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All Too Human (Tate Britain, SW1, 28 Feb to 27 Aug) will explore one of 20th-century British art's great fortes: figurative painting. The key years – as the subtitle: Bacon, Freud and a Century of Painting Life, makes clear – are mid-century, when the artists stripped the depiction of the human body down to its existential guts. A coup here is the first showing of Francis Bacon's 1964 portrayal of Lucian Freud, shirtless and masked, somewhere between a reveller in an underground bar and a torture victim. Surrounding these pivotal figures are forebears such as Walter Sickert, with his dark visions of London life, and those who rubbed shoulders with the central duo, like Frank Auerbach, his canvases heaving with fleshy paint, or Michael Andrews, who skewered Soho's drinking dens. More recent visions of the body include Paula Rego's paintings (pictured), which draw out the otherworldly in everyday women's lives, and Lynette Yiadom-Boakye's quietly unreal portraits. With its timeless subject matter, this show promises to be one of 2018's first big hits.

Skye Sherwin

**Opening this week****Sofia Stevi Gateshead**

Athens-based artist Sofia Stevi contributes to an increasing tendency among young artists towards a freeform, sometimes psychedelic, automatism. Perhaps it's a sign of the times in the disembodied world of art commerce; an attempt to reconnect with feeling. A focus

on dreamy intimacy is reflected in the exhibition title: *Turning Forty Winks into a Decade*. Titles of individual works include *My Non-Purity As a White Flag*, *Just Like Honey*, and *Floating Tits*. Her large-scale paintings come across as sketches enlarged, their essential privacy made public. With fluid gestures of Japanese inks in childlike tones of pale magenta and lemon yellow across what look like bed sheets and pillow slips, Stevi conjures up-close reveries in which gravity dissolves and perspective goes all woozy. Here are rude fruit and dainty-toed boogies. Blobs of something sticky dangle from limp fingers. Source material is lifted from Instagram, but also from the swooning romanticism of poet Christina Rossetti: This is loose and let-go stuff but the illustrative associations of Stevi's retro-chic outlines, the decorative aura of sweet colours and crafty materials, are countered by a compositional ungainliness that has the presence of real experience recalled and relived.

Robert Clark

BALTIC, Fri to 22 Apr

Kimchi and Chips Derby

Kimchi and Chips are Mimi Son and Elliot Woods, a Seoul-based collaborative duo who lace darkness with intricate webs of digital light. Their *Line Segments Space* is a zigzag installation of illuminated filaments set against an electronic soundtrack composed by Junghoon Pi. Lightning strikes shift into an almost neurotically twitchy daddy-long-legs flicker as the buzz of white noise builds. The effect is as if you have got lost in some enchanted hi-tech forest or been struck down to a nocturnal space of microscopic intricacy;



captivating yet just sufficiently disorientating. The allure lies in the fact that the geometric networks are almost immaterial, like time-lapse torch drawings. Kimchi and Chips conjure numinous phenomena from not much at all. **RC**
Derby QUAD, Sat to 28 Jan