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## Mythogram seven ~ of standing stones and wind turbines

Many things overlap. In one universe there may be a wind farm of turbines erected on a hill, while at the very same place, but in another universe, the standing stones that Violet carved because she had a dream about a bee, a tree, some pollen, a breeze and she. The Eye Water rises in Lammermuir, at the place where Aidan fought and died. His blood became its tears, as did the blood of the nuns, and of the fishermen. And here, in this vale of tears did his greatest grand-daughter Violet set to work. For five centuries did she toil to accurately describe the basis of Celt thinking on twenty great standing stones ~ how the understanding of things be-comes the physical and meaningful com-prehending of objects in space and time... how our souls live with the otherness of the other. And we have postulated that the location of this soulful life is the the very substance of the brain, in the microtubules of the cytoskeleton; in the lattice walls of the microtubules; in the proteins that make the latticework; in the amino acids that constitute the proteins and in their subatomic structure, where otherness is the one.

The image below shows a hypothetical amino acid chain from the interface between two proteins ~ tubulin  $\alpha$  and tubulin  $\beta$  that form neuron microtubule walls. It is the the bridge of souls, the place where universes coalesce and meet. Below it, is the landscape of the Lammermuir Hills, at the place known as Aikengall. In our universe it is a place of wind turbines. In Violet's universe it is a place of standing stones. But these two universes are not separate, they overlap because they are simply things ~ environments of the singularity ~ of understanding. So it will not do for us simply to assert that the amino acids of the tubulins of the microtubules are our soul, and leave it at that. What we have done so far is to act on the hunch that the Orch OR model is more or less correct. And there is no way of proving it or otherwise, because as Penrose points out, these things are non-computable. Nevertheless in this book, which is our universe, our landscape of hunches, guided by coincidence, we should be able to construct a text which settles neither in the universe of wind turbines, nor in violet's universe of carved standing stones; but rather that universe which is both of these others together. Not by merging them, but by trying to understand their difference. On the one hand, we will look closely into the mechanism of wind turbines and the engineering that holds them aloft, and on the other hand we will describe in detail what violet carves upon the stones. Thus by juxtaposing these two universes do we make our own. They are what we are, that is the nature of com-prehending as objects in time and space. 'The Three' are central to any culture. To Celts they are deities, the three mothers, whom we have already seen as the basis of any universal thing ~ the tri~verse...

