

unlocked



Howard Holdings boss Greg Coughlan says the redevelopment of the Docklands could provide thousands of new jobs in the coming years.

funding to develop public infrastructure within the docklands.

"Remember what we are talking about here. The docklands isn't about the creation of six new City Quarters, although I fear that some think it is.

"We are talking about a once-off opportunity to advance the city and region, economically, socially and aesthetically."

The docklands had the potential to become the catalyst for the 'New Cork', a city of the new millennium, — a modern, European city offering attractions for commercial investment, city living, recreation and tourism.

"It has to be about delivering on a radical vision that seeks, radically, to re-define the city as we know it."

This 'New Cork' must have ex-

cellence stamped all over it. "In everything to do with it, the masterplan for the docklands must insist on the best — iconic designs, enviable amenity, sustainability, the best public transport services and contemporary commercial infrastructure.

"The aim should be to create a community that was totally self-sustaining, producing its own heating and cooling, having a fully integrated waste management system, having the absolute minimum levels of pollution.

"If everyone bought into that kind of ambition, then we could create something that would place Cork on the global map.

"We have blank pages before us. How we fill them will define Cork for generations to come," Mr Coughlan said.



The City Quarter development, which is part of the new docklands area of the city.



ROBERT O'SHEA

Our pillow fights put Ali in the shade

WHO out there doesn't enjoy that semi-conscious split-second before their head hits the pillow?

But, on the other hand, who doesn't despise the sound of the alarm clock that stirs you to your senses. Or, in the worst-case scenario, smelling salts.

It all depends on the velocity of the pillow in conjunction with your head and also on the positioning of your neck just before impact.

Yes, the week that saw Muhammad Ali reach retirement age and the sixth *Rocky* film hit our screens also brought the debut of the Pillow Fight League in North America.

If evidence is really needed that human beings are violent creatures at heart, then surely the ability to turn such a comfortable item as the pillow into a dangerous weapon is a prime example. You don't think the pillow is a dangerous weapon?

OK, what you have to do is let the down settle in the bottom end of the pillow-case and swing from your ankles towards your opponent's jaw.

In fact, in the early, more brutal days of pillow-fighting, in the late 19th century, no fluffy material at all was used, with combatants simply wrapping pillow-cases around their bare fists.

The Pillow Fight League is a Canadian invention, whose one major drawback is that its participants have to be women. Now, I'm not saying that a certain part of me isn't seriously attracted by images of young nubile women attacking each other with pillows, but I do think that if pillow-fighting is to survive as a serious sport, men have to get involved. And by men, I mean specifically my brother and me.

"It's not just a bunch of sexy girls in lingerie," said Canadian model Katrina Randell, whose fighting nickname is Sally Spitfire. "You're really going to get walloped. We beat the crap out of each other and we're giggling at the end," added Randell/Spitfire, a participant in the league.

Let me tell you, when my brother and I were at the peak of our pillow-fighting powers, perhaps 15 years ago now, there was little giggling after a bout. And if there was, it would have sounded more like the gurgling of blood.

Teeth deposited under our weapons on the night of a fight were the only supplement to what was otherwise an amateur code.

There were times when there didn't even need to be a scheduled bout. Similar to the way scuffles sometimes break out at high-profile boxing press conferences, my brother could initiate pillow aggression outside officially sanctioned fight times.

I would be doing my homework or eating my breakfast when THUM-MPFFF, the gauntlet would be thrown down and, after tipexing out the large gash across my homework or picking strands of Shredded Wheat off the floor, we would be ready to rumble. Forget Norton-Ali, LaMotta-Robinson or Eubank-Benn; O'Shea v O'Shea saw some of the cruellest sport of the last century.

I haven't given much thought to pillow-fighting in the intervening years and it wasn't until I saw the story about the Pillow Fight League in one of yesterday's papers that the memories came flooding back. And now I'm itching for one last comeback.

There is only one opponent who I would do this for but now that he is a father and has a respectable job I fear any offers would be rejected. So the only way I know to chip away at his resolve is to goad him in the local press. So come on Bryan, you chicken.

P.S. Reading over the above column, I see that I may have given the impression that "the only opponent" I would make "one last" pillow-fighting comeback for would be my older brother.

Of course, there is plenty of space in my schedule for any nubile young ladies who would like to challenge Robert "Iron My Case" O'Shea.