Domestic(-ated) Desires, Tanked City

Judith Hamera

This is a city where the dream came true for more people than anywhere else on Planet Earth and the principal fulfillment of that dream was a private home and a secure front door behind which to enjoy the life that is every American’s god-given due. And when those homes come tumbling down, the release of energy is something terrible to witness, a Dresden of dreams incinerated in an existential fire-bombing of hope.

—Jerry Herron (2011)

These pseudo-houses don’t explode. They and the things that inhabit them slowly decompose according to a rhythm that feels natural. This decomposition occurs in a system of concepts, materials, and forces that locks together human and nonhuman agencies and organisms.

—Elizabeth Povinelli (2011:137–38)
Detroit is America’s city of anti-desire, performatively affirmed as *sui generis* in the negations of all those other cities so determinedly “not” it. At the same time it offers irresistible scopophilic enticements. Surely you have seen images of Detroit recently. They are almost unavoidable, circulating in simultaneously upbeat and elegiac hipster documentaries; coffee table books; news magazine and web photo spreads of carefully composed, tastefully lit ruins porn; and volumes of autobiographical reportage so brimming with raging pieties that they are, for good or ill, the textual equivalents of fists pounding on podiums. If you haven’t managed to avoid them, it’s almost certain that at least one featured the broken shell of a house. Some of these images signal past grandeur still, if barely, discernible despite overgrown foliage and trash. Others show houses sliding toward their own oblivion one piece at a time, while still others present actual homes, shabby though inhabited, testifying to the disappearance of the neighborhoods around them. In aggregate these are not actually framed as “homes” or even “houses” so much as fossils: their vitality long ago replaced by the compacted sediments of personal debility and institutional indifference. While they lack the spectacular decrepitude of the city’s abandoned, brooding Michigan Central Depot or the sprawling bulk of the Packard Plant—the charismatic mega fauna of ruins photojournalism—Detroit’s battered residential stock makes up in sheer numbers and variety for its shortfalls in individual magnitude.

At first glance, Osman Khan’s installation *Come Hell or High Water*, part of the Museum of Contemporary Art Detroit’s (MOCAD’s) show *(in)Habitation: A Reconsideration of Domesticity* (7 June–13 July 2013), seemed a welcome respite from this endlessly circulating iconography of the city’s residential and civic decay, offering instead a tidy encapsulated reminder of its Fordist dream delivered: a section of a comfortable, if generic, living room with an upholstered chair in a colorful fabric, a tastefully vibrant albeit undistinguished decorative picture on the wall, a floor lamp and a bookshelf stuffed with collectibles. But this was a slice of domesticity set in Detroit where, for the last 40 years, successive neoliberal formulations of fictive renewal, from “renaissance city” to “empowerment zone” to “creative class,” proved little more than empty rhetorical palliatives for unrelenting civic decline. Resigned foreboding in this context is both an understandable and, for audiences of Khan’s piece, the correct response. This slice of the quintessential American middle-class Rustbelt living room sat on a pallet, enclosed in an acrylic box eight feet high and open at the top. Behind the box were two large black tanks, six feet high and four feet in diameter, to which it was connected. Slowly, inexorably, over a period of 30 minutes, the tanks drained and the box began to fill with water, lifting cushions, soddening fabric, floating and then depositing books, a paper VHS sleeve for the movie *Titanic*, a little blue plastic fish, and everything else not heavy enough to stay put into random piles compacted at the base of the work. The water then drained from the box as slowly as it appeared and, after a pause, the cycle of flooding began again. The average day included a minimum of two of these cycles.

1. San Jose, Baltimore, Cleveland, and New York are among those most recently designated “not Detroit” (FreshBrewed Tees 2014; Koehn 2013; and Keller 2013).

*Figure 1. (facing page) Come Hell or High Water, detail. Museum of Contemporary Art Detroit, June 2013. (Photo by Judith Hamera)*

According to the index, as of 15 October 2013, 71 percent of the homes in zip code 48201, where MOCAD is located, are underwater, with 62 percent in 48202 and 75 percent in 48207.

Over the run of the show, audiences confronted the cruddy multisensory aftermath of these repeated deluges: the rank smell of mildew, the discolored piles of domestic detritus, their distinctiveness undermined as they clumped into one dark, undifferentiated mass. After four days, the water turned black. Eventually the contents of the box — no longer a “room” — devolved into a smelly lump of decay: protozoic scum signaling an atavist reversal from the private home with the secure front door that marked the apogee of the city’s industrial-era prosperity back to Darwin’s warm little pond. The pleasures and horrors of the piece converge on this atavist dissolution. A seemingly private space as well as a publicly theatrical one, the “living room” endured only as the decay to which it would eventually succumb. Thus *Come Hell or High Water* both incarnated and wholly belied the imperative to persevere at all costs conjured by its title and, in so doing, underscored the fiscal and affective dilemmas facing the city itself.

During the run of *(in)Hab-itation*, these dilemmas were particularly acute. Detroit filed for Chapter 9 bankruptcy on 18 July 2013, the largest municipality to do so in US history. The filing jeopardized everything from the status of works in the Detroit Institute of Arts — now potential assets that could be liquidated to satisfy creditors, to the status of workers’ pensions, which average $19,000/year and are now facing significant cuts (Yaccino and Cooper 2013). The city itself was underwater, decomposing in the aftermath of a Rustbelt Katrina decades in the making, buffeted by the shifting currents of global capital and the fetid tides of American racism. The bankruptcy filing was widely expected, and had been presaged by thousands of smaller economic collapses years, even decades, before. Though some sectors of the city’s housing market have begun to recover from the US economic meltdown, the mortgage crisis hit Detroit and its larger metropolitan area very hard. Zillow’s current Index of Negative Equity (2013) still shows between 62 percent and 75 percent of the houses in three key city zip codes as underwater on their mortgages; MOCAD is in one of them.2

*Come Hell or High Water* enacted and theatrically reiterated Detroit’s, and individual homeowners’, underwater conditions as both a spectacularly catastrophic domestic drama and a slow-motion, banal one. The work’s multiple performance elements, especially its processuality and theatricality, are key to its heuristic potential. It is an example of what Shannon Jackson calls “the expanded visual arts,” combining the structural and aesthetic components of the installation and, in the rhythms of the water and the subsequent onset of rot, the temporal progression of an event (2012:10). Khan describes his work generally as “performative sculpture” and the repetitive action of the water in this piece underscores that point (Khan 2013a). The piece’s most potent element — the production of decay over time — also links *Come Hell or High Water* to durational performance as well as to conceptual art pieces with which it is in direct conversation. As Khan observes, “One viewing is not enough” (2013b).

---

2. According to the index, as of 15 October 2013, 71 percent of the homes in zip code 48201, where MOCAD is located, are underwater, with 62 percent in 48202 and 75 percent in 48207.
Audiences were interpellated into this reiterative process of civic-as-personal decay in ways paralleling the consumption of the city’s ubiquitous ruins porn; *Come Hell or High Water* offered the same “can’t look away” morbid fascination but with three crucial differences. First, the obvious constructedness of the piece foreclosed any attempt to read it as an allegory for the inevitable, like the workings of evolution or a fictively frictionless, homeostatic free market that impersonally designates economic winners and losers. This room — this slice of the good life — was not undone by “natural” processes.

Second, *Come Hell or High Water* refused the luxury of hygienic spectatorship afforded by other images of Detroit’s ruins, insisting instead on a multisensory confrontation with the very specific material effects of residential dissolution. Finally, in both scale and composition, the piece provided an encounter with a decay that was simultaneously intimate, familiar, and average by design. Khan selected the beige carpet and off-white wall colors based on data from Home Depot; these were most frequently chosen by US Americans for flooring and paint. In design, as well as the directness of the audience’s confrontation with the work, *Come Hell or High Water* refused the aesthetic distance intrinsic to photogenic urban decrepitude. That distance contributes to glib and raced/-ist rhetorics positing decay as the result of “THOSE PEOPLE’s” greed or depravity and hence “THOSE PEOPLE’s” problem: rhetorics as central to Detroit’s general figural work as they are to the specific horror, pathos, and schadenfreude of its ruins porn.

By simultaneously evoking and disrupting the conventional iconography of Detroit’s current perils, particularly the dilapidated house, Khan’s installation focuses attention on the home itself as a site of desire and struggle in ways that productively complicate the mute seemingly self-evident atavism of residential ruin. I believe it does so by gesturing back to the history of Fordism and its very specific domestic productions and intrusions which, in turn, laid the groundwork for both the city’s dream delivered — that private home and secure front door — and its current racial geography. Reading *Come Hell or High Water* as a figuration of the Fordist domestic bargain complicates Fordism itself as an object of desire and attachment, one seemingly more appealing in light of present precarity.

**Poor Houses**

Given Detroit’s combustible history of home as a site of desire and struggle, the prospect of slowly rising water seems, at first, like the simple replacement of one apocalyptic force for another. Houses in Detroit burn down a lot, in total or in part, and not just existentially, as Jerry Herron’s epigraph above describes. They burned down in white-on-black race riots from the 1860s through 1943, and again in the city’s best-known racial conflagration in 1967. They burn down in the incendiary pre-Halloween spectacle known as Devil’s Night, a veritable festival of

---

3. For a discussion of “ruin time” as “natural,” one particularly prescient in light of the figural work done by Detroit’s ruins porn, see Georg Simmel, “The Ruin” (1964).
racialized scopophilia circulated by international media and recently cited by Rush Limbaugh as a race(-ist) morality play with the city’s bankruptcy the “inevitable” result (Snavely 2013). They were torn down for factories and for freeways, the latter in waves of urban renewal demolitions so transparently racialized the operations were dubbed “Negro removal” by critics in the early 1960s (Smith 1999:35). Sometimes they decompose from the inside out; the brick facades are often the last to go. Sometimes they just disappear, not just as the dispersing ashes from which residents hope better things will arise, but wholesale, leaving patches of urban new-growth prairie in the midst of established neighborhoods. Indeed, so very many have disappeared that acres within the city’s footprint have been sold to a local agribusiness at below-market value to create an urban farm. Detroit’s current residential neighborhoods are the Rustbelt mirror opposite of Joni Mitchell’s famous lament in her song “Big Yellow Taxi” (1970), an elegy produced at the seeming apogee of the United States’ industrial age: “They paved paradise and put up a parking lot.” Here even the pavement is gone in some areas, a decidedly non-Edenic wilderness in its place. No paradise, no parking lot, though there is a peculiar sort of atavistic heritage tourism wherein generations of former residents and their descendants visit to search for vanished family homes like relatives picking through Potter’s Fields to retrospectively reclaim what they fled or abandoned long ago.

Under-theorized yet over-determined, Detroit’s broken and disappeared houses figure post-Fordism at its most personal and terrifying. They remind us that an earlier iteration of the state liberal capitalist bargain sustaining the desire for a good life has been willfully abandoned like so many empty city blocks, and the privacy behind the secure front door so central to that bargain is now one more indicator that we are wholly on our own even as we live in “someone else’s hands” (Berlant 2011:192). They also offer the same pleasures of underclass voyeurism as 19th-century tours of New York’s Five Points did. As Limbaugh’s grotesque reading of Devil’s Night demonstrates, Detroit’s shattered houses are figural evidence in raced cautionary tales wherein the city’s demographic shift to majority African American, not structural changes in the US economy and systemic private and public sector disinvestment, caused its post-Fordist economic decline. This view is frequently articulated in white former residents’ proprietary claims on the city’s infrastructure, a kind of absentee victimization-by-proxy that conveniently overlooks a 40-year history of white and capital flight. To quote Limbaugh’s favorite author on the subject, “Look what they’re doing to our city” (Chafetz 1990:5; emphasis in original).

Because Detroit’s houses fuse the city’s Fordist promise to the atavist anxieties activated by its dissolution—anxieties about deindustrialization that are displaced and cast in both racial and personal (“them,” “our”) terms—they have a uniquely concentrated iconographic potency. I suspect this accounts for the remarkable persistence of its “shuttered house” photojournalism and the number of Detroit artists whose works self-consciously reflect on the house as a site of play and loss. Khan’s piece underscores the “unsettling hybridity” of the house: its fusion of hope and anxiety (Chakravartty and Ferreira da Silva 2012:362). In so doing, the work invites examination of the residence as/at the epicenter of desire and struggle in times of political economic changes, present and past.

Paula Chakravartty and Denise Ferreira da Silva open their discussion of the raced imperial logics of our latest global financial crisis with a reflection on the strange multiplicities of residential infrastructure:

4. The city’s motto is Speramus Meliora; Resurget Cineribus: We hope for better things; It will arise from the ashes.
5. For an account of the sale, including opposing arguments, see Gallagher et al. (2012).
6. See also Nicholas Räudut and Rebecca Schneider, “Precarity and Performance: An Introduction” (2012).
7. Two prominent examples are Tyree Guyton’s internationally renowned Heidelberg Project on the city’s east side, and the late Michael Kelley’s Mobile Homestead Project, permanently sited at MOCAD. For overviews of both, see www.heidelberg.org and www.mocadetroit.org/Mobile-Homestead.html.
A house is, in all its figurings, always thing, domain, and meaning — home, dwelling, and property; shelter, lodging, and equity; roof, protection, and aspiration — oikos, that is, house, household, and home [...]. Houses, as such, refer to the three main axes of modern thought: the economic, the juridical, and the ethical, which are, as one would expect, the registers of the modern subject. (2012:362)

Yet their otherwise comprehensive consideration leaves one element out, one crucial to Detroit’s figural work and that of *Come Hell or High Water*: the affective register that, in turn, registers the house as both object of and container for desire. David Graeber argues that “Objects of desire are always imaginary objects, and usually imaginary totalities of some sort,” and the house is precisely this (2007:63). Thing, domain, and meaning — to say nothing of work, life, emotions, and stuff — converge on/in the house-as-desire: in the desire for security, belonging, and distinction; for respite; for the agential performative production of the self and/as world. The house contains and, to use a real estate term, stages our relational materiality and our distinctiveness.

*Come Hell or High Water*, like images of Detroit’s broken houses, captures the affective and theatrical dimension of this uncanny hybridity in part through the putridity of decay: in the simultaneous dissolutions of the economic, juridical, ethical, and aesthetic dimensions that make a house a home. In so doing, it literalizes Elizabeth Povinelli’s point in the epigraph above: decomposition is an interlocking set of system operations and failures as surely as the home is an interlocking set of affective, material, and civic infrastructures. But the heuristic potential of the piece is not limited to its performative reiteration of residential dissolution. The very configuration of the piece — room-as-box, open to scrutiny as container and stage — gestures back to key dynamics powering the city’s Fordist dream delivered through a resemblance that seems to hide in plain sight. Khan described the piece as an oscillation between a vitrine and a petri dish (Khan 2013b). One local reviewer, no doubt drawing upon the nearly ubiquitous rhetoric of a dying city, read the work as a riff on Damien Hirst: a dissolving domestic scene replacing the requisite dead animal in formaldehyde (Welke 2013). Yet in configuration and function, as a site of domesticity and/as spectacle, and in dozens of small references including stuffed sharks and plastic fish, *Come Hell or High Water* is an aquarium.

As a visual conceit, the aquarium is useful for thinking about Detroit, and not simply because it literalizes the metaphors of being “underwater” and a “tanked” city. *Come Hell or High Water*’s resemblance to a large aquarium reinforces the piece’s evocation of a Fordist domestic imaginary and its profound, if unrecognized, ambivalences. As I argue in *Parlor Ponds: The Cultural Work of the American Home Aquarium* (2012), the tank was a fantasy space that eased the dislocations accompanying urban industrialization for an emerging American middle class between 1915 and 1970. Also an uncanny hybrid structure and an imagined totality, its history and affective work paralleled that of the Fordist home. The aquarium offered the illusion of world-making power that was especially potent because it was in the home and itself a home — a habitat both natural and constructed, a stage, and a domain wholly at its owner’s command. Yet, as hobbyists also quickly discovered and noted in their cartoons and essays, the aquarium was also disconcertingly reversible, reminding them of precisely what it sought to repair. The family home itself was simultaneously a refuge from outside predations, a “natural” habitat that could be thoroughly regulated, and a prison, and aquarists, not just their finny pets, might be little fish: captive, easily disposable, and ever visible.

8. The “tanked city” image was used explicitly by Michael Taube who argued, in the right wing *Washington Times*, that Barack Obama, the Democratic party, and “big government” are to blame for the city’s current fiscal circumstances, yet another riff on a theme popularized by Limbaugh that Detroit’s fiscal collapse is African Americans’ fault. That Michigan’s Republican governor presided over the bankruptcy, or that the “survival of the fittest” Darwinian ethos Taube explicitly lauds is the desperate day-to-day reality of many city residents and workers goes unremarked (see Taube 2013).
Containing the Little Fish

While *Come Hell or High Water* uses the imagery of the aquarium to conjure the house and city underwater as (un)natural and decaying habitat in the present, it also reminds audiences that these same reversible vectors of visibility, containment, and regulation centered on the home were the very premises of the Fordist bargain that shaped Detroit. The particulars of this bargain, forgotten in direct proportion to the sepia-tinted fondness with which it is now often remembered, were set in motion by Henry Ford himself. Ford’s efforts began with his attempts to “build a better worker” through his $5/day wage, the contours of which set the stage for the private home as Detroit’s dream delivered. As the *Detroit Free Press* explained in its coverage of Ford’s announcement on 6 January 1914 (“New Industrial Era”), $5/day was not a guarantee but a profit-sharing plan. If workers thought it would ease the burdens of industrial work they were mistaken; the work remained unchanged but participation in profit sharing meant that their home lives too would be Fordized. As Stephen Meyer II noted, “In the eyes of Ford, his officials, and his factory managers, a workman’s efficiency in the factory and his home and family environment were thoroughly intertwined” (1981:123). Therefore, the *Free Press* observed, “Ford employees are to be further benefited by the establishment of a sociological department [whose] work will be to guard against an employee’s prosperity injuring his efficiency” on and off the job. Aggressive Americanization of immigrant workers was one of Ford’s explicit goals, though subsumed under the moralistic assertion that Ford Motor Company “Workers Must Live Decently” (*Detroit Free Press* 1914b). Though women were initially unable to participate in the enhanced wage, they were still bound by the “decency” dictum: wives of Ford workers were not allowed to have jobs outside the home. That was indecent by definition (Meyer 1981:141).

The Ford Motor Company (FMC) Sociological Department was the decency police. Workers were subject to detailed interviews and every aspect of their lives—their drinking and smoking, who they lived with, the quality of their furniture, the amount they held in savings, and the look of their neighborhoods—was laid bare, scrutinized, recorded, and assessed as worthy or unworthy of participation in profit sharing. These reports fairly bubble with the pleasures of atavist voyeurism; details of underclass primitivism uncovered by the department circulated widely in the local press. Set at the intersection of work and home, the Fordist bargain was its own uncanny hybrid structure, affective as well as economic from the start. It dissolved boundaries separating production in the workplace and domestic consumption as respite by regulating “unproductive” desires and affiliations through the emotive currency of prudence and abstemiousness synonymous with Ford’s path to progress.

---

9. The announcement that FMC “workers must live decently” is an interesting example, titillating with accounts of “scores sleep[ing] in shifts, seldom taking baths” and five “ducks waddl[ing] in the [bath]tub” (*Detroit Free Press* 1914b:1).
Boarding houses and their potentially chaotic propinquity were especially antithetical to the FMC definition of “living decently.” The Free Press proclaimed that Ford “has declared war on tenements and squalid rooming houses and no employee of the Ford Motor Company will be permitted to exist in them” (Detroit Free Press 1914a). These other uncanny hybrid structures were to be quickly and aggressively replaced by discrete, self-contained residences, establishing the private home and the nuclear family as the natural habitats of the productive worker. There were some pragmatic reasons for Ford’s antipathy and I suspect these did not include ridding the city of squalor. Such non-familial homosocial environments might enable other forms of fraternalism—like union organizing. Moreover, discouraging families from supplementing their incomes by taking in lodgers was a way the company could ensure that the FMC wage was the sole source of household support, one a worker might be reluctant to risk by striking or other forms of union activism. This would be particularly true if this same worker had a mortgage, which FMC strongly encouraged. Thus the private home with the patriarchal nuclear family was a dream delivered for Ford as well as for his workers. It offered a surveillable structure that satisfied aspirations for a middle-class good life and functioned as a strategy of heteronormative, patriarchal, and fiscal containment.

The Fordist decency bargain produced racial containment as well. Given Henry Ford’s well-known anti-Semitism, it may be surprising to learn that he hired large numbers of African American workers, particularly at his River Rouge plant, during the World War I years. Yet as Beth Tompkins Bates observes, “During the height of his Five Dollar Day, Profit-Sharing Plan, Ford’s proclamations warning about the evils of crowded houses did not lead him to challenge the rising walls of the ghetto” (2012:96), adding that African American Detroiters’ desire and struggle for housing was the defining feature of the city’s racial geography in this period.

The FMC’s absolute prohibitions against taking in boarders and “indecent” living conditions were not strictly enforced for its black workers (Bates 2012:98). Bates suggests this comparative laxity arose from FMC’s calculus that it was better to let African American workers live in substandard conditions than to be thrown into the street, as if these two were the only available options. This racial exception to the Fordist decency bargain soon coincided with, and advanced, the consolidation of trans-ethnic whiteness in the city’s plants and residential neighborhoods (Sugrue 1996:22). At the same time, in a precursor to the city’s current circulation as underclass racial spectacle, the abject housing conditions to which African Americans were consigned was used as evidence for putative racial inferiority and fed violent white resistance to those black Detroiters challenging their containment in their own attempts to secure good lives in white neighborhoods.

Despite their FMC employment, African American workers in Detroit were the figural equivalent of alien species in the city by force of law until 1948 when McGhee v. Sipes, argued by Thurgood Marshall, contributed to the Supreme Court’s overturning racially restrictive housing covenants as violations of the 14th amendment. The ruling changed little on the ground; intractable de facto segregation in Detroit and its inner ring suburbs was openly
acknowledged. FMC’s early cynical recalibration of “living decently” not only reflected Ford’s personal antipathy to racial equality; it also aligned perfectly with the city’s fraught racial history both before and long after the $5/day period. It reinforced official and de facto segregation; established affective and material connections linking personal profit through staging self-reinvention, “decency,” and racial homogeneity; and centered these operations on the family home, now a site of surveillance, compensation, and a *cordon sanitaire* from racial alterity.

Neither Detroit nor the FMC were unique in their racialization of industrial modernity. That said, the city’s current status as deindustrialization’s cautionary tale depends on recalling the promises of its Fordist period for self-fashioning through the private home while forgetting its racial and other costs.

In the city of its birth, the Fordist decency bargain, like the aquarium, made both virtue and ideological utility out of its most basic conditions: ever-visible and exclusionary containment. That bargain inserted workers, their desires and aspirations, and their untidy affiliations into private homes with secure front doors in homogenous neighborhoods, rendering them observable and their affective flows more controllable. These homes and neighborhoods were selective structures by design; they kept some in and others out. As surely as they were technologies of corporate control, they also structured the desires of those who found in them a modicum of mastery, of reassuring progress affirmed by their own newfound status as stewards of their dominions.

When Osman Khan slowly flooded a living room in an acrylic box in a museum that was once an auto dealership, one surrounded by homes drowning in negative equity in a majority African American city in contested bankruptcy proceedings, he not only showed us that this Fordist bargain is now itself under water, swimming with the fishes, even as its racial/-ist residue remains. Drawing on the image of the home aquarium, he also reminded us that desires for the

*Figure 5. Osman Khan in protective gear dismantling Come Hell or High Water at the conclusion of (in)Habitation: A Reconsideration of Domesticity. Museum of Contemporary Art Detroit, June 2013. (Photo courtesy of Osman Khan and the Museum of Contemporary Art Detroit)*
domestic self and/as world making, and the arrangements Fordism offered to satisfy them, often reproduced the same burdens of regulation and surveillance they were supposed to ease, while foreclosing opportunities for more diverse solidarities. Finally, Khan also indicted his audiences for passively consuming residential decay, insisting that we are implicated in the process first by our voyeuristic pleasure in this wholly optional atavism and then by our subsequent disgust.

Two weeks into the run of (in)Habitation, the stench from Come Hell or High Water was overpowering. The multisensory effects of the decomposition proved too overwhelming to continue unabated; viewers couldn’t take it. Khan had not expected the putridity to reach this level of intensity so quickly. MOCAD had to be closed while he drained and rebuilt the piece. If this were an actual home aquarium, the rebuild would signal an abject failure of the basic stewardship central to the hobby. Instead, the closure and Khan’s intervention offered the small possibility that, at least within the walls of the museum, there is some limit to the seemingly insatiable appetite for images of the city’s residential decay.

References


Khan, Osman. 2013a. Email correspondence with author, 10 December.

Khan, Osman. 2013b. Online video interview with author, 18 December.


To view supplemental media related to this article, please visit http://www.mitpressjournals.org/doi/suppl/10.1162/DRAM_a_00394.