

Paul Auster

The book of Illusions

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I wrote the book in less than nine months. The manuscript came to more than three hundred typed pages, and every one of those pages was a struggle for me. If I managed to finish it was only because I did nothing else. I worked seven days a week, sitting at the desk from ten to twelve hours a day, and except for my little excursions to Montague Street to stock up on food and paper, ink and typewriter ribbons, I rarely left the apartment. I had no telephone, no radio or TV, no social life of any kind.

/aɪ rəʊt ðə bʊk ɪn les ðən naɪn mʌnθs/ ðə 'mænjəskrɪp(t) keɪm tə mɔː ðən θriː 'hʌndrəd taɪp(t) 'peɪdʒɪz/
ən 'ɛvri wʌn əv ðəʊz 'peɪdʒɪz wəz ə 'strʌɡl fə **mi** / ɪf aɪ 'mæniɔːd tə 'fɪnɪʃ ɪt /
wəz 'əʊnli bi'kɒz aɪ dɪd 'nʌθɪŋ els/ aɪ wɜːkt 'sevn deɪz ə wiːkl' sɪtɪŋ ət ðə deɪsk frəm ten tə twelv æz ə deɪ/
ən ɪk'sept fə maɪ 'lɪtl ɪks'kɜːʃnz tə mɒntəʒjuː striːt
/ tə stɒk ʌp ɒn fuːd **ən** 'peɪpə/ ɪŋk **ən** 'taɪp,raɪtə 'rɪbɪnz/ aɪ 'reəli left ðɪ ə'pɑːtmənt
mɒntəʒjuː/ aɪ **hæd** nəʊ 'telɪfəʊn/ nəʊ 'reɪdiəʊ ɔː 'tiː'viː / nəʊ 'səʊʃl laɪf əv 'eni kaɪnd/