

*I won't go so far as to allege that my fellow creatures are lacking in a certain instinct for survival, as individuals, as groups; and to a lesser degree, as a species. Nevertheless, our natures are too complex for such an instinct to be a constant guide for our actions; it gets lost in a dark forest of ideas, sensations, impulses, which assert their priority, with the result that they mask the need for survival.*

*Amin Maalouf: The First Century After Beatrice, Abacus, 1995, pp. 75*