

**Dear Inderjeet,**

lovely talking to you after a long time.

I miss old friends. Some are gone, and those who're there are caught up in their little island.

Earlier, we used to meet or contact each other for no reason. I like to reconnect.

Me and my younger son, Rehaan, locked up at home over the last three months. He is doing his studies and we both draw, and I write poems, clean and cook. I haven't gone to my studio, in the last three months.

Fortunately, I have a lot of paper at home to draw. I'm deeply touched and pained about the exodus of labourers.

Hats off to them. They're the real people of our country. They're with one track mind, going Home and to their roots.

They're the people who go home for every festival.

They're the people, who build skyscrapers and roads.

And eat roti and green chilly on the pavements, and sing kabir bhajans in the night.

Thousands and thousands of them with their bags and potli, carrying, walking in the scorching sun, or cycling or packed in lawrries, like gunny bags.

I'm amazed and very proud of the girl who spent 2000 savings to buy a cycle, carrying her father, on the road of 1200 kilometres to Bihar.

What is it, that the educated people get alienated from culture, form family and roots. And these, so called common people, retain, preserve and perpetuate our festivals.

I challenge a middle class, young person riding an ordinary cycle, a thousand kilometers in the hot sun.

I have sleepless nights, when I see these pictures on the television and newspaper. I'm attaching some ink paintings (done with brush), which I have been doing for the last three paints, and my acid-free handmade paper is getting exhausted.

Lots of love to you both  
take care and lets be in touch



**Jatin Das**

Artist & Chairman, JD Centre of Art