

**SASKIA MIA**

Life has not been so precise in its convolutions as to make me run into an individual named "Rembran(d)t," but I have had the pleasure of meeting at least three "Saskias." The first one was in a train on the way to Amsterdam. She was reading Eugen Herrigel's Zen in the Art of Archery, which was appropriate, because she was a cellist. Her father was an anthroposophic painter, which might explain the choice of name. I met the second Saskia many years later while attending a seminar given by the artist Hans Haacke at the Hamburg Hochschule für bildende Künste (HfbK), where she was studying Art Education and I was cracking jokes about being a "ghost" student. Many more years later, I went to the home of a yet another anthroposophic painter and met my third Saskia: her thirteen-year-old daughter. Opposite, I am seen rubbing noses with the real Saskia in Cassel, Germany (Foto: Andrea Saemann).

