

## **The Future is History: Hip-hop in the Aftermath of (Post)Modernity**

Russell A. Potter

Rhode Island College

From *The Resisting Muse: Popular Music and Social Protest*, edited by Ian Peddie (Aldershot, Hampshire: Ashgate Publishing, 2006).

When hip-hop first broke in on the (academic) scene, it was widely hailed as a boldly irreverent embodiment of the postmodern aesthetics of pastiche, a cut-up method which would slice and dice all those old humanistic truisms which, for some reason, seemed to be gathering strength again as the end of the millennium approached. Today, over a decade after the first academic treatments of hip-hop, both the intellectual sheen of postmodernism and the counter-cultural patina of hip-hop seem a bit tarnished, their glimmerings of resistance swallowed whole by the same ubiquitous culture industry which took the rebellion out of rock 'n' roll and locked it away in an I.M. Pei pyramid. There are hazards in being a young art form, always striving for recognition even while rejecting it. Ice Cube's famous phrase 'Fuck the Grammys' comes to mind but there are still deeper perils in becoming the single most popular form of music in the world, with a media profile that would make even Rupert Murdoch jealous.

In an era when pioneers such as KRS-One, Ice-T, and Chuck D are well over forty and hip-hop ditties about thongs and bling bling dominate the malls and airwaves, it's noticeably harder to locate any points of friction between the microphone commandos and the bourgeois masses they once seemed to terrorize with sonic booms pumping out of speaker-loaded jeeps. Indeed, in an age marked by a far more material

presence of 'terror', perhaps the oddest development is the way in which so much mainstream hip-hop has fled the scene of social issues, embracing the comfort zone with all the abandon of Huey P. Newton leaping into a Barcalounger. The dominant hip-hop artists of the first few years of the twenty-first century are tense but restrained, their lyrical forays re-contained within the persistent metaphorical landscape of guns, sexual innuendo, and boasts—familiar rhymes, familiar subjects. At the same time, hip-hop's audience has grown in every direction, and many elements that once made it distinct—spoken rhymes, sampled beats, drum 'n' bass—have become part of the broader spectrum of musical conventions.

Which is not to say that there is no longer such a thing as political hip-hop, or that the music has lost its edge. As one reviewer of my 1995 book, *Spectacular Vernaculars*, aptly observed, 'there is more to the hip-hop story than the self-consciously political, and there is more to the political itself than can be consciously thought' (Wood). This is a crucial point, and is even more important today: the most vital and substantial dimension of the politics of hip-hop has always been *underground*, in its collective verbal, vernacular political sensibility. What has been counted as 'political' rapping in the past was only one *part* of the double historical movement of Black culture, which has, from its earliest days, has alternated between an outward-looking progressive stridency and a no less powerful interior, reflective force.

The crucial Hip-hop artists of this new millennium are aligned along the interior arc of that pendulum: introspective, local, and idiosyncratic. The sometimes obscure, free-ranging lyrical disquisitions of The Roots' Black Thought are characteristic of this new movement, as are the evanescent, free-verse lyrical rambles of UK rapper The Streets. Even the names of such rappers as these are at once abstract and personal,

absolutely idiosyncratic and just barely tangible, questions for answers that are blown away in the wind or lost in the sounds of traffic. It's not just rappers who are seeking the truth in a more vernacular and yet more abstract form; the resurgence of DJ culture at the turn of the century is still going strong, with artists such as Rob Swift, the X-ecutioners, DJ Shine, and DJ Spooky. Spooky, a.k.a. Paul D. Miller, has been one of the most profound innovators of this new school, moving seamlessly from scratching discs to live multimedia live re-edits of videos and music. Among his projects has been 'Errata Erratum', an online, user-modifiable remix of the cut-ups of Marcel Duchamp, as well as *Rebirth of a Nation*, and hour-long live digital re-edit of D.W. Griffith's *Birth of a Nation* which takes the film's racist visual tropes and stands them on their heads.

At the same moment, the fundamental landscapes of race and class in America have shifted in profound ways. Latinos—'Hispanics' to the Bureau of the Census—are now a numerically larger minority than African-Americans. Even being Black ain't what it used to be, as illustrated by recent tension on college campuses between Africans of American descent versus Africans from Africa and other formerly colonized nations around the world. This is no longer that age, it would seem, of Malcolm X or Jesse Jackson; it's the new multi-racial multi-cultural era of Barack Obama and Tiger Woods. Of course, it's never really been news that racism in the United States has never been completely understandable in simple terms of 'Black' and 'White', but it's fast becoming a tangible reality that no-one can ignore.

Hip-hop has enjoyed a second adolescence in this shifting landscape, first by spreading around the globe in the manner of earlier American cultural exports, and secondly by absorbing, as audiences and tastes developed, performers and listeners from an increasingly varied and heterogenous populace. Eminem was never the first

white guy to rap—who could forget MC Serch, Vanilla Ice, or the mostly white ‘Young Black Teenagers’?—but he may well be the first rapper whom we could *honestly* say ‘just happened’ to be white. Back in the day, there was cause for celebration when Hip-hop beats made their way from the park to the clubs to the stadiums—but, just as importantly, they’ve moved on further, thumping lightly into grocery-store aisles, elevators, and dentist’s offices. It’s gone from being invisible to visible to ubiquitous, and in the rearguard of that ubiquity, new forces of combination and resistance yet lurk, declaring that upon these fragments they will shore new ruins, new modalities, new possibilities.

Yet this is not simply a revolution in style. It’s an age of unprecedented flux, with forces within new media and its nascent models of file-sharing, streaming, downloading, and home mixing increasingly blurring the boundaries between consumption and production. Once upon a time, hip-hop turned these tables by taking the LP, hitherto an end-user product, blowing the dust off it, and re-producing it as the source of new beats and loops. Now, it’s rare for a rap or a rhyme or a beat or a riff to remain in any fixed form long enough for dust to settle; every act of consumption opens up potentially endless acts of sharing, editing, re-mixing, and re-sharing, almost all of which fall outside of the traditional music markets so beloved of an increasingly out-of-touch recording industry. The response of that industry—locking up music downloads in protected formats, suing its own consumers, inventing self-destructing DVD’s and encrypted formats—fails to recognize that the cat is out of the bag, the horse is out of the barn, and no amount of re-locking the doors will do the least bit of good.

It seems to me that there are two key modes of hip-hop resistance enabled by new media technologies and culture. The first of these operates on a kind of retro

rocket, eschewing the notion of music as an object and recovering it is an irreproducible event. The Roots chose this model for their recent album, *The Tipping Point*. The Roots had always been a live band, even back in the day when unpacking a drum kit on stage at a hip-hop club brought laughs of derision from some in the audience. But with 'The Tipping Point', they built a new bridge between the live, jam-session feel they sought and the more 'produced' aesthetic of contemporary hip-hop. In a series of jams that took place over weeks and months, they worked out new musical ideas with a wide variety of guest artists; when the jams seemed ripe they were 'plucked' and thrown down on tape. Then it was time for Black Thought to give a listen, picking out the bits and pieces he wanted to rap over. Finally, studio versions of the tracks were compiled, and the final vocals were ladled over them like syrup over a stack of pancakes:

Some cats that play dirty didn't live, to regret it

But move to the music he can live through the record

I'm a Philly boss player, a dope rhyme sayer

*It's Black Ink back gettin cake by the layer*

by the stack, comin at us, get your weight right yeah

If not, you makin a mistake right there, f'real (The Roots, 'I Don't Care')

The second mode reaches back to the old days of DJ'ing, when the mix was a fundamentally live occurrence, produced 'on the fly' with no two performances the same. The 'mix tape' of the old school days was the embodiment of this freestyle cut-n-paste, with the reputation of the tape depending as much on the component tracks as on the skills of the DJ. Circulating primarily on a trade basis among hip-hop headz and other DJ's, such tapes weren't initially intended for a commercial audience; their underground exchange was a kind of fermenting pot for talent and exposure, something

like the club scene, but more portable. Eventually, however, the artistry of the DJ's became an end in itself, and a market developed for the mix tapes based increasingly on the skills of the turntablist, whose sonic palette combines an increasingly wide range of raw sonic materials.

It might have seemed that the copyright scare of the early '90's, which forced artists such as Biz Markie to pay large fees in order to declare 'all samples cleared', would have had a dampening effect on such recordings, but it didn't. For one, many of the materials sampled were from derived other rappers and DJ's, people who were less likely to file lawsuits against their own medium of cultural exchange. For two, since the mix tapes—and later mix CD's—were more often given away than sold, the lack of monetary compensation made mixes a far less clear-cut violation of copyright law. In a recent instance of this evolution, digital download centres such as Apple's iTunes are now offering their own mix tracks, many running to 25 or 30 minutes, and which unlike other single tracks of far shorter duration can be downloaded free. This is not, however, your father's—or your grandmama's—turntable. In the post-Victrola age, crates full of vintage vinyl are only one ingredient of many in the latter-day mixmaster's stew. A hodgepodge of old, and often copyright-free audio recordings—instructional records, promotional films, unidentifiable snippets from television commercials, and self-help tapes—is folded in with beats, rhymes, and musical riffs from every kind of music under the sun. Like the street sound-men of Kingston, Jamaica in the early '60's, this new generation of DJ artists scrubs the names off the labels to keep audiences guessing—but like the hip-hop producers of more recent years, they don't hesitate to use a full range of digital editing, voice manipulation, synthesized sounds, and pop-cultural detritus. New technologies—among them digital CD 'turntables' such as Pioneer's CDJ-

1000, which mimic vinyl scratching with uncanny precision—have made it possible to do many things live that used to require studio pre-production.

At a recent appearance in Providence, Rhode Island, DJ Spooky handed everyone in the audience free mix CDs containing hour-plus mixes that brought together everything from Aerosmith guitar chops, Slick Rick vocal snips, an educational tape on the origins of written language, a remix of George W. Bush's most recent State of the Union speech, and traditional vinyl scratches. Every disc was slightly different—itsself a defeat to the uniformity of conventional production—and the disc itself was the means, not the end, to musical dissemination. At that same appearance, DJ Spooky played a track he had assembled entirely from 'elements' sent to him via e-mail and the web, including vocals from Chuck-D and beats from the drummer for Slayer, all of them sent with the artists' blessing and no strings attached. This kind of assemblage, done without the aid of studios, labels, sound engineers, or overhead, and involving people and performances who only meet in the DJ's hands, is a harbinger of things to come. As Spooky notes in his book, *Rhythm Science*, 'in the future, the voice you speak with may not be your own' (Miller, *Rhythm Science*, n.p.)

Spooky, known in his other life as Paul D. Miller, has extended the same radical aesthetic of cut-n-paste resistance to visual media, most notably in his *Rebirth of a Nation* remix of D.W. Griffith's *Birth of a Nation*. Armed with a bank of computers and turntables onto which digital sound, film, and computer elements are loaded at the ready, Miller puts Griffith through a digital grinder, shredding the racist imagery of the original into its constituent bits, then re-assembling these shreds and shards into something completely different. The replicated images—framed by the title cards with the looping name of Griffith—are refracted by repetition, looping, and digital effects,

then renamed and re-framed by cards with 'Paul D. Miller' and 'PDM' the place of 'DWG' and his celluloid trademark. The entire pastiche, projected onto three giant screens in a move reminiscent of Gance's *Napoleon*, is mixed *live* from elements stored in a series of computers, arrayed along with CD decks and digital mixers in an illuminated sound station on the left of the stage.

Miller, with degrees in French and philosophy, in his very person confounds the academic/DJ split, practicing—and mixing—both with a kind of self-reflexivity hardly possible in the past. Recently in Paris, he dedicated a concert to the late Jacques Derrida, who had just died a few weeks previous, surely a first in the annals of DJ'ing. But more importantly, he's a mixer who know his intellectual roots as well as his musical ones, explicitly invoking the work of Marcel Mauss, Michel de Certeau, Guy Debord, and Marcel Duchamp, claiming his video/aural readymades as the embodiment of *detournement*, sonic *bricolages* with critical theory in bold print on the list of ingredients. In his book, *Rhythm Science*, Miller extends these connections shifting between his own theoretical freestyle and textual 'samples' of everyone from Emerson to Sun Ra. It's a tour-de-force, and possibly the first book to not only comment on the cut 'n' paste culture which truly embodies what it preaches.

Some may dismiss Miller is a kind of anomaly; after all, how many other DJ's have—or could—follow in his footsteps? But it's equally justifiable to see in his work the kind of synergy between intellectual theories and musical forms and tropes that has fermented in previous African-American cultural moments; one thinks of the 1950's, when many a serious bop fans' shelves bent heavy not only with Bird and Dizzy, but with Sartre and Camus, or the Black Arts movement as it drummed out philosophical musings over congas and cowbells. Evoking those movements, Miller situates himself



equally in the 'Afrological' and contemporary theory, a postmodern griot who doesn't have to 'change keys to play these'. And he's not alone; as Rob Swift, of the legendary turntable crew the X-ecutioners, put it like this on a recent recording:

Turntablists enable this culture's continuation

With collaboration of mics to lay the foundation

Peep the instrumentation while others be fakin'

Jacks not acknowledging elements and we be takin' 'em back  
with a swiftness ...

We come to transform the forms in modern day music

Recognize true artful collaboration—we can't lose it! (Swift, 'Modern Day Music')

The X-ecutioners themselves are an example of what Swift calls for; as an all-DJ crew they broke the mold of the rapper/DJ just at the point where many DJ's were being eclipsed by producers whose fingers were more at home on the sliders of a mixing board than on the edge of a vinyl disc. Originally known as the X-men, a moniker they had to abandon, ironically, after pressure from Marvel Comics who regarded it as a trademark violation, they have been at the forefront of what DJ Prime Cuts calls the 'turntablist revolution' (DJ Prime Cuts). Along with artists such as DJ Skribble, DJ Q-Bert, Mix Master Mike, and DJ Infamous, the X-ecutioners have redrawn a map of hip-hop with the DJ in the middle in the place of the rapper.

All this has rich and varied implications for those at the crossroads of hip-hop and critical theory. Specifically, within the theories of radical everyday practice set forth by the Situationist International, as well as in the models of quotidian or vernacular resistance articulated by Michel de Certeau, contemporary hip-hop practice forms one

of the most potent enactments of such resistance. *Retournement*—in the classic sense, a turning-aside, re-appropriation, and/or reversal of the hegemonic signified, was always in the past somewhat stronger in theory than in practice. Pasting random words over a newspaper advertisement, wandering the streets by making random choices at intersections, or creating absurdist apothegms out of mix-n-match clichés—however radical their conception—had little or no effect on society; such acts, inscrutable as they were pure, had all the clatter of the proverbial feather dropped into the Grand Canyon. Similarly, De Certeau's examples of *bricolage* and 'la perruque'—workplace interventions, doodles, making little people out of office paperclips—appear so small, so quiet that they pose little threat to the larger power structures of the workplace. Conceptual art based on such ideas—such as the show, 'La Perruque' presented in 2001 at the office/gallery in San Francisco—tended to remain just that, conceptual (Balkin and Fletcher). It was never quite clear what impact tiny words on ceiling tiles, sound-proof wall boxes, or flowers made of steno pads would ultimately have, either on those for who the artplace was a workplace, or vice versa. Translated into the mixmasters' medium, in contrast, these same principles move instantly from the potential to the kinetic. The beats themselves, punctuating the air and propelling the body into movement, are woven within found sounds, sampled speeches, and aural fragments; as Psychic TV's Genesis P-Orridge put it, music can be 'absolutely any pattern ov sounds'—you can even dance to (or *on*) people you hate (Orridge). DJ Spooky, for one, has pioneered this kind of kinetic resistance, having remixed not only George W. Bush but even an old interview recorded with Nazi propaganda minister Joseph Goebbels, which was aired on German radio in 2004. Material created with all kinds of intentions—to sell, to convince, to educate, to indoctrinate—is both neutralized

and re-assembled into absurd aural doppelgangers, who deform and overwhelm their contexts.

The re-assembly of the familiar jumbles and fuses the auras of the original, creating a new kind of narrative sequence that plays out at the level of the mythic signified. Paul Miller has spoken of this kind of tactical sampling as forming a powerful ‘global vernacular’, within which every consumer is potentially a producer, every utterance transferable, and pastiche supplants the old ideologies of ‘pure’ originality (Miller, qtd in personal interview). In this sense, a sample is merely a vocabulary item in a potentially new utterance; it is no more ‘owned’ or ‘used’ than a word in a natural language can be said to be. The major music labels and others who claim control over this lexicon suddenly appear as absurd at the letter-vendors in the town square of Dictionopolis, blithely unaware that what they purvey as a limited commodity can actually be minted by anyone.

Miller, as Spooky, plays on this metaphor in his *Hip-Hop World Mix CD*, where a woman’s voice clearly appropriated from a language learning tape inquires,

‘Can you speak [DJ]?’

‘What about that other language we talked about? The language of [DJ]?’

‘Now, to begin with, here are some expressions you will use most often’.

(Miller World Hip-Hop Mix)

This is followed by a series of densely-articulated vinyl scratches, to each of which a different voice replies, ‘I just don’t understand’. Then, another voice of authority—this one evidently explaining the invention of writing, remarks:

Well, poor Mr. [Disk Jockey] had a hard time making himself understood.

How much easier it would have been if he had used a name for

[scratches]. So, people began to agree on names for things, and they found they could talk to each other ... and when you're using [scratches] to stand for the things you say and see, that's the language of [DJs]—let's find out some more about them. (Miller World Hip-Hop Mix)

It's a pedagogical tour-de-force, quite literally appropriating a discourse on the nature of written language and making it over as a lecture on DJ tropology. The scratches here are, in a sense, just place-holders; the full power inherent in the substitution of signifiers only appears when elements with a strong affective or mythic significance are placed, as it were, inside these blanks. A clip from Slick Rick brings back the days of his predominance, memories of his time in jail, 'Free Slick Rick' T-shirts, and anything else that happened from '90 to '96. A KRS-One sample from 'Return of the Boom-Bap', itself a deliberate echo of an earlier line from 'Criminal Minded', brings back all the affective and memorial cards indexed under 'BDP'; the Aerosmith chop from 'Walk This Way' transports the listener back to 1983 and Run-DMC's breakthrough single. Or, of course, it doesn't—new affective lines, new memorial traces, are constantly being layered over the old ones, such that plenty of people who weren't even born in 1967 will get a memory flash out of the Beatles' 'Sergeant Pepper', and listeners who only know James Brown from samples will see a far different aura from those who rocked the house with the original J.B.'s.

In a different way, the Roots play with the same deck, taking Sly & the Family Stone's 'Star', lopping it, looping it, and even adding what sounds like digitally mimicked groove-hiss and rumble in their single 'Star/Pointro'. It's not just sampling in the limited sense it used to be used, as a kind of spice, some salt 'n' pepa for the sonic stew; it's sampling as a point of sustained reference, the uncanny return of the familiar in an

unfamiliar, even distorted form. No one has quite matched the audacity of Negativland—who once sampled an entire album by U2 and released it as an ironic clone of itself—but it's getting closer. Larger and larger song 'elements' are being employed; if, as Public Enemy's Chuck D used to say, hip-hoppers used to throw away the turkey and take the bones, there's a lot more 'meat'—and a lot more 'juice'—on the sonic shopping list of today's DJ's and producers (Chuck D).

All of this takes place, of course, as mainstream hip-hop has risen to the summit of the pop-cultural pyramid, replacing rock 'n' roll as the biggest-selling kid on the global block. For those—cultural critics and musicians alike—who had come to regard hip-hop as the essence of resistance, it's been a frustrating time, living in the shadow of one's own shadow, with many political rappers consigned to the same musical graveyard that Whodini and Kurtis Blow were buried in two decades ago. In defense of the change, industry types shake their heads and say, 'well, it's just a youth culture', much as they did when rock sank slowly into the sunset of catalog sales and reunion tours. Yet the same 'youth' who seem so clear and easily defined when viewed through the cross-hairs of media marketing may also, like their rock peers, know a thing or two about their history, along with more about their future than the popcorn prognosticators of pop culture ever dreamt of. Hip-hop, just as it always has, discovers its future in the fragments of its own past, cannibalizing its own parts in the ancient backyard tradition of vernacular recycling, and it's just here—at the crossroads of the already-known and the not yet complete, that the new schools of turntablism and stream-of-consciousness rapping intersect.

So just where is cultural theory in all this? Back in the day—in the early 1990's—it seemed that postmodern theorists needed hip-hop far more than hip-hop needed

them. There was something missing from the po-mo celebrations of pastiche and countervalance, a material allegory gone wanting and unfilled. Hip-hop seemed to fit a number of bills, and Houston A. Baker, Tricia Rose, Michael Eric Dyson, and many others, myself among them, welcomed the political hip-hop of the day. Of course, the welcome was not quite universal, as some critics—Henry Louis Gates among them—tried to have their pie while eating only a slice. The highly overdetermined and conflicted political valences of the rappers of the day made some people nervous; if you wanted resentment, you had to take it straight, downing that revolutionary bottle complete with its chasers of anti-Semitism and misogyny. Who can forget Professor Griff or Eazy-E? And yet the dissonance was a reminder, a reminder that the academic dreams of an unsullied resistance were as much fantasies as the threatening black minions who populated white suburbia's night of the living Willie Hortons.

The present tense—and *tense* may well be the operative word—is far more heteroglot, impure, and jumbled, and yet within its multimedia palimpsests there remain words, there for the scraping, which may well be more true to the 'complex and contradictory' forces of postmodernism than intellectual 'postmodernists' ever expected. The serpent bites its tail, and the sound and fury of cultural commentary sounds a bit hollow in post-terrorist America. And still there are those who cross over the cultural chalkmarks, whether it be Cornell West cutting a hip-hop CD (much to the consternation of mortarboarded heads at Harvard), or DJ Spooky, transfusing the weft and weave of his family cloth business into the rumblings of new French criticism while an undergraduate amongst the pine trees of Maine. It might almost be a face, a collection of singing, bearded professors waving their hands in unison to the Wagstaffs of cultural convenience—and yet, at the end of its all, here we are, facing the empty room where

the old opposition between the chalkboard and the turntable may at last be starting to collapse.

And, in the midst of this unexpected *detournement*, the landscape continues to shift. African-American traditions of music, dance, and verbal signifying, so crucial to the twentieth century, are starting to be eclipsed by an indigenous alliance of forces which are altering the landscape, de-territorializing the territory before it can even be mapped. Hip-hop can no longer be conceived of as just a Black thang, a New York thang, a West Coast vs. East Coast dustup, or even as a primarily American artform. International artists of the '90's such as France's MC Solaar and Britain's Apache Indian turned out to be just the tip of the iceberg; today a vast roster of global Hip-hoppers have extended the slanguage in every direction. Italy's Articolo 31 has sliced and diced Dylan; the S n galese crew Blaw has picked up where MC Solaar left off; Chile's Sonido Acido has merged Latin beats with high-hat and bass; and the Sona Family has dropped mad rhymes in Urdu at the centre of a booming Asian/British scene. Although it's true that there is a technology lag, many artists from the *pre*-industrial world have leapt over it, telegraphing their blows to the *post*-industrial world via the internet; every one of the acts I've mentioned has distributed its work over the internet, or can be tracked down on file-sharing servers by the diligent searcher.

If there's one postmodern theoretical prophecy that best accounts for the state of hip-hop and other musics which have jacked into the 'net to the fullest extent, it is Deleuze and Guattari's concept of the *rhizomatic*:

There is no longer a tripartite division between a field of reality (the world) and a field of representation (the book) and a field of subjectivity (the author). Rather, an assemblage establishes connections between

certain multiplicities drawn from each of these orders, so that a book has no sequel nor the world as its object nor one or several authors as its subject (1998, p. 23).

One has only to replace 'the book' with 'the recording' to see that, in the age of post-mechanical reproduction, the aura is in the eye of the beholder. Not only have recordings no single author, no single sequence, but the old orders of 'production' and 'consumption' have been rendered practically indistinguishable—we are all consumer/producers, and the object has been supplanted by the process. This is postmodernism in action, not a theory on a hill but a thoroughly vernacular practice, 'in full effect' without the intervention, support, or even the knowledge of the theoretical *cognoscenti*.

Balkin, Amy, and Fletcher, Sean, curators, 'La Perruque'. Art exhibit, August 13, 2001 -

November 2001, Artists included Peter E.V. Allen, Amy Balkin, Amy

Francheschini, Lissa Ivy, Josh On, Timothy Hutchings, Fallout, and Indigo Som.

Chuck D. (1994), Interview with Russell A. Potter, *HardC.O.R.E.* 2 (3) September.

Deleuze, Gilles, and Guattari, Félix, (1988), *A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and*

*Schizophrenia*, translated by Brian Massumi. Minneapolis: University of

Minnesota Press.

DJ Prime Cuts, (2000), *Turntablist Revolution*, DJ Honda Records.

Griffith, D.W., (1915), director, *The Birth of a Nation*.



Miller, Paul D., (2004), *Rebirth of a Nation*, Live digital performance, Veterans' Memorial Colosseum, Providence, Rhode Island, October 17.

--- (2004), Public Talk, Providence Black Repertory Company, Providence, Rhode Island, October 15.

--- (2004) *World Hip-Hop Mix CD*, No label.

--- (2004), *Rhythm Science*, Cambridge, Massachusetts, Massachusetts Institute of Technology Press.

Orridge, Genesis P. (1990) (as 'Psychic TV'), liner notes to *Beyond the Infinite Beat*, Wax Trax.

Potter, Russell (1995), *Spectacular Vernaculars: Hip-hop and the Politics of Postmodernism*. Albany: State University of New York Press.

The Roots (2004) 'I Don't Care', on *The Tipping Point*, Geffen.

Swift, Rob (1999), 'Modern Day Music', on *The Ablast*, Asphodel Records.

Wood, Brent (1996), 'Resistance in Rhyme', Review of Russell Potter, *Spectacular Vernaculars: Hip-Hop and the Politics of Postmodernism*. *Postmodern Culture*, 7

(1)