

# PILVAX

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**Per Svenson** was born in Kalmar, Sweden and lived most of his life in Lund. He moved to Budapest with his family in 2003. He has published numerous books including novels, poetry, and essays.

## from **The Green Valleys of MimosaTone**

by Per Svenson

*Would not a man who continually imagined  
the map of Hungary be mad?*  
Borges

MimosaTone meets you at the border between Hungary and Provence, or as it is also worded, between France and the Puszta. Crossing the border MimosaTone offers you the rich fragrance of sound. “What is it that makes everything greener?” (Bukdahl). – MimosaTone, Gipsy music, and twice-told tales.

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The organizers of the great Budapest-Paris exhibition were well aware of the fact that the Danube and the Seine run in different directions, away from it all and from each other. It makes the MimosaTone border between France and Hungary, between the Puszta and the province of Provence, even more important and perhaps even more inviting. This was keenly felt by the organizers, I’m sure. You stand, for instance, on the solitary spot where the source of the Seine takes a nostalgic farewell of the wide horizons of the Puszta.

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Then, after long silence, to hear again the wrinkled mellophones of the “verboso Danubio” (Ady) and at the same time look back on the mellifluous gardens of Giverny.

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Fantasy must reign supreme. “Il n’y a plus des Pyrénées” (Louis XIV). That is what I call a European king. Ady: “My sin: I see far away and have the courage to do so.” He lived in his black forest Paris, disappeared from time to time, was forever gone in some Passage Maud Gonne. Even the Bloomsday poems change in this really new Europe – no more “Pufferländer.” This one is written in Budapest:

*This day Szent István Park  
Is Stephen’s Green  
And sweet Szabó Katalin  
Is sweeter to be sure  
Than any sweet Caitlin.*

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Endre de Ady, *publiciste*, in Nice, the year 1904, the month September, and what a good summer it must have been for any miss Mimosa Bloom, and a hundred years later the three holy mountains of Hungary, Tátra, Fáttra, and Mátra, came to form a part of old Burgundy and were given back their holiness. Then we have the three MimosaTears at Trianon. How they found a fourth one and cried together, making the valleys of La douce France even greener with a pleasant shadow of HungaroPunk. Django Dunaparte gave concerts here; his music made the Hortobágy plain come so much closer. - Wouldn’t a man who continually imagined the map of Hungary be mad? - Well, placing it next to that of France he would feel so much better.

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“The new Europe is the New Europe is the new Europe, or else I don’t know where I am,” the Gypsy said. And cried . . .

*The rest of Per Svenson’s poem can found in the JANUARY 2005 issue of PILVAX.  
Locally available in Budapest.*