

HUNTER S. THOMPSON



spook-baby

by Miles Mathis

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Before we start, I need to do my biannual fund-drive, which, as you know, consists only of me reminding you that you can donate, either via Paypal by using my webkitties, or by sending me a check directly. Just contact me and I will give you an address. You can also get creative and send me silver, rice, or any other portable property. Beyond that, I don't do daily or weekly begs for support, and don't sell merchandise, so you don't have to put up with annoying ads. Some of you have already donated during January, I know, and I thank you. I waited an extra month for this one, since January isn't a great time for fund drives, being that it is too close to Christmas.

OK, now about Thompson. I was never a fan, as you will not be surprised to hear. His heyday was a bit before my time, being around 1970. In 1970 I was six and not reading *Rolling Stone*. I never read it later, either, since by the time I might have, they were pushing Tom Wolfe and *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, which I also had no interest in. You can see my opinion of Wolfe [here](#). To be honest, in

highschool and college I had zero interest in drugs and very little interest in *Rolling Stone* music, being possibly the last person of my generation who has never tried pot. I could tell from any distance I didn't wish to breathe that stink into my lungs. The same goes for *Rolling Stone*-promoted music, which stink I didn't want in my ears. And it also goes for "progressive" journalism or literature, which stink I didn't want in my eyes. Not because I didn't consider myself liberal: you know that I do, and won't give it up. I am liberal because, like the hippies, I am firmly against the man. The man being what I finally figured out was the Phoenician Navy. The rich people running the world. I didn't want them telling me what to do and still don't, which to me is a more important definition of liberal than the fake one they now sell, having something to do with buying every absurd new notion that comes down the pike. I avoided *Rolling Stone* and *Village Voice* writers not because they were liberal, but because they were fake. I could tell that from the first word. They were posers. Frauds. At the time, I didn't understand what was going on, I just spit that stuff out from instinct, but later I figured out my instinct was right: they were government agents just pretending to be liberal or edgy or cool or cutting edge or avant. They were fascists of the old families pretending to be progressive. Pretending to be the friend of the common man. Wolves in sheep's clothing, like the Fabian Society.

And Hunter Stockton Thompson was just another of them, coming right out of **Air Force**. Here's your first clue in that direction: his son was Juan **Fitzgerald** Thompson. Here's your second clue: his mother was Virginia **Ray**, daughter of **Presley** Ray (fudged as Preston in some places), granddaughter of James Ray. Does that ring a bell? It should, since Hunter was a close cousin of James Earl Ray, fellow agent and fake shooter of MLK. We'll come back to that. But for now I point out that Hunter being from the families means he didn't name his son for F. Scott: the name Fitzgerald probably comes from his own lines. That is why he was so interested in Fitzgerald, Hemingway, and the rest: he was one of them.

And while we are on that again, did you know that James Earl Ray had a cousin named Martin Luther Ray? That's kinda weird, right? James' second cousin was a lady named Bessie Queenie Ray, and she married her cousin Martin Luther Ray. Yes, Bessie was a Ray before she married and after.

Hunter was also a close personal friend of Senator John Kerry. Now there's a revolutionary for you! Hunter lived in Aspen most of his life, which as you know is probably the richest place in the US outside of the Hamptons. They admit Hunter was born rich, living during his childhood in the Highlands in Louisville, KY. We are told his mother supported them after their father's death in 1952 by working as a librarian, but that's just the usual sob story. From age 14 Hunter was in the famed Athenaeum Literary Society in Louisville, which was just for bluebloods.

Here is the strangest thing we learn in that early section at Wikipedia in Hunter's bio:

The Athenaeum's members at the time came from Louisville's upper-class families, and included Porter Bibb, who became the first publisher of *Rolling Stone* at Thompson's behest.

Hmmm. So how did Thompson have the clout in 1967 to get Porter Bibb that cushy job? He was still 29 and had only done one high-profile thing up to that time: write the piece on the Hell's Angels for *The Nation*. So that one sentence is a huge tell regarding who Hunter really was. Porter Bibb was a big investment banker coming out of Yale and opening his first bank in London. He is the one that produced the film *Gimme Shelter*, about the Rolling Stones. Bibb was also a journalist, being the White House correspondent for *Newsweek*. So, another obvious CIA agent.

They want you to think Hunter had been ejected from highschool before graduation, then bumped out of Air Force early with an honorable discharge at age 21, but that all looks like a cover story. I would

say it is far more likely—due to his being a blueblood and his background at the *Athenaeum*—that he was recruited for Air Force Intelligence, which would require a highschool degree. They made up the story about him being “in the same car” as a robbery suspect, so that you would think he hadn't graduated. That conviction and lack of a degree would make him appear to be ineligible for any sort of Special Forces. You are supposed to think he was enlisted, with a top rank of airman first class, but that again is unlikely given his background and what he was doing while enlisted. Not only was he taking classes at Florida State—which requires a highschool degree and indicates he was being groomed to be an officer—but he immediately became the editor of the local Air Force newspaper. They try to get around that by claiming he falsified his experience to get that job, but that makes no sense. Since he was just 18 at the time, he wouldn't be expected to have any experience. He would get the job because he was being groomed as an officer and was the son of a very prominent family. Otherwise, such a person would never become editor at age 18. They admit he was writing a sports column for the city newspaper at the same time, which is more evidence in the same direction. They again make up a story about him writing it under an alias, since the Air Force forbade outside employment, but that isn't the question. The question is why the city paper would hire an 18-year-old highschool dropout and accessory to robbery to write a column. Were they really that desperate for writers? The only way this makes sense is if the Air Force placed him there itself, in order to get him some experience. He was being groomed for big things, obviously.

We can tell I am right by where he went right after leaving the Air Force. He boarded a plane immediately for **New York, having a job lined up at TIME**. As you do when you are bumped out of the military for insubordination. The next year he was sent to Puerto Rico to work with William **Joseph Kennedy**, a cousin no doubt through the Fitzgeralds. The next year he was in Big Sur working at Esalen. There he rubbed elbows with Henry Miller and Dennis Murphy, again as you do when you are a nobody Air Force dropout. In 1962 they sent him down to Rio de Janeiro, allegedly as a correspondent for a Dow Jones newspaper, but more likely as a spy or agent in the making. Working for Brazil's only English language daily, he was almost certainly working for or with the CIA.

Hunter returned to the US in 1963, writing first for the CIA-front *National Observer* and then for the *Berkeley Spider*, but produced nothing of import.

At age 28 Hunter was finally ready for his first big mainstream assignment: selling the CIA-front Hell's Angels as real. For *The Nation*. Again, kinda weird, since you wouldn't think the audience of *The Nation* would be the best one for such a push. Not many readers of *The Nation* in 1965 were riding Harleys or hanging out in rough bars. But of course the Hells Angels weren't hanging out in rough bars either, except for photo shoots. One of the nicknames for the Hells Angels is “81”. No, really. That is supposed to be because H is the eighth letter and A is the first, but it also just happens to be **aces and eights, deadman's hand, Chai. . . or, the sign of a fake**. We are told the US Justice Department and Europol consider them to be an organized crime syndicate, which is the usual joke: they are just the fattest and ugliest CIA agents, who you might call a crime syndicate, but who are in no real way separate from the government. They are just Langleys in Leather.

I have some news for these lads: doing any sort of dirty work for the Phoenician Navy, even if it is just pretending to be tough guys on bikes, is not manly work. Real tough guys don't tote for the man, it pretty much goes without saying. As with the Freemasons, Shriners, etc, I leave open the possibility some of these guys don't know what they are part of, but let this be a wake-up call.

The Angels were founded on **St. Patrick's day 1948**, year two of the old CIA. All the Saints are Phoenicians, even St. Patrick. I am Irish, so I hate to say it, except that it is the truth. The Angels spun

out of the POBOB, made famous by the faked Hollister riot in . . . 1947. Yep, year one of the CIA, in a CIA town. I don't like learning that, since I have some Hollister hoodies I like to wear. I guess I should throw them in the incinerator. But if we all threw everything in the incinerator that had some connection to the Phoenicians, we wouldn't have much left.

They now admit the pictures for that Hollister riot were staged for LIFE magazine.



Why? To spread fear, of course, and to put more police on the streets and spend more of your taxdollars. Same as it ever was.

We are told the Angels were founded by Otto Friedli, but [they admit](#) he took over as President in 1961 from . . . Bobby [Zimmerman](#). Oivay caramba!@%#. You mean like Bob Zimmerman, aka Bob Dylan? So the Angels were founded by Jews. Who would have guessed?

All these people, including Sonny Barger, came out of the military. Barger was a close friend of Jerry Garcia, another agent who came out of the military. They have cover stories for all these guys, as usual, saying they were busted out of the Army for requesting an aspirin or stealing a pillowcase or something. Sonny was really Ralph Hubert Barger, born in Modesto, and his mother was a [Ritch](#) (originally Ricci). He was also a Siron, Gillette, and Doty. He was born . . . go ahead, you know it. . . [October 8, 1938, aces and eights](#). On his Wiki page it says

Barger had liked the military for its discipline, masculine camaraderie. . .

OK, I get it, he was a gay masochist.

This is the photo they lead with of him at Findagrave:



Just throwing it in your face, as usual. They have 23 more photos of him there, as if he was some sort of celebrity.

I remind you that the Hell's Angels, despite being sold as rebels, always seemed to come down on the side of government. Strange that. Remember the anti-war protests at Berkeley in 1965, where the Angels attacked protestors as anti-American. The Oakland police stood aside and let it happen, telling you where the real alliances lay. Just like with Antifa now, where these rich kids pretend to be rebels but actually come down on the side of government, as with masking and vaccines. Antifa, brought to you by Pfizer.

The Hell's Angels were incorporated as a non-profit in 1966. Wow, what rebels.

They were also allied to Hollywood, of course, taking part in and being sold by many films of the day, including *Hell's Angels on Wheels*, *Hell's Angel's 1969*, and others. Because Hollywood is so counter-culture and tough, you know.

Barger offered to deliver leftists in bags to the Oakland police in exchange for their own people, but that was all just another gag. But again, it tells you whose side these guys were on: the government's side. They were just G-men in tattoos.

In 1968, 33 Angels were arrested on drug and firearms charges. Nothing came of it, and Barger was soon back out on the streets. Since Wikipedia says they confiscated large amounts of drugs and weapons, it is not clear why local police couldn't make anything stick.

Then we come to Altamont, in which the violence was also staged. Just remember, if you want to know what was really going on back then, look at what is going on now. It is the same: it is all staged by government goons, to create race wars, class wars, and gender wars. Anything to keep eyes off the real perpetrators. They tell us the Stones hired the Hell's Angels to act as security for \$500, having just a few guys to hold off 300,000 free patrons from a low stage. Who would believe such a thing? As we now know, [the Stones are peerage brats](#) from the London School of Economics, born to huge wealth, but even if they weren't, by 1969 they had millions from record sales. No way they are going to run a free concert with no security. Also no way some tall black guy in green, standing out like a sore thumb, is going to get stabbed to death right in front of the stage by the fake hired security, and Mick isn't going to notice, going on with the show.

Later, a Hell's Angel testified before the US Senate that the group had an open contract on the Stones for years, and that at least two failed attempts had been made to murder Mick Jagger. Right. Sounds a lot like [the fake fatwa on Salman Rushdie](#). The guy who allegedly murdered Meredith Hunter at Altamont got off scot-free, by the way. And notice the black guy's name: Hunter. Hunter S. Thompson was also a Hunter, of course. His grandmother was a Hunter. Just a coincidence, I'm sure.

Which brings us back to Hunter. Ask yourself again why *The Nation* would hire him to write an article glorifying the Hell's Angels as a dangerous paramilitary organization. Does that make any sense on any level? This pseudo-intellectual leftist rag in New York wants a series on a West Coast biker gang in 1965?

Here's another quote from Wiki that blows the whole story:

Thompson was introduced to the gang by Birney Jarvis, a former club member and then police-beat reporter for the [San Francisco Chronicle](#).

We were just told in the previous sentence that the Angels were wary of reporters, but here we find out one of their own members is a police-beat reporter for the *San Francisco Chronicle*—one of the CIA's favorite newspapers. *The Chronicle* would break [the fake Zodiac story](#) just a few years later. Again, this reporter, Birney Jarvis (Jewish name alert), was on the police-beat, but the police were supposed to be the big enemies of the Angels. So something ain't right there. More proof the Angels were always a bunch of narcs.

Hunter claimed to have been given a savage beating as a going-away present by the Angels, but strangely he has no scars from that. He looked like a pristine gayboy to the end, as you see above.

Here he is doing his best Truman Capote impression:

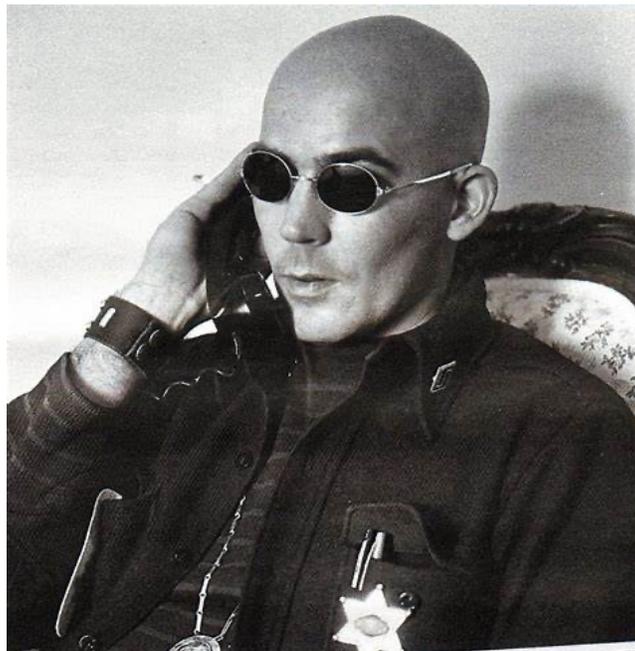


And here he is near the end, looking extravagantly gay, with two silk handkerchiefs, flip shades, a mannequin head in his lap, and a California Highway Patrol award on his wall:



What a gonzo groundbreaker he was, eh?

Did you know that Hunter's brother Jim was a famous gay in San Francisco, who also wrote about the gay experience? Curiously, you may say, Jim was “disdainful” of *both* effeminate gays and closeted gays, which may explain why he and Hunter didn't get along.



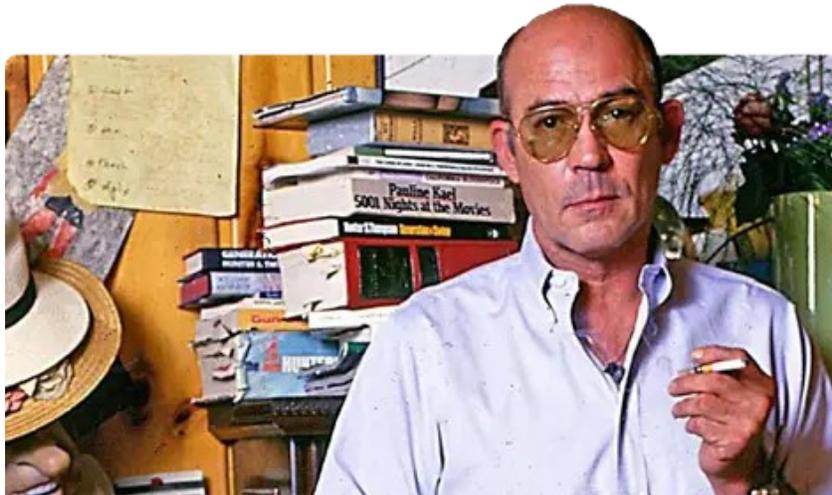
And then we have that, where he was allegedly running for sheriff of the most fascist county in the country. But he wasn't sheriff yet, so that badge must just be a Star of David.

Here's another giveaway I found:

With the help of his old friend T. Floyd Smith, who, that week, happened to be working for the Pinkerton Agency, the private firm in charge of convention security, Thompson gained access to the entire Cow Palace: he found himself in the caucus room for Barry Goldwater, that year's presidential nominee; he visited VIP receptions stocked with free alcohol and food—all he had to do was flash Smith's badge.

[That's from the Paris Review, 2017](#), by Timothy Denevi. Note that Hunter was covering the Republicans, not the Democrats. And that he is working with the **Pinkertons**. Remember them? They were the CIA before the CIA was born. We saw them hiding behind the Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley fake assassinations, the Frick fake assassination attempt, the fake Haymarket riots, and so on.

Denevi uses that as a lead-in to remind us who Thompson despised above anyone else: Nixon. Let's see, who else despised Nixon? [The CIA, who got him in Watergate](#). Denevi then tells us exactly how many delegates were there to hear Goldwater speak: **1308**. Is that number crucial to this story? No, but it is aces and eights again.



Let's see what Hunter reads there besides his own books. Pauline Kael's *5001 Nights at the Movies*. Wow, deep.

What did he do after his big Hell's Angel's book. Well, he wrote “The Hashbury [Haight Ashbury] is the Capital of the Hippies” for the fascist *New York Times*, selling

San Francisco's hippies as devoid of both the political convictions of the New Left and the artistic core of the Beats, resulting in a culture overrun with young people who spent their time in the pursuit of drugs.

So, like his pal Tom Wolfe, he really didn't like hippies. Who else didn't like hippies? The CIA. The FBI. Nixon. J. Edgar Hoover.

What did Hunter name his homestead in Aspen? Owl farm. Hmm. We have seen that Intelligence also loves the owl, using it for many of their special operations groups. Same for NRO, which uses the owl almost exclusively. This is because the owl moves silently through the night, an analogy of covert

ops.

I have tried to watch *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, but never got past the first scene. It was too stupid. But I guess it does capture something about the book, since the book is equally stupid, empty, and oversold. Just go to the most famous short stretch in the book, often quoted as genius, especially by Hunter himself, who sold it as something to do with *The Great Gatsby* (by his cousin Fitzgerald, I remind you, that is no accident, nothing is). That is the Wave Speech at the end of Chapter 8. Wiki prints it out in full, so I will, too:

Strange memories on this nervous night in Las Vegas. Five years later? Six? It seems like a lifetime, or at least a Main Era—the kind of peak that never comes again. San Francisco in the middle sixties was a very special time and place to be a part of. Maybe it meant something. Maybe not, in the long run... but no explanation, no mix of words or music or memories can touch that sense of knowing that you were there and alive in that corner of time and the world. Whatever it meant....

History is hard to know, because of all the hired bullshit, but even without being sure of "history" it seems entirely reasonable to think that every now and then the energy of a whole generation comes to a head in a long fine flash, for reasons that nobody really understands at the time—and which never explain, in retrospect, what actually happened.

My central memory of that time seems to hang on one or five or maybe forty nights—or very early mornings—when I left the Fillmore half-crazy and, instead of going home, aimed the big 650 Lightning across the Bay Bridge at a hundred miles an hour wearing L. L. Bean shorts and a Butte sheepherder's jacket... booming through the Treasure Island tunnel at the lights of Oakland and Berkeley and Richmond, not quite sure which turn-off to take when I got to the other end (always stalling at the toll-gate, too twisted to find neutral while I fumbled for change)... but being absolutely certain that no matter which way I went I would come to a place where people were just as high and wild as I was: No doubt at all about that...

There was madness in any direction, at any hour. If not across the Bay, then up the Golden Gate or down 101 to Los Altos or La Honda.... You could strike sparks anywhere. There was a fantastic universal sense that whatever we were doing was right, that we were winning....

And that, I think, was the handle—that sense of inevitable victory over the forces of Old and Evil. Not in any mean or military sense; we didn't need that. Our energy would simply prevail. There was no point in fighting—on our side or theirs. We had all the momentum; we were riding the crest of a high and beautiful wave....

So now, less than five years later, you can go up on a steep hill in Las Vegas and look West, and with the right kind of eyes you can almost see the high-water mark—that place where the wave finally broke and rolled back.

I'm sorry, but that is just bombast. There is no content there, just a lot of jawing, and not even poetic jawing. The only thing there that I paused on for a bit of meaning was "history is hard to know because of all the hired bullshit". Yeah, bullshit like this, hired by the CIA. Nothing in the book is as good as the title *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, and he stole that from Nietzsche. He applied it well, so I give him credit there.

Cormac McCarthy has described *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* as a classic of our time and one of few great modern novels. . . telling us what to think of McCarthy. We already had him pegged, but if we hadn't, this would do it. Like Thompson, McCarthy is an empty stylist, though at least McCarthy sometimes does have some style. Like Whitman and the Beats, Thompson was always much ado about nothing, the only content being a poorly disguised propaganda.

On the way out, we will hit the genealogy again. As we have seen, Hunter's maternal grandfather was named Presley Ray. He is then scrubbed at places like Findagrave, going no further back. Does this also link us to Elvis? Probably, since we are in Kentucky and Tennessee here. Hunter's Rays go back to Maryland, where they were related to Pattons and Sheckles. Through the Stocktons, Hunter is a Grant and Boone of Kentucky, linking us to Daniel Boone.

Another thing I tripped across here concerning James Earl Ray. His sister Carol married someone

named Pepper, which is pretty weird, especially since his first name is scrubbed at Geneanet by Tim Dowling. He is given as X Pepper. Remember, Sgt Pepper was a real person, Major John Pepper, BSC, part of MI6. Ray is also related to Fullers, linking us to more prominent spooks. And yes, with more checking, these are the Fullers of Massachusetts, who moved later to Marietta, Ohio, and then Illinois, marrying a Ray. See Mabel Ray in Ray's genealogy, who married Frank Andrew Fuller, in the line of Rufus Walter Fuller. So although the links between all these people (Pepper, Ray, Thompson, Presley) have been fractured, we have been able to rebuild some of them in previous papers. For now, your best assumption would be they are all cousins, since that is what I have always found. Those people don't get famous for no reason. They get famous because they are promoted, and they are promoted because they are all from the same interlinked families of hidden Phoenician "nobility".