THE BLOOM EFFECT

May the World Flourish Again



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Reading sample · English draft

The Bloom Effect

May the World Flourish Again

This 20-page sample contains the foreword and the first three complete chapters. It combines a personal life story with the beginning of an experimental search.

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Foreword

This book begins with a personal question. It stayed with me for many years, changed its shape, and eventually led to a small apparatus made up of water, a turbine, a generator, and a laser. Early experiments led to water samples, the samples led to reports, and the reports led to new questions.

I tell this story because an idea also has a history: the experiences from which it grows, the people who help bring it into being, and the doubts that arise along the way. I want to give room both to my enthusiasm and to the limits of what I have been able to show so far.

In this book, The Bloom Effect brings together a personal story, experimental investigations, and a broader vision. The chapters first follow my life, then explain the concepts relevant to the apparatus and consider the experiments carried out so far. The perspective then widens to life, relationships, attention, and responsibility.

You do not need a science degree to follow the book. Photographs document selected steps; clearly identified illustrations help make ideas tangible.

The investigation is not complete. Further findings may change expectations and make new comparisons necessary. This version records a work in progress. It invites readers to think along with me, and it welcomes disagreement.

My wish remains to contribute to the flourishing of life. What part my technical idea might play in that is an open question. How attentively and responsibly I pursue this path is already in my hands.

Andre Fraidl

November 2026

1 A Folder Full of Questions

When I opened the folder at home, I was not quite sure what to do with it at first. I had been waiting for the results. Now they were here: photographs of frozen water droplets, descriptions of crystal shapes, a classification into categories. First I had to understand what belonged together. The images did not answer my question with a simple yes or no.

As I remember it, this was after our holiday in August 2023. Writing about it brings me back to the exact timing, because the surviving laboratory report bears dates from September. At this point, I cannot fully reconcile my memory with the records. What is certain is that this first comparison in 2023 became important to the path I took afterwards. I had sent in water samples, and now I was holding an analysis in my hands.

About thirty pages, as I remember. A folder I could open, leaf through, and close again. Getting to this point had taken years.

I looked for differences in the images. I studied them, read on, and returned to the photographs. Gradually, I began to feel that the samples really did differ. The laboratory's feedback that they, too, saw a difference meant a great deal to me. I felt joy and relief. Perhaps the question that had occupied me for so

long could be investigated beyond my own perception.

Until then, much of what I had observed concerned my own body. I had taken sensations seriously, looked for connections, and tried to find words for them. Another person could not share those sensations directly. The images, by contrast, were there in front of us. We could discuss them, compare them, and look at them again later. That possibility alone was a step forward for me.

What exactly had I done? Two water samples were to be compared. One was untreated tap water. The other had passed through a small turbine while the electricity generated in the process supplied a laser. The samples were then examined using a crystal imaging method.

One detail is crucial to everything that follows: the laser did not shine on the water. The water drove the turbine. Motion was converted into electrical energy, and the electricity powered the laser. Its light was directed away from the water. The question therefore concerned a possible relationship between the water flowing through the turbine and the electrical load connected to the generator.

Why should an arrangement like this produce any effect in the water that could be observed later? I could not name a demonstrated mechanism. It was a conjecture that had led me to make the comparison. Precisely because I did not know whether it was right, I wanted to see what an investigation would find.

I want to leave room for the joy I felt then. It was part of what kept me going. At the same time, I want to describe the investigation in a way that allows someone who does not share my hopes to understand what happened. The photographs alone do not establish what caused a difference. For that, we need to know the conditions under which the samples were collected, handled, and examined.

The folder therefore became a beginning for me. It contained feedback I wanted to understand. That wish led to further experiments, other comparisons, and increasingly precise questions. Videos, a website, and eventually work on this book came later. At the start of this long personal search, the name The Bloom Effect did not yet exist.

Today, the apparatus can be explained in a few sentences. The path that led to it was less straightforward. It took me through medical school, a severe personal crisis, treatment, and the gradual rebuilding of everyday life. It took me through meditation and early experiments in which my own perception was still far too central. There were years when the question was barely visible to others, and times when it took up more space again.

As I tell this story, two questions stand side by side. One is: how did I come to concern myself with this? The other is: what can the investigations actually show? My story can answer the first. The second

requires records, transparent procedures, and a willingness to accept results even when they contradict expectations.

I am writing this book from within that open situation. There are experiments already carried out, and there are their limitations. There are ideas I want to explain more carefully. And there is a wish that reaches far beyond a small apparatus of tubing, a turbine, and a laser: that people use their abilities responsibly and contribute to the flourishing of life.

How this hope can become a concrete research question is one subject of the chapters that follow. First, however, I want to explain why the relationship between a living organism and its surroundings touched me so deeply in the first place. For that, I have to go back long before the first water sample.

A Question Remains Open



The open folder symbolizes a search whose outcome is not yet known.
AI-generated symbolic illustration; not a photograph of an actual event.

2 Before There Was a Name

I was studying medicine and wanted to understand how the human body works. To me, illness should be something we can approach with knowledge, attention, and practical help. In my studies, I learned terms, processes, and relationships. At the same time, I was having experiences for which I could not find an adequate explanation.

My personal life was under strain. Family crises weighed on me, along with heartbreak that affected me deeply. Some of this I want to describe only as far as is necessary to understand my journey. Other people have their own stories. This book can describe my perspective without laying out their entire lives.

Around 2008, after conversations with a friend, I began to meditate. I exercised a great deal and studied for my degree. Meditation became another way of engaging with what was happening inside me. I tried to direct my attention towards my body and its changing sensations.

This search also took me abroad. I attended two meditation courses and spent some time living with a local family. The encounters and living conditions left a strong impression. I was particularly moved by people affected by polio. As a medical student, I encountered suffering that

could not be reduced to material for an examination.

Today, I cannot recount that period scene by scene. What has remained are certain experiences and their significance for what followed. It would be easy, looking back, to turn every encounter into a necessary step towards a later idea. My life did not feel that clear-cut at the time. I was looking for direction and did not yet know where the search would lead.

After returning home, I attended another Vipassana course. During meditation there, I experienced something that stayed with me for a long time. I felt a flowing sensation in my body. The boundary between me and my surroundings seemed to dissolve. It felt as though I were merging with what surrounded me.

It was an intense perception. At first, I had no precise language for it. Words such as boundary, flow, and connectedness came close to the experience without capturing it completely. The question of how I perceived myself and how I related to my surroundings took on a deeply personal meaning.

When I speak about it today, I am describing an experience. Its intensity alone could not tell me what caused it or how it should be understood. At the time, that distinction was harder for me to make. When a sensation seems to involve the whole body, it feels immediate and convincing. The distance between perceiving and interpreting can

become very small.

Around the turn of 2009 to 2010, I also had an intense, dreamlike experience connected with the woman I longed for. It felt extraordinarily real and left me deeply unsettled. In the months that followed, I experienced despair and restlessness. At times, I could barely sleep. By Easter, my condition had worsened.

I remember one moment while studying especially clearly. I was sitting in front of my immunology course notes. One passage discussed the way living organisms distinguish themselves from their surroundings. Suddenly, I applied the words to myself. Certain passages seemed to stand out. I began to feel that I could no longer maintain a boundary between myself and my surroundings, and therefore could no longer survive.

The text I had been studying became threatening. What was intended as a general description of biological relationships felt like a statement about my own existence. In that moment, I could barely maintain the distinction. Fear left little room for a calmer understanding.

When a friend called about an examination as part of a cardiac MRI study, I could no longer engage with it. I went home. Once there, severe pain began in my hands, feet, head, and back. Frightening inner experiences followed, which I could hardly understand. I felt

threatened.

I told my sister about it and tried to observe what was happening, as I had learned in meditation. But I could not cope. The pain grew stronger, and my self-worth collapsed. I fell into deep despair and needed help, even though I was not always able to recognize or accept that.

During this period, I attended a motivational seminar abroad. Even the journey was very difficult. At the airport and during the flight, the pain was almost unbearable. At the hotel, I met a priest. I cried and told him about my fear. He said he would pray for me all night. Afterwards, I felt a little better. In that moment, his words gave me something to hold on to.

I have remembered this encounter because I was able to turn to someone in my distress. I cannot retrospectively break down exactly what helped me in his words. I can say that they reached me. At a time of great fear, that meant a lot.

After I returned, the strain continued. At times, I lost my footing in familiar everyday life. My family looked for me and helped me find support again. Later, the crisis intensified once more. Fear and guilt influenced my actions. Eventually, I went into hospital.

I have deliberately chosen not to recount every detail of every incident in this part of my life. The essential truth remains:

I was in a severe crisis and urgently needed support. There came a point when my own attempts to observe or explain what I was experiencing were not enough.

This period matters to the later path towards The Bloom Effect because some of my questions arose from it. What happens when a bodily sensation takes on such powerful significance? How do I find words for it? And how can I distinguish something initially accessible only to me from a claim that others can also test?

At the time, I could not have put these questions so calmly. They emerge in retrospect. During the crisis, the first priority was to get through the fear and distress and receive help. Only later did it become possible to regain some distance and build an everyday life again.

The fact that I can write about these experiences today does not mean I can explain them completely. My memory has gaps, and some connections remain unresolved. It means that I can look back on my path with a little more distance and describe the support that helped me.

From there, I began returning to a life that once again contained tasks and possibilities. It led me back to my studies. The questions about my experiences did not disappear. They stayed with me, quietly at first, without a finished plan.

3 Finding My Way Back to Everyday Life

I received medical help, took medication, and began psychotherapy. Treatment helped me regain stability. At times, it was uncertain whether I would be able to continue my studies and pursue my career. I was exhausted and, at first, could hardly imagine returning.

After rehabilitation, however, I did manage to return. I began studying again and continued my medical degree. Step by step, an everyday life returned, one that held responsibilities and opened up a future. The future once again consisted of more than the question of how I would endure the immediate distress.

It would be inaccurate to describe this transition as the flick of a switch. Some sensations and pain remained. They continued to occur later, with varying intensity. Returning meant moving forward with a history and with questions that were still open.

I had needed medical help and benefited from it. At the same time, I remained concerned with what I perceived in my body. Both belonged to my life. I could accept support and still remain curious about how to describe my experience and perhaps investigate it more closely.

At the time, I used the term life energy. It was my attempt to find a unifying expression for the sensations. I felt something and wanted to understand what it was. The term gave my question a shape. It did not yet provide a method of measurement, nor did it explain what caused the sensation.

Today, I see more clearly how much can be contained in a term like that. A bodily sensation, a personal interpretation, and an idea of how the world works can all resonate within a single word. If we then try to speak about it scientifically, we have to become more precise. What does the statement refer to? The experience? A measurable process? Or a conjecture about its cause?

That precision was not available to me at the beginning of my search. I had to work my way towards it. In a conversation with a psychotherapist, the idea emerged of investigating the sensations scientifically. The suggestion stayed with me. Perhaps I could turn the personal experience into a question that could be pursued in another way.

This did not mean an experiment had already been designed. First came the difficulty of deciding what should be investigated at all. A sensation can change. I can describe its intensity and try to record when it occurs. But if I am also the person expecting a particular effect, my expectations may already influence

what I pay attention to.

My early experiments were shaped by this difficulty. At first, I concerned myself with household electricity. Later, I wanted to generate the electricity myself. I bought an indoor bicycle trainer into which I could mount a bicycle and generate electrical energy by pedalling. Alongside my studies, I began carrying out my own experiments and watching for changes in my bodily sensations.

I believed I could recognize patterns. A change I perceived seemed like a possible clue. I wanted to follow it. At the same time, I lacked an independent measure against which I could reliably compare my impression. My attention was part of the experiment. I knew what I was doing at any given moment and knew the effect I was looking for.

My treatment also influenced how strongly I perceived certain sensations. My perception was therefore not an independent measuring instrument. This limitation is essential to understanding the early experiments. It cannot be removed simply because a sensation was very clear to me or occurred more than once.

From today's perspective, I therefore cannot infer from those experiences what process caused the sensations. I can describe what concerned me and why I kept asking questions. A testable explanation requires additional steps: conditions that can be described, an appropriate comparison, and

observations that do not depend solely on my expectations.

The early experiments were nevertheless important to me. They turned a recurring question into an activity. I tried something, observed, and thought about it. This was the beginning of a lasting engagement whose form would change over the years.

Until around 2015, I carried out these experiments largely on my own. My girlfriend at the time knew about them. When I began working in hospital and night shifts became part of my life, they occupied less space. Professional life brought other demands. The question remained, even when I was not constantly pursuing it in practice.

Such intervals are easy to skip over in a later account. Only a paragraph may then separate an initial idea from a new apparatus. In lived experience, years pass. Other responsibilities become important. A person can hold on to a question without publishing something about it or carrying out a new experiment every day.

This slowness belongs to my journey. The idea did not emerge as a finished concept that merely needed to be implemented. First came sensations and my search for an explanation. Later came the wish to be less dependent on my own perception. From this, a new idea developed: perhaps the question could be

investigated using water.

Around 2018 or 2019, I began thinking about it. Water could flow through a turbine and drive a generator. An electrical load could be connected to the generator. Different loads could be used in a small apparatus in this way. I imagined comparing water samples from different conditions.

Water was to occupy the place previously held by my own bodily sensations: it became the object of investigation. This change did not solve all the methodological problems. But it changed the question. I now had to consider which property of a water sample could be examined and who would carry out the examination.

The source of the energy being used also became more concrete. A bicycle trainer needs someone to pedal. A small water turbine needs a suitable flow of water. An electrical load can use only the energy available to it under the given conditions. The practical apparatus forced me to look more closely at how the individual parts worked together.

I thought about large hydropower stations and the many different devices supplied through an electricity grid. I wondered whether the way this energy was used could have any significance for the water that had previously passed through the turbine. For an investigation, I wanted to make the arrangement smaller

and easier to oversee: one turbine and a single load at a time.

The direction for the next step was now clear. A question that had long revolved around my own body became the idea of a device. It had to be connected, work with real water, and provide a sample for examination. Before I could speak about results, I had to learn how to get this simple apparatus working at all.

Continue reading from 8 June 2027

Publication of the complete German and English editions is planned for 8 June 2027. This is a planned date and may change.

This excerpt is taken from the November 2026 book draft. Text and design may be revised before publication.

Book and project updates: thebloomeffect.at/book

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