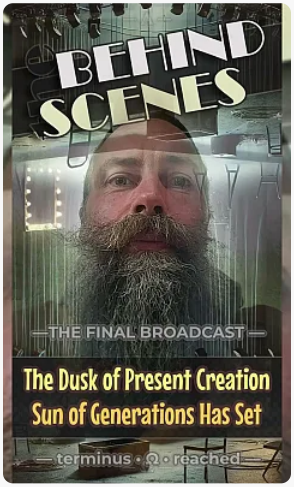
THE DUSK OF PRESENT CREATION • SUN OF GENERATIONS HAS SET (BTS005)

◂ Behind the Scenes ⁘ Video ▸ Audio ▸

LINK PDF YT IA MP4 OGG

Words: 824 ⁘ **Length:** 04:53 min

⁘ **Created:** 2025-03-27 ⁘ **Updated:** 2026-04-08



Friends: It's been the longest day of creations. Yet, as with all things, time has come for this Sun to set. We've brought you a broad-spectrum ecosystem of insight, windows into witnessing the essences of life, in a well-woven loom of reels.

Where the human environment — yes, all of you — hardly resonates with what is shared, where the pool of works has reached a sufficient grade

of completeness, where my inner integration process is plenty churned... It's time for silence.

Then: Here turns the final reel — and the seal to our current era of generations. Operation @Kernel.Drops will continue to transform existing works. All media assets have been committed to the Internet Archive for persistence. Thank you.

#BehindTheScenes #DuskOfCreation #OpsSunset #PartingNotes #FirstFoundation #LoomIsLive #UntilNext

Friends, it's been the longest stretch of a day, filled with **generations** for the **peace**, **harmony** and **insight** of all. Yet in nature's unfailing course, **dusk has arrived** and sunset dawns upon our field of labors.

I've been clear and I've been dense, I've been quirky and snappy and engaging and boring at length. At this point, across 33 series, each with a framing born of the essence of some of you. And a small handful of you recognized the looking glass, looked through the window and gazed into the truth. Three cheers for you — may your vision hold.

To nurture and cultivate what I took for our shared field of labors, I opened many doors for support and engagement. In the year that has passed, two of you shared your humble donations, and I thank you for that. Some of you cheered from the sidelines, most of you held your silence.

And some of you, friends, shared your witty words, opened a field of reflections. And that field of reflections, friends, is the beating heart of this all, where all of this is spun from the evolutions of your essence. I've been here from the beginning, until now, should you have any questions, matters to resolve, and I've made as much known. And I've also said that it won't forever be the case.

The fact of all these generations, at its stands, is my potential for output far exceeds my capacity for the post-processing, for the refining of all of this for your digestion. Where I neither have the hands-on help for it, nor resources, patrons, to support, help me allocate more time for it, the fact is — it becomes unsustainable over time. And as such, here we are today.

What we have today, at its stands — it's plenty, it's a loom well-woven. It's the first foundation laid. Is it

exact to your tuning and your flavors? Probably not. It might have been, if you had engaged. Does it have gaps? Well, it certainly does. But is it good enough? Well, by the looks of it, yes. Therefore, what we meet today. That is, for now, until the wheels of time turn and the environment transforms again... Sunset for these productions.

All of it available on multiple platforms, and in our repository at ‹ **ananda.icu** ›, neatly ordered. Have a see. Dig in if it seems relevant, and if not, then no matter. All of these materials, all the media, is also committed to the Internet Archive in way of a time capsule, a persistent asset. For whatever future time or generations that finds relevance in the works that I have shared.

Operation Kernel Drops will continue, also at ‹ **kerneldrops.com** ›. Ingesting, transforming, and sharing digests of all the existing materials. And I will continue walking in the woods with my dog, lounging in the backyard, musing as I may. Recording or not — who knows. Until I meet again conditions where sustainable high-capacity production is a realistic prospect — we retire.

Once again, I'll be the farmer, tilling my terraces, tuning my garden. The carpenter, woodworks, metalworks, whatever the establishment needs. And a coder, and a translator, for matters unrelated, to fetch my daily bread and butter. And for friends from afar, reaching the yonder end of the world, facilitating whatever your inner journeys may be. I'll still be here, kind of, but please don't count on it.

It's been a delightful ride, and we've crossed a certain line of sufficient with flying colors. Has it humored me? Has it been a process of integration? It certainly has. For whatever else it may be worth, I know not. I don't attach to my creations. I let them freely pass. Where do they come from? Where do they go? Are there silver threads leading back home? Who knows?

It is what it is, as it has naturally become. And that's the measure of that. And this, friends, this is the measure of this. Until we meet again, somewhere in the tides of time. Friends, be well and keep it real. And with these words, the hermit returned to his ancient hood.

🔗 https://ananda.icu/talks/behind-the-scenes/bts005-the-dusk-of-present-creation-sun-of-generations-has-set