



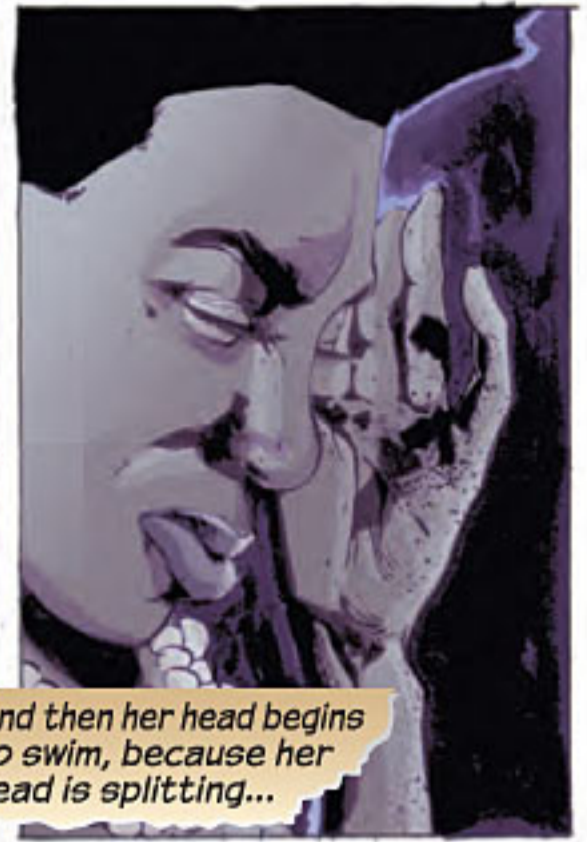
I see my actions as if from a great distance. Detta is laughing gleefully...



Thrilled over the fact that she has beaten down a hated mah'fah.



She dances so many pirouettes that she makes herself dizzy.



And then her head begins to swim, because her head is splitting...



...and the merge she scarcely understands and tends to deny...

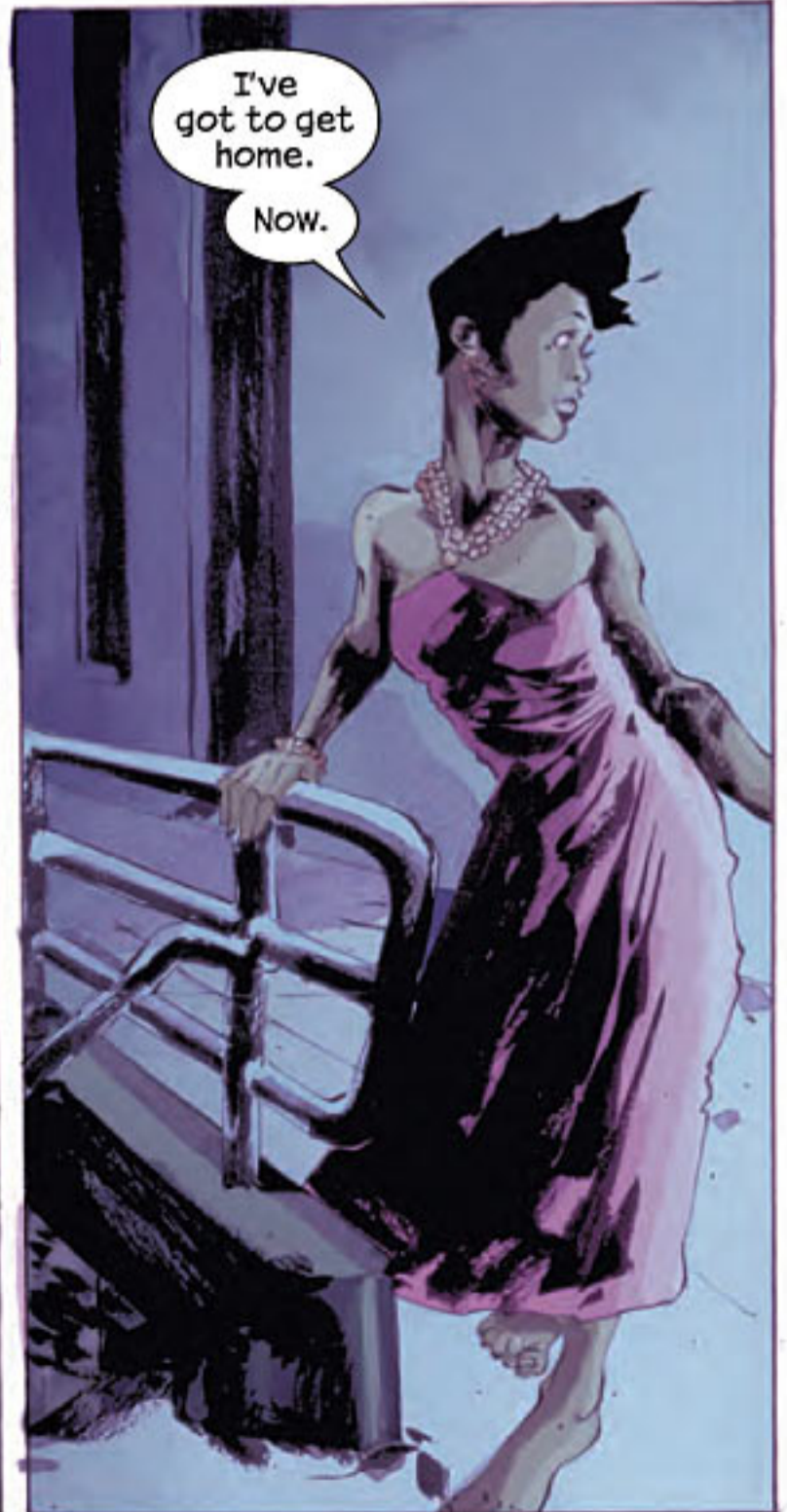


...triggers.

Detta vanishes, and Odetta comes into being.



What...
What is this place? How did I...?
I was... I was at the dorms. I went for a walk.
How the hell did I wind up here? In this...awful place? And why does my head hurt?



I've got to get home.
Now.



Over the next months, Odetta's life splits right down the middle. She leads two existences.



While she, Cynthia and Ben attend a movement meeting at the Hungry I...

...or tread down their soles marching in a protest walk...

Detta hangs out in her West Village apartment, dancing to blues music and getting high.



While Odetta meets with her father in a lovely apartment...



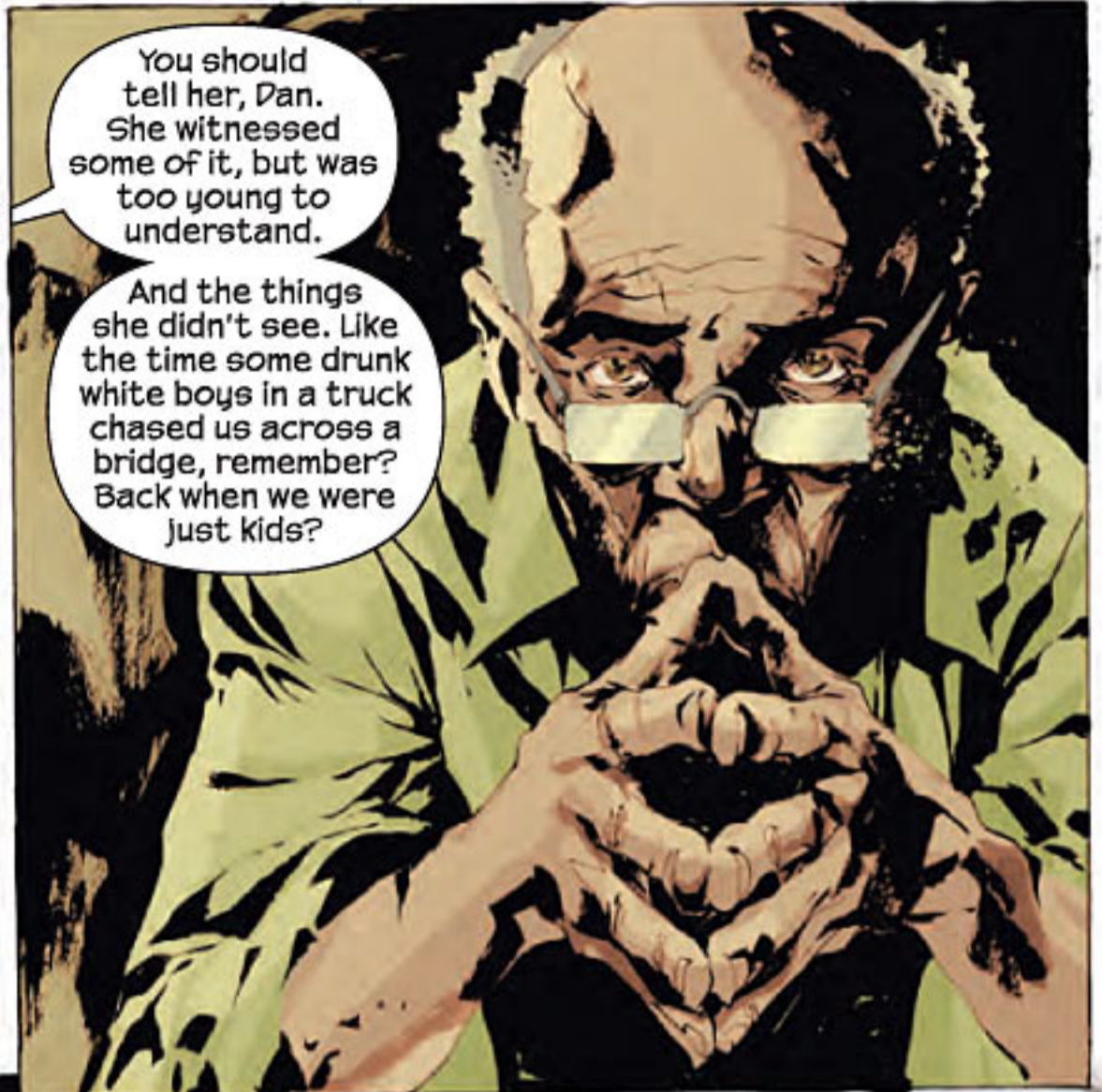
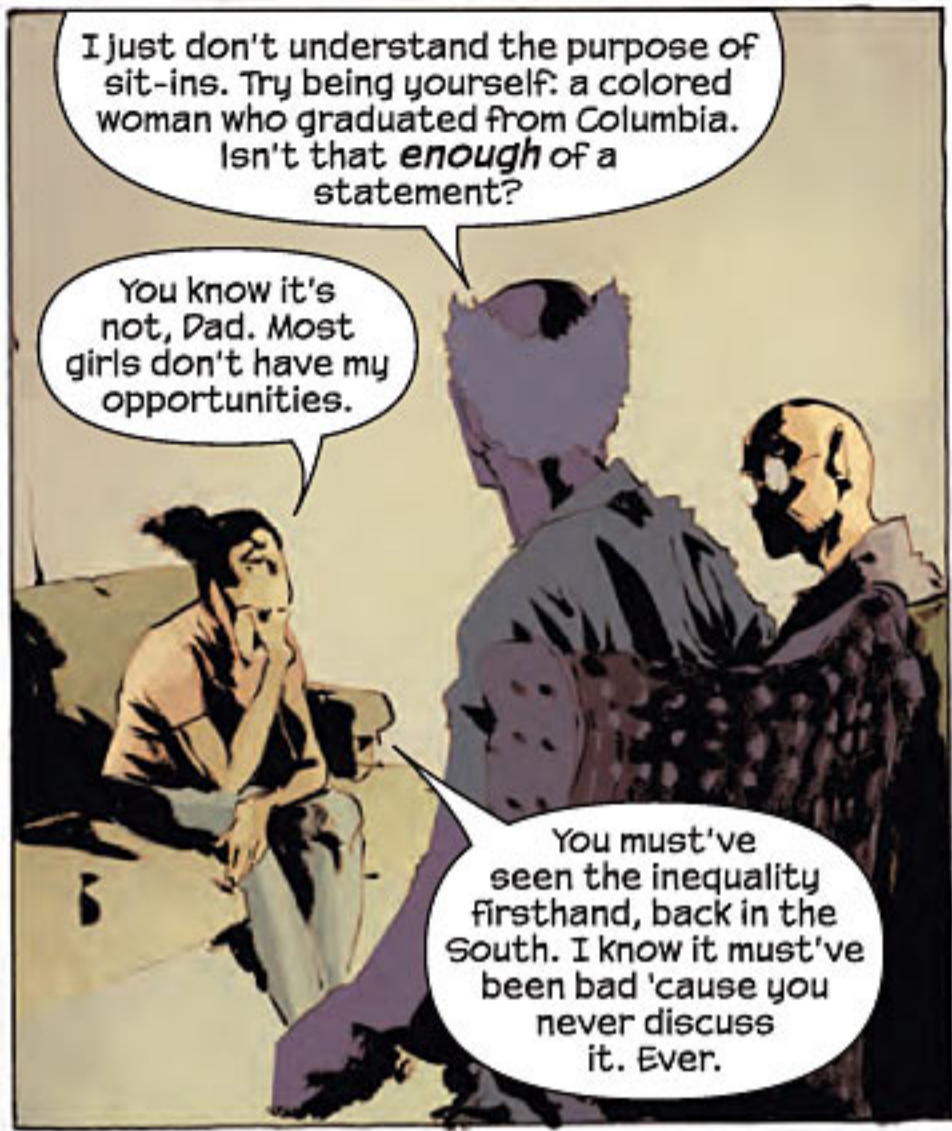
Detta shoplifts from a department store. It's not something she especially likes. She just takes it and then dumps it in a bin outside.

Or she gets into a fight at a bar with another man and beats the crap out of him.



And Odetta has no clue.







I don't talk about that part of my life or think about it. The world has moved on since then.



My father was consistent, yes he was. After all, as a dentist, he was accustomed to covering up problems.

Hiding rotten teeth behind pure white caps.

How consistent for him to hide his own past like a bad tooth.



Yes, Dad. You're right. Your world has moved on.

The rest of the world needs people to move it.



And I'm one of those. Because you can walk away from your past all you want...

But some of us have to walk toward the future.