

EPILOGUE

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If we cannot do better, we will sing "I won't! I won't!" to God. Our "wills" and our "won'ts" are our genius among the sons of men. They are what we are for. With England and America "I will" and "I won't" are an art form, our means of expressing ourselves, our way of invention and creation, of begetting an age, of begetting a nation upon a world.

We do not know (like great men and children) who we are at first. We begin saying vaguely: "—— will!! —— will!!!"

Then "i will!"

Then "I will!"

Then "WE WILL!"