

SOMERS

A Hotel With My Name **Cecilia Pavón**

Curated by Sandra Sánchez

9 October – 7 November 2026
Opening Reception: 8 October 2026

Cecilia Pavón is a writer, but her literature refuses to stay confined to the page. She extends the territory of the text into objects, turning the gallery into an expanded field of her poetic universe. Her aesthetic is born from the walk, from the everyday, from the fiction of a self that values territory and its possibilities. This is an art that does not yearn for the categories of other latitudes. It works with what is at hand, with the materials and objects that cross her path in the streets of Buenos Aires.

Pavón's gaze stops with astonishment and affection on the objects sold on the streets of her city. She gravitates toward the ordinary, the unauthored, the so-called “aura-less” things—those mass-produced items that circulate through the global economy without pretension. Mirrors, cheap trinkets, unassuming photographs, everyday utensils. These are not objects of desire in the traditional sense. They are surfaces of inscription, waiting for language, waiting for a story. Pavón approaches them with a tenderness that is neither ironic nor nostalgic. She simply finds them worthy of attention.

Her aesthetic coherence lies precisely in this refusal to aspire. There is no longing for the prestige of international art capitals, no anxiety about material value. The critique of the fetish is radical and grounded: she gives value to use, to the surface that can be written on, to the object that can be activated by language. It is not about what a material should be—whether marble, bronze, or oil on canvas—but about what an object can do when it meets a poem, a thought, or a gesture. In Pavón's world, value is not inherited. It is performed.

This is a poetics of proximity. Her literary trajectory, from the foundational days of the legendary *Belleza y Felicidad* gallery to her current projects, has always been rooted in a practice of immediacy. Writing is not a solitary, monumental act; it is a daily conversation with the city, with its streets, its vendors, its forgotten corners. Pavón walks and writes. The city and its *cafés* become her notebook, its objects become her vocabulary. Her work is a record of encounters that might otherwise go unnoticed.

Her current projects continue in this same spirit. *Microcentro de poesía*, her latest venture, is a space dedicated to poetic experimentation. It is not a utopia. It is a real place in the heart of the city, where poetry is treated as a vital, breathing practice. Here, joy is not an aspiration. It is a method.

Pavón belongs to a current of Argentine literature that refuses solemnity. She is often grouped with the “poesía de los noventa”, but labels matter little. What defines her is a voice that is at once witty and tender, diaristic and philosophical. She writes about love, money, food, friendship, and the absurdities of daily existence with the same lucid tone. There is no hierarchy in her universe. A plastic rose and a heartbreak hold equal weight.

A Hotel With My Name is an invitation. The exhibition takes its title from Pavón's first collected poems, published in English in 2015. The hotel is a temporary residence, a place where you check in and out. It is a fiction that Pavón inhabits with humor and grace. The rooms are filled with her objects, her texts, her accumulated debris of the everyday. You are welcome to wander through them, to read the notes left on the nightstand, to sit on the furniture that was never meant to be permanent. This is a gesture of hospitality from a writer who has always believed that poetry belongs to everyone.

Welcome. Make yourself at home. The door is open.

Cecilia Pavón is a poet, writer, and cultural agitator. She co-founded Belleza y Felicidad (Beauty and Happiness) in Buenos Aires in the late 1990s, an alternative space that became a cornerstone of contemporary Argentine poetry and art. Her work has been translated into English, Portuguese, and French. She currently runs Microcentro, a project dedicated to poetry and experimentation.

Somers Gallery

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Opening times: Tuesday to Saturday 12-6 pm.

Exhibition checklist

(from left to right)

1. Window:

Untitled (1996)

Print on laminated photographic paper

Unique prints, 32 photographs

550£ each photograph

2. **the avant-garde is to be happy in this world of foes** (2026)

Self-adhesive vinyl on wall

3. **El arte es la eternidad hacia atrás** (2026)

[Art is eternity stretching backwards]

Painting on ceramic plate

500£

4. **Belleza y felicidad** (original magazine 1999-2001)

Printed Paper

1,000£

5. **Fácil** (2026)

[Easy]

Painting on ceramic plate

500£

6. **Belleza y felicidad** (archive) (1999-2001)

Chromogenic print

Unique prints, 22 photographs

1,700£

7. **Todxs lxs poetxs son dios** (2026)

[All poets are god]

Painting on ceramic plate

500£

8. **16 things q querría q se digan de mí misma** (2025)

[16 things I would like to be said about myself] Handbag, indelible marker

Work made in collaboration with Lucía Seles.

750£

9. **Desolación** (2026)

[Desolation]

Painting on book cover

500£

10. **Drive 16** (2025)

16 photo-poems. Laser prints on matte illustration paper, styrofoam frame, glass.

Unique prints.

550£ each photo-poem

Translations of each photo-poem by Cecilia Pavón:

image 1

right:

I had waited several months for you to come back/ completely hopeful,/ because the signs were difficult, but they existed.

And now I think/ that ever since we started writing this book/, your anxiety has become my anxiety/, and that is the curse.

image 2

left:

Who's gonna tell you when
It's too late?

right:

you were committed to someone / but you looked at me in a special (indecipherable) way /
whenever we would meet from time to time

before leaving / he gave me a dress he had bought at a secondhand store / in Brooklyn / and
I wore it to a party and felt happy

image 3

left:

Who's gonna tell you things
Aren't so great?

right:

and then you came back / and now I am writing this poem / and I feel something pink being
transmitted from my hand to the paper / maybe it is just a very specific and very beautiful
pink mental cloud / because it chokes me

And there is nothing more beautiful than this pink smoke / sticky pink water that I mistake for
love.

—now came the poema— / Agatha costume

image 4

left:

You can't go on thinking
Nothing's wrong

right:

don't think I don't notice / and all the WhatsApp voice messages I send you / which are
nothing / all because for three days in Santiago / I felt that a man —you— / treated me well

actually I hate myself / and I hate women who are always looking for a strong man to save
them and protect them / today I woke up at 5 a.m. / made myself a coffee / and came to the
computer / to write this terrible text

image 5

left:

Who's gonna drive you home
Tonight?

right:

When we were walking through the door of the Le Bal Duc nightclub / I don't know exactly
which neighborhood in Santiago / I told you I liked "Total Interference"

but also death / emptiness / heartbreak. / Everything is there and nothing means anything /
and there is nothing more beautiful than black.

image 6

left:

Who's gonna pick you up
When you fall?

right:

And I cried over the film's final song, sung by Lou Reed,/"Love Is Turning Time Around,"/
because Lou Reed was dead/ and because of everything that song says.

Yesterday I walked down Córdoba Street with two nineteen-year-old girls./ Yesterday I was
afraid I might get robbed./ Yesterday I smoked 24 Virginia Slims cigarettes./ Yesterday I

stayed up until three-thirty in the morning remembering the past./ Yesterday he told me over chat to do as Alfonsina Storni did and kill myself.

image 6b:

left:

Who's gonna hang it up
When you call?

right:

Fabricio esta noche I bought a whisky at the Florida Garden xq I felt made of Styrofoam
without you

Fabricio maybe you'd prefer other mosaics or tiles than me myself

Fabricio = siempre I will have seconds of hope

Fabricio xq we aren't more humble with our romance so it doesn't cease to exist

Fabricio you were more emotional than when they open your Pepsi abroad or in the
provinces

image 8

left:

Who's gonna pay attention
To your dreams?

right:

All the times you made me cry/The first time was in January 2016,/ I was on the subway
reading your first book./ I cried for Fabio.

from now on, we'll change the names of all the real people who aren't us)/, who had left me
for a young girl./ The second was on a Sunday in October 2017.

image 9

left:

who's gonna plug their ears
When you scream?

right:

I saw that you had posted Lou Reed's album *Magic and Loss*/ on your Instagram,/ and I told you on Messenger/ that every morning in 1992 I used to listen to it very early,/ before leaving for class during my first year of university.

We started talking about that album and I started listening to it./ I had never paid attention to what the lyrics actually said,/ even though I had listened to them hundreds of times,/ and I cried over my brother's death three years earlier./ I don't think I had ever cried like that for him.

image 10

left:

You can't go on thinking
Nothing's wrong

right:

It was a teenage kind of crying, barely three tears, I think./ Besides, I was drunk./ You told me that you had talked to a girl/ who used to be my friend,

and whom you more or less met through me/, about the possibility/ of staying at her house when you came to Buenos Aires./ At her house, not mine.

image 11

left:

Who's gonna drive you home
Tonight?

Who's gonna hold you down
When you shake?

right:

I was in my bed, in the dark, with the computer on my lap/ (my son was listening to freestyle videos in his room),/ and when the video ended I couldn't stop crying/ I cried for my brother, for my mother, for the terrible relationship I have with her/ for having spent ten years with a man who didn't love me/ and whom I didn't love.

The fifth time I cried was last Sunday/ after watching Laurie Anderson's film/ *Heart of a Dog*/ that you sent me via Dropbox

image 12

left:

Who's gonna come around

When you break?

right:

Since we met/ I have given you five or six books/ the best books I could bring you from my city/ the best ones I found, or that were given to me/ (Among them there is one written by me, and two that I translated).

Fabricio, for you I would be a district attorney, and I am already trying to be less weird in everything/Fabricio why don't we learn otras rules of life together/Fabricio and how to forget when you told me in the organizational don't get involved/ Fabricio you were already like that gente who smile before hitting you/ Fabricio a romance can also be a company or the best metalworking company always

image 13

left:

You can't go on thinking

Nothing's wrong,

right:

I have sent you three poems by email that I wrote/ for you with all my energy, my heart, and my spirit/ I have sent you several screenshots via Messenger from the revelatory book I'm reading/ by one of the best living writers in the world/ who lives at the heart of the empire.

Fabricio, to me it was as if you had given a priest a Tucumanazo/ how much I loved you

Fabricio and when you said that noche you would be like a Chilean/ and I never was happier than in those moments of ours

image 14

Seventeen days have gone by/ and so far I haven't received any observation from you/ any kind of response/ any praise, criticism, or comment on anything I sent you/ What reason tells me is that I shouldn't write to you anymore,

Fabricio all your otros romances will be from the repulsive vecindades.

Fabricio, and those golden Malboros for you

image 15

left:

Who's gonna drive you home

Tonight?

You can't go on thinking

Nothing's wrong, oh oh

right:

Fabricio, just as flamenco teachers/ get used to the smiles caused by their students' mistakes/ please, I beg you, one last opportunity/ Fabricio I love you and admire you too many/ that if we had to give a conference together /and you failed me at the last moment/ I would still read your fragments there/ hurt and passionate

image 16:

The third time I cried was in Santiago/ reading your new book on the terrace of the Magnolia Hotel/ while looking at Cerro Santa Lucía/

I cried after reading a passage where you say/ that desire and life are not the same thing/ I don't know why, that made me feel infinitely lonely/ Infinitely distant from my desire for others and from others' desire for me/ The fourth time I cried was in a Peruvian restaurant on the last night I saw you,

11. ***Porque tengo concha no tengo miedo*** (2026)

[Because I've got a cunt, I'm not scared]

Painting on ceramic plate

500£

12. ***Querida Frida*** (2026)

[Dear Frida]

Poem-painting on 5 laminated small handbags

700£

Translation of the poem:

Dear Frida,

I feel sorry for people who write about ideas
and not about things that happen to them.
What happened to me was that I saw one of your paintings
and thought of the word self-submission,
and I said, what a beautiful word, so full of mystery.
Mystery for me, who has never experienced anything of that kind.
But you did experience it,
and so it is as if it had happened to me too...