



普通高等教育“九五”国家教委重点教材

大学 英语阅读 教程

A GUIDED ENGLISH READER
FOR COLLEGE STUDENTS

高
级

Advanced Level

(下册)

主 编

张定铨



上海外语教育出版社

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ADVANCED LEVEL
BOOK II

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前 言

《大学英语阅读教程》(高级), (A Guided English Reader for College Students) (Advanced Level) 1997年2月被列入普通高等教育“九五”国家教委重点教材。本教材是英语阅读教程, 其主要使用对象是英语专业二年级大学生。但是, 非英语专业学生也完全可以用它作为课外读物或者补充教材。对本教材的编写原则与特点有以下几点说明:

1. 书名中回避使用“泛读”一词, 因为严格地说“Extensive Reading”(泛读)是指一种阅读方式, 不能确切定义一部教材的内涵, 以此冠名课程, 意义限定不确切。在以英语为母语国家的学校课程设置中从无此项命名, 乃至中国留学生在填写成绩单时不得不重新翻译。为同国际惯常作法保持一致, 本教材不用“泛读教程”冠名。
2. 本书编写原则是力求不与其他类似教材雷同, 在编写风格上有自己鲜明的个性, 注重实际教学运用, 选材讲究多样性, 趣味性, 时代性, 练习强调启发理解, 培养学生思辨分析能力, 尽量避免机械性的答案。
3. 阅读教材的目的是要提高学生的语感, 必须有一定的量。本教程分上下两册, 下册16课, 每篇课文长度5000字左右。教学进度一周一篇, 教师授课, 或简或繁, 内容充实, 讲不完的部分可让学生自学。
4. 阅读策略(Reading Strategy)有机地融合在教材讲授之中。每个单元训练一项技巧, 都以课文为基础。
5. 预读问题(Prereading Questions)帮助学生开拓思路, 活跃思想, 使学生投入积极主动的阅读状态。
6. 练习分三大部分: 要义阅读(Reading for General Ideas)、详细阅读(Reading for Details and Better Understanding)及写作与讨论(Topics for Discussion and Writing)。要义阅读是粗略地阅读, 可以读一遍或两遍, 读后能回答有关问题, 对文章要旨有一大致领略。详细阅读帮助学生了解文章的主要语言难点, 掌握语言精华以及对文章发展的来龙去脉有比较清晰的了解。写作讨论题提出一些启发性的问题供学生讨论思考, 在此基础上可以布置写作练习。
7. “诗人角”(Poets' Corner)精选不同风格的短诗, 内容紧扣有关课文的主题, “思索与启迪”(Food for Thought)帮助学生通悉诗文要义, 同时也加深对课文的理解。

《大学英语阅读教程》在编写过程中得到英语学院, 上外大教务处以及上外教育出版社有关领导的关心与大力支持, 外籍教师 Don Gadow 审阅了阅读技巧部分, 在此表示衷心感谢。

张定铨

一九九九年

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Unit One

The Two Worlds of Edmund Perry

Robert Sam Anson

Prereading Exercises

1. Strategies for effective reading

When you are required to read a long essay within limited time, you need to focus on the main idea. If you give equal attention to every word in each sentence you can never read fast. Fast reading is in fact selective reading. You must learn to discriminate quickly and effectively between the essential parts of the sentence (words that function as subjects, verbs and objects) and the padding parts (words that function as modifiers, conjunctions and prepositions). Words that function as subjects, verbs and objects are key words because they carry substantial information. Without proper comprehension of these words you will certainly fail to obtain the main idea.

However, linking verbs, such as “is” and “are”, or prepositions do not carry substantial information. They are the padding parts that function as necessary grammatical elements, but without them the meaning of the sentence or the essay is fairly clear. They are there mainly for structural purposes. The absence of these words would make the sentences ungrammatical but have little effect on your overall comprehension of them. In fast reading, these words are ignored.

Often, newspaper headlines carry substantial information. Journalists are good at using key words to provide clear information within a limited space. For example, *Storm Hit Shanghai* can be a trimmed version of *Last Night Around 9 P. M. a Severe Storm Hit the Northern Part of Shanghai*. Though the sentence has fourteen words, the three key words “storm hit Shanghai” tell us clearly what happened at what place. These key words are essential to reading comprehension. The reader will certainly fail to get the correct information if he neglects any of these words. If you have difficulties in deciding which are the key words in a sentence, you might imagine that you were a journalist and try to turn that sentence into a brief news headline.

The following sentence is selected from the text. Read it and then do the exercises.

According to an article in *Rolling Stone* that circulated through the dorm that fall semester, PCP was responsible for numerous deaths, some from overdose and suicide, others from the temporary states of psychotic violence that are one of the drug’s principal effects.

- (1) Underline the main sentence.
- (2) Turn the main sentence into a newspaper headline.
- (3) Underline the padding words.

2. Prereading questions

- (1) What are the major social problems in the United States today? Can these problems be solved in the future? Why?
- (2) Can you predict what the essay is about after reading its title?

TEXT

- 1 When the call came in, the senior staff of Phillips Exeter Academy was at principal Steve Kurtz's country house in Maine, talking over plans for the next school year. Kurtz, who was in the middle of discussing curriculum changes, got up to take it. When he came back, his face was ashen. "You won't believe it," he said. "Eddie Perry is dead. In Harlem. They say he was shot by a police officer." The people in the room looked at each other. For a long moment, no one said anything. No one believed it.
- 2 At first, no one who knew Eddie Perry believed the story they heard about him that sunny morning [in June 1985]. Not Malcolm Stephens, who had been his senior roommate, or Dave Smith, who had played on the football team with him, or Stephanie Neal, who had embraced him at graduation. None could believe it, none wanted to believe it. But it was true: Edmund Evans Perry, seventeen, honors graduate of the Exeter class of '85, about to enter Stanford University on a full scholarship, was dead, shot down on a Harlem Street by a plainclothes police officer, whom, the authorities said, he had tried to mug.
- 3 It was a senseless story — "tragic", the network newscasters called it — and the details that unfolded in the days that followed, including the arrest of Eddie's nineteen-year-old brother, Jonah, as an accomplice in the aborted mugging, did little to give it meaning. How could it be, everyone wondered, that a boy with such talent and potential — this "prized symbol of hope", as an editorial in *The New York Times* called him — could come to such an end? Dr. Sidney Weinberg, a nationally known pathologist brought in by the Perrys to observe the autopsy, thought there might be a physiological explanation, meningitis perhaps, or a brain tumor. But there was evidence of none. Nor did police files contain any previous record of criminal behavior.
- 4 At Exeter, where the flag was lowered to half staff in mourning, Eddie was termed "a solid citizen" whose only trouble in four years was missing two classes. "He was too smart to get involved in something like this," said Rick Mahoney, the mystified dean of students. Schoolmates reporters talked to were similarly puzzled. "Eddie never steals from anyone, no way, no way," one of his white friends told an interviewer. "He's a very moral and religious guy." Lamont O'Neil, a black classmate from Brooklyn, was even more emphatic. Eddie, he remembered, had told other blacks never to murder or rob "because it was morally wrong and a disgrace to the black community".
- 5 In the Harlem neighborhood where Eddie had grown up, and where a thousand people marched to protest his death, he was remembered, in one neighbor's words, as a model for the kids on the block, the boy who, his grade school principal said, was expected to be-

come the first black president of the United States. “My son carried no gun or knife, because he walked with God,” his grieving mother, Veronica, told a reporter. “He always said, ‘Jesus fights my battles’.”

- 6 Against all this stood the word of one police officer — a word, law enforcement authorities said, that had been backed up by no fewer than twenty-three witnesses, among them two of Eddie’s relatives.
- 7 “I would never have believed this would have happened to a boy like Eddie,” said one of his Exeter teachers. “He had so much going for him. But then, I thought, ‘Did I really know this boy?’ Maybe there was another Eddie. Maybe I didn’t know him as well as I wish I had.”
- 8 It would be recorded in the obituaries and memories of his friends that Eddie Perry was of Harlem, and, so far as there was an emotional center to his life, it was true: Harlem was his home. Actually, though, he was born in Brooklyn, the second of three children of Veronica and Jonah Perry, an occasional laborer and handyman. Life in Brooklyn was hard for the Perrys, largely because of Jonah Senior’s problems with alcohol, and in 1974 Veronica moved the children to Harlem, where her family had lived for four generations.
- 9 They settled in a cramped third-floor walkup on West 114th Street between Frederick Douglass and Adam Clayton Powell Jr. boulevards. Located down from the heights of Columbia University and Morningside Park, “The Valley”, as the neighborhood was known, was a tough place, filled with burned-out, boarded-up tenements and drug dealers who sold heroin openly on the streets. Once the Perrys’ block had been no different. But in the late 1970s an urban renewal program renovated the buildings, lined the sidewalks with green zelkova trees and transformed it into a clean street, where on summer nights neighbors chatted on the stoops and kept an eye on each other’s kids. It was here, surrounded by aunts and uncles, grandparents and cousins, that Eddie Perry grew up.
- 10 He was a good boy, the people in the neighborhood said: well-mannered, disciplined, ambitious, and smart, a churchgoing boy who could, without embarrassment, list as his greatest strength his “faith in the Lord — the faith that tells me that no matter what happens, He will provide a way”. There weren’t many boys in the neighborhood who would say that, nor were there many with Eddie’s sensitivity and reserve. “He had to warm up to you ... before he would tell you the real deal,” remembered the Rev. Preston Washington, pastor of Memorial Baptist Church, where Eddie was active in the youth fellowship and served as an usher. “In Sunday school, he was one of the kids who asked very direct questions like ‘How do we know God exists?’ He was very bright, but he didn’t buy any experience lock, stock, and barrel.”
- 11 The credit for all of this invariably went to his mother. With Jonah Sr. finding it hard to hold a job, it was Veronica who was the true head of the Perry household, and it was Veronica who filled Eddie with a sense of his own specialness, who, as Eddie himself once said, “put ideas into my head that there was something else.” Many of those ideas had to do with politics, which, in Harlem, was frequently synonymous with opposition and race.

A proud, dignified woman who had studied to be a nurse, Veronica herself was intensely involved in local political affairs, first as an outspoken leader of the PTA, later as the upset victor in an election to the community school board. She was “a tough chick”, said Bill Perkins, the leader of the local Democratic club, a woman who “hustled over obstacles” for her kids, especially for Eddie. He was Veronica’s prize, “our shining star”, as one of his cousins put it, the person who “was going to change things for us”.

- 12 Such predictions were seldom made about Eddie’s older brother. Strong and muscular, Jonah, who had been left swaybacked by a childhood injury, was neither as good-looking as Eddie, nor as favored, nor as bright. Where Eddie was thin-skinned and quick-witted, Jonah was more casual and easygoing. “Eddie smart,” as a friend put it, “and Jonah cool.” Though the boys were close, the differences produced a rivalry, a competition where Jonah usually came out the loser. “I’ll settle for something,” he remarked once. “Eddie always goes for the best.”
- 13 But Jonah had his strengths. He was, for one thing, a far better athlete, and his competence helped make him popular among his classmates. At Wadleigh Junior High, just down the block from the Perry apartment, he was president of his class and that, in turn, helped bring him to the attention of Edouard Plummer, the school’s coordinator for A Better Chance (ABC), a Boston-based minority education organization that placed promising ghetto youths in prep schools. Terming Jonah “a willing worker who struggles hard to overcome obstacles”, Plummer recommended him to ABC, and in the fall of 1980 Jonah enrolled at the Westminster School on full scholarship.
- 14 Located in Simsbury, Connecticut, a countrified suburb of Hartford, Westminster was a wholly different world from Harlem, but Jonah seemed to thrive. He played on the basketball and track teams, acted in the school’s dramatic productions, and eventually racked up a number of distinctions, including a trophy in his senior year for sportsmanship and effort. Adults liked him — “There wasn’t a nicer kid,” said his track coach — and so did his schoolmates. “He was never bitter,” one of them would say after his arrest. “He was always laughing about stuff. One day he got all this mail from Yale and Princeton, and I joked with him. I said, ‘Hey, Jonah, I didn’t know you were smart.’ He said, laughing, ‘No, I’m just black.’”
- 15 Eddie, in the meantime, was doing less well. In Jonah’s absence he had been getting into trouble in school, including, he later told an Exeter classmate, striking a teacher. Had it not been for the intervention of his mother, the recommendations of friendly teachers (“careful, serious, and hard-working,” they called him), and his own undeniable intelligence (testing in the seventh grade assessed his math and reading skills at well above the twelfth-grade level), the outcome might have been different. Instead, Plummer recommended him to ABC. Calling him “a future leader”, for whom Jonah “serves as an inspiration,” Plummer wrote, “This young man has a great sense of responsibility; he is well-mannered ... alert, active, and honest ... [and] has a great respect for authority... . His character is of the highest nature.”

- 16 Jack Herney, the Exeter director of admissions who interviewed Eddie in Harlem, came to the same conclusion. He was especially taken with Eddie's seeming maturity. When Herney asked him what he expected to be doing twenty-five years from then, Eddie, who had a talent for impressing adults, didn't miss a beat. He was going to be a doctor and come back to help his community, he answered. "That's the kind of ambition we look for in kids," Herney said later, "someone who wants to succeed but not just for himself."
- 17 With Herney's enthusiastic approval, Eddie was admitted as a first-year "prep" in September 1981.
- 18 Founded in 1781 "for the purpose of promoting piety and virtue, and for the education of Youth", Phillips Exeter Academy in New Hampshire is one of the nation's oldest secondary private schools and perhaps its most prestigious. Daniel Webster went to Exeter (class of 1796), and down through the years so have Harvard- and Yale-bound men with names like Rockefeller and Getty. In more recent times, there have been increasing numbers of students with names like Washington, Rios, and Chiou, and today 40 percent of the total enrollment is female. In its traditions and commitment to "link goodness with knowledge", though, Exeter remains unchanged. It is an exacting place, one that demands the most of its students. School rules are strict, the academic regiment even stricter. "You come to Exeter to work," says one of its deans. "And we work you like hell."
- 19 To all appearances, Eddie, who was one of about 50 blacks in a student body of 980, managed the transition flawlessly. "He was eager as a prep," says Bill Bolden, an English instructor and one of three blacks on Exeter's faculty. "Many kids, black and white, are intimidated by Exeter. Eddie wasn't intimidated at all. He wanted to succeed."
- 20 Succeed Eddie did, slowly at first, but with growing confidence. After an academically so-so freshman year, his grades began to pick up, eventually reaching an average of B minus, sufficient at Exeter to qualify him as an honors student. He was particularly good in the sciences and best of all in the free-form class discussion and argument Exeter's seminar-style instruction encourages. One teacher described him as "intellectually voracious ... bright, interested, sparkling, wanting to get as much as he could." "He was the kind of kid," says David Weber, who taught him humanities, "who brings a real energy to class, because he really cares about what is being said. It was never just an exercise to him. With Eddie, his life and his schoolwork were the same thing."
- 21 Eddie's outspokenness had its darker side. He could be sarcastic in class, boastful and harsh. "It seemed like he was always trying to prove something," says a white student who shared several classes with him during sophomore year. "At Exeter, you don't have to prove anything to anybody. Everybody is smart. That's a given. But Eddie didn't get it. He was always trying to show you he was just as good as you."
- 22 His teachers judged him more sympathetically. It was not easy, they said, for a boy from Harlem to come to a place like Exeter, an overwhelmingly white institution set down in a small New England town, "remote", as the academy catalogue put it, "from urban influences". "Blacks don't feel fully a part of this school," an Exeter administrator said of stu-

dents like Eddie, “and yet they are different from the kids back home. They have one foot in each camp and both feet in neither.”

- 23 For Eddie, a scholarship student continually having to live with little money, the situation was made all the more difficult by the affluence of his classmates. Many of them, noted one teacher, “had money to burn.” There were stereos in their rooms, personal computers, the best from L. L. Bean. When they broke from school, it was not to Harlem that they returned but Palm Beach and Greenwich. “He was a have-not sown in with a lot of haves,” said one of his teachers. “He had the feeling that because he was black, the cards were stacked against him.”
- 24 There were students at Exeter with Eddie’s background, some from neighborhoods as mean, if not meaner, than Harlem. Few, however, seemed so acutely attuned to race. Eddie, said Lamont O’Neil, “didn’t trust” whites. “If you were white,” added Lamont, “he’d really watch you.” The white students noted his wariness too. “He wasn’t totally antiwhite,” said a white classmate who worked hard at being his friend, “but he made such a huge point about being black. It crept into conversations frequently. He was so proud of his race that he expected you to dislike him for it, to look down on him because of it.”
- 25 With black classmates Eddie was more at ease. Even then, his “New York attitude,” as one described it, made him a difficult person to know. At first, says Stephanie Neal, who entered Exeter the same year as Eddie, he could seem “pushy and offensive”, a forceful personality “who wouldn’t let things ride”. But those, like Stephanie, who did get to know him concluded in time that Eddie’s seeming cockiness was really a protective shell and that underneath it was someone who was actually quite vulnerable and not at all as certain of himself as he proclaimed. “The truth of it,” says one of his friends, “is that Eddie was really homesick.”
- 26 On his visits home, Eddie was always greeted as the conquering hero. There were celebratory dinners to mark his return on vacation, gatherings of relatives, prayers of thanksgiving offered in the Baptist church. According to friends, he relished the attention, the status going to Exeter gave him. “He needed to be envied in a certain way,” says a black adult Eddie regularly confided in. “He felt that need, to be regarded as special.”
- 27 Occasionally that need caused him difficulties. He could be arrogant at home — “big on himself”, as they said in the neighborhood — and his friends sometimes teased him about going “preppy” and, even worse in Harlem, losing his basketball skills.
- 28 These remarks hurt Eddie, particularly because they were so correct. A part of him *was* preppy, but he was also Harlem black, and maintaining the two identities was proving an increasing strain. At Exeter there was a faculty-student “minority support group” that was supposed to ease such problems, but in fact the group did very little. It was not for lack of good intentions — Exeter fairly filled with good intentions — but for fear of singling out black students, of somehow disturbing, as one dean put it, “the integrity of the black experience.” ABC, too, was intent on maintaining racial identity and tried to keep tabs on how its students were adjusting. But in the end it was largely left to the students themselves.

Most made it; others dropped out. A few, like Eddie Perry, who seldom revealed himself to anyone, simply agonized.

- 29 He still had not resolved his dilemma when, in his junior year, he was offered the chance to avoid it.
- 30 The program was called School Year Abroad, and for a group of selected students, it offered the chance to spend a year of study in Barcelona. Eddie, who spoke good Spanish, leapt at it.
- 31 Spain was everything that Exeter was not: warm, foreign, and, best of all from Eddie's point of view, virtually rule-free. The year he spent there, he would later tell his classmates back at Exeter, was the happiest of his life.
- 32 Like all the forty-odd students in the program, Eddie was housed with a Spanish family. He had problems with the first household to which he was assigned, a group of conservative women who frowned on his liking for partying, and he soon moved in with a young mother and her three-year-old daughter, where, Eddie told friends, the atmosphere was much warmer. Adjusting to the classroom routine, however, proved difficult. "He was very arrogant and very nonchalant," one of his classmates remembers. "He would sit completely spread out in class, looking bored, like everyone was wasting his time." According to his classmates, Eddie was particularly resentful of Edward Sainati, the program's resident director, who, Eddie claimed, "was trying to do something" to his brain, apparently by insisting he stick to his studies. Sainati in turn concluded that Eddie had a "chip on his shoulder", particularly over race. "I felt," Sainati said, "that he was blind to the fact that his underlying hostility toward whites was of his own making." Reporting all this to Exeter, Sainati passed along a piece of advice: "If you speak with him firmly and show him that you care, he will respect you in any situation."
- 33 Outside the classroom, life was sweet. By day Eddie played with a Spanish basketball team, wandered Barcelona, swam and sunned on the beaches of Sitges. By night he did the bars, and when the bars closed, did the discos. He was loving Spain, he told his friends. The Spanish were more open than American whites, less prejudiced, more willing to accept him for who he was. In Spain, as Eddie put it, he could be free.
- 34 In Spain, too, he found a special girl; her name was Ariel. A year ahead of Eddie in school, and from suburban Los Angeles, Ariel Nattelson was pretty, artistic, intelligent wide-eyed and curly-haired. As it happened, she was also white.
- 35 The racial difference never seemed to matter to Ariel or to Eddie, who seemed to relax with her as with no one else. That they were friends rather than lovers did not seem to trouble him either. He doted on her and she on him. If Ariel had a problem, he would solve it; if she was upset, he would calm her, sometimes by singing her lyrics from a Bob Marley song. "Don't worry 'bout a thing," it went, "Cause every little thing's gonna be all right." They were close, Ariel and Eddie; if right now he had to choose a woman with whom he would spend the rest of his life, Eddie told a friend, it would be the white girl, Ariel.
- 36 In September Eddie returned to Exeter for the beginning of his senior year. Friends were

surprised by his appearance. During the year in Spain, he had grown up, become a mature young man of six foot one. The extra height was not enough to win him a place on the basketball team, however, and he had only slightly better luck on football. He made the team, just barely, as a secondary defensive halfback, not as the starting receiver he wanted to be. The problem was not a lack of effort — “Eddie,” said his football coach, “was always willing to stick his nose in” — but a shortage of skills. Eddie, his coaches said, just wasn’t a physical kid.

- 37 Among a certain crowd at McConnell Hall, where Eddie took a ground-floor double, athletic ability wasn’t required — only access to drugs. And with them Eddie was a most popular young man, indeed. As one of the McConnell druggies put it: “Eddie Perry had a lot of drugs, so Eddie Perry was cool.”
- 38 Eddie Perry did have drugs, and, according to a number of his classmates, he both used and sold them. By the standards of the McConnell druggies, a tight clique of a few upper-classmen, he was not a particularly heavy user; the common reckoning was that he smoked marijuana no more than several times a week. His dealing, too, was limited: a few ounce-at-a-time marijuana and “Thai-stick” transactions spread out over the course of the semester. It was enough, though, to gain him entrance to the club.
- 39 He was, according to those who smoked dope and drank with him, much easier to be with when he was high: more open, more easygoing, less sensitive to perceived racial slights. Harlem, however, was never far from his mind. He talked about his neighborhood continuously, especially its seamier side. He told of the drug dealers he knew, the fights he had gotten into, his three friends who, he said, had been murdered in Central Park. Over and over again, the talk was of violence, of how, according to Eddie, it was “cool” and “fun”.
- 40 “Sometimes I thought he was making things up,” one of Eddie’s drug friends recalls. “I mean, you had to wonder: how could a super street kid from Harlem be at Exeter? But he definitely tried to portray himself as a street kid. He used to say that we wouldn’t last five minutes in the street. What he was sort of saying was that I can last a hundred years in the street. I am super streetwise.”
- 41 The truth, as anyone on Eddie’s block could have testified, was that Eddie was anything but streetwise. Instead of getting into fights in Harlem, he was going to the movies; instead of dealing, he was dancing. The boy who talked so knowingly of violence was, in fact, an usher in the Baptist church, who liked to write his mother poetry. “All these ‘Tarzan and the Jungle’ stories he told about himself were press release stuff,” says a black adult Eddie confided in at home. “He wanted to come across to people as being as bad as bad can be. He became the stereotype that was projected onto him. That was his ticket into the life at Exeter. They had money, they had status. He had their image of him.”
- 42 As the weeks went on, the perception of Eddie’s “badness” deepened, aided and abetted by Eddie himself. He was known, for instance, to entertain women in his room Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Out of this circumstance, not unheard of at Exeter, grew the story that Eddie was having sex with still other women. Whether the story was true or not

was almost beside the point. It created an image of him that could not be easily changed.

- 43 The druggies did not believe Eddie's stories, but they were impressed by them too. By the midpoint of the first semester, they concluded that "this dangerous, seedy" person, as one called him, was capable of anything including getting them PCP.
- 44 Until then, no one at McConnell had ever tried PCP, and for good reason: Of all the hallucinogenic drugs, PCP, also known as angel dust, was far and away the most dangerous. According to an article in *Rolling Stone* that circulated through the dorm that fall semester, PCP was responsible for numerous deaths, some from overdose and suicide, others from the temporary states of psychotic violence that are one of the drug's principal effects. Much of the violence, the article went on to note, occurred in ghetto areas, where "dust" was widely available. Intrigued, the McConnell guys asked their ghetto friend Eddie to get them some.
- 45 Initially, Eddie was reluctant. PCP, he warned his friends, was an evil brew; he said he knew a lot of people who had suffered from it. The druggies, however, were insistent, and after Thanksgiving break, Eddie came back to Exeter with a small plastic bag filled with what appeared to be, in the words of one student, "minced-up mint leaves in this black, real foul-smelling chemical."
- 46 Eddie said he had gotten the drug from a dealer friend. They were free to try it, he added, but he was not interested in doing it himself. "This stuff," he warned again, "will really screw you up." A half dozen of the druggies took a small sample; they discovered that Eddie was telling the truth. "We didn't do very much," one recalls, "but we got hurt. Kept thinking of violence and suicide." Unsettling though the experience was, the druggies wanted more and offered to pay Eddie \$25 a joint. This time Eddie said no. "He said we were crazy," one of the PCP experimenters recalls. "If we wanted to be crazy, that was up to us. But he didn't want to have any part of it."
- 47 The PCP incident enhanced Eddie's reputation with the druggies, but beneath the friendly facade there was growing friction, much of it due to race. "All of us are white and a lot of us are pretty racist, when it comes down to it," one of the druggies admitted. "There were a few black kids we really liked, but when you have a black who is really self-conscious about his blackness, it just doesn't make other people feel comfortable. That was Eddie's whole way of behavior at Exeter: making a big deal about race. People were getting tired of the racial rap." After a series of increasing irritants, the tension boiled over one night just before the Christmas break.
- 48 As usual, the heads were gathered in an upstairs room, tripping and listening to 1960s music. Eddie walked in asking whether there was any dope. There was none, but a member of the group invited him to try a hit of acid. After a moment's hesitation, Eddie, who had not experienced LSD until then, gulped the drug down. As the hallucinogen began to take effect, Eddie started chatting with one of the leading druggies. At first the talk, a typical acid conversation about the meaning of the universe, seemed to go well. Then, just as the student finished saying that nothing in life was finite, there were no absolutes, moral or