

For *The Dancer-Citizen Live: MOVING THE MAP* 2018 event (June 24, 2018), I met JKL Collective, Iria Arenas, and my own collaborators in Hamburg, Germany to share live and screen performance on the subjects of place, presence, identity, and translation as these topics relate to questions of the body and relationships between bodies.

My contributions to the event took shape in three parts. First, in the afternoon of the previous day, I invited a group of 15 friends, colleagues, and their young children to join me at the Israelitische Tochtterschule, the historical classroom memorial site that my Jewish grandmother attended just before the start of WWII and where my writing for Issue 3 of *The Dancer-Citizen* began. The aim was to see how the cross-sector of musicians, tango dancers, a Yiddish singer, a museum curator, an editor of *The Dancer-Citizen*, a doctor, his wife and children, a former political prisoner, and I could access the history of the former Jewish school for girls through our bodies, our voices, and our melodies. Reciting fragments of letters from 1938 written by young friends as classmates were leaving on Kindertransport, the improvisation then opened up to an expressive experimentation with movement against a soundscape of song, feeling, floorboards, wooden desks, and violin.



The group recites bits of letters from 1938 written between friends at the brink of war.



An open improvisation then invites a collective movement of memory and feeling.

For MOVING THE MAP the following day, I screened *Between I and Thou*, a 14-minute docu-dance film about an improvisation movement workshop on the subject of “dancing exile” which took place in Hamburg last summer, described in more detail in Issue 4 of *The Dancer-Citizen*. Both the film and the workshop explored the potential for meaningful intersections between migration experiences and dance improvisation practices, where the constancy of change requires keen negotiations based on spoken and unspoken information. Shot in only three days of a project that now extends across two years, much about the project is left out of the edited material. What is the nature of our relationships beyond the dance studio? Where are the other women in the project? What is my take on the relationship between my grandmother’s story and these men and their stories? What is my story? Watching the edited version of the film, these questions linger for me, as fractured versions of what felt more full of meaning in real time, if still not yet resolved.

Being in Hamburg again was a chance not just to screen the film with members of the cast, but also to continue creating together. Re-entering the improvisation practice allowed us to create our most structured duet to date, wherein Sakhi and I take on questions of nationhood, belonging, intimacy, and heroism in a sweetly parodic take on German soccer. The weekend of performance fell in the celebratory window of Germany’s big win against Sweden, and for football fans in Hamburg (every bar on every street), the topic presented the timeliest subject matter. Waving

two German football jerseys as flags on wooden polls we found backstage, the two of us enter from opposite sides before syncing up our speed and pathway around two chairs. The props then become oars of a shared canoe and we paddle a few moments into a fantasy space. Turning towards him with my chair, we mirror each other, sliding the shirts off the polls and over our heads, establishing a certain sameness with our matching looks and familiar copycat game. I stand up and face the crowd, running slow motion as if into an exaggerated replay of an early game injury, as Sakhi narrates my terrible fall in the voice of a sports announcer. Barat, who came early to the venue to hang out while we worked, now comes from the audience as the doctor to escort me off the field. Now, back to my chair, I am a TV personality interviewing Sakhi, star player of the German team. I ask him three questions: What was it like to score the winning goal? What was the difference between training in Afghanistan vs. here in Germany? And what advice does he have for the next generation of football players around the world? His answers revealed the ways he often responds when I ask him questions: unparalleled positivity and a vision for a more just future. We then become the crowd watching the final play with cartoonish physicality and plastic German flag glasses. Our shouting cheer initiates an off the floor hug-lift as Sakhi runs us around the room. As the excitement pitters out to a softer mode, the contact morphs into a slowed tango embrace. The football fantasy has us now fully transfixed, but only to be interrupted by the reality that we are strangers in an enormous crowd; fans who have grown too intimate too fast. We pardon each other and separate, with good wishes for Wednesday's game.



Hannah Schwadron and Sakhi Poya role play as sports announcer and injured player.



They jump for joy at the winning goal, ending in a huge hug that is carried around the room.

What does it mean for us as outsiders to wear and wave the German flag, when for Sakhi, who loves the sport and the team in earnest, it is a real dream, and for me, it challenges the limits of how far I will go in establishing ties to a place still so charged for me and my family? Now writing from Berlin, even as Deutschland has since lost its chance at the World Cup, I know Sakhi and I have somehow won, as teammates who will continue to talk and dance and move together on these topics and also on our own. For that, I am again a grateful *spieler* here in Germany, learning from Sakhi how to envision a world cup half full.



Their enthusiasm morphs into a slowed tango embrace that shifts the football fantasy.