

次の英文は Cody Cassidy による *Who Ate the First Oyster?* (2020) に基づいている。これを読んで以下の設問に答えなさい。

- (I) に入るもっとも適切な語を下から選び、記号で答えなさい。
(A) archaeologist (B) enthusiast (C) linguist (D) meteorologist
- (II) 下線部(2)が意味するところを、25字以内の日本語で説明しなさい。
- (III) に入るもっとも適切な語を下から選び、記号で答えなさい。
(ア) forethought (イ) perspective (ウ) merit (エ) lifestyle
- (IV) 40字以内の日本語で、“this one”の内容を具体的に示しつつ、下線部(4)の内容を説明しなさい。
- (V) 下線部(5)を日本語に訳しなさい。
- (VI) 下線部(6)を日本語に訳しなさい。
- (VII) 下線部(7)を日本語に訳しなさい。
- (VIII) 女性患者の診断記録の最後に記された言葉を、著者が、下線部(8)のように捉えたのはなぜか。著者の議論を整理しつつ、その理由を100字以上120字以内の日本語で説明しなさい。
- (IX) 次の日本語を英語に訳しなさい。
国際化の時代に生きる私たちは、英語の流暢さと国際的な視野の広がりをも、誤って同一視しがちである。

In 1991, the victim in the world's most interesting murder case was found 10,500 feet above sea level in the Ötztal Alps* in north-eastern Italy, 15 feet from the Austrian border. Dubbed Ötzi**, the man had been shot with an arrow in the back nearly 5,300 years ago, and his body has since become the most carefully studied corpse in human history. In the fall of 2017 I decided to visit the murder scene. Though this was my first criminal investigation, I began as I presumed any good homicide detective would: I retraced the victim's last steps.

Remarkably, even though the murder occurred nearly one thousand years before the construction of the Great Pyramid***, this retracing is actually possible. Thanks to scientists identifying layers of pollen from the victim's digestive system as well as the sources of pollen, we now have an accounting of Ötzi's final twelve hours far more accurate than any bloodhound could provide.

Ötzi's last hike took place in what is now a piece of northern Italy, sliced off from Austria after World War I, though when I visited, it seemed unclear whether anyone had ever informed the people who live there of that fact. The architecture, the food, the culture, the signs, and even the greetings were so comprehensively Austrian that I checked a map to make sure I hadn't crossed the border.

I began my trek early in the morning, and it soon became clear that Ötzi must have been in fine shape on the day he died. The Ötztal Alps do not rise slowly like the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains I was used to. Instead, they rocket out of river valleys at such steep angles that even the gentler path Ötzi chose was zigzagged in sharply angled switchbacks that rose into the snow and fog.

Investigators have established that Ötzi died shortly after enjoying a leisurely lunch at the top, which suggests he was a far better (1) than I. Snow had begun to fall and dense fog blanketed the pass when I arrived at the peak, and as I contemplated the tricky traverse to his final resting place, I spotted a few mountaineers—the first I had seen all day—strapping into crampons. We didn't share many words in common, but after a few

* The Ötztal Alps are a mountain range in the Central Eastern Alps.

** Ötzi is a nickname given to the natural mummy of a man found in the Ötztal Alps.

*** The Great Pyramid of Giza in Egypt.

gestures toward my tennis shoes we did share an understanding that ⁽²⁾ if I continued I was at some risk of making Ötzi's final resting place my own. Less than a quarter mile from the site of the murder, and six thousand miles from home, I decided, in this case, that interviews with archaeologists who had investigated the scene would have to suffice.

The aborted trip to the murder site was a part of an expansive, three-year-long project to produce this book. It began as an inquiry into humankind's greatest "firsts" but quickly expanded to include profiles of the individuals responsible. The more I learned about prehistoric discoveries, the more I wanted to know the people who made them. Yet most reconstructions of the prehistoric ignore the existence of individuality entirely, and speak of "peoples" rather than people.

So I set out to find remarkable *people* from our deep history. I interviewed more than one hundred experts and read dozens of books and hundreds of research papers. I ordered obsidian off the internet and tried to shave my face with it. I visited the site of humankind's first great piece of art. I started a fire with flint and pyrite. I fired a replica of an ancient bow. I spoiled gruel to brew beer. And I quite nearly joined Ötzi in his final resting place.

In the end, I identified seventeen ancient individuals who lived before or without writing. These are people whom scholars know existed and whose extraordinary or fateful acts are the foundation of modern life. Then I asked everyone from archaeologists to engineers, geneticists to lawyers, and astrologists to brewmasters who these anonymous individuals might have been, what they were thinking, where they were born, what they spoke (if they spoke!), what they wore, what they believed, where they lived, how they died, how they made their discovery, and, most importantly, why it mattered.

When viewed from the distance of many thousands of years, cultural, technological, and evolutionary change appears to proceed in a smooth line. Stone tools gradually give way to metal; furs gradually give way to woven fabric; gathered berries gradually give way to cultivated crops. Because of the appearance of a slow gradation, it's tempting to assume that no single individual could possibly have played a significant role in the seemingly inevitable trajectory of human history—or the seemingly glacial pace of human evolution.

But this gradation is an illusion created by our modern (3). It

neglects the way technology and even evolution have always occurred: in fits and starts, with individuals at the forefront. Rolling logs do not inevitably transition into wagons. Instead, someone invented the wheel and axle—regarded by many scholars as the greatest mechanical invention of all time—and someone fired the first bow and arrow—probably the most successful weapon system the world has ever seen. Thanks to the imperfect reach of written history, we’ve lost their names, but a name is a detail, and modern science now provides far more revealing details about the geniuses of the prehistoric.

Those two words—“genius” and “prehistoric”—are not often put together thanks to the stereotypes of cartoons, early caricatures, and the temptation to equate tools and technology mistakenly with intelligence. Though “prehistoric” is supposed to refer only to those who lived before writing, its first listed synonym is “primitive” and the implications are clear: the people who lived “before the dawn of history” were illiterate savages. Morons. Brutes who lived in dark caves, munching on mammoth meat between grunts.

But like most stereotypes, ⁽⁴⁾ this one collapses under even the briefest interrogation. The so-called cavemen—who for the most part didn’t even live in caves—required a far wider knowledge base than those of us living in the era of mass food production and job specialization. Their survival depended upon an encyclopedic understanding of their environment. They each had to find, gather, hunt, kill, and craft virtually everything they ate, lived in, or used. They had to know which plants killed you, which ones saved you, which ones grew in what seasons and where. They had to know the seasonal migration patterns of their prey. According to the scholars I spoke with, ⁽⁵⁾ there’s no evidence geniuses were any less common in ancient history than today, and at least some evidence that they were more so.

It feels controversial, or even speculative, to assert that geniuses lived in prehistoric times. It shouldn’t.

Just as prehistoric people had their fair share of nitwits, buffoons, dopes, traitors, cowards, scallywags, and evil, revenge-seeking psychopaths, so too were there the equivalents of da Vincis and Newtons. That isn’t just speculation. It’s a provable, verifiable, indisputable fact. The evidence is brushed on cave walls in France, scratched into clay tablets in the Middle East, found on islands in the South Pacific, and buried on top of four wheels in Russia. If Newton is feted for inventing calculus, what should we

think of the person who invented math itself? If Columbus is celebrated for stumbling upon the Americas, what should we think about the person who actually did discover them sixteen thousand years earlier? And what of the person who searched for and found the world's most isolated archipelago five hundred years before Columbus (accidentally) found a continent?

“Prehistoric” simply means that their names and stories went unrecorded and nothing more. Their lives were no less remarkable than those who lived afterward and, in at least a few cases, far more so.

Common sense should have suggested this long ago. Modern science has removed all doubt.

⁽⁶⁾ Until now, little has been written about these ancient individuals partly because there was so little to say. Early archaeologists found bones and tools, but not enough to speak to the humanity, individuality, and motives of their owners.

But within the past few decades, modern science has illuminated our ancient past to a startling degree. Thanks to techniques for recovering and analyzing DNA, ancient bones tell astonishing new stories—stories about the survivors who lived at the edge of the habitable world, the origins of plagues, and even the invention of clothing. Paleolinguists have reconstructed ancient languages to trace population movements, lifestyles, and even the location of some inventions—including, perhaps, the home of the wheel itself.

Old-fashioned archaeology has also undergone a dramatic change in the last two decades. ⁽⁷⁾ The number of discoveries has exploded to the degree that authors invariably include a plea for forgiveness for the inevitable revelations that will occur in the waiting period between writing and publishing. Writing about prehistory has become a game of whack-a-mole^{****}, not just because of new finds, but also because of the new tools applied to old ones.

Recent anthropological studies have even revealed the mind-sets of these ancient people. Studies by scholars like the University of Santa Barbara's Donald Brown have exposed remarkable consistencies across hundreds of human cultures as seemingly different as the highlanders of Papua New Guinea and the bankers on the streets of lower Manhattan. Brown and others' search for similarities have yielded a list of what anthropologists call

**** *Mogura-tataki.*

“human universals”, a revealing and peculiarly specific set of traits exhibited by *every* culture.

When Marco Polo returned from his thirteenth-century voyage, he shocked Europe with his tales of the neck elongation practiced by the Padaung and Kayan peoples^{*****} of Thailand and Myanmar. But while neck elongation and Western bow ties might seem to be the product of two vastly different mind-sets, they stem from the universal human desire for individualization and body decoration. It would have been far stranger if Polo had discovered a culture in which no one decorated themselves—yet no anthropologist has done so. Body decoration is one of hundreds of human universals that anthropologists like Brown have identified, and many researchers believe these universals offer the best lens through which to view ancient cultures whose archaeological remains haven’t survived. They do not describe individuals, but they help describe what it is to be human.

Despite the powerful tools we now use to examine our deep past, many fundamental questions remain. When I asked two of the world’s leading archaeologists when *Homo sapiens* began to speak full languages and think like modern humans, their answers differed by more than one hundred thousand years. Such is the stubborn opaqueness of our past.

Nevertheless, with modern tools, scholars can now engage in more educated speculation about the greatest people, moments, and firsts of ancient human history than ever before.

I had previously pondered humankind’s peculiar firsts—as I suspect many of us have when trying something new and particularly bizarre—but I didn’t consider the questions deeply until I read of a poignant note written by an ancient Egyptian physician describing a tumor of the breast in a patient of his. Historians believe it’s the first documented case of cancer. At the end of a long and detailed description of the spreading tumor, the physician simply adds: “There is no treatment.”

I found ⁽⁸⁾ something touching in the specificity of this ancient woman suffering from this ancient disease. A specificity, and an individuality, that I found lacking in the typical descriptions of ancient “peoples”. So I set out to find out about not just humankind’s ancient firsts, but also about the people who accomplished them.

***** An ethnic group whose women wear brass neck rings to elongate their necks.