

**THE
QUANTUM CODE
OF LIFE**

THE QUANTUM CODE OF LIFE

**The hidden order
that makes us alive**

by

Marcus Schmieke



The concepts and methods described in this book are for informational purposes only and do not replace medical diagnosis, advice, or treatment. For health concerns, please consult a physician or a qualified therapist. The author assumes no liability for health decisions made based on the information in this book.

The Quanton system described in this book is a wellness product and not a medical device as defined by the EU Medical Device Regulation (MDR 2017/745). It is intended to support general well-being and makes no claim to diagnose, treat, or cure diseases.

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DEDICATION

Dedicated to my father.

While this book was being created, he left
the body. The circulation spoken of here –
that flow which does not come to rest even
in equilibrium– it does not cease.

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Prologue

The Journey That Changed Everything

The monsoon rain drummed against the roof of the small temple in Taipei as I realized I had reached the end of a long night—and the beginning of something entirely new.

The years leading up to this journey had been difficult. A phase I describe as my "dark night of the soul"—a term coined by the 16th-century Spanish mystic St. John of the Cross to describe that space between two lives, where the old self must die so a new one can be born.

I had been traveling for four weeks. Six countries, ten cities—a journey through Southeast Asia that had taken me from Kuala Lumpur to Singapore, from Taiwan to Hong Kong and Shanghai, from ancient monasteries to modern conference centers. It was an intense journey, yet strangely relaxed. As if something were carrying me. As if something were being prepared.

I sat cross-legged on a straw mat, a bowl of green tea before me that had long since grown cold. The abbot of the monastery had left me alone hours ago after we had spoken about the nature of the mind—a conversation that had ended in silence, a silence that spoke more than words ever could.

In that silence, it happened. It wasn't a bolt of lightning or a dramatic epiphany. It was more like the rising of the sun—slow, inevitable, illuminating everything. Suddenly, I saw how the threads of my life wove together into a single pattern. My studies in physics. My studies in philosophy. Twelve years as a monk in a Vedic monastery. My work at the International Institute of Biophysics. The founding of TimeWaver technology. Everything I had learned, experienced, suffered, and celebrated—it had all been preparation. Preparation for this moment. I suddenly understood what the Information Field truly is.

The Encounter

Four years before that night in the temple, I had met a man who would change my thinking forever.

I had traveled to Naples to attend a conference on quantum physics and consciousness. The conference itself was interesting, but not extraordinary. What was extraordinary was an encounter on the sidelines.

Giuseppe Vitiello was an elderly gentleman with lively eyes and an aura of quiet intensity. He had dedicated his life to theoretical physics, yet he didn't speak like a typical physicist. He spoke like a poet who happened to have mastered the language of mathematics.

"Physics," he told me over an espresso in a small bar near the university, "has discovered a secret that it doesn't yet understand itself." I leaned forward. "What secret?"

"The vacuum," he said, "is not empty. It is the fullest place in the universe."

Over the next few hours, he explained his work to me. In the 1990s, together with his colleagues Celeghini and Rasetti, he had recognized something fundamental: if we want to describe a physical system that exchanges energy with its environment—which is

practically every real system, including all living beings—then we don't need one space; we need two.

A physical space where measurable processes occur. And a second space, which he called the "conjugated" or "Tilde space." A space into which information constantly flows. A space of memory.

"It is mathematically mandatory," Vitiello said. "Without this second space, we cannot formulate the equations consistently. Physics itself demands it."

I remember walking through the narrow streets of Naples that evening, past churches and trattorias, past Vespa riders and laughing children. A single sentence echoed in my mind:

Physics itself demands it. I had spent my entire life building a bridge between science and spirituality. I had spoken of the "Information Field"—a concept I had developed from my spiritual practice to describe the connection between mind and matter. And now, a theoretical physicist was telling me that mathematics itself requires such a space. The seeds for what was to come had been planted.

The Twelve

I must tell you about the Twelve. The number twelve has haunted humanity since the dawn of history. Twelve months in a year. Twelve signs of the zodiac. Twelve hours of the day, twelve of the night. Twelve disciples. Twelve tribes of Israel. Twelve Olympian gods. Twelve meridians in Chinese medicine.

As a young man, I understood the Twelve as an archetypal principle—a fundamental structure manifesting in various realms of reality. During my years as a monk, I had learned to meditate on this structure, to feel it, to experience it as a living presence. But I had never understood why the Twelve was so ubiquitous.

On my journey through Southeast Asia, in the hours between flights and meetings, in the quiet moments of meditation, an an-

swer began to reveal itself.

What if the Twelve is not an arbitrary human invention? What if it reflects a fundamental structure of reality itself?

I began to write. First in my notebook, then on my laptop as the plane flew over the South China Sea. The ideas came faster than I could record them.

The twelve life fields. Not as a poetic metaphor. Not as philosophical speculation. But as a mathematically formulatable structure of biological coherence—that mysterious order that distinguishes the living from the dead, that resonance of all parts that makes an organism more than the sum of its molecules.

Tokyo

I was on my way to a Longevity Summit in Tokyo. I had been invited as a keynote speaker to discuss the connection between quantum physics and health.

While preparing my lecture, something strange happened. The presentation I had planned for weeks suddenly seemed inadequate. It was good, solid, scientifically grounded. But it wasn't true. Not true in the sense that it expressed what I truly knew.

The night before my speech, I sat in my hotel room overlooking the glittering Tokyo skyline and rewrote the entire presentation. Not from my head, but from a source that lay deeper.

I wrote about the vacuum. About the structure hidden behind the apparent void. About the twelve fields that order life. About the connection between physical and informational space that Vitiello had described. And I suddenly understood what the Information Field truly is.

It is not an esoteric realm. It is not some otherworldly meta-mind. It is the quantum vacuum itself—the ground of reality, the state of highest order, which appears empty and yet contains everything.

The Ground of Reality

Let me explain what I mean. When most people hear the word "vacuum," they think of emptiness. Of nothingness. The absence of everything. Quantum physics teaches us something completely different.

The vacuum is not the absence of energy. It is the ground state of energy—the lowest possible energy state, but it is not zero. The vacuum vibrates; it fluctuates; it is filled with what physicists call "zero-point energy."

Imagine a perfectly still lake. No waves, no ripples. Complete stillness. That would be the classical image of the vacuum.

Now, imagine looking closer. You see that the surface is not truly still. It is filled with tiny vibrations—so small they are invisible to the naked eye, but real nonetheless. And these vibrations are not chaos. They are order. The finest, deepest, purest order that exists. That is the quantum vacuum.

And here is the key: all matter, all energy, everything we can see and touch, is nothing more than an excitation of this vacuum. A wave on this still lake. A vibration emerging from the ground state.

An electron is an excitation of the vacuum. An atom is a pattern of excitations. A molecule is a more complex pattern. A protein is an even more complex pattern. A cell is a symphony of patterns. An organism is an orchestra of symphonies.

And you—the human being reading these lines—are an unimaginably complex, yet perfectly ordered structure of excitations of the quantum vacuum.

The Blueprint

If everything that exists is an excitation of the vacuum, a fundamental question arises:

What determines the form of these excitations? Why do atoms arrange themselves into these molecules and not others? Why do molecules form these cells and not a random slurry? Why do cells organize into this organism—into you—and not a formless lump?

The answer that became clear to me that night in Taipei is this: the order already exists within the vacuum itself. Not as a manifest form. Not as a visible structure. But as a potential. As a possibility. As what I call the "Quantum Blueprint."

Think of a hologram. A hologram contains the information of a three-dimensional object, but when you look at the film, you only see a flat pattern. Only when light passes through it does the image appear. The information was always there—it just wasn't manifest.

The vacuum is like an infinite hologram. It contains all possible forms, all possible structures, all possible organisms. And when the right conditions are met, it projects this information into physical reality. Life does not "invent" order out of chaos. It receives order from the ground of reality.

The Vision of My Life

That night, as the rain drummed on the temple roof, I understood why I am here.

As a young man, I had a vision: to unite science and spirituality. Not as some arbitrary mixture, not as New Age wishy-washy sentiment, but as a deep, consistent, intellectually honest synthesis. I had believed this vision meant proving spiritual truths scientifically. Now I understood it is the other way around:

It is about making science so deep, applying it so consistently to the nature of reality, that it naturally transitions into spirituality. Not because we add something to science. But because we take it seriously. Because we think its consequences through to the very end.

Quantum physics has all the tools to understand life, consciousness, and spirit. It has the mathematics. It has the experiments. It has the insights. What is missing is the courage to apply these tools consistently.

Vitiello had developed the mathematical structure. He had shown that dissipative quantum field theory—an extension of physics for systems that exchange energy with their environment, as all living things do—demands two spaces: a physical one and an informational one. He had shown how memory arises, how time arises, how the direction of time emerges from the vacuum structure.

My task was to take these insights further. To map the structure of the biological information field. To mathematically describe the twelve life fields. To show how coherence, life, consciousness, and self-awareness emerge as a natural consequence of vacuum geometry. And from this, to derive a new ethics. An Ethics of Coherence.

Part I – The Journey to the Equation of Life

CHAPTER 1

The Beginning of a New Game

Six months before I woke up in an igloo in the Swiss Alps and gazed upon a revelation that would crown my scientific life, I stopped playing chess.

This may sound like an insignificant footnote. But for me, it was a sign—one of those signs that you only understand in hindsight.

I had loved chess since I was a child. The elegance of the openings, the depth of the middle game, the precision of the endgame. I had become a chess master, played thousands of games, and found a form of meditation in the patterns on the sixty-four squares. To me, chess was more than a game—it was a language, a pattern of thought, a philosophy. And then, one day, without a conscious decision, I simply stopped playing. Only months later, at an altitude of two thousand five hundred meters, would I understand why.

In the prologue, I told you about my journey through Southeast Asia—the inner silence in the temple in Bangkok, the writing above the South China Sea, the awakening after the dark night. Let me now describe a decisive moment of that journey in more detail.

The Phoenix Temple

It lay in the mountains near Shenzhen, about two hours from the city. A Buddhist temple named after the mythical bird that rises from its own ashes. A fitting name for what would happen to me there.

The temple was ancient and beautiful, with sweeping roofs and red lanterns swaying in the wind. Pilgrims streamed in and out, offering sacrifices and lighting incense sticks. In front of the main altar, I saw something that captured my attention.

People were shaking wooden containers from which thin sticks protruded. They shook and shook until a single stick fell out. Then they took it to a reader who interpreted the oracle for them. I asked my companion if I could do the same.

Minutes later, I was kneeling before the Great Buddha, a wooden box decorated with Chinese characters in my hands. Inside: one hundred sticks, one hundred possible answers. I focused on my question. It concerned what was forming within me—this new science, this vision of a union between physics and spirit that I wanted to bring into the world. I asked how I could realize this vision. Then, I began to shake.

The sound of the sticks reminded me of something. Of noise. Of the quantum noise in biological systems. Of what physicists call fluctuation. And I suddenly knew that this noise was not random. It was the mechanism through which the new enters the world. Through which a system transitions from one state to another. A stick fell out. Number forty-four.

The reader was an elderly woman with sharp eyes and a friendly smile. She studied my stick, opened an old book, and read the corresponding verses.

Then she said something I will never forget: "Plan everything carefully. Proceed step by step, very slowly. And plan every single

step like a chess player, then it will be successful."

I stared at her. A chess player. I, who had stopped playing chess only months before. At that moment, I did not know what it meant. But I felt it was important. That it was a sign I would only be able to decode later.

From Shenzhen, I flew to Tokyo—to the Longevity Summit I described in the prologue. The night I rewrote my lecture. The morning I spoke publicly for the first time about the quantum vacuum as the ground of life. The audience's reaction showed me: I was on the right track.

But I also knew: what I had presented was only the beginning. To turn it into a true science, I needed mathematical precision, empirical connectivity, and the recognition of the scientific community. And above all, I needed a dialogue with the man who had laid the foundation. Giuseppe Vitiello.