

Sometimes we need to look beyond all our idiosyncracies, and wonder why automatic writing is such a stupid idea. Are we lambs in Gilead? Is this longer than a line? What is a paragraph anyway?

He slept beneath the moon
He basked beneath the sun
He lived a life of going-to-do
And died with nothing done

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But sometimes, we must all give up. A cigar is just a cigar, and a couch is just an item of furniture. Casting spells, checking answers... Do we ever think of ellipses and how to insert them? Is TeX a good language? Are we to judge its output blind to its input?