



By Robert Shuster *Wednesday, Nov 7 2012*

Martynka Wawrzyniak: 'Smell Me'

The provocative invitation of the show's title sets up something of a bait and switch here: The odors you'll catch of Martynka Wawrzyniak are actually synthetic. The real stuff, not for sniffing, is stoppered up in four displayed vials, which contain yellowish liquids extracted by Hunter College chemistry students from the artist's sweat, tears, hair, and nightshirt. The substances form the basis of four fragrances—manufactured in collaboration with two professional perfumers—that are released into a cylindrical chamber, squirted by a hidden diffuser through separate holes placed around the wall. Standing in the blank white space is an experience that's almost entirely conceptual, but—because you're encouraged to be there alone—it's one that's also undeniably intimate, even sexual. Pushing your nose into the bitter but pleasant stream of air identified as sweat brings any number of things to mind. Exploiting those sensitive, emotion-connecting olfactory neurons, Wawrzyniak's installation—minimalist as it is—directly engages the imagination. *Envoy Enterprises, 87 Rivington Street, 212-226-4552, envoyenterprises.com. Through November 18.*