הזיכרון יזכור במקומי,
זה תפקידו. שהגן לזכר יזכור,
שהרחוב על שם יזכור,
שהבניין הידוע יזכור,
שבית התפילה על שם אלוהים יזכור,
שספר התורה המתגלגל יזכור,
שהזכור יזכור. שהדגלים יזכרו,
התכריכים הצבעוניים של ההיסטוריה, אשר
הגופים שעטפו הפכו אבק. שהאבק יזכור.
שהאשפה תזכור בשער. שהשליה תזכור.
שחית השדה ועוף השמים יאכלו ויזכרו,
שכולם יזכרו, כדי שאוכל לנוח.

1948

Yoram Kanyuk

Throughout the days of the fighting I didn't think. I didn't make plans. I did what I was told and took initiative only when there was no choice and we had to improvise. I was told to sleep, I slept. I was told to get up, I got up. They gave out food, I ate. When they didn't, I wasn't hungry. It was evidently true that they put sodium bicarbonate in the small quantity of water we were given to drink because I didn't think about girls, who a year earlier had devoured me with their budding femininity. I remembered that there had been absolutely nothing inside my battered skull. We were like kids, so shamefully young, volunteers, we were boors, partisans. Except for me there weren't any youngsters who had previously worked in youth movements – they would be called up later, after we'd finished establishing a state for them. We were just one from here and another from there, we still had no documents whatsoever, except for Palestinian birth certificates, which of course we didn't carry with us. So why had I remained in that parched hole and why hadn't I gone home while the siege had not yet been tightened? Why hadn't I gone home? After all, nobody would have known what had happened to me and anyway, there was no time to think, and they would surely have assumed I'd been captured by the Jordanians or died and been buried in a forlorn grave "known only to God," the way the gravestones were inscribed in the field of the dead in Trumpeldor Street in Tel Aviv, and perhaps they'd find my body if I had indeed died someplace where no one imagined I'd be. I was a fool who'd gone off to be a valiant soldier and smite the enemy. That's what I was. Had I enlisted so early, at seventeen and a half, because I was a hero or was it because I was scared and had run away from something? And if so, from what?

.....

I knew that aboard the small ships at sea there were thousands of homeless Holocaust survivors unwanted by any country, and I'd read that three years earlier Herr Goebbels had said that if the Jews were so clever and so talented, and played so beautifully, how was it that no country wanted them, and I remember it sticking in my craw and I wanted to take part in bringing those Jews here. Was that truly the real reason I enlisted in November 1947, a short time before the United Nations resolution on the partition of Palestine? What I do remember is that one day, in the first semester in twelfth grade at the Tichon Hadash High School.....I left that sweet school with an adage that even I didn't believe, that we wouldn't drive the British

out with cube roots, and I volunteered for the Palyam * because I said I'd bring the survivors to our country's shores and didn't really think about where the boats carrying them would come to.....And even before that, our absurd teachers had gone on at us and stuffed our minds with building and being built in the Land of Israel, but we didn't really understand what it meant. After all, we were born here. With the thistles. With the jackals. With the carts harnessed to blinkered mules, and the prickly pears, and the pomegranates, and the cypresses with their beautiful foliage, so how do you actually build and be built? Here and there one heard talk of a Jewish state. The concept of "state" didn't ring true, it didn't sound real, since when, after two thousand years, had our people had a state? And what kind of a state would it be? What would this little state be like? Liechtenstein, the Congo? And what, would Ben-Gurion wear a top hat and stand on a box like Herzl on the balcony in Basel so as to look tall? And would a Jewish policeman blow a whistle or a shofar, a ritual ram's horn?

In an old volume hidden behind my father's German books – highlighted in red ink and written in the cursive Rashi script he liked to use with that latent spark of a Galician Jew who thought he'd been born in Berlin and who sometimes sang Jewish prayers between Schubert and Brahms lieder – I found the story about the Rabbi of Ladi who fought a historic battle with the Rabbi of Konitz over the possible conquest of Moscow by Napoleon.That's what happened to us. We went off to bring Jews by sea and ended up establishing a state in the Jerusalem hills. It's a mistake to think that we fought for the establishment of this state. How were we to know how you establish a state? Had anybody done it before us? Nonsense, a Jewish state was the blast snatched from the shofar of others, and yes, somehow with the power of a miracle that was actually the act, the sound of the shofar reached its destination. The first thing we know about the history of our people was the patriarch Abram fleeing from his homeland because he heard God, not Moses's god but another Canaanite god, say to him, Get thee out of thy country! So how could we know what love of country is? And of all the peoples in the world that didn't think of fleeing from their homeland for two thousand years, we should suddenly become a people that loves a land of its own, that isn't its own, and establish a state in it? We're a people of suitcases, of wandering, of yearning for a place we were never in.So we'll build a state of nomads? We – the serfs of the Almighty, whom we despised, for whom "Abroad" was the name of some country, and we only knew about real countries from our stamp collections, and for us, because of the stamps' size and beauty, Luxembourg was bigger than the United States, and if we'd learned anything about countries we'd learned how to aspire to one but not how to establish it, especially if it were to be created in a hostile region like ours – we would establish it?

Sixteen

I don't remember when we went out to the slaughter mistakenly called the Battle of Saint Simeon's Monastery. I didn't take part in the first attack. I think I'd been asked to sort ammunition and I remember feeling guilty about not being there. Some of my friends were and one of them came back and gave me a watch that belonged to a guy who'd died, because mine was broken, and the watch that belonged to the dead friend had a leather cover so it wouldn't shine in the dark. I did take part in the second attack, a few hours later. Perhaps we'd come from a building on the fringes of the Katamon neighborhood in Jerusalem, or Givat Shaul in West Jerusalem, or from the Valley of the Cross. We'd apparently waited. I remember a mess of charred bushes, shells, a thorny bush pricking me, the roar of vehicles from afar, grave-looking stone buildings, and gunfire. We charged and were shelled and took rifle and machine-gun fire, and I'd reached a green-shuttered building adjacent to the monastery. The firing intensified. There was a lofty coppice of pine trees. All I could think of was that the poet Tschernichovsky's wife had lived in the monastery. I remember shouting and more gunfire. There was a terrace, and we lay by it, and after a while went up or down and I'd somehow reached the building with the green shutters, where a fire broke out whose stench was awful, and we took the building and then the monastery. I saw somebody walking through the smoke, and an Arab armored vehicle fired on us as we went in, and then another one. Every time shrapnel hit one of the monastery bells it tolled as if we were at a funeral in a small American town. After the battle, which I don't remember, we took over the monastery and, I think, two adjoining buildings, one of which was apparently the one with the green shutters. The assault on us intensified and now we were under siege. We were surrounded by a determined enemy firing with everything they had. And they had a lot. We had bubkes, nothing — a few mortars and Williams machine guns. I remember terror and how Rafal — Rafael Eitan — who later became chief of the general staff, was wounded and that I helped him into a chair on a table so he could carry on firing. Somebody yelled at him to stop and let the medic attend to him, and with a wail he'd shouted, but I'm killing the enemy!

I was lightly wounded, and then ran out of ammunition. Shklar the medic, who was a Holocaust survivor, though I don't remember how he came to our battalion, rescued a body from the other side of the courtyard because he saw the enemy approaching and was afraid they'd start mutilating it, and then ran from one wounded man to the next, and stopping by me, smiled, gave me some ammunition, and I carried on firing. After a while Dado our commander came in and took me and another guy outside. I've no idea why.

There was a cloister, with just a few meters separating us from the enemy, and we had to run between the low wall and the monastery building. It was like being in a tunnel of death, and people were dropping every minute, dead or wounded. I saw two young women in the entrance. They said they were nuns. I didn't remember seeing them earlier. Dado ran upward and I looked for a cigarette. Somebody fired at me and I crouched. The bullet hit one of the women who'd said they were nuns. I looked at her. The shot shook her body. Her gray dress was cut to ribbons. Someone yelled at me to come up, then he died and fell at my feet. All this time we could hear the savage screams of the attackers. A pall of smoke rose from the flames. I went back down again because somebody called me, but he fell, wounded. When I got back the nun's clothing had been pulled up. That was the first time I'd seen female nudity.

Kaniuk, Yoram (2012-11-27). 1948 (Kindle Locations 1719-1727). New York Review Books. Kindle Edition.

Meir Shalev - A Pigeon and a Boy

Chapter One 1

AND SUDDENLY," said the elderly American man in the white shirt, "suddenly, a pigeon flew overhead, above that hell." Everyone fell silent. His unexpected Hebrew and the pigeon that had alighted from his mouth surprised all present, even those who could not understand what he was saying. "A pigeon? What pigeon?" The man – stout and suntanned as only Americans can be, with moccasins on his feet and a mane of white hair on his head – pointed to the turret of the monastery. Many years had passed, but there were a few things he still remembered about the terrible battle that had taken place here. "And forgetting them," he declared, "is something I'll never be able to do." Not only the fatigue and the horror, not only the victory – "A victory that took both sides by surprise," he noted – but also the minor details, the ones whose importance becomes apparent only later: for one, the stray bullets – or perhaps they were intentional – that struck the bell of the monastery on occasion – "Right here, this very bell" – and then the bell would ring sharply, an odd sound that sank, then abated, but continued to resound in the darkness for a long while. A strange sound. Sharp at first, and high-pitched, like even the bell was surprised; then it got weaker, in pain but not dead, until the next shot hit it. One of our wounded guys said, 'Bells are used to getting hit from the inside, not the outside.'

He smiled to himself as though he had only just understood. His teeth were bared, and even those were terribly white, as only elderly American teeth can be. "But what about the pigeon? What kind of a pigeon was it?" "I'm ninety-nine percent sure it was a homing pigeon, a Palmach carrier pigeon. We'd been fighting all night, and in the morning, two or three hours after sunrise, we saw it suddenly lifting off" This Hebrew he had unleashed, without prior warning, was good – in spite of his accent – but his use of the term homing pigeon in English sounded more pleasant and proper than its Hebrew equivalent, even if the bird in question did belong to the Palmach. "How could you be sure?" "A pigeon handler was assigned to us, a pigeon expert with a little dovecote – that's what it was called – on his back. Maybe he managed to dispatch the bird before he was killed, or maybe the dovecote busted and the bird flew away" "He was killed? How?" "How? There was no lack of how to get killed here – all you had to do was choose: by a bullet or shrapnel, in the head or the stomach or that major artery in your thigh. Sometimes it was right away and sometimes it was real slow, a few hours after you got hit." His yellow eyes pierced me. "Amazing, isn't it?" he said, chuckling. "We went to battle with homing pigeons, like in ancient Greece." 2 AND SUDDENLY, above that hell, the fighters saw a pigeon. Born from bulbs of smoke, delivered from shrouds of dust, the pigeon rose, she soared. Above

the grunts and the shouts, above the whisper of shrapnel in the chill of the air, above the invisible paths of bullets, above the exploding grenades and the barking rifles and the pounding cannons. A plain-looking pigeon: bluish-gray with scarlet legs and two dark stripes like those of a prayer shawl adorning the wings. A pigeon like a thousand others, like any other pigeon. Only an expert's ears could pick up on the power of those beating wings, double that of normal pigeons; only an expert's eyes could discern the width and the depth of the bird's breast, or the beak that carries forth the slant of the forehead in a straight line, or the characteristic light-colored swelling where it meets the head. Only the heart of a pigeon fancier could grasp and contain the longing that has collected inside such a bird and determined its course and forged its strength. But already his eyes had grown dim, his ears had fallen deaf, his heart had emptied and was still. Only she remained – the pigeon – her yearning for home, his final wish. Up. First and foremost, up. Above the blood, above the fire and the columns of smoke. Above the wounded, their flesh riddled, torn, burnt, and silent. Above those whose bodies will remain intact but whose souls have been extinguished. Above those who have died and who, with the passing of many days, will die once again with the deaths of those who remembered them. Up. Aloft and distant, to where the gunfire will become a faint ticking and the shouts will fall mute and the smell will dissipate and the smoke will clear, and the dead will appear one like the other as if cast from a single mold, and the living will take their leave of them, each man to his destiny, wondering what they did right to deserve to live, and what their comrades – lying now before them – did wrong that they deserved to die. And then a quick look to the sides, and homeward, in a straight line, as homing pigeons fly Homeward, her heart fluttering but courageous, golden eyes frightened but fully open, missing no helpful topographical detail..... The small, rounded head, full of yearning and memories: the loft, the pigeonhole, the cooing of a mate, the warm scent of the nest and brooding. The hand of a young woman passing over the feeding trough, the tinkling of seeds in the young woman's box calls her, the woman's gaze scans the heavens awaiting her, and her words – “Come, come, come” – invite and comfort. “Not only me. We all saw it,” the elderly American said. “They must have, too, because all the weapons fell silent for a moment. Ours and theirs. Not a single gun fired, no grenades exploded, and all the mouths stopped shouting. It was so quiet that we heard the bird's wings beating the air. For a single moment every eye and every finger was following that bird as she did what we all wanted to do: make her way home.” “After all, that's what she was: a homing pigeon. That's all she wants and all she knows. She took off, didn't make that big circle in the air you always read about in books, the one that homing pigeons make before they figure out the right direction to take. She just flew straight out of there, no delay like an arrow shot in that

direction – northwest, if I’m not mistaken; yes, according to the time of day and the sun, I’m correct. Right in that direction. You wouldn’t believe how fast she disappeared.” And below, the fingers returned to their triggers and the eyes to their scopes, and the gun barrels resumed their thunder and the mouths their groaning and gaping and gulping of air, their bellowing, and their gasping of last breaths.

And the pigeon handler? You said he was killed. Did you see where exactly?” Those eyes settled on me again, the yellow eyes of a lion. One large, tanned hand wrapped itself around my shoulders; another large, tanned hand rose in the air and pointed.

“Where? Show me exactly” He tilted his aged head downward to mine, just as all the tall people in my life do when speaking to short ones. “There. Between the edge of the grass and the children on the swings. You see? There was a small stone shack there, no more than six or seven feet on either side, a kind of gardener’s toolshed. – God knows why or how – he made it out and got himself over there, which is where we found him when it was all over.”

4. THE OLD LION was lying in wait on an armchair in the corner of the lobby, alert and smelling of aftershave. “I’ve been waiting for you,” he said as he rose to greet me.....I wanted to thank you,” he said. “I hadn’t been back to most of those places since then, and I thought it was going to be tough for me.” “Well, certainly not as tough as back then, during the war.” “You’d be surprised, but in some ways it was easier then. I was a colt, really eager to see battle, ready to take on anything and quick to heal. I was just what a war wants its soldiers to be: a guy without a potbelly or a brain or kids or memories.” “So where was it most difficult for you today? At the cemetery or the monastery?” “The monastery At least at the cemetery there was one good thing: they’re dead but I’m still alive. Once upon a time I felt guilty about that, but not anymore.” “He’s buried there too,” I said.

“Who is?” “The guy you told me about today, the pigeon handler who went to battle with you guys and got killed.” “The Baby!” he cried. “That’s the reason I’ve been waiting for you here. To tell you I remembered: we all called him the Baby” And when you recall his name, can you picture him, too?” “His face? Not really more the image – kind of blurry without all the features. But it’s him all right. He was called the Baby because he was short and chubby, and someone from the Jordan Valley told us that’s what he was called at school and on his kibbutz.

"He really was called the Baby," I said, putting a stop to his prattle. "And the pigeon you were talking about this afternoon really was one of his." "I see you've taken a great interest in that pigeon handler," said the elderly American Palmachnik. "Did you know him?" "How could I? I wasn't even born then." "So what's your connection to him?"

"I'm interested in homing pigeons," I told him. "Maybe because I've taken visiting bird-watchers around the country in search of migrating birds." The gold in his eyes faded to blue, his wrinkles softened, and his expression grew friendlier, as if he wished to recount more and, without knowing it, to offer consolation as well – to explain and to heal. "We won the battle at the monastery by a hair," he said, "and with major casualties and wounded. Even a few poor nuns got killed. Among the living there was a kind of a joke about it: like us, the nuns died for Jerusalem; like us, they died virgins. We fought right through the night, and when the sun rose, instead of encouraging us it filled us with despair. In the light of day we could see they had more and more reinforcements, and an armored vehicle with a machine gun and a cannon, and worst of all, we could see the true color of our wounded and we knew who might live and who was sure to die. We had so many down that we'd already begun to wonder what would happen if the order was given to retreat: who would we take with us and what would we do with the ones we couldn't. And then, like some heaven-sent miracle, the transmitter started working again and announced that the Arabs had started beating a hasty retreat from the whole area, with their commander at the lead, and we should just hold on a little longer. What can I tell you? In the end we won, but it was one of those victories where the winner is more surprised than the loser." "Well, at least you were happy about it, right?" "We didn't have the time or energy for rejoicing.

"What about the pigeons?" I asked. He removed his hand. Grief and relief mingled one with the other. "The little dovecote he carried on his back had been shattered to pieces, and there were two dead pigeons on the floor. The third one was gone; that was apparently the one I told you about when we were there today" To my great distress, he began to hum the tune to a song I had heard my mother sing many times: To silence the cannon yields / in abandoned killing fields. He said, "And it was a beautiful, special kind of a day; only later we realized it was the First of May, and there was this bird rising up above all that hell, that valley of death. She'd been lucky the dovecote got smashed – that's how she managed to escape." "She didn't escape," I told him. "He dispatched her. He did manage to do something before he died." The man was astonished. "Who told you such a thing?"

“There’s no other possibility that’s the only way the facts fit together.” “What do you mean he sent her? With a letter to headquarters?”

“He didn’t send her,” I corrected him. “He dispatched her. ‘Dispatch is the correct word for pigeons, and that is precisely what he did, like Noah in the ark: And he dispatched a dove, and the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned to him into the ark.’” “And what about that pigeon? What happened to her?” “He sent it to his girlfriend in Tel Aviv”

“God,” the elderly American Palmachnik from Petah-Tikva said. “What are you trying to tell me? That that’s what he managed to do with the last moments of his life? To send a pigeon to his girlfriend in Tel Aviv?” I said nothing, and he grew agitated. “And what exactly did he write her from there: Hello, I’m dead?”

Shalev, Meir. A Pigeon and a Boy: A Novel (Kindle Locations 41-45). Knopf Doubleday Publishing Group. Kindle Edition.

Creed Shaul Tchernichovsky

Rejoice, rejoice now in the dreams
I the dreamer am he who speaks
Rejoice, for I'll have faith in mankind
For in mankind I believe.

For my soul still yearns for freedom
I've not sold it to a calf of gold
For I shall yet have faith in mankind
In its spirit great and bold

That will cast off binding chains
Raise us up, hold high our heads
Workers will not die of hunger
For souls – release, for poor folk – bread.

Rejoice for I have faith in friendship
I'll find a heart – in this I've faith –
A heart that shares in all my hopes,
A heart that feels both joy and pain.

And I shall keep faith in the future,
Though the day be yet unseen
Surely it will come when nations
All live in blessed peace.

Then my people too will flourish
And a generation shall arise
In the land, shake off its chains
And see light in every eye.

It shall live, love, accomplish, labor
In the land it is alive
Not in the future, not in heaven –
And its spirit shall henceforth thrive.

A poet shall sing a new anthem,
His heart aware of beauty sublime
For him, that young man, above my tomb
Blossoms in a wreath shall twine.

Written in Odessa in 1892. Translated from Hebrew by Vivian Eden.

אני מאמין
שאול טשרניחובסקי
שחקי, שחקי על החלומות,
זו אני החולם שח.
שחקי כי באדם אאמין,
כי עודני מאמין בו.

כי עוד נפשי דרור שואפת,
לא מכרתיה לעגל-פז,
כי עוד אאמין גם באדם,
גם ברוחו, רוח עז.

רוחו ישליך: כבלי-הבלי,
רוממונו כמתי-על;
לא ברעב זמות עוד,
דרור – לנפש, פת – לדל.

שחקי כי גם ברעות אאמין,
אאמין כי עוד אמצא לב,
לב – תקוותי גם תקוותיו,
יחוש אשר, יבין כאב.

אאמינה גם בעתיד,
אף אם ירחק זה היום,
אף בוא לבוא – ישאו שלום
אז וברכה לאם מלאם.

ישוב יפרח אז גם עמי,
ובארץ יקום דור,
ברזל-כבלי יוסר מנו,
עין-בעין יראה אור.

יחיה, יאהב, יפעל, יעש,
דור בארץ אמןם חי,
לא בעתיד, בשמים –
חיי-רוח לו אין די.

אז שיר חדש ישיר משורר,
ליפי ונשגב לבו ער;
לו, לצעיר, מעל קברי
פרחים ילקטו לזר.