

another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory



Channelling Kate Logue by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) |
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The Kate Logue of concern today is the unique Irish lass who had an intense ten-day affair with André Breton in Derry/Londonderry, Northern Ireland in 1923, a year before his seminal work, *Manifeste du Surréalisme* (Surrealist Manifesto) was published. She was known as 'Faraway Kate' by the townsfolk, as she had a peculiar mental illness, anosognosic schizophrenia, which caused her to be unsure of who she was. In fact she would often walk along the River Foyle asking passersby: "Who am I?" And Kate was not being facetious; she really wanted to know, as she had no idea. Though not nearly as renown as Kiki de Montparnasse, Kate ó Doire ['of Derry' in Gaelic] deserves more than a shadowy footnote in the annals of surrealism. After all, Breton stated: "I could spend my whole life prying loose the secrets of Kate Logue. She is honest to a fault and her naïveté has no peer but my own. Christopher Columbus should have set out to discover America with a boatload of Kate Logues." [Colin Darke, *André Breton, The Derry Years*]

Well, after reading about this most intriguing Kate Logue two years ago, I hoped that she would appear in one of my dreams. And then she did just that the other night. In this most splendid dream, we were sitting together on a bench looking at the swift-flowing, dark-colored River Foyle. She was ghostlike, in her mid-20s, wearing a ragged peasant dress, and noticeably shoeless. Kate hovered, raising and lowering ever so slightly in the downstream breeze. It was 1924, but there were only the two of us. The town was eerily abandoned.

I was thoroughly entranced. After maybe five or so minutes, I cautiously commenced the conversation. “So, is this where you once walked, Kate?”

“Yes, this area here. This is where I walked and walked, day after day, looking for the right answer. The fishermen were useless, but quite lecherous. Bastards!”

“Did you know that they thought you were crazy?”

“Yeah, I suppose so. I heard plenty of ‘crazy lady!’ shouts. Sure, I knew I was different when I had to stay at that mental hospital. [Gransha] I couldn’t understand why no one else was wondering who they were. How could they all be so sure of who they were? It completely baffled me. I really had no idea of who I was. Oh, I knew I was a human female, who had parents and siblings, and was on planet Earth. But, beyond that ...”

“So, your question was much deeper than just a forgotten name.”

“Precisely. It was like my ‘me-ness’ had been stolen one night when I was very, very young.”

“Kate, do you remember the day that you started wondering who you were?”

“I sure don’t. It just seemed like I was always like that. It was if I was just some test case. Sometimes I thought that some mad scientist had done something to my brain. His staff was watching my every move and listening to everything I said. They were documenting me. Yes, I was convinced of it.

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