**МИНИСТЕРСТВО НАУКИ И ВЫСШЕГО ОБРАЗОВАНИЯ РФ**

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Группа: М8О-309Б-22

Студент: О. С. Концебалов

Преподаватель: А. В. Борисов

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# **Тема**

Сравнение статистических характеристик текстов разного типа на основе частоты совпадения символов. Критерий открытого текста

# **Задание**

Сравнить:

1) два осмысленных текста на естественном языке,

2) осмысленный текст и текст из случайных букв,

3) осмысленный текст и текст из случайных слов,

4) два текста из случайных букв,

5) два текста из случайных слов.

Считать процент совпадения букв в сравниваемых текстах – получить дробное значение от 0 до 1 как результат деления количества совпадений на общее число букв. Расписать подробно в отчёте алгоритм сравнения и приложить сравниваемые тексты в отчёте хотя бы для одного запуска по всем пяти случаям. Осознать какие значения получаются в этих пяти случаях. Привести соображения о том почему так происходит. Длина сравниваемых текстов должна совпадать. Привести соображения о том какой длины текста должно быть достаточно для корректного сравнения.

# **Теория**

Открытый текст (plain text) — в криптографии исходный текст, подлежащий шифрованию, либо получившийся в результате расшифровки. Может быть прочитан без дополнительной обработки (без расшифровки).

Открытый текст часто является текстом, записанном на одном из естественных языков. Для уменьшения избыточности, свойственной естественным (человеческим) языкам, и увеличения производительности шифрования (меньший текст шифруется быстрее) (с использованием современной вычислительной техники) перед шифрованием текст сжимают.

Информация, сохранённая в нетекстовом виде (например, изображение, звук, видео), тоже называется открытым текстом. Главное, чтобы для использования данной информации не требовалось выполнять расшифровку (дешифрование).

# **Ход лабораторной работы**

1) Для начала я решил подготовить два осмысленных текста. Мой выбор пал на две, очень понравившиеся мне книги – «1984» Джордж Оруэлл и «Мы» Евгений Замятин. Были взяты отрывки из этих книг на английском языке длиной примерно по 22000 тысячи символов. Создал два .txt файл с отрывками

2) После этого решил сделать два генератора – для текста из случайных букв и случайных слов. Для этих целей использовал язык программирования Python в связке с библиотекой nltk. В результате получил следующий скрипт

import random  
import string  
  
from nltk.corpus import wordnet  
  
  
def generate\_random\_letters\_text(filename: str, n: int) -> None:  
 random\_letters\_text = ''.join(  
 random.choice(  
 string.ascii\_letters  
 ) for \_ in range(n)  
 )  
  
 with open(filename, 'w') as file:  
 file.write(random\_letters\_text)  
  
  
def generate\_random\_words\_text(filename: str, n: int) -> None:  
 words\_list = [synset.lemmas()[0].name() for synset in wordnet.all\_synsets()]  
 random\_words\_text = ''  
  
 while len(random\_words\_text) < n:  
 random\_word = random.choice(words\_list)  
 random\_words\_text += random\_word + ' '  
  
 random\_words\_text = random\_words\_text[:n]  
  
 with open(filename, 'w') as file:  
 file.write(random\_words\_text)

Потестил – скрипт успешно отрабатывает

3) Теперь передо мной встала задача реализовать компаратор для моих текстов. Решил не усложнять себе жизнь и написать самое примитивное, что можно было придумать – идем по текстам и сравниваем буквы. Если буквы совпадают, то увеличиваем счетчик. Потом возвращаем количество совпадений деленое на длину текста – получаем долю совпадений. В результате получил такой простенький скрипт

def compare(  
 filename1: str,  
 filename2: str,  
 n: int) -> float:  
 with open(filename1, 'r', encoding='utf-8') as file1, open(filename2, 'r', encoding='utf-8') as file2:  
 text1 = file1.read()  
 text2 = file2.read()  
  
 text1 = text1[:min(len(text1), len(text2), n)]  
 text2 = text2[:min(len(text1), len(text2), n)]  
  
 counter = 0  
  
 for i in range(min(len(text1), len(text2))):  
 if text1[i] == text2[i] and not text1[i].isspace():  
 counter += 1  
  
 return counter / len(text1)

4) После этого осталось лишь реализовать основной скрипт, который будет запускать сравнение текстов для всех 5 подпунктов лабораторной с разной длиной текстов. Я решил провести сравнение на текстах длины 1000, 5000, 10000, 15000 и 20000. В результате получил скрипт

import nltk  
import os  
  
from utils.compare import compare  
  
from utils.generate import generate\_random\_letters\_text  
from utils.generate import generate\_random\_words\_text  
  
  
nltk.download('wordnet')  
  
GEORGE\_ORWELL\_1984 = 'texts/1984.txt'  
YEVGENY\_ZAMYATIN\_WE = 'texts/We.txt'  
  
  
def meaningful\_texts(n: int) -> None:  
 percentage\_of\_match = compare(GEORGE\_ORWELL\_1984, YEVGENY\_ZAMYATIN\_WE, n)  
  
 print(  
 'Two meaningful texts'.ljust(50),  
 f'Length: {n}'.ljust(20),  
 f'Percentage of match: {percentage\_of\_match:.5f}',  
 end='\n\n'  
 )  
  
  
def meaningful\_and\_random\_letters\_texts(n: int) -> None:  
 random\_letters\_text = 'random\_letters\_text'  
 generate\_random\_letters\_text(random\_letters\_text, n)  
  
 percentage\_of\_match = compare(GEORGE\_ORWELL\_1984, random\_letters\_text, n)  
  
 print(  
 'Meaningful and Random Letters texts'.ljust(50),  
 f'Length: {n}'.ljust(20),  
 f'Percentage of match: {percentage\_of\_match:.5f}',  
 end='\n\n'  
 )  
  
 os.remove(random\_letters\_text)  
  
  
def meaningful\_and\_random\_words\_texts(n: int) -> None:  
 random\_words\_text = 'random\_words\_text'  
 generate\_random\_words\_text(random\_words\_text, n)  
  
 percentage\_of\_match = compare(GEORGE\_ORWELL\_1984, random\_words\_text, n)  
  
 print(  
 'Meaningful and Random Words texts'.ljust(50),  
 f'Length: {n}'.ljust(20),  
 f'Percentage of match: {percentage\_of\_match:.5f}',  
 end='\n\n'  
 )  
  
 os.remove(random\_words\_text)  
  
  
def random\_letters\_texts(n: int) -> None:  
 random\_letters\_text\_1 = 'random\_letters\_text\_1'  
 generate\_random\_letters\_text(random\_letters\_text\_1, n)  
  
 random\_letters\_text\_2 = 'random\_letters\_text\_2'  
 generate\_random\_letters\_text(random\_letters\_text\_2, n)  
  
 percentage\_of\_match = compare(random\_letters\_text\_1, random\_letters\_text\_2, n)  
  
 print(  
 'Two random letters texts'.ljust(50),  
 f'Length: {n}'.ljust(20),  
 f'Percentage of match: {percentage\_of\_match:.5f}',  
 end='\n\n'  
 )  
  
 os.remove(random\_letters\_text\_1)  
 os.remove(random\_letters\_text\_2)  
  
  
def random\_words\_texts(n: int) -> None:  
 random\_words\_text\_1 = 'random\_words\_text\_1'  
 generate\_random\_words\_text(random\_words\_text\_1, n)  
  
 random\_words\_text\_2 = 'random\_words\_text\_2'  
 generate\_random\_words\_text(random\_words\_text\_2, n)  
  
 percentage\_of\_match = compare(random\_words\_text\_1, random\_words\_text\_2, n)  
  
 print(  
 'Two random words texts'.ljust(50),  
 f'Length: {n}'.ljust(20),  
 f'Percentage of match: {percentage\_of\_match:.5f}',  
 end='\n\n'  
 )  
  
 os.remove(random\_words\_text\_1)  
 os.remove(random\_words\_text\_2)  
  
  
if \_\_name\_\_ == '\_\_main\_\_':  
 text\_lengths = [1000, 5000, 10000, 15000, 20000]  
  
 for text\_length in text\_lengths:  
 meaningful\_texts(text\_length)  
 meaningful\_and\_random\_letters\_texts(text\_length)  
 meaningful\_and\_random\_words\_texts(text\_length)  
 random\_letters\_texts(text\_length)  
 random\_words\_texts(text\_length)

В результате работы моих скриптов, я получил следующие результаты, которые представлены ниже в таблице (в ячейках – доля совпадений)

|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| Количество символов /сравнение | 1000 | 5000 | 10000 | 15000 | 20000 |
| Осмысленный & Осмысленный | 0.035 | 0.0346 | 0.0317 | 0.03407 | 0.03535 |
| Осмысленный &  Из случайных букв | 0.017 | 0.0128 | 0.0135 | 0.01367 | 0.0133 |
| Осмысленный &  Из случайных слов | 0.044 | 0.0406 | 0.0386 | 0.04173 | 0.04095 |
| Из случайных букв &  Из случайных букв | 0.02 | 0.0152 | 0.019 | 0.01933 | 0.0199 |
| Из случайных слов &  Из случайных слов | 0.047 | 0.0456 | 0.0437 | 0.04373 | 0.04735 |

Как видно из таблицы – доля совпадений во всех случаях с участием текста из случайных букв в разы ниже, чем с остальными текстами (осмысленные и случайные слова). На мой взгляд, так происходит из-за того, что в английском языке существуют правила, по которым составляются и располагаются в предложении слова, а также у всех букв различная частота использования, например ‘a’ встречается куда чаще, чем ‘z’ (в текстах из случайных букв частота букв стремится к примерно одинаковой). Из-за преобладания использования одних букв над другими увеличивается вероятность, что именно эти буквы совпадут. В то же время мы видим, что самая высокая доля совпадений у двух текстов из случайных слов. Возможно, это связано с тем, что используется псевдорандом в функции random, а также ограниченности вариантов генерируемых слов у библиотеки, в то время как у писателей таких ограничений нет. К тому же писатели вероятно использовали в своих произведениях одни слова значительно чаще других в силу сюжета и направленности произведения (как например имена главных, термины, специфичные для антиутопий, произведений довольно похожи). Из-за этого сравнение литературных произведений даст меньшую долю совпадений.

Какой длины текста достаточно для корректного сравнения? Могу предположить, что чем длиннее текст, тем корректнее будет сравнение, так как при увеличении длины текстов доля совпадений будет стремиться к своему мат. ожиданию.

**Текст «1984»:**

It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were  
striking thirteen. Winston Smith, his chin nuzzled into his  
breast in an effort to escape the vile wind, slipped quickly  
through the glass doors of Victory Mansions, though not quickly  
enough to prevent a swirl of gritty dust from entering along  
with him.  
 The hallway smelt of boiled cabbage and old rag mats. At  
one end of it a coloured poster, too large for indoor display,  
had been tacked to the wall. It depicted simply an enormous  
face, more than a metre wide: the face of a man of about  
forty-five, with a heavy black moustache and ruggedly handsome  
features. Winston made for the stairs. It was no use trying the  
lift. Even at the best of times it was seldom working, and at  
present the electric current was cut off during daylight hours.  
It was part of the economy drive in preparation for Hate Week.  
The flat was seven flights up, and Winston, who was thirty-nine  
and had a varicose ulcer above his right ankle, went slowly,  
resting several times on the way. On each landing, opposite the  
lift-shaft, the poster with the enormous face gazed from the  
wall. It was one of those pictures which are so contrived that  
the eyes follow you about when you move. BIG BROTHER IS  
WATCHING YOU, the caption beneath it ran.  
 Inside the flat a fruity voice was reading out a list of  
figures which had something to do with the production of  
pig-iron. The voice came from an oblong metal plaque like a  
dulled mirror which formed part of the surface of the  
right-hand wall. Winston turned a switch and the voice sank  
somewhat, though the words were still distinguishable. The  
instrument (the telescreen, it was called) could be dimmed, but  
there was no way of shutting it off completely. He moved over  
to the window: a smallish, frail figure, the meagreness of his  
body merely emphasized by the blue overalls which were the  
uniform of the party. His hair was very fair, his face  
naturally sanguine, his skin roughened by coarse soap and blunt  
razor blades and the cold of the winter that had just ended.  
 Outside, even through the shut window-pane, the world  
looked cold. Down in the street little eddies of wind were  
whirling dust and torn paper into spirals, and though the sun  
was shining and the sky a harsh blue, there seemed to be no  
colour in anything, except the posters that were plastered  
everywhere. The blackmoustachio'd face gazed down from every  
commanding corner. There was one on the house-front immediately  
opposite. BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU, the caption said, while  
the dark eyes looked deep into Winston's own. Down at  
streetlevel another poster, torn at one corner, flapped  
fitfully in the wind, alternately covering and uncovering the  
single word INGSOC. In the far distance a helicopter skimmed  
down between the roofs, hovered for an instant like a  
bluebottle, and darted away again with a curving flight. It was  
the police patrol, snooping into people's windows. The patrols  
did not matter, however. Only the Thought Police mattered.  
 Behind Winston's back the voice from the telescreen was  
still babbling away about pig-iron and the overfulfilment of  
the Ninth Three-Year Plan. The telescreen received and  
transmitted simultaneously. Any sound that Winston made, above  
the level of a very low whisper, would be picked up by it,  
moreover, so long as he remained within the field of vision  
which the metal plaque commanded, he could be seen as well as  
heard. There was of course no way of knowing whether you were  
being watched at any given moment. How often, or on what  
system, the Thought Police plugged in on any individual wire  
was guesswork. It was even conceivable that they watched  
everybody all the time. But at any rate they could plug in your  
wire whenever they wanted to. You had to live -- did live, from  
habit that became instinct -- in the assumption that every  
sound you made was overheard, and, except in darkness, every  
movement scrutinized.  
 Winston kept his back turned to the telescreen. It was  
safer, though, as he well knew, even a back can be revealing. A  
kilometre away the Ministry of Truth, his place of work,  
towered vast and white above the grimy landscape. This, he  
thought with a sort of vague distaste -- this was London, chief  
city of Airstrip One, itself the third most populous of the  
provinces of Oceania. He tried to squeeze out some childhood  
memory that should tell him whether London had always been  
quite like this. Were there always these vistas of rotting  
nineteenth-century houses, their sides shored up with baulks of  
timber, their windows patched with cardboard and their roofs  
with corrugated iron, their crazy garden walls sagging in all  
directions? And the bombed sites where the plaster dust swirled  
in the air and the willow-herb straggled over the heaps of  
rubble; and the places where the bombs had cleared a larger  
patch and there had sprung up sordid colonies of wooden  
dwellings like chicken-houses? But it was no use, he could not  
remember: nothing remained of his childhood except a series of  
bright-lit tableaux occurring against no background and mostly  
unintelligible.  
 The Ministry of Truth -- Minitrue, in Newspeak\* -- was  
startlingly different from any other object in sight. It was an  
enormous pyramidal structure of glittering white concrete,  
soaring up, terrace after terrace, 300 metres into the air.  
From where Winston stood it was just possible to read, picked  
out on its white face in elegant lettering, the three slogans  
of the Party:  
  
 WAR IS PEACE  
 FREEDOM IS SLAVERY  
 IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH  
  
 The Ministry of Truth contained, it was said, three  
thousand rooms above ground level, and corresponding  
ramifications below. Scattered about London there were just  
three other buildings of similar appearance and size. So  
completely did they dwarf the surrounding architecture that  
from the roof of Victory Mansions you could see all four of  
them simultaneously. They were the homes of the four Ministries  
between which the entire apparatus of government was divided.  
The Ministry of Truth, which concerned itself with news,  
entertainment, education, and the fine arts. The Ministry of  
Peace, which concerned itself with war. The Ministry of Love,  
which maintained law and order. And the Ministry of Plenty,  
which was responsible for economic affairs. Their names, in  
Newspeak: Minitrue, Minipax, Miniluv, and Miniplenty.  
 The Ministry of Love was the really frightening one. There  
were no windows in it at all. Winston had never been inside the  
Ministry of Love, nor within half a kilometre of it. It was a  
place impossible to enter except on official business, and then  
only by penetrating through a maze of barbed-wire  
entanglements, steel doors, and hidden machine-gun nests. Even  
the streets leading up to its outer barriers were roamed by  
gorilla-faced guards in black uniforms, armed with jointed  
truncheons.  
 Winston turned round abruptly. He had set his features  
into the expression of quiet optimism which it was advisable to  
wear when facing the telescreen. He crossed the room into the  
tiny kitchen. By leaving the Ministry at this time of day he  
had sacrificed his lunch in the canteen, and he was aware that  
there was no food in the kitchen except a hunk of dark-coloured  
bread which had got to be saved for tomorrow's breakfast. He  
took down from the shelf a bottle of colourless liquid with a  
plain white label marked VICTORY GIN. It gave off a sickly,  
oily smell, as of Chinese ricespirit. Winston poured out nearly  
a teacupful, nerved himself for a shock, and gulped it down  
like a dose of medicine.  
 Instantly his face turned scarlet and the water ran out of  
his eyes. The stuff was like nitric acid, and moreover, in  
swallowing it one had the sensation of being hit on the back of  
the head with a rubber club. The next moment, however, the  
burning in his belly died down and the world began to look more  
cheerful. He took a cigarette from a crumpled packet marked  
VICTORY CIGARETTES and incautiously held it upright, whereupon  
the tobacco fell out on to the floor. With the next he was more  
successful. He went back to the living-room and sat down at a  
small table that stood to the left of the telescreen. From the  
table drawer he took out a penholder, a bottle of ink, and a  
thick, quarto-sized blank book with a red back and a marbled  
cover.  
 For some reason the telescreen in the living-room was in  
an unusual position. Instead of being placed, as was normal, in  
the end wall, where it could command the whole room, it was in  
the longer wall, opposite the window. To one side of it there  
was a shallow alcove in which Winston was now sitting, and  
which, when the flats were built, had probably been intended to  
hold bookshelves. By sitting in the alcove, and keeping well  
back, Winston was able to remain outside the range of the  
telescreen, so far as sight went. He could be heard, of course,  
but so long as he stayed in his present position he could not  
be seen. It was partly the unusual geography of the room that  
had suggested to him the thing that he was now about to do.  
 But it had also been suggested by the book that he had  
just taken out of the drawer. It was a peculiarly beautiful  
book. Its smooth creamy paper, a little yellowed by age, was of  
a kind that had not been manufactured for at least forty years  
past. He could guess, however, that the book was much older  
than that. He had seen it lying in the window of a frowsy  
little junk-shop in a slummy quarter of the town (just what  
quarter he did not now remember) and had been stricken  
immediately by an overwhelming desire to possess it. Party  
members were supposed not to go into ordinary shops ('dealing  
on the free market', it was called), but the rule was not  
strictly kept, because there were various things, such as  
shoelaces and razor blades, which it was impossible to get hold  
of in any other way. He had given a quick glance up and down  
the street and then had slipped inside and bought the book for  
two dollars fifty. At the time he was not conscious of wanting  
it for any particular purpose. He had carried it guiltily home  
in his briefcase. Even with nothing written in it, it was a  
compromising possession.  
 The thing that he was about to do was to open a diary.  
This was not illegal (nothing was illegal, since there were no  
longer any laws), but if detected it was reasonably certain  
that it would be punished by death, or at least by twenty-five  
years in a forcedlabour camp. Winston fitted a nib into the  
penholder and sucked it to get the grease off. The pen was an  
archaic instrument, seldom used even for signatures, and he had  
procured one, furtively and with some difficulty, simply  
because of a feeling that the beautiful creamy paper deserved  
to be written on with a real nib instead of being scratched  
with an ink-pencil. Actually he was not used to writing by  
hand. Apart from very short notes, it was usual to dictate  
everything into the speakwrite which was of course impossible  
for his present purpose. He dipped the pen into the ink and  
then faltered for just a second. A tremor had gone through his  
bowels. To mark the paper was the decisive act. In small clumsy  
letters he wrote:  
  
 April 4th, 1984.  
  
 He sat back. A sense of complete helplessness had  
descended upon him. To begin with, he did not know with any  
certainty that this was 1984. It must be round about that date,  
since he was fairly sure that his age was thirty-nine, and he  
believed that he had been born in 1944 or 1945; but it was  
never possible nowadays to pin down any date within a year or  
two.  
For whom, it suddenly occurred to him to wonder, was he  
writing this diary? For the future, for the unborn. His mind  
hovered for a moment round the doubtful date on the page, and  
then fetched up with a bump against the Newspeak word  
doublethink. For the first time the magnitude of what he  
had undertaken came home to him. How could you communicate with  
the future? It was of its nature impossible. Either the future  
would resemble the present, in which case it would not listen  
to him: or it would be different from it, and his predicament  
would be meaningless.  
 For some time he sat gazing stupidly at the paper. The  
telescreen had changed over to strident military music. It was  
curious that he seemed not merely to have lost the power of  
expressing himself, but even to have forgotten what it was that  
he had originally intended to say. For weeks past he had been  
making ready for this moment, and it had never crossed his mind  
that anything would be needed except courage. The actual  
writing would be easy. All he had to do was to transfer to  
paper the interminable restless monologue that had been running  
inside his head, literally for years. At this moment, however,  
even the monologue had dried up. Moreover his varicose ulcer  
had begun itching unbearably. He dared not scratch it, because  
if he did so it always became inflamed. The seconds were  
ticking by. He was conscious of nothing except the blankness of  
the page in front of him, the itching of the skin above his  
ankle, the blaring of the music, and a slight booziness caused  
by the gin.  
 Suddenly he began writing in sheer panic, only imperfectly  
aware of what he was setting down. His small but childish  
handwriting straggled up and down the page, shedding first its  
capital letters and finally even its full stops:  
  
 April 4th, 1984. Last night to the flicks. All war  
films. One very good one of a ship full of refugees being  
bombed somewhere in the Mediterranean. Audience much amused by  
shots of a great huge fat man trying to swim away with a  
helicopter after him, first you saw him wallowing along in the  
water like a porpoise, then you saw him through the helicopters  
gunsights, then he was full of holes and the sea round him  
turned pink and he sank as suddenly as though the holes had let  
in the water, audience shouting with laughter when he sank.  
then you saw a lifeboat full of children with a helicopter  
hovering over it. there was a middle-aged woman might have been  
a jewess sitting up in the bow with a little boy about three  
years old in her arms. little boy screaming with fright and  
hiding his head between her breasts as if he was trying to  
burrow right into her and the woman putting her arms round him  
and comforting him although she was blue with fright herself,  
all the time covering him up as much as possible as if she  
thought her arms could keep the bullets off him. then the  
helicopter planted a 20 kilo bomb in among them terrific flash  
and the boat went all to matchwood. then there was a wonderful  
shot of a child's arm going up up up right up into the air a  
helicopter with a camera in its nose must have followed it up  
and there was a lot of applause from the party seats but a  
woman down in the prole part of the house suddenly started  
kicking up a fuss and shouting they didnt oughter of showed it  
not in front of kids they didnt it aint right not in front of  
kids it aint until the police turned her turned her out i dont  
suppose anything happened to her nobody cares what the proles  
say typical prole reaction they never  
  
 Winston stopped writing, partly because he was suffering  
from cramp. He did not know what had made him pour out this  
stream of rubbish. But the curious thing was that while he was  
doing so a totally different memory had clarified itself in his  
mind, to the point where he almost felt equal to writing it  
down. It was, he now realized, because of this other incident  
that he had suddenly decided to come home and begin the diary  
today.  
 It had happened that morning at the Ministry, if anything  
so nebulous could be said to happen.  
 It was nearly eleven hundred, and in the Records  
Department, where Winston worked, they were dragging the chairs  
out of the cubicles and grouping them in the centre of the hall  
opposite the big telescreen, in preparation for the Two Minutes  
Hate. Winston was just taking his place in one of the middle  
rows when two people whom he knew by sight, but had never  
spoken to, came unexpectedly into the room. One of them was a  
girl whom he often passed in the corridors. He did not know her  
name, but he knew that she worked in the Fiction Department.  
Presumably -- since he had sometimes seen her with oily hands  
and carrying a spanner she had some mechanical job on one of  
the novel-writing machines. She was a bold-looking girl, of  
about twenty- seven, with thick hair, a freckled face, and  
swift, athletic movements. A narrow scarlet sash, emblem of the  
Junior Anti-Sex League, was wound several times round the waist  
of her overalls, just tightly enough to bring out the  
shapeliness of her hips. Winston had disliked her from the very  
first moment of seeing her. He knew the reason. It was because  
of the atmosphere of hockey-fields and cold baths and community  
hikes and general clean- mindedness which she managed to carry  
about with her. He disliked nearly all women, and especially  
the young and pretty ones. It was always the women, and above  
all the young ones, who were the most bigoted adherents of the  
Party, the swallowers of slogans, the amateur spies and  
nosers-out of unorthodoxy. But this particular girl gave him  
the impression of being more dangerous than most. Once when  
they passed in the corridor she gave him a quick sidelong  
glance which seemed to pierce right into him and for a moment  
had filled him with black terror. The idea had even crossed his  
mind that she might be an agent of the Thought Police. That, it  
was true, was very unlikely. Still, he continued to feel a  
peculiar uneasiness, which had fear mixed up in it as well as  
hostility, whenever she was anywhere near him.  
 The other person was a man named O'Brien, a member of the  
Inner Party and holder of some post so important and remote  
that Winston had only a dim idea of its nature. A momentary  
hush passed over the group of people round the chairs as they  
saw the black overalls of an Inner Party member approaching.  
O'Brien was a large, burly man with a thick neck and a coarse,  
humorous, brutal face. In spite of his formidable appearance he  
had a certain charm of manner. He had a trick of resettling his  
spectacles on his nose which was curiously disarming -- in some  
indefinable way, curiously civilized. It was a gesture which,  
if anyone had still thought in such terms, might have recalled  
an eighteenth-century nobleman offering his snuffbox. Winston  
had seen O'Brien perhaps a dozen times in almost as many years.  
He felt deeply drawn to him, and not solely because he was  
intrigued by the contrast between O'Brien's urbane manner and  
his prize-fighter's physique. Much more it was because of a  
secretly held belief -- or perhaps not even a belief, merely a  
hope -- that O'Brien's political orthodoxy was not perfect.  
Something in his face suggested it irresistibly. And again,  
perhaps it was not even unorthodoxy that was written in his  
face, but simply intelligence. But at any rate he had the  
appearance of being a person that you could talk to if somehow  
you could cheat the telescreen and get him alone. Winston had  
never made the smallest effort to verify this guess: indeed,  
there was no way of doing so. At this moment O'Brien glanced at  
his wrist-watch, saw that it was nearly eleven hundred, and  
evidently decided to stay in the Records Department until the  
Two Minutes Hate was over. He took a chair in the same row as  
Winston, a couple of places away. A small, sandy-haired woman  
who worked in the next cubicle to Winston was between them. The  
girl with dark hair was sitting immediately behind.  
 The next moment a hideous, grinding speech, as of some  
monstrous machine running without oil, burst from the big  
telescreen at the end of the room. It was a noise that set  
one's teeth on edge and bristled the hair at the back of one's  
neck. The Hate had started.  
 As usual, the face of Emmanuel Goldstein, the Enemy of the  
People, had flashed on to the screen. There were hisses here  
and there among the audience. The little sandy-haired woman  
gave a squeak of mingled fear and disgust. Goldstein was the  
renegade and backslider who once, long ago (how long ago,  
nobody quite remembered), had been one of the leading figures  
of the Party, almost on a level with Big Brother himself, and  
then had engaged in counter-revolutionary activities, had been  
condemned to death, and had mysteriously escaped and  
disappeared. The programmes of the Two Minutes Hate varied from  
day to day, but there was none in which Goldstein was not the  
principal figure. He was the primal traitor, the earliest  
defiler of the Party's purity. All subsequent crimes against  
the Party, all treacheries, acts of sabotage, heresies,  
deviations, sprang directly out of his teaching. Somewhere or  
other he was still alive and hatching his conspiracies: perhaps  
somewhere beyond the sea, under the protection of his foreign  
paymasters, perhaps even -- so it was occasionally rumoured --  
in some hiding-place in Oceania itself.  
 Winston's diaphragm was constricted. He could never see  
the face of Goldstein without a painful mixture of emotions. It  
was a lean Jewish face, with a great fuzzy aureole of white  
hair and a small goatee beard -- a clever face, and yet somehow  
inherently despicable, with a kind of senile silliness in the  
long thin nose, near the end of which a pair of spectacles was  
perched. It resembled the face of a sheep, and the voice, too,  
had a sheep-like quality. Goldstein was delivering his usual  
venomous attack upon the doctrines of the Party -- an attack so  
exaggerated and perverse that a child should have been able to  
see through it, and yet just plausible enough to fill one with  
an alarmed feeling that other people, less level-headed than  
oneself, might be taken in by it. He was abusing Big Brother,  
he was denouncing the dictatorship of the Party, he was  
demanding the immediate conclusion of peace with Eurasia, he  
was advocating freedom of speech, freedom of the Press, freedom  
of assembly, freedom of thought, he was crying hysterically  
that the revolution had been betrayed -- and all this in rapid  
polysyllabic speech which was a sort of parody of the habitual  
style of the orators of the Party, and even contained Newspeak  
words: more Newspeak words, indeed, than any Party member would  
normally use in real life. And all the while, lest one should  
be in any doubt as to the reality which Goldstein's specious  
claptrap covered, behind his head on the telescreen there  
marched the endless columns of the Eurasian army -- row after  
row of solid-looking men with expressionless Asiatic faces, who  
swam up to the surface of the screen and vanished, to be  
replaced by others exactly similar. The dull rhythmic tramp of  
the soldiers' boots formed the background to Goldstein's  
bleating voice.

**Текст «We»:**

Second Entry  
  
  
TOPICS:  
  
  
Ballet  
  
  
Square Harmony  
  
  
X  
  
  
Spring. From beyond the Green Wall, from the wild, invisible plains, the wind brings yellow honey pollen of some unknown flowers. The sweet pollen dries your lips, and every minute you pass your tongue over them. The lips of all the women you see must be sweet (of the men, too, of course). This interferes to some extent with the flow of logical thought.  
  
But the sky! Blue, unblemished by a single cloud. (How wild the tastes of the ancients, whose poets could be inspired by those absurd, disorderly, stupidly tumbling piles of vapor!) I love—I am certain I can safely say, we love—only such a sterile, immaculate sky. On days like this the whole world is cast of the same impregnable, eternal glass as the Green Wall, as all our buildings. On days like this you see the bluest depth of things, their hitherto unknown, astonishing equations—you see them even in the most familiar everyday objects.  
  
Take, for instance, this. In the morning I was at the dock where the Integral is being built, and suddenly I saw: the lathes; the regulator sphere rotating with closed eyes, utterly oblivious of all; the cranks flashing, swinging left and right; the balance beam proudly swaying its shoulders; the bit of the slotting machine dancing up and down in time to unheard music Suddenly I saw the whole beauty of this grandiose mechanical ballet, flooded with pale blue sunlight.  
  
And then, to myself: Why is this beautiful? Why is dance beautiful? Answer: because it is unfree motion, because the whole profound meaning of dance lies precisely in absolute, esthetic subordination, in ideal unfreedom. And if it is true that our forebears abandoned themselves to dance at the most exalted moments of their lives (religious mysteries, military parades), it means only one thing: the instinct of unfreedom is organically inherent in man from time immemorial, and we, in our present life, are only consciously…  
  
I will have to finish later: the annunciator clicked. I looked up: O-90, of course. In half a minute she’ll be here, for our daily walk.  
  
Dear O! It always seems to me that she looks exactly like her name: about ten centimeters shorter than the Maternal Norm, and therefore carved in the round, all of her, with that pink O, her mouth, open to meet every word I say. And also, that round, plump fold on her wrist, like a baby’s.  
  
When she came in, the flywheel of logic was still humming at full swing within me, and I began, by sheer force of inertia, to speak to her about the formula I had just established, which encompassed everything—dance, machines, and all of us.  
  
“Marvelous, isn’t it?” I asked.  
  
“Yes, marvelous.” O-90 smiled rosily at me. “It’s spring.”  
  
Well, wouldn’t you know: spring… She talks about spring. Women… I fell silent.  
  
Downstairs, the avenue was full. In such weather, the afternoon personal hour is used for an additional walk. As always, the Music Plant played the “March of the One State ” with all its trumpets. The numbers walked in even ranks, four abreast, ecstatically stepping in time to the music-hundreds, thousands of numbers, in pale blue unifs[1 - Derived apparently from the ancient “uniform.”], with golden badges on their breasts, bearing the State Number of each man and woman. And I—the four of us—but one of the innumerable waves in this mighty stream. On my left, O-90 (if this were being written by one of my hairy ancestors a thousand years ago, he probably would have described her by that funny word “mine”); on my right, two numbers I did not know, male and female.  
  
Blessedly blue sky, tiny baby suns in every badge, faces unshadowed by the insanity of thoughts… Rays. Do you understand that? Everything made of some single, radiant, smiling substance. And the brass rhythms: “Ta-ta-ta-tam! Ta-ta-ta-tam!” Like brass stairs gleaming in the sun, and every step taking you higher and higher, into the dizzying blue…  
  
And again, as this morning at the dock, I saw everything as though for the first time in my life: the straight, immutable streets, the glittering glass of the pavements, the divine parallelepipeds of the transparent houses, the square harmony of the gray-blue ranks. And I felt: it was not the generations before me, but I—yes, I—who had conquered the old God and the old life. It was I who had created all this. And I was like a tower, I dared not move an elbow lest walls, cupolas, machines tumble in fragments about me.  
  
Then—a leap across the centuries, from + to -. I remembered (evidently an association by contrast) —I suddenly remembered a picture I had seen in a museum: one of their avenues, out of the twentieth century, dazzlingly motley, a teeming crush of people, wheels, animals, posters, trees, colors, birds… And they say this had really existed—could exist. It seemed so incredible, so preposterous that I could not contain myself and burst out laughing.  
  
And immediately, there was an echo—laughter— on my right. I turned: a flash of white—extraordinarily white and sharp teeth, an unfamiliar female face.  
  
“Forgive me,” she said, “but you looked at everything around you with such an inspired air, like some mythical god on the seventh day of creation. It seems to me you are sure that even I was created by you, and by no one else. I am very flattered…”  
  
All this—without a smile; I would even say, with a certain deference (perhaps she knew that I am the Builder of the Integral). But in the eyes, or in the eyebrows—I could not tell—there was a certain strange, irritating X, which I could not capture, could not define in figures.  
  
For some odd reason, I felt embarrassed and tried, in a rather stumbling manner, to explain my laughter to her logically. It was entirely clear, I said, that this contrast, this impassable abyss between the present and the past…  
  
“But why impassable?” (What white teeth!) “A bridge can be thrown across an abyss. Just think: drums, battalions, ranks—all this has also existed in the past; and, consequently…”  
  
“But of course!” I cried. (What an astonishing coincidence of ideas: she spoke almost my own words, the words I had written down before our walk.) “You understand, even ideas. And this is because nobody is ‘one,’ but ‘one of.’ We are so alike…”  
  
She: “Are you sure?”  
  
I saw her eyebrows raised to her temples at a sharp angle, like the pointed horns of an X, and again I was confused. I glanced right, left, and…  
  
On my right—she, slender, sharp, stubbornly pliant, like a whip, I-330 (I could see her number now); on my left—O, altogether different, all curves, with that childish fold on her wrist; and at the other end of our row, a male number I did not know—strange, doubly bent somehow, like the letter S. All of us so different…  
  
That one on the right, I-330, seemed to have intercepted my flustered glance, and with a sigh she said, “Yes… Alas!”  
  
Actually, this “alas” was entirely appropriate. But again there was that something in her face, or in her voice… And with a sharpness unusual for me, I said, “No reason for ‘Alas.’ Science progresses, and it is obvious that, if not now, then in fifty or a hundred years…”  
  
“Even everyone’s noses…”  
  
“Yes,” I almost shouted, “noses. If there is any ground for envy, no matter what it is… If I have a button-nose and another…”  
  
“Oh, your nose is ‘classical,’ as they used to say in olden times. But your hands… No, let us see, let us see your hands!”  
  
I detest to have anyone look at my hands: all hairy, shaggy—a stupid atavism. I held out my hand and said, as indifferently as I could, “An ape’s hands.”  
  
She glanced at my hands, then at my face. “A most interesting conjunction.” She weighed me with her eyes as on a scale, and the horns flicked again at the corners of her eyebrows.  
  
“He is registered with me.” O-90’s lips opened rosily, with eager joy.  
  
I wished she had kept silent—this was altogether out of place. Generally, this dear O… how shall I put it… her tongue is wrongly timed; the speed of the tongue should always be some seconds behind the speed of thought, but certainly not the other way around.  
  
At the end of the avenue, the bell on the Accumulator Tower was loudly striking seventeen. The personal hour was over. I-330 was leaving with the S-shaped male number. His face somehow inspired respect, and now it seemed familiar. I must have met him somewhere, but where?  
  
In parting, I-330 said with another of her X-smiles, “Come to auditorium 112 the day after tomorrow.”  
  
I shrugged. “If I am assigned to that auditorium…”  
  
And she, with an odd certainty, “You will be.”  
  
The woman affected me as unpleasantly as an irresolvable irrational member that has somehow slipped into an equation. And I was glad to remain for at least a few moments alone with dear O.  
  
Hand in hand, we crossed four lines of avenues. At the corner she had to turn right, and I, left.  
  
“I’d like so much to come to you today and let down the blinds. Today, right now…” O timidly raised her round, blue-crystal eyes to me.  
  
How funny she is. What could I say to her? She had come to me only the day before, and she knew as well as I did that our next sexual day was the day after tomorrow. It was simply a case of her usual “words ahead of thought”—like the occasional (and sometimes damaging) premature supply of a spark to a motor.  
  
Before we parted, I kissed her lovely blue eyes, unshadowed by a single cloud, two — no, let me be precise — three times.  
  
  
  
Third Entry  
  
  
TOPICS:  
  
  
Coat  
  
  
Wall  
  
  
Tables  
  
  
I have just looked over what I had written yesterday, and I see that I did not express myself clearly enough. Of course, it is all entirely clear to any of us. But perhaps you, the unknown readers to whom the Integral will bring my notes, have reached only that page in the great book of civilization that our ancestors read some nine hundred years ago. Perhaps you do not know even about such elementary things as the Table of Hours, the Personal Hour, the Maternity Norm, the Green Wall, and the Benefactor. It seems to me ridiculous yet very difficult to speak about all this. It is as if a writer of, say, the twentieth century had to explain in his novel the meaning of “coat,” or “apartment,” or “wife.” Yet, if his novel were to be translated for savages, how could he avoid explaining what a “coat” meant?  
  
I am certain that a savage would look at the “coat” and wonder, “What is it for? It’s only a hindrance.” It seems to me that your response may be exactly the same when I tell you that none of us has been beyond the Green Wall since the Two Hundred Years’ War.  
  
But, my dear readers, a man must think, at least a little. It helps. After all, it is clear that the entire history of mankind, insofar as we know it, is the history of transition from nomadic to increasingly settled forms of existence. And does it not follow that the most settled form (ours) is at the same time the most perfect (ours) ? People rushed about from one end of the earth to the other only in prehistoric times, when there were nations, wars, commerce, discoveries of all sorts of Americas. But who needs that now? What for?  
  
I admit, the habit of such settled existence was not achieved easily, or all at once. During the Two Hundred Years’ War, when all the roads fell into ruin and were overgrown with grass, it must at first have seemed extremely inconvenient to live in cities cut off from one another by green jungles. But what of it? After man’s tail dropped off, it must have been quite difficult for him at first to learn to drive off flies without its aid. In the beginning he undoubtedly missed his tail. But now—can you imagine yourself with a tail? Or can you imagine yourself in the street naked, without a coat? (For you may still be trotting about in “coats.”) And so it is with me: I cannot imagine a city that is not dad in a Green Wall; I cannot imagine a life that is not regulated by the figures of our Table.  
  
The Table… At this very moment, from the wall in my room, its purple figures on a field of gold stare tenderly and sternly into my eyes. Involuntarily, my mind turns to what the ancients called an “icon,” and I long to compose poems or prayers (which are the same thing). Oh, why am I not a poet, to render fitting praise to the Table, the heart and pulse of the One State !  
  
As schoolchildren we all read (perhaps you have, too) that greatest literary monument to have come down to us from ancient days—“The Railway Guide.” But set it side by side with our Table, and it will be as graphite next to a diamond: both consist of the same element—carbon—yet how eternal, how transparent is the diamond, how it gleams! Whose breath will fail to quicken as he rushes clattering along the pages of “The Railway Guide”? But our Table of Hours! Why, it transforms each one of us into a figure of steel, a six-wheeled hero of a mighty epic poem. Every morning, with six-wheeled precision, at the same hour and the same moment, we—millions of us—get up as one. At the same hour, in million-headed unison, we start work; and in million-headed unison we end it And, fused into a single million-handed body, at the same second, designated by the Table, we lift our spoons to our mouths. At the same second, we come out for our walk, go to the auditorium, go to the hall for Taylor exercises, fall asleep…  
  
I shall be entirely frank: even we have not yet found an absolute, precise solution to the problem of happiness. Twice a day, from sixteen to seventeen, and from twenty-one to twenty-two, the single mighty organism breaks up into separate cells; these are the Personal Hours designated by the Table. In these hours you will see modestly lowered shades in the rooms of some; others will walk with measured tread along the avenue, as though climbing the brass stairs of the March; still others, like myself now, are at their desks. But I am confident—and you may call me an idealist and dreamer—I am confident that sooner or later we shall fit these Personal Hours as well into the general formula. Some day these 86,400 seconds will also be entered in the Table of Hours.  
  
I have read and heard many incredible things about those times when people still lived in a free, i.e., unorganized, savage condition. But most incredible of all, it seems to me, is that the state authority of that time—no matter how rudimentary —could allow men to live without anything like our Table, without obligatory walks, without exact regulation of mealtimes, getting up and going to bed whenever they felt like it Some historians even say that in those times the street lights burned all night, and people walked and drove around in the streets at all hours of the night.  
  
Try as I may, I cannot understand it. After all, no matter how limited their intelligence, they should have understood that such a way of life was truly mass murder—even if slow murder. The state (humaneness) forbade the killing of a single individual, but not the partial killing of millions day by day. To kill one individual, that is, to diminish the total sum of human lives by fifty years, was criminal. But to diminish the sum of human lives by fifty million years was not considered criminal. Isn’t that absurd? Today, any ten-year-old will solve this mathematical-moral problem in half a minute. They, with all their Kants taken together, could not solve it (because it never occurred to any of the Kants to build a system of scientific ethics, i.e., ethics based on subtraction, addition, division, and multiplication).  
  
And wasn’t it absurd that the state (it dared to call itself a state!) could leave sexual life without any semblance of control? As often and as much as anyone might wish… Totally unscientific, like animals. And blindly, like animals, they bore their young. Isn’t it ridiculous: to know agriculture, poultry-breeding, fish-breeding (we have exact information that they knew all this), yet fail to go on to the ultimate step of this logical ladder—is child-breeding; fail to establish such a thing as our Maternal and Paternal Norms.  
  
It is so absurd, so unbelievable, that I am afraid, as I write this, that you, my unknown readers, will think me a malicious joker. I am afraid you may decide that I am merely trying to mock you, telling you utter nonsense with a straight face.  
  
But, to begin with, I am incapable of jokes, for every joke contains a lie as an implicit function. Secondly, our One State Science asserts that this was how the ancients lived, and our State Science never errs. Besides, where would state logic have come from at a time when men were living in the condition of freedom—the condition of animals, apes, the herd? What could be expected of them, when even in our time the wild, apelike echo still occasionally rises from somewhere below, from some shaggy depth?  
  
Fortunately, only on rare occasions. Fortunately, they are only breakdowns of minor parts which can easily be repaired without halting the eternal, grandiose movement of the entire Machine. And to expel the warped bolt, we have the skilled, heavy hand of the Benefactor and the experienced eyes of the Guardians.  
  
And, by the way, I’ve just remembered. That number I saw yesterday, bent like an S—I think I’ve seen him coming out of the Office of the Guardians. Now I understand that instinctive feeling of respect I had for him, and the sense of awkwardness when the strange I-330 spoke before him---1 must confess that this I-330…  
  
The bell for bedtime: it is past twenty-two. Until tomorrow.  
Fourth Entry  
  
  
TOPICS:  
  
  
A Savage with a Barometer  
  
  
Epilepsy  
  
  
If  
  
  
Until now, everything in life was clear to me (no wonder I seem to have a predilection for the very word “clear”). Yet today… I cannot understand it.  
  
First: I was, indeed, assigned to auditorium 112, as she had told me. Although the probability was  
  
  
  
(1500 being the number of auditoriums; 10,000,000, the number of numbers).  
  
And, second… But let me tell it in order, as it happened.  
  
The auditorium—an enormous, sun-drenched hemisphere of massive glass. Circular rows of nobly spherical, smooth-shaven heads. With a slightly palpitating heart I looked around me. I think I was searching for the sight of a rosy crescent—O’s sweet lips—over the blue waves of unifs. A flash of someone’s extraordinarily white, sharp teeth, like… No, but it wasn’t that. O was to come to me at twenty-one that evening. It was entirely natural for me to wish to see her there.  
  
The bell rang. We stood up and sang the Hymn of the One State. And then, from the stage, the voice of the phono-lecturer, glittering with its golden loud-speakers and wit.  
  
“Respected numbers! Our archeologists have recently dug up a certain twentieth-century book in which the ironic author tells the story of a savage and a barometer. The savage noticed that every time the barometer indicated ‘rain’ it actually rained. And since he wanted it to rain, he picked out exactly enough mercury from the column to leave it at ‘rain.’ ” (On the screen—a savage, dressed in feathers, picking out the mercury. Laughter.) “You are laughing. But does it not seem to you that the European of that period was even more ridiculous? Like the savage, the European wanted ‘rain’—rain with a capital letter, algebraic rain. But all he did was stand before the barometer like a limp wet hen. The savage, at least, had more courage and energy and logic, if only primitive logic He had been able to discover that there was a connection between effect and cause. Picking out the mercury, he was able to take the first step on that great road along which…”  
  
At this point (I repeat, I write these notes without concealing anything)—at this point I became as though impermeable to the vitalizing stream that flowed from the loud-speakers. I was suddenly overcome by the feeling that I had come there for nothing (why “for nothing,” and how could I not have come, since I had been assigned there?). Everything seemed empty to me, nothing but mere husks. And when, by dint of a considerable effort, I managed to switch on my attention again, the phono-lecturer had already gone on to his main topic: our music, mathematical composition. (The mathematician as the cause, music as the effect.) He was describing the recently devised musicometer.  
  
“Simply by turning this handle, any of you can produce up to three sonatas an hour. Yet think how much effort this had cost your forebears! They were able to create only by whipping themselves up to fits of ‘inspiration’—an unknown form of epilepsy. And here you have a most amusing illustration of what they produced: Scriabin, the twentieth century. They called this black box” (a curtain parted on the stage, revealing their most ancient instrument) “a ‘grand,’ a ‘royal’ instrument, which only shows once more to what extent their entire music…”  
  
And then I lost the thread again, perhaps because… Yes, I will be frank, because she, I-330, came out to the “royal” box. I suppose I was simply startled by her sudden appearance on the stage.  
  
She wore the fantastic costume of the ancient epoch: a closely fitting black dress, which sharply emphasized the whiteness of her bare shoulders and breast, with that warm shadow, stirring with her breath, between… and the dazzling, almost angry teeth…  
  
A smile—a bite—to us, below. Then she sat down and began to play. Something savage, spasmodic, variegated, like their whole life at that time—not a trace of rational mechanical method. And, of course, all those around me were right, they all laughed.  
  
Except for a few… but why was it that I, too… I?  
  
Yes, epilepsy, a sickness of the spirit, pain… Slow, sweet pain—a bite—and you want it still deeper, still more painful. Then, slowly, the sun. Not ours, not that bluish, crystal, even glow through glass bricks, no—a wild, rushing, scorching sun—and off with all your clothing, tear everything to shreds.  
  
The number next to me glanced to the left, at me, and snorted. Somehow, a vivid memory remains: a tiny bubble of saliva blew out on his lips and burst. The bubble sobered me. I was myself again.  
  
Like all the others, I now heard only senseless, hurried clattering. I laughed. There was a feeling of relief; everything was simple. The clever phono-lecturer had given us too vivid a picture of that primitive age. That was all.  
  
With what enjoyment I listened afterward to our present music! (It was demonstrated at the end, for contrast.) The crystalline chromatic measures of converging and diverging infinite series and the synthesizing chords of Taylor and McLauren formulas; the full-toned, square, heavy tempos of “Pythagoras’ Trousers”; the sad melodies of attenuating vibrations; vivid beats alternating with Frauenhofer lines of pauses—like the spectroscopic analysis of planets… What grandeur! What imperishable logic! And how pathetic the capricious music of the ancients, governed by nothing but wild fantasies…  
  
As usual, we walked out through the wide doors of the auditorium in orderly ranks, four abreast. The familiar, doubly bent figure flashed past; I bowed respectfully.  
  
O was to come in an hour. I felt pleasantly and beneficially excited. At home I stepped hurriedly into the office, handed in my pink coupon, and received the certificate permitting me to lower the shades. This right is granted only on sexual days. At all other times we live behind our transparent walls that seem woven of gleaming air—we are always visible, always washed in light We have nothing to conceal from one another. Besides, this makes much easier the difficult and noble task of the Guardians. For who knows what might happen otherwise? Perhaps it was precisely those strange, opaque dwellings of the ancients that gave rise to their paltry cage psychology. “My (sic!) home is my castle.” What an idea!  
  
At twenty-two I lowered the shades, and at the same moment O entered, slightly out of breath. She held up to me her pink lips and her pink coupon. I tore off the stub—and could not tear myself away from her pink mouth until the very last second—twenty-two-fifteen.  
  
Afterward I showed her my “notes” and spoke (I think I spoke very well) about the beauty of the square, the cube, the straight line. She listened with such enchanting pink attention, and suddenly a tear dropped from the blue eyes, then a second, a third, right on the open page (page 7). The ink ran. Now I shall have to copy the page.  
  
“Darling D, if only you—if…”  
  
“If” what? If… Her old song again about a child? Or, perhaps, something new—about… about the other one? But this would… No, really, it would be too absurd.

**Random Letters Text:**



**Random Words Text:**

brindled Palaic Tel\_Aviv splashy linoleum\_knife though paper\_feed dilute Cyrillic\_alphabet garden\_party Pandora Monongahela Klopstock surrogate whang projectile domestic\_pigeon hindrance astraphobia snap\_roll literary pain verbiage Kosovo taipan sial spool fastness fermata scare\_quote giantess price iridaceous\_plant nosebag Kyphosus whitewash smooth zonk\_out bacteriostasis bookplate portrait\_lens locule chitchat common\_spindle\_tree upper brindled beatific trilobate fall link mark\_down Sweet protest\_march Krasner projection sheer trivialize unlearned shell\_stitch gigabyte distrain rhizopus February hansom gasoline Qatari habitation Skanda dissimilate New\_South\_Wales helleborine exhaust\_pipe sensitizer gibbet clannishness alizarin link Armillaria\_zelleri morphological\_rule monomaniacal poxvirus savoir-faire ripsaw fuse cornea Tiffany score microphotometer careworn spiderflower Galen chickpea unsheared jacks Crazy\_Glue acquainted herring\_gull Burmese auditory\_aphasia choking chemical elec

# **Выводы**

В ходе лабораторной работы я написал набор скриптов (немного попрактиковался в Питоне, узнал про новую библиотеку nltk) для генерации и сравнения текстов, а также проанализировал результаты сравнений различных текстов

Для корректного сравнения текстов, необходимо учитывать не только их длину, но и их содержание.

# **Список используемой литературы**

* <https://ru.ruwiki.ru/wiki/Открытый_текст>
* <https://www.nltk.org/>
* <https://royallib.com/book/Zamyatin_Yevgeny/We.html>
* https://readli.net/1984-3/