Obituary

Enrico Maria Forni died on November 15, 1988. It is a great loss for his friends, who never knew a more humane, compassionate, and gentle soul, but it is also a great loss for philosophy. I leave it to others to comment on his scholarly work: though I learnt a great deal from him, our areas had not much of an overlap. But I do want to comment on his contribution to the profession, where I feel that a collaboration lasting ten years puts me in an ideal position to speak.

Philosophy is first and foremost, I think, something we do, so nothing will really change in it unless we move from the abstractness of theories to the level of everyday practice. Communication across different traditions, curiosity for what is new methodologically or substantively, careful, benevolent attention to the structure of arguments, both our own and those of our "opponents" — in a word, true tolerance — will not be established on the basis of one more story or system, but will be the consequence of a patient, uninterrupted effort of understanding, of genuine, affectionate care, of unfailing fairness and generosity. In our line of work, I am afraid, stories and systems are a dime a dozen, and so often are their authors, but people who can draw us nearer to the practical renovation I am talking about are hard to come by.

Enrico was a person of this rare kind. Certainly rare in Italy, where he belonged to no "parish" and spoke freely and constructively to everybody, and as far as I can tell rare, period, since "parishes" are not exclusive to Italy. This journal was one of the many initiatives he tried to bring people together and make them talk and work with one another, and the journal has turned out to be much like him: open, attentive, unbiased. I have been lucky enough to work with him at this project, though not enough to help him realize those other dreams that his fertile mind still cultivated at the time of his death; the best I can do now is thank him and continue where he left off.

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