

Summary

Our journal has embarked on its 33rd year of continuous publication. It is a matter of discussion how exactly to keep track of these records. Shall we start from the anthology published in 1988 and entitled *Múlt és Jövő?* Or from the two issues published in 1989? Or from 1990, when the current rhythm of four issues per year were introduced? As the doubts coming to the fore during our life demonstrate, doubts that we haven't encountered at birth, in childhood or in illness: we are experiencing historic times. (Someone aged thirty may well have had children by this point.) We would have wanted to create history, but this does not become obvious during our lifetime.

Death, like birth, is part of the natural cycle of life: we have barely managed to publish any issues during the last few decades without having to include obituaries. (Our current issue includes two.) This begs the ever more burning question: for how long? To finish life (to die) after extensive preparation, organise (mourning) festivities, commission obituaries in various publications (we have just participated in such an event, marking the end of 23 years of existence for of the publication *Napút*), or get swept away by an unnoticed tram or by the *so-called* stream of history? (akin to the fate of *Múlt és Jövő's* predecessor, which ended its mission in February 1944.)

As for remembrance – be what may.

After two years of Covid, which had a decisive impact on human nature, we are now forced to responsibly contemplate the ever more obvious outbreak of the Third World War, regardless of or in parallel with our actual biological age. This is because both our authors and readers have been forced to carry out their work in completely different conditions, be these regarding cultural values, technologies, or the global environment.

As the editor concludes in his foreword to this issue: we shall carry on, from a position of marginalisation and with the inquisitive responsibility of a witness. Will this 'case' be sufficient, however, to (self)legitimise continuation? Well, this will be a decision to be taken in the course of this calendar year or, all being well, over future years.

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This issue opens with hastily rediscovered Zoltán Zelk and Yevtushenko poems and their evocation of *lieux de memoire*, on the (Jewish) blood-soaked land where the Third World war seems to be looming. János Dési's Transcarpathian sociography is also leading us to the depth of a Hungarian and Jewish past we haven't yet come to terms with. Theodor W. Adorno's 1959 essay 'The Meaning of Working Through the Past' chimes perfectly with our present doubts. These highly topical ideas, published here for the first time in Hungarian, are contextualised by translator János Weiss. Tarik Messzár, a young Hungarian social scientist of Iraqi origin, whose work will hopefully feature more frequently in *Múlt és Jövő* in the future, offers a valuable survey of a lesser known, though in recent times increasingly relevant community from the point of view of global politics: the Iraqi Jews and their exodus. Mihály Vajda remembers George Lukács with reference to a new monograph by Éva Fekete (whose biography was written in the 1990s but only published this year). Péter Csunderlik discusses the stages of demonisation to which the Hungarian Soviet Republic and its key figures were subjected during the Horthy era. Dénes Iván Zoltán's study examines the evolution of iconic Jewish-Hungarian intellectual and historian Henrik Marczali's Jewish identity over his long life. Pál Száz analyses Géza Röhrig's Hassidic stories in an excerpt from his doctoral dissertation, and thus, a contributor of our journal is incorporated into the scientific canon. (This journey is our publication's true goal, and its future after eventual demise.) Albert Kovács reviews the exhibition mounted at the Múcsarnok Art Gallery by Katalin

Mózes. Borgó's Purim Triptych is also a work of visual arts, by way of which he pays homage to our recently deceased friend and author, Vilmos Ágoston (Marosvásárhely, 1947 – 2022, San Antonio). We were about to go to press, when news of the death of László András Magyar (Budapest, 1956 – 2022 Budapest) also reached us.