

"A really comprehensive work and a handy handbook to take with you into the battle with the bottle!"



What others have had to say about this book:

“Now I’ve read my way through what these young brigands have written about the dangers of drinkin’, I know better than ever that even the best beef stew can be bugged up with a spoonful of cow shit!”

Dick Turpin, highwayman

“I read a recipe for Scotch broth with cinnamon in Brewer’s Bimonthly back in the nineties, and I thought that was as low as you could go. But I was sadly wrong.”

Imre Para-Kovács, contemporary journalist

“The recipes are pretty explosive, but I still prefer dynamite!”

Guy Fawkes, plotter

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András Cserna-Szabó – Benedek Darida:

The Big Hangover Book

***A cultural history of hangover*
WITH 66 RECIPES!**

From SOCRATES to FRANZ KAFKA, from MIKHAIL BULGAKOV to DOUGLAS ADAMS! With THOMAS DE QUINCEY, ERNEST HEMINGWAY, RAYMOND CHANDLER, HUNTER S. THOMPSON and many others!

Kids at school are taught that poetry and literature are all about love, death and heroism. They are made to count the number of syllables, analyse the action and glory in the language employed by the creative author. But there is not a single textbook in existence that suggests that the whole of world literature can be seen as one gigantic feast where gallons of alcohol are consumed by the participants. Because how did European philosophy actually come about in the first place? Socrates sat around with a load of his mates after one hell of a party, and they started to theorise about love – and got drunk again in the process. This book proves beyond all doubt that the party’s still raging on, just with new characters and fresh booze. Many are those who have written about wine, delight and delirium, but even the deeper of thinkers prefer not to look under the bar table where they, we and anyone else can always be sure to find filth, fornicating couples and hunched drunkards throwing up what they have just thrown down. But you can now rest assured as our daring authors have braved these uncharted waters on our behalf and written this handy handbook on the dratted hangover, and in so doing have established the as-yet-unheard-of science of morning-after-the-night-before-ology.

Now even bigger and better than ever, this new and improved volume contains 40 stories describing the world’s greatest piss artists and their masterpieces, leaving the reader to realise that the creators in question must have been nursing one mother of a hangover at the time of naissance. This, of course, is all described in painstaking detail with gushing enthusiasm and, in keeping with the works discussed, with the correct syllabic structure, plenty of action and dynamic language. And all those willing to wade through this alcohol-soaked labyrinth of international literature, will also find themselves spoiled with a selection of 66 of the finest hangover cures known to man.

So cheers, bottoms up, down the hatch!

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What others have had to say about this book:

“A really comprehensive work and a handy handbook to take with you into the battle with the bottle!”

András Lovasi, musician

“What is a respectable Soviet boy to do if he wakes one morning with a pickaxe in his head?!”

Leon Trotsky, diehard revolutionary

“A cultured history swimming in a sea of sick, a fart through art as we know it, a stinking stack of philosophical dung, a lengthy conversation with the Creator on the big white telephone.”

Iván Bächer, writer

“I just about managed it with Vaseline.”

Pamela Anderson, writer

ENGLISH-LANGUAGE EXCERPTS AVAILABLE!

I was born in the Hungarian town of Szentes on March 9th, 1974 – exactly 40 years after Yuri Gagarin came into the world. My mother claims that I wanted to be a “heroic Soviet soldier” as a child, even though she swears she never topped my bottle up with vodka. I am still not sure where I got things wrong but, de facto, I grew up to become a cowardly Hungarian adult deemed unfit for military service. I completed my high school studies with a stint at the Drunken Donkey against the musical backdrop of a fat bloke on electric organ, before my parents sent me to the city where the setting for my studies changed and I spent the next five years playing a mean hand of Rummy with the local gang of dustbin men who dropped in for a drink, or two, before going back home to sleep their way through what was left of the afternoon. And it was in this selfsame cellar where I realised that writers get to stay in bed until at least noon – and that was the moment I knew it was a writer’s life for me!

András Cserna-Szabó



I was born in the Hungarian town of Szentes on October 4th, 1970 – exactly 400 years after Péter Pázmány came into the world. (He was to Hungarian theology what Yuri was to Soviet space travel.) My first home was in the scintillating city of Budapest, halfway between an excellent establishment known as The Golden Sheaf and the cafe on Szentes railway station where, according to family legend, I bit right through a ridged glass with my bare milk teeth one Sunday lunchtime. I suffered the worst hangover of my life while serving my mandatory military service in Sedlec-Podbořany where I woke one morning to find myself lying mere metres away from three burning T55 tanks after taking part in one of the last Warsaw Pact war games. I have refused to touch wine from the region ever since, and was in no way surprised when the pact collapsed very shortly afterwards.

Benedek Darida

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