NOT A STATISTICAL ANALYSIS OF A SQUARE LAW DETECTOR WITH A NONSTATIONARY INPUT, THESIS FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING, BY ROGER ARGUELLO, 1959

[MŒURS DE PROVINCE]

This project consists of handwritten quotes, in sharpie marker, from Gustave Flaubert's Madame Bovary; color inkjet prints of decorated panels from the Hours of Chrétienne de France (1470-75); and composite photos of stock images -- all pasted onto 10 sheets of large teasoaked paper bound into a booklet with copper tape highlights. The cover, and namesake, of the project once held together a copy of Arguello's thesis (1959), which was found in a bin of the 13th floor of the Mudd building, 500 West 120th Street.

Initial inspiration came from stock photos: emblematic of the rote and cliché, often accompanying articles on advertising-reliant websites to illustrate the text and its key concepts. Devoid of feeling yet conveying a single unambiguous emotion, immediately comprehensible yet invariably uncanny, featuring human beings yet containing no real people, stock photos are as close as we can get to a universal public good, forever "in stock" and never depleted. For a small licensing fee or the aesthetic penalty of a watermark (which is not that obtrusive, really), the nameless faces and scenes may be reproduced and distributed in perpetuity. From the moment stock photos are uploaded to the internet, their subjects lose their identities and become ideas, representations of "humans doing a thing". If you cannot describe the stock photo in three words or less, it is probably not a good one.

Biblical imagery serves a similar purpose. While reading the text of the bible may be considered best-practice, two millennia of repetitive Christian iconography on churches and manuscripts have made its key scenes instantly recognizable and rote. This was partially out of necessity in a pre-printing-press culture where few owned books. From the 13th to 16th centuries, those who did would have had a Book of Hours, which are, incidentally, having "a moment" right now (Scott, 2024). These books represent some of the finest illuminated manuscripts still preserved today and those with wealthier owners had lavish decoration (e.g., the Hours of Catherine of Cleves).

So I set out to incorporate modern stock images with a medieval Book of Hours. The final element was the choice of text -- I was not going to use the Bible, primarily because it has never interested me very much and its iconography was already well-established. Enter Flaubert.

My first encounter with Madame Bovary was the summer of 2016. I had just graduated high school and spent my time reading classic after classic while waiting to leave for university. Since then, I have reread it in English and French, and have continued to think about the novel and return to Flaubert. Its plot is well-known, as is its status as a masterpiece of prose and the first "modern" novel. To write prose and dislike Flaubert is to be a chef and dislike French cuisine:

possible, but suspect. Though my initial reason for beginning Madame Bovary was simple enough -- my high school crush had been carrying it around -- my reasons for continuously coming back are many.

It is, above all, a supremely comical book. Charles's contentment, Emma and Rodolphe in the village fair, Léon fuming in the cathedral of Rouen, and the speeches of Homais rank among the funniest things ever written. Fundamental to this humor and the larger narrative is the value of romance. We do not scoff at Emma for seeking out melodramatic love scenes and re-enacting sentimental tropes from romantic novels; we rather pity and admire her for committing to them. For we learn often too quickly about the practical and mundane necessities for surviving in this society -- staying healthy, saving money, and working hard -- and forget that he who masters this mode of life is also the perfect bore (Homais). Emma is volatile, capricious, obsessive -- an interesting character. Without her flawed and pathetic affairs, she would have suffered an emotional death as tragic as her physical one.

The quotes I selected from Madam Bovary represent key moments in the book or passages that I find particularly well-written. These are complemented by groups of stock photos, either illustrating the quote directly or depicting an image that Flaubert has juxtaposed in the surrounding paragraphs; the visual clutter aims to recall medieval biblical imagery. My choice of a mid-grade Book of Hours by a Rouen illuminator was meant to highlight the significance of Rouen and Normandy in the novel. By referring to Arguello's 1959 thesis in my title for this piece, I meant to emphasize its artifice. Indeed, these endeavors of bookbinding, staining paper with tea, stock image photoshoots, and the tedium of society are all some form of artificiality; we delve beneath the surface at our own peril.

POST-CRITIQUE REFLECTION

Reception was mixed. The combination of the French language, 19th century text, and medieval manuscript style was disorienting to most. Much of this was expected — like most Books of Hours, the language and presentation of my booklet was not familiar, forcing most viewers towards more formal/aesthetic critiques. Yet there was perhaps too much to take in. Any one of the composite stock photos would have required at least ten minutes to explain fully — naming the objects, situating them in the story, identifying its relation to the text and subtext, then my own personal interpretation of it all. So in the end, my project remained opaque and inaccessible. Perhaps this speaks directly to the fate of many of the illuminated manuscripts today: detached from their highly personal craftsmanship and textual devotion and coveted mostly for their beautiful decoration.

REFERENCES

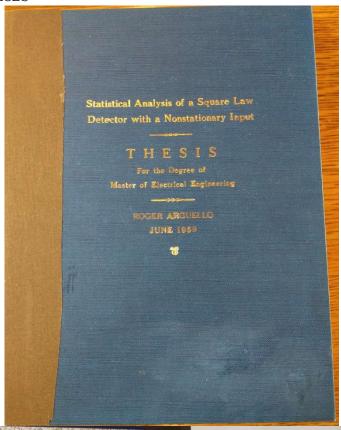
Arguello, R. J. 1959. Statistical Analysis of a Square Law Detector with a Nonstationary Input. Masters Thesis, Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, NY.

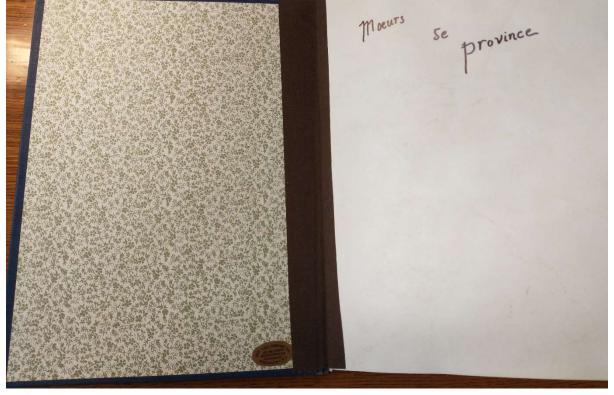
Flaubert, Gustave. (1857). 1966. Madame Bovary. Paris: Garnier-Flammarion.

Heures de Chrétienne de France. 1470-1475. [Maître de l'Échevinage de Rouen] Bibliothèque Nationale de France. Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal. Ms-562 réserve. $120 \times 165 \text{ mm}$.

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APPENDIX A: IMAGES





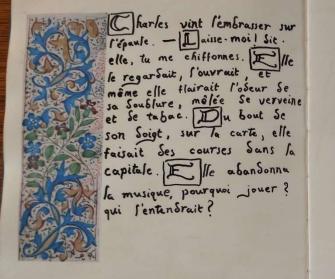




montaient le long Ses verres
qui avaient servi, et Soursonnaient en se noyant au
fond, Sans le cisre resta.

Tout à coup un bruit se
fit contre le mur; l'auvent
s'était rabattu, la cliquette
tremblait encore.

Emma cherchait à savoir
ce que l'on entensait au juste
Sans la vie par les mots se
filicité, se passion, et s'ivresse,
qui lui avaient paru si beaux
bans les livres.





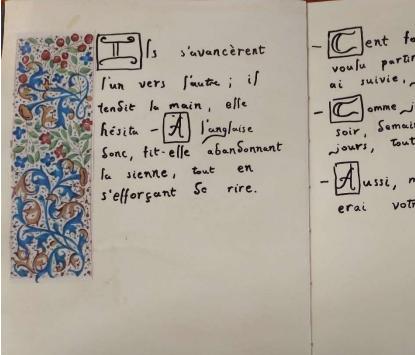


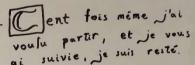
toute la largeur de la boutique, porte en rettre d'or: Homais pharmacien. Car on peut l'honorer aussi bien dans un bois, dans un champ, ou même en contemplant la voûte éthérée, comme les anciens. Mon Dieu, à moi, c'est le Dieu de Docrate, de Pranklin. Se Voltaire, et de Béranger! De suis pour la Profession de foi su vicaire savoyard et les immortels principes se 87!



Oh! siadore la mer, Sit M. Zéon. Elle se Ségagea, pour lui, Ses qualités charnelles Sont il n'avait rien à obtenir; et elle alla, Sans son et s'en Sétechant à la manière magnifique S'une apothéose qui s'envole.







- Comme je resterais ce soir, Semain, les autres

Alussi, moi, j'emporterai votre souvenir







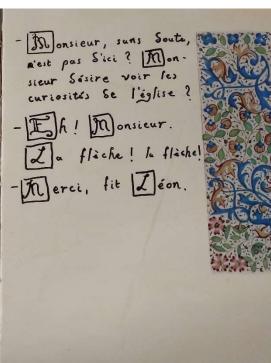














milieu ses camions et ses
barriques, et sans les rues,
au coin ses bornes, les
bourgeois ouvraient se
granss yeux ébahis sevant
cette chose si extraordinaire
en province, une voiture à
stores tensus, et qui
apparaissait ainsi continuellement, plus close qu'un
tombeau et ballottée comme
un navire.





brutalement, arrachant le lacet mince Je son corset, qui sifflait autour Se ses hanches comme une couleuvre qui glisse.

Te qui le charmait autrefois l'effrayait un peu maintenant. heures pour tout Silai."

- Quoi Sonc? "Payer

la somme totale Se

huit mille francs."

- C'est une plaisanterie
sans Soute!







- Mais, moi, je

t'ourais tout Sonné, jeurais tout vendu, jeurais

travaillé de mes mains,
jourais mendié sur les
routes, pour un sourire,
pour un regard, pour
t'entendre dire:

" [merci ! "





De ne les ai pas! répondit

Rosolphe avec ce calme parfait Sont se recouvrent, comme s'un bouclier, les colères résignées. Puis, Sans un transport s'héroisme qui la rensait presque joyeuse, elle sescensit la côte en courant, traversa la planche aux vaches, le sentier, l'allée, les halles, et arriva sevant la boutique su pharmacien.





Duis elle s'en
retourna subitement
apaisée, et presque
Sans la sérénité S'un
Sevoir accompli.

Une convulsion la rabattit sur le matelas.

Tous s'approchèrent.

Elle n'existait plus.





clientèle s'enfer; l'autorité le ménage et l'opinion publique le protège.

recevoir la croix S'honneur.





APPENDIX B: TEXT AND TRANSLATION

mœurs de province

1.I.37

Nous étions à l'étude, quand le Proviseur entra, suivi d'un nouveau habillé en bourgeois et d'un garçon de classe qui portait un grand pupitre

38

Il se leva; sa casquette tomba. Toute la classe se mit à rire.

[Charles à l'école]

[La lune de miel, chez le Marquis]

1.III.55

Des mouches, sur la table, montaient le long des verres qui avaient servi, et bourdonnaient en se noyant au fond, dans le cidre resté.

58

Tout à coup un bruit se fit contre le mur; l'auvent s'était rabattu, la cliquette tremblait encore.

1.V.69

Et Emma cherchait à savoir ce que l'on entendait au juste dans la vie par les mots de félicité, de passion, et d'ivresse, qui lui avaient paru si beaux dans les livres.

1.VIII.84

Charles vint l'embrasser sur l'épaule.

- Laisse-moi! dit-elle, tu me chiffonnes.

1.IX.91

Elle le regardait, l'ouvrait, et même elle flairait l'odeur de sa doublure, mêlée de verveine et de tabac.

provincial ways

1.I.37

We were in class when the headmaster came in, followed by a new boy, out of uniform, and a helper carrying a large desk.

38

He stood up; his cap fell. The whole class began laughing.

[Charles at school]

[The honeymoon, at the Marquis' house]

1.III.55

On the table, flies were climbing up the used glasses, buzzing as they drowned in the leftover cider.

58

Suddenly there was the noise of something hitting the wall; the shutter had been flung open, the latch was still rattling.

1.V.69

And Emma sought to understand what exactly one meant, in real life, by the words 'bliss', 'passion', and 'ecstasy', which had seemed so beautiful to her in books.

1.VIII.84

Charles came to kiss her on the shoulder.

-Go away! she said, you'll
wrinkle my dress.

1.IX.91

She would gaze at it, open it, and even sniff at its lining, its odor a mix of verbena and tabacco.

92

du bout de son doigt, sur la carte, elle faisait des courses dans la capitale.

96

Elle abandonna la musique, pourquoi jouer ? qui l'entendrait ?

[Après le bal, la belle ville de Paris]

[Le bon pharmacien]

2.II.108

Et l'enseigne, qui tient toute la largeur de la boutique, porte en lettres d'or: Homais, pharmacien.

112

Car on peut l'honorer aussi bien dans un bois, dans un champ, ou même en contemplant la voûte éthérée, comme les anciens. Mon Dieu, à moi, c'est le Dieu de Socrate, de Franklin, de Voltaire et de Béranger! Je suis pour la Profession de foi du vicaire savoyard et les immortels principes de 89!

[Coucher de soleil, jalousies vertes]

2.II.116

- Oh ! j'adore la mer, dit M. Léon.

2.V.139

Elle se dégagea, pour lui, des qualités charnelles dont il n'avait rien à obtenir; et elle alla, dans son cœur, montant toujours et s'en détachant à la manière magnifique d'une apothéose qui s'envole.

92

from the tip of her finger, on the map, she would go shopping in the capital.

96

She gave up music, what was the point of playing? who would listen?

[After the ball, the beautiful city of Paris]

[The good pharmacist]

2.II.108

And the sign, which took up the entire width of the shop, displayed in golden letters: Homais, pharmacist.

112

For one can pay respect to Him just as well in the woods, in a field, or even while contemplating ethereal vaulting, like they did in the past. As for me, my God is the God of Socrates, of Franklin, of Voltaire and Béranger! I support the Profession of Faith of a Savoyard Vicar and the immortal tenets of 89!

[Sunset, green shutters]

2.II.116

-Oh! I love the sea, said M. Léon.

2.V.139

She had been separated from her body, which was out of reach for him; and she remained in his heart, continuously rising and leaving behind the physical world, soaring magnificently towards an apotheosis.

2.VI.152

Ils s'avancèrent l'un vers l'autre ; il tendit la main, elle hésita.

- À l'anglaise donc, fit-elle abandonnant la sienne, tout en s'efforçant de rire.

2.VIII.178

- Cent fois même j'ai voulu partir, et je vous ai suivie, je suis resté.
- Comme je resterais ce soir, demain, les autres jours, toute ma vie !
- Aussi, moi, j'emporterai votre souvenir.

179

- Oh ! non, n'est-ce pas, je serai quelque chose dans votre pensée, dans votre vie ?

2.VIII.179

- Oh! merci! Vous ne me repoussez pas! Vous êtes bonne! Vous comprenez que je suis à vous! Laissez que je vous voie, que je vous contemple!

Un désir suprême faisait frissonner leurs lèvres sèches; et mollement, sans effort, leurs doigts se confondirent.

[Fumiers, médaille d'or, bélier, cochon]

[Drainage, engrais, bail à long terme, domestiques]

2.VI.152

They stepped towards each other; he held out his hand, she hesitated.

-An English farewell, then, she said, giving her hand and forcing herself to laugh.

2.VIII.178

-I wanted to leave hundreds of times, and yet I followed you, I stayed.

-How I would stay tonight, tomorrow, every day, my entire life!

-I, too, will keep you in my memory.

179

- Oh! Somehow I'll be in your thoughts, in your life, won't I?

2.VIII.179

Oh! Thank you! You do not refuse me! You are so good! You know that I am yours! Let me look at you, let me gaze at you!

A supreme desire made tremble their parched lips; and softly, smoothly, their fingers intertwined.

[Manure, gold medal, ram, pig]

[Drainage, fertilizer, long-term rental, maids]

2.IX.189

Elle renversa son cou blanc, qui She threw back her white neck, se gonflait d'un soupir et, défaillante, tout en pleurs, avec breaking down into tears, un long frémissement et se shuddering and hiding her face, cachant la figure, elle s'abandonna.

2.XIII.230

Et il y avait un dernier adieu, séparé en deux mots : À Dieu ! ce qu'il jugeait d'un excellent goût.

[Soleil d'octobre, corbeilles d'abricots]

2.XV.253

Il se tenait derrière elle, s'appuyant de l'épaule contre la cloison; et, de temps à autre, elle se sentait frissonner sous le souffle tiède de ses narines from the exhaled air of his qui lui descendait dans la nostrils which seeped down chevelure.

3.I.265

- Monsieur, sans doute, n'est pas d'ici ? Monsieur désire voir les curiosités de l'église ?

3.I.267

- Eh! monsieur. La flèche! la flèche !...
- Merci, fit Léon.

[Baisade numéro deux, la flèche]

3.I.270

Et sur le port, au milieu des camions et des barriques, et dans les rues, au coin des bornes, les bourgeois ouvraient de grands yeux ébahis devant cette chose si extraordinaire en province, une apparaissait continuellement, plus close qu'un | continuously, sealed up tighter

2.IX.189

swelling with a sigh, and, she gave in.

2.XIII.230

And there was a final goodbye, separated into four words: God be with you! which he judged to be excellent taste.

[October sun, bins of apricots]

2.XV.253

He was sitting behind her, pressing his shoulder against the separator; and, from time to time, she felt herself shiver lukewarm into her hair.

3.I.265

-Sir, no doubt, is not from here? Would Sir like to see the curiosities of the church?

3.I.267

-Hey, Sir! The steeple! the steeple!...

-No thanks, said Léon.

[Sex scene number two, the steeple]

3.I.270

And on the docks, between the wagons and barrels, and in the streets, at the street corners, the townspeople stared wide-eyed at this sight so extraordinary in voiture à stores tendus, et qui the provinces, a carriage with ainsi its blinds drawn, reappearing navire.

tombeau et ballottée comme un than a tomb and rocking like a ship.

3.VI.305

Elle se déshabillait brutalement, arrachant le lacet mince de son corset, qui sifflait autour de ses hanches comme une couleuvre qui glisse.

Ce qui le charmait autrefois l'effrayait un peu maintenant.

314

« Dans vingt-quatres heures pour tout délai. » - Quoi donc ? « Payer la somme totale de huit mille francs. »

- C'est une plaisanterie sans doute !

- Non.

3.VIII.332

- Mais, moi, je t'aurais tout donné, j'aurais tout vendu, j'aurais travaillé de mes mains, j'aurais mendié sur les routes, pour un sourire, pour un regard, pour t'entendre dire : « Merci ! »

[Début de la fin]

3.VIII.332

- Je ne les ai pas ! répondit Rodolphe avec ce calme parfait dont se recouvrent, comme d'un bouclier, les colères résignées.

333

Puis, dans un transport d'héroïsme qui la rendit presque energy which felt almost like joyeuse, elle descendit la côte joy, she ran down the hill, past en courant, traversa la planche the bridge, the footpath, the

3.VI.305

She ripped off her clothes, tearing off the thin lace of her corset, which rustled down her hips like a snake.

What he had once found charming now scared him a little bit.

314

"Within no more than twenty-four hours." -What? "Pay the total amount of eight thousand francs"

-Surely it's a joke!

-N0

3.VIII.332

-But I would given everything, sold all my things, I would have done manual labor, begged on the streets for a smile, a glance, to hear you say "Thank you!"

[Beginning of the end]

3.VIII.332

-I haven't got them! replied Rodoplhe with that perfect calm which shields resigned anger.

333

Then, with a burst of heroic

aux vaches, le sentier, l'allée, avenue, and the marketplace, and les halles, et arriva devant la stopped in front of the pharmacy. boutique du pharmacien.

[Arsenic, l'aveugle, la croix d'honneur]

[Arsenic, the blind man, the cross of the Legion of Honor]

3.VIII.334

elle s'en Puis retourna subitement apaisée, et presque dans la sérénité d'un devoir accompli.

3.VIII.334

She then turned away suddenly at peace, almost serene from the sense of having completed her duty.

344

Une convulsion la rabattit sur le matelas. Tous s'approchèrent. Elle n'existait plus.

344

A convulsion beat her back onto the mattress. Everyone closer. She was no more.

3.X.366

Il fait une clientèle d'enfer; l'autorité le ménage et l'opinion publique le protège.

Il vient de recevoir la croix d'honneur.

3.X.366

Business is booming; authorities take care of him and public opinion protects him.

He just been awarded the Legion of Honor.