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Shilpa Gupta's Untitled work depicts the border between India and Bangladesh, where the world's longest security fence is under construction

My East is Your West

Palazzo Benzon

A non-profit foundation led by the businesswoman Feroze Gujral is presenting an exhibition that unites India and Pakistan in the absence of official pavilions for either country. My East is your West, on show at Palazzo Benzon on the Grand Canal, includes works by the Mumbai-based artist Shilpa Gupta and Rashid Rana, who is based in Lahore. The pairing is significant, given the history of conflicts between India and Pakistan

Works on show include Gupta's Untitled piece comprising a performer who uses carbon paper to draw lines on a 3,394m piece of hand-woven cloth; this represents the border between India and Bang ladesh, where the longest security fence in the world is under construction. Rashid Rana's My Sight Stands in the Way of Your Memory (2013-15), a nine-channel

video work, re-creates Caravaggio's painting Judith Beheading Holofernes (1598) as a mosaic of pixelated news reports and CCTV footage.

The exhibition, an official Biennale collateral event, is organised by the Gujral Foundation, which was founded in India in 2008 by Mohit and Feroze Gujral, the son and disoubterial bayer of the India in Medorait the son and daughter-in-law of the Indian Modernist artist Satish Gujral. The organisation supports contemporary art and design on the Indian subcontinent.

Amin Jaffer, the international director of Asian art at Christie's, and Richard Armstrong, the director of the

Guggenheim, are among the event advisers.
"When you think that South Asia is home to a third of the world's population, it seems surprising that we have no formal representation in Venice. We

have such a wealth of talent but limited institutional infrastructure to support them in South Asia and inter nationally," says Feroze Gujral. "At the moment we are bridging that gap, hoping that in the future India and Pakistan will have an even stronger presence here." India and Pakistan have been poorly represented in

Venice. After a carefully curated national pavilion at the 2011 Biennale—India's first official representation—the country did not return in 2013. Before that, the country had shown unofficially in Venice eight times between 1954 and 1982. Pakistan has also had a patchy presence. last showing in 1956. A statement from the Gural Foundation says that "India stands at a crucial junction of cultural crossroads; soft power needs to be presented". Gareth Harris

Christian Schad, Selbstbildnis mit Modell (1927)

New Objectivity: Modern German Art in the Weimar Republic 1919 to 1933

It is sheer coincidence that the Museo Correr's exhibition on New Objectivity fits so elegantly with the themes of Okwii Enwezor's an-ti-capitalist Biennale, says Stephanie Barron, its curator. The artists associated with the movement worked through and responded to the 14 years of Weimar Germany (1919-33), when the country veered between devastating unemployment—fuelled by hyperinflation and crippling reparations—and the decadence of the Golden Twenties. New Objectivity: Modern German Art in

the Weimar Republic, 1919-33, which will travel to the Los Angeles County Museum of Art in September, includes more than 140 works by 42 artists (this list will swell when the show heads Stateside). Earlier shows on the topic have largely dealt with "the sexy aspect" of New Objectivity, Barron says, referring to the most celebrated facet of the movement: portraits by key figures such as Otto Dix, George Grosz, Max Beckmann and Christian Schad. Such portraits, including Otto Dix's Portrait of the Lawyer Hugo Simons (1925) and Beckmann's Portrait of a Turk (1926), still get pride of place in the show, but it is the addition of photographs, still-lifes and hitherto more marginalised artists that gives the movement a freshness here.

As consumerism and industrialisation took hold in Weimar Germany, artists began

to shift their focus away from people towards inanimate objects. Photographers such as Hans Fischer were hired by companies to promote their products, elevating everyday items such as their products, elevating everyloay terms such as diskloths and light bulbs to legitimate subjects. The relationship between these photographs and the painted masterpieces provide some of the most surprising new insights on this defining movement of 20th-century German art. Iulia Michalska

...AND A FEW OF THE ONES TO MISS

Austrian pavilion: the space was left completely empty bar the installation of a new floor and ceiling courtesy of Heimo Zobernig. "How can a meaningfu contribution be made in an environment... in which each voice competes for the most attention?" asks the ponderous literature accompanying this non-display

British pavilion: anyone hoping for something completely different by Sarah Lucas was left disappointed by another iteration of boobs, bums, genitals and cigarettes, only bigger, shinier and yellower than usual.



The large sculpture by Sarah Lucas that greets visitors in the first room of the British pavilion

Danish pavilion: another show that wasn't helped by the literature surrounding it, for example the quotes from the cult classic The Exorcist: "Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me." With not one but two gallery directors from Marian Goodman hovering around during the opening day, it felt like this much-hyped show was a sales oppor tunity as much as anything else.

Martial Raysse at Palazzo Grassi: a sprawling martial Raysse at Palazzo Crasss: a sprawing career survey of derivative works à la Warhol and Rauschenberg, plus oversized blue, grey and purple canvases of girls in biklnis. Not enough imagination and not enough talent. And no, in art, scale does not automatically give you gravitas.

Peter Doig at the Palazzo Tito: the show was so heavily bolstered by art-world heavies (with a starry dinner the night before the Biennale opened and a press conference and interview conducted by the Tate director Nicholas Serota, while major Doig collector Viktor Pinchuk paced the preview tête-à-tête with the curator) that no one seemed to want to raise any doubts. At best, the work was unresolved; at worst, clumsy and derivative. Overrrated.

But still, however bad, nothing this year comes close to our current all-time favourite blooper: Marc Quinn at the Cini Foundation at the Venice Biennale 2013.



Marc Quinn, Catman (black) (2010)