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A person changes over time, so why should her autobiographical dance solo stay the same? The Argentine-born choreographer Ayelen Parolin, who lives and works in Brussels, first presented “25.06.76” in 2004. Named for her date of birth and performed more than 20 times over the past decade, the slapdash solo evolves as she does. On Friday, she showed its current iteration at the Invisible Dog Art Center in Cobble Hill, Brooklyn.

Far from giving any play-by-play life story, Ms. Parolin — gangly and disarming, with a crop of jagged black hair — assembles snatches of movement that you wouldn’t know were autobiographical unless you consulted the program notes. Wearing bright-blue soccer shorts and a black mesh top over a white bra, she begins in a distant corner, facing away from the audience in a static tree pose, one foot pressed against the opposite thigh. The knee of her lifted leg juts out to one side.

It’s a precise choice to start as a faceless, organized form, a stack of right angles. Things only get more chaotic as Ms. Parolin leaves the corner and erupts into a tap dance, then a ballet warm-up, then a grinning, shimmying escapade on the floor. A sip of water goes awry as she flops and squirms in the spilled

SIOBHAN BURKE - DANCE REVIEW /

The Ever-Changing Story of One Woman’s Life



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25.06.76. Ayelen Parolin performing the current iteration of her autobiographical solo in the Invisible Dog Art Center in Brooklyn.

contents of a plastic bottle. A sequence of barefooted bourrées looks like a deranged “Swan Lake.”

A monologue, delivered about halfway through the 30 minutes, illuminates some of what we’ve seen. That flashy showgirl move came from her days on “Pasión Tropical,” an Argentine television

show — “the worst,” she says, but she earned enough money to move to New York. That thrashing fit could have been her youth: “Me, when I was a child, I was shy, violent, and I had a small tendency toward manic depression,” she says.

She talks about sex, her mother, Brussels (“slow, boring and cheap”) and what she’s discarded from the solo. She has reservations about the costume, she admits, “because after two pregnancies, not everything comes back to the place it was before.”

So begins, at the end, the strangest, most affecting and vulnerable part of “25.06.76,” which until this point has been entertaining but little more. Shedding her shirt, Ms. Parolin, maniacally smiling, maneuvers herself into tense and trembling postures, shrieks and creaks escaping from her wiry frame: a body pushing back against change, change winning.