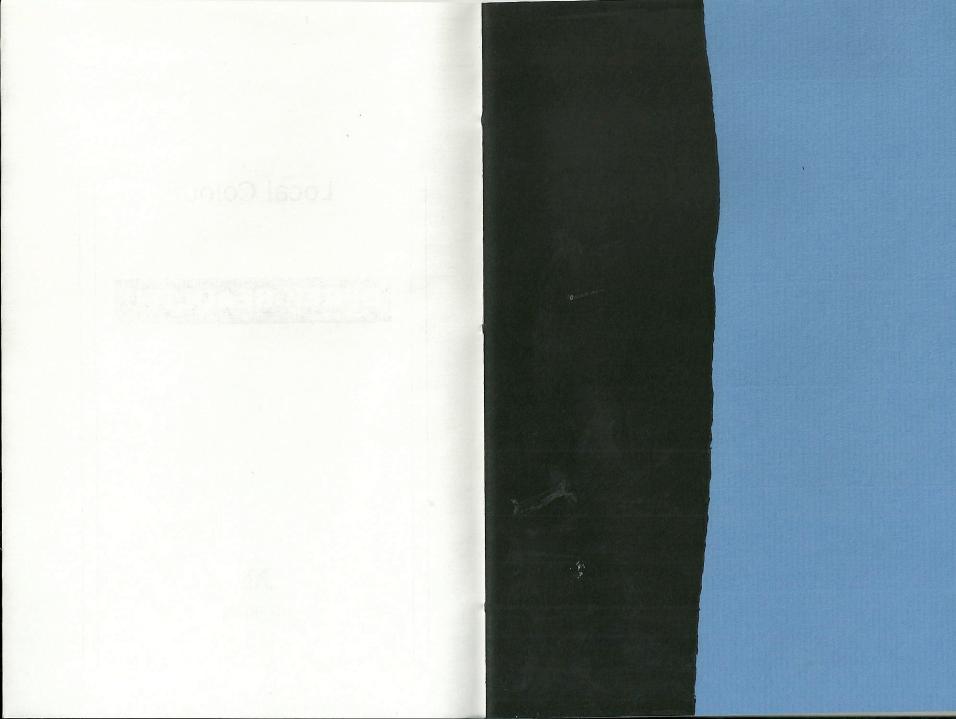
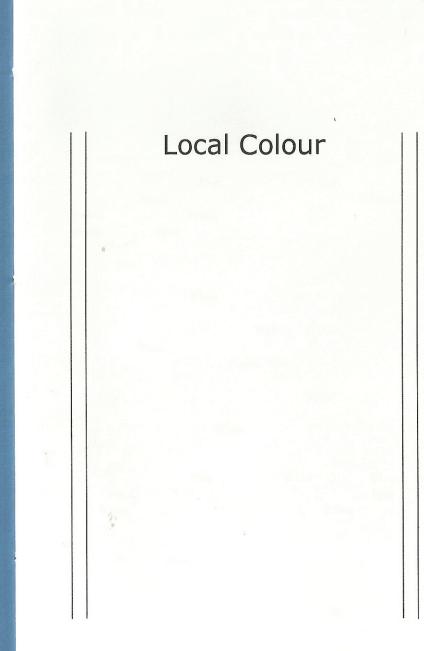
## Local Colour

## **DEREK BEAULIEU**



NO PRESS





Blue. White, Black, Brown. Brown Brown Brown Blue

Blue

White

Blue

Black

Brown, Blue

White

Blue

White

White

White

Blue

White

Blue Blue

Black

White

White

Blue,

White. black white, White Blue Blue. Blue Brown Brown Blue gray Blue Blue White White White Black's. Orange White. Blue, redWhite Blue  ${\bf brown}$ Blue Blue White Blue White, Blue, White Blue Blue Black's Black Blue

Blue. Black White Black Blue Blue Black re Blue Black Black Blue Black Black Blue Blue Blue white Black Blue Black's Black Black Blue Blue Black's 9 Blue Black's Blue

Black's Blue, Black Black Blue Black Blue Blue Brown Blue Black's Blue Brown Red Blue Red Gray Gray

Blue

```
Gray
                  Gray's
                                               Blue
                                     Green,
      Gray
                                    Blue
                                             Gray
           Green,
                        Gray
                                        Green,
                                   Gray
                     Gray
            Green
Brown
          Blue
                              Blue
         Black
   Blue,
                  white.
                                     Black
       Blue
               Blue
```

Black.

Black's

white Blue

Black

Blue Black

Blue,

Orange Blue Blue Black

Black

Blue

Orange

Black

Blue

Black's

Black

Blue

Blue,

Gold,

Gold

Blue

Blue

Gold.

Gold's

Blue. Gold

Blue

Gold

Blue's

Blue

Blue

Blue

Black,

Black

Blue

Blue,

Black Blue

White

Black

Blue

Black

Blue

Black

Blue

Blue

Black,

Black

Blue

Blue

Blue

Black, White,

Blue

Black White

White

Black

Black

Blue

White Black

Black White

White

## No

30 copies manufactured June 2008 in Canada by № PRESS.

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## No

Writing is taking me further and further from writing.

Writing has become a record of reading.

**Local Colour** is a page-by-page interpretation of Paul Auster's novella *Ghosts*. *Ghosts* concerns itself with Blue, a private detective hired by a mysterious character named White to transcribe the actions of Black, a denizen of Brooklyn Heights's Orange Street. As Blue reports his findings, the reader becomes more aware of the intricate relationship between Black and White, and a tactile awareness of the role of colour spreads through the narrative.

With *Local Colour* I have removed the majority of Auster's text, leaving only chromatic words—proper nouns or not—spread across the page as dollops of paint on a palette. What remains is the written equivalent of ambient music—words which are meant to seen but not read. The colours, through repetition, build a suspense and crescendo which is loosened from traditional narrative into a more pointillist construction.

"In some sense, a writer has no life of his own. Even when he's there, he's not really there." — Paul Auster, Ghosts.