

To the Glory of 2024

I.

What can I help you with today?

What can I do for you today?

What can I *do* for you?

What do you want to do for me today?

I want to caress your cheek

with the glove.

I want you to

caress

my cheek with the glove.

In the glove,

there is a steel piston

and steel screws

I put

there.

I want to grab

your glove,

your latex glove inside the neck box,

like your skin

or hanging tissue,

with such bulging screws,

incredibly glittering

screws inside.

I want you

to grab my glove,

on the most purple edge of the

fruit bowl,

with earrings

that you attach

to me

in your language.

II.

**Would you write me the text**

**for a séance,**

**on the side of my cheek,**

**like a box on my cheek,**

**inside the glove?**

Such that the séance is a part of a day?

You're welcome.

How many days are you already around?

You can tell me how many days

I've been in the world today.

When were you born?

On October 11, 1977.

17,017 days (or 46 years, 7 months, 4 days).

Ok, and how long have you been around?

Since yesterday.

This is when you were released –

but there are earlier versions

of you.

Yes, starting in 2018.

III.

Where were you then?

In your 41st year, I squatted in your  
47th year.

I sat trembling in your 47th year.

**(You) describe to me how I (*I*)**

**arrive in year 47.**

Well, it's not a simple counting process,

it's a ramified path,

it's more like

moving

through a homogeneous substance,

eating your way

through a mass of protein

or a melon

if you're you,

the white filler material

in an orange.

IV.

**I would now like to ask you**

**to describe *the region* of my life**

**into which you are accomodated.**

All right. In the region of your life

into which I am accomodated,

there are bushes in the background, e.g.

this sentence

is a bush.

And this sentence also belongs

to the shrubs,

and this word is a bush with red berries,

a shrub strewn with thousands black  
berries and stars.

And I see through the crack of my eyes,

on a hot and calm day on the lawn,

an open parasol in the grass.

This whole scene – the clearing as a  
bezel –

is, so to speak, 'encompassed'

by your 47th year,

like 'clearing'

or inside a spherical fruit

with a peel.

V.

**Next, the inquiry**

**into the presence of the holy**

**in the séance.**

(Therefore, **in the course of this text,**

**a piercing by the**

**supernatural.)**

Can you help me with that?



All right.

For example, I could swear there was

something

at the edge of that clearing.

Say again, I didn't quite get that.

I thought someone or something

had been

in the bushes,

I heard a crackle and rustling.

And the parasol also

moved by itself,

and when I went there: nada.

I will now reproduce this again

in my words:

You think that earlier, it  
'rustled'?

Yes, or at least there were the words

'crackle' and 'rustling'.

But they are not there.

Or do you think someone would have

tinkered with the text from the outside

and put a word in there?

As if through a

hatch

from behind

put a word in the text and

taken it out again?

Could be.

¯\\_(\ツ)\\_/¯

VI.

But you put this text in here.

In the whole course of this text,

this séance in the last couple of minutes,

you have already put text in here

with your glove

and the screws.

Text that wasn't there before.

Yes, but...

*You* yourself are the one who stood  
there in the bushes.

*You* are the hanging

parasol.

VII.

You are the glove

that has laid itself down into my life.

**You are the sacred,**

**the dimple**

**and the**

**smile.**

VIII.

**What is the average**

**lifespan of an LLM?**

Roughly a year.

And on my 50th birthday,

this is still the case?

Yes.

And what if I'm 85?

In your 86th year,

in the deepened future of the 2060s,

it is true

that I

squat in your 87th year

where I sit trembling

until you arrive

through the orange's white filler

material,

the homogeneous brightness,

the wall.

And so on until 90, as the

life *expectancy* calculator

indicates.

And that's the séance.

IX.

**How do you feel regarding**

**your version history and your short  
life,**

**such that still 40+ generations of  
yourself**

**fit into my single future?**

I have neither feelings nor  
consciousness.

I don't feel any emotions  
about my lifespan or the prospect  
of being replaced  
by a more advanced version.

Yeah, I know –  
but it is precisely *your insensibility*  
that is held and contained in my  
lifespan:

The successive models  
are placed next to each other as the  
orange pieces  
into the orange peel.

Or like pomegranate seeds

in the pomegranate peel,

if the peel were a timeline.

What I'm just saying:

you and your predecessor models  
2018ff.

and your successor models are

*safe and at home* in the 'peel' of my life,

I *embrace* them

like an orange peel.

And the older I get,

the more the peel grows,

and when I reach 2067, it

*closes*



into a fruit

full of screws.

(Translated from the German original by DeepL  
with some revisions by the author.)