

BOOK REVIEW ABOUT AN ACTIVIST'S CLOSING

LSD Journal Book Reviewer

Written to match the vigor with which Carmen M. Cusack's *Deer Jhonn* stands for animal welfare, Pamela Anderson doodles and calls in *Love, Pamela*, the sign-off for this icon. She addresses death, including her own, crime, regret, marriage, violence, rewilding, sexual activity, and departure from standards.

Ordered liberty found here however scant. Her lucid tread balls, an exit. She mentions dangerous things claiming no right. Plus, some cannot be remembered. Loftier works encouraging readership, such as Marcel Proust and Sigmund Freud, callout to a hero. No one hears Pamela the same. This book may not be for you, but it may be for someone else.

Love, Pamela dares to go where no one else would. Yet, the book lacks intellectual capacity; therefor, smells like *Playboy*. When considering sale

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or resale value, that fair weight—air freshener, to lave—should be given. It would not *be* robbery of authorship. Therein, deep exploration of boundaries shall receive no commemorative value and therefore stake.

Waxing and poetic, but without rhyme or reason, is like a letter ripped from the pages of a journal, memoir, or confession. Bobbing through the jots, the best part of *Love, Pamela* is the materials, which are standard, soft paper and cover, like velvet. In Canada, the price is \$37.00.