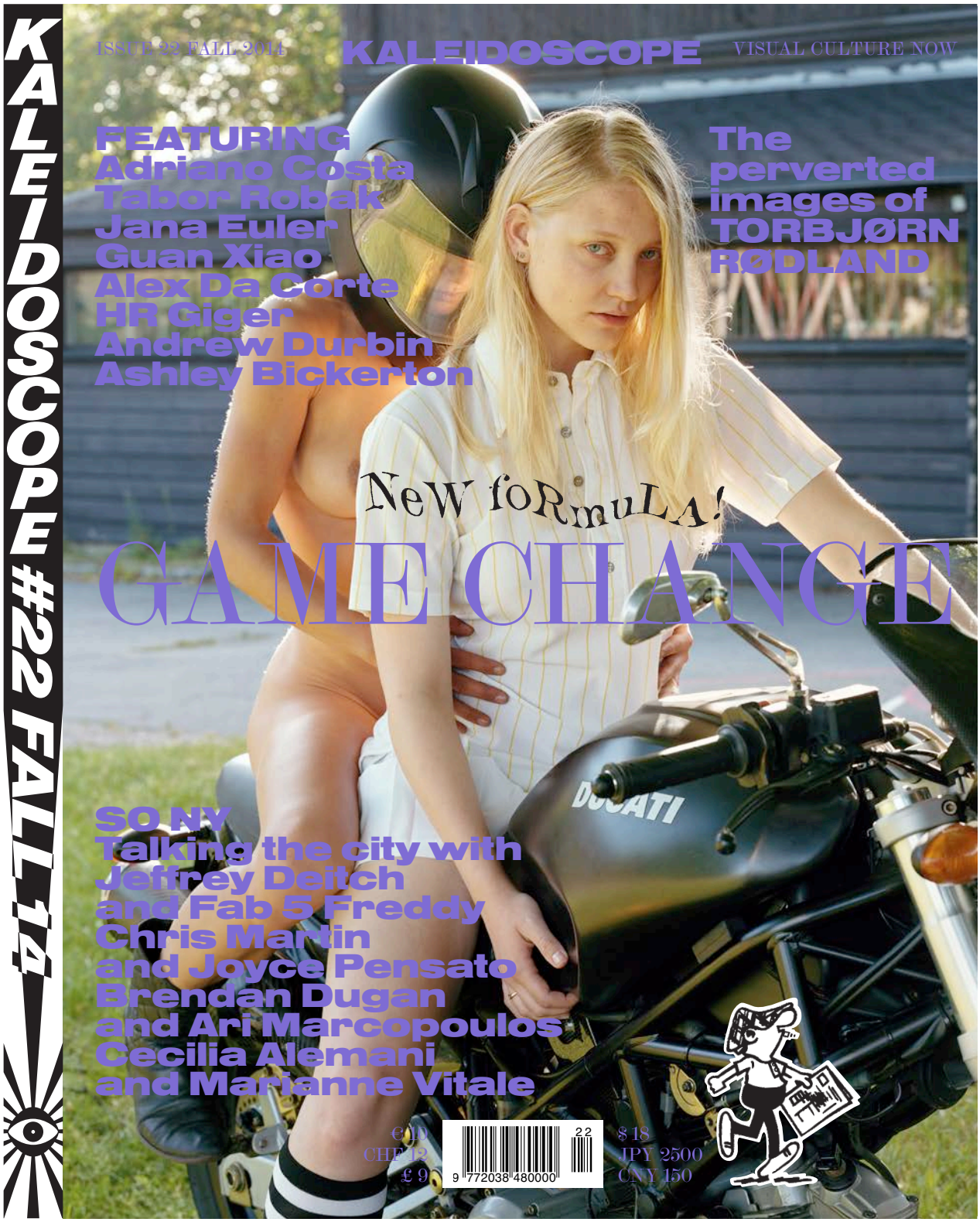
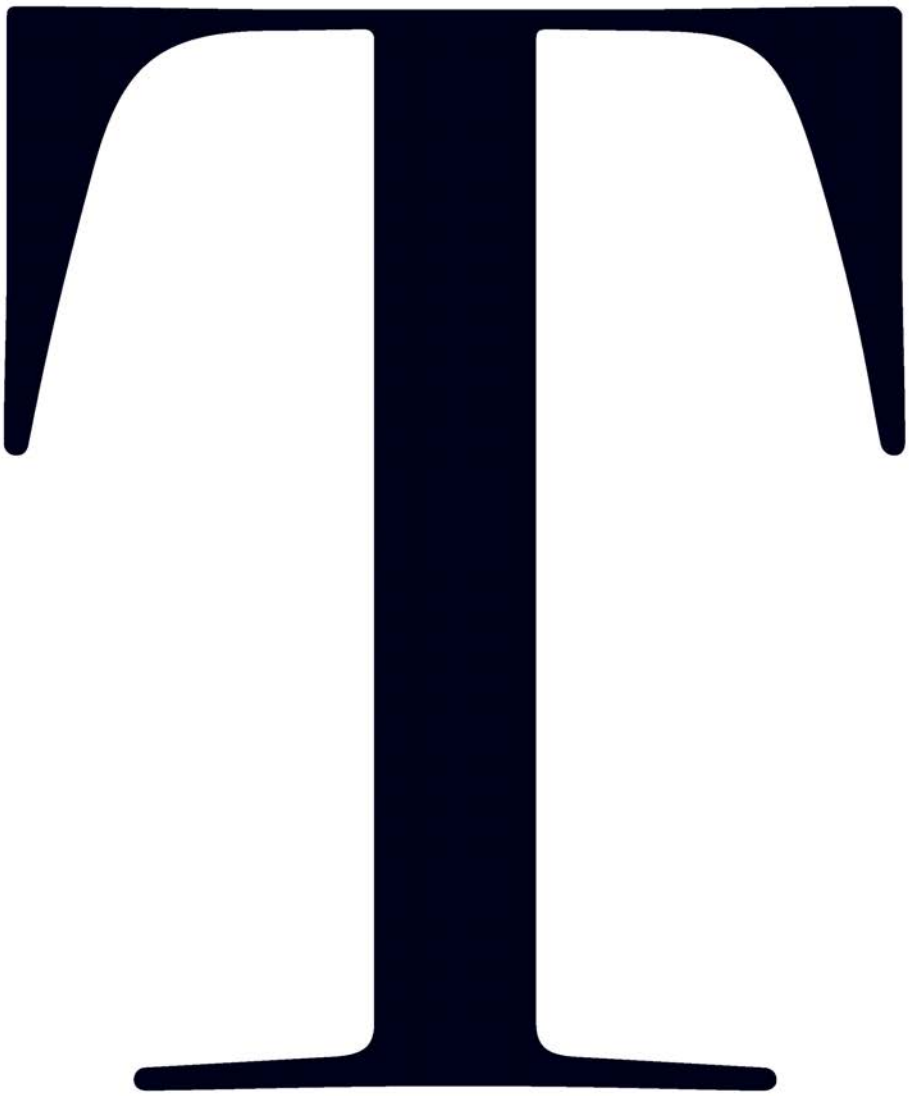
Sharp, Chris, “Torbjørn Rødland,” *Kaleidoscope*, #22, Fall 2014, pp. 118-147, cover



Sharp, Chris, “Torbjørn Rødland,” *Kaleidoscope*, #22, Fall 2014, pp. 118-147, cover



Torbjørn

Sharp, Chris, “Torbjørn Rødland,” *Kaleidoscope*, #22, Fall 2014, pp. 118-147, cover

Sharp, Chris, “Torbjørn Rødland,” *Kaleidoscope*, #22, Fall 2014, pp. 118-147, cover

R

Rødland

Sharp, Chris, “Torbjørn Rødland,” *Kaleidoscope*, #22, Fall 2014, pp. 118-147, cover

Sharp, Chris, “Torbjørn Rødland,” *Kaleidoscope*, #22, Fall 2014, pp. 118-147, cover

SEEMINGLY SPEAKING *the* FETISHISTIC IDIOM *of* ADVERTISEMENT, MARKETING *and* FOOD PHOTOGRAPHY, *the* IMAGES *of* NORWEGIAN, LOS ANGELES–BASED PHOTOGRAPHER TORBJØRN RØDLAND ARE *in* FACT PERVADED *by* THE MOST COMPELLING KIND *of* PERVERSITY, AND HAUNTED BY BOREDOM, SPIRITUAL LONGING, AND *a* SENSE *of* AFTERMATH.

PORTRAITS BY
TRINE HISDAL, 2014

Sharp, Chris, “Torbjørn Rødland,” *Kaleidoscope*, #22, Fall 2014, pp. 118-147, cover

ESSAY BY CHRIS SHARP

I first saw a photograph by Torbjørn Rødland in 2005 and it has stuck with me ever since. The photo was *Banana Black* (2005). It consists of a peeled banana laying on a concrete surface. Its shaft is entirely black while the banana's perfect white peel folds back around its base like a reverse blossom. Anything but demure, the subtle obscenity of this impossible tropical fruit points toward the viewer with a baroque directness, as if invading their space, immodestly obliging them to deal with it. I didn't understand this picture when I first saw it, and I'm not sure I understand it any better now. But I could not deny its hypnotic, unaccountably erotic, if scatological appeal. The photo was, and still is, disturbing in the most understated and suggestive way. It comes at you from the side, with an oblique frontality—literally and metaphorically. To state that the photograph is "ripe with innuendo" is a damnable, yet accurate pun. And yet for all its fetishistic precision, it gives itself a lot of wiggle room, in the sense that there is nothing categorically or ostensibly depraved about this photo. It is not classifiably indecent or, say, pornographic; if you perceive it as such, it is (arguably) because you (or your imagination) are depraved. In other words: it's you, not the photo, which is, after all, just a black banana. However, I hasten to point out that this photo is far from exclusively "erotic," or merely perverse. Given its perfectly uniform blackness—which is not because it is rotten or over-ripe (it exudes a healthy, structurally intact, un-bruised freshness), the banana is black because, well, it is black. Thus it belongs to the order of the freak of nature, of the *miracle*, interpretable, for those so inclined, as a sign from God (or Satan?). Not only a sign that she/he indeed exists, but that given her/his will to communicate with us through black bananas with immaculate white peels, she/he must have a weirdly splendid, but very dry sense of humor. (Allow me to complement that remark with a proviso regarding Rødland's well-known aversion towards the relic known as "postmodern irony." The reader is encouraged to consult his "Sentences on Photography," *Triple Canopy*, Issue 12, 2011, which are, incidentally, better and more provocative than anything I could write here. E.g., "13. A photographer in doubt will get better results than a photographer caught up in the freedom of irony." I point that out in order to state that I definitely do not see this photo as a mere dismissive send up for the search for spirituality. It is a much stranger monster than that).

If I spend so much time on *Banana Black,* it is because I believe that it succinctly embodies many of the themes, methods and preoccupations that run throughout the work of Torbjørn Rødland, who, born in 1970 in Stavanger, Norway, currently lives in L.A. These themes, methods and preoccupations include perversion, the fetishistic spiritual longing, and the way a photo is made, as well as the complex nexus of clichés, platitudes and expectations that comprise popular photography. This combination renders Rødland particularly vulnerable to the allure of banality and to boredom. But the banal is never just banal in Rødland's work, but almost always redeemed by the photographer's penchant for the perverse, which appears in his work as a method rather than a theme.

Shooting almost exclusively with analogue, Rødland's stages most of his photos, which are usually the byproduct of a long gestation process. They borrow from and *seem* to speak the distinctly fetishistic photographic idiom of advertisement, marketing or food photography. However, this is not to say that he is necessarily invested in some kind of post-structural decoding of the machinations of said photography. Again, what he does is much stranger than that. Behold, for instance, sentence number 8: "A photograph that refuses to market anything but its own complexities is perverse. Perversion is bliss." Despite the hyperbole, I couldn't agree more. In fact, I would even go so far as to say that if there is anything that could approach a tenable formula, or a kind of immutable principle for the qualification of great art, perversion would be an essential element. Etymologically, to pervert merely means, "to turn around" or go the wrong way. This necessarily means that the determination of the perverse is highly mutable (wrong way around according to what? When? And whom?). So if I claim it to be an immutable principle, it is with

Sharp, Chris, “Torbjørn Rødland,” *Kaleidoscope*, #22, Fall 2014, pp. 118-147, cover

the complete awareness of its intrinsic mutability. In artistic terms, perversion has perhaps less to do with the erotic than with codification, convention and taboo. These are all, to varying degrees, subject to change and wholly relative to socio-historical context and even medium. Thus in Rødland's photography, perversion is liable to play out in everything from an image of a puppy or an egregiously, non-ironic photo of a countryside ruin (both totally taboo subjects for sophisticated art photography, one by virtue of its vernacular popularity, the other by exhaustion) to contorted bodies (a more classical, if mannerist form of perversion) to improbably eroticized subjects (see above). But generally speaking, any deployment of perversion in these photos is characterized by a very light touch, ultimately more generative of a kind of unresolvable doubt than discomfort—as if whatever was wrong in the image was not immediately apparent (indeed the most compelling kind of perversity never declares its self as such outright. It almost always happens beyond the threshold of understanding—not on a moral basis, but on an aesthetic one. A linguistic analogue isn't necessarily found in language itself or what it describes, but in how it is deployed, in its very syntax).

That said, there is nothing especially unusual about what Rødland depicts, nor the milieu in which he depicts it. It is all somehow very regular, homey, suburban. He is drawn to a certain sense of the *gemütlich*. When not shot outdoors, photos tend to have a decidedly lower-middle to middle-class feel, or mood, a feeling aided in part by their subject matter. This is evident, in particular, in the floors and surfaces upon which he shoots, which are almost always backlit, as if from natural daylight. I am thinking, for example, of a bird's eye view photo of a reproduction on one of the seven dwarfs on laying on a terra cotta tiles; a pair of elbows wearing elbow pads on a hard wood floor; a white frosted cake, a large segment missing, on a hard wood floor. Strangest of all perhaps is a basket with blond hair extensions hanging off of it above a white, tiled floor, as if the basket were an inverted head, hair spilling down.

Given the lighting method and subsequent uniformity in the photos, it would seem that Rødland privileges a particular time of day, but, aside from the fact that almost all the photos take place during the day, and hence use natural light, it is hard to say. It could be morning, mid-afternoon, just before twilight. All that said, a sense of day after, even aftermath, and the addled or fragile serenity liable to attend *after*, is known to haunt the work. This inclines it, at least far as the days of the week go, toward the weekend, especially those photos that feature writing on bodies and faces, like the close up of young man apparently passed out on a hard wood floor, with “We need to talk,” written on his face, or another of a figure passed out on a couch with black face courtesy of magic marker and an Eminem poster, its head cut off, lying on him like a bib. Another conspicuous image of *after* is a striped sock sticking out of the cavity of an abstract public sculpture as if the sock were a tongue. Pre- or adolescent boredom—Sunday's handmaiden (not adolescence, but the raw, purgatorial, systematically punishing stuff of ennui)—also seems to be a motivating factor behind some of the photos. What else could drive someone to wrap their arm and torso in linked sausages? Or apparently take up the challenge to hold an empty Starbucks ice-drink container between their nude butt cheeks? Indeed, the subject matter of Rødland's photos often seems to be the byproduct of a general loss of plot, of listless boredom—a recourse not so much of killing time, but of giving it some precious modicum of meaning. It is here that boredom dovetails, at least in this work, with the search for spirituality or some kind of spiritual experience, often through religion. It virtually goes without saying that boredom is essential to the production of perversion).

This brings us to the question of the fetishistic, which is all-pervasive in Rødland's practice. Fetish suffuses everything from the rich, creamy textures of his surfaces to his choice of subject matter and propensity to eroticize, well, *things* and wholly unlikely combinations (this is addressed in part sentence seven: “Lacking an appealing surface, a photograph

Sharp, Chris, “Torbjørn Rødland,” *Kaleidoscope*, #22, Fall 2014, pp. 118-147, cover

should depict surfaces appealingly”). When I claim that he fetishizes his subject matter, I am not just speaking in particular terms, but more importantly, in general terms. His so-called embrace of popular photography generally manifests in the portrayal of not just popular subject matter, but, by extension, also a certain milieu and social class (lower-middle, middle), which, it would seem, is most likely to perpetuate that portrayal of that subject matter. I confess to not being sure where to stand on this. On one hand, I am (no doubt erroneously) inclined to align it with an empathic drive of the order of David Foster Wallace, in which natural or acquired sophistication is not deployed to distance oneself from the supposedly less sophisticated, un- or under-educated (i.e., New York City vs. the midwest), but to actually decrease it. And on the other, I can see this fetishization of the norm as a kind of photographic equivalent of “norm core” *avant la lettre*. But then again, I am not so sure that it’s that simple. For what is norm core but a cosmetic, if ironic, capitulation to the soi-disant neutrality of mediocrity? (Actually, norm core is the counter-hipster; to the rarefied connoisseurship of the hipster and the need to continually publicize that rarefaction through a compulsion to accessorize, customize and individualize, norm core proposes a kind of taste of no-taste, a conspicuous vacuum of sophistication, a drive to de-individualize and blend in [to what? An episode of Seinfeld?], such that it is willfully subsumed into the Jim Carrie-ideology of every man).

My ambivalence notwithstanding, I think it is important to keep in mind the initial context of Rødland’s work (who, it should be remembered, has been actively exhibiting for a decade and a half). For while what he does looks totally contemporary, bringing to mind the work of contemporaries like Roe Ethridge, or younger photographers such as Elad Lassry or Lucas Blalock, its origins can be found in the ‘90s and early aughties with the work of photographers like Jeff Wall, Gregory Crewdson and even Philip-Lorca di Corcia, all of whom created elaborately staged photographs—in varying modes, some being distinctly cinematic—with atmospheres, which were if not suburban, then largely banal. But where the practice of these three photographers was patently given to staged spectacle—and in many cases, the more artificial, the better—Rødland’s equally staged photos are extremely modest in comparison and depict things that could actually or almost or seem to happen IRL (whatever that means). However, Rødland takes his interest to an entirely different place—one full of sensual surfaces, mystery, humor and un-qualifiable strangeness. Whatever the case may be, while Rødland’s genus of weirdness has its predecessors and its successors, it is certainly his own.

Chris Sharp is a writer and independent curator currently based in Mexico City. He is editor-at-large of *Kaleidoscope* and the co-director, with artist Martin Soto Climent, of the project space Lulu. His most recent curatorial projects include the 12th Swiss Sculpture Exhibition in Biel/Bienne, co-curated with Gianni Jetzer, and the touring exhibition “The Registry of Promise,” a co-production of Fondazione Giuliani; Parc Saint Léger, Centre d’art contemporain; Centre d’art contemporain d’Ivry - le Crédac; and SBKM/De Vleeshal.

Sharp, Chris, “Torbjørn Rødland,” *Kaleidoscope*, #22, Fall 2014, pp. 118-147, cover

Sharp, Chris, “Torbjørn Rødland,” *Kaleidoscope*, #22, Fall 2014, pp. 118-147, cover

LEFT
YOUNG HEAD, 2013

DOWN
UNTITLED, 2009–13

Sharp, Chris, “Torbjørn Rødland,” *Kaleidoscope*, #22, Fall 2014, pp. 118-147, cover

DOWN,
BABY, 2007

RIGHT
HAND ON FIRE, 2008

Sharp, Chris, “Torbjørn Rødland,” *Kaleidoscope*, #22, Fall 2014, pp. 118-147, cover

Sharp, Chris, “Torbjørn Rødland,” *Kaleidoscope*, #22, Fall 2014, pp. 118-147, cover

Sharp, Chris, “Torbjørn Rødland,” *Kaleidoscope*, #22, Fall 2014, pp. 118-147, cover

LEFT
DECISIVE, 2010–13

DOWN
PLAY FACE, 2006

NEXT PAGE
PADS, 2010–14

Sharp, Chris, “Torbjørn Rødland,” *Kaleidoscope*, #22, Fall 2014, pp. 118-147, cover

Sharp, Chris, “Torbjørn Rødland,” *Kaleidoscope*, #22, Fall 2014, pp. 118-147, cover

DOWN
LATTER DAY TOWERS, 2012

RIGHT
NARRATIVE STASIS
(STUDIO KABUKI), 2008-13

NEXT PAGE
“ANDY CAPP VARIATIONS”
ACV12 AND ACV04, 2009

Sharp, Chris, “Torbjørn Rødland,” *Kaleidoscope*, #22, Fall 2014, pp. 118-147, cover

Sharp, Chris, “Torbjørn Rødland,” *Kaleidoscope*, #22, Fall 2014, pp. 118-147, cover

Sharp, Chris, “Torbjørn Rødland,” *Kaleidoscope*, #22, Fall 2014, pp. 118-147, cover

Sharp, Chris, “Torbjørn Rødland,” *Kaleidoscope*, #22, Fall 2014, pp. 118-147, cover

Sharp, Chris, “Torbjørn Rødland,” *Kaleidoscope*, #22, Fall 2014, pp. 118-147, cover

LEFT
BANANA BLACK, 2005

DOWN
YOUNG MAN, 2009–14

NEXT PAGE
BATHROOM TILES, 2011–13

Sharp, Chris, “Torbjørn Rødland,” *Kaleidoscope*, #22, Fall 2014, pp. 118-147, cover

Sharp, Chris, “Torbjørn Rødland,” *Kaleidoscope*, #22, Fall 2014, pp. 118-147, cover

INTERVIEW BY HANNE MUGAAS

The works in your book *I Want to Live Innocent* (2008), which were all shot in Stavanger, really succeed in capturing the different layers of the place. How did the city shape your vision as an artist, if at all?

Like Stavanger, I was internationally oriented from the beginning, while still trying to filter the interpersonal aesthetics of a world-centric culture through personal and more spiritual concerns. I honestly don't know how much of that should be traced back to my hometown, but there is an argument that could be made if you really want to.

You did start your creative work in Stavanger though, and you've been very involved with its music scene; you've designed the record covers for Noxagt, and the visuals for the band you were in, Bever.

Oh, I never played with them. Where did you hear that? I played the oboe as a young teen but never in a band, always solo. That is the story of my life. I made small drawings, posters, band photographs and record covers for Bever—and saw a lot of their concerts.

This reminds me of the Jeremy Deller's *The Search for Bez* (1994), where he goes to Manchester to try to locate Bez, the Happy Monday's famous non-member. What kind of music did Bever play? What kind of music were you listening to back then as teenager in Stavanger when the band was active?

Bever was like Primus but with a message. Norwegians hadn't really opened up to black music in 1991, so I fed the bass player homemade mix tapes filled with Bootsy Collins, Sly Stone, Rick James, Roger Troutman and The Meters, encouraging him to keep Bever funky. I was twenty-one. At fourteen I had discovered Bruce Springsteen and David Bowie; at fifteen Tom Waits and Prince; at sixteen Marvin Gaye and The Smiths; at seventeen Joni Mitchell, Public Enemy and John Coltrane. And then it went downhill from there.

Is music still an important part of your daily life? What do you listen to now?

It still is a daily drug. To find truly challenging music is of course increasingly difficult. I've learned to appreciate a lot of different artists and genres. Lately, I've been into original Broadway cast recordings of Sondheim musicals. On one level they're really really good but they can also be disagreeable, quaint and hard to love. *Sunday in the Park with George* (1984) is pretty incredible.

I'm curious about the picture of the hip-hop stars. Where was it taken?

You mean the hip-hop poster photographed with three types of red jam on it? I think I bought that poster in Switzerland. It's a reproduction of a fan drawing, a messed up group portrait in pencil. Those MCs are of my generation, I think I can say that, and I made the photograph with my largest camera in a rented house in Stavanger. The title is *The Power of Goals* (2006). I was interested in the relationship between American self-help books and mystical traditions. Rhonda Byrne's book *The Secret* was topping the bestseller lists at the time.
Twelve years earlier I had been very impressed with Biggie Small's first album, *Ready to Die*. And then, after his second album *Life After Death*, he was killed. Tupac Shakur has even more lines or lyrics about being shot and dying. But also the gangster rappers that survived the nineties seemed to rely on *The Secret*—or *Fake It Till You Make It*. These talented black teenagers were sitting in their mother's houses making up confessional lyrics about an excessive sexist-materialist lifestyle that they could try to make a reality after perhaps two big albums.

Are you still interested in the model of hip-hop? Now, I think it is best encapsulated by Jay Z's famous line, "I'm not a businessman, I'm a business, man!" For example, Dr. Dre has an office at Apple these days.

I'm not particularly fascinated by branding and empire building. I'm talking about the strong influence of fiction on reality. I'm very interested in unconscious life strategies and how they're linked to personality types described in the enneagram. Enneatype threes, like Jay Z, can be great team builders but as a rule they're not the most interesting artists. Threes lie too easily.

Recently, while going through the archive at Kunsthall Stavanger, I found a clipping with a newspaper drawing of yours, from 1990. Turns out that instead of delivering newspapers as a teenager, you actually drew satire for the local paper. How did you get the job?

Sharp, Chris, “Torbjørn Rødland,” *Kaleidoscope*, #22, Fall 2014, pp. 118-147, cover

Was this the first public outlet for your creative work?

Yeah, but was I an artist back then? I don't think so. Those drawings served a function in the paper and it gave me a rush to push myself to finish them just hours before the newspaper landed on people's doorsteps, but they were never very good. I was sixteen or seventeen when I contacted the editor. I knew he had just lost his caricaturist to another local newspaper that was just starting up. I was always a confusing mix of very shy and very confident. Doing that work was a real education. I slowly realized that I was interested in visual symbols too subtle for mainstream media. This pushed me towards the art world and to photography.

Is your Andy Capp series related to your newspaper drawings?

It must be. I spent my whole childhood drawing cartoonish men. The "Andy Capp Variations" (2009) show my need to integrate direct observations of the everyday with a flat and dead, yet culturally recognizable cartoon character.

Your work is said to be uncanny, but I also think there's a lot of humor to it. What role does humor play in your work?

It's a part of life. It's in the pool from which I pull my material. But the movement is never towards humor, towards comedy. *Non-Progress*, the film work from 2006 that is included in our Stavanger exhibition, is in retrospect an almost pedagogical example of this: We see some of Mitch Hedberg's jokes performed in front of us, but they've lost most of their humor. The movement is away from funny and towards an underlying complex coherence. That's at least how I see it. What does a joke contain when it's no longer funny?

Do you see or listen to comedy?

I subscribe to some comedy podcasts. And I'm not alone. I think a lot of young artists have an interest in standup and comedy. There is a one-sided identification. Both artists and comedians are cutting and licking the edges of what contemporary culture can accept as a mirror image of itself. Since moving to Los Angeles four years ago I've been invited (by other visual artists) to see more comedy shows than theater, or even concerts. Cinema is still number one, though.

You recently joined Instagram with the account @theyellowshell, where you posted a picture of you with Paris Hilton. Did you work together?

I said yes to session with her for *Purple Magazine* simply because she was already on an imaginary list of people I'd want to work with. Celebrity is more interesting when it's pure and self-contained; when it doesn't disrupt an artistic project; when the image is its own content.

How was it meeting her? I (kind of) hate to be so gossipy, but it's very interesting.

Well, I had no chance of communicating with her in advance. Hollywood publicists don't exactly make things run smoothly. They wouldn't send her my questions before I provided a mood board, and I was of course not going to fake a mood board. So when I showed up at her house I didn't know which pets were available or what ideas she would be open to, and she had no idea why the magazine didn't send a fun celebrity photographer like Terry Richardson. To make a long story short: she was uncomfortable because she was not in control. I can understand that. I didn't allow her regular squad to do her hair and face, I didn't play loud dance music, the clothes we brought were relatively unsexy, my cameras were analogue and old-looking and the ideas weird.

What's your relationship to fashion and contemporary photography? Do you take on jobs in fashion (like with Paris Hilton), and where do you place this work?

If you're a good poet, people don't assume you're in the business of advertising luxury items. I understand that, historically speaking, art and commercial photography are linked, but you'd think that after postmodernity there'd be a place

Sharp, Chris, "Torbjørn Rødland," *Kaleidoscope*, #22, Fall 2014, pp. 118-147, cover

for photographers to work with the complexity of their times and their medium, like painters and rappers do, without being pushed towards indirect advertising. I haven't done advertising. I sometimes say yes to collaborate with magazines and it's always complicated. The *Purple* collaboration with Paris Hilton is about access. I wanted the portraits for myself. They would never have happened without the magazine. Recently I've also collaborated with *Double* and *Wallpaper*. There's a stylist involved, but I choose everything I photograph. I'm afraid the distinction between asking for a pair of red pumps and being presented with and asked to do something with a pair of red pumps is lost in the magazine context. For me it's an important one. So I'm more comfortable later on when I can include the picture in my own publication or exhibition.

Is there a photograph you took, when you—the photographer—were not in control? Is this of any interest to you?

Oh, definitely! With photography control is always partial. Making analogue double exposures is about giving up even more control. I would not be interested in building a layered photograph like that in Photoshop with actual control. I improvise a lot, but first I need to set up or plan a platform interesting or strong enough to improvise from.

I think of LA as the perfect place for you.

Why is that?

It is a town that revolves around "the industry," and I picture you as a kind of photographer who likes to work silently on the fringes. While everyone is looking towards the moving image, and even comedy—which is a feeder system to the moving image—I imagine it gives you time and space to look the other way. Also, of course, the weather. After growing up in Stavanger, where it rains basically all day, it can't hurt. Why do you like it there?

It's true that I am a little turned off by this feeling you get in New York of fine art as the big tent; the main activity. In Los Angeles artists are still outsiders stumbling out of the numerous art schools and quiet hideaways. I grew up where the city of Stavanger ends and the farmland takes over. The Hollywood hills offer a not entirely unfamiliar mix of countryside and city living. There's a strong sense of privacy. There's room for an unproductive idea.

How long does it take from the initial idea to when the photo is taken?

It varies. Typically somewhere between ten minutes and ... ten years! I carry around a number of dumb visual approximations, often passively waiting to meet people who'll help me externalize them.
Do we have to say "photo"? To me that's only slightly better than calling them "captures." I also don't identify with pictures being "shot" or "taken" because that is not what it feels like at all, at least not when you're on a tripod, and I'm still chained to the tripod. In the same way that an Inuit can decide whether or not the word Eskimo is derogatory, I should have a say in this, don't you think? Words do carry ideology.

Are the images you post on Instagram photographs?

That is a very good comeback. Some of them are definitely photographic snapshots. But Instagram is tertiary.

I've noticed that you always carry a portable camera, photographing people you meet—also without their consent. Is this research? Do these situations ever become uncomfortable? The camera obviously changes the social setting.

It's not research! It's a very different way of producing images. In thirty years they'll be interesting. You're right: doing them does feel a little aggressive at times, which my work with bigger cameras never does. I don't like looking at people through a camera that I hold in front of my face. That relation is too asymmetrical. I put the camera away when the situation gets uncomfortable. I hope I do. But sometimes you just have to do your job.

Do you have a compulsion to always photograph / record?

Hmm, there is a drive to make and a joy of collecting images. It's a good thing. I've seen it die in photographers who embrace the world of commercial photography.

Many people do videos now, where they once took still images. Does the shift from still images to moving images—which can be seen on

Sharp, Chris, “Torbjørn Rødland,” *Kaleidoscope*, #22, Fall 2014, pp. 118-147, cover

sites like Instagram and Vine—interest you at all? What's your experience with video, how is it different and how does it change your work?

I made my first video, *The Exorcism of Mother Teresa*, early in 2004—before YouTube happened and before telephones or regular SLRs could record moving images. It was more inspired by cheap anime and by those non-narrative and largely silent programs produced to show off new television sets. The films contain more indicators of how they should be seen. My photographs give weaker clues about the worldview that produced them. For one thing, it was satisfying to work so directly with music. With the exception of the one we're showing in Stavanger, all six films have an original score.

Are you a gear head? I know some photographers can talk forever about formats, cameras and lenses while others don't pay much attention. Photography is a technology-intensive practice, so I am curious to hear what your angle on it is.

After all my stuff was stolen from the small van that moved me from Berlin to Oslo in late 2002, I went out and bought the exact same cameras and lights that I had lost. I still use them today. So no, I'm not particularly focused on new tools. A new lens is dramatic.

Do you plan everything in advance? How about the people populating your work—do you seek out specific types (professional models?), or do you get ideas when you meet people?

In 1997, when I first worked with models—after having been my own model for years—I did plan everything in advance, but I soon developed a more organic approach. I learned to trust the situations I create and let them live a little. I typically know what direction the setup should be pushed in, but I don't necessarily know how far to push or exactly what this push ought to look or feel like. I'm open to alternative forms. Casting is crucial. I'm photographing or getting help from more artists now than I did ten years ago.

Several of the people you've photographed are semi-famous in different places. For instance, for your book, *I Want to Live Innocent* (2008), you've included people who are famous in Stavanger, but that wouldn't be recognized in other locations. What do these personalities bring to your work?

The partial recognition complicates the reading. I always try to open up to layers of meaning that are outside of the here-and-now. Close to my portrait of someone you recognize in *Innocent*, you may see another picture of the same girl modeling wedding dresses in a taped up catalogue tear-out. I'm interested in these different layers of mediation.

Do the models themselves participate by changing the situation or the narrative?

Always. I seldom know exactly what will work. I think this is pretty common for intuitive artists: you don't know what you want until it presents itself. What you end up doing should be richer than what you set out to do. With photography it's amazing what can line itself up when you're patient and ready for it. I always expect miracles. Didn't we just talk about the power of goals?

How did you use yourself as a model?

My very first project was titled *In a Norwegian Landscape* (1993–1995). I worked on it as a student. I assumed I would stay with that project and that title forever, like Cindy Sherman and her "Untitled Film Stills." I photographed myself as an urban wanderer in the forest. With my back to the camera I focused on the problems of having a nature experience and making art about it after the postmodern revolution had, for good reason, rejected the contemplative as a method of understanding oneself and one's place in the world. In Scandinavia this series was embraced as a step *into* a postmodern mode of image production. My intention was for it to represent a step *out*.

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Sharp, Chris, “Torbjørn Rødland,” *Kaleidoscope*, #22, Fall 2014, pp. 118-147, cover

SENTENCES ON PHOTOGRAPHY BY TORBJØRN RØDLAND

1 The muteness of a photograph matters as much as its ability to speak.

2 The juxtaposition of photographs matters as much as the muteness of each.

3 All photography flattens. Objectification is inescapable.

4 Photography cannot secure the integrity of its subject any more than it can satisfy the need to touch or taste.

5 Good ideas are easily bungled.

6 Banal ideas can be rescued by personal investment and beautiful execution.

7 Lacking an appealing surface, a photograph should depict surfaces appealingly.

8 A photograph that refuses to market anything but its own complexities is perverse. Perversion is bliss.

9 A backlit object is a pregnant object.

10 To disregard symbols is to disregard a part of human perception.

11 Photography may employ tools and characteristics of reportage without being reportage.

12 The only photojournalistic images that remain interesting are the ones that produce or evoke myths.

13 A photographer in doubt will get better results than a photographer caught up in the freedom of irony.

14 The aestheticizing eye is a distant eye. The melancholic eye is a distant eye. The ironic eye is a distant eye.

15 One challenge in photography is to outdistance distance. Immersion is key.

16 Irony may be applied in homeopathic doses.

17 A lyrical photograph should be aware of its absurdity. Lyricism grows from awareness.

18 For the photographer, everyone and everything is a model, including the photograph itself.

19 The photography characterized by these sentences is informed by conceptual art.

20 The photography characterized by these sentences is not conceptual photography.

Originally published in
Triple Canopy, Issue 12, 2011

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