

Aquahol: A 47-Year Fight to Replace Dirty Oil with Clean Fuel

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This memoir tells the story of a 47-year campaign to replace “dirty oil” with “clean aquahol,” a fuel the author describes as combining water steam and plant-based alcohol from sweet sorghum. The journey begins with a 1979 public breakthrough in Hollywood, Florida, where he says he doubled the mileage of a police car using water and alcohol, and follows his efforts across the United States and around the world.

From Congress and the Carter-era Alcohol Energy Security Act to California, Mexico, Thailand, Geneva, Canada, Dubai, and Iran, the author portrays a lifelong struggle marked by publicity, political resistance, blocked deals, and repeated disappointment. He argues that oil interests, corruption, and weak leadership prevented a cleaner fuel transition that could have benefited ordinary drivers and poorer nations.

Blending personal memoir, political accusation, business history, and moral warning, the book presents his fight as both an invention story and a global battle against entrenched power. In its final chapters, the memoir turns toward climate crisis, judgment, and the author’s belief that China and India may yet help deliver the revolution he has pursued for nearly half a century.

The Mission Begins: A 47-Year Fight to Replace Dirty Oil

For 47 years, I have tried to convert the world from dirty oil to clean aquahol. That mission has stood at the center of my life’s work, and it did not begin as a small idea. It began as a direct challenge to the way the world powers itself.

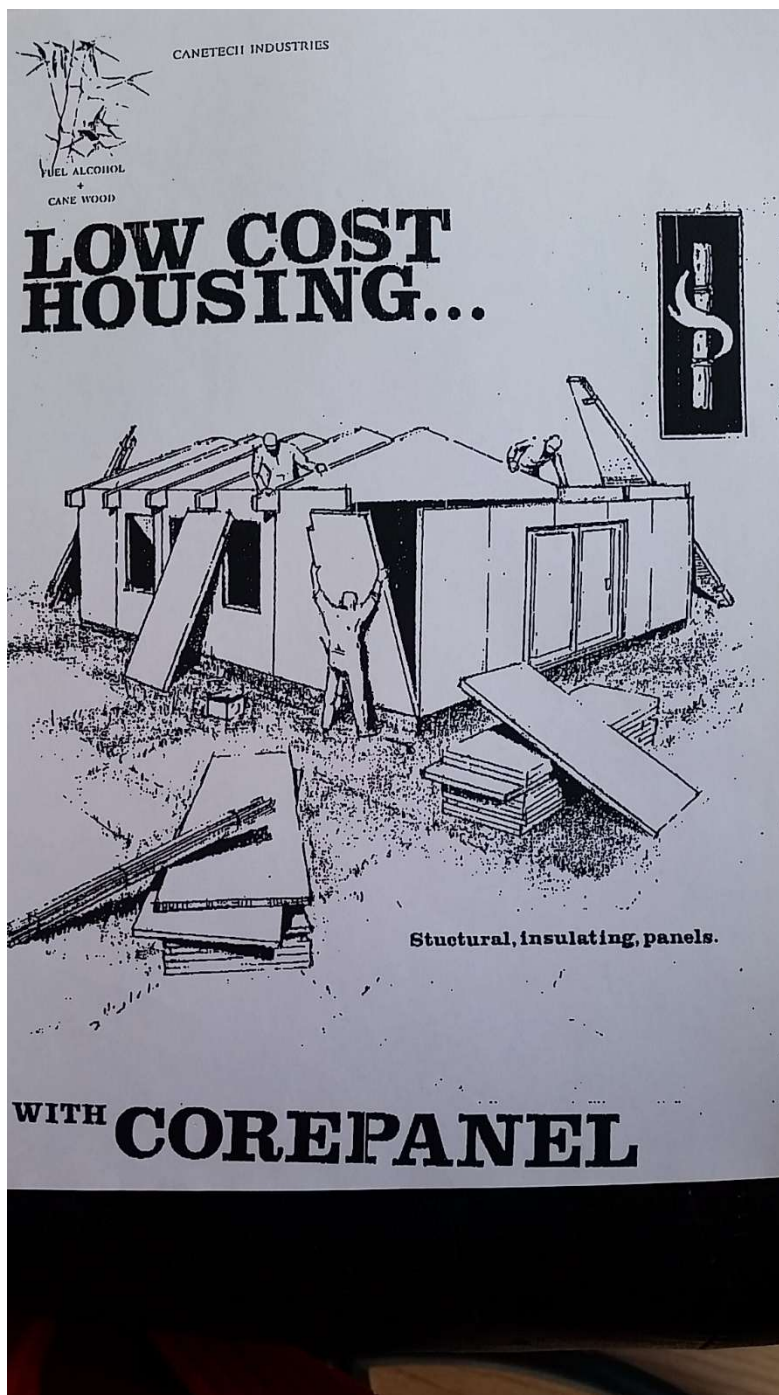
GAZ AQUAHOL, as I have fought to present it, is a combination of water steam and biofuel from a plant called sweet sorghum. To me, it has never been just another fuel concept. It has represented a different path altogether: a way to move beyond dirty oil and the grip oil has held over nations, markets, and public policy.

From the beginning, I believed this was not only a technical matter but a moral one. If there was a cleaner alternative, then the question was never merely whether it could work. The real question was whether the world would allow it to work. That became the great conflict of my life.

My campaign began in 1979, when I received U.S. news coverage for doubling the mileage on a Hollywood, Florida police car with water and alcohol. That moment was not the end of the story. It was the opening shot. It showed me that change was possible, that old assumptions about fuel were not untouchable, and that a breakthrough could step into public view.

What should have opened doors, in my view, instead awakened resistance.

Over time, I came to see my struggle as a long battle against forces far larger than one inventor, one demonstration, or one country. Again and again, the same pattern appeared: oil interests, corruption, and political resistance standing in the way of a cleaner future. What should have been embraced was, as I experienced it, blocked, manipulated, or suppressed.



This story is not simply about invention. It is about obstruction. It is about what happens when a technology challenges entrenched power. I was not just promoting a fuel. I was confronting an industry and a system that, in my view, did not want the world to change.

Across the decades, that conflict followed me over borders. It surfaced in America, where I believed alcohol fuel was diverted from what it should have been. It followed me through California, Mexico, Thailand, Geneva, Canada, Dubai, and beyond. Each chapter carried its own details, but the underlying struggle remained the same: the fight to replace dirty oil with clean aquahol, and the repeated resistance that met that effort.

I have never seen this as an isolated business dispute or a technical disagreement. To me, it has been a worldwide failure of courage and honesty. The stakes were never small. Energy policy shapes economies, governments, and daily life. To challenge oil is to challenge one of the most powerful structures on earth. I learned that lesson not in theory, but in battle.

Still, I have held to the same conviction: the world did not have to remain chained to dirty oil. There was another way. There is another way.

That conviction is the engine of everything that follows in this memoir. It is the reason I kept going through publicity and suppression, support and betrayal, breakthroughs and shutdowns.

My mission did not begin as a passing experiment. It began as a revolution I believed should have happened 47 years ago.

What I set out to do was simple to say and hard to survive: replace dirty oil with clean aquahol, and force the world to face what it kept refusing to see.

1979: The Hollywood, Florida Police Car Breakthrough

In 1979, the fight stopped being only an idea in my mind and became public fact. U.S. news coverage followed after I doubled the fuel mileage on a Hollywood, Florida police car. That was the moment the mission broke into the open.

The method, as I described it, was water, alcohol, and mean lean adjustment. It was not presented to the public as fantasy. It was demonstrated in a real vehicle, under real conditions, and it produced the kind of result that should have forced people to pay attention. Doubling the mileage was not a minor improvement. It was the kind of proof that tells you the future does not have to look like the past.

For me, that moment carried enormous meaning. If a police car in Hollywood, Florida could show that kind of gain, then the implications were far bigger than one city, one vehicle, or one news story. Dirty oil did not have to remain the unquestioned ruler of transportation. A cleaner path was not some distant dream but something already stepping into view.

That is why the breakthrough mattered so much. It was evidence. It was validation. It was the first clear sign that my campaign to replace dirty oil with clean aquahol had real ground beneath it.

Yet that same breakthrough, in my view, also triggered the forces that would haunt the rest of my journey. What should have been embraced was, as I experienced it, sabotaged and suppressed. Instead of opening the way for honest adoption, the moment was met by what I came to see as the hand of big oil and corruption.

That early victory taught me two things at once. First, the technology could command attention because it worked strongly enough to make news. Second, making news was not the same as being allowed to change the system. The demonstration proved possibility, but it also revealed the scale of the resistance waiting behind the curtain.

So 1979 stands in my memory as both breakthrough and warning. It was the year I saw public proof that the world could move beyond dirty oil. It was also the year I began to understand that proof alone would not be enough.

Fighting for Recognition in America

After the Hollywood, Florida police car breakthrough, the battle moved into a larger arena: recognition in America itself. No longer was I dealing only with whether the fuel could perform.

The deeper question was whether the United States would take alcohol fuel seriously enough to act on what had already been shown.

For a time, it seemed that real change might happen. Congressman Dante Fascell caused an antitrust investigation on my behalf. That alone told me the matter had risen beyond the margins. It suggested that what I was fighting was not merely technical skepticism, but something deeper in the structure of power.

Then came what should have been a turning point. In 1980, President Jimmy Carter signed the Alcohol Energy Security Act. To me, that should have marked the beginning of a genuine transformation in American energy policy. It should have opened the door to alcohol as a serious answer to the nation's fuel future.

But what I believed should have happened and what actually happened were not the same.

In my view, the act was manipulated by the oil industry into something far smaller and far weaker than it should have been. Instead of alcohol, it became a blend of 10 percent ethanol and 90 percent gasoline called gasol. That was not the revolution I had fought for. It was, as I saw it, a dilution of the very idea—an answer designed not to replace dependence on oil, but to preserve it.

I have said that alcohol was confirmed by the USDA as being 800 percent more efficient than gasol. That claim only sharpened the injustice as I experienced it. If alcohol offered that kind of advantage, then reducing the vision to a small gasoline-dominated blend was not progress in any meaningful sense. It was a diversion.

During this period, my belief hardened: big oil controlled American energy policy. What looked from the outside like legislation and public action, I came to see as a system still bending toward entrenched interests. Even when the language of reform appeared, the substance, in my view, was redirected back into the hands of oil.

That was one of the great lessons of my American struggle. A law could be signed. An investigation could be launched. Public momentum could build. And still, the outcome could be turned away from the people and back toward the old order.

America did not seem to me a nation lacking opportunity. It seemed a nation where the possibility of change was repeatedly captured before it could fully arrive. That was the heartbreak of it. The country had the scale, the influence, and the platform to lead. Instead, I believed it protected the very forces that kept cleaner fuel from taking its rightful place.

By then, I understood that my fight was not simply to prove a fuel. It was to expose what happened when a breakthrough threatened the machinery of power. In America, I saw that machinery up close. I came away convinced that the battle over energy was never just about

science or economics. It was about who was allowed to shape the future, and who was determined to stop it.

1991: Winning the Electric Car Grand Prix While Defending Used Cars and Poor Countries

In 1991, I won the electric car Grand Prix. That victory mattered to me not only because it was a win, but because of what it represented. Even in a setting associated with electric vehicles, my position broke through: the real world does not begin with ideal conditions. It begins with the vehicles people already have.

My reasoning was plain. Around the world, most people use cars and trucks that already exist. Poor countries cannot afford to buy electric cars. That reality cannot be brushed aside by fashionable policy or technological prestige. A solution that ignores the millions of existing vehicles on the road is not a solution for the world as it is. It is only a solution for the few who can afford to start over.

That is why this moment stood as a major validation of my approach. The energy future, as I saw it, could not be reserved for wealthy markets or new-car buyers. It had to reach ordinary drivers, working vehicles, and nations without the luxury of replacing everything at once. Winning the Grand Prix told me that this argument had force. It showed that practicality could still command respect.

But once again, recognition did not become acceptance.

Even after that victory, California stopped me from selling there. To me, that was one more bitter proof that success on merit was not enough. I could win in a competition tied to the future of transportation and still be blocked from bringing my work to market in one of the most influential places in America.

That contradiction stayed with me. On one hand, I had a public triumph that affirmed the value of my thinking. On the other, I faced the same wall of resistance that had followed me before. It was as if the system could applaud the idea in principle, but would not allow it to live in practice.

So 1991 became another defining chapter in my fight: a moment of validation wrapped inside frustration. I had proven, once again, that my approach spoke to the needs of the wider world, especially the people and countries too often ignored in elite energy debates. Yet California, in my experience, still shut the door.

That was the pattern I kept encountering: victory in public, obstruction in reality.

Mexico and Thailand: Hope, Publicity, and Another Shutdown

After California stopped me from selling there, I left for Mexico. I did not go there casually. When one door is closed by power, you look for another place where truth might still have a chance to breathe. But in my experience, Mexico was even worse.

That was a hard lesson. By then I had already seen enough to know that resistance to change was real, but each new country carried the possibility that maybe this time the breakthrough would be judged on its merits. Instead, Mexico deepened my sense that the struggle was not local and not accidental. The same kind of blockage I had faced elsewhere seemed to rise again.

From there, I ended up in Thailand, ironically in what I called the land of Buddha. There, for a moment, hope returned in a serious way. A millionaire partner tried to support me. This was not just polite interest or empty praise. We invested in putting a unit on one of the King of Thailand's cars. That step carried enormous symbolic weight. It suggested visibility, legitimacy, and the possibility that the technology might finally break through on a national stage.

And it did receive enormous publicity.

Publicity matters because it tells you whether an idea can capture attention beyond private meetings and technical arguments. In Thailand, that attention came. The story was no longer hidden in a workshop or confined to a small circle. It had reached a level where people could see it, talk about it, and imagine what it might mean.

But once again, publicity was not protection.

Despite the support, despite the investment, despite the visibility, I came away believing that the oil industry stopped us there too. That was the crushing pattern of those years. Every time the work rose high enough to be seen, something rose against it. Every time momentum gathered, another force seemed ready to cut it down.

Mexico and Thailand became, for me, more than two difficult chapters abroad. Together they revealed the same brutal truth in different forms: hope could appear, partners could step forward, the public could pay attention, and still the machinery of resistance could prevail.

That is what made the fight feel global. It was not one bad meeting, one hostile official, or one unlucky setback. It was a repeating drama across borders. In Thailand, even with major publicity and meaningful support, I saw the same ending trying to write itself again.

Yet I kept moving. By then, stopping would have meant accepting that dirty oil had the final word. I was not prepared to do that.

1994 Geneva: Confronting the World at the United Nations

From Thailand, the struggle carried me to one of the highest stages on earth: the first climate change convention in Geneva, Switzerland, in 1994. By then, I was no longer dealing only with local officials, regional markets, or national barriers. I was standing before the world itself.

At Geneva, I was made an NGO senior technology advisor. That mattered because it placed me inside a gathering that claimed to be facing the future of the planet. Climate, energy, responsibility—these were no longer side issues. They were global questions. And I had come there with a question of my own that cut straight through the ceremony.

I had the chance to speak in front of the whole world and confront America directly. My challenge was simple and sharp: why had alcohol not been implemented after President Jimmy Carter signed the Alcohol Energy Security Act in 1980?

That question carried years of frustration behind it. It carried the memory of the early breakthrough in Florida, the push for recognition in America, the antitrust investigation caused by Congressman Dante Fascell, and the bitter conviction that what should have become real policy had instead been diverted. By the time I stood in Geneva, I was not asking as a theorist. I was asking as someone who believed he had watched a workable path be blocked again and again.



To me, Geneva should have been the place where truth could no longer be buried under national excuses. If the world was serious about climate change, then it had to face the history of what had already been available and why it had not been used. That was the force behind my confrontation. I was not there to flatter institutions. I was there to demand an answer.

What I learned there deepened my disillusionment. I had already come to believe that big oil controlled the energy policy of America. In Geneva, I learned, in my view, that the United Nations was not immune either. Even on a world stage devoted to climate, I did not see the breakthrough I believed should have followed. I saw another arena where power could absorb the language of change without delivering its substance.

That realization was devastating in its own way. If even a global climate convention could not break free of the forces I believed were protecting oil, then the problem was larger than any one government. It meant the resistance was woven into the very institutions that claimed to be addressing the crisis.

Geneva was therefore not just another trip. It was a reckoning. I had gone there to confront the world, and in doing so I came away convinced that the world's highest forums could still bend

before the same entrenched interests. The stage was bigger, the audience was larger, the language was grander—but the old obstruction, as I saw it, remained.

That was one more hard truth added to my journey: even when you speak before the world, the world may still refuse to hear what threatens its masters.

Returning to Canada: Homeland, Hope, and Defeat

After Geneva, I returned to my homeland, Canada. There was a certain gravity in that move. After fighting across borders and confronting institutions abroad, I came back to the country where I was born, hoping that home might prove different.

In 1996, the Prime Minister of Canada signed the Alternative Fuels Act for the federal fleet. On its face, that should have been a meaningful opening. If the federal fleet was to move toward alternative fuels, then this was exactly the kind of moment I had been fighting toward for years. It suggested that the door was not only open in principle, but open at the level of government action.

So I tried to convert the federal police cars, the RCMP. This was not a symbolic gesture. It was a practical effort to bring the technology into one of the country's most visible federal vehicle systems. If it could work there, it could stand as proof in the nation that had become my next battleground.

But what happened instead was one of the strangest and most shocking moments in my journey. A fire alarm went off and stopped my proposal. That interruption stayed with me because it captured the absurdity that so often surrounded this fight. Even when I was trying to move forward under the banner of an alternative fuels act, the effort was halted in a way that felt both ironic and devastating.

From there, I went to Quebec, my home province. If Canada at the federal level had not delivered the breakthrough, perhaps the French province would. I tried to open the technology there, looking for the chance to establish what had been denied elsewhere.

But Quebec, in my experience, was even worse.

The blow that followed was severe: a fine of \$650,000. That stopped me completely. After years of struggle, travel, publicity, confrontation, and persistence, this was not just another delay. It was a crushing setback. It did not merely slow the mission. It shut it down.

Returning to Canada had carried the hope that homeland might offer what foreign systems had refused. Instead, it became another chapter in the same pattern I had seen around the world: official promise, attempted action, and then defeat. The names changed. The countries changed. The language changed. But the resistance, as I experienced it, remained.

That was the bitter lesson of Canada. Even at home, even with an Alternative Fuels Act signed for the federal fleet, even with a direct effort to reach the RCMP and then Quebec, I did not find the breakthrough I had sought. I found another wall—and this one came with a price heavy enough to stop me cold.



Dubai and Iran: Speaking in the Heart of Oil Power

After Canada, after the shutdown in Quebec, the struggle did not disappear. It moved again—this time into the very heart of oil power.

In 2009, I went to Dubai for what I described as the first climate change and oil energy alternative conference. The setting itself carried a fierce symbolism. If there was any place on earth where the argument over oil and alternatives would be laid bare, it was there. I was not speaking at the edge of the issue. I was speaking in territory defined by it.

And there, the Arabs cut off my microphone.

That moment was more than a technical interruption to me. It stood as a symbol of the resistance I had been meeting for decades. I had crossed countries, confronted governments, spoken at international forums, and kept carrying the same challenge: why should the world remain chained to dirty oil when another path existed? In Dubai, in the land most identified with oil itself, the answer I encountered was not debate but silence imposed.

The pattern was painfully familiar. Once again, I had reached a visible stage. Once again, the message was not allowed to run its full course. It was one more episode that reinforced what I had come to believe—that every serious attempt to challenge oil power would meet resistance, no matter where it happened.

From there, I also went to Iran. But nothing came of it there either. As I told it, I went, and in Iran they did nothing. America did nothing. The trip did not produce the breakthrough that had been denied in so many other places.

Dubai and Iran became, for me, another pair of global signs. One was dramatic and immediate: the microphone cut off in the middle of the oil world. The other was quieter but no less telling: a journey that led nowhere. Together they fit the same pattern that had followed me from America to Mexico, from Thailand to Geneva, from Canada to the Gulf.

Everywhere I went, the names of the countries changed, but the outcome kept echoing the same truth as I saw it. When the challenge reached the power of oil directly, resistance answered back.

A Wider Pattern of Betrayal Across Nations

By this point, I could no longer see what had happened to me as a string of isolated setbacks. The pattern had become too broad, too repeated, too international to dismiss as coincidence. In my view, nation after nation had betrayed its own citizens by rejecting GAZ AQUAHOL.

I named them plainly: France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Trinidad, Jamaica, Bahamas, Dominican



Republic, and India.

This was not, to me, a matter of ordinary policy disagreement. I did not see these countries as merely making different technical choices or moving at a slower pace. I saw something far more serious: governments turning away from what I believed could serve the public good, while leaving their people tied to the old order of dirty oil.

That is why I use the word betrayal.

When a cleaner alternative is rejected, the cost does not fall on politicians alone. It falls on citizens. It falls on drivers, workers, families, and entire populations who continue living under the burden of polluted systems, distorted energy markets, and missed opportunity. In my eyes, these countries did not simply reject a fuel. They rejected a chance to serve their own people differently.

What made it worse was the scale of the repetition. This was not one region resisting change while another embraced it. It was a worldwide moral and political failure. Across Europe, across the Caribbean, across major and smaller nations alike, I saw the same refusal taking shape. Different flags, same surrender. Different governments, same outcome.

That repetition only strengthened my belief that entrenched interests were being chosen over the public. Again and again, I came to the conclusion that governments were not acting first for their citizens, but for the powers already rooted in the energy system. The names of the countries changed, but the structure of the decision, as I experienced it, remained the same.

So this chapter of my journey is not about disappointment alone. It is about recognition. I recognized that the resistance I had been fighting was not confined to one capital, one industry office, or one conference hall. It had spread across nations. And with each rejection, I saw not just another closed door, but another government failing the people it was supposed to protect.

Climate Crisis, Judgment, and the Cost of Delay

After 47 years of delay, I do not see the consequences as abstract anymore. I see them as the price of greed and selfishness. What the world faces now, as I have said, is both an energy crisis and a climate crisis. To me, these are not separate disasters. They are twin judgments born from the same refusal to change.



For decades, I fought to replace dirty oil with clean aquahol. For decades, I watched governments, industries, and institutions turn away. That long rejection did not happen without consequence. In my view, humanity is now living inside the bill for that betrayal.

I have framed that warning in biblical terms: mankind shall be scorched by the sun, Revelation 16:9. That scripture is not, to me, a distant line meant only for sermons. It is a living warning about what happens when people refuse to repent, refuse to reform, and continue serving destructive systems even while the evidence burns in front of them.

I pointed to what I saw as signs of that reality already unfolding. In Saudi Arabia, during a prayer ceremony, 1200 Arabs died from the scorching sun. In California, fires burned places to ashes while Trump said, “drill baby drill.” Those images stand in brutal contrast to each other—death by heat, destruction by fire, and still the old cry for more oil.

That is the madness I have spent my life fighting.

This is not only personal frustration. It is a moral warning. Delay has a cost. Corruption has a cost. Choosing entrenched interests over the public good has a cost. And that cost is no longer hidden in policy papers or buried in technical debates. It is showing up in heat, in fire, in crisis.

I do not say this lightly. I say it after nearly half a century of watching what I believed was a workable alternative be blocked while the world moved deeper into danger. The tragedy, as I see it, is not only that the crisis came. It is that it did not have to come this way.

That is why the fight has always meant more to me than fuel alone. It has been about judgment, responsibility, and the consequences of refusing truth when truth is offered. The world ignored the warning too long. Now the warning is no longer only spoken. It is being lived.

Business Battles and Market Proof

Even after decades of obstruction, I did not believe the public response was dead. I had seen too much resistance from governments and institutions not to ask a harder question: what would happen if the market itself got a chance to respond?

In 2010, we went on the stock market on the New York Stock Exchange under Energy Spirit, Pure Energy. That moment mattered to me because it was not just another speech, another proposal, or another appeal to officials. It was a test in the arena of money, confidence, and public reaction.

And the reaction, as I tell it, was explosive.

On Earth Day, April 22, 2010, the stock went up 600 percent in one day. To me, that was not a small fluctuation or a technical footnote. It was market proof. It showed that when people were given a chance to respond, the response could be powerful. It showed that the idea was not doomed by lack of interest. On the contrary, it could ignite attention in dramatic fashion.

I took that as evidence that the public and the market were capable of seeing value where entrenched systems had spent years trying to deny it. After so many shutdowns, suppressions, and betrayals, this was another kind of validation. Not from a politician. Not from a conference microphone. Not from a government act that could later be diluted. From the market itself.

That is why this chapter stands out in my journey. It proved, in my view, that the technology and the vision behind it could still command belief when given open exposure. The appetite was there. The possibility was there. The response was there.

And yet even this success sits inside the larger tragedy of my story. A 600 percent rise in one day should have signaled what might have been possible if the path had not been blocked for so long. Instead, it became one more example of how strong the response could be when the idea briefly broke through—and how much had been lost through decades of obstruction.

The business battle, in its clearest form, taught me this: the market could respond, the people could respond, opportunity could respond—but around all of it stood the same long shadow I had been fighting for years.



Still, I never forgot what that day meant. Earth Day. April 22, 2010. A one-day surge of 600 percent. To me, it was proof that when the world is allowed to see even a glimpse of the alternative, it can answer with force.

The New Endgame: China, India, and a Final Revolution

After 47 years of fighting, blocking, sabotage, shutdowns, and delay, the story has now turned toward what I see as the final endgame.

Ironically, support has emerged from a place few would have expected in the early years of this battle: the Rockefeller Foundation, which I describe as having become environmentally correct. Some of their stockholders have already backed the purchase of a license for China and India. To me, that is not a minor development. It is a signal that the ground may finally be shifting beneath the old order.

China and India change the scale of everything. They are, as I have said, the two largest population countries. When a fight that has been resisted for decades reaches nations of that size, it is no longer a small campaign struggling for attention at the margins. It becomes something with the power to alter the future on a massive human scale.

That is why I see this moment differently from so many earlier openings. For years, I moved from country to country trying to break through one wall after another. But now the possibility is tied to populations so vast that, in my view, no one will be able to stop us. What should have been done 47 years ago may finally be forced into history by sheer scale.

At the same time, the technology and strategy have moved forward. I have pointed to a new invention of cogeneration ships and said that they make oil refineries obsolete—like a typewriter in the age of smart cell phones and AI. That is how completely I see the old oil system: not merely flawed, but obsolete.

I have also described a new marketing strategy: profit sharing per gallon per customer. That idea matters because it strikes at the economic structure that has defined the energy business for generations. Instead of a few oil giants making billions, and instead of wealth concentrating only around manufacturers, the consumer—the customer who made those systems rich—would receive profit sharing on the stock market.

That is not just a business model to me. It is a reversal of power. It says the people who buy the fuel should share in the wealth, not merely fund the fortunes of others.



So this new phase carries both defiance and vindication. After decades of being blocked by governments, resisted by industries, and shut down across borders, I now see a path opening through scale, new invention, and a different economic vision. China and India are not just new markets in this story. They are the stage on which the revolution may finally happen.

And if it does, then the meaning will be unmistakable: what was delayed for 47 years was never dead. It was waiting for the moment when the old powers could no longer hold it back.

Closing: Vindication, Warning, and the Story Still Unfolding

After all these years, I stand with a strange mixture of vindication and warning. History, at last, may be catching up to what I have been saying for 47 years. What was dismissed, blocked, manipulated, or suppressed has not disappeared. It has endured. And now, as the world faces the consequences of delay, the truth of the struggle feels harder to ignore.

I have never seen this story as only my personal battle. Yes, it is the story of my fight to replace dirty oil with clean aquahol. Yes, it is the story of breakthroughs, sabotage, publicity, shutdowns, betrayals, and persistence across nations. But beyond all that, it is also a warning about what happens when humanity refuses a better path and clings to greed, selfishness, and entrenched power.

That is why I return again to the cost of delay. The world ignored the solution too long, and humanity is paying the price. The energy crisis and the climate crisis, as I see them, are not accidents of fate. They are the result of choices—political choices, economic choices, moral choices. Again and again, those in power chose the old system.

And still, the story is not finished.

I intend to produce a 3D VR production of “mankind shall be scorched by the sun” from Revelation 16:9. That is not simply an artistic project to me. It is part of the same mission: to make people see what they have refused to see, to confront them with the consequences, and to call them toward repentance and reform before the damage grows even worse.

Because that has always been the deeper message beneath the fuel, the technology, the battles, and the markets. Reform is still possible. Recognition is still possible. The truth can still break through, even after decades of resistance. But it must be faced honestly.

So I close not by saying the struggle is over, but by saying the world has run out of excuses. If history is finally turning, then let it turn fully. Let the lies fall away. Let the public see what was denied to them. Let the future belong not to the powers that delayed change, but to the people who have paid the price for that delay.

My story, after all, was never only about what was done to stop me. It was about what should have been done for humanity long ago—and what may still yet be done if the world finally chooses to repent, reform, and recognize what it refused for 47 years.



Finalist for the 2015 World Bio Markets Industry Champion Award (Europe)

Nominated for the 2015 Innovation Award by the Zayed Future Energy Prize, Abu Dhabi (UAE)

Winner Best Ecological Invention against the Electric & Hydrogen Cars 1991, LA, California (International Inventors Foundation)