How many triangles were there pictured? 24

How many triangles can you find in this picture? __________
A review of a book, this fails tremendously against. How dare you place the strain of picking a favorite? Am I to go for the one I started out with, \textit{Samedi the Deafness}, and regal you with a slow afternoon spent in contradictions and sliced turkey sandwiches? Or for one I have yet to read? \textit{Census}, on what I picture of long, winding roads, and a balance of melancholy against revolting roadside food.

Rather, a compromise I offer to you, oh reader of mine. A dissection of a man close to hermitude yet famous in paper and ink. The one, the only, Jesse Ball.

He’s an interesting individual. Aside from the attestment of a friend that he has an excellent reading voice when placed in the horrible acoustics of an old bookstore, he lives a lie of a life one questions if possible. Only considering his literary accomplishments he’s found to have crafted a unique voice. Nothing is as it seems, one can almost pick the narrative within the pages, and the ending leaves an emptiness allowing the echoing of one’s own voice.

His life is a topic too. Bird tattoos flitting against his arms, and a teaching position at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. The courses?

Lying.

Ambiguity.

Dreaming.

Walking.

Could one hold the school allowed Ball to devise his own courses, to prevent him wandering off into the woods and sending a carefully crafted and completely undecipherable masterpiece to the editor every three months? Perhaps.

In terms of reviewing the author? Numbers and scores fail. It would simply be interesting to have a conversation on lying, ambiguity, dreaming, and walking with Jesse Ball.

Article written by Teagan D.