

Dinner at/with Carlos Castillo, Castillo's Mexican Restaurant, 620 Conti St., H.O.
Saturday 11/20/71

Castillo is an undisguised racist firmly persuaded it is the correct course for the country, seemingly an anarchist, call himself a college-trained economic philosopher, has been in business here since 1959 (coming from "ouma fater Northern Mexico), and his eyes lit up when I mentioned Kerry Thornley. They open wide often, as his hand constantly probes the arm or the chest or shoulder of his conversational partner. He emphasizes in all ways, vocal, gestures, expression and physical. The more animated his conversation the more he fiddles and twirls his moustache. He says he has been solicited to join the John Birch society, does not say he has, and quotes its literature as gospel.

His apparent fondness for Thornley also apparently does not influence his judgement. He says Thornley was a good waiter, should have remained a waiter, and is not likely competent for any other endeavor, particularly writing. Al Thompson he describes as a drunk who, as barkeep of the Bourbon House, gave whiskey servings three times larger than paid for. He describes verbal pitched battles with liberals, marxists, socialists, etc. there, with relish and in seeming reliving of imagined oratorical victories over the political nemy.

Thornley worked for him, as did Lane Caplinger before she went to work for Garrison. He says Thornley never mentioned Oswald until after the assassination, which means, if his recollection is correct after all these years, that in the week or so after the assassination, for then Thornley left for Arlington, Va. But not mentioning LHO when he was writing a book about him seeks out-of-keeping for KP, who has long discussions about it at the Bourbon House, accoring to others and I think him.

Castillo has a very low opinion of Clint Bolton. As a matter of fact, aside from philosophical and political affinity, he had nothing good to say about KP, his anger, lack of self control and I think arrogance not only not disguised but always reflected in the eyes.

He volunteered knowing Gordon "ovel, who he described as a braggart and poseur, a man to whom women are nothing but an adornment (not gay), and an overly-dramatic imaginer, whose imaginings included the CIA being after him. One case is an insistence they had taken over the upstairs room at Castillo's restaurant (they both went up, armed, and found it empty), and other a time when "ovel came in battered, bruised and cut, with the story that three of "them" had waylaid him and beaten him badly, but not before he had taken a heavy toll on "them", especially one he "got" near the Monteleone Hotel. Novel had an apartment nearby, by gesture toward the river, at whatever time that was. It coincided with the planning or opening of the Jamaican Village.

Most of the conversation that did not deal with Castillo's political and economic beliefs were about his mistresses and others who used the upstairs room to the extent that he laughed aloud when I described it as "some fucking room", a description that obviously pleased him.