Most parts of my book show, that a philosophy of the history of man cannot yet be written, though it will probably before the end of this chiliad, if not in the present century. Thus, great being, invisible supreme disposer of our race, I lay at thy feet the most imperfect work, that mortal ever wrote, in which he was ventured to trace and follow thy steps.¹

Most academicians and manuals of philosophy remark that Herder was a Kant’s pupil. If it was so, clearly his must have been a dulled mind, otherwise it is hardly understandable how on Earth a man can “follow the steps” of “a great being.” Philodoxo is the real title Herder deserves, and his “philosophical” outlines Philodoxology. A fellow subject contemporary of his — “Lutheran” vicar Giorgio Hegele — took seriously Herder’s delirious prophecy.

To combat the shallowness, to strive with German earnestness and honesty, to draw Philosophy out of the solitude into which it has wandered, to do such work as this we may hope that we are called by the higher spirit of our time.²

After this speech at Heidelberg, seminarians around the city charioted a portrait of vicar Hegele with gladness. As usual, I printed above one of the most representative art piece form the illustrious Protestant Divine Comedy. A master piece, another Rara Avis’ total triumph.

Humbly,

your base, useless, mean, even spiteful servant

Il signore Pecorelli pittore molto rumoroso