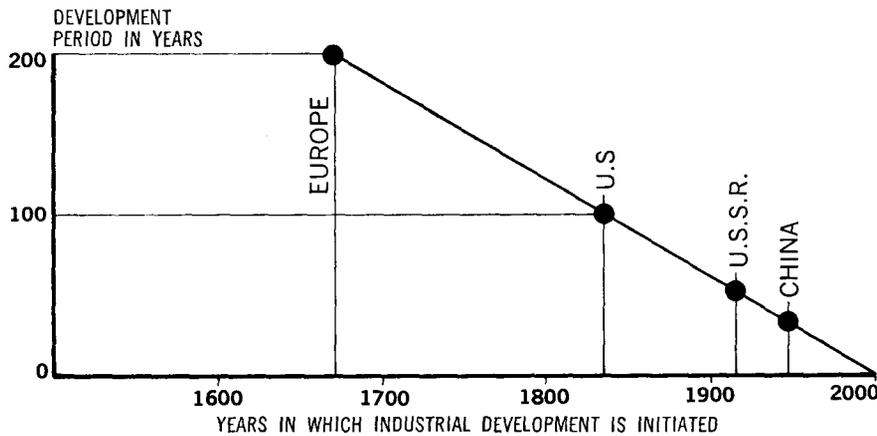


Letters From Readers

Plotting Progress

Buckminster Fuller's article (*Geoview*, July 3) made me wonder if efforts for development by underdeveloped nations are premature. To investigate this, I plotted the following graph:



This demonstrates that by waiting until the year 2000, nations will be developing overnight—literally.

It used to disturb me that many nations seem to be progressing so slowly in their industrial development and correspondingly in their population-control measures. With the aid of Dr. Fuller's article, I can now see that patience is indeed an asset as well as a virtue.

Roderick L. Hall
Placeville, California

The Logic of Experience

I thoroughly enjoyed Leo Rosten's column (*Diversions*, June 5), but I do feel that Handsome Lake arrived at his idea of a controlled experiment, not from "inductive logic," but rather from the

bitter fact of long experience with the ravages of firewater *before* he hit the sawdust trail, as it were. It appears to me that a reformed Indian drunk is not much different from a reformed white drunk.

W. H. Hutchinson
Chico, California

Biblical Lib

I would like to remind Thomas Middleton that, contrary to the impres-

sion he seeks to give that the Bible uses the masculine-appearing "fellows" for girls (*Light Refractions*, June 19), the original Hebrew, in fact, uses a feminine word for "fellows"—*reoteha* (her friends). The Hebrew quite specifically indicates that Jephthah's daughter went with girl friends to her retreat.

Hebrew has no neuter terminology; nouns are either masculine or feminine. It is the King James version of 1911 that gives the neuter, or bisexual, imprint to the word "fellows."

Curt Leviant
Edison, New Jersey

Heteronymously Speaking

I was delighted with the article on games (*As I Was Saying*, May 22); I believe the world needs more frivolity to make its load bearable and thought you might be interested in a variant that has kept me and my acquaintances busy for the last few months.

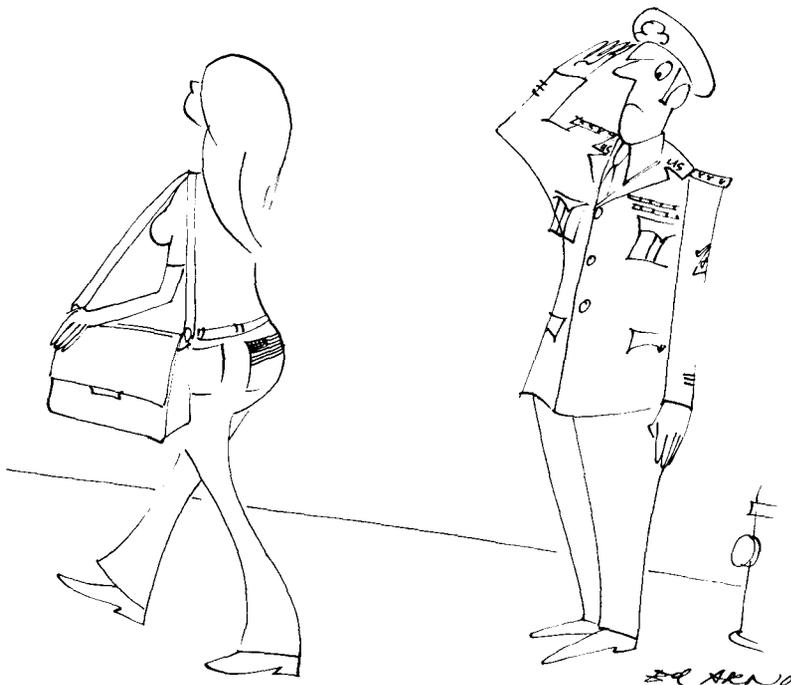
An advertisement in our local newspaper for polished sewers set me on edge. At first blush I found it difficult to understand why anyone would need anyone to polish our waste system. But soon I realized that the ad was a serious search for competent needleworkers. Reaching back into my formal education, I remembered there were homonyms, synonyms, antonyms, and something else that described the phenomena of two words with the same spelling but different pronunciations generating substantially different meanings.

I spent a year digging through old grammar books and dictionaries but could not find the word *heteronym* until I scratched the inventiveness of a visiting Greek scholar. Having gotten the word, I became a compulsive heteronym collector.

We have identified at least three classes of heteronyms, some of which are far more worthy of the frivolous wordsmith than others. For instance, totally unrelated words that have no rational explanation for the similarities of their spelling seem to be far more worthy than those that are verb forms of nouns (e.g., entrance, intimate, number, console, dingy, does). Thus we have affixed point values of one to three to the words on our list.

Since we have not been able to find a definitive or any other list of heteronyms, some of us thought that as a further expression of whimsy it might even be fun to form the first heteronymous society, which would perpetuate this example of the irrationality of the English language. But being verbalists rather than activists, we remain helplessly disorganized.

Rima E. Bostick
Kinderhook, New York



BANGLADESH: THE DREAM BECOMES A NIGHTMARE

Plagued by mismanagement in industry, corruption in government, grinding poverty and famine, the infant state of Bangladesh edges toward total chaos and ruin.

by Donald Kirk

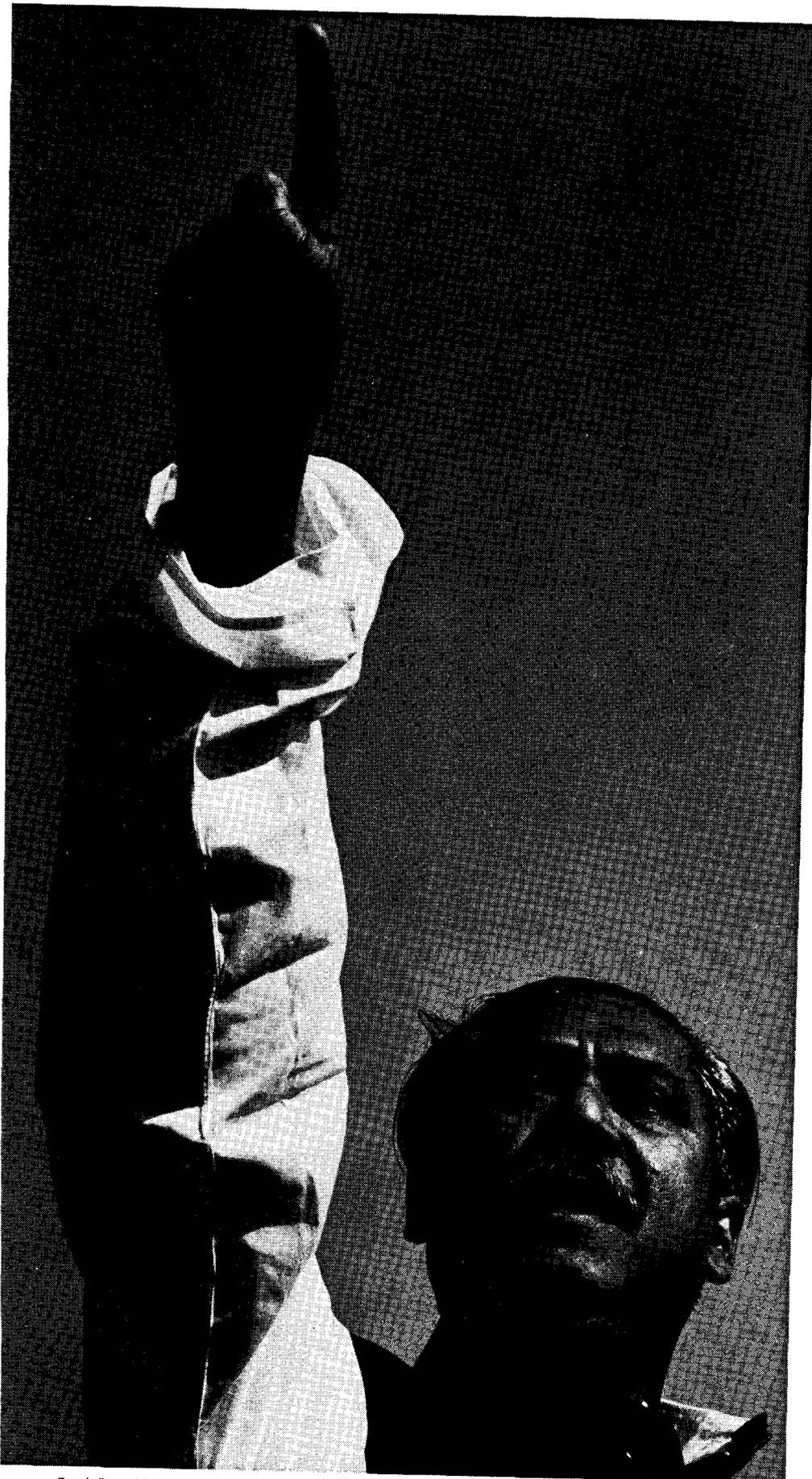
Dacca

It is the morning after the long night of victory and euphoria, and Sheik Mujibur Rahman, head of the new state, is reclining in the lounge of his residence, talking about the struggle for "liberation" and the suffering of his country. It is a year and a half since "Bangabandhu," as he is popularly known, was released from prison in Pakistan and flown here amid cries of *Joi Bangla* or "Victory for Bengal," from the multitudes. Bangabandhu, or "Friend of Bengal," never tires of reciting his story.

"They destroyed everything," he says, his voice rising slightly in the passion with which he has mesmerized his countrymen. "Ten to fifteen million had to leave their homes. Their houses were looted. Everything was burned. You know about the damage to the railways and the ports, the killing of the intellectuals, the raping of the girls."

It is an old story, this recitation of the wrongs perpetrated by the Pakistani oppressors, those descendants of the Mogul armies who founded Moslem Pakistan with the partition of the Indian subcontinent in 1947—and ruled over the ethnically alien Moslem Bengalis of the "eastern wing" for the next twenty-four years.

"I cannot say I have given everyone houses," says Bangabandhu, his voice as-



Frank Schreider: Black Star

Sheik Mujibur Rahman—"I cannot say I have given everyone houses."

Donald Kirk is Far Eastern correspondent of The Chicago Tribune, based in Tokyo.