There Were Zero Things Better This Week Than That Absurdly Historic Klay Game

Except maybe Kurt Russel’s cool Santa schtick.

Martha Rosler Forever

In the 1975 video “Semiotics of the Kitchen,” one of multidisciplinary artist Martha Rosler’s most famed works, Rosler stands at a makeshift kitchen station in front of a refrigerator and stove. It looks like a cross between a Rachael Ray cooking demo and a Francesca Woodman photograph.

“Apron,” she says, as she pulls one over her head. “Bowl,” displaying a bowl to the world while pantomiming stirring. “Chopper,” plunging it into the bowl violently. “Egg beater ... fork ... grater,” she continues, rubbing the fork up and down the grater, emitting a jarring racket. She continues down the alphabet, naming different kitchen appliances and simulating
their use for the viewer like an alien mimicking domestic rituals. When she picks up the nutcracker, Rosler glares at the viewer while spreading and shutting the tool’s legs with vigor. The video, critiquing the oppressive, domestic roles women are often forced to embody, becomes a jagged dance to the tune of a grating metallic symphony.

This is Rosler’s most well-known piece, but far from the only one worth knowing. A retrospective at the Jewish Museum spans Rosler’s five-decade career. Featuring installations, photographic series, sculpture, and video, the exhibit probes far beyond “Semiotics of the Kitchen” to show us one of the most witty and dogged feminist artists of our time. In one photo collage, blond women snap selfies in a mod mansion as flames blaze outside the windows. In an installation, various women’s lingerie and sleepwear congregate around a white mattress. The cluster of thongs and spanx and granny panties alludes to the stories clothes tell about the women who wear them. Or perhaps just the stories we buy into.

The show opens on Friday, Nov. 2 and is up until March. All feminists, Jews and bad chefs are encouraged to attend. — Priscilla Frank