DEDICATION

To

my parents and friends

in recognition of their worth

an apology

A feeling bears on itself the scars of its birth; it recollects as a subjective emotion its struggle for existence; it retains the impress of what might have been, but is not.

Alfred North Whitehead
*Process and Reality*

and hope

If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise.

William Blake
“Proverbs of Hell”