

Hanna Rochereau - *1st Floor*

13.03. – 25.04.2026

Levels

by Jess Cole

Arrive.

THE STOP.

A bus pulls up with a pressurised shhussssh to the clatter and the clangs, the beeps and the screeches, of the sidewalk, peopled with the multitudes of limbs, entangled in the centre of the city, the eye of its design, to stretch reality by scraping the infinite sky – glassy visages to perceive and be perceived, in the edges of fantasy, ebbing and flowing against the pane, mannequins in exquisite dress, languid in the freedom of no chores, or dependents, responsibilities, nor stretch marks, poised in a geometric backdrop of potentiality, catches the reflection of the flushed shopper, here for a release, a decision, a treat, interposed with the flurried apparitions of the street.

Enter.

THE STORE.

welcome, the interlocked tweens, the pensioners' bouffants, the lover and cheater, a couple of no words, only means, the young mum looking for a break, the man discovering himself, half in-half out, of the closet, a gilded vacuum, the vaulted emporium, of pearly pillars, marble floors and crushed rouge carpets, the tranquility of polished mirrors and transparent treasure chests, bounties raised on little velvet pillows, teeny-tiny podiums, and slanting shelves, where people mill they do not run, for time does not rush, but lingers here, in the sweeps of eyeshadows, the pops of lipsticks, the spritzes of fragrance on pulses, the moment, inhaled and sampled, under the nose, for prestige to be found in the displays of gold rings and silver bangles, rubies, and diamonds-only-cut-diamonds, refracting the half-dipped light, of the shoppers' enteral dawn, ushered in by attentive sales assistants, in the knowledge of how it is to be held, how it will fall, restocked, money moves, guiding hands across the vital and essential, materialises, stockings, leathers and sables, the ding-ding of the till bell rings, in the chatter of its receipt rolls, unfurling into a printed sail of sales, catches wind of the shopper caught adrift, and sets them forth, ahoy! on a new course, away from the ground sliced open and extended, onwards and upwards, in an escalator elevation, to reach new heights, to transcend what has been left down there, amongst the traffic and the practical life, liberated by the exquisite and the divine, discovering the unknown-known, desire and want intermingle with need, stepping into the metallic cocoon, the lift door closes, she feels a jilt in her gut, for what goes up must come down, the more she wants, the more she must get, encased in anticipation, the number one illuminates, her smooth ascent, a ding-ding-dong marks the occasion, she steps out –

Onto.

The 1st floor.

You are struck by its sparseness. Stripped of assumptions, it lays out before you. A shop without the wares. A gallery of space. Architecture divined in the strokes of a brush. Its framework, exposed, comes undone, like the clasp of a brasserie. The vacant shelves and the stark jewellery stands. Before you. The headless mannequins; vanilla-tanned torsos turn away in muted congregation. The interlude between the mundane and the spectacular. A shop front stretches into a haze of grey. The skylight crumbles in from up above. The edge of a curtain skirts the perspective. The collusion of boxes, a door ajar onto a wall. Signs and symbols lost without their purpose, begin to find new meanings. Glimpses of rooms to be read – not entered. Images of intimacy, of drawers and chest, veritable organs of the secret psychological life. The visibility of concealment. Furnishings that become knowledge. Decluttering the hoard of information that clutters the mind. A neat filing system of intelligence and memory – nudges you, as past, present, and future collide.

The Place.

Transforms the site of its generics: four walls and a floor. The site glosses over, but the place mattifies. Texturising all the protuberant features and forceful vectors. The hooks that memories can be hung upon, pulled out and tried on as one pleases, adjusted and reassembled like hats, or chemsies slipped and shimmed off the hanger. To make one world out of another, and so on. Swinging into childhood's ponytails, the incarnation of fantasy and imagination: Clothes shopping with Grandma. To go to a destination that wasn't school, home, or the playground, but somewhere bustling with excitement and life. The shopping mall. Those primary encounters of longing and negotiation. The glimmers of adulthood. Anything for that violet fur rimmed coat or the diamante boot cut jeans. Those first ups and downs, of occasionally getting what I wanted, but not most of the time. No concept of money, or budgeting. The first in a succession of firsts, like thongs, and bras, low-cut tops and sky high heels, to walk towards financial freedom in my first retail job, extended into new social circles, music and tastes, of work and branding, to feel apart of something bigger than where I was, Fashion, that universal language, of identity and expression. Where there were no mobiles, or obligations, only to my dreams, not punctuated by politics, but pulling at the seams – of life, shopping for images of who I wanted to be.

The Carpet.

There's a certain slant of light,
to which the shadow falls behind:
the past in cahoots with the present
silhouettes
there/here
the futures opaque
arrival
But its never really left.

Hanna Rocherau (b. 1995) is a French Artist based in Marseille. A graduate of ECAL in Lausanne (Master of Visual Arts – European Art Ensemble, 2020), her practice spans painting and installation, examining the systems through which desire is staged, displayed, and commodified. Through motifs of showcases, storage, and packaging, she explores how absence, temptation, and value are constructed within exhibition and consumer frameworks.

She will present *Data Divas* on the occasion of the 2026 edition of La Biennale di Venezia. In 2025 she presented a solo exhibition as part of the Hauser & Wirth Invite(s) programme in Paris, and undertook a residency at Villa Belleville (Paris) and Collection Lambert (Avignon). Her work has been shown widely across Europe, including at sans titre (2025, Paris), Lo Brutto Stahl (2025, Paris), Paulina Caspari (2025, Munich), Astor Weeks (2025, New York), Basel Social Club (2025, Basel), Carlotta S. (2025, London), Shmorévaz (2024, Paris), La Fonda (2024, Biarritz), Suns.works (2024, Zurich), Palazzina (2024, Basel), La Friche Belle de Mai and La Traverse (2023, Marseille), The Community (2023, Paris), Sentiment (2022, Paris/Zurich), and 13 Vitrine (2021, Lausanne).

Jess Cole (b.1994) is a writer based in south-east London. She has written for Vogue, The New York Times, The Guardian et. al. and is a regular contributor to MARFA. Her creative practice spans dramaturgy, performance pieces, and prose. Her debut drama, Retail Therapy was published by WORMS, and she has participated in The Royal Court Theatre's writer programme.

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