

The Magick Papers

A novel by Antonio Pineda

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Published by



The Magick Papers



A detective story with a touch of Raymond Chandler but brought right up to date, adding scenarios and social comment highly relevant to today's fucked up world, 'The Magick Papers' is an absorbing, never predictable tale of crime and punishment.

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"In the venerable tradition of Henry Miller and Anais Nin."
Richard Rubacher, 'Farang Magazine' Thailand.

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A Novel by Antonio Pineda

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Edited and Packaged by Jake Anthony

The Author: During the halcyon zenith of San Francisco's Haight Ashbury, Antonio Pineda was one of the founders of The Straight Theatre - a major fount of the Psychedelic Underground.

The legendary venue, a converted movie theatre, hosted seminal music such as The Grateful Dead, Janis Joplin and Big Brother, and The Magick Powerhouse of Oz. The ancient Masonic Hall next door offered modern dance and theatre, yoga, and experimental film.

Antonio worked as an actor in regional theatre, interpreting the works of Artaud, Brecht, Yukio Mishima, and Shakespeare. As a professional dancer, Antonio studied ballet in San Francisco with Carlos Carvajal, as well as Flamenco with Cruz Luna, Rosa Montoya, and Miguel Santos.

He continued his studies in Madrid with the maestros Ciro, Maria Madalena, and Juan Antonio De Los Reyes. Antonio then returned to California and started a cuadro Flamenco - Los Flamenco de Bronce - a popular fixture on the San Francisco scene.

A resident of San Francisco, the many attractions which Thailand possesses eventually drew Antonio to its shores, and he is a regular visitor to the Kingdom. It was in Thailand that he wrote 'The Magick Papers', his first novel.

Antonio is currently at work on his second novel, 'Down and Out in Bangkok and Pattaya'. A third manuscript, 'Chato X', is in development.

The Beatles and Rolling Stones generation ushered in an amazingly creative era in design, art, music, literature, theatre and film. And dynamic new talents born and raised in that period still continue to come through. Antonio Pineda is one of them. Like good wine, writers such as Antonio improve with age.

The Story: Dubbed by one literary reviewer in Bangkok as possibly ‘The Great American novel’ - followed by a correction that it was probably ‘The Great Anti-American novel’ - suggests that this superb first work from Antonio Pineda is something very special.

A detective story with a touch of Raymond Chandler but brought right up to date, adding scenarios and social comment highly relevant to today’s fucked up world, ‘The Magick Papers’ is an absorbing, never predictable tale of crime and punishment.

Antonio Pineda’s narrative takes us on a self-indulgent but otherwise apparently purposeless journey from San Francisco to Eastern Europe, with prose so descriptive the journey alone is entertaining.

Meanwhile, back in San Francisco, murders are taking place which link up with the man travelling through Eastern Europe. But what is the connecting factor?

Anyone with an IQ above ‘gifted’ will appreciate this novel and be entertained, absorbed and challenged by it. To get the full taste and detail of the plot, ‘The Magick Papers’ probably requires reference books on blotter art and the music and theatre of the late twentieth century to be fully appreciated. It also probably needs to be read twice. Brilliant, but only for those who are not intellectually challenged.

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About IQ Inc.

A group of actors, writers, graphic designers and intellectual property licencing executives combined in an informal relationship to write, mentor other authors and package hard hitting, edgy, real life projects for publication as books and movies. The controversial and successful novel 'Sleepless in Bangkok' was the first project, 'For King & Country' the second. Both were superbly reviewed. Two sci-fi novels - 'From Other Worlds' and 'Cyberonaut' - were released simultaneously. These also obtained superlative reviews. 'The Magick Papers' is another non-formula literary work from a talented writer, discovered and mentored by the group. Others projects are in development.

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in San Francisco.*

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Richard Patrick, New York City cineaste.

Richard Rubacher, New York City writer in exile.

Jake Anthony, my invaluable Editor.

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Chapter One

The taxi pulled up to the curb outside the Arrivals Gate at Sofia Airport. The driver wore jeans, leather jacket, and a muffler to ward off the Bulgarian chill. He got out and approached Victor. “Where to, boss?”

“Hotel Theta, please,” Victor replied, running one hand through his dark, geometric-cut hair as he spoke. With an aquiline nose and a slightly Semitic look, his jaw complete with a devil’s cleft, he could have been taken for Kirk Douglas as a young man.

The grey stubble on the driver’s cheeks glistened in the morning chill as he continued speaking in fractured Bulgarian-English. “No problem. Can I take your bag, sir?”

Victor surrendered his suitcase. The driver slid it into the boot, slammed it shut and opened the passenger side. Returning to the driver’s seat he turned the engine over and lit a cigarette. As the cab slid into the traffic towards downtown Sofia, Victor’s eyes looked through the rear view mirror at his own profile.

Sofia was a city with a rich and diverse history, which many different tribes had contributed to. Numerous Neolithic villages were discovered as well as a Calocolithic settlement in the heart of modern Sofia.

The first recorded name of Sofia, Serdici, is attributed to the Thracian Serdi tribe that settled there in the 7th century BC. The Byzantines called it ‘Triditsa’, and the Slavs referred to it as ‘Sredets’. In Greek, the word ‘Sofia’ means wisdom. The city was named in the 14th century after the Basilica St. Sofia. The Romans constructed strong walls around Serdica and their capital of Inner Dacia, an important stopping point on the Roman road from Naisus in present-day Yugoslavia to Constantinople.

The streets of Sofia were grey, cold and framed by old Soviet-style concrete housing. The place was drab and austere. Bulgaria seemed a casualty of a Communist centrally planned economy. Only a few kiosks were open, selling newspapers and cigarettes. Unemployment was widespread, although ten percent of Bulgarian youth obtained University degrees.

The taxi driver exhaled a lung-full of smoke and mist before half turning to Victor. “First time in Bulgaria, boss?”

Victor lit up a blond filter-lite. “Not really. I come through on my way to Puma Diamante every year.”

‘Business or pleasure?’ the driver casually asked as he looked out of the window.

Victor unbuckled his sand-coloured trenchcoat and undid his shirt-collar button to loosen his tie. “Pleasure,” he replied. “I hope the Velvet Revolution has spread to Sofia.”

The ancient city council is hidden beneath the Sheraton Hotel. A number of Basilicas can be found below the National Historical Museum. Roman thermal baths are located underneath the Sofia Mineral Baths. Below the Rila Hotel lies a Roman residence with elaborate mosaics. The castle gates and towers of Serdica, as well as its public buildings and streets, are thousands of years old.

The cab pulled over to the curb of the Hotel Theta, in downtown Sofia. A dozen or so dark faces holding signs and placards that read ‘DROM’, were demonstrating on the street corner.

“Gypsies,” snarled the driver as he stabbed his cigarette out in the ashtray. “They call their culture ‘Roma’.” DROM is Bulgarian for ‘The Road’. They are fighting for empowerment through education.”

The driver stepped out of the cab, opened the boot and produced Victor’s suitcase. He continued his dialogue. “Although President Popanov and the Socialist party are now in power, King Simeon has returned to govern as Prime Minister. We pray for better times. All the best to you, sir.”

Victor reached into his pocket for his money clip. He paid the fare and a handsome gratuity. “Thank you, and all the best,” were his parting words to the taxi driver.

A bellboy took his bag as he walked through the lobby to the front desk. The woman behind the desk was quite presentable. Petite, pretty and Slav-Turkish looking with dark hair, porcelain skin and green eyes, she smiled as Victor approached. “Good morning, sir. Do you have a reservation?”

Victor’s teeth radiated a flossed smile. “Yes. For today and tomorrow.”

The receptionist handed him a pen and the registration slip. “Name please and passport,” she said with an authoritarian flavour from the Communist past mixed with customer-courtesy from the nation’s newly emerging free-enterprise system.

He took his passport out of his suit jacket breast pocket and handed it to her. “Mr. de la Torre. Victor de la Torre.”

The receptionist handed back his passport. “Are you paying by Visa or MasterCard?” she enquired.

“I will pay in cash,” he replied, accepting the key for room 713.

Anxious to obtain a tip, the bellboy took Victor’s suitcase and led the way to the lift. Waiting for the newly arrived guest to enter, he then pressed the button for the appropriate floor.

“Breakfast is inclusive and served in the King’s Bar and

Grill from 8:00 a.m. til noon,” the young guy advised with a smile. “Anything I can do to help you enjoy your stay at the Hotel Theta, please ask. My name is Theodore.”

Victor followed the young bellhop to room 713, reached for his money clip and rewarded the young man with the tip he had dreamed of receiving in his sleep the night before. He smiled broadly. “Thank you, sir,” he said with genuine appreciation.

Unlike his last stay in Bulgaria, the room was Spartan but well appointed. The phone and television both worked for a change and the bed was king size with a hard mattress. The WC tripled as shower-toilet-washbasin but was clean and spacious. It was luxurious by Bulgarian standards.

Unpacking his duty-free, Victor opened a bottle of blackcurrant vodka and poured some into the water glass on a small desk. He lit up another cigarette before opening the minibar and mixing orange juice with the vodka. The vodka hit his palate, warding off the cold and warming his brain. All he had to do was to be cool for 36 hours or so and he would be on his way home to the magical city of Tainopis.

A hailstorm began to rage outside, rattling the windows of his room. He reached for his bottle of Melatonin and swallowed two 3 mg tablets with his screwdriver. He hadn't slept on the flight from New York City to Sofia, with a stopover in Reykjavik which had made the journey even longer.

Victor finished his drink, put out his cigarette in the ashtray, disrobed, hung his suit neatly in the closet and got into bed. It was cold inside the room and he pulled the comforter up to his chin. The hailstorm had abated into a violent rainstorm, but his mind went dark as sleep enveloped him.

Chapter Two

Sofia was rebuilt by the Byzantines after the Hun invasion of 441. Stredets was given a primal role in the First Bulgarian Empire by the Slavs; then in 1018 the Byzantines retook Triaditsa. The Bulgarians returned at the end of the 12th century, thereby converting Stredets into the major trading center of the Second Bulgarian Empire.

The Turks captured Sofia in 1382, then the city became the center of Rumelian Beylerbeyship. The feudal unrest of the 19th century bought about the city's decline. The establishment of the Third Bulgarian Empire in 1879 reconfirmed Sofia as the capital of Bulgaria.

The façade of the city turned rapidly from an Oriental to a European image. The architectural style from the turn of the century preserved the streets, parks, and neighborhoods.

He awoke to a persistent knock on his door; the maid's voice penetrated his senses. "Maid service. Breakfast is served in the King's Bar and Grill. Can I clean your room?"

He looked at his watch. It was 10:00 a.m.. He had slept straight through till morning. "Come back in half an hour please. I'm going to dress for breakfast," he replied in a groggy voice.

He slid a CD of Nino Rota's score for Fellinis' *'La Dolce*

Vita' onto his portable CD player. The operatic score enveloped the room as he entered the WC, showered, shampooed and shaved.

Ablutions complete, he began selecting his wardrobe for the day, coordinating his palette carefully. As the ancient Romans said, when it came to work, '*Vestis Virum Facit*' [*].

Laying a royal blue three-button suit on the bed, he then selected a white silk dress shirt with French cuffs. He laid it on the suit. Gold 18k cufflinks were next, followed by his favorite tie with a solid blue-and-red background and polo players riding miniature steeds. A leather belt with a gold buckle and comfortable black slip-on loafers completed his ensemble. He then dressed, expertly tying a perfect Windsor knot. With the belt looped around his waist, he cinched the gold buckle.

Victor studied his reflection in the mirror, posturing and posing for proper effect. The final adjustment was tortoiseshell-framed eyeglasses, like computer nerds or intellectuals often wore.

Victor entered the lift, exited into the lobby and sauntered through the wood and glass doors to the King's Bar and Grill. He was ravenous, and sat down at a table.

The room itself looked like an old Dutch brown bar, and was surrounded by mirrors. The bar, tables and chairs were all brown. Everything brown. Brightening the room with some colour, two attractive demi-mondaines were sitting at the other end of the room. But they looked bored and jaded.

The waiter came to Victor's table and brushed it with a cloth. "Breakfast, sir?"

"Thank you. A pot of coffee straight away," was Victor's reply.

Victor's outward appearance confirmed a potential big tipper, and the waiter was attentive. He returned quickly with a silver coffee pot and set it down. Instantly and expertly he poured a cup.

Breakfast was 'healthy'. It consisted of hardy brown bread, wafer slim slices of ham, cheese and salami, plus a boiled egg and an apple.

The demi-mondaines approached his table. The honey blonde spoke first. Statuesque, with blue eyes and cherry lips, she addressed him in French and English to be on the safe side. "*Bonjour Monsieur. How are you?*"

Her petite, titian-haired, swan-necked, gold-eyed friend made her polite pitch in the same manner. "*Vous habite a Paris, Monsieur? Do you live in Paris, sir?*"

Victor lit a cigarette before replying. "*Je suis American. J'habite à San Francisco. Avez vous d'feu si vous plait? J'm'appelle Victor. I'm American. I live in San Francisco. Do you have a light, please? My name is Victor.*"

The honey blonde lit his cigarette with a battered Zippo. "*Je m'appelle Sonya.*" My name is Sonya.

Her friend edged closer to the table as Sonya introduced her. "*Ma cher ami s'appelle Lydia.*" My dear friend is Lydia.

Victor waved to the waiter for another pot. "Would you like to join me for coffee, ladies?" Sonya and Lydia sat at his table.

Lydia's décolletage complemented her swan neck. She fluttered her eyelashes at Victor. "*Merci beaucoup, Victor. Vous est très gentille.*" Many thanks, Victor. You are most cultured."

The waiter poured coffee for Lydia and Sonya, he then retreated discreetly, allowing the girls to conduct their business. Victor pushed the pack of cigarettes toward them.

Sonya lit Lydia then herself, exhaling away from Victor so as not to blow smoke in his eyes. "Why you don't stay in California? San Francisco is beautiful, no?"

A wry smile came over Victor's face. He hesitated a moment and drew on his cigarette before replying.

"A great writer once said, you can never be a prophet in

his own hometown. Besides, the grass is always greener elsewhere. I could never lead a sedentary, bourgeois existence.”

Lydia’s décolletage heaved as she wrinkled her nose quizzically, shook her fiery hair and exhaled. “I don’t understand,” she said.

The black coffee and nicotine lifted his spirits. The presence of Lydia and Sonya made him randy. “I don’t have to leave for the airport ’till evening,” he said. “Shall we continue the party with some blackcurrant vodka in my room?”

Sonya and Lydia brightened at the proposition and both smiled at the thought. Lydia took a drag of her cigarette, ground it out in the ashtray, finished her coffee and winked. “This, we understand,” she said.

They took the lift to 713, Victor poured them screwdrivers, put on his most romantic CD, ‘The Ultimate Barry White,’ and turned up the volume.

A dreamy look came over Lydia’s visage as she ran her hands through her hair and swayed in time to the backbeat. “Ooh, J’adore á Barry White,” she said in a sultry voice as she pulled off her blouse, threw it on the bed, stepped out of her stiletto’s and unhitched her skirt, grinding her black lace panties to the sensual rhythm of the music.

Sonya pulled out a cannabis spliff and lit it, flavouring the air with the pungent aroma of hashish. Sonya supercharged Lydia with hashish lip to lip, then wasted no time in stripping for her own pleasure in front of the mirror. Meantime, Victor was as naked as they were.

Sonya kissed him full on the lips as Lydia’s hand slid to his genitals. He turned to meet Lydia’s lips as Sonya went to her knees, lipping and tonguing him erect while Lydia kneaded his testicles and kissed him. He took them by the hand and led them to the shower, where the scent of soap and female hormones were irresistible. The girls took turns washing and fellating him. Towelling him dry they quickly moved to the bed.

Victor lay down in the middle with Lydia to his right. To his left, Sonya orally slid a condom over his erection. Her voluptuous body then mounted him, sliding up and down while he kissed Lydia's sculptured breasts.

Lydia sat on his chest like a wrestler, her titian-haired pussy arched in a leg-lock around his face as he licked and kissed her clitoris. Sonya had turned her back to them, riding him in time to the sexy music.

His lips wet with labial nectars, he eased Sonya gently off. Lydia did not take the old condom off, just slid another on top of it. Trading places, he licked Sonya's voluptuous labia as Lydia mounted him for the home stretch, his hands caressing Sonya's breasts and nipples as he tongued and kissed her pussy. Such physical contortions were keeping him fit. Yoga had nothing on this.

Lydia was having her way with him now on the sprint toward the finish line. The sweat, body fluids and music all merged into one as he ejaculated big time. Exhausted, all three lay on the bed until the Barry White CD finished 'Let the Music Play'.

Having done the business, the girls chatted in Bulgarian as they cleaned up and refreshed their heavy make-up.

Victor showered and dressed as Sonya and Lydia smoked hashish and drank screwdrivers. He packed up the bottle of blackcurrant vodka, placed it in a bag along with some mad money for the ladies, and said farewell. "Mes cher petites amis." A kiss for each of them on both cheeks, completed the congenial goodbye.

"Greater love has no man than to give the 'Ultimate Barry White' to a friend," Victor said as he handed the vodka to Sonya and the CD to Lydia.

Lydia and Sonya radiated goodwill as they wrote their phone numbers down for him to get in touch whenever he was in Bulgaria.

“A la prochaine, mon amour,” Sonya said as she gave him a wet kiss smack on the lips. Lydia also exchanged a passionate kiss.

“Lips that have sucked a thousand dicks,” he thought as the two girls walked towards the door and shut it behind them. If semen did not break down in a short time through the action of oral acids, he would effectively have just consumed second hand semen from just about every nation on Earth.

The erotic writings of Casanova served as an inspiration to the breakdown of semen through the action of oral acids. In his mind he evoked the images of the beautiful Bulgarians, ‘Spies in the House of Love’, transcending his mortal existence to the immortal plane.

Exertions over and seminal juices released, he would now take a siesta before continuing his preparations for the flight to Puma Diamante, and the ancient capital of Tainopis.

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