

w8gr

Hello SAH:

In order of your responses, my replies:
To my short non fiction story Seventy Two Hours in the Life of my Friend Bobo McDonald you replied merely "wtf?"
So that indicates either rage or frustration, or both.
So why did this piece provoke that from you?

Bobo McDonald asked me not to use his real name.
He gave his consent for me to paraphrase one of his lengthy letters to me and publish it as I saw fit and I did.
Without my watering it down or amping it up, its a powerful social commentary. Bobo has had a number of problems that attacked him late in life- not the least of which mental illness. As a consequence he remains vulnerable like a tuna in a tank of sharks. He is a perpetual victim. When I met him in the nuthouse, he was constantaly in difficulty.

To be honest, he might actually have passed on, as I have not heard from him in awhile and his health was poor.

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<http://betweenthebars.org/blogs/339/>