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something something something

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Preface

A note to reviewers: this book is being created using [bookdown](#) for both HTML and PDF (via LaTeX). Aesthetic aspects of the content, such as the sizing and placement of figures, will be optimized at once the content has been finalized.

The R packages and versions used in this text are:

```
sessionInfo()
```

```
## R version 3.4.3 (2017-11-30)
## Platform: x86_64-apple-darwin15.6.0 (64-bit)
## Running under: macOS High Sierra 10.13.3
##
## Matrix products: default
## BLAS: /Library/Frameworks/R.framework/Versions/3.4/Resources/lib/libRblas.0.dylib
## LAPACK: /Library/Frameworks/R.framework/Versions/3.4/Resources/lib/libRlapack.dylib
##
## locale:
## [1] en_US.UTF-8/en_US.UTF-8/en_US.UTF-8/C/en_US.UTF-8/en_US.UTF-8
##
## attached base packages:
## [1] stats      graphics  grDevices  utils      datasets  base
##
## other attached packages:
## [1] rmarkdown_1.8      bookdown_0.7      sessioninfo_1.0.0
##
## loaded via a namespace (and not attached):
## [1] Rcpp_0.12.15      clisymbols_1.2.0 withr_2.1.1      digest_0.6.15
## [5] rprojroot_1.3-2  backports_1.1.2  magrittr_1.5      evaluate_0.10.1
## [9] stringi_1.1.6    tools_3.4.3     stringr_1.3.0     xfun_0.1
## [13] yaml_2.1.16      compiler_3.4.3  htmltools_0.3.6   knitr_1.20
## [17] methods_3.4.3
```



some stuff here

0.1 Seven Nation Army

Some text randomly pulled from playlist:

Lyrics by White Stripes

Seven Nation Army The White Stripes I'm gonna fight 'em all A seven nation army couldn't hold me back They're gonna rip it off Taking their time right behind my back And I'm talking to myself at night Because I can't forget Back and forth through my mind Behind a cigarette And the message coming from my eyes Says leave it alone Don't want to hear about it Every single one's got a story to tell Everyone knows about it From the Queen of England to the hounds of hell And if I catch it coming back my way I'm gonna serve it to you And that ain't what you want to hear But that's what I'll do And the feeling coming from my bones Says find a home I'm going to Wichita Far from this opera for evermore I'm gonna work the straw Make the sweat drip out of every pore And I'm bleeding, and I'm bleeding, and I'm bleeding Right before the lord All the words are gonna bleed from me And I will sing no more And the stains coming from my blood Tell me go back home

0.1.1 My Mathematical Mind

by Spoon

I want to change your mind Said I want to set it right this time I'm looking through you You know who you are And planning for the apocalypse Is not considered Considered cool I don't suggest it myself But no I won't sweat I want to change your ways Said I'm gonna get it right one of these days And I'm looking through you Riding the brakes Bringing about the apocalypse Is not considered Considered cool Still you go setting it up But never give it a thought Just go setting it up My mathematical mind can see the breaks So I'm gonna stop riding the brakes No no no no more ride the brakes Instead I'm gonna see your stakes Yeah I'm gonna see the stakes

