

OPINION: “Windmills Do Not Work That Way!” -Morbo, Futurama



We missed the chance to be part of the first advance towards renewable energy, let's not balk again.

by Patrick Correia

This winter was rough. Look at the season as a whole, by which I mean February. Our winters, much like our other seasons, are in a state of chaotic fluctuation. Winter seems to have been condensed into an unnecessarily snow filled blur we once called February. Climate change isn't affecting us as bad as Maldives, but that doesn't mean it will always only be as annoying as someone stealing your space saver or having to wearing pants in August. I hate pants in August.

The Cape Wind project has been dealt another excessive blow. What was to become a leased staging area in New Bedford, will now be delayed indefinitely. This delay is a criminal limitation on our energy resources.

The Brayton Point station is the coal burning facility in Somerset that once provided about 1/5th of the electricity used in the Commonwealth. It's not very environmentally friendly, as anyone who took fourth grade biology might infer, and will be retired in 2017. You may know this as the Simpsons-esque cooling towers when you head west on the Braga Bridge, which is surprisingly missing from this list.

While this closure is a step in the right direction, we're depending more and more on liquefied natural gas (LNG) as an alternative, cleaner fuel source. It's cleaner burning. Actually procuring the stuff ruins local environments. I'm sure you've seen the videos of Appalachian families lighting their water on fire or read about the ongoing efforts of environmental activists to end the practice of Hydraulic Fracturing. Sounds a lot scarier when it's the whole word, doesn't it?

We need a sustainable, ecologically responsible form of energy. For example, why has no one done this to the New Bedford Harbor? Just probably something to bookmark or share on Facebook to impress your ex who keeps posting socially conscious Huffington Post articles.

Did the environmental part not piss you off? According to the WBUR article by Michael Norton of the State House News Service mentioned above, "The lease accord called for the project to pay the clean energy center \$4.5 million in rent for the use of the 28-acre facility, which was specifically designed to handle large cranes and meet the demands required of a wind energy project staging area." \$4.5 Million. That is lush. I'm going to say it again; Lush!

Are you afraid of "Wind Turbine Syndrome"? I can't put big enough quotes around that phrase for my own comfort. You live in New Bedford. You have much more to be nervous about than the whooshing sound of a windmill miles away. Route 6 at rush hour? By that logic we should be concerned about Providence

being too loud, in some odd macro noise complaint situation.

Is it the birds being injured? I'm fairly certain the Burger King on Cove Road has lead to more gull diabetes related deaths than even the most nefarious turbine could tally. At the very least I'm sure Gull obesity rates are troubling.

Contact your local representative and let them know you're interested in a renewable energy resource and demand a proud step forward for the Greater New Bedford Area. Demand that these delays be rectified and the project move forward. Deepwater Wind LLC has already received the financing to become the nation's first offshore wind farm in Block Island Sound and is expected to become operational in 2016. We missed the chance to be part of the first advance towards renewable energy, let's not balk again.

The St. Patrick's Day Parade is Decadent and Depraved



“There’s a state of mind to being Irish that focuses on a good sense of humor and self-deprecation. “

by Patrick Correia

In 2012 I was drunk looking out over the parade from a third floor porch on west 3rd st. in South Boston. It was noon. As the clean up crew scooted along, picking up the worst of the garbage, there was an additional float trundling by green confetti. A blaring bit of nonsense and signs that, after adjusting my eyes, were less than jovial. The signs and chants are lost to me. None of this was part of the parade. The reality of inequality is nothing to put on someone utilizing a loop hole for alcoholism. That day I decided not to attend the parade until everyone was allowed to march on the St. Patrick’s Day. Even if they’ve never had to eat Irish Soda Bread. Irish Soda Bread tastes like soap and cardboard.

The Catalpa sailed from New Bedford in April of 1875 to free Fenians being held in Australia. There’s a plaque you’ve probably walked by a thousand times at the corner of North 6th and Market street in Downtown. You may not even know the story, so here’s a song. It was commissioned to free members of the Irish Brotherhood. In case you didn’t know, Ireland is a history of failed rebellion.

In the far south end of the city, there’s a large stone Celtic cross that looks out to sea. A famine memorial. I’ll spare you the customary use of Irish in this situation. Plus, I can’t really spell in English, let alone Irish.

The history of the Irish in New Bedford is a search for freedom. St. James church stands a marker of that pride and a hope for the current immigrant population. The largely Guatemalan population of the South End is continuing a tradition of strong community in the neighborhood. At my own grandmother’s funeral, local men removed their hats for the

bagpipes cascading off the houses.

Over the weekend Boston will be overrun with visitors, especially on Sunday for the St. Patrick's Day Parade through South Boston. A large number of South Coast residents attend the parade and travel to area for the holiday weekend. The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, based in New Bedford, march with blackthorn canes along with the rest of the parade. Don't go. Don't go to the parade.

Marty Walsh has already said he won't attend and it's really not worth the trip. It's cold, the bars are packed at 8AM and, unless you know of a house party, it's really not worth the trip. Go to Brighton Center, to the Green Brier or Porter Belly's. Go to the Tara Pub or The Eire Pub in Dorchester. For Christ's sake, go to Tommy Doyle's in Cambridge. Either one really. I will even give you pub suggestions for a great St. Patrick's Day, if you ask. Seriously. Not a joke. I'll do it.

There's a state of mind to being Irish that focuses on a good sense of humor and self-deprecation. Unless you're lace curtain, of course. We should always remember; we were there. We need to embrace our roots as pariahs and revel in acceptance through quantity. St. Patrick's Day is contingent on the idea that a people can ascend from the depth of poverty. It's the closest we have to the American dream. So, through this weekend, drink too much, hug everyone, sing songs with strangers, and feel guilty about it for at least a week.

A Train on Rodney French



What impact, positive or negative, do you feel a rail will have on greater New Bedford?

by Patrick Correia

I noticed a satirical article from the [Rottenscallop.com](https://www.rottenscallop.com) about an intra-city tram coming to New Bedford and another that [listed the city](#) in the top ten destinations for creative, young people to relocate. At some point in the indeterminate future New Bedford will be the proud recipient of a train line to Boston and clipper to sunny Spain. It's an amazing time to be a New Bedfordian, but you guys need better transit. You have to get that trolley! In my head that sounded cooler. Like I was in Boardwalk Empire. What? Like you're always funny?

Tourism will increase to the area with the commuter rail line, but that tourism will be severely limited by the lack of real public transit. King's Highway, to those on foot, is a glorified Airport station with a Wendy's down the street. I doubt they'd have heard of Billy Boy Candy. We are still keeping that gem a secret, right? The only other station in

the city will be where the current parking lot is for the Martha's Vineyard Ferry.

The Downtown area will keep tourists in the pocket we've labeled historical. They will not take a bus to the forts, restaurants, parks, beaches, or Gary's Best. Tourists fear buses like I fear nuns. The bus stops don't have shelters and the system as a whole shuts down at 8:30. It's like asking an entire city to drive drunk. That or you walk home and ruin someone's comfortable lawn.

The country is turning rapidly back to walkable cities and passenger rail. The younger generation is less likely to own a car or even get a license. I imagine SRTA would not be on board with this idea. In fact, I don't think the city or residents would be all that keen on a concept that may steal parking places and cost precious tax dollars. It's a small price to pay for increased infrastructure. We're a nation lacking in this faculty to a disgusting degree. Ever looked up the state of American bridges? That's scary. Nun-scary.

A trolley could cover a huge swath of the population by simply running one line north to south. Let's remember that the residential area is basically 1 mile wide. Imagine a trolley running from Coggeshall Street in the North, along Rt. 18, down Rodney French Boulevard past the beaches, and looping back at Fort Rodman.

Having a reasonable number of stops along the route would spawn commercial interests. There could be a revitalization of the Orpheum theater and rapid increase in downtown's already impressive growth. Shops would return.. Real, honest-to-god shops! You could cover your Christmas shopping without the sadistic lighting of the Dartmouth Mall.

Jobs and affordable transit to said occupations could facilitate an economic boom for New Bedfordites. The line could be built by New Bedford unions and stations designed by

area artists, partially funded by local businesses. As it stands a majority of the population travels outside of the city to work. This is a great strain on the individual, environment, and local economy.

A rail isn't a bus for a lot of reasons, but, most importantly, it's a solid commitment to a neighborhood and its people. New Bedford is a population struggling and stubborn. This isn't a magical dream. This is a foundation that brings foot traffic. It's something our grandparents road around town. You could save money on gas! And you could power the whole thing with a wind turbine off the coast... 0 shit. One thing at a time.
