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<!DOCTYPE html>
<html lang="en">
   <head>
       <title>Music Essay</title>
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   <Body>
       <!---- Signature / Class
Block ----->
       <h1>Project 1 - Essay</h1>
       <h2>Richard N. Cooke Jr.</h2>
       <h2>Professor Pang</h2>
       <h2>Interactive Design - Spring 2017</h2>
       <!----- Essay Begins
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       <Strong>One of the fondest memories I have is from
my high school year days, my closest friend Paul in the
passenger seat of my mother's convertible Chrysler LeBaron. We
were just out cruising around heading to the arcade. I remember
the wind blowing in our hair and the stock radio tuned to KROO-
FM (a local alternative rock station in Orange County,
California). I recall "Only a Lad" coming on the radio,
simultaneously Paul and I looked over at each other, then back
to the radio. Instinctively I turned the radio all the way up.
This was our mantra, with its fast pace rhythm and edgy lyrics,
it described what we thought we were, misguided youth. The
band, Oingo Boingo, an eclectic mix of ska, new wave, pop and
original sounds created by the octet headed by Danny Elfman. </
strong><em><a href="http://www.allmusic.com/artist/oingo-boingo-
mn0000390532/biography"><b>(Prato, 2017)</b></a></em><strong>
This would be the music I would find myself drawn to over and
over again throughout my life.</Strong> 
       <strong>The year was 1987 and I remember Paul
putting a tape in his cassette player and turning it on. The
typical melodic synthesizers and melancholy sounds that were
typical for the new wave music of the time were replaced by a
gritty and upbeat tone. A mixture of horns, quitar and subtle
percussion carried a unique voice through the speakers. I
remember hearing the lyric; </strong><em><a href="http://
www.lyricsfreak.com/o/oingo+boingo/nothing+to
+fear_10196903.html"><b> (Lyric Freak, 2017)</b> </em></a>
       <!----- Lyric View with
Citation ----->
       <em>
          Hey neighbor let me give you some advice
          The Russians are about to pulverize us
          In our sleep tonight
          That is if the crazy Arabs
          Or the riots don't get us first
          And the fire will rain down from the sky
          The fire will rain down from the sky
          People will die--people will die
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<strong>Immediately I set out to collect their entire catalog of music, and within weeks I had everything that they had produced. Almost everything got into my head or held a deeper meaning for me and that is when I realized that the music wasn't just playful lyrics and cool musical compositions, it was a commentary on the culture of the time. Playful jabs at what mainstream thought of as normal, which I found appealed to my inner punk rocker. Songs like "Little Girls" were not talking about some pervert that took interest in younger females but rather how the status of individuals in the entertainment industry could be judged on how hot and young their date was to an awards show or premier event. Again I found I could relate to this. Another example was "Only a Lad" a chilling tale of a young man who steals a car and accidently kills an old lady. On the surface it is a sad story of misspent youth, but under the surface it was describing how society was shifting the blame of criminal acts of juveniles away from them and onto circumstances. It wasn't his fault it was how he was brought up, his life, surely he wasn't just a mean little kid.</ strong>

through it. Even today I look back and revisit these songs. Each has a meaning and a place in my life and touches me to this day. They have traveled with me to Germany and my early days in the Army. I can remember listening to "Dead Mans Party" before entering into a live minefield to locate and mark explosives, and later dancing with my daughter and son, introducing them to songs like "Home Again" after returning from my third deployment to Afghanistan. Oingo Boingo was there through the good and the bad.

<!----- Works Cited with URL links ----->

<h2>Works Cited</h2>

Prato, Greg. <em>Oingo Boingo.</em>em? 2017. Web. 21
Jan 2017.

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