

# Home, Sweet Home: Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory.

## #2

You're free to redistribute this so long as all contents remain intact and my name is not removed. (signed) Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg)/Bergie Hawkins. August 3, 2022, Los Angeles

(7-26-22) Her name is *Doina Cornea*, I nicknamed her "Our Lady of the Cracked Ribs" as, in my opinion, it's all she had to show for more than a decade of struggle against Ceaușescu's Romania; the succeeding regime proving not to be much of an improvement (as evidenced by the ambiguous title of one of her books written after Ceaușescu's overthrow: *Liberté?*). Unfortunately, most of her output as well as what has been written about her is in Romanian. *Qu'à cela ne tienne* (never mind). Having bought a grammar and dictionary, I'm now attempting to learn to read Romanian.

(8-1-22) I'm building a small, one person, sitting sauna, from scratch. In this case small really is beautiful (see representative attached picture):

1. It will cost less to build.
2. Take less energy to run.
3. The required heating power, less than 2000W, is compatible with the wiring in my old bungalow.
4. Sized at 4'x3'x7', it will fit in the space available.
5. There are, apparently, sizable health benefits.
6. And last but not least, a sauna is a great way to relax...

In other news:

(8-3-22) This evening, about nine, sitting on my porch, woolgathering, my allergies seem to suddenly have flared up. Unless, of course, it was that pepper spray someone in my complex, sprayed into my eyes and face at close range before running away down the street with not a word being said. Hours later (it's 1AM now) I'm asking myself the same question the South African group *Juluka* asked in their famous song: "How can we sleep while our beds are burning?" Only in my case, it's also my face and especially, my forearms that seem to be on fire right now. Before the pepper spray dripped into my eyes, blinding me temporarily, I did see my attacker, a man, black, possibly someone I've seen before in our complex over the last few weeks. I wouldn't be able to positively identify him, though. A moment later, nearly blind, I stumbled inside to call 911. Paramedics showed up almost instantly. I declined a visit to hospital insisting instead that the LAPD be notified, as I had asked of the 911 operator. Disconcerting as this unprovoked assault was, the aftermath proved even more so as police seemed to have some difficulty finding my bungalow though I was outside, sitting in a chair on my porch with the lights on... I had to call 911 again before two policemen finally showed up, asked questions, took pictures and gave me a copy of the report they filled out (Investigative report # 9928269220427 – report # partly illegible. Officers: B. Maya & D. Choub). Not a strong move, this attack, I venture to say.

(signed)  
*Benelux*

P.S. To my sister Irene: May our wordless tears, both yours and mine, eventually prove invincible.



Figure 2: Somewhat like what I'll make.



Figure 3: The phone I called 911 with, note the pepper spray marks.



Figure 4: The morning after...



Figure 1: Where I was sitting as he, unprovoked, sprayed me.