ALMINE RECH

Amanda Wall
Femcel

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It’s in anonymity we experience true freedom. It’s in our youth we play the game. In Femcel, Amanda Wall navigates the path between disassociation and transcendence, peeking into the gestalt of the sexless sex objects, the zeitgeist of the post-postmodern woman. As we traverse the narrative space, we descend into rapid cycles of detachment and foreboding, enshrouded by the cherubic faces of young women scattered schizophrenically in bursts of joy and doom. A paradox unfurls before us, as the desire to embody the archetypal "hot girl" remains elusive, even among those who appear to epitomize it. In a world overly saturated with sensuality, we have matured beyond the enchanting innocence of our youth, yet these physical forms retain their delicate suppleness, albeit uselessly. It is not the act of carnal indulgence that allures them or us but their persistent yearning for validation and our guilty joy in partaking in their solipsism. Throughout Wall's oeuvre, the subject beckons the viewer to participate, all the while aware of their role as a spectacle. Our presence, though welcomed, disturbs their ephemeral refuge. Paradoxically, the viewer, too, is the ultimate objective. The subjects loathe our departure; an impending sense of gloom hovers over these femcels. They utter soft entreaties, beseeching viewers to embrace the curves of their bodies without the need for a formal introduction, as permanence eludes this connection. They dwell within the shadows of nonexistence, their unspoken plea echoing, "I think I’m going to die. Do not tease me. Prove my existence." From a formal point of view, Femcel ushers in a variety of nuances for Wall. Scale, which has often magnified her subjects, is microscopically focused on various targeted subjects to get the shot: a selfie at the barrel end of a gun. You can hear the “click!” “bang!” of this clique gangbang, swirled in a vortex of gestural strokes. Inserting herself into various levels of facelessness, Wall flirts with anonymity—and the sensuality of invisibility. Nothing ever mattered; it never did.

— Alexis Schwartz, Writer and Anarchist