this mimetic voice occurs after Heidegger, as an echo between these two thinkers.

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NOTE

1. There are many places in this book where it might be tempting to mark a certain *Auseinandersetzung* with Derrida. These confrontations are not so much against Derrida's interpretations of Heidegger, though in granting the legitimacy of Derrida's critiques of Heidegger up to a point, Sallis also shows how much more transgressive Heidegger is than some of these readings would permit. Though not explicitly referred to in the book, these disputes about Heidegger also serve to mark the difference between Sallis and Derrida. This is especially evident in the turn that Sallis attempts to bring to deconstruction, the doubling, mimetic return of the sensible that Sallis announces in this text. Among the places where Sallis implicitly confronts Derrida are in his discussion of spirit (91), in his discussion of contradiction and alterity (123), in his discussion of sacrifice and politics (165), and of course in his discussion of translation in the final chapter. Perhaps this confrontation becomes most sharp in the final word of the book, the word Sallis chooses to name the place of his own thinking, *Heimat*.

Truth Is a Thing of This World


Toward the end of *The Order of Things*, Foucault exults:

It is no longer possible to think in our day other than in the void left by man's disappearance. For this void does not create a deficiency; it does not constitute a lacuna that must be filled. It is nothing more, and nothing less, than the unfolding of a space in which it is once more possible to think.¹

One stands as if at the dawn of philosophy, awestruck at the sheer possibility of thinking and of thinking other than before. Sartre's Roquentin felt ontological nausea at the brute facticity of the tree root, its contingency, its excess (*de trop*) — and his own. But he tried to get his bearings with the gyroscope of authenticity: choosing that vertiginous contingency as such. The intellectual free-fall that Nietzsche hymned seemed tamed by authentic existence. And if
not tamed, at least rendered familiar—the stuff of dramatic narrative. Art as embarrassment, if not salvation. A story that would "make people ashamed of their existence."²

Not so the Foucauldian project. Whether archaeology, genealogy, or "problematization," its intent is not simply to render the familiar strange and the strange familiar, but to face us with the Other that questions our certainties and counters our projects, the other that we have excluded by the truths and other forms of normalization prevalent in our society. No promises are made, not even the als ob of a practical ideal. Simply the opening of spaces, the transgressing of limits, the breaking free of restraints. A regional and seemingly modest proposal. The work of a "specific," as opposed to a "universal," intellectual.

The Boundless released from its Platonic fetters? That would be to live the Return with a vengeance, since it would reveal the unintended metaphysics riding on the back of a most resolute nominalism. Perhaps.³ But what Sartre knew so well and Foucault seemed to ignore was the radical possibility that people might choose the Same; that their anguish or simple failure of nerve might direct them away from Kierkegaard's "possibility of... possibility"; that identity enjoys an ontological priority over difference; that metaphysical principles might continue to be honored in the breach.

Of course, Foucault's point is that these are not matters for existential "choice"; that this anthropologism and the humanism it engenders are the roots of our present inability to "think"; that the language speaks us more than we speak it (hence the temptation to quietism that Habermas and others underscored in the Foucauldian enterprise). Foucault was struck by the production of "discourse," especially the discourse of the true and the false. As he announced in his inaugural lecture at the Collège de France: "I am supposing that in every society the production of discourse is at once controlled, selected, organized and redistributed according to a certain number of procedures, whose role is to avert its powers and its dangers, to cope with chance events, to evade its ponderous, awesome materiality."⁴

Bernauer charts these moves and interprets their strategies in his excellent study of Foucault's intellectual development. Anyone familiar with the author's painstaking bibliographical work on Foucault would expect a thorough canvasing of the oeuvre, pardon the expression, and the work of commentators and analysts. They will not be disappointed. This volume is a compendium. It will serve as a source book which scholars cannot ignore. It covers more of Foucault's writings, lectures, and interviews than any other study that I know of. But in addition, it is an intellectual biography of the first order as well as a treatise with a philosophic thesis of its own.