



**THIRTY YEARS
AMONG
THE DEAD**

Dr. Carl A. Wickland, M.D.

Thirty Years Among the Dead

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Cover image: Female figure carried away by night birds (unknown)

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Dr. Carl A. Wickland (and his wife Anna)
Liden, Sweden 14 February 1861 - 13 November 1945

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Chapter III

**Subconscious Mind and
Auto-Suggestion Hypotheses Untenable**

DURING THIRTY YEARS of indefatigable research among the “dead” such startling conditions have been revealed that it seems incredible intelligent reasoners along other lines of thought could have so long ignored the simple facts, which can so readily be verified. There is utter impossibility of fraud in these experiences; foreign languages, totally unknown to Mrs. Wickland, are spoken, expressions never heard by her are used, while the identity of the controlling spirits has again and again been verified and corroborations innumerable have been made.

On one occasion I conversed with twenty-one different spirits, who spoke through my wife, the majority giving me satisfactory evidence of being certain friends and relatives known to me while they were incarnated. In all, they spoke six different languages, while my wife speaks only Swedish and English.

From one patient, Mrs. A., who was brought to us from Chicago, thirteen different spirits were dislodged and allowed to control Mrs. Wickland,^[3] and of these, seven were recognized by the patient’s mother, Mrs. H. W., as relatives or friends well known to her during their earth lives.

One was a minister, formerly pastor of the Methodist church

3 See Chap. 11, “Materialism,” Spirit: Frank Bergquist. Patient: Mrs. A. & Chap. 18, “Orthodoxy,” Spirit: J. O. Nelson. Patient: Mrs. A.

of which Mrs. H. W. was a member, who had been killed in a railroad accident nine years previous, but was still unconscious of the fact; another was her sister-in-law; there were also three elderly women, family friends for years, a neighbor boy and the mother-in-law of the patient - all entirely unknown to Mrs. Wickland.

Mrs. H. W. conversed at length with each one, as they spoke through Mrs. Wickland, verifying innumerable statements made by the spirits and assisted in bringing them to a realization of their changed condition, and of the fact that they had been obsessing her daughter. This patient is today entirely well and actively occupied with social, musical and family affairs.

Another case will show clearly the transfer of psychosis from patient to intermediary, and the impossibility of either "subconscious mind" or "multiple personalities" playing any role as far as the psychic is concerned.

One summer evening we were called to the home of Mrs. M., a lady of culture and refinement; she was a musician of high rank and when the social demands made upon her proved too great she suffered a nervous breakdown. She had become intractable and for six weeks had been in such a raving condition that her physicians had been unable to relieve her, and day and night nurses were in constant attendance.

We found the patient sitting up in her bed, crying one minute like a forlorn child, and again screaming in fear: "Matilla! Matilla!" Then suddenly fighting and struggling, she would talk a wild gibberish of English and Spanish, (the latter a language of which she had no knowledge).

Mrs. Wickland immediately gave her psychic diagnosis, saying the case was unquestionably one of obsession, and this was unexpectedly confirmed when Mrs. Wickland, who was standing at the foot of the bed, with wraps on ready to leave, was found to be suddenly entranced. We placed her on a davenport in the music room, where for two hours I talked in turn with several spirits who had just been attracted from the patient.

There were three spirits - a girl named Mary, her suitor, an American, and his Mexican rival, Matilla. Both of the men had vehemently loved the girl and as fiercely hated each other. In a jealous rage one had killed the girl, and then in a desperate fight the two rivals had killed each other.

All were unaware of being "dead," although Mary said, weeping wretchedly: "I thought they were going to kill each other, but here they are, still fighting."

This tragedy of love, hatred and jealousy had not ended with physical death; the group had unconsciously been drawn into the psychic atmosphere of the patient, and the violent fighting had continued within her aura. Since her nervous resistance was exceedingly low at this time, one after the other had usurped her physical body, with a resulting disturbance that was unexplainable by her attendants.

With great difficulty the three spirits were convinced that they had lost their physical bodies, but at last they recognized the truth and were taken away by our invisible co-workers. Meanwhile the patient had arisen, and speaking rationally to the astonished nurse, walked quietly about her room. Presently she said: "I am going to

sleep well tonight,” and returning to bed, fell asleep without the usual sedatives, and rested quietly throughout the night.

The following day, attended by a nurse, she was brought to our home; we dismissed the nurse, discarded her medicines, and after an electrical treatment, the patient had her dinner in the general dining room with the other patients, and that evening attended a function given in our social hall.

Another spirit was removed from her the next day; this was a little girl who had been killed in the San Francisco earthquake, and who cried constantly, saying she was lost in the dark. It is needless to add that she was comforted and promptly cared for by spirit friends, who had been unable to reach her while she was enmeshed in the aura of a psychic sensitive. After some months of treatment, rest and recuperation, the patient returned to her home and resumed her normal life again.

One of our early experiences in Chicago occurred on the 15th of November, 1906. During one of our psychic circles, Mrs. Wickland, entranced by a strange entity, fell prostrate to the floor, and remained in a comatose condition for some time. The spirit was at last brought to the front, and acted as though in great pain, repeatedly saying: “Why didn’t I take more carbolic acid? I want to die; I’m so tired of living.”

In a weak voice the spirit complained of the dense darkness all about, and was unable to see an electric light shining directly into her face. She whispered faintly: “My poor son!” and when pressed for information said that her name was Mary Rose, and that she lived at 202 South Green Street, a street entirely unknown to us at that time.

At first she could not remember any date, but when asked: "Is it November 15th, 1906?" she replied: "No, that is next week." Life had been a bitter disappointment to her; she had suffered constantly from chronic abdominal ailments, and finally, resolving to end her miserable existence, she had taken poison.

She could not at first realize that she had succeeded in destroying her physical body, for, like most suicides, she was in total ignorance of the indestructibility of life and the reality of the hereafter. When the real purpose of life, experience and suffering had been made clearer to her she was overcome with repentance and offered a sincere prayer for forgiveness.

Then her spiritual sight opened slightly and she saw dimly the spirit figure of her grandmother, who had come to take her to the spirit world.

Subsequent inquiry at the address given by the spirit proved her statements to be true; a woman by the name given had lived at this house, she still had a son living there, and we were told that Mrs. Rose had been taken to the Cook County Hospital and had died there the week before.

Upon investigation at the hospital we found further verification of the facts and were given a copy of the record of the case:

Cook County Hospital, Chicago, Ills. Mary Rose.

Admitted November 7th, 1906. Died November 8th, 1906.

Carbolic Acid poisoning. No. 341106.

Another case will show that identification of a spirit is often possible.

Mrs. Fl., a patient who had been declared incurably insane by several physicians, was a refined lady of gentle disposition, who had become very wild and unmanageable, swearing constantly, and fighting with such violence that several persons were required to restrain her.

She was also subject to coma states, again to fainting spells, would refuse food, announce that she “had been married above by celestial powers,” and used extraordinarily vile language; these various phases alternated constantly, but no full proof of obsession was evidenced until one day when Mrs. Fl. lost all power of speech, and, mumbling idiotically, simulated perfectly a deaf and dumb person.

At this time a gentleman from an adjoining state came to the house to visit a patient and, shortly after his arrival, the nurse who attended Mrs. Fl. reported that the patient had again changed and was talking like a little child. So striking was this alteration that the gentleman was asked to step into the room to observe the patient. He was a total stranger to her but as he entered the room she pointed to him and said, in a high childish voice:

“I know that man! He used to put bows on my shoulders. And he pulled my toofies! He took me to a gypsy camp too! He lived right across the street from me, and he used to call me Rosebud. I’m four years old.”

The astonished gentleman corroborated every statement, saying that he had known such a child in his home town in Iowa, but that she had died the year before. He explained that he was very fond of children and had on several occasions taken the child to a gypsy camp, and that whenever he bought taffy-on-a stick for the

little girl, he would tug at the stick while she was eating the candy and playfully threaten to pull her teeth.

It was evident that affection had attracted the spirit child to her friend, and that she found in Mrs. Fl. a vehicle through which she could make her presence known to the gentleman.

The patient was relieved of this spirit and gradually of other obsessing influences, and several months later was pronounced entirely competent to sign legal papers, being declared normal and sane by a judge and jury.

Another case in point was that of Mrs. O., who was a cook in a restaurant. She had observed a waitress acting queerly, laboring under delusions and hallucinations, and brought her to my office. After an electrical treatment the patient declared she felt greatly relieved and returned to her home.

But that night Mrs. O. herself became disturbed by an unaccountable condition which prevented her from sleeping, and her restlessness continued until ten o'clock the following morning, when, in the midst of her preparations for dinner, she suddenly became wild, tore her hair, and threatened to harm herself.

I was sent for and arriving, found Mrs. O. raving in a demented condition, complaining of being chased here and there and being unable to find a resting place. Suspecting the presence of an invisible entity, I placed Mrs. O. in a chair, pinioned her arms to prevent a struggle, and after several remarks the entity declared it was a man, but denied being dead, or obsessing a woman.

The spirit said his name was Jack, that he was an uncle of the troubled waitress, and that he had been a vagabond in life. After

reasoning with the intelligence he began to realize his situation, and, promising to cause no further annoyance, left. Mrs. O. then immediately became her normal self and returned to her work without any further disturbance.

It was later ascertained from the waitress that she had had an uncle named Jack, who had been a vagabond, and that he was dead. In this experience Mrs. O. had acted as the psychic intermediary to whom the spirit obsessing the waitress had been transferred.

A number of years ago Dr. Lydston wrote in the Chicago papers of a patient who, although having no knowledge of French or music sang well the “Marseillaise” in French when placed under the influence of an anesthetic. Dr. Lydston, denying the continued existence of the ego, explained this phenomenon as one of subliminal consciousness, or unconscious memory, comparing it with the case of the uneducated domestic, who, in delirium, recited classic Latin as perfectly as her former employer, a Professor of Latin, had done during his life.

I replied, in a newspaper article, that such phenomena were frequently met with in psychic research, and stated that, despite the classification of materialistic scientists, these cases clearly proved the posthumous existence of spirits and their ability to communicate through mortals. I added that if the truth were known about these two cases, we would find that the man who sang French was a psychic sensitive and had at the time been controlled by some outside intelligence, while in all probability the domestic who recited Latin was obsessed by the spirit of the former professor.

Shortly after this the gentleman alluded to by Dr. Lydston

called on me, having read my article, and said: "I don't know anything about French, but I do know that I am bothered to death by spirits."

In the study of cases of "Multiple Personalities," "Dissociated Personalities," or "Disintegrated States of Consciousness," modern psychologists disclaim the possibility of foreign intelligences on the ground that these personalities give neither evidence of supernormal knowledge, nor of being of spiritistic origin.

Our experience, to the contrary, has proven that the majority of these intelligences are oblivious of their transition and hence it does not enter their minds that they are spirits, and they are loath to recognize the fact.

In the case of Miss Beauchamp, as recorded by Dr. Morton Prince, in "The Dissociation of a Personality," reporting four alternating personalities, no claim was made that any outside intelligences were responsible for the various personalities, and yet "Sally" (personality 3) insisted that she herself was not the same as Miss Beauchamp (Christine), that her own consciousness was distinct from that of Miss Beauchamp, and told of Miss Beauchamp's learning to walk and talk. "When she was a very little girl just learning to walk ... I remember her thoughts distinctly as separate from mine."

Similarly in the case of Bernice Redick of Ohio, the young school girl who constantly changed from her normal self to the personality of "Polly," an unruly child, every indication is given of the influence of a discarnate spirit, probably ignorant of being dead, controlling Miss Redick.

That such "personalities" are independent entities could easily be proven, under proper conditions, by transference of the same to

a psychic intermediary, as similar experiments have so abundantly demonstrated.

Any attempt to explain our experiences on the theory of the Subconscious Mind and Auto-Suggestion, or Multiple Personalities, would be untenable, since it is manifestly impossible that Mrs. Wickland should have a thousand personalities, and since it is so readily possible to cause transference of psychosis from a supposedly insane person to Mrs. Wickland, relieving the victim, and in this way discovering that the disturbance was due to a discarnate entity, whose identity can often be verified.

Individuals who are clairaudient suffer greatly from the constant annoyance of hearing the voices of obsessing entities (the “auditory hallucinations” frequently observed by alienists), and when such a person is present in a psychic circle where the spirits are dislodged and transferred to the psychic intermediary, interesting developments occur.

An illustration is the case of Mrs. Burton, a clairaudient patient who was constantly combating obsessing spirits, and who, while attending our circle, was relieved of her unwelcome companions. In the following records the conversation of the spirits through the psychic, Mrs. Wickland, will elucidate the characteristics of the several entities.

SPIRIT: CARRIE HUNTINGTON PATIENT: MRS. BURTON

Doctor Tell us who you are.

Spirit I do not wish you to hold my hands.

Dr. You must sit still.

Sp. Why do you treat me like this?

Dr. Who are you?

Sp. Why do you want to know?

Dr. You have come here as a stranger, and we would like to know who you are.

Sp. What are you so interested for?

Dr. We should like to know with whom we are associating. If a stranger came to your home, would you not like to know his name?

Sp. I do not want to be here and I do not know any of you. Somebody pushed me in here, and I do not think it is right to force me in like that. And when I came in and sat down on the chair you grabbed my hands as if I were a prisoner. Why was I pushed in here? (Brought in control of psychic by guiding intelligences.)

Dr. You were probably in the dark.

Sp. It seems somebody took me by force.

Dr. Was there any reason for it?

Sp. I do not know of any reason, and I do not see why I should be bothered like that.

Dr. Was no reason given for handling you in this manner?

Sp. It has been a terrible time for me for quite a while. I have been tormented to death. I have been driven here, there and everywhere. I am getting so provoked about it that I feel like giving everything a good shaking.

Dr. What have they done to you?

Sp. It seems so terrible. If I walk around I am so very miserable. I do not know what it is. Sometimes it seems as if my senses were being knocked out of me. Something comes on me like thunder and lightning. (Static treatment of patient.) It makes such a noise. This terrible noise - it is awful! I cannot stand it any more, and I will not either!

Dr. We shall be glad if you will not stand it any more.

Sp. Am I not welcome? And if I am not, I do not care!

Dr. You are not very particular.

Sp. I have had so much hardship.

Dr. How long have you been dead?

Sp. Why do you speak that way? I am not dead. I am as alive as I can be, and I feel as if I were young again.

Dr. Have you, not felt, at times, as if you were somebody else ?

Sp. At times I feel very strange, especially when it knocks me senseless. I feel very bad. I do not feel that I should have this suffering. I do not know why I should have such things.

Dr. Probably it is necessary.

Sp. I feel I should be free to go where I please, but it seems I have no will of my own any more. I try, but it seems somebody else takes possession of me and gets me into some place where they knock me nearly senseless. If I knew it, I never would go there, but there is a person who seems to have the right to take me everywhere, but I feel I should have the right to take her. (Referring to patient.)

Dr. What business have you with her? Can't you live your own life?

Sp. I live my own life, but she interferes with me. I talk to her. She wants to chase me out. I feel like chasing her out, and that is a real struggle. I cannot see why I should not have the right just as well as she has.

Dr. Probably you are interfering with her.

Sp. She wants to get rid of me. I am not bothering her. I only talk to her sometimes.

Dr. Does she know you talk to her?

Sp. Sometimes she does, and then she chases me right out She acts all right, but she gets so provoked. Then, when she gets into that place, I am knocked senseless and I feel terrible. I have no power to take her away. She makes me get out.

Dr. You should not stay around her.

Sp. It is my body, it is not hers. She has no right there. I do not see why she interferes with me.

Dr. She interferes with your selfishness.

Sp. I feel I have some right in life - I think so.

Dr. You passed out of your body without understanding the fact, and have been bothering a lady. You should go to the spirit world and not hover around here.

Sp. You say I am hovering around. I am not hovering around, and I am not one to interfere, but I want a little to say about things.

Dr. That was why you had the “thunder” and “the knocks.”

Sp. That was all right for a while, but lately it is terrible. I must have understanding.

Dr. You will have it now.

Sp. I will do anything to stop that terrible knocking.

Mrs. B. (Recognizing the spirit as one who had been troubling her.) I am mighty tired of you. Who are you, anyway?

Sp. I am a stranger.

Mrs. B. What is your name?

Sp. My name?

Mrs. B. Have you one?

Sp. My name is Carrie.

Mrs. B. Carrie what?

Sp. Carrie Huntington.

Mrs. B. Where do you live?

Sp. San Antonio, Texas.

Mrs. B. You have been with me a long time, haven't you? (It had been a number of years since Mrs. B. had been in San Antonio.)

Sp. You have been with me a long time. I should like to find out why you interfere with me. I recognize you now.

Mrs. B. What street did you live on?

Sp. I lived in many different places there.

Dr. Do you realize the fact that you have lost your own mortal body? Can you remember having been sick?

Sp. The last I remember I was in El Paso. I do not remember anything after that. I went there and I do not seem to remember when I left. It seems that I should be there now. I got very sick one day there.

Dr. Probably you lost your body then.

Sp. After El Paso I do not know where I went. I went some distance. I traveled on the railroad and it was just like I was nobody. Nobody asked me anything and I had to follow that lady (Mrs. B.) as if I were her servant, and I feel very annoyed about it.

Mrs. B. You worried me to death because you sang all the time.

Sp. I had to do something to attract your attention, because you would not listen to me any other way. You traveled on the train and it took me away from my home and folks, and I feel very much hurt about it. Do you understand?

Mrs. B. I understand you far better than you do me.

Dr. Can't you realize what has been the matter with you?

Sp. I want to tell you that I do not want those knockings any more. I will stay away.

Dr. Understand your condition; understand that you are an ignorant, obsessing spirit, and that you have no physical body. You died, probably at the time you were sick.

Sp. Could you talk to a ghost?

Dr. Such things certainly do happen.

Sp. I am not a ghost, because ghosts cannot talk. When you are dead, you lie there.

Dr. When the body dies, it lies there. But the spirit does not.

Sp. That goes to God who gave it.

Dr. Where is He? Where is that God?

Sp. In Heaven.

Dr. Where is that?

Sp. It is where you go to find Jesus.

Dr. The Bible says: "God is Love; and he that dwelleth in Love dwelleth in God." Where will you find that God?

Sp. I suppose in Heaven. I cannot tell you anything about it. But I know I have been in the worst hell you could give me with those knockings. I do not see that they have done me any good. I do not like them at all.

Dr. Then you must stay away from that lady.

Sp. I see her well now, and I can have a real conversation with her.

Dr. Yes, but this will be the last time.

Sp. How do you know it will?

Dr. When you leave here you will understand that you have been talking through another person's body. That person is my wife.

Sp. What nonsense! I thought you looked wiser than to talk such nonsense.

Dr. It may seem foolish, but look at your hands. Do you recognize them?

Sp. They do not look like mine, but so much has taken place lately, that I do not know what I shall do. That lady over there, (Mrs. B.) has been acting like a madman, and I have taken it as it came, so I shall have to find out what she thinks of doing, and why she does those things to me.

Dr. She will be very happy to be rid of you.

Mrs. B. Carrie, how old are you?

Sp. You know that a lady never wants to tell her age.

Dr. Especially if she happens to be a spinster.

Sp. Please excuse me, you will have to take it as it is. I will not tell my age to any one.

Dr. Have you ever been married?

Sp. Yes, I was married to a fellow, but I did not care for him.

Dr. What was his name?

Sp. That is a secret with me. I would not have his name mentioned for anything, and I do not want to carry his name, either. My name is Carrie Huntington, because it was my name, and I do not want to carry his name.

Dr. Do you want to go to the spirit world?

Sp. What foolish questions you put to me.

Dr. It may seem foolish to you, but, nevertheless, there is a spirit world. Spiritual things often seem foolish to the mortal mind. You have lost your body.

Sp. I have not lost my body. I have been with this lady, but she does one thing I do not like very well. She eats too much. She eats too much and gets too strong, then I have no power over her body, not as much as I want to. (To Mrs. B.) I want you to eat less. I try very much to dictate to you not to eat that and that, but you have no sense. You do not even listen to me.

Mrs. B. This is the place I told you to go to, but you would not go by yourself.

Sp. I know it. But you have no business to take me where I get those knockings. I do not want to stay with you if you take those awful knockings.

Dr. They are in the next room. Do you want some?

Sp. No, thank you. Not for me any more.

Dr. Listen to what is told you, then you will not need any more. You are an ignorant spirit. I mean you are ignorant of your condition. You lost your body, evidently without knowing it.

Sp. How do you know?

Dr. You are now controlling my wife's body.

Sp. I never saw you before, so how in the world can you think I should be called your wife? No, never!

Dr. I do not want you to be.

Sp. I don't want you either!

Dr. I don't want you to control my wife's body much longer. You must realize that you have lost your physical body. Do you recognize these hands? (Mrs. Wickland's hands.)

Sp. I have changed so much lately that all those changes make me crazy. It makes me tired.

Dr. Now, Carrie, be sensible.

Sp. I am sensible, and don't you tell me differently, else you will have some one to tell you something you never heard before.

Dr. Now Carrie!

Sp. I am Mrs. Carrie Huntington!

Mrs. B. You listen to what the Doctor has to say to you.

Sp. I will not listen to any one, I tell you once for all. I have been from one to another and I do not care what becomes of me.

Dr. Do you know you are talking through my wife's body?

Sp. Such nonsense. I think that's the craziest thing I ever heard in my life.

Dr. Now you will have to be sensible.

Sp. Sensible? I am sensible. Are you a perfect man?

Dr. No, I am not, but I tell you that you are an ignorant, selfish spirit. You have been bothering that lady for some time, and we have chased you out by the use of those "knocks." Whether you understand it or not, you are an ignorant spirit. You will have to behave yourself, or else I will take you into the office and give you some more of those "knocks."

Sp. I don't want those knocks.

Dr. Then change your disposition. Realize that there is no death; when people lose their bodies they merely become invisible to mortals. You are invisible to us.

Sp. I will have nothing to do with you!

Dr. We want to help you and make you understand your condition.

Sp. I don't need help.

Dr. If you don't behave you will be taken away by intelligent spirits and placed in a dungeon.

Sp. You think you can scare me! You will find out what will happen to you.

Dr. You must overcome your selfish disposition. Look around; you may see some one who will make you care. You may see some one who will make you cry.

Sp. I don't want to cry. I like to sing, instead of cry.

Dr. Where is your mother?

Sp. I haven't seen her for a long time. My mother? My mother! She is in Heaven. She was a good woman, and is with God and the Holy Ghost, and all of them.

Dr. Look around and see if your mother is not here.

Sp. This place is not Heaven, - far from it. If this is heaven then it is worse than hell.

Dr. Look for your mother; she will put you to shame.

Sp. I have done nothing to be ashamed of. What business have you to give me those knocks and have me put in a dungeon? That lady and I made a bargain.

Dr. She made a bargain to come here and get rid of you. You have been fired out by electricity. You have lost your company.

Sp. Yes, for a while they all left me. I can't find them. (Other obsessing spirits.) Why did you chase that tall fellow away?

Dr. This lady wants her body to herself; she does not want to be tormented by earthbound spirits. Would you like them around you?

Sp. I don't know what you mean.

Dr. Can't you realize that you bothered that lady and made her life a perfect hell?

Sp. (To Mrs. B.) I have not bothered you.

Mrs. B. You woke me up at three o'clock this morning.

Sp. Well, you have no business to sleep.

Dr. You must live your own life.

Sp. I will.

Dr. That will be in a dark dungeon if you do not behave yourself.

Sp. How do you know?

Dr. You cannot stay here. You had better be humble and ask for help - that is what you need. My wife and I have been following this work for many years, and she allows all sorts of spirits to use her body, so they may be helped.

Sp. (Sarcastically) She is very good!

Dr. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Do you see your mother?

Sp. I don't want to see her. I don't want to call her away from Heaven.

Dr. Since Heaven is a condition of happiness she could not be in any "Heaven" with a daughter like you, - she could not be happy. Suppose you were in Heaven, and had a daughter, would you like her to act as you do?

Sp. I do not act contrary. What is the situation? Tell me that!

Dr. I have already told you the situation. You are controlling my wife's body.

Sp. How do I do that?

Dr. Because of higher laws, and because you are a spirit. Spirit and mind are invisible. You are so selfish that you do, not care to understand.

Sp. This is not Heaven.

Dr. This is Los Angeles, California.

Sp. For God's sake, no (An expression never used by Mrs. Wickland.) How did I come here?

Dr. By staying around that lady. That is how. She had to take those "knocks" to get you out.

Sp. She's a fool to do it.

Dr. She wants to get rid of you and she will get rid of you.

Sp. I will not have those knocks any more.

Dr. Higher spirits will show you something you do not like, if you do not behave yourself.

Sp. (Shrinking from some vision.) I don't want that!

Dr. It is not what you want; it is what you get.

Sp. Is that so!

As nothing could be done to bring the spirit to an understanding, she was taken away by intelligent spirits.

Upon a later occasion, when the patient, Mrs. Burton, was in the circle, another spirit was removed from her and, controlling Mrs. Wickland, spoke in a very individualistic manner.

When “psychiatric illnesses” turn out to be obsessing spirits of the dead...

Carl Wickland (Wiklund) was a Swedish born, professional American psychiatrist who turned away from conventional medical psychology and became convinced that many psychiatric illnesses were the result of the influence of the obsessive spirits of the dead. With the help of his wife and medium Anna W. Anderson, Wickland communicated with the spirits. These intriguing sessions make up the bulk of the book *Thirty Years Among the Dead*. His conversations with, in most cases, confused spirits, who don't even realize they are dead, are indexed in thematic chapters: Tormenting Spirits & Marriage Disturbances - Spirits and Crime - Spirits and Suicide - Materialism and Indifference - Selfishness - Orthodoxy - Spirits and Narcotics, Inebriety, Amnesia - Psychic Invalidism - Orphans - Christian Science - and Theosophy.

Wickland's dedicated research, in combination with the excellent medium-ship of Anna, has resulted in one the most fascinating and taboo-breaking works on spiritualism and life after death-questions ever. Perhaps today the book is even more actual than it was in its publication year 1924. The mystery of death touches all of us, while, due to the intermingling of the modern rat-race, consumerism and internet-addiction, the general climate for the development of spiritual intelligence is worsening to levels that should concern all of us deeply.

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