

Galerie
Nicolas Robert

Em Davenport
Love

From July 18 to September 5, 2026

I've been asked to introduce you to Em's paintings here's the rationale:

I've been lurking around like a real creep in her studio for about two years now, to some degree it feels perverted— I'm looking at these girls in this secret garden and they don't know I'm here, but I'm starting to know their entire lives. Sorta like looking at them with binoculars through a window seeing them candid on the street or in their somber pretty rooms.

I have the liberty to look at them sideways like this: I've got half a brain to say so: so lurking around them taking pictures. These pictures I'll take: Something about heartbreak and sadness and rock and roll liberations or more so rock and roll illusions. Womanly illusions, manly illusions, wonderful lies and stories. It's all mental and we make fantasies naturally. The naturally reclined likewise I've got it right with that, it's called "mediumship of the tainted painters corral" and there are many mediumships or oils in her studio. So there it is, I was a real creep in her studio trying not to touch things and looking at all these girls funny and thinking "wow, they really got it going on, you know that?"

Then I'll get drunk and look at them some more thinking harder now:

I've seen this work manifest into the masterful and it's particular. It's particular ways: it's particular but broad. I see characters, I don't particularly care who they are, but it situates us to project regardless. We are in the paintings as much as these characters and Em and that's how I see it. These girls and the things they love, the people they love. I look at it sideways:

There's something about color situated in the painting. It's situated now, It's situated itself quite well. It's a new thing, color is a new thing: Em's notable silver and pink washes now meet something outside themselves. their orbits are permeable now "to what, color?" Yes as I've said, The color, it's an intruder to these people, to me to you to em and maybe other people, maybe media or noise. perhaps we are the intruders the interruptions in the piece of their world. I most certainly am while I look at these girls and

their memorabilia in ems studio. The memorabilia: all these wonderful lost records those girls like to listen to or hold these records the memorabilia no one knows where they came from or if they're real but they're in the world with those terrific girls who are looking like they're in love. I imagine what they sound like and what those terrific girls like about them so much.

I look at the paintings and the terrific girls and I want to say to them "you're a real terrific girl you know that? You really are" sort of timeless, nostalgic, lost, aloof and maybe they even think they've got it made but they don't realize I've got them made up in all sorts of ways as the viewer: "I've got them all made up pissed off and new what are you intimate?" The audience thinks about it:

"Do we keep love intimate or put it on display?" Who knows or really cares but we all seem to peer around it like it's something real sure of itself to look at and alluring like we want it. Either way it's a real smoke show or something divine. Back to these terrific girls:

I imagine them more. I imagine, now, them saying things like this, to me or you, the intruders, you must know:

They say all kinds of things; they're stories, they're characters, they are more us than anyone else. Em is likewise a poet and writer; she wheels and deals in narratives and situations and mirrors; she's got stories. There's something for everyone at all times, so make it love at all times why don't you. There's a whole cosmos here to lurk around in like some weasel in the night touching things that aren't yours, listening to music that's not quite lost or quite found but you'll dig it anyway. What a wonderful world that was made. Em's a real terrific girl.

Text for Love by Allegra Harvard (b.1999) who is a Chicago-based artist, playwright, and curator. Currently, she curates Unda.m.93 with collaborator Parker Davis. Harvard's forthcoming direction of Milo Christie's "Declogues" premieres in Chicago in late August 2026.