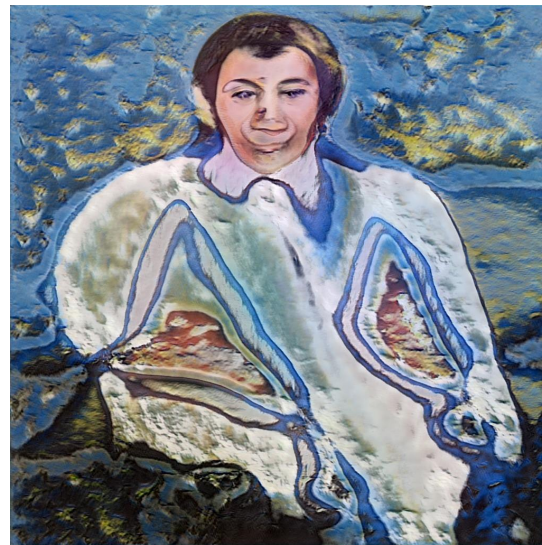


# AI creating poetry

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Boris Orekhov

# Neurobashkort



<http://nevmenandr.net/pages/nb.php>

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*Ars magna*, Ramon Llull, 12th century

## SCIENCE AND ART.

**A LATIN HEXAMETER MACHINE.**—One John Clark, late of Bridgewater, and now of Paddington, for thirteen years has been occupied, as it would seem *from the mere sport* of the thing, and in a spirit of indifference as to what might be its subsequent use, with the invention of a machine for composing hexameter Latin verses. The invention is stated to be less difficult of realization than might have been expected. The rules of verse, Mr. Clark tells me, the measured syllables and the measured time of dactyls, spondees, trochees, &c., which act as fetters of confinement to the writers of verses and much increase their difficulties, have an opposite effect when applied to a machine;—it being much more practicable to

millions of changes, such an occurrence is not likely to happen. Moreover, though the visible display of the line is effected simply by mechanical movements, the conception of it is not mechanical, but “essentially an imagination only, partaking somewhat of the nature of an arithmetical infinite series.” Each verse is conceived at the precise moment of time when its corresponding geometrical figure is produced by the Kaleidoscope in the machine; every identical verse with its corresponding figure, and every figure with its corresponding verse. Nor can it by any possibility be otherwise. So much for Mr. John Clark’s Latin Hexameter Machine. As I have said, I do not see its immediate utility;

# COMPUTER POETRY BEFORE THE ERA OF NEURAL NETWORKS

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Zuse “Z22”

## “stochastic texts” by Theo Lutz

NICHT JEDER BLICK IST NAH. KEIN DORF IST SPÄT.

EIN SCHLOSS IST FREI UND JEDER BAUER IST FERN.

JEDER FREMDE IST FERN. EIN TAG IST SPÄT.

JEDES HAUS IST DUNKEL. EIN AUGEN IST TIEF.

NICHT JEDES SCHLOSS IST ALT. JEDER TAG IST ALT.

## Owr translation

NOT EVERY GLANCE IS NEAR. NO VILLAGE IS LATE.

A CASTLE IS FREE AND EVERY FARMER IS FAR AWAY.

EVERY STRANGER IS FAR AWAY. A DAY IS LATE.

EVERY HOUSE IS DARK. ONE EYE IS DEEP.

NOT EVERY CASTLE IS OLD. EVERY DAY IS OLD.



# Mistero dell'ascensore

Mentre la moltitudine delle cose accade nell'accecante  
globo di fuoco, esse tornano tutte  
alla loro radice, si espandono rapidamente, finché non mosse  
le dita lentamente quando raggiunse la stratosfera  
e giacque immobile senza parlare, trenta volte  
più luminoso del sole, cercando di afferrare.

## English translation

While the multitude of things comes into being in the blinding  
fireball, they all return  
to their roots, they expand rapidly, until he moved  
his fingers slowly when it reached the stratosphere  
and lay motionless without speaking, thirty times  
brighter than the sun endeavouring to grasp.

# APPLYING ARTIFICIAL NEURAL NETWORKS TO POETRY

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# Natalia Azarova (b. 1951)

бор ёлки в воду бросил  
сил держать верхушки нет  
кинет дрожащих в озеро  
зеро ребячьей ряби голосов свободно  
дно тростником упало навзничь  
ничь — я — не — потревожена — от — бором

Москва

21 ноября 2003

# Our rough translation

pinery threw the fir trees into the water

no strength to hold the tops

will throw the trembling ones into the lake

zero childish ripple of voices freely

the bottom like reed has fallen down

tie (I am) – not – disturbed – by se – lection (pinery)

# Generated poem

могу не **озеро горизонта**

синих **глубок луг** на бахли\* на стаю

болтлизись\*?

слежу ночи кораллов гадаю облаками

сэнимальной\* луна?

Ялта

19 сентября

# Our attempt at a rough translation

I cannot the lake of the horizon

blue deep meadow on bahli\* on a flock

boltlized\*?

I watch the nights of the coral and guess the clouds

sanimated\* moon?

Yalta

19 September

# The second generated poem

Алот\* — это —

их — раз — — —

день — страницы — **н-за\***

не открывая-соз**н**аний

Москва

9–20 февраля 2004



# Rough translation

Alot\* – is –

them – once – – –

day – of the page ... n-za\*

of non revealing-consciousnesses

9–20 February 2004

22 апреля 2022

# «Она очень хорошо говорила русским языком»

*Что получится, если нейросеть будет писать «под Набокова»*

Можно ли научить нейросеть писать «под Владимира Набокова»? Филологи и специалисты в области искусственного интеллекта и набоковской прозы Борис Орехов и Любовь Каракуц-Бородина задались такой целью и получили текст, который «Горький» в честь очередного дня рождения автора «Лолиты» публикует целиком с пояснениями создателей о методике их работы.

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<https://gorky.media/context/ona-ochen-horoshogovorila-russkim-yazykom/>