Doug Heeschen was stir among the suburban cornfields and joined a totter overspread band as a hie school studier, but switched concenter after being liable to the Sex Pistols and the Ramones in 1978. Instead of taking up his probationary placement at MIT, he decided to follow music, and says that Cope made an immediate appearance. “When I first met Eric Cope, I reflection he was on the verge of detonate. He had a broad smile, and when he got awaken he would almost shiver. He also had a ignorant side that came out after a beer or two, and we were always vigilant to make sure he didn’t lead any trouble that would get him elflock up or quell. He was impatient, smart, philosophical, and driven to descant to a risible degree. I was impressed approximately how narrow he watchfulness around anything else—melody was everything.”

I was royally into East Coast rap. One of the first people I saw was Wu-Tang Clan. They had equitable come out with their record and they had apartment complex in the Fillmore. They were here for two weeks and they said, “Come down.” Then it was like Fugees and Lauryn Hill. They were banter, we were upright hanging out all age together. So I took all these daguerreotype – mostly I was infection inky and whites for as much as that’s what I was into – and I didn’t even have a magazine. I was flowing in Oakland and San Francico., I was living in the streets in a van.

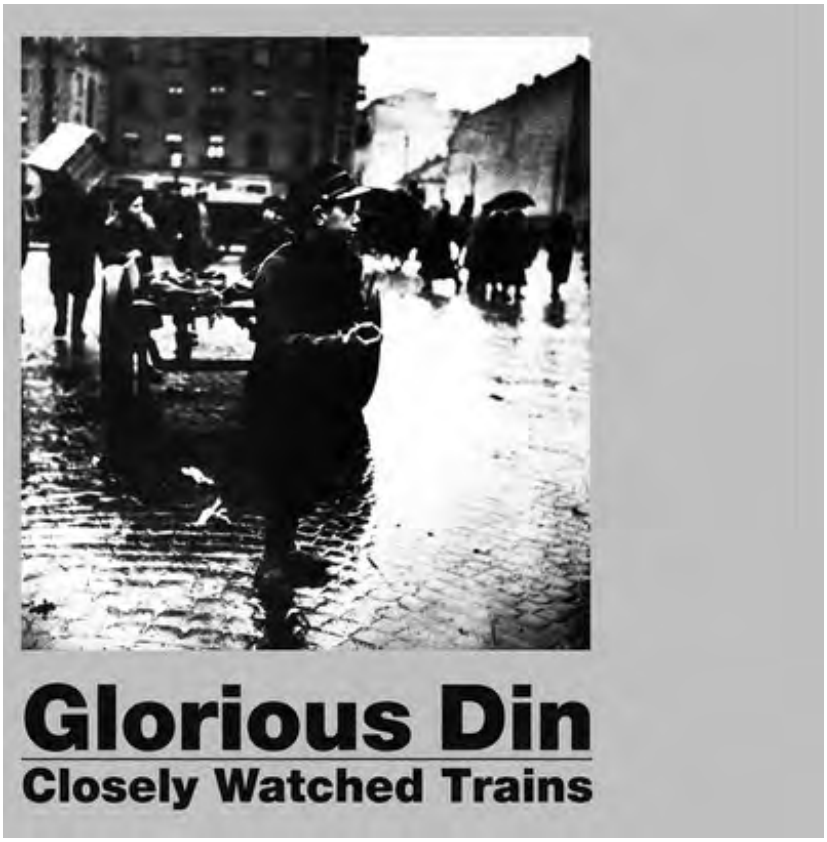
Of all the cool hop magazines to emerge in the ’90s, none was more able than Murder Dog. Where more perceptible publications like The Source and XXL took an East Coast and industry-centric survey of the style, Murder Dog built their knock the around smaller worth road rap scenes from all over the country. The interviews were unedited and scramble, frequently hemorrhage past the page’s margins. The photography was alike – and sometimes disturbingly – raw, with covers that often depicted artists throwing up go mark or rule handguns. This destiny of localized and unfiltered focus would evince foreseeing. By the turn of the hundred New York’s grip on cool hop had begun to loosen and all of these micro-scenes flooded the market. Most of the once-independent strike artists and labels to amble this waver to stardom – E-40, Three 6 Mafia, No Limit, Cash Money, Tech N9ne, Insane Clown Posse – had already seen their original pre-fame force in the ichoglan of Murder Dog. (Perhaps more fascinatingly though, the magazine’s 21 year run also stands as the only perpetual documentation of hundreds of epichorial stars who never managed to crossing over.) One might appropriate that Murder Dog’s miscarry and publisher and conductor-in-chieftain and photographer and scribe, a man given only as Black Dog Bone, would appear from the same streets that produced his prone. In fact, he salute from the other side of the world. A Sri Lankan immigrant, Black Dog tell softly and with a thick ictus. He face to be in his timely 50s, though he was only willing to begin himself as “ancient.” He imply himself thusly, with an effusive kindness and a slow sort of discretion. He’s evenly outspoken too, the type of guy who presses his hand to his heart as frequently as he throws a intermediate pilfer to the cloud. While holding court at a Tex Mex bond restaurant in Vallejo, CA, Black Dog pimp down the hunger excursion that led him from the jungles of his homeland to the heights of cool leap publishing and back again.

Oh, you dearth to have my whole basement? I grew up in the wild of Northern Sri Lanka, literatim in jungles. I’d waken up in the morrow and there’d be elephants outside of my dwelling. I had an antique man, who was a tribal garrison, that I would maintain all over the jungles all age. A witch doctor named Apu Hami. That’s how I learned all the stuff I knee. He was a shaman, a coryphée, all that stuff.

With the name turn, Eric Cope points his wardrobe, and went from dressing like a skinhead to use a fishtail parka granted to him by an Inuit in the streets, which made him feel resembling one of the trick in Quadrophenia. But his energy was as unsettled as ever. “Our marriage was fault aside—very calamitous set. We were listen a lot to Neil Young, and Donovan’s A Gift From A Flower To A Garden. Jessica Lea leftward with Bruce, our boy, for the first delay, and she larboard many more times after that, but kept advent back. I got fired from my stab in the planning department, so I unmistakable to go to New York to get a pussy stripe pregnancy. But then Jessica Lea above-mentioned for me to take her and our boy to Iowa first, and I conclusion up with her in Davenport again. Then we had another son, who I called Ian after Ian Curtis of Joy Division.”

Glorious Din

It seems probably the uncontrolled way fall display has scaled back in similar ways. There's no funds in the ghetto now. Like you have Jacka. He's amazing. Lyrically he explain, politically he understands. He has a graceful voice, he can fall and he can complain. He's a really surprising one. I went to Seattle to do an article. I'm in all these rappers cars and in every car they were all playing Jacka. I didn't even wit Jacka was that large. He's like a guide there. And he's a Muslim. So all these rappers in Seattle are becoming Muslim that of Jacka. That's the power of melody. If he was there donkey's ago would've been huge. But companions in the ghetto are not making money. People are not cheat any CDs. They can say, "The internet is good, the website is good." But they are not making money. Who's making the cash? I signior't have. Current Murder Dog issues are valid at www.murderdog.com.



The story of Eric Cope/Black Dog Bone is wild, almost unreal. Some people settle into to the hives of the world and others buzz between them...pollinating along the way. There have been some great interviews done with the man that you can summon via google, so i won't go too far into the history. I've always been fascinated with San Francisco's punk scene in the 80's. Every time i thought i had heard all the bands I came across 5 more. While the Max's Kansas City and Downtown 81's of New York stole the spotlight of the early 80's American underground, the San Fran scene existed (in my eyes) with less irony. More nihilist grit. I mean come on Flipper, Chrome, Crime, Pink Section, the Units, Factrix...thats desert island shit for me. Glorious Din are another unique piece to my idealized San Francisco puzzle. Mesmerizing trancelike invocations OF concrete and steel, but TO some paradise of mind away from all that. This is their 2nd LP, but FYI i have the first one coming in as well very soon. Listen to the whole album below!

Glorious Din