

**A.P.J. Abdul Kalam**

**Rashtrapati Bhavan**

**New Delhi – 110004**

**Dear Dr. Dongre,**

**03 December, 2003**

I could not sleep with agony and sorrow. It's too pathetic. There were young, middle-aged and even elderly women in the Gohati-Dadar Express train. Their silver wiry hair and wrinkled faces scoured by time and trouble, having almost a grotesque, certainly a pathetic appearance in such a jaunty situation. The glance that flickered between them had been a wordless message of agony, but in some indescribable fashion, it had seemed even then that obscurely, everything was unknown and had been accepted, accepted finally and absolutely in the depth of their unconsciousness.. The messages have told me feeling and sounding both miserable and pathetic. Oh! Seven girls among them were dumb, but this was beyond my tolerance power. Perhaps above all, I affirm life over the cults of death and human sacrifice and am afraid, not of inevitable death, but rather of a human life that cramped and distorted by the pathetic need to offer mindless adulation

Our great democracy still tends to think of the main source of greater cruelty and worse has been the state of affairs at Jamalpur Railway station in Bihar on 12<sup>th</sup> November, 2003. In the so called age of faith, when men really did believe the equality in all its completeness, there was the inquisition, with all its tortures. There were seven unfortunate women subjected to every kind of cruelty. I say quite deliberately that this crime is the principle enemy of moral progress in India. What has human happiness to do with morals? The objects of these happenings are not to make people happy.

Hors d'oeuvres have always a pathetic interest for me; they remind me of once Foolan Devi's dancing-teasing episode.

Your understanding of divine made you kinder, more empathetic and impelled you to express sympathy in concrete acts of loving-kindness, you left the door open as fridge is bringing some smoke. But the notion of God made the people of passing ways of train unkind belligerent, cruel of self-righteous and left the poor girls to kill in brutal process, it was bad theology. My big boxy head was down on my feet, my kind down eyes seeming to apologize for the shutdown on the whole light-up routine.

There is no doubt that you are a man of genius and leisure and may carry the method to greater perfection, but having had long experience, I have found none equal to it for the commodiousness it affords in working with the understanding. In recognition of your thorough farsighted generosity and highest quality of humanity will motivate to future generation.

With Regards.

Yours sincerely



**(A.P.J. Abdul Kalam)**

Dr. N L Dongre, IPS  
Superintendent of Police, Railways,  
Jabalpur, Madhya Pradesh.