

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Leo Apostel was born on 4 September 1925 and died on 10 August 1995. He was one of the founders of the (Belgian) National Centre for Research in Logic and of *Logique et Analyse*.

Apostel studied with Chaim Perelman at the French-speaking Free University of Brussels, and later with Rudolf Carnap in Chicago, with Evert Beth and Gerrit Mannoury in Amsterdam, and with Jean Piaget in Geneva. His professional career mainly developed at Ghent University, but during most of it he also taught at the Dutch-speaking Free University of Brussels. For medical reasons, he retired early from teaching.

Most of his early work was in logic and epistemology. But soon his interest and contributions took a much broader scope. He worked on interdisciplinarity, defended scientific metaphysics and moral science, applied logical and epistemological considerations to the human sciences, contributed to the history of philosophy, to political philosophy (mainly inspired by Marx and anarchism), to (atheistic) religiosity, and to practically any philosophical discipline that he considered either fit for a scientific approach or sufficiently important, even in the absence of relevant scientific results, for his attention. During the last twenty years of his life, while still pushing many causes, he spent most of his energy to the articulation of a metaphysics based on the sciences or, as he then preferred to call it, to the world-views enterprise. He founded several movements around that theme, and laboured to make them succeed.

Leo was not another academic. He was haunted by philosophy and was deeply convicted that, on the one hand, philosophy deserves and requires a scientific treatment and that, on the other hand, the only philosophy worth living for is one that is able to encompass each problem that is philosophical in the broadest sense of the term. When necessary, he preferred a contradictory but rich view over a consistent impoverishment.

Leo was also a *Mensch*, and was so *as a philosopher*. Even if you had constantly to weapon yourself against the terrifying demands with which he confronted you in function of your own cause, the intensity of his life and thinking and the candour of his personal commitment to you and your endeavours, shook many and shook time and again. Some fled from him because of his demands. Some became his enemies out of fear for his confronting them with their own struggle. But for the others he was a prodigious source of strength.

Leo was not a person to adore. Not only because he hated being adored, but especially because he always made plain the extent to which he failed to meet his own aspirations. And precisely this made him adorable.

When Leo died, I lost my best friend. Between us were many secrets as well as the conviction that all of them are fully insignificant. With the depth and warmth of friendship, there was the understanding that neither we nor our friendship were sufficiently important to deserve more than casual attention. The sole cause is philosophy, and philosophy aims at the universe.

* * *

In this volume, Jean Paul Van Bendegem and I bring together articles of some logicians who had intellectual contacts with Leo. Most papers do not relate to Leo's work and they contain no personal recollections. This journal is not the place for those — Ghent students of Leo published a volume of recollections in Dutch.

That Leo presumably would not have liked the present formula is rather immaterial now. It is the editors' responsibility to commemorate him in the way they consider appropriate. The present volume is a tribute to his memory. It is not intended to do justice to his work, not even in formal logic, and certainly not to his endeavour.

And yet, the contributions, all restricted to formal logic, their quality and their variety, might reveal something.

For many readers, this will be another volume of *Logique et Analyse*. Future references will not mention the occasion for its publication. This is not only just. It is one of the the greatest salutes a fellow philosopher may be brought. So testify the last words, if well understood, of Penderecki's *Dies Irae*, written for a more dramatic commemoration and translated from a verse by Paul Valéry: Surgit ventus. Temptemus vivere.

Diderik Batens