**Pono project consumer story: Haki Davis**

**Accessible Transcript**

**VISUAL**

**Large white text reading ‘Pono’ appears over a hill covered in lush trees and plants overlooking the Otago Harbour, Otago Peninsula and sprawling city of Dunedin. Smaller text beneath reads: ‘To be true, valid, honest, genuine, sincere.’ A man with a greying goatee, Haki Davis, wears a blue shirt under a dark blue sweater. He stands near a short concrete wall atop Signal Hill, looking out as a rust coloured transport barge moves sedately across the water far below. To be interviewed, Haki sits in a chair near a rack of colourful aprons. Behind him, a lounge can be seen, where a guitar sits in a stand beside a camel coloured armchair, and beyond that, a black leather couch sits in front of windows covered in maroon coloured curtains.**

AUDIO

Ko Ngāpuhi me Hauraki nga iwi,

ko Ngāti Manu, Ngāti Hine,

me Ngāti Tamaterā ngā hapū.

Ko Haki Davis tōku ingoa.

Nō Moerewa ahau.

Nō reira, āpiti hono, tātai hono

Te hunga mate ki te hunga mate

Āpiti hono, tātai hono

Te hunga ora ki te hunga ora

Nō reira, tēnā koutou katoa.

**VISUAL**

**A blue weatherboard and red brick two-storeyed house stands on a steep street in a sunny suburb. The upper deck of the house is cluttered with stacked cardboard boxes, and a cluster of reusable shopping bags hangs near the front door. Through a chain-link fence, grey plastic furniture can be seen sitting on a patio on a lower lawn. In the lounge, Haki sits on the couch beside the camel coloured armchair where a blonde woman who wears glasses and a silver bird broach on her black top sits. A long haired caramel coloured chihuahua wearing a tiny pink jersey lies on the arm rests between the two people. A large white sheepskin rug lies on the floor.**

AUDIO

I'm married with two adult kids. At the end of the day, without Margie's support and the girls' support, probably be still out on the street.

**VISUAL**

**On a black screen, white text reads: ‘Haki had his first experience of the mental health system in 1984.’**

AUDIO

I didn't know what a psychiatrist was, didn't know what a mental illness was, I didn't know what the psychiatric system was.

**VISUAL**

**Seated in front of a fireplace, Haki rearranges some kindling over burning newspaper. The flickering orange light of the flames dances over his face. A black cat with white paws is curled up on the floor, grooming itself.**

AUDIO

I think it was in 1984, I began to develop a mental illness. I remember going to Hastings and I started to hear voices for the first time. I'd never experienced voices before, so that was that was a real horrible experience for me, because I wasn't used to that — being afraid and being afraid of someone else or another person.

**VISUAL**

**An arrangement of dried flowers sits by a window. Through the window, a smattering of sheer white clouds fill the blue sky. Seated for the interview, Haki wears a tiki with pāua shell eyes as a pendant. He holds a long rectangular darkly lacquered wooden stick embellished with pewter taniwha on either side of a koruru, a small pewter mask with tā moko designs. On the end of the stick, a bundle of feathers have been attached with a cord.**

AUDIO

I don't know how it happened, but I lost touch with reality. For me, I think seclusion comes in different forms and in different stages. First of all, when you start developing a mental illness, that's the first type of seclusion that you experience, because you have lost touch with reality. So you're kind of isolated in your thinking and in the way you viewed life.

**VISUAL**

**Blueish light falls through a high window on to a stairway leading up to a second floor.**

AUDIO

The next, kind of, stage of the seclusion, is that you're then may be introduced to a psychiatrist. In some ways you kind get classified with a diagnosis of someone with paranoid schizophrenia, some with manic depression and so forth.

**VISUAL**

**A window dressed with venetian blinds. A wall decorated with red bricks scuffed with grey. Looking through a window, a large green building can be seen out of focus.**

AUDIO

So then you're introduced to the hospital, and that's where you get kind of secluded again,

because you've been separated from your family and friends and you're locked away in a ward. And so you meet up with a new kind of community of people who are on the same waka as you.

**VISUAL**

**A stainless steel automatic door hinge slowly closes a door.**

AUDIO

It’s all changed now, the seclusion room. From what I observed in my times in seclusion, I spent probably about eight times, I think, in seclusion. I've had good experiences in seclusion because usually, in my experience, the seclusion door is left open. You know, you watch the world go by from the seclusion room. So it's not like it used to be. But it's— The last... time I was in the seclusion room was probably my worst experience of all. My experience was in 2015, which was the last time I'd been in hospital. And it's a horrible time. It's a horrible thing to happen to anyone.

**VISUAL**

**Power cables and a metal framework run along a ceiling. A frosted glass window beside a wall covered in small square pale teal tiles. Around the tiled room, some of the tiles are black, making a random pattern.**

AUDIO

The doctor was under the assumption that I was taking 200mg of Clozapine, so what he did was he increased the medication to, I think, they call it a therapeutic level. I'm non-compliant when it comes to medication. If given half the chance, I won't take the meds. I went for years and years without meds, and people thought I was taking my meds, but I wasn't.

**VISUAL**

**A rectangular vent is in the tiled wall near the floor.**

AUDIO

All I remember was feeling a stinging sensation. And I opened my eyes and I was on the ground in the seclusion room.

**VISUAL**

**The screen fades to black then fades back up to show the tiled wall with another vent near the ceiling and a small round light fixture illuminating some of the wall tiles in a yellow glow. The screen fades to black again.**

AUDIO

It's like a hard plastic — the walls and the floor are made of plastic, and all you could see was the light coming through, the moon shining through the window. And it was freezing cold.

**VISUAL**

**The screen fades back up to show puddles of water on a dark tiled floor and a shiny stainless steel drain.**

AUDIO

And I opened my eyes again and I'd fallen over again, hit my head on the ground because I kept blacking out. And then I remember another stinging sensation, and I open my eyes and I was right up against the wall. I was looking, staring at the wall. I kept on walking, crawling into the wall and then sort of waking up and wondering where I was. So eventually, I found my bed and I... there was one blanket and the pillow, and I ended up in bed. And then all I remember was waking up again, opening my eyes, and the nurse was just doing up my shirt, because she had changed me and cleaned me, cleaned me up. So she put me back on the bed and, you know, so that's the type of — that's the real seclusion that a lot of us — not all of us — go through, but a lot of people go through in the mental health system. And that's the real seclusion that I think a lot — especially me — I was afraid of that. And my worst nightmare happened.

**VISUAL**

**In the fireplace, the yellow and orange flames lick around the dry wood. Haki sits in the armchair near the fire strumming an acoustic guitar. A thin dog trots past wearing a blue and black checked covering with a large pocket on its side.**

AUDIO

What they could have done was they should have checked to see that I was really taking the medication when I arrived, but that means you take a blood test, you have to have a blood test. And, you know, a lot of us just want to, when you get to the hospital, you don't want a blood test, you want to have a cup of coffee. I think that escalation teams are a great idea. I've been on the other side of the coin, where I've had to calm someone down. You know, I've got a wee bit of a taste of my own medicine, in some ways, and I thought that, you know, you've just got to be calm, cool and collected, and that's not easy to be. Yeah, if the doctor stays calm and the nurse stays calm, you stay calm. That's kind of a form of de-escalation, yeah.

**VISUAL**

**Haki wanders down a dark hallway to a brightly lit bedroom. He turns the pages of a scrapbook. A headline of a cut-out newspaper article reads: ‘Treaty only second statement of rights.’ One wall of the bedroom is covered in black and white photographs in gold coloured frames. The faded photos show people in korowai with ta moko on their faces or in suits, sporting bushy white beards. Haki’s long stick hangs on the wall amongst the frames. Standing beside a single bed, Haki holds one of the framed photos and dusts it with a tissue.**

AUDIO

When I first got out of hospital, I had a place to retire to, which was the room with all the photos, with all the photos of the chiefs and the rangatira in. And it was a place where my family provided for me, where I could just go away and— which I had to, after I got let out of the hospital in 2015.

**VISUAL**

**A net curtain wafts in a breeze. Haki hangs his gold framed photo back on the wall. This one depicts a regal looking person in traditional dress.**

AUDIO

I'm no expert on te ao Māori, but I do know that, you know, you're better off with a pepeha than without a pepeha.

**VISUAL**

**Haki has taken down a black and white photo of man’s face. He has moko designs crossing his forehead and curling up around on to his nose and his eyes shine brightly. Haki dusts the glass of the golden frame with his tissue.**

AUDIO

I was able to access Māori Mental Health down here. They're always open 24/7, but I didn't want to access them down here. You know, I was a wee bit of a rebel in my family's eyes, because I wasn't interested in te ao Māori. But what doesn't take away the fact that te ao Māori is so important for tāngata whai ora Māori. It's so important.

**VISUAL**

**A close-up view of the pewter koruru on Haki’s stick where it hangs on the wall shows the intricate moko designs carved into it. Next to it is a framed photo of Pomare II of Ngāti Manu.**

AUDIO

I have to acknowledge, you know, the God who I believe in. Like, I've been hearing voices been speaking to me for the last 20 years — an audible voice. I mean, I'd like to explain it. I can't explain it in two minutes, because it's been happening to me for 20 years, 24 hours a day, seven days a week. The audible voice that I hear, it's been more of my medicine than the antipsychotic medication.

**VISUAL**

**Haki walks with a bald man who has a dog on a lead at the concrete Signal Hill lookout.**

AUDIO

When I first got out of hospital, I had my nurse to talk to and, you know, that was healing in itself, just having someone to talk to. You see, with me, the talking— the talking worked. My friend, my best friend down here, Wayne, encouraged me to talk. 'Look', he says, 'You're not talking. You need to say something. You're just sitting there not saying anything.' And so I found that it actually worked for me, that it was learning how to— how to talk.

**VISUAL**

**Wayne and Haki walk the dog down some steps from the lookout which has a marble monument flanked by two bronze statues. Haki gets into the passenger seat of a car and he and Wayne drive down from the hill along a tree lined road.**

AUDIO

Talking sessions were the key to my mental health and well-being. It worked.

**VISUAL**

**Back at home, Haki’s wife, Margie, passes by as Wayne stands near the kitchen with a mug. The dog in the blue and black checked covering mills about near Wayne’s feet. Haki is at the kitchen bench slicing up feijoas. He joins Margie and Wayne at the table near the back door which stands open. They all have mugs, and a large pale pumpkin sits on the corner of the table. The long haired chihuahua sits on Margie’s lap as she sips from her mug. A shaft of sunlight illuminates the chihuahua’s face. It wears a knitted jacket of dark pink and blue wool.**

AUDIO

You have to get the basics right. You got to remember to wash every day, you got to remember to brush your teeth every day, you got to remember to make your bed every day, you got to remember to take your pills, you have to remember that you've got food you've got to eat,

so you've got to cook. So you've got to get all those basic stuff right. That’s what I call holistic.

**VISUAL**

**The screen fades to black and white text appears: ‘Haki is now the leader of two consumer mental health groups in Dunedin.’**

AUDIO

The group that I'm involved with, Te Kete Pounamu, we're a national, regional and local voice for tāngata whai ora Māori or for the Māori with lived experience in the mental health system, and we want to influence, change and improve the service to Māori with lived experience.

**VISUAL**

**The glow of a computer screen shines on Haki’s face as he works at a desk at home.**

AUDIO

I thought it was a great idea that Johnny asked me to join Te Kete Pounamu and to be the lead, because it sort of gave me a wake-up call. It reminded me of my roots and the challenges that I face, you know, in te ao Māori.

**VISUAL**

**Haki dusts a grey framed photo of an elderly man with a beard and full moko wearing a korowai and soldier’s cap. He places a ornately carved bone mere with woven flax cords into a display cabinet with other wooden mere, patu, feathers and some framed documents. He stands in the middle of the bedroom and looks around at the framed photos that populate the walls.**

AUDIO

And I've been taught by my family – you think about—do something for someone else rather than… because if you focus on someone else, takes you off your own problems.

**VISUAL**

**The screen fades to black and white text appears: ‘Kia Haki Davis, koutou me tō whānau. Ngā mihi aroha. Kia kaha.’ This fades away and more text appears: ‘People are still being secluded in isolation in New Zealand. Seclusion is reducing but there is more work to do.’ This text fades and more appears: ‘Mānuka takotohia, kawea – aukatia te noho punanga. Carrying the challenge forward – zero seclusion.’ The text fades, then more white text appears: ‘Hīkina te kounga o ngā mahi hauora hinengaro, waranga hoki. Improve the quality of mental health and addictive services.** [**www.hqsc.govt.nz**](http://www.hqsc.govt.nz)**.’ Below this text is the logo for the Health Quality & Safety Commission New Zealand, Kupu Taurangi Hauora o Aotearoa. The white and grey company logo comprises of three thin square blocks with black circles of differing sizes within them. To the right of that is the logo for Te Kāwanatanga o Aotearoa, where the word ‘Aotearoa’ is underlined.**

Accessible transcript by Able.

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