

God makes free will possible and thus gives man the power of deciding his fate.

I must admit that although I have retained an open mind toward religion, I have done so only because the beliefs to which I was accustomed did not satisfy my own ego. I couldn't accept Calvinistic

depravity and determinism because I desired freedom of will. Nor could I accept the Jonathan Edwards interpretation of "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God" any more than I could accept a fairy tale or a pagan creed. Perhaps I am rationalizing, but if I am, I am satisfied that all the rest of the religious world rationalizes too.

## Two Impromptu Compositions

### A DIAGNOSIS OF MY COMPOSITON ILLNESS

GEORGE TRIPLETT

"My dear fellow, complete recovery from your disease rests entirely in your hands. There isn't much we can do for you."

That's what I've been told by many doctors. Don't get me wrong, these doctors are not M. D.'s. Usually they are Ph. D.'s who have majored in English, and by whom all students have been treated. Many students are successfully cured of needless errors in English composition and are sent on the merry, healthy road to better writing, but in my case, as the doctors say, it is entirely up to me.

What is this dread disease that none of the competent, well trained people can cure? It is thinking with my pen. It seems that I can't get an idea or dream up words to write until I take up my little maroon Eversharp and begin doodling on a piece of paper. As soon as this depart-

ment store magic wand is in writing position, ideas flow fast and frantically through my brain.

Is this serious? Well, it would not be if the ideas were complete and well formed, but it seems when the pen stimulates the idea portion of the brain it numbs much of that organ's reasoning power, consequently the thoughts aren't in their best form. Thus, to make the written work acceptable, much revision and rewriting are necessary. What is more discouraging than rewriting a work many times?

It is up to me, they say, to force myself to think things out in my head instead of on paper. They certainly have never had this disease; it just isn't as easy as that. The pen is like a plug for an electric light—the light just will not shine until the plug is in the outlet.