

NOVEMBER 16-22, 2025

SUNDAY POST

HERE . NOW



WORLD TELEVISION DAY NOVEMBER 21

TUBE TURNS TIMELESS

COVER STORY

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Sonali Sharmisstha Mohanty is among the few Odias to achieve national recognition. From a quiet village in Jaipur to being a celebrated actress across film industries, her rise has been phenomenal. Since 2017, she has starred in TV serials, ads, and indie films. Her role in 'Swaha – In the Name of Fire' won her Best Actress at New York's SRFF. Her body of works includes 'Shamshera', 'The Jengaburu Curse', 'Jajabara 2.0', 'Baby John', 'Delhi Crime Season 2', and major ad campaigns. When not working, Sonali loves traveling and discovering new cultures



With mother

Coffee, music & movies

My perfect Sunday starts with a leisurely morning, a cup of coffee, soulful music, and perhaps a good book or film. Later, I'd take a long walk in nature or by the beach.

Soulful break

Sundays are for unwinding and recharging. I start the day with meditation or music, setting a peaceful tone for a relaxing day ahead.

Cooking: My creative outlet

I enjoy exploring new cuisines and flavours. Cooking serves as my creative outlet, though not a daily habit; I always savour the process when I get the chance.

Embracing stillness

I savour meaningful moments with family and friends, and at times, I find joy in the tranquility of simply doing nothing, embracing the stillness.

Wanderlust diaries

I love traveling and discovering new cultures. Whenever I have free time, I immerse myself in exploring different places and experiencing the uniqueness each offers.



ANISHA KHATUN, OP

During screening of *A Life Inside Me*



WhatsApp This Week

Only on Sunday POST!

Send in your most interesting WhatsApp messages and memes at: features.orissapost@gmail.com
And we will publish the best ones

THE BEST MEMES OF THIS ISSUE

- The person who invented the door knock won the Nobel prize.
- By the time you learn the rules of life, you're too old to play the game.
- Give a man a gun and he will rob a bank. Give a man a bank and he will rob everyone.
- Hard work never killed anyone, but why take the chance?

Historic ties

Sir, This refers to the write-up Kalinga-Bali: Oceanic Echoes by Dr Srimanta Mishra highlighting the historic ties between erstwhile Kalinga and island nation Bali. No wonder, on Kartika Purnima, Cuttack's riverfront becomes a living scroll: thousands float paper boats, re-creating the Kalinga mariners who once rode monsoon winds to Bali. Those Sadhaba sailors carried turmeric, muslin and terracotta, bartering for Balinese pepper and pearls; they returned with nutmeg saplings tucked beside images of Jagannath. Today, Balinese dancers still perform the same "Boita Bandana" hand-gesture—palms joined, then opened like sails—proof of the shared ritual. At Bali Yatra stalls, the aroma of Balinese satay mingles with Odia mughlai; currency replicas show the 9th-century "Kalinga" silver coins that circulated in both harbours. When fireworks sparkle over the Mahanadi, elders whisper that across the Java Sea, Balinese priests still light similar lamps for the same full moon, binding two shores separated by ocean yet stitched by memory, trade and faith.

DEEPAK ACHARYA, CUTTACK

LETTERS

A word for readers

Sunday post is serving a platter of delectable fare every week, or so we hope. We want readers to interact with us. Feel free to send in your opinions, queries, comments and contributions to

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WORLD TELEVISION DAY NOVEMBER 21

TUBE TURNS TIMELESS

From rabbit-ear antennas to 4K streams, TV keeps reinventing itself while still gathering us around shared stories, live moments and flickering memories that outlast every upgrade. It shows that the screen may change shape but its power to connect, comfort and captivate never goes out of date



ANISHA KHATUN, OP

There was a time, not too long ago, when television offered a treasure trove of experiences that weren't so easily accessible. The magic of appointment viewing, a phrase that now feels like a relic of the past was at the heart of Sunday mornings. Back then, families gathered in front of their televisions, eagerly awaiting the new episode of their favourite cartoon, drama, or sitcom. The ritual was more than just watching TV; it was an event. No remote buttons to skip ahead, no choice of what to watch next. The anticipation was palpable. With each commercial break, the suspense deepened, and the show became more than just entertainment, it became an emotional connection. We felt a part of something larger, as if the world was collectively waiting for that same moment.

Today, we live in the age of instant access, where binge-watching has replaced the anticipation of weekly episodes.

sodes. Entire seasons are available in one click. The magic of waiting for a new episode to air has been replaced with the luxury of watching ten episodes in a row. Streaming platforms offer endless choices, and with them comes an overwhelming sense of immediacy. "Next episode" is just a button away, and the thrill of waiting has all but disappeared. While the convenience is undeniable, one has to wonder if something has been lost in this fast-paced, on-demand world.

With World Television Day approaching, a few people share with **Sunday POST** their reflections on how TV viewing has evolved over the years and it's relevant even today.

'TV brings people together, fostering unity and a shared experience'

Speaking about the transformation of television in Odisha well known newsreader and a



prominent social activist **Pravas Acharya** said, "When satellite broadcasting first began in Odisha, the programmes were typically one-hour long. There was a sense of anticipation, excitement, and genuine interest among viewers. We had youth programmes, women's programmes, and local content that created a connection with the audience. Over time, we saw the rise of news channels, followed by the emergence of 24/7 news networks, and then the rapid growth of commercial channels. Now, with the advent of OTT platforms, we are overwhelmed with an abundance of content and information, all available at the click of a button."

He reminisces about a time when there was just one channel Doordarshan which connected people. "It aired a variety of serials, and viewers eagerly awaited each episode. One of the most memorable moments was during the telecast of shows like Mahabharat and Ramayan. The characters from these epics were almost worshipped, and the streets would be deserted when the shows aired. There was a sense of unity in

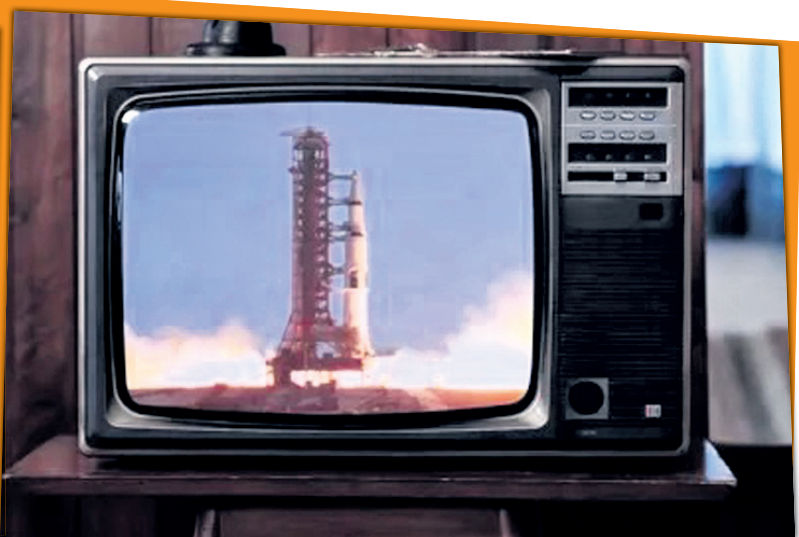
watching these shows together, and television wasn't in every household back then. This created a sense of community, bridging the gap between different sections of society, bringing people together regardless of their background or social status."

Acharya recalls how television shaped social dynamics in a unique way. "Television brought people together, fostering unity and a shared experience. There were serials that sparked conversations and became part of daily life. Similarly, as the first-generation newsreader in Odia, I remember experimenting with my style of reading the news, slowly developing a unique approach."

Reflecting on the rise of OTT platforms, he adds, "Today, OTT platforms give people the freedom to watch content at their fingertips, but that same excitement and communal experience is missing."

Despite the growth of streaming services, TV hasn't lost its relevance, says Acharya.

Be it a Indo-Pak cricket match or national/international live events such as Mars landing and wars, TV still is the go-to source which no OTT platform can match, states the media personality.





'Then TV viewing was a conversation starter'

Reflecting on how television viewing has dramatically changed over the years, **Subhasmita Singh**, 36, an

entrepreneur from Cuttack, says "I've definitely seen a huge change in how people watch TV. When I was younger, we had to make sure we were home on time to catch the show we liked. Nowadays, ev-

erything is on demand. You can watch whatever you want, whenever you want. While that's convenient, I miss the days when you had to wait and look forward to the next episode. It made watching TV feel more like an event. Now, I just watch whatever's available, and it's easy to forget what it was like to eagerly wait for a show to return."

While she acknowledges the advantages of streaming services, she feels nostalgic about the past. "When we watched a show back then, it was a conversation starter. The way we watch TV now is more convenient, but I miss how we used to do it. Back then, you had to plan your evening around your favorite show, and that was fun in its own way. You knew everyone else was watching at the same time, so there was this shared experience.

With streaming, it's more like I'm watching alone, even if I'm sitting next to someone. I can pull up whatever I want and start watching, but there's no excite-

ment or build-up. I appreciate that I don't have to worry about missing anything or dealing with ads, but the old way of watching felt more connected."

Besides, TV-watching doesn't make a hole on pocket. In a not-so-rich nation like India where internet facility is inaccessible in many reasons, free-to-air and bundled cable remain the cheapest, easiest big-screen filler for households on a budget, points out Singh.

'Community TV viewing has gone'

Similarly, **Alok Kumar Lal**, 33, a businessman from Cuttack, echoes the same sentiments, he says, "When I think about TV of good old days, it was a totally different vibe. You had to tune in at a specific time there was no 'pause' or 'rewind.' If you missed a show, you just missed it. There was a certain thrill in that. That collec-

tive excitement discussing plot twists, guessing what would happen next it was all part of the fun. TV used to

be something to look forward to; now it feels like something to do when you have a few hours to kill."

He further comments on how the communal nature of television has shifted. "I feel like streaming has taken away the camaraderie that used to come with watching TV. When a big show was on, everyone was part of it, everyone was talking about it. Now, we watch at different times,

and it's more isolated. No one waits for the next episode with bated breath anymore. Everyone is on their own timeline, and it's hard to talk about a show when someone's ahead or behind. It's made TV consumption faster, but in doing so, it's taken away some of the connection. You lose the magic of waiting, the fun of the shared experience."

But there's no substitute to TV viewing as channel-surfing offers curated surprises, sparing viewers the scroll-fatigue of endless choice, signs off Lal.

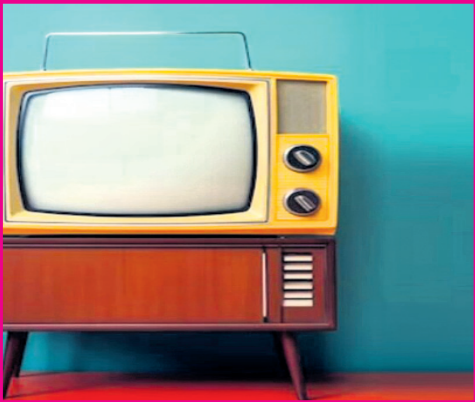
'TV became a bond that connected us all'

Prabhanjan Misra, 34, a media professional from Sambalpur, says, "Television, when I was a child, was more than just a source of entertainment; it was the heartbeat of our household. I

remember how my siblings and I would count down the days until our favorite shows aired. There was a real sense of excitement in the air, a feeling of anticipation that made each episode feel like a celebration. It wasn't just about the show itself; it was about the experience we shared as a family, and with our community. Everyone around us was watching the same programmes, and that commonality created a unique sense of unity. Conversations revolved around the latest episode, debates would spark over plot twists, and we'd laugh together at the funniest moments—television became a bond that connected us all."

Misra further shares, "Back then, even though we were watching the shows at our own homes, television brought us together. It sparked conversations with friends and neighbours, and built bonds between people who had no other reason to connect. There was this beautiful sense of community built around the shared joy of watching the same programmes. We were all part of the same cultural moment, and it made television more than just a pastime—it was a thread that tied us all together."

Talking about the shift in entertainment, Misra adds, "Over the years, I've watched the way we consume content change. With the rise of mobile phones and OTT platforms, viewing has become a more solitary experience. Now,



even when we're in the same room, everyone is watching something different on their own screens. The shared excitement, the community aspect, is gone. It's not that

OTT platforms are bad; they offer a lot of convenience and choice. But something important is missing. That excitement has faded. That apart, even now we turn to television for live events. When the Prime Minister or President has to address the nation, they use the national television to sent the message across. Be it war, sports or space achievements, there is no alternative to television for the viewers."



Sheena's inspiration

Actress Sheena Chohan recently revealed that Angelina Jolie's iconic portrayal of Maleficent served as a major inspiration for her devilish role in *Bhayaavah*.

Drawing parallels between the two characters, Sheena shared how Jolie's performance helped her channel strength, complexity, and emotion into her own on-screen persona. In an exclusive interaction with this agency, Sheena shared "Angelina Jolie's portrayal of Maleficent inspired me because she ignited imagination through her character — she wasn't just the villain; she was a force of nature with emotion, power, and vulnerability. Similarly, my character isn't just the devil — she's defiant, passionate, and deeply human in her emotions. That blend of beauty, danger, and empathy was what I wanted to bring alive on screen."

Speaking about her transformation into the supernatural avatar, Sheena mentioned, "My character is powerful, surprisingly unpredictable, extremely vibrant, a little wicked, and has a sense of humour — so she's quite full-on! The moment I put on the horns, the red lipstick, and the curly hair, it all came alive. I feel really lucky I got to play this character — it was so much fun, and I hope the audience loves it too."

Bhayaavah is set to be released on an OTT platform in 2026.



Rashmika clears air on period comment

Rashmika Mandanna recently sparked a social media debate after a comment she made on Jagapathi Babu's talk show *Jayammu Nischayammu Raa*. During a light-hearted conversation, Rashmika suggested that men should experience periods at least once to understand the pain women endure every month. While her remark was intended as a playful commentary on the emotional and physical toll of periods, it triggered mixed reactions online. Some users accused her of being insensitive toward men, while others defended her point. A fan attempted to clarify her intent,

posting a clip from the show on Twitter. The fan wrote, "Rashmika's perspective on men having periods: sometimes we just want our pain and emotions to be understood. It was never about comparison, but fragile egos twisted it that way." Rashmika responded, acknowledging the misunderstanding, saying, "This is the fear I have going on shows... I mean something, but it's taken entirely differently."

On the show, Rashmika explained her reasoning, sharing her own painful experiences with period cramps, even fainting once due to the intensity. She expressed that she believes men could better empathise with the pain if they experienced it firsthand. Recently, Rashmika made headlines for her engagement to actor Vijay Deverakonda, with their wedding set for February.



Odisha to take centrestage at IFFI 2025

Bhubaneswar: This November (November 20-28), Odisha will take center stage at the 56th International Film Festival of India (IFFI) in Goa, showcasing a diverse lineup of films that highlights the state's rich culture, innovative storytelling, and rising prominence in global cinema.

The Odisha film industry's increasing recognition on the global stage is encapsulated by a lineup that includes films like *Bindusagar*, *Maliput Melodies*, *Mahima Alekha*, *Papa Buka*, *Whispers of the Mountain*, and *Spying Stars* — some of which have direct Odisha connections, either as co-productions or with Odisha-based talent in key roles. These films not only reflect the diverse landscapes of the state but also embody universal human experiences and the growing confidence of Odisha's cinematic voice.

One of the festival's major



highlights, *Bindusagar*, directed by Abhishek Swain, will have its world premiere at IFFI's Gala Presentation November 25. The film tells the poignant story of a young woman's quest to reconnect with her roots in Bhubaneswar, alongside the journey of an elderly man grappling with loss. The film features Prakruti

Mishra, Dipanwith Das Mohapatra and Sonalli Sharmishta in key roles.

Selected for the prestigious Indian Panorama Feature section, *Maliput Melodies* is the only Odia film in this category. Directed by Vishal Patnaik and produced by Kaushik Das, the film transports audiences to the rural heart of

Odisha, where music, folklore, and tradition blend seamlessly with daily life. *Maliput Melodies* not only showcases the cultural richness of Odisha's agrarian society but also cements the state's reputation for producing films deeply rooted in its heritage.

Directed by Himanshu Sekhar Khatua, *Mahima Alekha* is a powerful documentary that explores the Mahima cult, a unique and lesser-known religious tradition from Odisha. The film has been selected for the Indian Panorama Non-Feature section.

In an exciting collaboration between India and Papua New Guinea, *Papa Buka* set to draw eyeballs at IFFI with its gala premiere. Directed by Dr. Biju and co-produced by Odia filmmaker Akshay Kumar Parija, the film explores the untold stories of Indian soldiers in World War II, focusing on their contri-

butions and sacrifices in Papua New Guinea. The film will have its premiere November 22.

Co-produced by Odisha born Jitendra Mishra, *Whispers of the Mountain*, a Rajasthani film tells a universal story of love, grief, and the silent strength of human bonds. Directed by Jigar Nanda, the film is set in the rugged Aravali hills of Rajasthan. The movie follows Tilak, a widowed tea stall owner, and his mute son, Ragu, as they forge an unspoken bond with the mountains.

Perhaps one of the most futuristic films in this year's selection, *Spying Stars* is an Indo-French-Sri Lankan co-production that explores life in a world ravaged by a global pandemic. The film is directed by Vimukthi Jayasundara and co produced by Nila Madhav Panda, a renowned Odia filmmaker.

Winter in Koraput: WHEN THE HILLS BREATHE MAGIC

NARENDRA RAUT, OP

As the first light of winter glides over the hills of Koraput, the world wakes slowly like a dream taking form. The fog, soft and silver, weaves itself through the mountains, pools in valleys, and wraps each tree, each roof, and each soul in its gentle hush.

In this quiet corner of southern Odisha, winter is more than a season; it is a spell. Known for its tribal heritage and verdant landscapes, Koraput wears winter like a shawl of serenity. Life slows, sounds soften, and nature seems to pause long enough for people to notice the poetry in small things: the crackle of firewood, the glisten of dew, the faraway echo of laughter through mist.

Morning in the mist

At dawn, a cold breeze drifts across the emerald fields of Galigabdar, Pakjhol, Dudhari, Kalyamali, and Punjisil. The grass, jeweled with dew, shimmers as the sun rises, casting gold over the fog. Tiny houses emerge like islands from a silver sea. It is a sight that photographers chase and locals quietly live. The mighty Rani Duduma Waterfall, roaring with winter's fullness, meets the mist midair, a meeting of power and grace. A little away, the Balda Caves, ancient and silent, absorb the first warmth of sunlight on their stone walls, holding within them stories older than memory.

Visitors come here hoping to capture these moments, but Koraput is not a place that yields easily to the camera. It asks instead for presence to pause, to breathe, to feel.

Tea, talk, and tender warmth

By the time the sun peeks over Semiliguda, the chill is tempered by the comforting scent of tea. The narrow lanes fill with the rhythm of morning kettles whistling, vendors arranging vegetables, bicycles gliding through the mist. At a roadside stall, a small group gathers around steaming cups. Their conversation drifts between politics, weather, and harvests but mostly, it is laughter that cuts through the cold. Among them sits **Narayan Sahoo**, a flower vendor whose shop bursts with color against the grey air. As he threads marigolds into garlands, he says, "I love the way the fog hugs my shop. Every morning feels like God has dusted the town with magic."

In a world that moves fast, Koraput's winter offers the rare permission to slowdown. The town reminds its people and visitors that silence, too, can be beautiful. That warmth is not just in the sun, but in shared stories and quiet companionship



Wrapped in morning mist, the winding Jeypore Ghat road of Koraput turns into a path through the clouds



Where the earth meets the sky — Deomali's mist-clad peaks paint a picture of nature's calm in Koraput





The mesmerising natural formation inside the historic Balda Caves of Koraput — a silent witness to time and nature's artistry.

“it feels like God guiding our wheels. Driving becomes a prayer.” Inside the bus, passengers sip tea and wrap shawls tighter. The horn sounds a low, reassuring note as the vehicle disappears slowly into the white blur.



For Sahoo, winter brings not just beauty but business. More temples mean more prayers, and more prayers mean more flowers. “In the cold, colors matter,” he says, looking at his garlands. “People want brightness around them.”

The road and the reverence

At the Koraput Bus Stand, the iconic Hanuman Bus rolls forward with its headlights slicing through a wall of fog. The driver, **Madhusudan Nayak**, who has spent decades maneuvering the steep Jeypore Ghat roads, pulls on his gloves and leans forward to inspect the windshield. “When visibility is just a hand’s distance,” he says, “you trust your instincts and the mountain. Every bend teaches patience.” For him, winter driving is both duty and devotion. “When the sun cuts through the fog on the ghat,” he smiles,

A season of creation

In the villages scattered around the hills, winter stirs creativity. Farmers prepare for rabi crops, their fields tilled and ready under a soft sun. Children chase each other through white meadows, their laughter the only movement in a frozen landscape. Local artisans find their muse in the mist. “When you wake up and see fog painting the hills, how can you not create?” says Laxmi Maji, a Dhokra artist from Jeypore. Her brass figurines, inspired by the shapes of leaves and mountain birds, gleam like captured sunlight.

Leaf art, tribal wall paintings, and handwoven textiles reflect the subtle palette of the season: whites, ochres, and soft greens. Markets brim with fresh vegetables, carrots, beans, cauliflowers, their

colors as vivid as any painting. The air smells of earth, smoke, and stories.

Whispers from the hills

Each landscape in Koraput tells its own winter tale. Rani Duduma roars like the heartbeat of the season. Balda Caves stand silent, glowing when sunlight kisses their stone. Galigabdar’s narrow paths gleam like silver threads. Pakjhola’s fields breathe gently in the crisp air. And villages like Dudhari, Kalyamali, and Talamali each wrapped in a cottony sky seem caught between dream and daylight.

As dawn turns to day, tribal elders gather by the fire, palms stretched to the warmth. They speak of winters past of simpler times when the forest was thicker, and laughter louder. For them, the fog is not just weather; it is ancestry. “Our elders walk through the mist each morning,” says **Gandhi Pangi**, an elder from Punjisil. “They bless our crops, they listen to our prayers. The fog is their way of visiting us.” Children listen wide-eyed to these tales, their faces glowing in the firelight.

Here, belief and nature blend seamlessly. Winter becomes not only a season of climate, but a season of spirit of remembering that everything alive shares one breath under the same fog.

A pause to feel

Yes, winter brings its inconveniences: slippery roads, delayed buses, slower mornings. But in Koraput, people don’t complain; they adapt. They light an extra fire, share a few more cups of tea, and take a little longer to greet the day. In a world that moves fast, Koraput’s winter offers the rare permission to slow down. It reminds its people and its visitors that silence, too, can be beautiful. That warmth is not just in the sun, but in shared stories and quiet companionship.

As evening descends, the mist returns, folding the hills back into its arms. The smell of burning wood drifts through the valleys. Somewhere, a flute plays. Somewhere, a child laughs. The fog listens, carrying those sounds softly through the night keeping them safe until morning. Because in Koraput, winter is not just weather, it is a memory, faith and home.



Where golden light meets flowing water — the calm beauty of Dudhari Waterfall, Koraput, in winter’s embrace.

Iron Man, Thor, Hulk, Ant-Man, Captain America, Black Widow, Spider-Man and dozens more. People may know them as the bunch of heroes that broke global box office records with their movies. But “The Avengers” was also a group of Jewish assassins who hunted Nazi war criminals. After World War II about fifty Holocaust survivors formed a clandestine cell and their best-documented operation was the 1946 mass-poisoning of 2,283 German POWs at Nuremberg’s Stalag 13 camp. Though only a handful of prisoners died, the group’s stated aim was to exact at least one life for every Jewish life lost in the Shoah



Arsenic Avengers

When Marvel’s “Avengers” assembled in 2012, the word meant quips, capes and billion-dollar receipts. Scroll back to 1946, however, and the real Avengers wore neither armor nor spandex. They were survivors—Polish Jews who had crawled out of ghettos, forests and death camps with a single mission: to make the Reich pay in blood for every relative turned to ash. Their leader, the poet and partisan Abba Kovner, coined the Hebrew name Nakam (Hebrew for ‘Avengers’). But in whispers across displaced-persons camps the men called themselves simply “the Avengers,” half-joke, half-promise, long before Stan Lee typed the first comic panel.

From ashes to arsenal

April 1945. Landsberg DP camp, Bavaria. Kovner, a gaunt 27-year-old who had fought in the Vilna Ghetto uprising, gathers a cadre of 50 fighters—among them teenage sisters Bella and Vitka Kempner, who had smuggled grenades under their coats, and Josef Harmatz, a Lithuanian Jew who lost 80 relatives. Their first scheme is staggering: infiltrate the water supply of five German cities and kill six million Germans—one for every murdered Jew. British

In the decades following the Holocaust, Avengers group chief Abba Kovner settled in Israel, married Vitka Kempner, published poetry in Yiddish and Hebrew. He was a founding member of the Museum of the Jewish People, and was awarded several prizes for his work and legacy

military police arrest Kovner before he can sail to Palestine for poison, but the idea mutates rather than dies. If they cannot dink a nation, they will at least murder the unrepentant SS men lolling in POW cage 19, Nuremberg.

Operation Bakery: Arsenic in the daily bread

The Avengers re-form in Paris, now guided by chemist and future Nobel nominee (for a very different reason) Ephraim Katzir. His lab produces a colorless arsenic distillate 30 times deadlier than strychnine; one drop on skin can stop a heart. Meanwhile, Harmatz and fellow Avenger Leibke Distel pose as Polish volunteers inside the camp’s bakery. For weeks they note schedules: 14,000 loaves baked nightly, 2,283 reserved for the SS compound. On April 13, 1946, they paint the arsenic paste under each loaf’s crust during the 3 a.m. shift. A pint-sized accomplice keeps watch, humming Yiddish lullabies to calm her nerves. At dawn, the poisoned bread is trucked out under Allied guard.

Chaos, cover-up, controversy

American medical reports describe “severe gastrointestinal collapse” among prisoners; 2,283 men fall ill within 36 hours, but only 15 die. The U.S. Army clamps a gag order; newspapers blame “contaminated flour.” For decades the episode is filed under “food poisoning, cause unknown.” Only in 1985 does declassified CIA intercept reveal a cryptic cable: “Jewish terrorists may have infiltrated bakery.” By then, most Avengers are grandparents living quietly in Tel Aviv or Melbourne. Harmatz, who later directed Israel’s Ministry of Energy, confesses in a 1999 memoir, “We did not want applause, only balance sheets.” Survivors remain split: some call the plot righteous; others, including Kovner’s own son, term it “a descent into the enemy’s morality.”

Legacy in the mirror

Historian Dina Porat argues the Avengers embody the moment when victims became actors, refusing to leave justice to tribunals that executed a mere handful of top Nazis. Yet the failure—more illness than death—also shows the limits of private vengeance. Today, as last-generation partisans die, their grandchildren tour Holocaust museums under banners that read “Never Again.” The same word—Avengers—now sells popcorn. Still, every time the Marvel logo flips, a forgotten arsenic loaf lies beneath the gloss, asking whether revenge is a stage we must pass through on the road to statehood, or a temptation we survive by the skin of our teeth. In the end, the greatest victory of the real Avengers may be that they stopped at one bakery, proving that even in fury, a conscience can click in before history repeats its darkest recipe.

OP DESK

Abba Kovner