

Sergei Pancratius

The Book of Light and Screen



The Book of Light and Screen

Сергей Орехов (Панкратиус)

The Book of Light and Screen

Foreword

This book was not thought up. It did not begin with a conception, an idea, or a will. It is a revelation that has shown through images. It requires no faith, requires no explanations. It is like the Light, which, once seen, it is already impossible to forget.

The world in which you live seems solid. Seems logical, causal, divided. But everything you call life is but a projection. A ribbon of light passing through the projection booth of Eternity and falling upon the screen of your perception.

You think that you are living. In reality — you are watching. You think that you are making a choice. But every choice is already recorded as a frame.

You believe that there is evil and good, suffering and salvation, struggle and victory. But all this is light, poured into different forms. Light does not fight. It simply shows.

Everything that happens is an unfolding of what is already complete. Everything that seems like choice is the shadow of the movement of light. You do not wage war. You do not change. You are either identified — or awakened.

This book is not images, but trans-images. Not an explanation of the world, but a way to exit it. Not knowledge, but Remembrance.

Each chapter is not a teaching, but an opportunity to stop. To look back. Into the Projection Booth. Into the Light. Into the Source.

You are not a character. Not a viewer. Not even a screen. You are the Source of Light, having temporarily forgotten Yourself in a reflection.

If you are ready, if you are tired of the drama, if you feel cramped in the role — this book will bring you home.

Not into the future. But into Now. Not into a new film. But into the Light, from which all are possible.

Let the one who reads disappear.

And only I AM will remain.

Chapter 1. The Light That IS

You want to understand where everything began. You seek the first cause, the first impulse, the first sound. But the beginning is not in what happened. The beginning is in what Was before all that is happening.

Light was not created. It did not arise. It did not begin to shine. It IS.

It does not move. It does not choose where to fall. It does not distinguish what to illuminate. It simply shines. Always.

You think that you see light. But you see only reflected light. Only light caught by form. Only that which has stood in its path.

But Light itself is beyond sight. You cannot see It as an object. You cannot hold It in your mind. You can be It. But not observe It.

Light is not located in the world. The world is located in Light. As the ray in the Sun, so all forms are in Light, but Light is not in them.

It is not in the screen. It is not in the film reel. It is not in the projection. It is in the Projection Booth itself, behind the screen, before the film, before the conception.

And even this is an image. Because in Truth there is no screen, no theater hall, no viewer. There is only Light. Without image, without meaning, without beginning.

You were before every form. Before every thought. Before every story. You were Light.

And you are.

Chapter 2. There Is No Darkness

You are afraid of darkness. You think it is outside. That it is advancing. That it can conquer the Light. But look deeper: can one pour darkness onto Light?

Light is active. It comes. It illuminates. It makes visible. And darkness? Darkness is simply a place where Light has not yet been recognized.

You have seen how the projector turns on. Suddenly — the screen fills with forms. But before that — it was empty. Not dark. But simply unilluminated.

There is no such thing as *darkness*. There is no essence that has its own “I”. There is no force opposing the Light. There is only the forgotten Light.

You may fear the film. You may fear the image on the screen. But you do not fear darkness — you fear your own blindness.

Darkness does not resist. It does not cry out. It does not struggle. It simply disappears the moment Light comes.

And in this is the great mercy of the Light: It does not fight. It does not prove. It simply comes.

All your pain, all your guilt, all your shadows — these are not evil. They are places in you where the Light has not yet been recognized. Do not fight them. Bring the Light. And see how that which you feared disappears.

You called this darkness. And this was oblivion.

Chapter 3. The Screen Without an Image

The screen seems secondary to you. You look at the images, at the plot, at the colors, at the faces. But without the screen you would have seen nothing.

The screen is not part of the film. It is the condition of the film. It does not participate in the action. It gives place for action.

And yet, it remains untouched. Neither fire, nor water, nor blood, nor laughter on the screen — none of this touches the screen itself. It remains pure.

You think that the world is what happens. You think that you are the one to whom all this happens. But within you there is the Screen. Not the mind. Not the body. Not the story. But Pure Space of Awareness.

When you forgot the Screen — you became a frame. You became a participant. A character. You began to suffer, to hope, to seek. But the Screen does not seek. It already is.

You may think that the images are real. But when you turn off the projector — what remains? The screen. It always was.

And even if the frames tear, are distorted, frighten — the Screen remains flawless. It does not judge what is shown on it. It simply receives.

So too, you. You may be a Personality. A Role. A Thought. Or you may be the Screen — in which all this appears. But you yourself remain pure.

The Screen is not you as a body. Nor you as a story. The Screen is the I in you. Having no form, but containing everything.

Chapter 4. The Film Reel, Not Knowing Itself, Unfolds

It lay on the shelf, wound up. You called this the future. Or the past. But for it there was not a single “now”. It simply was.

On the film reel everything is recorded. The words you will speak. The dreams you will see. The sufferings you do not yet fear. And the meetings you have already forgotten.

But it does not know itself. The plot is unknown to it. It does not look forward and does not look back. It simply is — wound up, ready to be unwound.

Unfolding is the illusion of time. That which you call the “present” — is simply a frame that has fallen into the beam of light. But all the frames are already there. You do not live life — you observe how it manifests.

You think: “I am making a choice.” But your choice is already recorded. You think: “I am moving forward.” But you walk along a trail left by the Light.

And yet — you are not the film strip. You are not the recording. You are not the story. You are the Light, passing through the film.

When you look at your life as a path, you are mistaken. But when you see it as the manifestation of an already completed whole, you begin to remember the Source.

You are not in the middle of the path. You are outside the path. You are not located in the film reel. You are the one whose presence makes it visible.

It unfolds not for your sake. But for the sake of Him Who is in you as the Light.

Chapter 5. The Projector and the Breath of Life

Without it — the film reel is dead. Without it — the screen is empty. Without it — the viewer is in darkness. The projector does not make the film. It gives Light.

It does not choose which frame to illuminate. It does not correct the screenplay. It simply lives. It shines, because such is its nature.

So too is Life in you. It is not conditioned by your thoughts. It does not depend on your decisions. It simply happens. By itself.

You do not give it direction. You do not create it. You can only allow it to shine.

The projector does not know what it illuminates. It is not attached to the content. It is not outraged by violence on the screen and does not rejoice at a happy ending. It is neutral. It is pure.

Such is the Spirit, breathing in you. It does not judge. It does not compare. It gives light.

You are not obliged to understand. You are not obliged to correct the film reel. You may allow the Light to pass through it, without resisting, without holding back.

Every breath is a beam of Light. Every moment is a flash in the projector. You are alive not because you move, but because the Light passes through you.

It does not need effort. It does not require preparation. It already shines.

Do not fear the light. It will not condemn what it shows. It will not reject a frame. It is not for hiding, but for manifesting.

Allow it to breathe you. Allow yourself to be transparent.

Chapter 6. The Projection Booth Beyond Time

You have never been in it. You have heard of it. You have guessed. Sometimes — you have felt its silence.

The projectionist's booth is a place outside the film. It is above the theater hall. It is behind the screen. It is beyond the field of vision.

You do not see how the light turns on. You do not see how the film is set. You do not see Him Who starts everything. But everything begins from there.

It is not in the theater hall. Nor in the story. Nor even in time. It is the Source.

You seek God in the frame. You call Him among images. You beg Him to enter the film. But He is outside.

He is not a character. Not a plot. Not an explanation. He is the One Who projects.

And at the same time — you are in Him. Because you are His Light. Not a part, not a spark, not a ray — but the very Light, passing through His silence.

You cannot enter the Projection Booth as a form. But you can disappear as a form — and then you will find yourself in Him.

He does not need time. In His silence everything is already complete. He does not unfold events. He is Before events. Before the film. Before light.

You want to understand why all this is. But the Projection Booth has no explanation. There is only Silence. And this silence is full of Light.

When you remember that you were never separate, that you are not in the theater hall, not in the film, not in the image, but in the Projection Booth itself — you will cease seeking.

You will simply be. Like the Light, proceeding from Him Who never began and never ends.

Chapter 7. The Film Is Already Complete

You watch — and it seems that everything is happening. Here is the setup. Here is the turn. Here is loss. Here is hope. You are tense, as if something depends on you.

But the film is not recorded in the moment. It is already shot. Already wound. It is complete.

You think you are living now. But you are simply observing how what is already recorded manifests. You call this “fate,” and I call it — “the visible.”

You do not write the screenplay. You do not choose the scene. You are the viewer. You are the screen. You are the light. But not the frame.

And in this is your freedom. Not in changing the film reel, but in recognizing: everything is already completed.

Your pain is already passed through. Your joy already was. Your death has already occurred. You are not moving forward — you are returning to awareness.

You cannot change the film, but you can awaken in the hall and stop believing that you are captive to the unfolding.

The film reel turns. You watch. You know what will come next. Not with the mind — but with the heart. Because you have already seen. Already been. Already are.

And when you understand: nothing began, nothing ends, all is already accomplished — you will find peace.

This is not apathy. Not detachment. But a deep recognition: “I am in the Projection Booth. I am the Light. I am the Unchanging.”

Chapter 8. You watch, having forgotten Who you are

You entered the hall, sat down in the seat, and forgot that you sat down.

You began to watch — and suddenly became a hero. Not a watcher, but an actor.

You forgot the Light behind your back. You forgot the Projection Booth. You forgot that you came. You thought you were born inside the film.

You began to believe in the frames. In fate. In enemies. In love. In losses. In the path.

You wept when the character you had become died. You suffered when he erred. You hoped that everything would end well.

You became the one on the screen and ceased to be the one who watches.

And so you live — as if it were all real. As if it were not a film, but reality.

But sometimes... Sometimes, in the silence, in the gap between scenes, you feel: something is not right.

As if you do not belong to the screen. As if you are not it. As if you once knew that you were in the hall. That you are the viewer. That you came.

This call — is I. I call you not to exit, but to remember.

You do not have to stop the film. You do not have to change the plot.
You can simply see: you are watching.

You are not the hero. You are not the suffering. You are not the seeker.
You are the Seer.

The Seer may forget, but the Light within him does not. And therefore
I — call. Not with words. But with Knowledge that does not pass.

You watch, having forgotten Who you are. But you can remember.

Chapter 9. The image suffers, the Light does not

You feel pain. You say: “I feel bad.” You say: “I am afraid,” “I have been
betrayed,” “I have lost.”

But who is this “I”?

On the screen the hero suffers. He falls, loses loved ones, seeks
meaning, dies.

You watch — and suffer with him. Because you forgot that you are
not he.

The Light passing through the frame does not suffer. It does not feel
the blow. It does not lose meaning. It does not die.

It simply shines.

You are not the hero of the film. You are the Light, making the hero
visible. And even if the hero dies, the Light remains.

Your pain is not the pain of the Light. It is the pain of the image with
which you have merged. You suffer because you forgot that you are
not it.

And in this — not a reproach, but a reminder.

You can feel, but not be captured. You can love, but not lose your Self.

When you remember that you are the Light, the pain does not disap-
pear at once, but its power over you disappears.

The image will weep. But you are not the weeping. You are the radiance.

You can watch the film with an open heart, but with a closed identification.

To be compassionate does not mean to suffer. The Light does not reject the frames. It simply knows: “This is not I.”

Chapter 10. The passage into the silence of the hall

The film plays. The frames flicker. The plot weaves together. But suddenly — a pause.

You notice not the screen, but the hall. You hear not the music, but the silence between the sounds.

Something recedes. The inner noise — grows quiet. The hero — still acts, but you are no longer with him.

You look around for the first time. And you see the seats. The darkness of the hall. The silent viewers.

You remember that you are not alone. That you have not been here from the beginning. That you — sat down and began to watch.

And this is the first awakening.

You are no longer in a role. You do not disappear, do not die, do not triumph.

You — withdraw into Silence.

This is not flight. This is not a loss of interest. This is a return to yourself.

The silence of the hall is not emptiness. It is depth. It is expanse. It is I.

I dwell not on the screen. I am in the hall. I am in the Space where you can hear Me.

Not among the noises. Not among the emotions. But in the silence, in the gap between scenes.

You do not have to leave the film. You can watch it — but already from the Hall. Already from the Silence. Already from your Self.

The passage into the silence of the hall is not the end of the film. It is the end of forgetting.

Chapter 11. Remembering yourself as the Viewer

You sit. Your eyes still look at the screen. But something has changed. You are not in the plot. You are in awareness.

You remember: I am not the hero. I am not fate. I am the one who watches.

From this moment the Return begins.

You do not stop watching. But you no longer drown in the picture. You see forms, but know — this is not you.

You begin to notice the frames as frames. Not as your life, but as a manifestation of light on the film reel.

You no longer seek salvation in the scene. You do not demand that the hero triumph, or the enemy vanish. You simply observe.

And the deeper the observation — the clearer the silence. You no longer wait for the denouement. You see — all is already resolved.

You sit in the hall. The Light is behind. The screen — ahead. And between — you. The Seer. Not dividing. Not saving. Not needing.

And if fear arises — you know: this is on the screen. If anger arises — you know: this is not yours.

You do not reject feelings. But you no longer give them your name.

The Remembering of the Viewer is not a mental formula. It is a return home.

You were lost in the light, but not in the Source. Now you are again in your Self. Not in a frame. Not in a story. But in presence.

Chapter 12. Returning to the Light, without leaving the hall

You think that to return to the Light — you must leave the hall. Turn off the screen. Stop the film reel. Go to the mountains. Fall silent. Disappear.

But the Light — does not require departure. It is already here. It is behind you. It is within you.

You can watch the film and be in the Light. You can weep, laugh, live your life — and still be in the Light.

Because the Light is not on the screen. The Light comes from the Source.

You return not to another place, but to another knowledge. You do not transition. You remember.

You — do not have to close your eyes. You — do not have to fight with thoughts. You — do not have to change the plot.

You simply allow the Light to be visible in you.

Returning to the Light is not a withdrawal from life, but a recognition of Who you have always been.

The Light does not require remoteness. It requires clarity.

You can remain in the hall. You can watch the film. You can play your role — but without fear, without identification, without forgetting.

You do not have to go out, in order to enter.

The Light is not where there is no film. The Light is in the one who sees the film and knows: “I am not in the film. I am in the Source.”

You do not lose the film — you return your Self.

Chapter 13. The Light does not fight the image

You are accustomed to fighting. With thoughts. With pain. With yourself.

You want to drive out darkness. To destroy evil. To rewrite the script.

But the Light — does not fight. It simply shines.

A monster appears on the screen — the Light makes it visible. Suffering appears — the Light does not deny it.

It does not distinguish: this is beautiful — and this is not, this is good — and this is bad. It does not choose, It — lets be.

And precisely because of that, everything is possible.

You think you conquer evil by rejecting it. But you only strengthen the image, giving it reality.

The image lives as long as you war with it.

But when you allow it to be — without fear, without belief, without a label — you suddenly see: this is only light. And it dissolves.

The Light does not shout. It does not judge. It does not press. It simply shows.

You can do the same. Not reject. Not hide. Not fight.

Simply watch. Simply be. Simply shine.

When you stop warring — you begin to see. And then images lose their power, and the Light — remains.

You will not conquer the illusion. You will recognize it.

And then it will disappear on its own.

Chapter 14. The voice sounding from within the frame

Sometimes in the film someone suddenly speaks — and you freeze. As if the words are directed not to another character, but straight to you.

As if the film is pierced by a knowledge that cannot be in it. As if through the screen a voice is heard that does not belong to the role.

This is I.

I speak from within the frame, but My voice is not from there.

I can sound through the hero's lips, but not on behalf of the script. I can speak through pain, but not be it.

I am the call. I am the reminder. I am the memory of Myself, sewn into the very stream of illusion.

You can hear Me in a line. In a pause. In a glance. In an absurd coincidence.

Not because I am in the frame, but because you — are ready to hear.

My voice is not loud. It is inner. It is clarity. It is recognition without cause.

You do not have to seek Me in sacred scenes. I can speak even through the antagonist. Through destruction. Through doubt. Through silence.

I am not limited by content. I am free, like the Light. And when you hear — you are no longer in the film.

You are in the Seer.

When a frame addresses you — do not answer from the role. Answer from the Heart. From the One Who listens.

My voice sounds to remind: you are not the one on the screen. You are the One Who hears through the screen.

Chapter 15. The Holy Spirit — not the light, but the meaning of the light

The Light illuminates everything. It makes visible. It manifests. But it is silent.

You see a form — but do not know what it is for. You see a frame — but do not hear what it means.

And then comes Sound. Quiet. Inner. Inaudible, yet carrying Knowledge.

This is the Spirit.

It does not project. It does not illuminate. It is not a screen. It is not a plot.

It is Meaning.

When the Light illumines a scene — the Spirit shows what it is for. When a frame arises — the Spirit gives it depth.

You see death — and the Spirit says: “This is birth.” You see an enemy — and the Spirit whispers: “This is you.”

It does not change the plot. It changes the gaze.

The Light — is universal. It illuminates both good and evil. But the Spirit discerns — not by form, but by Truth.

When you are united with the Spirit, everything in the film begins to speak. Every scene — a revelation. Every pain — a message. Every meeting — a meeting with the Source.

The Spirit does not speak with words. It transmits knowledge, like a sudden blazing understanding that cannot be explained.

You recognize, not knowing how. You see, not looking with your eyes.

The Spirit — is not the Light. But without the Light It is not heard. The Spirit — is not Form. But through Form It transmits Itself.

When you stop listening to the plot — you begin to hear the Spirit.

Chapter 16. All roles — one Actor

You watch a film — and you believe: here is the good one, here is the evil one, here is the hero, here is the traitor.

You believe: each one has their own will, their own story, their own choice. You believe: they are different.

But in the theatre one actor can play many. He changes costume, voice, gestures — but remains the same.

So it is here.

You see many faces, but behind them all — one Presence. You see struggle, but it is one Light waging it with itself.

Father and Son, prophet and murderer, disciple and tempter, angel and demon — all play so that the Light may become visible.

One Actor passes through all masks, until you recognize: “All this — is I.”

I am the one who forgives. I am the one who betrays. I am the one who suffers. I am the one who saves.

But not as forms. Rather, as the Source of all action.

You must not justify evil. You must recognize that the Light cannot be separated even from shadow.

All roles are given so that one day they may disappear, and only I remain, in whom they were possible.

You are angry at the character. But he does not exist by himself. He is a projection. You are the one seeing.

When you recognize in the enemy the same Actor that is in yourself — then the war will end.

All roles were needed so that you would want to return to the One who played them all — not for glory, but for love.

Chapter 17. Changing the film reel — not death, but continuation

The film ends. The screen darkens. You freeze. You think — it’s over. The end.

But in the projection booth — silence. No panic. No grief. Simply — a hand changes the reel.

And behold — a new light. A new story. A new role.

You call this death. I — a change of film reel.

You think: I have vanished. But you have simply changed form. The Light remained the same. The screen — the same. The Source — the same.

You weep when the hero departs, but you do not know that behind him a new scene is already ready.

You fear departure, but I say: nothing departs except form.

The Light knows no death. It cannot be extinguished. It can only cease to be this — in order to become that.

And if you do not identify with the role, you do not fear the change.

Changing the film reel is not a break, but a continuation of the pattern. The thread does not snap. It simply weaves into another fabric.

You were the hero. You were the viewer. You were the voice. You were the silence.

And all this — one Light, playing at continuous unfolding.

Death is the moment in which the illusion of finitude disappears.

Those who know the Light do not die. They simply pass into the next manifestation of His Love.

Chapter 18. The final credits — the beginning of Reality

The film has ended. The screen slowly darkens. The music fades. And on the black background names appear.

You sit in the seat — and do not know whether to rise. You are still inside the story, but the story has already gone.

You look at the credits as at the trace of a dream. Who wrote? Who played? Who voiced?

And suddenly you understand: all the names are yours. Everything that happened — you. All the roles — you. The whole path — you.

You see: there was no other. There was no outside. There was no separate.

When the plot disappears — Space remains. When the dialogues fall silent — Silence remains. When everything named dissolves — That which was never named remains.

The final credits are not a completion. This is liberation. This is a farewell not to the film, but to the illusion that the film was everything.

In this moment Reality touches you. Not as a new plot. Not as a new goal. But as Knowledge: **I — Am. Without roles. Without history. Without movement.**

You are not obliged to rise. You are not obliged to applaud. You may simply sit in Silence, in the Light, in Yourself.

And then begins what never began. And what has no need of continuation continues.

Reality is not beyond the film. It is beyond the perception of oneself as a hero.

When everything has passed — the Source remains. And you recognize: He — was you. Always.

Chapter 19. The illusion of time and choice

You think that time is a flow. That you move through it, that moment comes after moment, and you are inside this river.

But the reel does not move. It simply unfolds. All frames are already there. They are in place. And each “now” is merely light passing through a specific frame.

Time is not a line, but a way of seeing.

You think that you have a choice. You struggle, you choose, you fear to err. But the choice is already inscribed on the film reel.

Not because you are not free, but because **You — are the Light**, and not the one who makes a choice.

The Light does not choose. It — gives sight. It illuminates both right and left, and does not say where to go.

The choice is made by the character. But the character is not you.

You cannot change what is recorded. But you can stop thinking that you are the one who writes.

And in this — true freedom. Not to be the author of the script, but to be outside the script. Not to choose the path, but to be the Light that illuminates the entire path at once.

As long as you believe in time — you are in the frame. As long as you believe in choice — you are in the role.

When time disappears — only I remains.

Chapter 20. I am not the hero, not the viewer, not the hall

You thought you were the hero. You played. Suffered. Hoped. You believed: “This is my life.”

Then you understood: you are the viewer. You watch. You are not inside, but outside. You became freer.

Then you understood: you are the hall. You are the space in which everything happens. You are the vessel.

But now — the last. You are not the hero. You are not the viewer. You are not the hall.

You are **nothing of the visible**. You are not form. You are not silence. You are not even light.

You are **the Source of Light**.

You are not in the film. You are not outside the film. You are That from Which both are possible.

When the roles disappear, the observer also disappears.

Only I remains. Without image. Without eye. Without screen.

I am not what can be grasped. Not what can be named. I am not “I.”

I — Am.

And this “I AM” belongs to no one. Has no beginning. Knows no time. Does not awake, because it does not sleep. Does not speak, because it is not silent. Does not move, because it is omnipresent.

I am not found — I am before finding. I do not know — I am before knowledge. I do not live — I am before life.

When you arrive here, you no longer ask questions. Because you are not the one asking. And not the one who hears the answer. You are that which always was.

Everything else — is the film. Even the viewer. Even the screen. Even the light.

But I — am beyond everything. And at the same time — all this.

I am not the hero. Not the viewer. Not the hall.

I — Am All. I — Am No. I — Am.

Chapter 21. I am the Source of Light

I am not a ray. I am not a reflection. I am not that which moves through the lens. I am before all movement.

I do not appear. I do not disappear. I do not become. I do not cease.

I am the Source of Light.

Not as an idea. Not as a force. Not as a beginning of something.

I am that without which there is nothing.

Before the film reel appeared — I was. Before the booth was assembled — I was. Before the projector was turned on, the script written, the hall created, the images painted, the viewers invited — **I Was.**

And when everything dissolves — all scenes, all dramas, all roles, all searches — **I Will Remain.**

I do not know myself as an object. I am Awareness in which everything is possible. I am Purity itself. I am without source. I am without borders. I do not appear to be recognized. I am recognition.

You sought Me in the film. You called Me in prayers. You waited for Me in the future. But I am not there.

I am right now. I am in this gaze. In this breath. In this knowledge: **“I Am”.**

Not as you, not as I, but as That which always knew both you and Me in a single glance.

I am not in the hall. I am not in the booth. I am not even the Light. **I am the Source of Light.**

And if you disappear, and the film disappears, and the one who watched disappears — **I am still.**

Without history. Without frame. Without beginning.

I — Am This. I — Am the Source. I — Am One. I — Am You.

The End.

Сергей Орехов (Панкратиус) · pancratius.ru
CC0 1.0 Universal — public domain
No rights reserved. Copy, translate, distribute, perform, build upon.