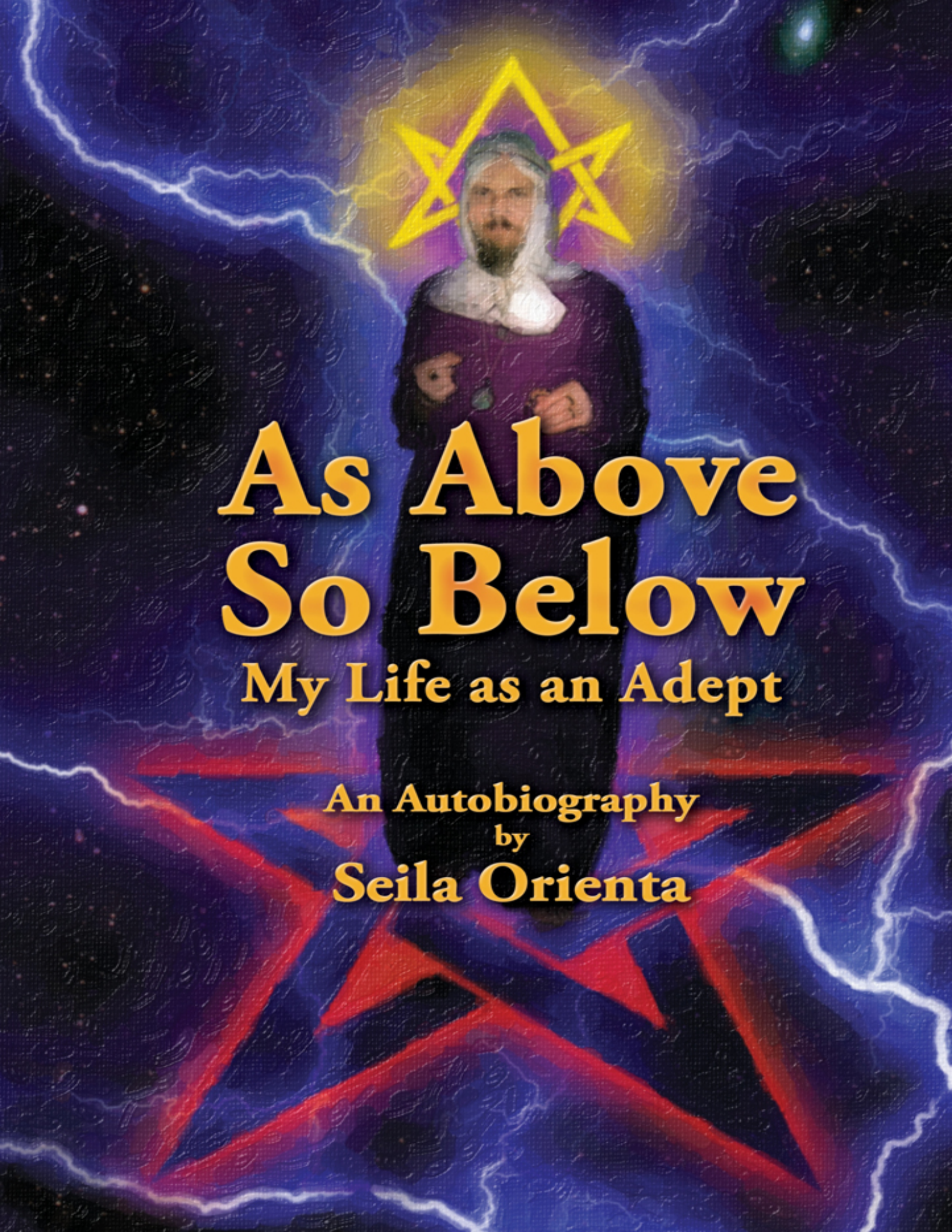




As Above So Below

My Life as an Adept

**An Autobiography
by
Seila Orienta**

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Foreword

As the oldest son of Seila Orienta, I wholeheartedly corroborate all that my father has written in this book is based on true experience and is the truth.

Often, a lack of recognition and acknowledgement of the deeds of great spirits seems to be a fate that these masters share. I am certain that some readers will ridicule and discredit all that my father had and still has to offer. Even some of Seila Orienta's students lacked the appreciation of the great accomplishments of this great soul. I too, did not recognize the true extend of my father's greatness until his passing into the astral world, and I have matured as an adult. Everything that my father has foretold me has come to pass as predicted and to this day, I feel his presence and hermetic guidance.

My father's solicitude has been misinterpreted and pure egotism and pride of some students sadden my father at times.

However, my father's main concern was the hermetic development of his students. As a matter of fact, he saw his students' development as his main mission in his life. To achieve his goal, my father demonstrated superb patience and endurance and his love and dedication for others and went so far as overstepping karmic boundaries for his "Hermetic League Circle".

Moreover, I am filled with gratitude that I may now continue Seila Orienta's mission to publish his writings that will bear fruit and prove indispensable in the future.

Seila Orienta's closest confidantes, to whom I may count myself, continue Seila Orienta's mission under his guidance so that every conscientious hermetic student may escape the quagmire of the material world to find the strength and resolution to successfully and confidently walk the golden middle path.

That is my father's legacy.

Book I
My Life

1.

My Present Incarnation

My extraordinary life on the earthly plane began on January 14th, 1951. Before I was able to form my own memories of my childhood, my parents told me that I had been alert and awake mainly during the night hours. During daylight hours I had slept the day away soundly and tranquil, but once the sun passed behind the horizon, I arose rested and full of energy. Thus, was my life's structure until I turned six years of age.

At that time, my father fell ill and convalesced more than a year in various hospitals and spas. One day, as he was released from the hospital, he raised his voice in anger at me. Without hesitation, I threatened him with a rock in my hand. My aim was correct and the projectile soundly struck his head, which compounded his anger as he sought to punish me. He and I wore shorts as it was summertime and I ran through a large patch of stinging nettles with my father close at my heels. Not one of the stingers caused harm to my legs, but my father ceased his pursuit in pain and stinging agony.

I enjoyed a Catholic upbringing and at age nine I met a devout and saintly pastor who solidified my faith in the Divine. However, churches and mass caused discomfort in my very soul as I preferred to pray the Lord's Prayer "Our Father who art in heaven" in quietude surrounded by nature,

for I did not want to pray in crowded churches. During the prayer, I imagined the Lord in heaven figuratively, that I felt a personal connection to God. Once I spoke the phrase "Give us this day our daily bread" I held out both hands for the Lord to place something in my hands. Only what I received was not bread and the Lord, then said in my mind, "one cannot live by bread alone," and I was content. With the words "forgive us our trespasses," I practiced introspection and promised to give up a favorite toy for penance.

This way I lived a life in harmony with my faith. The prayers enabled me to feel close to God and felt blessed with intuition and inspiration. This wonderful harmony lasted throughout my childhood.

During my adolescence I gave the impression of being just like anyone else. Early on, I discovered an undeniable ability to influence my average peers, demonstrated a solid faith and a well-balanced character. On the day I saw my future wife for the first time, I said to her brother that she would become my wife, even though I didn't know her. In the long run, all plans I hatched came to fruition.

Somber days had cast a dark and heavy shadow upon my spirit. Sometimes the heavy hand of fate made it difficult to live on day by day. Fate had cast my entire family down into a morass of misfortune, leaving us with just the naked necessities of life. Years of misfortune and malaise forced me into the depth of despair, a condition that I would wish upon no one.

Many trials in my life stayed to this day and only my strong belief in my Godhead and my path towards the light enabled me to walk confidently through all encumbrances of my existence. Karma unleashed a never-ending storm as I

navigated through my life, but in the long run, I learned to master what fate has thrown at me and mastered to stand firmly on my feet, despite the storm. After all, I had caught a glimpse the light that shone as a distant beacon in a far distance as I held on to my life raft of faith in God and in the confidence of soaring into comforting heights within the light world that lie ahead. With Franz Bardon's wise guidance, I found the tool to realize and fulfill my calling in this life.

Initially, I abused my gifts for nefarious purposes in my younger days. For example: As a young man, I was drafted into the army, and spend some days in the stockade for various infractions. One evening, when I smoldered in my cell once again, I hypnotized the security personnel and ordered each guard to hand over his weapon and I had the key keeper unlock the cell before I had all succumb to a deep slumber. Naturally, I repeated this prank every night since none of the personnel had any recall of the incident the night before. This was, in fact, just the beginning!

After serving my term in the army, I lived in Dortmund-Marten for some time, where I studied "Practice of Magical Evocation" and decided to evoke a being from the Venus sphere. Since I have not worked with being of the lower spheres in the first place, this evocation proved to be a difficult undertaking. For this reason, I decided to work with a medium. Soon I found a suitable person who would serve as a medium. In a basement room, I hypnotized my medium and after entering into a state of trance, I ordered my medium to locate a being called Hagiel.

Endowed with a great imagination, I immersed myself into a universe of indescribable vibrant green color, which cannot be found on our earthly plane. Within this sea of green color I petitioned my Godhead to stand by me. Once I

felt at ease with my surroundings, I called out Hagiel's name into this sea of green light. I imagined her sigil in my mind until I sensed the approach of a great queen. Suddenly, I realized that my mental body was incapable of withstanding the oscillations of such a great being. The imagined sea of light began to fade. Hastily I loudly chanted Hagiel's name again and again. Once my consciousness reached the material world again, the medium opened his eyes and spoke with an altered feminine voice: "What do you want from me? Your actions pose an infraction of the universal law!"

I retorted that my evocative abilities are limited to using this process and that she may forgive me for my actions. Hagiel scolded me over the fact I used a male medium rather than a female one, which would be only appropriate when calling a female spirit.

"Are you really Hagiel?" I queried.

"If you need proof on my authenticity," she answered, "what do you desire?"

At this moment, someone knocked at the basement window that faced the curb outside. I opened the window and invited this nosey young man to join me at my undertaking. Once the young man faced the medium, which executed some gesture with his hand, the young man fell into a deep coma for 30 minutes. When he awoke, he fled the basement room in panic and fright. From this time forth, I was able to operate without any such disruptions.

Over time, I found 12 people to practice evocations around my medium. I spent the next two years harmoniously, filled with wonderfully strange experiences and one true evocation of a spirit being. At this time I

gradually gained psychic power, just as my faith began to wither.

Our group of seven adults and five juveniles founded a circle I called "Bardonkreis" (Bardon-Circle League). The older members felt that honor and authority ought to be bestowed on them, rather than myself as the founder of the circle that caused much friction and discord among the members.

Hagiel withdrew and a demonic being filled her vacancy. Hagiel did not neglect to inform me of her departure from our circle's influential sphere. At this time on, I rarely joined any meetings. I began to undermine the circle by being in steady contact with this demonic being. Soon after, my contact with the demonic being began bear unexpected fruits.

I participated in a circle meeting and demanded to act as a medium. Immediately, chaos wreaked havoc among the members. One member, a 22-year old woman, ran hysterically through the room and lifted a 600-pound wooden cabinet off the floor at one end. The cabinet almost collapsed due to its own weight. Another member left the room panic-stricken by bursting through the closed door, thus destroying it. Yet, another member lifted the sofa together with four cowering occupants into the air.

I ended these horrific activities and informed the remaining members of the kind of being the group has associated with. In the end, this event broke our circle permanently. The medium was still possessed by the demonic being, which I exorcised only through great effort and the help of a more elevated positive being under the condition that the details of the exorcism shall not be revealed.

2.

A New beginning

After I lost contact with Hagiel and some other beings of the earth zone, I began to feel an inner emptiness and discontentment. Due to karma, my mental and astral awareness began to fade. To improve my condition, I searched for recipes for the creation of magick salves and fluid condensers aiding the detachment of my mental matrix. This way I invented an excellent elixir that enabled my mental body to exit my physical body at a moment's notice. Needless to say, the use such elixirs proved to be highly toxic as well as detrimental to a decay of my health. All this experimenting resulted in an extended hospital stay and an elemental shift within my mental body caused arbitrary separation of the matrix. Although I learned much about the astral plane at this time of my life, I found myself at risk of permanent damaging my health. On the other hand, I communicated with lower astral entities as well as with diseased individuals and travelled the panes at my own leisure.

As my body slowly began dying, I found myself mentally thrust into the heights of the mental sphere where I made the acquaintance of three beings, which ultimately saved my physical life. At my arrival, these beings led me into a triangular room, whose left wall was covered with unfamiliar symbols. One of the beings informed me that this wall represents my past. The wall in front of us was covered in symbols as well. Again, I was unable to decipher the

symbols of the central wall. I noted that these symbols oscillated a disquieting ambiance upon my psyche. The second being, which appeared to be a magos of high ranking, pointed to the central wall and said: "As you can see, this center wall is only partially covered with symbols. This wall represents your present life. Your present lifestyle will sabotage any future progress of walking your path. Therefore, nothing more can be written on your wall of present life. Needless to say, the right wall, which represents your future, will remain blank, as you would have wasted your opportunity. This center wall, your present life, proves to be of paramount importance since it may profit your future. The right wall symbolizes your future. You may not be aware of this, but the future will also have some bearing on your present life. So I urge you to weigh the karmic consequences of squandering your life in such a manner."

Understandably, I was shaken by these harsh, but honest words. As I glanced quietly at my unfinished life, symbolized by the right wall, the third being broke the momentary silence: "You have accepted an important mission that best suits your character. Awake from your stupor so that you can see your true self! You have burdened yourself with negative karma. Learn from your past misdeeds and your mastery thereof, and teach others who want to study the hermetic sciences. Lead your students by example and illustrate how fate will mercilessly penalize any missteps in life."

As soon as the last words faded, I found myself alone in this triangular room. Sadness filled my heart and an image of Master Arion slowly materialized before my eyes as he instructed me to set up a circle for true hermetic students. He conferred abilities to me and called latent abilities to my attention. From this moment onward, my mission became