

SPARK

A REVIEW OF NSCC STUDENT LITERARY & ARTISTIC EXPRESSION



SPARK 2022 **volume 14**

sparked by inspiration

Through poetry and stories, photographs and drawings, Spark showcases the talent and spirit of students at North Shore Community College. This fourteenth issue of Spark is dedicated to the persistence of vision, forward movement, and the knowledge that creativity is its own reward. **Enjoy.**

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on the cover:

Colors of Koi | *JAMYA MADDOX*

2020 Pandemic

By Madison Bowen

Never thought I'd live during a pandemic

It was turning on the Channel 7 News seeing hundreds have already died

How long will this last?

For little ones to sit with comfort. Parents and grandparents softly say " Covid -19 is just a virus, don't be scared we've had them in the past." yet they are panicking in their own mind.

In February of 2020 was the last time I shook a stranger's hand

The Governor said not to Worry, but he announced in March the Pandemic of 2020.

As it soon became April of 2020

The frontline workers

Have their life on the line

Grocery stores were empty, nothing but a can on the shelf. Hospitals filled with sick patients known as " Covid Patients"

Time and money started flying

June crept up on United states, the Citizen of the US claimed unemployment

The life of a frontline worker is like a covid patient on a ventilator

Having a few breaths and struggling to stay alive

Life became insane

The New Year had past

2021, The entire world became virtual

Screen to screen celebrating events,

Schools, business meetings, interviews

Rather than shaking hands.

The year 2021, had an emotional adjustment

I sit here on my computer today, Tuesday, February 23, 2022. The 2020 Pandemic has affected every individual emotionally, mentally, or physically.

As everything gets better

schools are in session;

With a vaccine in progress,

No one knows what tomorrow will bring.

Be grateful for what you have and live in the moment

■

Beauty at the Beach | *LORIANN LANE*





Droplets | JESSICA MILITELLO

Feast Day at the Monastery | NANCY MCINTYRE



Plastic

by Olivia Tamagna

When my aunt died I was allowed to look through her jewelry
Only the cheap plastic costume jewelry that had no worth
I picked out three pairs of earrings and a bracelet
The bracelet was light it had no real weight to it
But when I held it, it felt like ten pounds of sentiment
It was worth nothing
The fake gold plated hardware worn down from wear, revealing the cheap silver underneath
The beads were meant to resemble pearls and from afar they might
The slight sheen on them had been scratched and chipped, the plastic beads a plain cream white
It was worth nothing
It was priceless
I opened the clasp and closed the bracelet around my wrist
I haven't removed it since

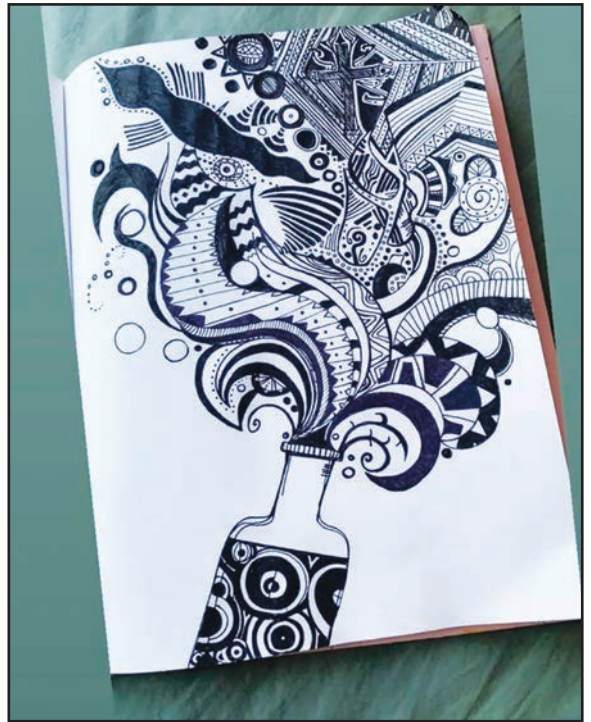
■



Powerful Angel | KHADIJO MOHAMED



top to bottom:
My Piece | CASSANDRA HALLY
Butterfly | JESSICA MILITELLO



beautiful

in the midst of a beautiful forest tears of a fountain of glorious
beautiful river of gold comes across the chanted beautiful princess
in the mist of a beautiful rain storm

I can see the Thunder and the lightning start to rumble the Earth
starts to shake and then the princess we all know
comes out she runs quickly to the castle and stay as far away
from the witch that lives south from the castle the beautiful princess in the mask of disguise
we found out the beautiful princess is me

By, Kaitlyn Eaton

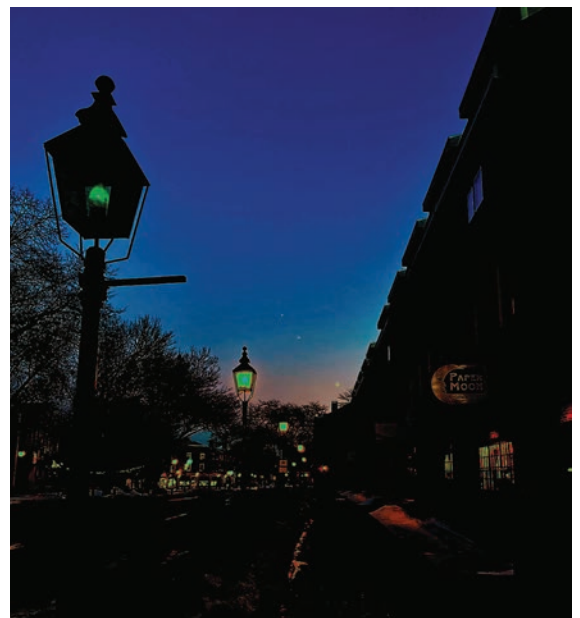
Beautiful | *KAITLYN EATON*



Winter Walk | *ROXANN MCFARLANE*



Bev's Beauties! | *LORIANN LANE*



Live in the Moment | *MADISON BOWEN*

17 Line Sonnet

by Kristin Abbott

I am the key's of which the pianist
Has mastered the stroking of -
Tender and trained,
Eloquent and euphonic,
Passionate while passive.

Doth the musician orchestrate or is he
merely a vessel for the divine?

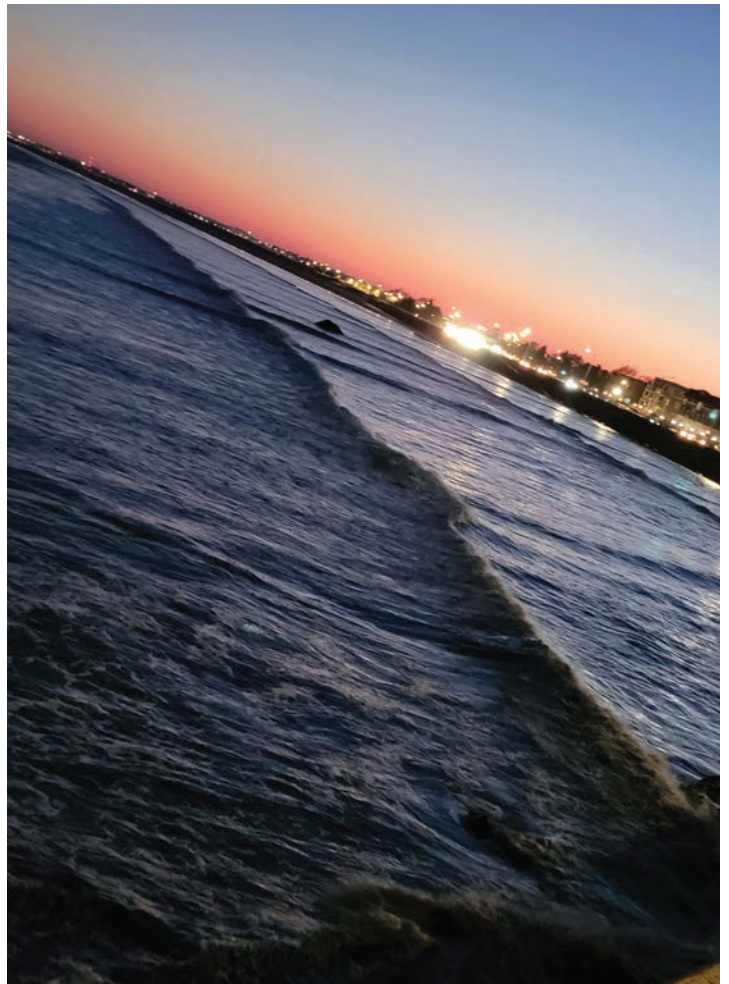
The enticement of such a melody
Is merely that of envy.

For the Labor of Love-
the prescribed requisite
of such a pleasing chorus
Is one that requires the most
compassionate and cultivated of composers.

And as such, this composition is not meant
to be fathomed by the populace
of which it was expressed to.

■

February in Lynn | *ROXANN MCFARLANE*



Galaxy Walker

by Matthew Mello

As she walked the darkness of space
molding the stars, galaxies and milky ways
to her image.

Creating blackholes that suck up and
destroy everything in sight only to help fill
the void in her empty heart.

Creating paths of ice to guide her along the
way to only have them break up creating
asteroids that cause destruction where ever
they land.

Replaced her spirit with Pluto so the sun can
burn forever.

Some say at night you can see her in the
sky made of stars.

■

Focus on the Finer Things | *LORIANN LANE*





Crystal Clear | *LORIANN LANE*



Hoodoo Haven | *LORIANN LANE*

The Still of the Night

by Kristin Abbott

The Still of the Night
calls to me
when I lay awake –

when the stories
beneath my eyes
are much too vivid.

The Still of the Night
cries for me
to envelop myself
within the folds of
its starry abyss –
so that I may float
far above the heavens
and lay in a limbo
of its melancholia forever

I feel the most alive
when
the air bites crisp -
when
the air chokes me still –
and when my heart
stops
before quickening

I feel the most humble
when
I stand in the middle of
all that has swirled
within me;
my emotions
have been known to
smother and submerge me -
they pull up only to push me down

To limn my pain is to
convene all my woes,
a buffet of which I am the prey
And it is there that
I notice
how the grief is the emptiness that fills me.
On nights like these ,
I am numb

Render me useless –
words deface my holy name
but
thoughts mutilate this holy mind

Reputation?
You know a facade;
You know the way my name
sounds
on your tongue
when spoken aloud

You know how the sun
strikes my face
at sunset
but
not how these
emotions
claw at my soul
like demons

‘How sweetly she sits,
poised
and
pedicured’

‘How vainly she poses,
self-righteous
and
smug’

Why bother to be filled

only to be savagely emptied?

I am much too overrun.

My mind is cornered,
in a chamber of mirrors.
I tread carefully,
but
these layers are compelled to crack,
compelled to concede.

My mind creeps on the boundaries of insanity,
teetering on the edge of infinity,
clutching onto
invisible doctrines of
rationality and normality.
The closer I peer,
the further I am dismantled,
encompassed
by the burden of birth
by the burden of malaise
by the burden of sensation,
of sensitivity,
of sympathy

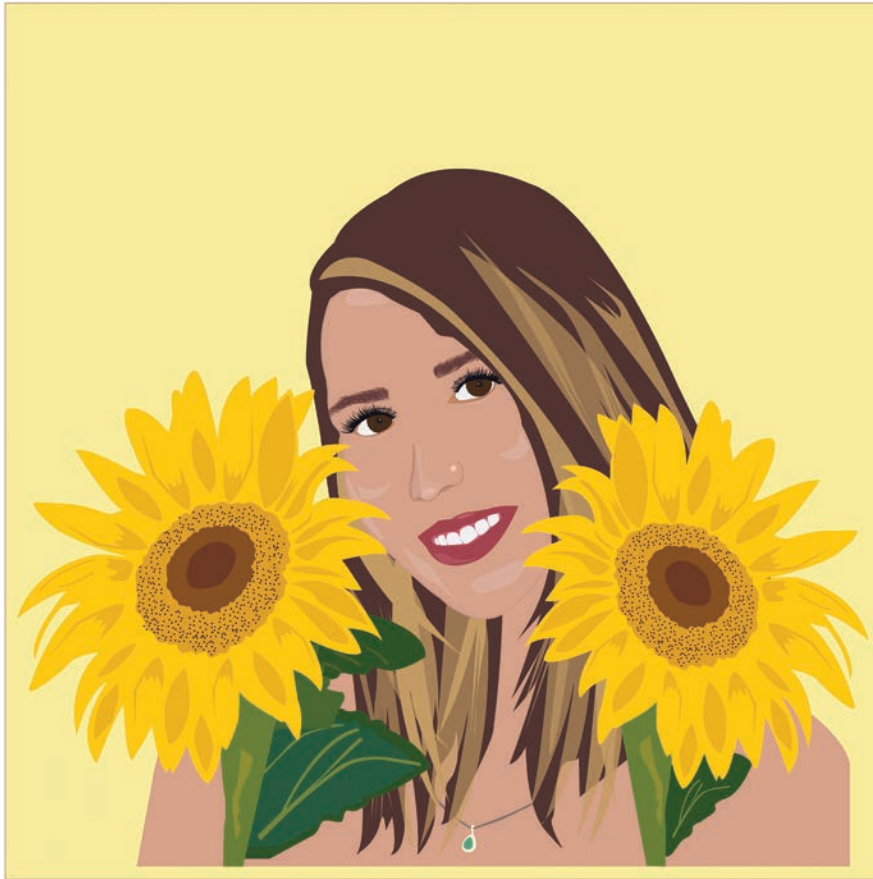
The envy of the ordinary is deep-seated in me
I taste blood on my tongue

These layers
cloak me,
command me,
caution me
and threaten

My mind encumbers me,
slays me,
berates me,
but
The Still of the Night
soothes me,
assuages me,
and
strengthens me.



Baby, it's cold outside | ROXANN MCFARLANE



top to bottom:

Digital Portrait | *OLGA TOLEDO PIQUETTE*

The death of our relationship | *KAITLYN EATON*

Do the stages of hell

to The Mists of my misery,

there's a death of a relationship to not be revived the pain is like a torture chamber

my heart is a locked up and in Mask away in a dungeon of my misery

every day the darkness our relationship comes darker and darker

until I see a light and it's not our relationship all

I see is just me this light I known is all along has Beauty inside of me.

■

Sadness | ZARIA KARAKASHIAN-JONES

For a long time sadness has been my only friend.
She has crippled my need for affection and attention.
She has laughed at my ambitious attempts to be social.
She covers me in her warmth blanket when depression won't allow me to move.
I see her in my reflection everytime I look in the mirror.
Her green eyes, dehydrated lips and pale skin follow mine in unison.
Pausing only for a second to remind me we are two separate beings sharing a body.
But to me we are the same.
She is my shaky breath.
My paranoid anxiety.
My overwhelming need to be more.
To do more.
Doesn't she see,
That without her, I am nothing.
To know that I am still alive.
Still here.
Still present.
I want to feel sadness forever.
Because she is all I have.

■

Singing in the Rain | JESSICA PIEPIORA



Pure White

by Matthew Mello

She felt free as she danced in the winters snow it the shadows of darkness with only the moon as her only light giving the snow a faint glow.

It's pure white color and soft feeling as if she was walking on a cloud in the light blue sky.

How she wished to be pure and clean as the snow was.

The feeling of her body going numb from the cold brought her such pleasures.

A feeling of dread feel upon her as if she was stabbed in the stomach.

She witnessed the pure white snow that surrounded her had become stained with splatters of blood.

Looking down seeing blood drip from her hands like rubies onto the once nice pure white soft snow.

Falling to her knees in fear feeling her body become even more numb.

Frozen with shock she sees the blood is coming from her wrist.

She see's a shine of silver with in four feet of her.

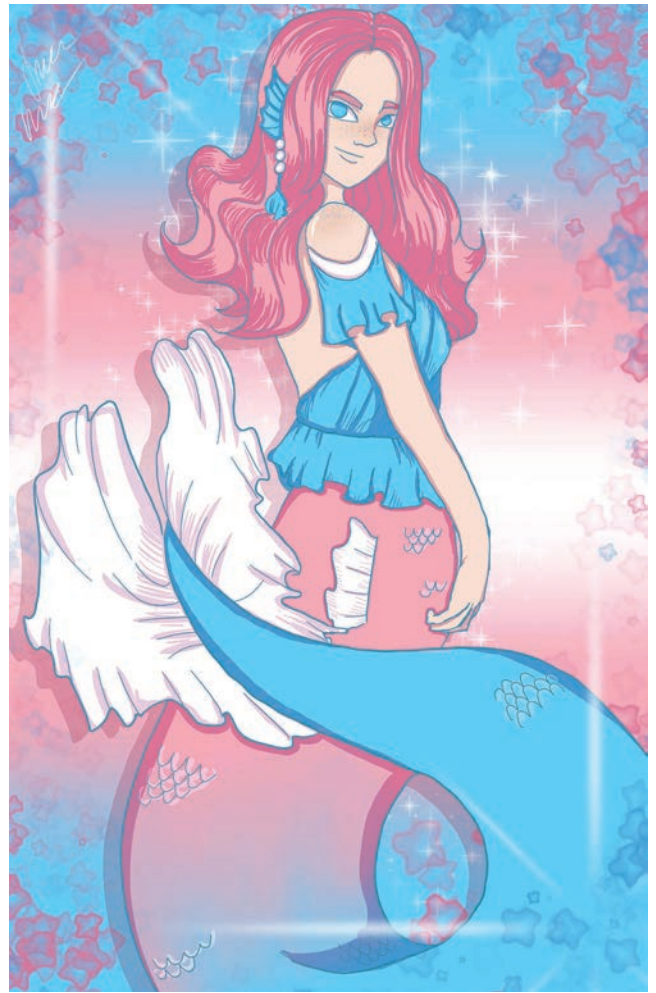
Realizing it's the knife she used by the stain of blood that has ruined it's glorious shine.

Her fear then turns into laughter as she laughs into hysteria slowly feeling her self fall into a deep sleep.

As her eyes close for the last time she smiles seeing beautiful pure white snow flakes fall from the night sky covering every part of her.

She is now one with the pure white soft snow.

■



left to right:

Trans Pride Mermaid | JESSICA PIEPIORA

Tempestas Nivis | JOSEPH GIUNTA



The journey of the thorn

by Kristin Abbott

The journey of the thorn

I stumbled upon your love when I did not know any better.

I was walking on my path, going nowhere I suppose, when I saw a bird disappear into the brush that surrounded you.

You were a budding white rose, the folds of which captivated me enough so that I stopped and smelled.

Reaching out a hand, I meant to pluck you straight from the ground, to keep you forever as mine.

But you - oh sweet and cunning rose - have tricked me.

A thorn from your love has cut me and I am bleeding a river of red petals in your name.

■

EVERY DAY I
DISCOVER
MORE & MORE
BEAUTIFUL
THINGS.
IT'S ENOUGH
TO DRIVE
ONE MAD.
I HAVE SUCH A
DESIRE TO DO
EVERYTHING.
MY HEAD IS
BURSTING
WITH IT.

CLAUDE MONET

Art Emotions | OLGA TOLEDO PIQUETTE

How scattered our happinesses
that no line could connect them
How eventual the tiny joy
the song, the you, the I
How few and far between-
the dizzy laughter, the contented sigh
How unpredictable-
the when of your next smile
How unpredictable-
the how.

■

top to bottom:
Scatterplot | *LEANNE WOODS*
Milkweed | *JESSICA MILITELLO*





Tempestas Nivis | JOSEPH GIUNTA



Red | JELENA DE PENA

The Ghost of Me

by Kaitlyn Eaton

All of the scars of my past still haunts me

In this abandoned home within myself

All of this pain

Still lingers here

With the ghost of my past

Still Lurking in the shadows

My aberration starts to appear

Whenever the words that have been unspoken

Punch holes in my foundation inside myself

Slowly my foundation crumbles

And burns to ashes

My abandoned self can not be recovered

In the flames of my misery

This is my abandoning self

the ghost of my past

Will be the death of me.



the strength I've earned

by Jordyn Summerlin

I blamed myself for something
Your toxic behavior
A predator? Never heard of that before!
My cries were mistaken for my body changing
But my cries were for my soul when my body was taken
By you
You were older and should know better
But instead you tainted my soul for your own sick pleasure
The face of my tourmenter engraved in my brain forever
But when the day comes and we are face to face
I will not look down
I will not shy away
I will stand my ground and flip you the bird
And say that i'm better
For i've grown in ways you never could

■



Concept Art: The Anura | JESSICA PIEPIORA

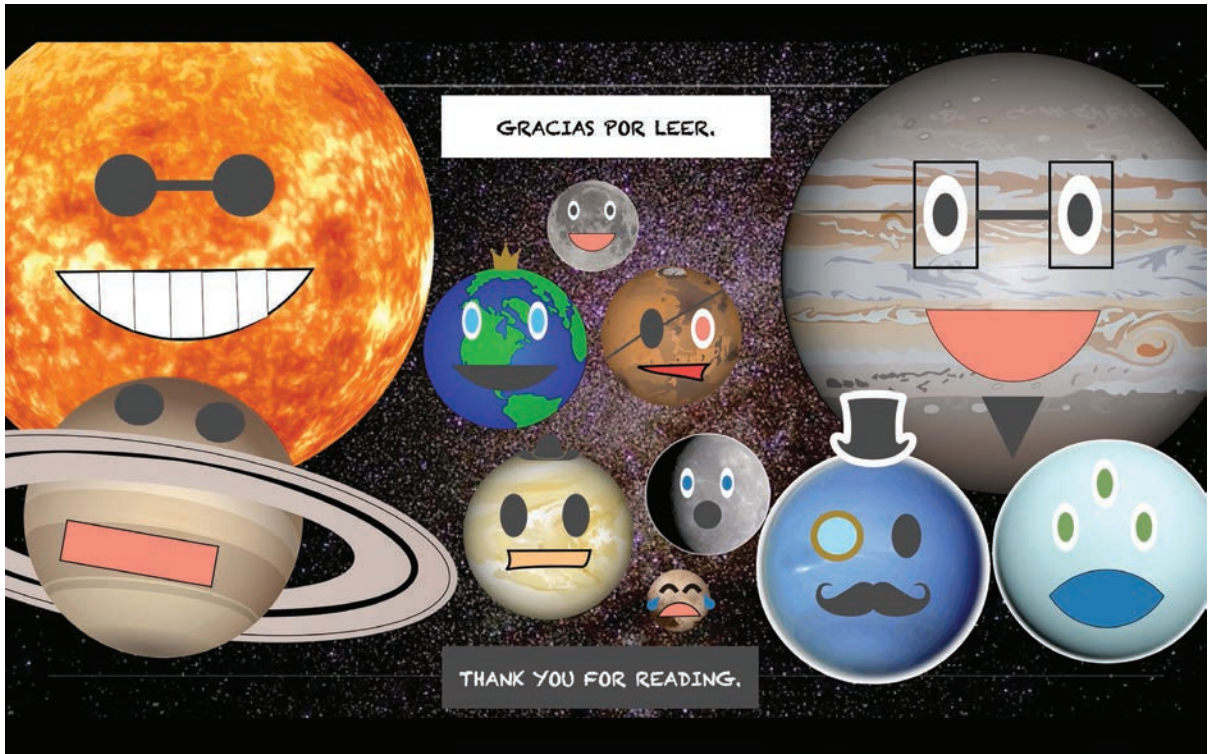
I do not know why/on this day, mid-February/ I have paused to think of it:/the laundry, stiff
dried/smelling of summer dust/of sweet pine/of evening/Laundry printed with the shape of
clothespins./ They are only clips of wood and metal/ wood and metal which slip too easily from
their plastic bag/ wood which slips too easily from the closed jaw/ the metal spring/which slips
too easily from the white sheet/the still-white underwear/the american blue jean.

I do not know why/on this, of all days/I have paused to think of you./ Your back is to me/ I see
the bulb of your bottom/flared out hips/the t-shirt pulled down to your thighs/the skin that folds
itself/over and over/ the line of your too tight bra./You are shaking out the wrinkles/you are
draping the fabrics over the clothesline/ over and over-you are building a fortress around
you/over and over- rows of underpants and socks/of holy t-shirts and pillowcases/over and
over-you are humming a tune I do not know.

I do not know why/on this day, this ordinary day/I have paused to consider the weight of wet
clothes/ or to watch the drop of the clothesline/to wonder (even knowing what I know)/if the line
will hold./ I do not know why I have paused to watch you disappear/slowly, gradually unable to
sense the shape of you/buttreassing yourself with the fabric of our family/having seen you now
only through shadow/only through a billow of cotton/ a white plume of summer light and
bleached towels/only through the song I can now barely hear/whose words I do not know.

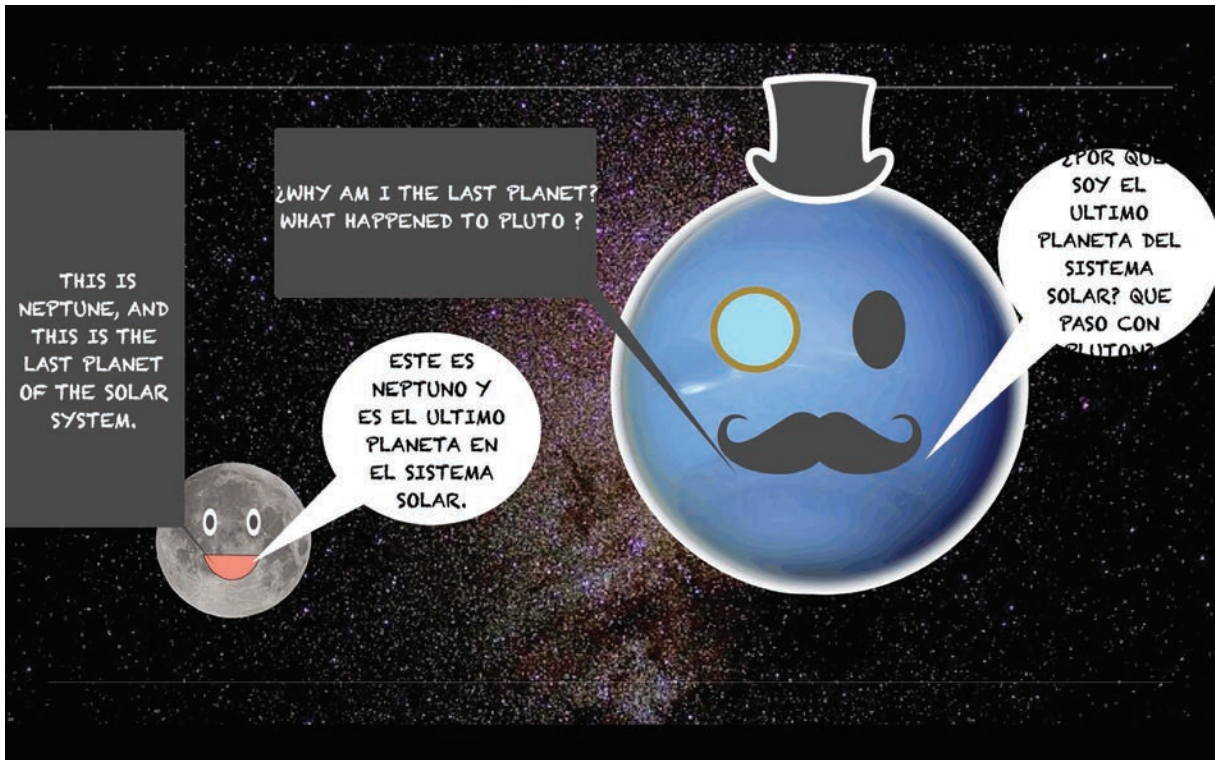
■

Poem from the Afterlife| *LEANNE WOODS*



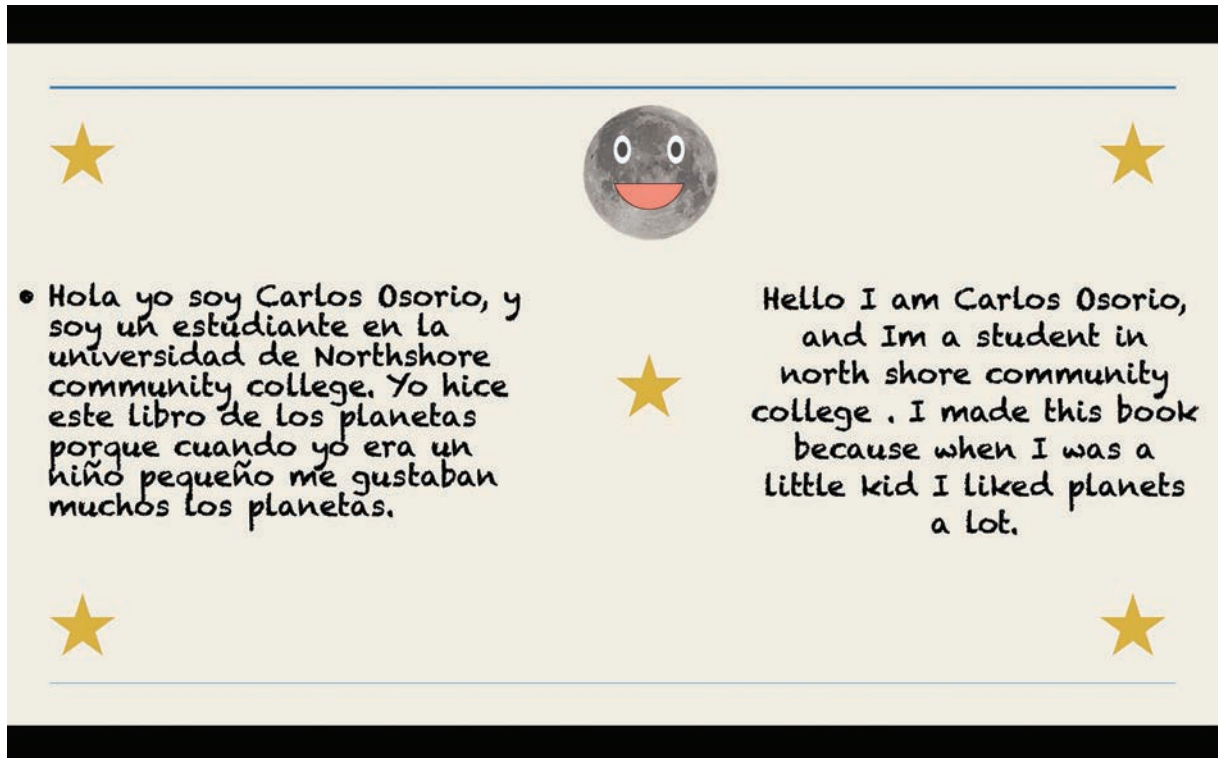
top and bottom:
el sistema solar | CARLOS OSORIO





top and bottom:

el sistema solar | CARLOS OSORIO



The Practice of Curanderismo in Hispanic cultures

by Kerri Fiorillo

Many cultures around the world have some form of shamanistic or holistic healing practices, many of which date back to ancient times. Prior to advances in modern medicine and acculturation, many cultures relied on ancient knowledge of herbs and botanicals, rituals, and amulets to heal the sick. Much like the Celts and their Druidism, which uses nature along with deep spiritual belief in the power of the Gods in ritual and holistic healing, Hispanics have their own form of this practice. Curanderismo is the term Latin American Hispanic cultures refer to as this type of medicinal practice, or folk medicine as some describe it. While advances in modern medicine in the Western World have all but tried to eradicate these ancient practices and label them as ineffective, unrealistic, or unsafe, many people around the world, including those in the United States are more often turning to these types of ancient holistic healing practices as a better alternative to the harsh side effects of modern-day pharmacological medicines. There is an imbalance here though, a tug of war if you will, between those trying to hold on to their peoples' ancient ways and the push towards worldwide acceptance and practice of modern medicine. However, it's currently an unrealistic goal for the world, as many people cannot afford the costs of modern medicine let alone have access to it, and those who do have access, especially those in the Hispanic culture, do not trust their physicians to understand their ills. This is due not only to the language barriers but also to the ridicule and dismissal of their culture's holistic healing practices and their personal beliefs by Western Medicine. Due to this, (though perhaps not as widespread as it has been in the past), Curanderismo is still holding on in many parts of Latin America, Mexico, and even in pockets throughout the United States today. Let's take a further look at these practices and how it impacts the Hispanic culture and their views on medicine. Curanderismo is coined from the root word curar, meaning "to heal". It is an ancient practice of holistic healing influenced by many integrating cultures from the Aztecs and Mayans to even Medieval European Sorcery. (Integrating Curanderismo, P. 298). This is due to immigration of civilizations from many parts of the world to Latin America and Mexico.

Hispanic Latin Americans, by nature, are very culturally oriented and hold fast to their beliefs and practices even when migrating to other countries, and historically, curanderos/as have played an important key role in their societies. "At the core of curanderismo is spirituality and the maintaining of harmony and balance with nature." (A review of Curanderismo, P. 83). Curanderismo is a mixture of natural herbal remedies and a strong, powerful belief in the ability to heal through the will and power of God and spiritual healing. Curandersimo "involves three facets; faith in both natural and supernatural ailments, a view of God's divine will influencing all areas of a person's life, and the belief that people have the ability to wield the metaphysical gift of healing, called the don, which originates from God." (Integrating Curanderismo, P. 298).

For Latin Americans, "Curanderismo has provided stability and continuity for Mexican-Americans and Latinos throughout the generations in light of acculturation, globalization, and urbanization," and "consulting a curandero has allowed for families to hold onto cultural beliefs and identities, as well as offering medical treatment at times poverty, language and oppression have created barriers." (Integrating Curanderismo, P. 298). Today, many Hispanic Latin Americans who cannot afford modern day healthcare, or those living in remote regions with little to no access to Western medicine find themselves visiting their local or regional curandero or curandera when they have an illness. Minor illnesses one would visit a curandero for often range from anything from migraines to skin lesions, to the common cold, even midwifery and obstetrics. Also, anything from psychological ills such as anxiety and depression, to musculoskeletal ailments such as arthritis or gout, to more severe illness like malaria, etc. "Curanderos/as have specialties of practice. Yerberos/as are herbalists that specialize in botanical remedies. Parteras are midwives, and Sobaderos/as specialize in massage." (A Review of Curandersimo, P. 84). For many living in rural regions and those living in poverty, many local curanderos/as will not charge for their services, but they often will accept offerings in return for their services. It is more common practice to charge a fee for services for those living in urban and more wealthy communities. (A Review of Curanderismo, P. 84).

Let's look at some examples of how curanderismo is applied in traditional medicine methods.

One aspect of Curanderismo to focus on is the use of botanical, or plant-based healing. Many practicing curanderos/as uses herbs and plant-based botanicals to cure common ailments. In the article, "The Healing Practices of Belize", we are introduced to two curanderas. Miss H is a midwife and uses botanical, plant-based healing for her patients' ailments in her obstetrics practice. In this article she explains how using "five open red hibiscus and four closed red hibiscus flowers and nine leaves all boiled into a tea takes care of postpartum hemorrhage." (Healing Practices of Belize, P. 71). According to Rosita Arvigo, who is an American herbalist living in Belize and practicing curanderismo believes "that God has marked the healing plants and that the plants hold the biochemical blueprints to medicines and cures for the world's diseases." (Healing Practices of the People of Belize, P. 73). Also, according to Rosita Arvigo, color plays an important role in which ailment a plant or herb is used for. She explains how the red bark of the gumbolimbo tree is used as a treatment for red or irritated skin conditions such as poison ivy, kitchen burn and sunburns, insect bites, etc. She also cites the use of red hibiscus as being commonly used to treat blood problems, especially for postpartum hemorrhaging. She also gives another example of using color as a guide to healing specific ailments, such as the ki bix leaf which has an outer layer of brown and an inner layer of red, lending itself to being used in the regulation of menstrual cycles. Currently, the World Health Organization is studying the effects of this leaf for contraceptive properties. (Healing Practices of the People of Belize, P.73). Another example of plant-based botanical use in Belize is seen in tobacco. Curanderos/as use water-soaked tobacco leaves on a person's skin that has been infected with bot-fly larvae. The leaves are left on for 20 minutes, the properties of the soaked tobacco leaf work to paralyze the larvae rendering it easy to remove using tweezers. Modern day medicine would lance the wound and pull out the thrashing larvae, leading to more pain and higher risk of infection. (Healing Practices of the People of Belize, P. 74).

While modern Western Medicine may not accept or see holistic practice as the best way to treat modern day ailments, many Hispanics still rely on and put their trust in Curanderos/as, and who can blame them? For immigrants coming to America from poorer, more remote regions in Latin American and Mexico, traditional folk medicine is all they have known in many cases and all they could afford.

And as proof seen with the botfly, sometimes more holistic approaches are more effective, practical, and less painful than modern methods. Often, poor language communication and a deep-rooted fear of being criticized keeps poorer Hispanics from visiting modern day physician practices, this is especially seen in the elderly. Many Hispanics who see curanderos/as in the United States won't even report to their physicians that they have sought treatment from a curandero. (A Review of Curanderismo, P. 83). As quoted from "The Use of Curandersimo in a Public Health Care System," "It is clear that race and ethnicity are powerful determinants of health outcomes, especially when cross-cultural interventions are involved. There is a need for a greater understanding of these cultural health beliefs to help reduce variations in care that may be contributing to inequities in the health care of the US population." (The Use of Curanderismo, P. 6).

I completely agree with this sentiment. I chose this topic because I have a keen interest in holistic healing in many cultures and I have studied the practices seen in Hinduism, Druidism and Native American holistic healing and I thought learning about Hispanic holistic healing would be just as fascinating. I have seen firsthand how modern Western Medicine criticizes and dismisses these types of holistic healing practices, especially in the field of psychology. Meditation and spiritual healing practices seen in all these cultures, including the Hispanic culture are looked down upon, yet sometimes spiritual healing is the best method for certain psychological ailments such as anxiety and depression, and even physiological cases like with the botfly. While modern times are changing and cultural diversity is becoming more recognized, I hope Holistic healing can find its place in the world of modern medicine.

So, in conclusion, the powerful cultural practices and spiritual beliefs are deeply rooted in the Hispanic community, and similarly seen in other cultural holistic beliefs, there needs to be a more widespread acceptance/recognition of traditional/holistic medicine practices for non-life-threatening ailments in the Hispanic populations and cultures around the world.

■

Let's Get Physical

Why You Should Not Ditch Your Digital Discs

by Robert Newton

Thanks to a little agrarian space opera that won me away from the Bookmobile in 1977, I am forever a movie fan. This does not mean that I casually enjoy attending the area googolplex once in a while, sharing the occasional "GoodFellas" clip on Facebook, and watching the latest new release on TV at home with the family when I have the time. Casual this relationship is not, for movies are my life.

Need a good example? Here are 7:

1. I've been working in the movie business since my first video store job when I was 16; I'm 53 now.
2. I dropped out of college at 19 and bought that video store with what should have been tuition money.
3. I became a paid film critic at age 20.
4. I sold my largest video store to a national chain in 2003.
5. I started a film festival.
6. I opened a movie theater and filled it with comfortable chairs, couches, and movies that you'd never find at the local Maul.
7. Against all probability, logic, and good sense, I opened another video store, filled it with 10,000 DVDs, and pledged 100% of the profits to 13 local charities. This was just 6 months ago. If you need me to punctuate my devotion with a quote for "Star Wars," "Ferris Bueller," or oeuvre of Monty Python until you tell me to shut up, I will, but I'm still going to impart this other less trivial information to you: DVD is not dead and you should stop giving your favorite movies away.

Of course, this is counterintuitive for me to say right now, considering that I rely on donations of these same personal library cast-offs and funereal clean-outs, but that private struggle is the topic for another dissertation.

Here's why you should keep physical copies of at least some of your favorite movies:

1. Streaming will never deliver on the promise of "any movie, any time." Think of a streaming service as a giant mobile home park. Every month, some movies just up and move away and sometimes take a while to get to the next mobile home park. Some movies are deemed to be garbage folk and are asked to leave the mobile home park. Some movies just disappear in the night, and are never heard from again.

It would be also fiscally impossible for one company to maintain a comprehensive library of every movie ever made. At present, industry leader Netflix hosts a streaming library of right around 4,000 movies. Since the heyday of the pioneer Lumiere Brothers in the late 1800s, somewhere in the neighborhood of 500,000 movies have been made. And you think your queue is long now? And if that many movies were available in one place, your monthly bill would be around \$2,000.

2. And that brings us to cost. Since no one streaming service is exorbitantly priced, we don't think much of it, haphazardly adding bauble after digital bauble to our entertainment charm bracelet. But when was the last time you took an inventory of all the \$10 and \$15 and \$20 charges you're paying every month? Try it, and you'll see that they add up to way more than you thought you were spending. All that cost in the hopes of watching that one movie in your queue that you've been waiting years for, only to find that it's now gone?
3. And that brings us to ownership. While it makes sense that you don't own a stream, because streaming is essentially just renting, you don't own the digital downloads you buy, either. If you did, you'd be able to resell them or loan them out. And you only have access to them for as long as you subscribe to their service. Same goes for your impressive collection of eBooks. When you buy a movie on disc, you own it. It's yours (and you even have the right to make an archival copy). Take comfort in knowing it's there when you need it. Derive joy from that ownership.

Meticulously alphabetize them, or sort them by genre, or by color, or barcode number, or by the kissability of the people on the cover. Knock yourself out, Buttercup, they're yours to lord over as you wish, like shiny serfs in your cute little kino kingdom.

4. The quality of streaming does not compare to physical media. A good 2K Blu-ray Disc often looks better than the supposedly sharper 4K streams all the services are now pushing. That's because in order to fit that movie through a relatively small internet pipe to get it to your home or your laptop at school or your phone, they have to compress it – shrink the file size down by stripping away some of the detail. And with more people streaming content to their shiny new 4K TVs, your marathons of “Squid Game” and “Stranger Things” are only going to get interrupted more by glitches and full-on service failures, and I'm sure you've learned by now that Comcast doesn't give a whit about you. As long as consumers have limited ISP (internet service provider) options, don't expect the corporate conglomerates to find Digital Jesus anytime soon.

And it's only a matter of time before big chunks of the internet go down for days at a time, either from stress or neglect or a willful act, and without a way for your TV to connect to iTunes for permission to play that copy of “The Batman” and no more DVDs or Blu-rays on your shelf, you may have to do the unthinkable... and actually talk to your family.

5. Speaking of family, movies help make memories. I can't tell you how many proud parents have entrusted us with donations of the timeworn DVDs and deteriorating Disney VHS tapes with which they weaned their wee ones, verklempt like they were sending their kids off to college for the first time. Or the grieving survivors of an elderly World War II veteran who couldn't bear to put their father's collection of home-recorded John Wayne tapes in the trash. Objects have the power to help us remember and celebrate the times we have spent with the people we love.

6. Streaming is a fleeting thrill that lowers the value of the content it delivers. The fixed price nature of streaming fosters a willy-nilly method of choosing a movie to watch. With streaming, consumers don't feel all that invested in their choices, nor the delivery platform. The very name "Netflix" has become synonymous with streaming, in the way that the "Kleenex" has come to mean "facial tissues." This is a symptom of mass-market popularity that brand guardians dread, when a product becomes so ubiquitous that it loses its original meaning. The gratifying act of personally curating a collection of films on DVD, Blu-ray, 4K Ultra HD, or a host of defunct formats like VHS and LaserDisc builds for the collector a real emotional and financial value in that collection of non-virtual, hold-in-your-hand, lend-to-a-friend mementos of the real world.

7. And finally, like I mentioned earlier, some movies just disappear in the night. I have movies in my collection that some people don't even believe exist until I share a DVD with them. There are thousands of movies that came out directly to video stores in the '80s and '90s that didn't even make it to DVD. If the world went wonky tomorrow, private movie collections might serve survivors in the same way that that Scandinavian seed libraries does, that repository set deep into the side of a mountain, ready to repopulate the planet's plants in the event of some apocalyptic calamity. Not that I want that to happen, but if it did, I would be the most popular and most powerful goat on Salt Island.

I'm not saying that streaming is evil. It has its place as a convenience and a supplement to your media diet. Just know that it has its limitations, owns you more than you own it, and comes with a cost that you may not have considered.

This has been a public service message from An Old Movie Collector Who Remembers The '80s Like They Were Yesterday (But Can't Remember Where He Put His Coat).



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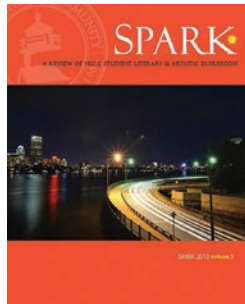
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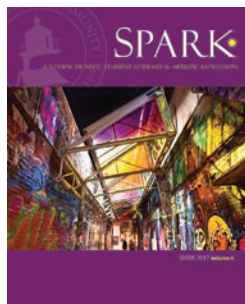
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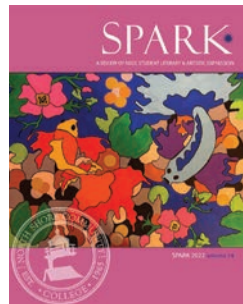
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