

I found a photograph of my sister and brother in a bathtub when they were younger. They are a perfect depiction of two happy children in a bathtub. I have never been able to see children like this, as nice beings. Children confront me with the dark side of the human being; they can be immensely cruel and egocentric. They are primitive beings.

In this photograph the duality of my perception of children is visible. Although I like the child's imagination, although I like fantasizing and playing around, still I always see the monster in the child.

Although he is looking naughty at the spectator, seemingly playful, the transformation of the child into a monster is made manifest through the mask, the lighting and his posture. The mask is dis-attaching him from his humanity and makes place for him to become evil.

The lighting also transforms the mundane surrounding, the home, into a mythical realm where regular connotations of the domestic are no longer of use. The surrounding is the signification of something otherworldly. The child becomes a character in the myth.

On one hand this photograph also has to do with the passing of time. My brother and sister are adults now and this photograph is an opposition to their childhood. The child is the new generation and a confrontation with the fact that the childhood of my brother and sister is gone, especially because this is my sister's child. For me the photograph is a way to fragment reality and collate it into something more close to my impression of reality.

