

# txt2T<sub>E</sub>X, a simple word processor

Eric Forgeot

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# Manual

## Presentation

The txt2TeX was made because of our consideration for the good and appealing quality of the LaTeX output, and also because of our love for the simplicity of `txt2tags`.

But there is also much frustration with LaTeX, it's perfect for writing scientific and complex books, but there is not way to quickly start writing prosa with it, without enduring the intrusive and complex syntax.

The goal of txt2TeX is to use `txt2tags` as a preprocesseur, and keep its non-distracting formating marks, while being able to export easily into LaTeX and html. `Txt2tags` can already export to LaTeX, but there is little control on the output.

By default, txt2TeX will have all that is needed to writing a simple and nice looking book or roman:

Page numbering, top header with title and separating line, support for footnotes.

*Note: Sorry for the quick and dirty translation of the French manual*

## Getting txt2tex

For the internet html version, the archive is located [there](#). For the others (pdf version), they can get this archive (`txt2tex.zip`) from <http://anamnese.online.fr/site2/txt2tex/>

## Prerequisite

LaTeX and python must be installed on your computer. `Txt2TeX` has been tested on those operating system :

- Linux (Archlinux and Mandriva, others should work as well) + [TeXlive](#)
- MS Windows + [MiKTeX](#)

You can use 'make' in addition (optional makefile), and post-script tools as well (`pstopdf`, `psutils` (`pdfnup`, `psbook`), `pdfjam` etc)

## Use

The two files `txt2tex.t2t` et `txt2tex.sty` are the definition and the style of the system. Normally, you shouldn't have to modify those files. For getting started with a new document, just make a copy of the `sample_en.sty` under a new name (your personal style for your document), and copy the header of the `sample_en.t2t`, also under a new name, if possible the same as your new style, until the mark `%%%% Beginning of YOUR document %%%%` in the source.

Then, you just have to write your document and modify the basic appearance in the style file (margins, header, etc.). You can easily alter the size of paper, the size and name of the font, the size of the displayed text (implicitly defining the margins then). The syntax, which is quite easy to use, is described later.

In order to compile your html or pdf document, on an unix system, open a terminal in the folder of your document, modify in the makefile the line with `DOCUMENT = sample_en` to suit your own document name and type either:

- `make html` to generate a html page.
- `make pdf` to generate a LaTeX document and then a pdf file. If the compilation goes well, there won't be any error written, and it should end with "entering extended mode".
- `make pdfsmall` for making a document with 2 pages in one (needs `pdfjam`, and the links won't be activated anymore: good for printing only)
- `make booklet` for making a recto-verso leaflet (needs `psutils`, links won't be activated anymore). The columns are not well aligned at the moment.
- `make epub` pour creating an epub file (electronic e-book), needs the free software [calibre](#) to make the conversion from the html file.
- `make clean` to clean the folder from temporary files.
- `make cleanall` to clean the folder from temporary files, and erase every generated `.tex` and `.pdf` (needs a confirmation for security)
- `make all` for making html, pdf, and clean temporary files. The `sample.css` file is an example of html style for your documents.

## Syntax

The general syntax is the one of txt2tags, and we added those symbols :

- An initial is made with the symbol `-**-` before the first letter of the word.
- A small space between 2 sections is made with `*-*` (quick to type on the numpad)
- A bigger paragraph is made with `*- -*` (add a little leaf 🍃)
- The end of a section with 3 stars in triangle is made with `***`
- You can also have those symbols (centered and on a new line) :
  - moon first quarter : `+ - -`
  - moon last quarter : `- - +`
  - sun ☀: `+++`
- Footnotes are possible if you wrap those notes with `°°` (see example below and the source code of this document for further examples).

Even if you're not supposed to, you can add specific LaTeX code by replacing the `\` by  and the `{ et }` by `( ( and ) )` (without space). If you wish the command to disappear from the html output, you have to end your command with 2 stars to indicate the end of the code.

You can also, more easily, surround your LaTeX code with the txt2tags syntax for verbatim (three `)

The source code of this document will give you more example on how to add more latex options in your text. For example this mathematic formula (which won't appear in the html version) :

$$\frac{a}{b} + \sqrt[n]{abcd}$$

The verbatim version:

$$\frac{a}{b} + \sqrt[n]{abcd}$$

A simple box:

Example of text in the box

This last example will appear odd (on purpose) in the html version because there is no `**` at the end of this special command.



Footnote examples:

We can include footnotes this way<sup>1</sup> (version with replacing code)

Beware, this way footnotes won't appear in the html version<sup>2</sup>

It's better to use this simpler form for keeping notes in the html version<sup>3</sup>

## Sample texts

*Here are some examples of document for txt2TeX...*

### A few sentences with various spacings

FJÖLNIR sonur Yngvifreys réð þá fyrir Svíum og Uppsalaauð. Hann var ríkur og ársæll og friðsæll. Þá var Frið-Fróði að Hleiðru. Þeirra í millum var heimboð og vingan. Þá er Fjöl­nir fór til Fróða á Selund þá var þar fyrir búin mikil veisla og boðið til víða um lönd.

Fróði átti mikinn húsabæ. Þar var gert ker mikið margra alna hátt og okað með stórum timburstokkum. Það stóð í undirskemmu en loft var yfir uppi og opið gólfpilið svo að þar var niður hellt le­ginum en ker­ið blandið fullt mjaðar. Þar var drykkur furðu sterkur. Um kveldið var Fjöl­ni fylgt til herbergis í hið næsta loft og hans sveit með honum.

Um nóttina gekk hann út í svarsar að leita sér staðar. Var hann svefnær og dauðadrukkinn. En er hann snerist aftur til herbergis þá

- 
1. Test of footnot
  2. This note will be lost in html.
  3. This note will be kept in the html version of the document

gekk hann fram eftir svölunum og til annarra loftdura og þar inn, missti þá fótum og féll í mjaðarkerið og týndist þar.



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Persian or chinese poetry won't be displayed in pdf (unicode is a work in progress but should require xetex), but it's working in html

\* \*

\*

## Example of poetry

### Gil-galad

)

Gil-galad was an Elven-king. Of him the harpers sadly sing: The last whose realm was fair and free Between the mountains and the sea.

☼

His sword was long, his lance was keen. His shining helm afar was seen. The countless stars of heaven's field Were mirrored in his silver shield.

☼

But long ago he rode away, And where he dwelleth none can say. For into darkness fell his star; In Mordor, where the shadows are.

(

*JRR Tolkien*

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If you want to copy and paste texts from internet or an other source, you may find tiresome to include the special line break marks (\*-\*), so you can enable in the header of your document this command:

```
%!preproc(tex): "$" '\n\n'
```

## Aux modernes

### *Leconte de Lisle*

Vous vivez lâchement, sans rêve, sans dessein,  
Plus vieux, plus décrépits que la terre inféconde,  
Châtrés dès le berceau par le siècle assassin  
De toute passion vigoureuse et profonde.

Votre cervelle est vide autant que votre sein,  
Et vous avez souillé ce misérable monde  
D'un sang si corrompu, d'un souffle si malsain,  
Que la mort germe seule en cette boue immonde.

Hommes, tueurs de Dieux, les temps ne sont pas loin  
Où, sur un grand tas d'or vautrés dans quelque coin,  
Ayant rongé le sol nourricier jusqu'aux roches

Ne sachant faire rien ni des jours ni des nuits,  
Noyés dans le néant des suprêmes ennuis,  
Vous mourrez bêtement en emplissant vos poches.

\* \*

\*

## Prose

### The Great God Pan

#### *Arthur Machen*

"Herbert! Good God! Is it possible?"

"Yes, my name's Herbert. I think I know your face, too, but I don't remember your name. My memory is very queer."



"Don't you recollect Villiers of Wadham?"

"So it is, so it is. I beg your pardon, Villiers, I didn't think I was begging of an old college friend. Good-night."

"My dear fellow, this haste is unnecessary. My rooms are close by, but we won't go there just yet. Suppose we walk up Shaftesbury Avenue a little way? But how in heaven's name have you come to this pass, Herbert?"

"It's a long story, Villiers, and a strange one too, but you can hear it if you like."

"Come on, then. Take my arm, you don't seem very strong."

The ill-assorted pair moved slowly up Rupert Street; the one in dirty, evil-looking rags, and the other attired in the regulation uniform of a man about town, trim, glossy, and eminently well-to-do. Villiers had emerged from his restaurant after an excellent dinner of many courses, assisted by an ingratiating little flask of Chianti, and, in that frame of mind which was with him almost chronic, had delayed a moment by the door, peering round in the dimly-lighted street in search of those mysterious incidents and persons with which the streets of London teem in every quarter and every hour. Villiers prided himself as a practised explorer of such obscure mazes and byways of London life, and in this unprofitable pursuit he displayed an assiduity which was worthy of more serious employment. Thus he stood by the lamp-post surveying the passers-by with undisguised curiosity, and with that gravity known only to the systematic diner, had just enunciated in his mind the formula: "London has been called the city of encounters; it is more than that, it is the city of Resurrections," when these reflections were suddenly interrupted by a piteous whine at his elbow, and a deplorable appeal for alms. He looked around in some irritation, and with a sudden shock found himself confronted with the embodied proof of his somewhat stilted fancies. There, close beside him, his face altered and disfigured by poverty and disgrace, his body barely covered by greasy ill-fitting rags, stood his old friend Charles Herbert, who had matriculated on the same day as himself, with whom he had been merry and wise for twelve revolving terms. Different occupations and varying interests had

interrupted the friendship, and it was six years since Villiers had seen Herbert; and now he looked upon this wreck of a man with grief and dismay, mingled with a certain inquisitiveness as to what dreary chain of circumstances had dragged him down to such a doleful pass. Villiers felt together with compassion all the relish of the amateur in mysteries, and congratulated himself on his leisurely speculations outside the restaurant.

They walked on in silence for some time, and more than one passer-by stared in astonishment at the unaccustomed spectacle of a well-dressed man with an unmistakable beggar hanging on to his arm, and, observing this, Villiers led the way to an obscure street in Soho. Here he repeated his question.



## The Raven

*Poe 1845*

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary, Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore, While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping, As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door. "Tis some visitor", I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door — Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December, And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor. Eagerly I wished the morrow; — vainly I had sought to borrow From my books surcease of sorrow — sorrow for the lost Lenore — For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore —

Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before; So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating, "'Tis

some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door — Some late  
visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door; —

This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer, "Sir,"  
said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore; But the fact is I  
was napping, and so gently you came rapping, And so faintly you  
came tapping, tapping at my chamber door, That I scarce was sure  
I heard you" — here I opened wide the door; —

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering,  
fearing, Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream  
before; But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no  
token, And the only word there spoken was the whispered word,  
"Lenore?" This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word,  
"Lenore!" —

Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before. "Surely,"  
said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice: Let me see,  
then, what theroat is, and this mystery explore — Let my heart be  
still a moment and this mystery explore; —

'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,  
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore; Not  
the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;  
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door —  
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door —

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling, By  
the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore. "Though  
thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,  
Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the Nightly shore  
— Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,  
 Though its answer little meaning — little relevancy bore; For we  
 cannot help agreeing that no living human being Ever yet was blest  
 with seeing bird above his chamber door — Bird or beast upon the  
 sculptured bust above his chamber door,

With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only That  
 one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour. Nothing  
 further then he uttered — not a feather then he fluttered — Till I  
 scarcely more than muttered, "other friends have flown before —  
 On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."

Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken, "Doubt-  
 less," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store, Caught from  
 some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster Followed fast  
 and followed faster till his songs one burden bore — Till the dirges  
 of his Hope that melancholy burden bore

Of 'Never — nevermore'."

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,  
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and  
 door; Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking Fancy  
 unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore — What this  
 grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous bird of yore

Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing To the  
 fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core; This and  
 more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining On the cushion's  
 velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er, But whose velvet violet  
 lining with the lamplight gloating o'er,

She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen  
 censer Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted  
 floor. "Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee — by these angels he  
 hath sent thee Respite — respite and nepenthe, from thy memories  
 of Lenore Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost  
 Lenore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil! — Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore, Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted — On this home by horror haunted — tell me truly, I implore — Is there — is there balm in Gilead? — tell me — tell me, I implore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil — prophet still, if bird or devil! By that Heaven that bends above us — by that God we both adore — Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn, It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore — Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign in parting, bird or fiend," I shrieked, upstarting — "Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore! Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken! Leave my loneliness unbroken! — quit the bust above my door! Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door; And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming, And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor; And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor

Shall be lifted — nevermore!



## Example unix code

If you need to include some letters already found in the txt2tags code (such as the pipe |), you can prevent their execution by surrounding them with double quote ("")

```
find . -print | cpio -o -H newc | gzip -9 > ../initrd.gz
```