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The state of post-capitalism much of the developed world finds itself in leads one to evaluate everything in terms of cost and benefit. Roller subverts this rationale with a wry performance that shows how money is indispensable to the arts but how arts are essentially worthless. The triple-bill of solo performances is a heady mix of puppetry, monologue, video art, performance art and dance. And the one thing which unites the various genres is the insistent presence of his body.

VOGUE mai 2006

Not to be missed in the frame of the *Rencontres chorégraphiques* is the fabulous „Perform Performing“ created by Jochen Roller, a dance piece that reports from the choreographer's circuit full of obstacles: finding time and financial support, rehearsing while working another job on the side, lack of production means. The script - entirely danced - imposes itself like a cry of the heart, with a fiercely funny body, a piece of art anchored in a reality. It's impossible not to identify yourself with it.

Le Monde 26.5.2006

Doing his job as a dancer in relation to his other work activities - to fold a t-shirt can become a very choreographic activity - Jochen Roller holds the clearness of the one who doesn't make up anything. Between a bag of potatoes and multicoloured shopping-bags, in a track suit or naked, he pays off the laws of the market without losing his sense of humour. But when he dances in a chopped manner, Jochen Roller touches his audience. His slim body seems to experience some doses of pure pleasure in this miserable daily life. Let's hope that these shows weren't the last ones, as he is predicting it himself.

Libération 20.5.2006

The parts of pure danse are showing the permanent tensions. Each time, he seems to look for the right position and the right place so he twists and folds his body in multiple directions. The short solo in which he performs naked is rather violent. As if he would jog on the spot, being naked at the same time, he lets his penis slap onto the left thigh, onto the right thigh, with persistence. He exhausts himself without counting. And there it is, the subject of the piece - to remind yourself that art is also a pure expense for the well-being of the society.

Monaco Hebdo 8.6.2006

The last icon worth of being a saint? It's the German dancer Jochen Roller, invited by the *Recontres chorégraphiques*, who explains he had to prostitute himself for financing his dance. With his body as a significant object from his past of being a Gigolo, he tells all this in front of students from Saint Denis who maybe might see here an alternative to smashing cars. Sainthood has its own mysteries.