Local Colour

DEREK BEAULIEU

NO

NO PRESS
Local Colour
Blue, White, Brown.
Brown, Brown
Brown, Blue
Blue
White
Black, Brown, Blue
Brown
Blue
White
White
Blue
Black
White
Blue
White
Blue
White
Blue,
Blue

Gold

Blue's

Black

Blue, Black

White, Black

Blue

Black

Blue
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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*. 