```
title: "Untitled" document metadata
    format: html
 6 ## Quarto
   Quarto enables you to weave together content and executable code into a
    finished document.
   To learn more about Quarto see <<u>https://quarto.org</u>>.
                                                                  plain text
10
11 * ## Running Code
12
   When you click the **Render** button a document will be generated that includes
    both content and the output of embedded code.
                                             code chunks
   You can embed code like this:
15
16 - ```{r}
18 -
19
   You can add options to executable code like this
21
22 ~ ```{r}
   #I echo: false
24 2 * 2
25 -
26
   The `echo: false` option disables the printing of code (only output is
    displayed).
28
```

```
'``{r}
#| label: howl
#| echo: false
my_generation |>
  select(best_minds) |>
  filter(destroyed == "by madness")
'``
```

```
chunk options

'``{r}

# | label: how!

# | echo: false option values

my_generation |>
    select(best_minds) |>
    filter(destroyed == "by madness")
```

code chunk comments

```
/ `{r}
#| label: howl
#| echo: false
my_generation |>
  select(best_minds) |>
  filter(destroyed == "by madness")
```

who wept at the romance of the streets with their pushcarts full of onions and bad music, who sat in boxes breathing in the darkness under the bridge, and rose up to build `r select(instruments, harpsichord) in their lofts, who coughed on the `r length(floors)` floor of Harlem crowned with flame under the tubercular sky surrounded by orange crates of theology, who scribbled all night rocking and rolling over lofty incantations which in the yellow morning were stanzas of gibberish,

who wept at the romance of the streets with their pushcarts full of any R code onions and bad music, who sat in boxes breathing in the single darkness under the bridge, and rose backtick up to build 'r select (instruments, + r harpsichord) in their lofts, who coughed on the 'r length(floors)' floor of Harlem crowned with flame under the tubercular sky surrounded by orange crates of theology, who scribbled all night rocking and rolling over lofty incantations which in the yellow morning were stanzas of gibberish,