



Quotation#14

“Madness, you are no longer the object of the ambiguous praise with which the sage furnished the impregnable burrow of his fear. And if he is, after all, not so badly ensconced there, it is because the supreme agent at work since time immemorial, digging its tunnels and maze, is reason itself, the same Logos he serves”.

Lacan J., “The Instance of the Letter in the Unconscious,” *Écrits*, New York/ London, Norton, 2006, pp. 437-38.

