

## **Has somebody even painted a portrait of you?**

**Nayana Bhat , India, 31th of October**

In 2010, I lived in Amsterdam for a short while. It was the kind of time that changed my life forever.

While in Amsterdam I modeled for painters quite often for money. It is a special kind of job of sitting absolutely still for a stretch of 3 -4 hours, while managing to not fall asleep.

I met Edgar in one of those sessions, with whom I worked repeatedly over that summer. He appeared extremely shy and introverted, and very talented at his work.

His specialty is drawing movement.

We often ran into each other in various dance performances, where you'd find him sitting in a corner, long messy hair falling on his face, fingers full of color, a few water bottles next to him with paint brushes stuck in, him drawing away relentlessly as the dancers danced.

He was a picture in himself.

I went back to India that autumn but Edgar and I remained in touch through postcards. Once, he sent me this postcard for my birthday.

We are still friends. When we meet, we often sit at Cafe De Balie in Amsterdam and have coffee. I talk and he listens. That's mostly it. Sometimes he asks questions.

A portrait of mine he'd drawn that summer at one of the painting sessions where I'd modeled.



I still model for him sometimes, whenever I visit Amsterdam. I inevitably get a card from him with a few loving words written at the back every single time I see him.

Sometimes I accompany him in his drawing sessions, sit next to him while he paints, and practise my sketching.

We are friends for nearly a decade now. I've been privileged to be drawn by him more than once.