

# Back To The TERROR DOME

**Chuck D, The Head Of Security For Rap's  
First World, Has Re-emerged As A Soloist  
With A Brand New Revolution**

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**A**s far as Chuck D is concerned, the grinding wheel that is rap will come to a slow halt long before it regains its original props as what he calls "a beautiful art form." Long tired of sitting on the sidelines watching what he refers to as the "Big Willie shit" of Lexus showcasing, yacht-partying, gold chasing, Rolexing and designer name gaming under the auspices of Black music industry growth, he now purports to be the virus coming to infect the industry with a dose of Reality 101.

Enter Chuck D, the executive. "Since this is the time people are putting their resumes on the table, I'm putting mine on the table too, just to show that it's not really about them. It's about upholding this art form and the things connected to it." Due to the self-imposed down-sizing of Public Enemy tour dates, Chuck D has found that he has more time to pursue other business ventures. "I felt slighted when I was going around the world building hip-hop in various countries and came back and saw someone who was handling mail one day, in an executive position the next. No offense, but I think in the area of Black music you have a lot of under-qualified people," he says. Despite his rigorous schedule over the past few years, somehow Chuck has found the time to become an author, a solo artist and a bonafide cyberspace inductee. And while these are all potentially lucrative ventures for him, Chuck D maintains that they are less about money and more about fixing the problems he sees in the music industry.

Contrary to rumor and speculation, his solo effort, *The Autobiography of Mistachuck*, is not the beginning of the end for Public Enemy. Chuck D says the record was truly born from the years of frustration at what he has seen in the

industry. True to his well-known penchant for hip-hop politics, Chuck intimates that he is troubled by the "unhealthy," "non-productive" and "questionable" artist-executive relationships within Black music. Choosing action over overbearing lip service, Chuck plans to bring about a dramatic change.

"Rap's beauty initially was without boundaries. It used to dictate its own terms. Now it is being trashed by neglect, while artist development is sacrificed for individual paper chases." Citing a lack of true artist development, discipline and administrative organization, the game according to "Mistachuck" is due for a positive jump-start. And although some artists might shy away from inter-rap critique reminiscent of Bob Dole-isms, he makes no bones about his problems with some of today's less socially responsible lyrics and the all-consuming fascination with the "cash rules" credo that has the Hip-Hop Nation in a stranglehold. Lately, more rappers have begun to sing the same tune, yet Chuck would seem to represent a bastion of rap that has remained consistent in philosophy, making no concessions to do a cameo on this or that rapper-of-the-moment's album in the hopes of gaining favor with fickle new consumers. In Chuck, sincerity may actually eventually lead to action.

His new record label, Slam Jamz, a deal made with Sony, is his personal effort to correct what he calls the lack of backbone and the failure to commit to certain principles by Black music executives. "Some of these guys are going around waving a flag like they have done this or that for rap only because they happen to speak to the white boys and make the deals," Chuck D says in his best professor of rap voice. "But just because you sit the closest to the white check, doesn't mean you know the most."

Top level label management, he believes, can't seem to