

**Joachim Koester / Matthew Buckingham**  
**Sandra of the Tulphouse or How to Live in a Free State**  
**2001**

**Section 10/11**

The only time I've ever seen a bear when I wasn't expecting to was on a camping trip to Canada after school ended at Valley Hill, Minnesota. It was the last day of our two-week trip through Yoho National Park. Early that morning we were breaking camp when Jacob Mulberry noticed a perfect impression of a large set of teeth deeply embossed in our roll of toilet paper.

Before we could speculate about what animal had done this, we spotted a mass of dark fur moving between the leaves on the hillside above us. I had heard that bears cannot run downhill because their front legs are shorter than their back legs, so I remained calm. Through our field-glasses we saw that it was a young bear, lying on its back, quietly playing with a large stick.

We decided to move closer. For about a quarter of an hour we stood six meters away watching it balance the branch on its paws. I used my instamatic camera to take a photograph and then we all climbed down the hill and left the area.

Later, I remember, we had lunch in a very plain cafeteria run by the Canadian park service. The meal was made perfect by the quality of our hunger, not the food. Knowing we had a photograph of the bear on the film in our camera also made us happy.

I have two photographs of Jacob. One of his hands when we were on the camping trip together, the other from the last time I saw him, at the Trailways station when I started my cross-country bus trip before I flew home from New York. He probably doesn't have any pictures of me. Everyone in Gothenburg said that Jacob Mulberry looked Scandinavian. The last time I heard from him was two years later when I received a postcard. He wrote: "Dear Sandra, I'm working in Manitou Lake Park for the summer—this made me think of our canoe trip. I've tried to call you with no luck. Are you still at your old number? Love Jacob."

On my way home from the U.S., I changed planes at Charles DeGaul Airport. This was a few years after Merhan Nasserri was expelled from Iran, but before he became a resident at that airport. In August of 1988, while studying in Paris Nasserri attempted to fly to London despite the fact that his Belgian refugee papers had been stolen. After being refused entry to England, he returned to France and was arrested by police there. The French courts declared he could not re-enter France, but, without legal status in another nation, he could not be deported either. The only place available to him was a place between places—Terminal One of Charles DeGaulle Airport. Being on the outside of French passport controls, Terminal One was technically on the other side of the border—a stateless place, sited on French soil. Nasserri re-applied to Belgium for assylum. The Belgians offered their own paradoxical interpretation of Nasserri's situation: they told him he must appear in person to retrieve copies of his papers, but withuot papers he would not be admittd to Belgium.

So Merhan Nasserri remained in Terminal One for eleven years, smoking his pipe, reading philosophy and economics, and writing in his journal. He became a well-known figure there, playing small parts in Swiss, German and Scandinavian television dramas, as well as appearing in three movies. In 1994 he was the subject of a documentary film, and later sold the rights for a feature film based on his experiences to a U.S. producer. There are even rumours that his airport journal will soon be translated

into English. In 1999 his lawyer, who helped free the American hostages in Iran in 1980, was able to secure French residency status and an international travel card for Nasserri. But Nasserri refused to sign these papers and leave Terminal One because he considered them to be inaccurate: they named him as an Iranian citizen, something he no longer felt he was.

**Byens Lys, Christiania**  
**backstage videoinstallation**  
**August 25th - September 15th 2019**



**Mandag 7/10 går vi over til  
vintertid og begynder at lukke kl. 19**

**Kærlig hilsen  
Indkøberne**



**DEN  
ORI  
GIN  
ALE  
LADCYKEL**



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