

WRITTEN TESTIMONY

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Offered In:

—COMPROMISE BETWEEN—

S.B.43/Sub.H.B.104 Proponents & Opponents:

—IN SUPPORT OF THE BEST-INTERESTS OF OHIO'S MENTALLY-ILL POPULATION—

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Submitted:

JANUARY 21st, 2014

—to—

THE OHIO SENATE CIVIL JUSTICE COMMITTEE

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If I was gay, I would think hip-hop *hates* me—*have you read the YouTube comments lately?*

“Man that’s gay” gets dropped on the daily, we’ve become so *numb* to what we’re sayin’;

Our culture founded from oppression, yet we don’t have acceptance for ‘em—

Call each other *faggots* behind the keys of a message board;

A word rooted in *hate*—yet our genre still *ignores* it—

Gay, is synonymous with the *lesser*.

It’s the *same* hate that’s caused wars from religion—

Gender to skin color, complexion of your pigment;

The same fight that led people to walk-outs and sit-ins—

It’s human rights for *everybody*—*there is no difference*.

Live on! And be yourself! When I was in *church*, they taught me something *else*.

If you preach hate at the service, *those words aren’t anointed*—

And that Holy Water that you soak in, has been *poisoned*;

When everyone *else* is more comfortable remaining *voiceless*—

Rather than fighting for *humans* who have had their rights *stolen*.

It might not be the same—*but that’s not important*;

No freedom ‘til we’re equal—*damn right I support it*.

I don’t know—we press play, don’t press pause. Progress, march on!

With a veil over our eyes, we turn our back on the cause.

’Til the day that my uncles can be united by law—

And kids aren’t walkin’ ‘round the hallway—

Plagued by *pain* in their *heart*;

A world so hateful some—would rather die—than be who they are.

A certificate on paper isn’t gonna solve it all, but it’s a *damn* good place to start.

No law’s gonna change us—*WE* have to change us.

Whatever god you believe in, we come from the *same one*.

Strip away the *fear*, underneath it’s all the *same love*—

It’s about *time* that we raised *up*.

—SAME LOVE—

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

“The Heist”

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ATTACHMENTS:

- Ohio’s AOT-Law Compromise Proposal; and
- The New Face of Mental-Illness (DVD/Video).

*Mirror, Mirror, on the wall—
Will I be one upon whom dreams do fall?*

NIETZSCHE'S PREFACE

Supposing truth is a woman—what then? Are there not grounds for the superstition that all philosophers, insofar as they were dogmatists, have been very inept about women? That the gruesome seriousness, the clumsy obtrusiveness with which they have usually approached truth so far have been awkward and very improper methods for winning a woman's heart? What is certain is that she has not allowed herself to be won—and today every kind of dogmatism is left standing dispirited and discouraged. *If* it is left standing at all! For there are scoffers who claim that it has fallen, that all dogmatism lies on the ground—even more, that all dogmatism is dying.

Speaking seriously, there are good reasons why all philosophical dogmatizing, however solemn and definitive its airs used to be, may nevertheless have been no more than a noble childishness and tyronism. And perhaps the time is at hand when it will be comprehended again and again *how little* used to be sufficient to furnish the cornerstone for such sublime and unconditional philosophers' edifices as the dogmatists have built so far: any old popular superstition from time immemorial...some play on words perhaps, a seduction by grammar, or an audacious generalization of very narrow, very personal, very human, all too human facts.

The dogmatists' philosophy was, let us hope, only a promise across millennia—as astrology was in still earlier times when perhaps more work, money, acuteness, and patience were lavished in its service than for any real science so far: to astrology and its “supra-terrestrial” claims we owe the grand style of architecture in Asia and Egypt. It seems that all great things first have to bestride the earth in monstrous and frightening masks in order to inscribe themselves in the hearts of humanity with eternal demand: dogmatic philosophy was such a mask...

Let us not be ungrateful to it, although it must certainly be conceded that the worst, most durable, and most dangerous of all errors so far was a dogmatist's error—namely, Plato's invention of the pure spirit and the good as such. But now that it is overcome, now that Europe is breathing freely again after this nightmare and at least can enjoy a healthier—sleep, we, *whose task is wakefulness itself*, are the heirs of all that strength which has been fostered by the fight against this error. To be sure, it meant standing truth on her head and denying *perspective*, the basic condition of all life, when one spoke of spirit and the good as Plato did. Indeed, as a physician one might ask: “How could the most beautiful growth of antiquity, Plato, contract such a disease? Did the wicked Socrates corrupt him after all? Could Socrates have been the corrupter of youth after all? And did he deserve his hemlock?”

But the fight against Plato or, to speak more clearly and for “the people,” the fight against the Christian-ecclesiastical pressure of millennia—for Christianity is Platonism for “the people”—has created in Europe a magnificent tension of the spirit the like of which had never yet existed on earth: with so tense a bow we can now shoot for the most distant goals. To be sure, European man experiences this tension as need and distress; twice already attempts have been made in the grand style to unbend the bow...

But we who are neither Jesuits nor democrats, nor even German enough, we good *Europeans* and free, *very* free spirits—we still feel it, the whole need of the spirit and the whole tension of its bow. And perhaps also the arrow, the task, and—who knows?—the *goal*——

Sils Maria, Upper Engadine, June 1885.
Nietzsche's Preface to BEYOND GOOD and EVIL:
Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future.

—FOR—
David

I. **32 FLAVORS** — On Leadership Principles.

*Squint your eyes and look closer, I'm not between you and your ambition;
I am a poster girl with no poster, I am 32 flavors and then some.
And I'm beyond your peripheral vision, so you might wanna turn your head;
Cause someday you're gonna get hungry, and eat most of the words you just said.*

*Both my parents taught me about goodwill, and I have done well by their names;
Just the kindness I've lavished on strangers, is more than I can explain.
Still there's many who've turned out their porch lights, just so I would think they were not home;
And hid in the dark of their windows, 'till I'd passed and left them alone.*

*And God help you if you are an ugly girl, 'course, too pretty is also your doom;
'Cause everyone harbors a secret hatred, for the prettiest girl in the room.
And God help you if you are a phoenix, and you dare to rise up from the ash;
A thousand eyes will smolder with jealousy, while you are just flying past.*

*I never tried to give my life meaning, by demeaning you;
And I would like to state for the record, I did everything that I could do.
I'm not saying that I'm a saint, I just don't want to live that way;
No, I will never be a saint, oh but I will always say...*

*Squint your eyes and look closer, I'm not between you and your ambition;
I am a poster girl with no poster, I am 32 flavors and then some.
And I'm beyond your peripheral vision, so you might wanna turn your head;
'Cause someday you might find you are starving, and eating all of the words you just said.*

32 FLAVORS, Ani DiFranco "Not a Pretty Girl"

~

I have been labeled with “serious mental-illness” and thereby cast out from my American society, a specimen worth *less than* the “normal” human being within this human race. The important part then, to remember — the truth of *that* matter — is *this*: I am a mental-health “consumer” with (1) extensive experience in juggling mental-health services, medications and medical-care supports, whilst working simultaneously to (2) obtain my undergraduate and doctorate educations, (3) figure out how to manage Bipolar I Disorder effectively, and (4) figure out how to *continue* overcoming the routinely-*ongoing*, stigmatically-induced desire to kill myself. As such, I speak from the *consumer* perspective, and I support the mental-health consumer above and beyond any fractured legal position and/or pending legislative proposition. My goal is to make this world a better *place* for mental-health consumers—a place of tolerance grown from conscious awareness wherein we may live *peacefully*, no longer the *target* of discriminatory harassment, stigmatic *hatred* and sociological bullying.

Now, the miseducation with which our society has been blinded in regard to mental-illness, comes to me as no surprise. This lagging vision is of course understandable, given the ignorant perspective our media outlets so generally purport. Nonetheless, far more concerning, and of far greater *consequence*, is the catalyst set forth by our failed *leadership* here in the

United States. With persons such as U.S. Congressional Representative Timothy Murphy working to position themselves as our “champions” of mental-health reform, it is of little surprise to me, to see my people inflicting upon themselves death by suicide. For if *that* is the ideal to which *only*, we are permitted to aspire, then what *ever* is the point, in even *trying*? It is *unfortunate*, that we have leaders *right here* in *this* country, so *eager* to promote simple-minded *judgment* against the mentally-ill—whilst working simultaneously to extinguish *entirely*, the mental-health consumer-advocate *voice*.

As such, to consciously deviate from that norm—I will be *honest* with you. In the beginning, I perceived your interests as *conflicting*, and your intentions, as nothing short of *inhumane*. I could not comprehend how my state leadership could stand by watching other human beings *suffer*, and not do anything *constructive* in order to help *stop* the suffering. In my naive judgment, then, I concluded prematurely, that you *too*, were of such little worth. I *note* my transgression — I was *mistaken*. At the time, I had very little idea of the great *extent*, to which our entire *country* had already been misled.

And so now, as attorney and consumer-advocate for the mentally-ill, I understand more fully the *function* I am here to perform. My purpose here is to help *educate*. To that effect, I submit for the January 22nd, 2014 Ohio Senate Civil Justice Committee hearing (1) the following written testimony, (2) the educational video I prepared to help explain what is specifically meant by the term “sociologically-induced suicide”, and then lastly, (3) an AOT-law compromise proposal for consideration—suggesting technical revisions for Sub.H.B.104 to enhance consumer-support and protection.

II. POLICY OF TRUTH — Recognizing Perceived Limitations.

*You had something to hide, should have hidden it, shouldn't you?
Now you're not satisfied, with what you're being put through.
It's just time to pay the price, for not listening to advice;
And deciding in your youth, on the policy of truth.*

*Things could be so different now, it used to be so civilized;
You will always wonder how it could have been, if you'd only lied.
It's too late to change events, it's time to face the consequence;
For delivering the proof, in the policy of truth.*

*Never again, is what you swore, the time before;
Never again, is what you swore, the time before.*

*Now you're standing there tongue-tied, you better learn your lesson well;
Hide what you have to hide, and tell what you have to tell.
You'll see your problems multiplied, if you continually decide;
To faithfully pursue, the policy of truth.*

POLICY OF TRUTH, Depeche Mode “Violator”

~

The truth about “assisted-outpatient treatment” (AOT) laws and Ohio is *this*: If we choose to act upon AOT-opponent theory—then we’ll fail to accomplish anything *immediately* to quickly and efficiently *assist* our mentally-ill population which is suffering *right now*. But, *additionally*, if we choose to act upon AOT-proponent theory *as is*—then we will *also* fail, because force is at once neither *helpful*, nor sustainable *long-term*.

That is the truth of the matter at present, in terms of upcoming procedure. To digress, however—the *fact* of the matter that we’d all do well to *recognize*, is that *both* AOT proponents *and* AOT opponents here in Ohio *actually*, have some very good *points*. They *both* represent perspectives that are *worth* seeing—viewpoints that are *deserving* of our *recognition* and respect and too, of our *compassion*. That being *said*—I must now *also* note, that we keep losing *sight of* the persons for whom this legislation was actually written. Somehow in this mess of a reality, we keep losing *track of*, our mental-health *consumer* voice.

For example, the matter of human civil liberties and legal rights is actually quite *irrelevant*, in the wake of *death* by suicide. And yet, conversely *too*, mental-health *recovery* will *remain* impossible for the mentally-ill, so long as conflicted-interests bloody the “help” that S.B. 43 and Sub.H.B.104 seek to “provide”. In blindly adhering to our own perspectives and refusing to consider and cultivate *compassion* for our opponents’ views, we will *all* end up paralyzed—therein *allowing* our society to keep on *thinking* that mentally and emotionally abusive *behavior* is socially acceptable and sociologically *justified*.

Whether by action or *inaction* within *this* status quo—**either way**—by *example*, we will continue to *fuel* the discrimination against our mentally-ill. For, in failing to make ideological sacrifice in support of our humanity—we merely continue *fundamentally*, to *ignore* human suffering. Put differently, by *means* of our own ineffective efforts to *lead*—we will acquiescently *support* the mistreatment of our own weaker humanity.

Consequently, the time is *now*. It is now *time*, to cast aside our status quo. It no longer *works*; it is *less than effective* and is causing us *harm*. To refuse change for hypothetical reasons amounting *entirely* to the mere sum of *fear*, is to continue on with the same outdated theme—it will only multiply conclusions that *too*, refuse to change. Our time now calls for *boldness* — we have *people* who need to be *saved*.

III. STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN — Leading By Example.

*There's a lady who's sure all that glitters is gold, and she's buying the stairway to heaven;
When she gets there she knows, if the stores are all closed—
With a word she can get what she came for.
Ohh, and she's being a stairway to heaven...*

*There's a sign on the wall, but she wants to be sure—
'Cause you know sometimes words have two meanings.
In a tree by the brook, there's a songbird who sings, sometimes all of our thoughts are misgiven.
Ohh, it makes me wonder...*

*There's a feeling I get, when I look to the west, and my spirit is crying for leaving;
In my thoughts I have seen rings of smoke through the trees—
And the voices of those who stand looking.
Ohh, it makes me wonder—
Ohh, it really makes me wonder...*

*And it's whispered that soon, if we all call the tune, then the piper will lead us to reason.
And a new day will dawn, for those who stand long, and the forests will echo with laughter.*

*If there's a bustle in your hedgerow, don't be alarmed now—
It's just a spring clean for the May queen.
Yes, there are two paths you can go by, but in the long run—
There's still time to change the road you're on.
And it makes me wonder...*

*You head is humming and it won't go, in case you don't know—
The piper is calling you to join him.
Dear lady, can you hear the wind blow, and did you know—
Your stairway lies on the whispering wind?*

*And as we wind on down the road, our shadows taller than our souls—
There walks a lady we all know, who shines white light and wants to show—
How everything still turns to gold, and if you listen very hard—
The tune will come to you at last, when all are one and one is all—
To be a rock and not to roll.*

And she's buying a stairway, to heaven.

**STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN, Led Zeppelin
“Untitled Fourth Studio Album”**

~

As said above, both AOT opponents *and* proponents have some good points. They are, in terms of prioritization as per my legal/consumer point-of-view, as follows:

- **SOLID POINTS OF ARGUMENT IN SUPPORT OF MENTAL-HEALTH CONSUMERS**
— AS FROM THE AOT-OPPONENT PERSPECTIVE:

- *Societal convenience* is not, *sufficient* justification, for the deprivation of civil rights and liberties conferred upon *all* Americans and *guaranteed* by universal intent and written *promise* in our U.S. Constitution; and
- Depriving human beings of constitutional safeguards by reason of biologically-based disability constitutes *gross* discrimination, and merely *reinforces* the already present, sociologically-justified stigmatic-abuse of our mentally-ill population.

- **SOLID POINTS OF ARGUMENT IN SUPPORT OF MENTAL-HEALTH CONSUMERS**
 – AS FROM THE AOT-PROPONENT PERSPECTIVE:

- Our mentally ill population is not receiving the competent mental-health medical-care that they deserve and for which they are in *need*; and
- Family-members and other caregivers simply do not *know* how to help—how to *relieve* their loved ones’ mental anguish and emotional *suffering*.

Those are the points worth mentioning, from our extremely *limited* state and national dialogue on mental-health, *to-date*. *They are all good points*, because they all address the *one* fundamental *root* cause of our societal issues right now—**failed leadership**—and our resulting inability to **protect human beings**.

IV. LEARNING TO FLY — Making It Happen.

*Well, I started out down a dirty road, started out all alone—
And the sun went down as I crossed the hill,
And the town lit up, the world got still.*

*I'm learning to fly, but I ain't got wings—
Coming down is the hardest thing.*

*Well the good ol' days may not return—
And the rocks might melt, and the sea may burn.*

*I'm learning to fly, but I ain't got wings—
Coming down is the hardest thing.*

*Well, some say life, will beat you down—
Break your heart, steal your crown;
So I've started out, for God knows where—
I guess I'll know, when I get there.*

*I'm learning to fly around the clouds—
But what goes up, must come down.*

*I'm learning to fly, but I ain't got wings—
Coming down is the hardest thing.
I'm learning to fly around the clouds—
But what goes up, must come down.*

*I'm learning to fly—
I'm learning to fly.*

LEARNING TO FLY, Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers “Into the Great Wide Open”

~

Please make no mistake—this failed-leadership epidemic in the United States is *systemic* in nature. It has *intoxicated* our country at *every* fundamental level—and from there, *seeped down* into every intermittent crevice and *crease*, so as to *poison* the very fabric of our collective *conscience*. It is this *blindness*, this severe lack in *vision*, that now threatens to *exterminate* in America, an entire *segment* of the human race. For, our mentally-ill *adult* population—so presently being mistreated and *bullied* in our state and national *legislative* systems here in the U.S.A., *is no different from*—the *youthful* segment of our mentally-ill population so presently being mistreated and *bullied* across the country in our *educational* system. Separated only by space and time—please understand, these two segments of our population are *actually*, just one and *the same*.

Mental illness is a human *condition* unto which we are *born*. The sociological mental and emotional abuse *begins* at the *beginning*—in our *youth*, when we are just *children*. By the time we reach the age of majority, we have endured 18 *years* of stigmatic exclusion and

discriminatory mistreatment, and as to our suffering, from this society, suffocatingly devastating *indifference*.

That is why our mentally-ill population is so *angry*. We are not *angry* by *nature*—to the *contrary*. By *nature*, we are compassionate beings very sensitive to *emotion*—we experience *emotion* with an intensity and depth and *acuteness*, that “normal” persons will quite possibly *never* understand. We are just *different* like that, we *are* more sensitive to emotion—including suffering. So, *why* it would come as any *surprise* that we would react more *acutely* to others’ ongoing cruelty, is actually quite *telling*.

In any case, *collectively*—we as *Americans*, have been stripped of our ability to cultivate compassion for those who are *different* from the rest—a direct result of our nation’s failed *leadership* epidemic. Through the deceitful use of meaningless prose and corresponding failure to act in manners *protective* of the human race—they have *blinded* us *all* with unbearable emotion, to *distract* us from their empty *analyses*—the lacking *justification* for their *abandonment*. Their example has *blinded* us from the fact that, in *acquiescing*, we *too* abandon humanity in its suffering.

And so now we *find* ourselves, once more, in need of *focus*—to regain that internal compass by which we can reassess the hierarchy of our collective *values*. We must *focus*—it is *necessary* that we *do* so *now*—to regain moral consciousness, reinvigorate ethical *action*, and *protect* our weaker humanity from the *remainder* of our *population*. For, *that*, is how we solve this mental *problem*.

V. BLACKBIRD — On Conscious Vision.

*Blackbird singing in the dead of night—
Take these broken wings and learn to fly.
All your life—
You were only waiting for this moment to arise.*

*Blackbird singing in the dead of night—
Take these sunken eyes and learn to see.
All your life—
You were only waiting for this moment to be free.*

*Blackbird fly, blackbird fly—
Into the light of the dark black night.*

*Blackbird singing in the dead of night—
Take these broken wings and learn to fly.
All your life—
You were only waiting for this moment to arise.*

BLACKBIRD, The Beatles “White Album”

~

In closing, it is my *hope* that the materials I submit today are sufficient to overcome the *presumption*, that the pending legislation adequately protects our mentally-ill population. It does *not*, and I accordingly propose instead, that we take this alternative course of action:

1. Schedule an interested-parties meeting to discuss the status of the pending legislation and review together, in-depth, any additional ideas for technical revisions;
2. Amend our currently pending mental-health legislation so as to *protect* our weaker humanity, and to legally *commit* our support to help resolve their suffering; and, finally —
3. Move Ohio’s AOT-compromise from theory into reality, *providing* the support *promised*, by effectuating all action *necessitated* correspondingly.

I have *faith* in my state Senate Civil Justice Committee, and I *believe* that we can collaborate *collectively*, and thereby *create* a more hopeful vision for our future reality. As I said in the beginning, I will say once again—let it be *us*, to see the truth *as is*. And with regained conscience—then, let it be us to *better* this *world* in which we live.

—CULTIVATING BEAUTY—

You don't know me, and I don't know you—
And yet I've the glass slipper to your missing shoe;
For despite my being a writer yet unknown—
To your questions I've the answers you've not yet been shown.
And so as it goes, this that and the other *aside*—
I'll show you a *truth* most others only will hide.

I am not Jewish, but on my left foot you'll find—
Tattooed in navy blue lies a Star of David sign.
Contradiction that it is, it must *exist* without sense—
But perhaps then maybe also the meaning's *beyond* its pretense.
And so here is another—so that I can be sure that I am clear—
Of the happenings within me where at once opposites appear.
If you look to me for evidence, you will find inside the proof—
Of a promise held from innocence to live loyally by the truth;
From out of which it follows, the potential for confusion—
To find that as a lawyer, I have not changed my conclusion.

I shine this light for *reason*, upon the darkness that's within me—
To help you see the blind spot wherein I cultivate my beauty.
When I was a little girl, I used to dream of what could *be*—
To escape the lonely darkness of this world's reality;
So when the world turned cold and mean, and frightened me to death—
I trusted my white knight would come before my final breath.
But from these dreams, my mind formed a *belief* in fairytales—
Which followed me into the world and left me sick and pale.
For in this world I found, belief could offer no *protection*—
From the mocking pity and cruel *disdain*, returned for my affection.
And from my broken heart I learned, as lessons always follow—
That in this case of *life*—what seems so true, is often hollow.

But it strangely happened then, within this state of devastation—
A fire lit of *courage*, grew out from under my fixation.
And now it was *this* light that followed as I continued on my way—
And although its strength I *questioned*, its conviction would not sway.
For in my naive search for truth within reality's deception—
I could not understand why some chose blindness o'er perception;
And without this flame inside me, I may have done as others did—
Chose a path of darkness wherefrom light I could have hid;
And in a foolish promise then, with the land where time stands still—
Abandoned truth to ignorance, disguised as a *free* will.

But *ohh* that time kept moving, and though my truth was not forsaken—
Still by that sleight of hand from me my first true love was taken.
And so the tides then turned, and on my broken bloodstained path—
Truth became *necessity*, as my *sadness* turned to wrath.
Each step to love a testament, I searched to find its missing beauty—
But it was only in that darkness now that I'd fulfill this primal duty.
So when I came upon the crossroads, as humans do from time to time—
I knew which path to choose despite the riddles in the rhyme.
And there I stood, all by myself—nothing but a *flame* of hope inside—
And then I stepped into the darkness to save the *truth* from evil's lies.

—FOR—
David