



coyote. That vehicle was the same make and model as the one here, a Cadillac Miller-Meteor—also made famous in the film *Ghostbusters*. BHQF's video, projected onto the inside of the windshield, thus features a montage of documentary footage of Beuys's piece, glimpses from Ivan Reitman's comedy classic, and more or less generic scenes of our great nation accompanied by a female narrator lugubriously intoning phrases like "We drunk-dial our memories of America."

Again, nothing earth-shattering; to paraphrase Bob Dylan, you don't need a voiceover to know which way the wind blows. But the piece works in this context, especially as you move from its mental cacophony into the next gallery, which is dominated by serene abstractions, courtesy of painters Sarah Crowner, Suzan Freton and Tauba Auerbach. That kind of ping-ponging between sense and structure happens throughout the show. Sometimes the effect is a delayed one: On one floor you run into Stephanie Sinclair's heartbreaking photos of Afghan women who have immolated themselves to escape oppressive marriages; on another floor, you see Nina Berman's horrifying images of a former Marine burned beyond recognition by a suicide bomber in Iraq. This Biennial isn't afraid to give you the rough stuff, but it's smart enough not to rub your nose in it.

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