

Jerzy Kosinski
Being There

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Being There について

Chance は生まれ落ちた時から Old Man に養育され、大邸宅の庭師として生活を送っている。現実社会とは全く隔絶された世界、彼の部屋と仕事場である庭園と部屋に置かれてあるテレビに写し出される世界、これが彼の接する社会のすべてである。人間の成長に不可欠な対話というものと彼は完全に無縁であり、母親から受けついで脳のある種の疾患のこともあり、彼は読み書きの能力がつかなかった。彼にあるのは、見ること、受け取ることのみであり、知的能力の不全のために、抽象化の能力はなく、彼の発想はすべて即物的なものに限られていた。

彼が Old Man の家を出て、時の人となったのは、Old Man の死とその後の偶然の自動車事故が原因であった。Old Man の死によってその大邸宅は処分される。ある不可解な理由によって、Chance には身許を証明する書類が全く存在しなかった。Old Man の丹念な記録の中にも Chance の存在に触れるものは皆無であったし、どんな免許証も、銀行の通帳も、病院の領収書もなかった。出生の登録も勿論なかった。身許証明を保持しない者は、現代の管理社会では存在しないのと同然であるのだ。このために Chance は立ち退きを命ぜられる。

はじめて現実の社会に放り出された Chance は、孤独感も絶望も不安もない。これ等の人間的な感情は、人間対人間の交わりの中で個の発達とともに生まれるものであるが、Chance の生きてきた世界はテレビ以外には存在せず、人間的な対話は皆無であったのだ。彼にできることは観察することであり、その観察に即物的に反応することだけであった。

Chance に傷を負わせた自動車事故の加害者は Benjamin Rand

という一流銀行の頭取の夫人 EE であった。事故のショックと Chance の容姿の端麗さに魅せられたので EE は自分の家で傷を治療するよう申し出、Chance は即座にそれを受け入れ、Rand 家の食客となる。Benjamin は死を目前にした病人で、EE は若い美貌の持主である。夫人は Chance に恋を感じるようになる。

たまたま、銀行家の会合に出席する途中、大統領が旧知の Rand を見舞いに立ち寄る。Chance は同席するように求められ、大統領と会うが、彼等の経済・財政論議は皆目理解できない。意見を求められて、Chance は、自然界では良い時も悪い時もあり、地に確固とした根を張っている木は悪い時期を乗り切ることができる、と自己の体験を即物的に話す。大統領は、これを実業家の比喩と受け取り、感動して、彼の演説の中で Chance の名をあげて、その趣旨を語る。Chance は今や時の人となり、テレビに出演したり、ジャーナリズムから持てはやされる存在となる。

各国の重要な人物が Chance との接近をはかるが、すべての人が当惑するのは Chance の素性が全く判然としないこと、身許が全く不詳であることである。そのために大きな混乱が起る。Chance は、人々に振りまわされるが、自分の帰属する場、自然を相手に自分ひとりで働ける庭園を渴望する。

この小説は、本質的に寓話である。Chance の生得的な欠陥は Old Man の独善的な扱いによって、より致命的なものになる。身許証明の不在に加えて、周囲の人間の自己本位の状況判断により、Chance の悲喜劇は劇化する。この悲喜劇はどこまで続くのであろうか。

1978年12月

白石 昭夫

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Being There

————— *One* —————

It was Sunday. Chance was in the garden. He moved slowly, dragging the green hose from one path to the next, carefully watching the flow of the water. Very gently he let the stream touch every plant, every flower, every branch of the garden. Plants were like people; they needed care to live, to survive their diseases, and to die peacefully.

Yet plants were different from people. No plant is able to think about itself or able to know itself; there is no mirror in which the plant can recognize its face; no plant can do anything intentionally: it cannot help growing, and its growth has no meaning, since a plant cannot reason or dream.

It was safe and secure in the garden, which was separated from the street by a high, red brick wall covered with ivy, and not even the sounds of the passing cars disturbed the peace. Chance ignored the streets. Though he had never stepped outside the house and its garden, he was not curious about life on the other side of the wall.

The front part of the house where the Old Man lived might just as well have been another part of the wall or the street. He could not tell if anything in it was alive or not. In the rear of the ground floor facing the garden, the maid
5 lived. Across the hall Chance had his room and his bathroom and his corridor leading to the garden.

What was particularly nice about the garden was that, at any moment, standing in the narrow paths or amidst the bushes and trees, Chance could start to wander, never
10 knowing whether he was going forward or backward, unsure whether he was ahead of or behind his previous steps. All that mattered was moving in his own time, like the growing plants.

Once in a while Chance would turn off the water and sit
15 on the grass and think. The wind, mindless of direction, intermittently swayed the bushes and trees. The city's dust settled evenly, darkening the flowers, which waited patiently to be rinsed by the rain and dried by the sunshine. And yet, with all its life, even at the peak of its bloom, the
20 garden was its own graveyard. Under every tree and bush lay rotten trunks and disintegrated and decomposing roots. It was hard to know which was more important: the garden's surface or the graveyard from which it grew and into which it was constantly lapsing. For example, there were
25 some hedges at the wall which grew in complete disregard of the other plants; they grew faster, dwarfing the smaller flowers, and spreading onto the territory of weaker bushes.

Chance went inside and turned on the TV. The set created its own light, its own color, its own time. It did not follow the law of gravity that forever bent all plants downward. Everything on TV was tangled and mixed and yet smoothed out: night and day, big and small, tough and brittle, soft and rough, hot and cold, far and near. In this colored world of television, gardening was the white cane of a blind man.

By changing the channel he could change himself. He could go through phases, as garden plants went through phases, but he could change as rapidly as he wished by twisting the dial backward and forward. In some cases he could spread out into the screen without stopping, just as on TV people spread out into the screen. By turning the dial, Chance could bring others inside his eyelids. Thus he came to believe that it was he, Chance, and no one else, who made himself be.

The figure on the TV screen looked like his own reflection in a mirror. Though Chance could not read or write, he resembled the man on TV more than he differed from him. For example, their voices were alike.

He sank into the screen. Like sunlight and fresh air and mild rain, the world from outside the garden entered Chance, and Chance, like a TV image floated into the world, buoyed up by a force he did not see and could not name.

He suddenly heard the creak of a window opening above his head and the voice of the fat maid calling. Reluctantly he got up, carefully turned off the TV, and stepped outside. The fat maid was leaning out of the upstairs window
5 flapping her arms. He did not like her. She had come some time after black Louise had gotten sick and returned to Jamaica. She was fat. She was from abroad and spoke with a strange accent. She admitted that she did not understand the talk on the TV, which she watched in her room. As a
10 rule he listened to her rapid speech only when she was bringing him food and telling him what the Old Man had eaten and what she thought he had said. Now she wanted him to come up quickly.

Chance began walking the three flights upstairs. He did
15 not trust the elevator since the time black Louise had been trapped in it for hours. He walked down the long corridor until he reached the front of the house.

The last time he had seen this part of the house some of the trees in the garden, now tall and lofty, had been quite
20 small and insignificant. There was no TV then. Catching sight of his reflection in the large hall mirror, Chance saw the image of himself as a small boy and then the image of the Old Man sitting in a huge chair. His hair was gray, his hands wrinkled and shriveled. The Old Man breathed
25 heavily and had to pause frequently between words.

Chance walked through the rooms, which seemed empty; the heavily curtained windows barely admitted the day-

light. Slowly he looked at the large pieces of furniture shrouded in old linen covers, and at the veiled mirrors. The words that the Old Man had spoken to him the first time had wormed their way into his memory like firm roots. Chance was an orphan, and it was the Old Man himself 5 who had sheltered him in the house ever since Chance was a child. Chance's mother had died when he was born. No one, not even the Old Man, would tell him who his father was. While some could learn to read and write, Chance would never be able to manage this. Nor would he ever be 10 able to understand much of what others were saying to him or around him. Chance was to work in the garden, where he would care for plants and grasses and trees which grew there peacefully. He would be as one of them: quiet, open-hearted in the sunshine and heavy when it rained. His 15 name was Chance because he had been born by chance. He had no family. Although his mother had been very pretty, her mind had been as damaged as his: the soft soil of his brain, the ground from which all his thoughts shot up, had been ruined forever. Therefore, he could not look 20 for a place in the life led by people outside the house or the garden gate. Chance must limit his life to his quarters and to the garden; he must not enter other parts of the household or walk out into the street. His food would always be brought to his room by Louise, who would be the only 25 person to see Chance and talk to him. No one else was allowed to enter Chance's room. Only the Old Man him-

self might walk and sit in the garden. Chance would do exactly what he was told or else he would be sent to a special home for the insane where, the Old Man said, he would be locked in a cell and forgotten.

5 Chance did what he wastold. So did black Louise.

*

As Chance gripped the handle of the heavy door, he heard the screeching voice of the maid. He entered and saw a room twice the height of all the others. Its walls were lined with built-in shelves, filled with books. On the
10 large table flat leather folders were spread around.

The maid was shouting into the phone. She turned and, seeing him, pointed to the bed. Chance approached. The Old Man was propped against the stiff pillows and seemed poised intently, as if he were listening to a trickling
15 whisper in the gutter. His shoulders sloped down at sharp angles, and his head, like a heavy fruit on a twig, hung down to one side. Chance stared into the Old Man's face. It was white, the upper jaw overlapped the lower lip of his mouth, and only one eye remained open, like the eye
20 of a dead bird that sometimes lay in the garden. The maid put down the receiver, saying that she had just called the doctor, and he would come right away.

Chance gazed once more at the Old Man, mumbled good-bye, and walked out. He entered his room and turned on the TV.

Later in the day, watching TV, Chance heard the sounds of a struggle coming from the upper floors of the house. He left his room and, hidden behind the large sculpture in the front hall, watched the men carry out the Old Man's body. With the Old Man gone, someone would 5 have to decide what was going to happen to the house, to the new maid, and to himself. On TV, after people died, all kinds of changes took place—changes brought about by relatives, bank officials, lawyers, and businessmen. 10

But the day passed and no one came. Chance ate a simple dinner, watched a TV show and went to sleep.

* * *

He rose early as always, found the breakfast that had been left at his door by the maid, ate it, and went into the garden. 15

He checked the soil under the plants, inspected the

flowers, snipped away dead leaves, and pruned the bushes. Everything was in order. It had rained during the night, and many fresh buds had emerged. He sat down and dozed in the sun.

5 As long as one didn't look at people, they did not exist. They began to exist, as on TV, when one turned one's eyes on them. Only then could they stay in one's mind before being erased by new images. The same was true of him. By looking at him, others could make him be clear,
10 could open him up and unfold him; not to be seen was to blur and to fade out. Perhaps he was missing a lot by simply watching others on TV and not being watched by them. He was glad that now, after the Old Man had died, he was going to be seen by people he had never been seen
15 by before.

*

When he heard the phone ring in his room, he rushed inside. A man's voice asked him to come to the study.

Chance quickly changed from working clothes into one of his best suits, carefully trimmed and combed his hair,
20 put on a pair of large sunglasses, which he wore when working in the garden, and went upstairs. In the narrow, dim book-lined room, a man and a woman were looking at him. Both sat behind the large desk, where various papers were spread out before them. Chance remained in the center of the room, not knowing what to do. The man

got up and took a few steps toward him, his hand outstretched.

"I am Thomas Franklin, of Hancock, Adams and Colby. We are the lawyers handling this estate. And this," he said, turning to the woman, "is my assistant, Miss Hayes." ⁵ Chance shook the man's hand and looked at the woman. She smiled.

"The maid told me that a man has been living in the house, and works as the gardener." Franklin inclined his head toward Chance. "However, we have no record of a ¹⁰ man—any man—either being employed by the deceased or residing in his house during any of the last forty years. May I ask you how many days you have been here?"

Chance was surprised that in so many papers spread on the desk his name was nowhere mentioned; it occurred to ¹⁵ him that perhaps the garden was not mentioned there either. He hesitated. "I have lived in this house for as long as I can remember, ever since I was little, a long time before the Old Man broke his hip and began staying in bed most of the time. I was here before there were big ²⁰ bushes and before there were automatic sprinklers in the garden. Before television."

"You what?" Franklin asked. "You lived here—in this house—since you were a child? May I ask you what your name is?" ²⁵

Chance was uneasy. He knew that a man's name had an important connection with his life. That was why people

on TV always had two names—their own, outside of TV, and the one they adopted each time they performed. “My name is Chance,” he said.

“Mr. Chance?” the lawyer asked.

5 Chance nodded.

“Let’s look through our records,” Mr. Franklin said. He picked up some of the papers heaped in front of him. “I have a complete record here of all those who were at any time employed by the deceased and by his estate. Although
10 he was supposed to have a will, we were unable to find it. Indeed, the deceased left very few personal documents behind. However, we do have a list of all his employees,” he emphasized, looking down at a document he held in his hand.

15 Chance waited.

“Please sit down, Mr. Chance,” said the woman. Chance pulled a chair toward the desk and sat down.

Mr. Franklin rested his head in his hand. “I am very puzzled, Mr. Chance,” he said, without lifting his eyes
20 from the paper he was studying, “but your name does not appear anywhere in our records. No one by the name of Chance has ever been connected with the deceased. Are you certain, Mr. Chance—truly certain—that you have indeed been employed in this house?”

25 Chance answered very deliberately: “I have always been the gardener here. I have worked in the garden in back of the house all my life. As long as I can remember. I was

a little boy when I began. The trees were small, and there were practically no hedges. Look at the garden now."

Mr. Franklin quickly interrupted. "But there is not a single indication that a gardener has been living in this house and working here. We, that is—Miss Hayes and I—have been put in charge of the deceased's estate by our firm. We are in possession of all the inventories. I can assure you," he said, "that there is no account of your being employed. It is clear that at no time during the last forty years was a man employed in this house. Are you a professional gardener?"

"I am a gardener," said Chance. "No one knows the garden better than I. From the time I was a child, I am the only one who has ever worked here. There was someone else before me—a tall black man; he stayed only long enough to tell me what to do and show me how to do it; from that time, I have been on my own. I planted some of the trees," he said, his whole body pointing in the direction of the garden, "and the flowers, and I cleaned the paths and watered the plants. The Old Man himself used to come down to sit in the garden and read and rest there. But then he stopped."

Mr. Franklin walked from the window to the desk. "I would like to believe you, Mr. Chance," he said, "but, you see, if what you say is true, as you claim it to be, then—for some reason difficult to fathom—your presence in this house, your employment, hasn't been recorded in any of

the existing documents. True," he murmured to his assistant, "there were very few people employed here; he retired from our firm at the age of seventy-two, more than twenty-five years ago, when his broken hip immobilized
5 him. And yet," he said, "in spite of his advanced age, the deceased was always in control of his affairs, and those who were employed by him have always been properly listed with our firm—paid, insured, et cetera. We have a record, after Miss Louise left, of the employment of one
10 'imported' maid, and that's all."

"I know old Louise; she can tell you that I have lived and worked here. She was here ever since I can remember, ever since I was little. She brought my food to my room every day, and once in a while she would sit with me in the
15 garden."

"Louise died, Mr. Chance," interrupted Franklin.

"She left for Jamaica," said Chance.

"Yes, but she fell ill and died recently," Miss Hayes explained.

20 "I did not know that she had died," said Chance quietly.

"Nevertheless," Mr. Franklin persisted, "anyone ever employed by the deceased has always been properly paid, and our firm has been in charge of all such matters; hence our complete record of the estate's affairs."

25 "I did not know any of the other people working in the house. I always stayed in my room and worked in the garden."

“I’d like to believe you. However, as far as your former existence in this house is concerned, there just isn’t any trace of you. The new maid has no idea of how long you have been here. Our firm has been in possession of all the pertinent deeds, checks, insurance claims, for the last fifty 5 years.” He smiled. “At the time the deceased was a partner in the firm, some of us were not even born, or were very, very young.” Miss Hayes laughed. Chance did not understand why she laughed.

Mr. Franklin returned to the documents. “During your 10 employment and your residence here, Mr. Chance, can you recall signing any papers?”

“No, sir.”

“Then in what manner were you paid?”

“I have never been given any money. I was given my 15 meals, very good meals, and as much to eat as I wanted; I have my room with a bathroom and a window that looks out on the garden, and a new door was put in leading out into the garden. I was given a radio and then a television, a big color television set with remote control changer. It 20 also has an alarm in it to wake me up in the morning.”

“I know the kind you’re referring to,” said Mr. Franklin.

“I can go to the attic and choose any of the Old Man’s suits. They all fit me very well. Look.” Chance pointed to his suit. “I can also have his coats, and his shoes, even 25 though they are a bit tight, and his shirts, though the collars are a bit small, and his ties and . . .”

"I understand," Mr. Franklin said.

"It's quite amazing how fashionable your clothes look," interjected Miss Hayes suddenly.

Chance smiled at her.

5 "It's astonishing how men's fashions of today have reverted to the styles of the twenties," she added.

"Well, well," Mr. Franklin said, attempting lightheartedness, "are you implying that my wardrobe is out of style?"

He turned to Chance: "And so you haven't in any way
10 been contracted for your work."

"I don't think I have."

"The deceased never promised you a salary or any other form of payment?" Mr. Franklin persisted.

"No. No one promised me anything. I hardly ever saw
15 the Old Man. He did not come into the garden since the bushes on the left side were planted, and they're shoulder-high now. As a matter of fact, they were planted when there was no television yet, only radio. I remember listening to the radio while I was working in the garden and
20 Louise coming down stairs and asking me to turn it down because the Old Man was asleep. He was already very old and sick."

Mr. Franklin almost jumped out of his chair. "Mr. Chance, I think it would simplify matters if you could
25 produce some personal identification indicating your address. That would be a start. You know, a checkbook or driver's license or medical insurance card . . . you know."

"I don't have any of those things," said Chance.

"Just any card that states your name and address and your age."

Chance was silent.

"Perhaps your birth certificate?" Miss Hayes asked 5 kindly.

"I don't have any papers."

"We shall need some proof of your having lived here," Mr. Franklin said firmly.

"But," said Chance, "you have me. I am here. What 10 more proof do you need?"

"Have you ever been ill—that is, have you ever had to go to the hospital or to a doctor? Please understand," Mr. Franklin said tonelessly, "all we want is some evidence that you actually have been employed and resided here." 15

"I have never been ill," said Chance. "Never."

Mr. Franklin noticed the admiring look Miss Hayes gave the gardener. "I know," he said. "Tell me the name of your dentist."

"I have never gone to a dentist or to a doctor. I have 20 never been outside of this house, and no one has ever been allowed to visit me. Louise went out sometimes, but I did not."

"I must be frank with you," Mr. Franklin said wearily. "There is no record of your having been here, of any wages 25 paid to you, of any medical insurance." He stopped. "Have you paid any taxes?"

“No,” said Chance.

“Have you served in the army?”

“No. I have seen the army on TV.”

“Are you, by chance, related to the deceased?”

5 “No, I am not.”

“Assuming that what you say is true,” said Franklin flatly, “do you plan to make any claim against the estate of the deceased?”

Chance did not understand. “I am perfectly all right, 10 sir,” he said cautiously. “I’m fine. The garden is a good one. The sprinklers are only a few years old.”

“Tell me,” Miss Hayes interrupted, straightening up and throwing her head back, “what are your plans now? Are you going to work for someone else?”

15 Chance adjusted his sunglasses. He did not know what to say. Why would he have to leave the garden? “I would like to stay here and work in this garden,” he said quietly.

Mr. Franklin shuffled the papers on the desk and drew out a page filled with fine print. “It’s a simple formality,” he 20 said, handing the paper to Chance. “Would you be kind enough to read it now and—if you agree to it—to sign it where indicated?”

Chance picked up the paper. He held it in both hands and stared at it. He tried to calculate the time needed to read 25 a page. On TV the time it took people to read legal papers varied. Chance knew that he should not reveal that he could not read or write. On TV programs people who did

NOTES

One

P. L.

- 1 1 **Chance** この物語の主人公。孤児として Old Man (p. 2. l. 1) にひきとられ養育される。脳に疾患があり gardener としての仕事しか出来ない。TV と庭の樹木を相手の毎日の中で、TV と植物が彼にどのように働きかけるかを見よ。
- 4 **stream** an outpouring of a fluid from a source 「ホースのノズルから出る水」
- 13 **It** 漠然とした状況をあらわす。cf. It is calm on the sea.
- 2 1 **the Old Man** 資産家、Chance を引きとって養育したが、二人の間には人間的な交りは成立していない。
The front part . . . the street 「その家の前の部分は (— Chance にとっては) 他の塀や通りと同じものだった」(別世界であった)
- 12 **in his own time** 「彼自身にとって最適な具合に」
- 15 **mindless of direction** 「方向はおかまいなしに」
- 3 5 **smooth** free from what is harsh, crude, offending or disagreeable 「不快なものをなくす」
- 7 **gardening was the white cane of a blind man** 「(Chance にとっては) 園芸は盲人にとっての白い杖のようなもの(導き手、世の中を理解する手段)であった」
- 12 **he could spread . . . without stopping** 「際限もなく彼自身が TV の世界に入り込むことができた」
- 25 **buoy up** keep afloat 「浮かせておく」
- 4 14 **walking the three flights upstairs** 「二階への三つの階段を歩いて昇る」
- 18 **The last time** ~ 「この前~した時には」 cf. p. 2, l. 1 (同じ家に住みながら、Chance の世界は彼が世話をしていた部分の庭だけであったから)

- 5 5 **Chance was an orphan, . . .** この文から, *p. 6 l. 4* までは, すべて **Old man** が **a small boy** (*p. 4 l. 22*) に語ったことばと考えられる。
- 18 **her mind . . . his** 「彼女の知的能力は彼のものと同じように損われていた」
- 6 2 **a special home for the insane** an insane asylum 精神病院。
- 14 **as if he . . . the gutter** 「といを流れ落ちる水滴のささやくような音に耳を傾けているかのように」

Two

- 7 7 **himself=Chance**
- 8 7 **Only then . . . by new images** TV の画面の情景を思い出す。
22 **book-lined** 「内壁一面に本が並んでいる」
- 9 3 **of Hancock, Adams and Colby** 「Hancock, Adams, Colby 合同事務所の」
- 10 **we have no record . . . the last forty years** 「過去40年間のどの期間にも, 男の人が故人に雇われていたとか, この家に住んでいたという記録が全くありません」
- 19 **broke his hip** 「股関節をいためた」
- 10 21 **by the name of A** 「A という名前の」
- 26 **in back of=behind**
- 11 3 **there is not a single indication that ~** 「~ということは全然書いてない」
- 8 **there is no account of your being employed** 「あなたが雇われているという記述は全くない」 *account: report, explanation*
- 15 **he stayed . . . how to do it** 「彼がいたのは私に何を, どうやったらよいか教えた間だけだった」
- 17 **on my own** on my own responsibility, independent
- 26 **for some reason difficult to fathom** 「理解し難いある理由によって」
- 12 8 **with our firm** 「われわれの会社に」
- 23 **hence our complete record of the estate's affairs** 「したがって

- 私どもにはこの資産に関する事柄の完全な記録がある」
- 13 2 **there just isn't any trace of you** 「あなたがいたというどんな形跡も存在しない」
- 5 **pertinent deeds** 「関係のある (適切な) 証文」 deed: (legal) written or printed signed agreement, esp. about ownership or rights
- insurance claim** 「保険の支払請求」
- 14 2 **It's quite amazing ... look** Chance は Old Man が若い時に (1920年代) 着用したものを着ているのだが、すぐ次に Miss Hayes が云うように、流行が繰返すために、fashionable に見える。
- 7 **attempting lightheartedness** 「気軽な調子をよそおいながら」 (Franklin は Hayes の言葉を自分の貧相な服に対するあてつけと受取ったので)
- 25 **produce** bring forward to be examined
- 15 7 **papers** a piece of paper containing a written or printed statement (as of identity, authority of ownership) 「(身分) 証明書」
- 8 **we shall need ... here** 「あなたがここに住んでいたことを証明するものがが必要です」 (shall は当然義務をあらわす)
- 16 7 **make claim against** ~ 「~に対する権利を請求する」
- 12 **straightening up** 「身をおこして」
- 19 **fine print** 「細かい活字」
- formality** 「形式的なこと」
- 17 14 **personal effects** 「身の回り品」

Three

- 18 12 **reach toward him** 「彼の方へ技をさし伸べる」
- 16 **flick** 「素早くまわす」
- 18 **shoot across the screen** 「すばやく画面に表われて消えてゆく」
- 19 4 **it might ... of stone** 「それは石板のように思われた」 (Chance は自分の経験からこう感じとる)
- 10 **abandon the key in the lock** 「鍵を錠にさしこんだままにし

- て立ち去る」 abandon: turn away from
- 19 19 **if anything** 「少しでも違いがあるとすれば」
- 22 **block** 「(四面を通りで囲まれた) 区画」
- 25 **the cars parked against the curb** 「歩道にそって駐車している車」
- 27 **leap out past the car's rear bumper** 「ひと跳びしてその車の後部のバンパーをやりすごす」
- 20 2 **He was struck . . . behind him.** 「車にあてられて、彼の後に停っていた車のヘッドライトに打ちつけられた」
- 7 **his left one still trapped** 「彼の左脚はまだ車の下にはさまったままになっていて」
- 22 **Oh, dear God!** 「まあ！」
- Can you — would you please raise . . . ? Can you raise . . .** と言いかけて、もっと丁寧な表現を用いなければならないと感じて **would you please raise . . .** と言いなおした。
- 23 **trouser-leg** 「ズボンの脚の部分」(ズボンでもよい)
so I can take a look so that I can take a look
- 21 12 **if we'll drive you to the hospital**
- 16 **the limousine . . . the morning traffic** 「リムジンはすべるように朝の車の流れの中に入った」
- 25 **this didn't seem to be enough** 「これだけ (I am Chance) では十分でないと思われた」 通例公式の場合、自己紹介は **first name (personal name)** と **last name (family name)** は最少限言うことになっている。Chance には **family name** はなかったため、その不自然さを補うために、**the gardener** とつけ加えたものである。
- 26 **Chauncey** [tʃɑ:nsi]
- 27 **she had changed his name** Mrs. Rand は故意にそうしたのではなく、彼女の生活経験からすれば “Chance the gardener” などという人間の存在は信じられないので、Chance の自己紹介を、“Chauncey Gardiner” と聞き取ってしまったのである。Mrs. Rand はこのような重みのある響きの名前しか自分の聴覚の記憶にはなかったのである。
- 27 **as on TV** 「テレビの画面でいつもそうであるように」