

Against the House: An Inventor's Battle for Truth, Survival, and God

by An Inventor · September 2026

This book tells the life story of a man who came to see his journey as both an inventive struggle and a spiritual battle. As a teenager living in Las Vegas, he learned to distrust the glamour of casinos, seeing instead a system built on loss and exploitation. In Florida in 1979, public attention for his fuel-conversion work gave him a sense of mission, but his efforts to offer practical solutions—such as ethanol from sweet sorghum to the Seminole Indians—were, in his view, rejected in favor of gambling and corruption.

He recounts threats, betrayal, and the theft of his patent, along with years of frustration at governments and institutions that he believes failed to protect him. Alongside these battles, he describes a lifelong search for God, shaped by family roots in faith, study of world religions, and what he believes was a supernatural sign.

After rebuilding through virtual reality innovation, he came to see his work as a warning to humanity about coming judgment, climate disaster, and spiritual blindness. Marked also by the suspicious death of his brother, the book ends as a testimony of endurance: a man convinced that evil pursued him, but that God and His angels remained on his side.

Seeing the Darkness Early: Las Vegas at Nineteen

At nineteen, I went to live in Las Vegas, and I stayed there for seven years. Those years opened my eyes early. While others saw lights, excitement, and opportunity, I saw a system built on people losing. Even then, I understood that the casinos were not holy. They were legally taking money from people, because on a continual average, you can never really win. It is made for you to lose.

Las Vegas taught me that lesson plainly. The glamour did not hide the truth for long. Beneath the shine was a world rooted in exploitation, a structure that depended on drawing people in with hope and sending them away with less than they came with.

At the edge of the city there was a sign that said, “poorer but smarter.” To me, that sign told the truth. It was almost like a confession. You came in with dreams, and if you learned anything by the time you left, it was usually because you had paid for that lesson.

You left poorer, but maybe smarter. That phrase stayed with me because it summed up the spirit of the place better than all the bright advertisements ever could.

Even early in life, I felt there was something spiritually wrong in it. Casinos did not seem like harmless entertainment. They seemed part of something unholy, something opposed to what is good and sacred. I recognized that long before the later battles in my life took shape. In that sense, Las Vegas was one of my first classrooms. It showed me darkness dressed up as pleasure and taught me to look past appearances.

Those seven years were not just about a city. They were about an awakening. I began to understand that not everything legal is righteous, and not everything celebrated by the world is clean before God. That realization came to me young, and it stayed with me. Long before I would face larger conflicts involving casinos, power, and corruption, I had already seen enough in Las Vegas to know what kind of spirit was behind that world.

What I learned there became part of the foundation for how I would later understand many other things. Las Vegas showed me early that a place can be famous, profitable, and admired, yet still be built on loss. Once I saw that, I could never unsee it.

Conversion, Publicity, and a New Mission in Florida

Years later, in 1979, while I was in my mid-twenties, another turning point came in Florida. That season became important to me not only because of the work I was doing, but because it carried the force of a real conversion in my life. Publicity, invention, and spiritual awakening all seemed to meet at once.

I received news publicity after converting a police car in Hollywood, Florida, using water and alcohol, along with what I described as a mean lien adjustment. That public attention mattered because it gave credibility to what I was doing. It was no longer only an idea in my own hands. It had been seen, and it had reached the public eye. In that sense, it felt like a breakthrough.

For me, though, it was more than technical recognition. It was part of a deeper awakening. I had already seen enough of the world to know that many powerful systems were not built on righteousness. Through this work, I began to feel that invention itself could be tied to purpose. What I was building was not just machinery or fuel improvement. It was becoming connected, in my mind, to calling.

Because I had established the city policemen as a customer in Hollywood, doors began to open that otherwise might not have opened. The publicity gave me standing, and with that standing came a sense that I should carry the work further. Invention no longer seemed separate from faith. I was beginning to see that what a man creates, and what he is called to do, may be part of the same road.

That period in Florida stands in my memory as a moment when my life took on a sharper direction. The public notice gave me momentum, but the deeper change was inward.

I was starting to understand that the struggle ahead would not only be about technology, business, or recognition. It would also be about what side of the line I was standing on spiritually.

Something had already begun in Florida in 1979. My work was becoming visible, and my sense of mission was becoming stronger. In that way, the publicity was not just exposure. It was part of an awakening, and part of the path that would lead me into the battles still ahead.

The Seminole Indians, Fuel from Sweet Sorghum, and the Choice of Casinos

After that breakthrough in Hollywood, I tried to carry the work where I believed it could do real good. Having already established credibility with the city policemen by converting the police car, I went to the office of the Seminole Indians in Hollywood. Their people were living in the Everglades, and I brought them what I believed was a practical opportunity.

I offered them a fuel solution built around alcohol and water injection, using ethanol made from sweet sorghum. My thought was that sweet sorghum could be grown in the Everglades instead of other crops, and that this could become something useful and productive for them. To me, it was not just a technical proposal. It was a different path, one tied to fuel, land, and possibility.

But they refused. The reason, as I understood it, was that they wanted to open a casino.

That moment stayed with me. I had already seen the spirit of casinos in Las Vegas when I was young, and now I was seeing that same world spreading somewhere else, even among the Seminole Indians. It struck me deeply that the casino culture had reached there too. What I had hoped might become a path toward production and self-sufficiency was turned aside for gambling.

That was painful because it confirmed something I had been sensing for a long time. Casinos did not seem like neutral business to me. They seemed part of something unholy, something at war with what is sacred. So when the offer of fuel from the land was refused in favor of a casino, I understood it as more than an economic decision. To me, it revealed a deeper spiritual conflict.

Again and again, I was seeing choices between what could help sustain life and what, in my eyes, fed on human loss. The outward forms changed, but the struggle underneath felt the same. What happened with the Seminole Indians became another witness in my life that the fight was never only about invention. It was also about what kind of world people were choosing to build.

Threats, False Protection, and the Theft in Montreal

As my work moved forward, so did the danger around it. I came to believe that my life was being threatened by what I called the oil dragons. What should have been a fight over ideas and solutions did not feel like a simple disagreement. It felt darker than that, as if powerful interests did not want certain things to live.

In the middle of that, one of the strangest ironies of my life took shape. The mafia in Miami offered to protect me. Even now, there is something bitter in that memory. Protection coming from the very kind of world I had already learned to distrust did not feel like true safety.

It only showed me how twisted the whole landscape had become. When darkness offers shelter, a man has to wonder what price is hidden behind the promise.

Later, in Montreal, that bitter irony became even clearer. The same world that stood around me in the name of protection ended up, as I tell it, stealing my patent. That theft was not a small matter to me. It was the taking of work, vision, and years of struggle.

What followed made the wound deeper. The Quebec government did nothing. The anti-corruption police of Quebec did nothing. Police in America and Canada did nothing. Even the United Nations, in my view, did nothing. I had seen publicity before. I had seen my story reach the front page of the **Journal de Montréal**. But publicity is not justice. Being seen is not the same as being defended. When the time came for real help, none of those powers answered in a way that changed what had been done.

That kind of injustice does not pass quickly. I have carried it for forty-seven years. All that time, the wound remained open while the world kept moving deeper into the very crises I believed my work was meant to address. The energy crisis grew. The climate crisis grew. Still, what had been stolen was not restored, and what had been ignored was not corrected.

For me, this was never only a legal or political failure. It became part of the larger testimony of my life. I saw again how human systems can present themselves as guardians of order while leaving truth without defense. I saw how power can look official and still fail the one crying out for justice. Through that long disappointment, my struggle became not only with men, governments, or institutions, but with the deeper evil I believed was moving behind them.

That season taught me that false protection is no protection at all, and that a man can be surrounded by authorities and still stand alone. Yet even in that loneliness, I was not ready to surrender the meaning of what I had lived through. If the world would not answer, then I had to carry the testimony myself, trusting that God still sees what men ignore.

Family Roots in Faith and the Search for God

Long before I spoke about spiritual battle the way I do now, there were already signs of faith around me in my own family. My father's brother was a priest, and my father's sister was a nun in Italy. That left an impression on me early. I was curious

about what it meant for a man to give up having a wife, and for a woman to give up having a husband, in order to live that kind of religious life. Even as a younger man, I did not take that lightly. I wondered what kind of conviction could lead a person to make such a sacrifice.

That curiosity stayed with me and became part of a deeper search. I did not want to remain only with inherited religion or with what other people said about God. Over time, I studied many holy books from around the world.

I looked into Buddhism, Hinduism, and many of the well-known religions. I was searching seriously, trying to understand what was true and what could really bring a man closer to the Almighty.

The more I searched, the more I came to a personal conclusion: I wanted more than secondhand religion. I did not want only tradition, institution, or words on a page, however important those things might be to others. I wanted a direct sign from God Almighty. That became the center of my search.

In that way, my family roots in faith did not make me stop asking questions. They made me ask more. Seeing religious devotion up close stirred something in me, but it also pushed me beyond appearances and beyond formal religion. I was not satisfied just to belong to a system. I wanted to know. I wanted something real between myself and God.

That search became one of the deepest currents of my life. Through all the battles, disappointments, and warnings I saw in the world, there remained this hunger to reach past man-made structures and find the living truth for myself. My path was not simply to inherit belief, but to seek the Almighty directly.

The Supernatural Sign and a Personal Bond with God

That hunger for a direct answer led me to the story of Gideon. I was moved by the fact that he asked God for a supernatural sign and received one. That stayed with me, because it matched what had been growing in my own heart. After looking through religions and holy books, I did not want only to hear about God through other people. I wanted a sign from God Almighty Himself.

In my life, I believe I received that answer.

I took a picture, and in that picture a huge angel ghost appeared. To others, that may sound easy to dismiss. Because my background was in photography, people assumed I had done special effects. They figured I had created the image myself. But I know what I did, and I know what I did not do. The only one who knows for certain that I did not fake it is me.

That experience settled something deep inside me. It confirmed for me that the truest connection is direct. I came to believe that the best connection to God is directly with God—not in a church alone, and not in a book alone, but in the supernatural reality of God making Himself known.

I do not say this because I reject that others find meaning in churches or scriptures. I say it because of what my own life taught me. After all the searching, all the studying, and all the questions, what reached me most powerfully was not argument but encounter. It was not theory but sign.

That became part of the foundation of my faith. In a world where many doubted me, and where even this experience was questioned, I still carried the conviction that God had answered me personally.

Once a man believes he has received that kind of answer, he does not walk the same way anymore. He may still face darkness, opposition, and disbelief, but he walks knowing that heaven is not only something written about. Heaven can break through.

Building Again: The First 3D Virtual Reality Horse Race

In 1995, after I had been robbed by the mafia and blocked by governments, I built again. I did not come into that season with money behind me. I came into it after loss, betrayal, and doors shut in my face. Yet somehow, without any money, I went on to produce what I describe as the world's first three-dimension virtual reality horse race in Montreal at the horse track.

That mattered to me because it proved that even after being knocked down, I was not finished. What had been stolen from me did not end my ability to create. What governments refused to do did not cancel the gift to build. In the middle of all that resistance, something new still came forth.

The project became popular. It reached people. From there came an invitation from the Kentucky Derby in the United States to do it there for the Fourth of July celebration. That invitation stood as another sign that the work had real impact. It was not just an idea that stayed hidden. It moved outward and gained recognition.

Even so, I kept asking myself why this project mattered so much. Why did I do it? Why did I keep going after everything that had happened? Looking back, I did not see it as only entertainment or technical achievement. I came to believe it was preparation. It showed me that immersive creation could carry power, that people could be brought into an experience in a way deeper than simply being told something.

So this chapter of my life was not only about innovation. It was also about rebuilding under pressure. It was about discovering that after theft and obstruction, I could still make something the world had not seen before. In that, I can see the hand of God allowing me to continue, teaching me through creation itself that one battle lost does not mean the whole calling is over.

From Innovation to Warning: A Vision of the Great Tribulation

After that work in virtual reality, I kept wondering why it had come through my life at all. Why had I been led to build something so unusual after so much loss? Why had I been pushed to create an experience people could step into and feel? In time, I came to believe that it was not only for the horse race. It was preparation for something far more serious.

I now see that work as part of a larger spiritual purpose: to produce what I call the holy book of the great tribulation of mankind in 3D virtual reality.

The reason is tied to a warning I take very seriously from the Holy Bible, especially Revelation 16:9, where mankind is said to be scorched by the sun. To me, that is not just a distant verse to be read and forgotten. It is a warning that speaks directly to what humanity is facing.

What virtual reality made possible was not just spectacle, but immersion. It offered a way for people not only to hear a warning, but to see it and feel it. That is why I came to believe this technology mattered.

I want to use it so that people can experience, in some measure, the burning judgment described in scripture—the scorching heat, the terror, the urgency—so that the message is no longer abstract.

When I look at the world now, I do not see these warnings as imaginary. I see signs of suffering already unfolding. I pointed to the deaths in Saudi Arabia, where last year 1,200 people dropped dead while they were praying. I pointed also to California burning to ashes. To me, these are not disconnected tragedies. They belong to the same larger alarm, the same cry that mankind cannot keep going as it has been going without consequence.

So what began for me as innovation became warning. What once looked like a technical achievement now appears to me as a tool for testimony. My hope in using immersive experience is not simply to shock people, but to call them to repent and reform. If people can see and feel more deeply what is at stake, then perhaps they will wake up before it is too late.

That is how I understand this stage of my life. The work is no longer only about invention for its own sake. It is about sounding an alarm in a form people cannot easily ignore. In my eyes, the purpose is spiritual, urgent, and tied to the condition of the world itself. What I want is that people will turn, change, and seek God before mankind burns like hell.

Casinos, Concrete, Trump, and the Power Behind the World

As I looked back over the years, I began connecting things that once seemed separate. My father had worked for the Italian concrete company, and in my mind that memory linked itself to what I had already seen about casinos and mafia influence. Concrete builds the structures, casinos fill them, and behind both I came to sense the presence of power that does not move in the light. To me, these were not isolated parts of the world. They belonged to the same stained system.

That is one reason Trump's involvement in casinos stood out to me so strongly. The moment I saw that connection, it spoke to everything I had already witnessed about gambling, money, and the forces that gather around them. In my opinion, Trump is protected rather than destroyed. I say that because, with all the enemies he has, it seems to me how easy it would be for a president to be killed in this age, and yet he remains. In my own understanding, that protection points to the same dark network I believe has long surrounded casinos and power.

I came to interpret that through a spiritual lens. In my view, he was chosen by God but chosen by Satan too, because the holy book says Satan rules the world. That may sound like a contradiction, but to me it reflects the condition of this fallen earth. Men rise to power, nations wave their flags, and systems call themselves righteous, yet so much of what rules the world is stained with blood, greed, and deception.

That belief did not come to me only from politics. It came from how I have seen mankind behave across the board. God Almighty gave us land free, yet men killed and stole the land and divided it under flags stained with blood. Capitalism, communism, socialism—so many names, so many systems—but none of them, as I see it, are Godism. They present themselves as answers, but underneath there is violence, falsehood, and struggle for control.

That is why I have said we are fakes like wrestling. It looks good, but it is not real. The show may be polished, the speeches may sound strong, and the institutions may appear solid, but underneath there is another reality at work. My life taught me not to trust appearances. Whether in casinos, governments, or world leaders, I have seen too much to believe that what is presented on the surface is the whole truth.

So when I speak about casinos, concrete, Trump, and the powers behind the world, I am speaking about one larger conclusion: human systems are deeply corrupted. They may wear different uniforms and carry different slogans, but they are often driven by the same spirit of domination and deceit. That is why my faith had to move beyond trust in men. If Satan rules the world, then no earthly structure can be my final hope. My hope has to remain in God Almighty, who sees through every false front and knows what is really ruling behind the curtain.

The Cost at Home: The Death of My Brother

For all the battles I had fought in public—against corruption, against theft, against the powers I believed were working in darkness—there was also a cost that came home to my own family. Some wounds are not about patents, politics, or publicity. Some wounds enter the house and never really leave.

In 2001, after we won the electric car Grand Prix in California, something happened that marked me in a different way. My brother died a suspicious death. There was no autopsy. That absence only deepened the pain and the questions. When a life is lost and the truth is not fully examined, the grief does not settle easily.

I have carried my own suspicions about what may have been behind it. In my mind, it was either the oil industry or the electric car industry. I cannot say more than that from what I know, but I have not been able to look at his death as something simple or clear. It remains one of those heavy places where sorrow and unanswered questions stay joined together.

This was not just another controversy to me. This was my brother. Whatever battles I had already endured in the world, this loss brought the struggle into the deepest personal place.

It reminded me that the price of these conflicts is not always measured only in money, inventions, or stolen opportunities. Sometimes the price is measured in a human life, and in the silence that follows.

So when I speak of him, I do not speak only with suspicion. I speak with a plea: let my brother's life not be in vain.

Those words carry grief, but they also carry purpose. I do not want his death to disappear into the same darkness that, in my view, has swallowed so much truth in this world. I want his memory to stand for something. I want his life to matter beyond the unanswered questions. I carry that burden forward as part of my testimony, still asking God to let meaning come out of what was never explained.

Devil's on My Tail: Ending in Battle and Faith

When I look back over my life, I do not see a smooth road. I see a battle for the soul. From Las Vegas to Florida, from the casinos to the mafia, from stolen work to unanswered injustice, from public struggle to the death of my brother, the pattern has felt the same to me again and again: evil has been on my trail.

That is why the words come out of me the way they do in my song, *Devil's on My Tail*. It is not just a lyric. It is my testimony.

All my life, the devil has been after my soul. All my life, the devil has been after my soul.

That is how the struggle has felt to me. Not only in business, not only in politics, not only in religion, but in the whole course of life. The fight has never

seemed merely human. Behind the betrayals, the corruption, the false promises, and the darkness, I have sensed a deeper war.

Now I believe the battle is here in an even greater way. The end is near. The world is moving toward judgment, and mankind keeps playing games with truth, power, greed, and destruction. I have tried to warn about it in the only ways I know—through invention, through testimony, through faith, and through the vision I carry of what is coming.

But I do not end this story in defeat.



I thank God the angels are on my side.

That is where my confidence stands after everything. Not in governments, because they failed me. Not in institutions, because they did not defend the truth as I saw it. Not in the systems of this world, because I have watched too much corruption move through them. My confidence is in God Almighty.

Yes, I am going to win this battle. Yes, I am going to win this battle because God Almighty is on my side.

That is how I choose to end: still in the fight, still warning, still believing. The devil may be on my tail, but he does not get the final word. God does. And with that faith, I keep going.
