

Q7 Beckett and Sonya Rademeyer.

SR: Before we start, could you perhaps speak about the meaning of your name ... **Q7?**

Q7: I'm blessed by seven ancestors (female) and Q comes from an Arabic calling *Qadir* meaning 'server of the compassionate ones' I am led by woman of understanding not men of thinking.

SR: How did you attain the depth of healing that you practice?

Q7: It's a calling I can't describe.

SR: Could you speak to the healing work that you do as a San healer?

Q7: I heal through sound. I'm a bow-player, a sound mouth bow-player. Perhaps here, you could speak a bit more to your healing practice, and connect to dreaming/storytelling (which would link to everything below...)

We are people who believe in storytelling. The storytelling comes in many forms.

I had a dream. I was sitting in a room a white room and in this room, I was sitting my Bow next to me a pair of scissors and a ball of line red. I then sat and neatly cut strips back and front. I then noticed in the dream myself breading these lines into the strips of my t shirt but the lines was connected to Indigenious things I could recognize bowls cups shoes photos food fruit meat you name it and then I see myself pick of the bow and each time I hit the bow I saw myself stare at an object attached to me until I done them all one tap of the bow each time. Then I played all those sounds in harmony eyes closed. But it was like I became part of it all and when I stopped I woke up and the first thought that came to me is like one line we have one sound.

SR: A powerful dream: a translation into sounds, an embodied sound that required not unnecessary connections (such as vision) but an internal seeing. Perhaps you could speak to what you mean by a 'connection' which has 'one line ... one sound'?

Q7: As the bushman we believe the calling is a sound and the waters it's our present trials and tribulations fears and wishes. We all one line one string one movement. See how bushman walk in a line dance in a line or circle see how nature also has these lines. I find it's something we mimicked before time.

SR: What does 'before time' mean, and how does that 'before time' connect to now?

Q7: I guess practicing to live in accordance to ancestral values in a modern-day hides people who sees through the lines. My elders and people know me as mantis an I'm a bushman pathfinder I seek healings and solutions that's natural.

SR: You are seeking to find the One Line ... the Line that is One, that connects ..?

Q7: I am indeed. When you focus on one thing one line everything else doesn't matter nor does it appear. I see only self-tending to self-observations and untanglement.

SR: But you are describing a spiritual seeing, I think?

Q7: Yes. We are all one string one movement.

SR: Are you saying that Mycelium is a spiritual seeker and binder...?

Q7: Indeed. Understanding Mycelium is understanding all the grids (the meridian lines on the body, which are again attached to Mycelium as well as the meridians of earth lay lines). If I'm correct, these grids are manipulated by Mycelium to mimic what we receive from the grid into our minds, nerves, body, thoughts, words and actions.

SR: Are you saying that Mycelium (attached to Soil, and invariably lay lines because of their positionality within the Earth) inform us ...? How?

Q7: Everything is mycelium. Much like our nerves ... they resemble the same networks even. We are receptive to Mycelium. It's how we feel and exchange with nature our connection.

SR: This is a profound statement. So we are connected at all levels ... all One. But does this not only apply to Indigenous People, such as the San and Khoi Clans, or Bantu and Nguni Clans? This is what I am struggling with from a Western (white) perspective: I feel that our Line, our Mycelium, has been broken. The underground threads or hyphae don't exist anymore. Or if they exist, they are sparse and barren. I am seeking ways of re-connecting these strands, or Lines, that have been destroyed because of Western Individualism, Capitalism, anger, greed etc.

How can these lines re-connect, to heal us and contribute to creating that Oneness...?

Q7: Our beginnings are quantified by people who still don't understand carbon and not mealy mycelium in your blood line and DNA string you will me too and my elders.

SR: Could you explain what you mean by this?

Q7: Our beginnings ... we are quantified by these academic people that claims who we are when we talk Time and Time-Line. But who are we really? Because the information is very limited. As much as they know about carbon dating, they know about Mycelium.

The bushman comes from a Time where they didn't even know a god, technology or anything, but they do recognize Mycelium. It's just that we don't translate it as 'Mycelium' ... we translate it as 'the lines that keep us together'.

SR: This is the way I translate Mycelium as a visual artist ... it is the silver drawings ...

Q7: I've seen your work ... It speaks to the silence in me as a San healer we about paths and finding ways to tangle and not untangle life. [...] I had a dream once I was telling San stories in scribbles where the bushman paintings became strings. Similar to some of the work that you do especially silver strings.

SR: I am interested in what you express about finding ways to tangle — and not untangle — life...

Q7: As the San, we believe life is tangled. We cross each other ... many lines ... but its One Line! Imagine a ball of twine; you roll it off, you roll it off, you roll it off: it makes this bundle that looks useless because its tangled. We don't see tangled ... we see us untangled. We want to be like that: that cotton or that *garing* (thread) that is laying there while I pull it off. We want to be like that, because that crossed all the time-lines: not just San time-lines but of all clans: ... White clans ... San clans ... Bantu clans ... you can name them, all over the world. It's One strand. *One Line*. And our rights-of-passage, all of our rights-of-passage, is in that One line. I'm seeking to find that One Line.

SR: It's so interesting what you're speaking about ... the tangling, because that's exactly what I'm looking at: this tangling; entanglement in Indigenous cultures and traditional African healing practices. And I'm looking at it from a Western perspective: I am White ... and this is my positionality in this world at this time, so this is the place I am required to look from. I'm looking, and I'm seeing nothing tangled ... there's almost nothing there. How do we meet in this space?

If you look at our bloodline, our DNA, you have, what we call, Southern African DNA. That's not one group of DNA. On one line, that's many dots. And these dots belong to clans: different blood lines. So, if you look at yours, for example

... you can go and do a blood test right now ... seek for the oldest blood in you ... you coming up with the same blood that's in me. We're not apart. We're on one line. Your DNA has the traces that my DNA has. What could be lost in me, could be found in you. We're not alien ... no, we are not.

The bushman – certain clans – believe that that there was a river ... and in this river there was magical water or powerful water, and we were all as dark as the sky. And as soon as one of us fell into this water, and we came out and we saw we had lost complexion, more of us went in until we used up the power of this water. Now, that story has a rock painting in Thuledo Hills (Botswana). It is very, very old and it speaks of us as One String ...One String. It's not like the internet where your string of information is linked to many other strings. No ... this is One String. It's like your ID: your ID has everything to that one string of numbers ...everything is to that ...from birth to death, and so on ... your families and they attach it and they attach it. That's mimicking a great string! Even if you see the string of events happening in the world, it is *opposite* to the natural events that should be happening in the world.

There're just not many people who sees that power, or feels that power, or maybe we're just becoming awake right now ... the Age of becoming One ...we don't know... But if we look back at the beginning, where this string comes from, we find it in stories and vision-stories, we find it in rites-of-passage... We find it in many cultures: they talk about ONE SOUND, ONE STRING. String of information, string of DNA, but we're all attached to that one thing ... it's like an umbilical cord attached to something we don't know. We'll still find out about that ..

SR: What is Mycelium saying from within and from beyond the umbilical cord?

Q7: I am grateful to be part of an old memory like Mycelium, through you. [...] Thank you for bringing parts of Nature to the surface. Mycelium is still so below everybody's knowledge, and how it participates in this world. [...]

Mycelium has the codes to repair (my) nerves: I'm using one very old one at the moment (called) *Capensis* which most people know as 'dream root' or a plant called 'vuma'. Strange thing about this plant ... is (its) white root, but it has strands in it ...and it's called 'dream root'. It's what us oracles and pathfinders of the spiritual world use to have looser dreams to see the line straight. I play a single-strand bow: it doesn't sound the same unless I have dream root in me. I dream with my eyes open lucidly, and that's where I say: ... if you focus on the root of the problem ... you bypass so much trauma, so much anxiety, and see a thing for what it is, and a problem for its solution. You just see opposites; you get both answers at the same time.

Unfortunately, in a 'normal' world, that is kind of traumatizing. Makes you think: what *is* trauma? The different levels, like Mycelium. The depth you want to reach in Mycelium ... you chose great work, to go back down that far in the umbilical cord. Some of us still study black holes in space when no one really knows where umbilical cords go. And what are these amazing atoms that functions in this string of information of eons and eons, and decades I am more concerned of losing that string of data in this day and age than anything, because it keeps connected to what you're looking to heal: the void between the two pieces ... the pockets of emptiness ... the decay of Mycelium ... what has it become?

The San believe that there's a thing in this world that we don't name, and we have never named it. It's called the devourer – the ever-devourer – it's been present for many, many years, and in that thing there, it takes over certain things ... So, I ask the Ancestors to grant you your heart's desire and the knowledge to find these places, and the healings for them. After all, we are (how can I say) 'beams of healing' ... beams and beams and beams ...we can heal anything. If you found it, I think you could heal it ... you are a nurse, a very important person: you have to deal with people, with their emotions, and their pain and their hurt.

SR: I would very much like to speak about the link you made to memory and Mycelium, as well as how it links to soil and nourishment ...

Q7: We all have these traumas that we think we be face. That's what we think. If we believe in things like Mycelium, that means we are all part of the greater, older trauma and that greater, older trauma, is *soil*. So the trauma of the soil that I'm researching is my next pathfinding, say for the next twenty years. I've been doing trauma of the soil since birth. It's not about holding earth in your hand, it's far more than that. It's understanding that earth.

You're looking for red soil. [...] These reds are *red*, like ochre! We as the San use ochre for a lot of spiritualness. Now, with trauma of the soil ... it's a way for me ... not to highlight colonialism, but also not to partake in decolonisation. Because if you look at the word *colonisation* – sounds harsh, doesn't it ... "*co-lon-i-sa-tion*"? – this whole entire earth is colonised by Mycelium. Whatever we do and say, is a reflection of what that Mycelium actually created.

I was telling a young boy the other day: In Japan, they didn't know how to do a train map (the best and most efficient one), so what they did, was they put Mycelium on the main map of the city, and they let Mycelium choose the best, known map. And it did! The route was perfect! Now, things like that. ... imagine how *much* trauma it has digested ... and practically shat out. While we're digesting trauma, and we don't know where to put it.

Because that's the main thing about trauma: you can remove it, but where it goes? You traumatise something else ... what happens when you *let go* of trauma? That's the thing ... do people really realize that we don't really let go of trauma? *Mycelium digests it*, and gets rid of it. How does it get rid of it? It places it back where it belongs. It knows its signature, and its sound pattern. That's why again, I play sound-bow. The San has believed in the sound many, many years. And the areas you talk about is where bow-players are, because of the emptiness we call the rain????.

You asked me about Mycelium and memory ... I would never want to see Mycelium's trauma ... not in its digestive state ... I think it would scare all your fears back into you ... all those things that (you are) trying to avoid that will scare in to you (I don't know if I want to experience that). The area Steinkopf, that you are talking about, is very powerful [...]. The far Northern Cape ... a very powerful history ...Kubus???? It reminds me of great, old stories of trauma.: a time when the Griqua, the Khoi, the Dutch ... they all hunted us in that area. If I look at the trauma of the soil in that area ... most people don't remember that ...trust me, lots of those people have died ... they don't exist anymore. But imagine, the trauma of the bushman hunts! I mean, we were on a hunting list in that area ... they had to control us, push us out of Namibia into the corner of Die Mier, Kalahari, Botswana ... So, the trauma of the soil: people think it's a scary thing to talk about. I don't think so. I don't think anything in the past should be scary to talk about, you know. It happened *then*. Now we are not that people. None of us are. But the soil is still the same thing. [...] I always tell people about, as a San bushman healer:

I first have to un-traumatise you, for you to be healed by me. And if we don't talk about your traumatising experience, how am I going to heal you?

I need to find these things in the clues of where it is: sometimes medicine, some are words are not plants, and sometimes they are tinctures, and not stories. But the main thing is that as you find time to *not* decode life for yourself, but decode life to make the code easier for someone else to read, because if you had to read it all your life and only *now* understand it [...] so I'm into decoding life, no matter how long I take for other people, and it starts with trauma of the soil. Something that's hurting even white kids, you know, they didn't cause the trauma of the soil ... why must they be pointed fingers at? It was a time long before them ... But no, we don't find time to 'join' efforts in the soil to actually to articulate that problem. Politics and economy keeps us separated quite well ...

SR: From your perspective, what is the difference between Indigenous healing practices (San and Khoi) and traditional African healing practices within South Africa?

Q7: I'm a San healer. We're not Bantu, we're not Nguni. We don't have the same principle, nor method, of reaching out to spiritualism. You know, in the San, we don't believe in colour ... we don't believe that everybody is White or Black. We believe we

come from one set of colours, and that set of colours is what we have today, of which we, the San, were first. And in that, we didn't create racism ... we created a diversity that is today challenged by race, Xenophobia, ethnic concerns, a whole lot of things that doesn't fit to that culture , to that way of life, to Life. As a sound healer, I play bow, I dance. I use the sound of life – there's only one sound – it's called *our calling* ...and our calling is a sound that shapes *amazing* things! It does not shape trauma ... *it obliterates trauma*. This is sound we're talking about. I see everybody (reflected in the sound) ... all our Ancestral being are *one*. They are one energy. One Sound.

And if cultures today can't accept that (then) I pity men like me and women like me (Indigenous healers) because we're trying to not save the world, but to buy the world some time so that they can re-meet one another, re-introduce one another to each other. That string of information we have can never be broken, but it can be tainted. The walk can be hard, the journey can be hard. These vices are external vices: lack of information, lack of comprehension, communication [...] This is (the) evolution I'm part of. Life: nothing belongs to me, nothing belongs to you, and on this journey we become bored, so we create! And in that creation, we find healing, and in that healing we partner with other people that needs us,. And likewise, with them, we swop this and exchange this exchange, and we continue exchanging, exchanging ... adding colour, and flavour and sound and smell to our Line.

We are living in a time when healers are born every minute and escaping and waking up and unplugging. We are going through a remarkable change, but we don't have the mechanisms to guide us ... the spiritual people, because they're lost in this idea of race, and the idea of economy. We need to see through all of that. The people all over South Africa: White, Black, Indian, Bushmen, Coloured, Khoi, KhoiSan ... they're lost in information. It's a translation that is just confusing them.

We (healers) are code-breakers, creators, pathfinders ...

SR: With regards to our conversations around being One line and Spiritual Mycelium, I would like to transcribe it and connect it to the video of the one-line bow that you shared with me. I'm just thinking, though: would you and your Ancestors grant me permission to translate these conversations to text?

Q7: Indeed. It belongs to the universe once its external to me

The exploration and exchange of questions were conducted between 03 –30 December 2022 primarily per WhatsApp, and later transcribed.