Dasein, Heidegger says, stands in the truth. And not only that: it stands equiprimordially both in the truth and the untruth. Or in a later formulation on which the "Turning" has already stamped its seal: the untruth is "older" or "more primordial" than the truth itself, Dasein must be in the untruth in order to be in the truth. Mendel, on the other hand, as we read in Foucault, lies outside the truth: what he says gets lost in the tumultuous space of a "wild exteriority," where those are referred whose speech does not conform to the rules which the "discursive police" of their discipline set down.

Mendel produced, if we are to believe Foucault, "true statements, but he wasn't involved 'within the true' of the biological discourse of his time" (OD, 61). Because Mendel lies outside of the truth, what he says can only take monstrous and grotesque forms, and this deformation makes it impossible for his speech to warm itself at the hearth of the biological discourse of his time. Mendel lies in the untruth, and that means that he—for a time, at least—irrevocably falls outside the truth. Dasein, on the other hand, cannot do without the untruth if it wants to see or have something to say in the light of the truth. Like Mendel, it cannot separate itself from the untruth, but unlike Mendel, it can only be related to the truth because it is already related to the untruth.

As one can see, we have barely begun and already we find ourselves confused by the truth. In the truth, but also in the untruth; in the untruth,
and just because of that, also in the truth; in the untruth, and therefore not in the truth—imagine the mess which the convergence of two Heidegger quotations and a page from Foucault could cause for the conclusions by an author of a comparative study on the truth in Heidegger and Foucault. If our author is not already totally put out of joint by "the truth" or discouraged by this surplus of truth, he would probably find himself admitting that Heidegger and Foucault, although clearly related to each other, finally are not speaking about the same thing. Naturally, he would hasten to add that this does not prevent them from having had their say and that therefore both of them seem to have part of the truth on their side. But if someone would find the truth of Heidegger more attractive because it digs deeper and thus seems to be able to incorporate certain thoughts of Foucault, he should not forget the fact that this mixing and matching has a price and is only partial. And the same warning holds for those who remark very subtly that the communication distortion, which broke off this posthumous dialogue, seems to indicate that it is Foucault's position which is the most reasonable because, as our author's extensive comparative study itself has shown, both Heidegger and Foucault find themselves—not unlike Mendel—outside the order of truth to which the other belongs. But here our imaginary author would strongly object, he is not prepared to give up rationality itself—imagine that—and he refers to further investigations which are necessary to solve the problems that arise here. Investigations, for example, concerning the relation between Foucault and Nietzsche; for after all, Foucault himself in one of his last interviews pointed out, did he not, that the whole of his philosophical development was defined by Heidegger, but that Nietzsche took the upper hand?3

I should apologize for having let myself go and not having been able to resist the temptation of making a caricature of a genre which is still practiced with much zeal, in my discipline at least. But it is understood, of course, that my sarcasm in this had a ritual and exorcising function: I wanted to prevent a discourse from forcing itself upon me which, with the fatality I sketched, would stray into some superficial parallels and meaningless conclusions on the so-called Heideggerian background of Foucault. I wanted to avoid, in the midst of a movement from Heidegger to Foucault, being touched on the shoulder by a connective word which would ask me to slow down my speed and would demand more objectivity. Therefore, I will not devote this essay to Heidegger "and" Foucault. Let us leave the connectives to those who lack the imagination to come up with better titles and less boring subjects. Let us leave the "and's" and the "or's" to those who still mix up philosophy with the history of ideas and whose doxographic bias prevents them from seeing that the name of an author is always hanging between invisible quotation marks which indicate that this name only represents a field of problems in texts which resist domestication by any uniting instance whatsoever. In other