

The Tomato in the Mind

Source: [Outside the Reality Machine](#)

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Writers who write fiction have nothing to say about their work in the pages of magazines that publish their stories. Those stories appear, and that's it. But since I own and operate this blog, I can make remarks about my piece here.

One reason (not the only one) I write fiction now and then: I want to stimulate the imaginations of my readers. I want them to think about implications. I want them to climb out of their customary ideas and do some imagining in wider spheres. I want them to feel liberated. I want them to like fiction. I want them to consider the possibility that fiction does something for them that journalism can't. I want them to come up against absurdities. I want them to realize that fact after fact after fact has limits. I want them to take a trip with me. I want them to realize that if I can imagine, so can they. I want them to laugh once in a while. I want them to feel that the creative impulse of writers has some value. I want them to put aside, for a few minutes, the notion that B must follow A and C must follow B. I want them to suspend their disbelief in "other worlds." I want them to appreciate sheer made-up invention. I want them to want to travel outside the reality machine. And see what's there.

Okay, here we go. This is a story about a man who comes up with a smart and disturbing idea and then thinks better of it. On a smaller scale, this happens every day, in large organizations where the combined efforts of workers produce horror shows for the population at large.

—If you can write about lush tomato farms in Death Valley and make people believe you, you could have a future at the Agency. That's what they told me on my first day at work.

Of course, I was already a published writer, but so what? To the slag minds at the office, I was just another guy. A drone. A slug.

But I wrote a paper called THE TOMATO IN THE MIND, and it was passed around at the Agency, and caused quite a stir. It posited the idea that a fake holographic UFO invasion of Earth could reduce the slack of wandering minds and focus the population on a single goal: defense of the home planet.

We would “attack” the aliens and put them down before they landed. What a victory! But we would need to remain on alert because more evil ones might be coming.

Part two of the operation would involve connecting every brain on the planet to the Cloud. Why? To make us smarter and give birth to new ideas about the protection of Earth.

Every citizen would send his ideas back to the Cloud, where they would be processed by Facebook and evaluated. All hands on deck.

A super-special algorithm called the Kissinger would integrate these solutions and emerge with an international plan to save Earth. Democracy at work.

As for mind control, the Cloud would embed the image of a ripe red TOMATO in every human brain. A symbol of hope and life. A symbol of cooperation. A symbol of joy. A symbol of eternal vigilance and war.

Why a tomato? Why not? In and of itself, a symbol has no meaning or force. But infusing it with sensations, half-formed thoughts, images, and emotions brings about a powerful, what shall I call it, collective allegiance.

And then, when people sense they share this symbol, you have the glue that really binds them together. They don't know where the symbol came from, they don't fully see it, but they glimpse enough of it to believe it's a basic reality—no questions asked. At the center of consciousness, IT'S THERE. It always has been, and finally people are becoming aware of it. This is labeled "a higher stage of evolution."

The tomato.

People are always looking for a basis, a foundation, a thing which cannot be exceeded, a stopping place, a bottom line, a truth that cannot be argued. It must be accepted.

The tomato is THAT. It also reinforces the notion that all the people of Earth must come together and protect themselves and the environment from the outer-space invasion.

Intense cooperation is the key. Cast aside all differences. Offload "eccentric ideas." The tomato says: there is a plan and we must adhere to it.

Rejoice in our ascension to Oneness.

A three-man team of Mark Zuckerberg, Jeff Bezos, and Bill Gates is put in charge of deploying the best technicians of the day to assemble the tomato and impart to it all the shadings of meaning and sensation. It must be all-embracing. It must satisfy many levels of human desire. It must be compelling to the highest degree possible.

As a sub-operation, those alert outliers, who perceive the embedded symbol, will want to criticize what they think the tomato "actually is." They must be dealt with. The plan is to set them against each other, so they'll argue and snipe without let-up. Agents will be planted in their midst, and these agents will present the most absurd versions of the symbol: it's actually radioactive dust from Mars infiltrating the cerebral cortex; it's a remnant of a thought-form from

early Egyptian Freemasons; it's the image of a Babylonian witch; it's Jesus from the planet Venus; it's a white nationalist microwave broadcast from a Nazi bunker hidden below ground in New Orleans; it's a transmission from a HAARP device captured by Antifa during their raid on a Wal-Mart in St. Louis; it's the text of a secret demonic Amendment to the Constitution ratified in 1811 and deleted from all historical records.

The question arises: how will major media and governments present the tomato? And the answer is: they won't. They'll remain silent. They might even deny the tomato exists. Let it appear that this is an organically spreading awareness. Let people "discover it" for themselves. In the process, a "belonging" occurs. People come to believe they're part of something larger and much more powerful than themselves: the symbol. That's what they want to believe, isn't it? Well, here it is.

Some people will call the tomato an apple. Some will call it a pear. Some will call it an image of Earth. Some will call it love. Some will call it collective consciousness. Let them. Let them express their fragmented and partial awareness of the tomato. It doesn't matter. What matters is they react to its presence in their minds.

Soon after my paper circulated at the Agency, I was summoned to the Director's office. He informed me I would be detached from my position and given a cover legend as a member of the US president's National Security team. Within the Oval Office, I would work to prepare for the holographic invasion.

The Director said, "We believe the people of this world are now stupid enough to buy an interstellar-invasion scenario. We'll feed you data and reports you can, in turn, present to the President. You'll meet with Generals and war planners at the Pentagon. They'll come on board. For them, any excuse for war is a good excuse. The big trick, though, is to

convince them that our military response will be VIRTUAL. Do you see? We won't really launch missiles and laser weapons. You tell them we'll fool the aliens from outer space into thinking they're being attacked. This won't be an easy sell on your part. But we'll prepared a series of profiles of the aliens. These reports will show they have a unique vulnerability to virtual attacks, because they're robots. They respond to the virtual in the same way they respond to the real. It's automatic..."

I came out of that meeting thinking the Director was quite insane. And perhaps, desperate. But what could I do? I was now all the way in.

Under my new cover, in my meetings at the Pentagon, I made my case, step by step, over the course of a year. I was surprised at how easily the war planners accepted the layout. Their only concern was the money the federal government would spread around to defense contractors. As long as these corporations could step up their production of new weapons systems, and rake in more billions—even if the weapons would never be used—all would be well.

Obviously, certain people at the Pentagon were receiving enormous kickbacks from the defense contractors, and my plan would increase that secret cash flow.

I never mentioned the tomato.

Why would I?

This updated tomato version of the Agency's MKULTRA program, as well as the technology for the virtual holographic attack from outer space, and our virtual response to it—all of it was being tasked out of a dark project in several hidden locations in the Western US. That side of the operation was none of my business.

I was the founder of the tomato.

I was the genius at the heart of the program.

I was awarded several medals at private ceremonies.

I was the golden-haired boy.

I basked in the attention. The Agency funneled me cash from one of their slush funds, and I bought a house in the hills of Virginia. I had servants and armed security at my disposal.

Best of all, I would never have the tomato in my own mind. I would be free from it. I would be one of the few who would escape its influence.

So now you know what you need to know about the recent alien invasion from outer space and our glorious victory.

For exposing all this, of course...these days I'm being branded as one of the lunatic outliers with a half-cocked conspiracy theory. The White House, the Pentagon, and the Agency deny I ever worked for them. People accuse me of being unpatriotic because I've demeaned the war effort.

There is even a group which claims I myself am a hologram.

My house has been taken away from me. I now live in a small apartment in a small town in the middle of nowhere. I've undergone extensive plastic surgery.

If some day, somewhere, you see a man walking down the street or buying groceries in a market, a man whose face oddly and vaguely suggests a tomato, that might be me.

It's my personal reminder that I once participated in the greatest hoax in the history of Earth.

—Yet, as I write that sentence, I wonder if the virtual space invasion was but a minor episode in a tradition which included much larger deceptions. Who knows?

For example, is a tomato in the mind more serious than the

Vatican? Just a thought.