



# Top surgeon gets sacked

THE Board at Dublin's Beaumont Hospital has sacked another neurosurgeon following complaints of rudeness to staff. The neurosurgeon, who held the position of senior registrar at the National Centre of Neurosurgery at Beaumont also faced complaints that he had been unavailable when on call. He is the second neurosurgeon to be fired by the hospital in just over 18 months. In September 1989, paediatric neurosurgeon Pat O'Neill was fired following complaints that he had been rude to staff.

See story page 2

# MYSTERY OF MISSING MAN

## Gardai baffled as contractor vanishes

BY MAIRÉAD CAREY

GARDAI are totally baffled by the mysterious disappearance of a 37-year-old Dublin businessman, who went missing exactly one month ago on the eve of a holiday to Spain.



Frank Hynes: had cases packed for ski holiday.

His case is the latest in a series of mysterious disappearances over recent years which include 13-year-old schoolboy Philip Cairns and Dublin physician Dr David McDonagh.

Businessman Frank Hynes, from Moyelta Road in Dublin's East Wall, was last seen in Kitty O'Shea's pub by sporting friends on Grand Canal Street on the night of the Irish/English rugby international in Lansdowne Road.

And last night his sister, Nurse Treena Hynes, made a heart-felt plea for any information about her brother's whereabouts.

"We're very worried in case he is suffering from amnesia or something and can't remember his own name," she told the IRISH PRESS.

The 37-year-old roofing contractor was due to fly out to Spain on a skiing holiday on the morning of March 3 last. His two suitcases were found packed in his home and his bed had not been slept in.

The incident mirrors that of Dr David McDonagh who arrived in Dublin Airport in December '87 off a London flight. He has not been seen since. The trail stopped cold at the Airport Hotel where his car was later found abandoned.

Gardai are baffled about the disappearance of Mr Hynes. The day before, he left his Mercedes at a Glenageary garage for servicing. It hasn't been touched.

To Page 2



Glenda McMorrow, daughter of the owner, Mrs. Eithne McMorrow, leads in Omerta, the winner of the Jameson Irish Grand National, at Fairyhouse, yesterday. See also Page 3. Picture: Mick Slevin



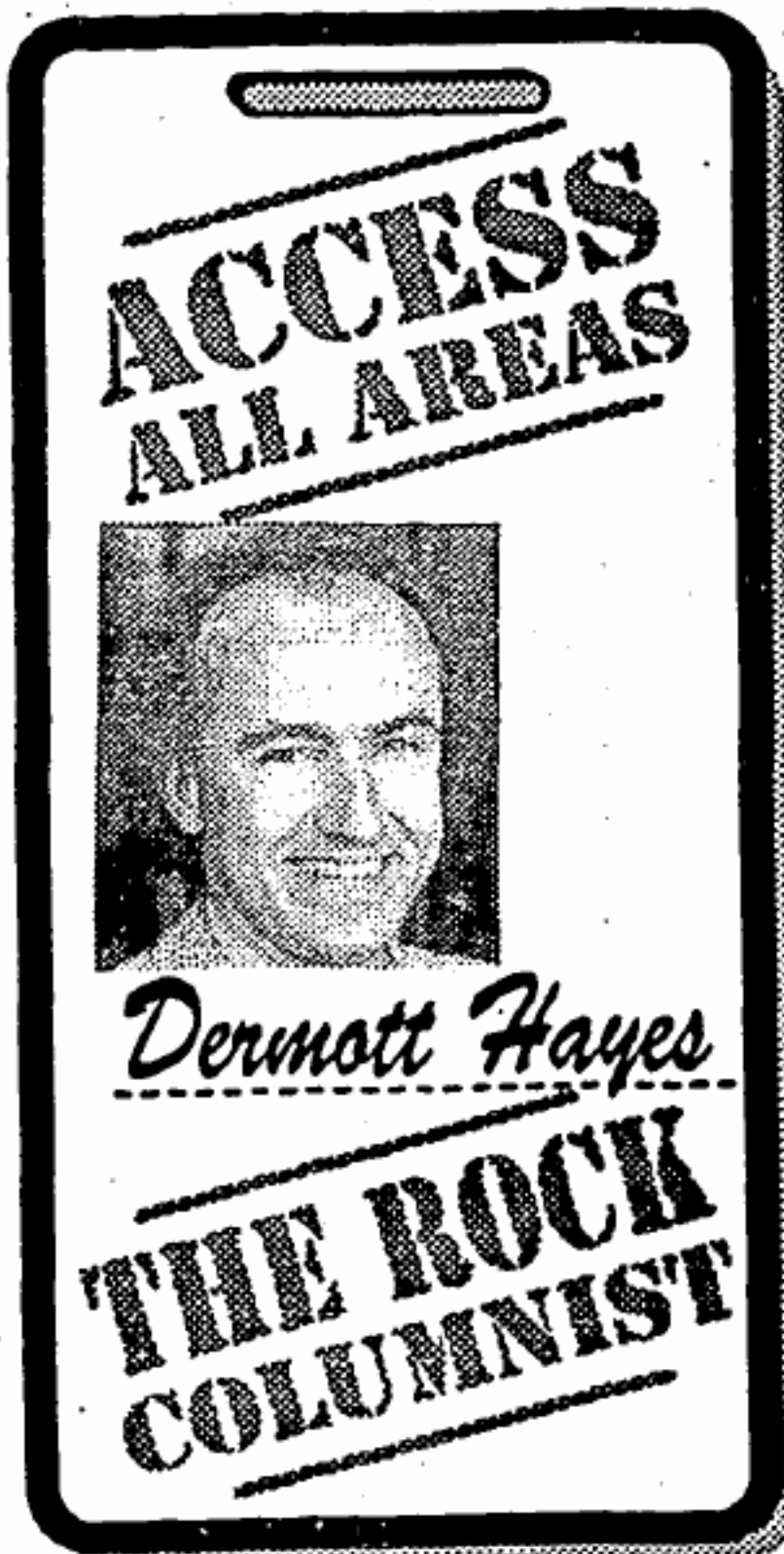
# 'Churchtown' is a winner from Into Paradise

"CHURCHTOWN" is the brilliant second album from, yes, Dundrum's Into Paradise.

Following the critical successes of the Blue Light EP and the Under the Water Lp with Setanta, the band have just released their debut album on the Ensign label.

With all songs penned by the genial Dave Long, you may be sure this collection doesn't lack for dolorous, droning ballads that make the heavens weep. But these are no angst for angst in a shabby grey raincoat sake songs but songs that chronicle life's put upon losers.

Churchtown rages with anger and righteous indignation from the atmospheric Rain Comes Down to the blistering howl of Burns My Skin and the sad outrage of Gently Falls, a study of teenage suicide. Like Fatima Mansions, Into Paradise plough their own furrow and were anyone to repeat again the boring and fatuous argument that U2 and Hothouse Flowers are the only successful bands to come out of Ireland in the past ten years. I have these to point at and this to say... commercial success can never be a measure of talent and creative genius.



## Cranberry snapped up

Young Limerick outfit, The Cranberry Saw Us, have been snapped up by Image, the new record label operated by former BPI chairman and ex-Chrysalis boss, Terry Ellis. The singing, I hear, came after some tough bargaining and counter offers. The new label beat off stiff competition from international giant, Sony Music.

## Billings method row

As predicted in last week's Access All Areas, all is not sweet roses in the Rod Stewart and Status Quo world tour plans. Although there was to be an announcement last Saturday night in Belfast about a one day in Slane in June this year, this has been postponed pending the outcome of a barney over who gets top billing.

## Recommended gigs in the near future:

Maria McKee in the Olympia on April 14  
EMF in the SFX on May 16  
The Wedding Present in the SFX on May 15  
Beverly Craven in Olympia on April 21  
Kitchens of Distinction on Thursday week in McGonagles

## Recommended new releases:

Churchtown... Into Paradise... Ensign  
Slinky... Milltown Brothers... A&M  
Recommended viewing... Bringing It All Back Home... RTE 1 Saturday, April 7.

# Compilations turn every day into Christmas

COMPILATION BLUES... that's what you get when the record industry arrives at the pinnacle of an extended period of stagnation. They pretend it's Christmas.

It makes sense to them. Look at the evidence. If Elton John and his Greatest Hits can (ahem) whip the ass of every new release at Christmas and, along with Phil Collins, storm the charts so that nobody else is selling, then let's make it Christmas every day.

Ignoring the business adage that when the going gets tough, the smart return to basics, the record companies have joined forces with everybody else — the movie industry, the merchandisers, the publishers and the advertisers and probably the undertakers — to disinter cadavers that range from the "long gone" to the "just ripe". Even some with barely one foot



● Blondie

in the grave have been resurrected in an avalanche of "greatest hits" collections. Sadly, but by far the best of these, is The Story of the Clash, Volume One. Absolutely brilliant. The Band Who Could Do No

Wrong. Except, that is, sell jeans. Ah, the cruel cycle of history, turning on a wheel of farce.

There's nothing wrong with these nostalgia trips per se — everything has a place in life — but the story used to be about Beethoven rolling over... and making room for the young guns coming through.

Not true these days. So what is there on offer? Well, there's the 18 track Eurythmics' Greatest Hits which is a near flawless trawl through their back pages from the machinepop days of Sweet Dreams to the sweaty rock days of Missionary Man.

The Complete Picture is the very best of Deborah Harry and Blondie which may err slightly on the side of Ms Harry's solo work but puts it all together in one neat, platinum blonde package... rather like the lady herself.



● Joan Armatrading

The Very Best of Joan Armatrading is a testimony to doing your best work too soon because it's all she will be remembered for. Love and Affection, Drop the Pilot and Show Some Emotion are still the best.

Then there's The Doors, the music from the original motion picture by Oliver Stone. Last week Ian Dempsey ran a Doors' phone in competition on his 2FM Breakfast Show and only a handful of people got questions right. There were so few of them I hope the record company has the decency to bring all three of them to Paris to the Scene of the Grime.

Unfortunately, the day Jim Morrison died, more so than Jimi Hendrix or Janis Joplin, who both died within months of each other in 1970, the nostalgia/myth-making industry began.

The Doors, who drew their name from Huxley's "Doors of Perception...", have, ironically, become lost in the myths of time but their music, thank God, can live on.

# Germany's cure for a boy named Sue

A COUPLE in Frankfurt recently discovered that while Schroder is a perfectly common last name, and a good enough first name for the Beethoven-obsessed young pianist of the Peanuts comic strip, it is verboten as a boy's name in Germany.

City officials vetoed the couple's plan to name their child after their beloved comic character because the name is "not sex-specific." The same goes for Woodstock, Pushkin, Hemingway, Martinlutherking and Moeve, the German word for seagull — Germany's name arbiters rejected them all.

"It is up to the individual city clerk to decide whether a name is acceptable," said Beate Hogenschurz, the clerk in Bonn who approves children's names. "Our only real rule is that a name must indicate the gender of a child."

Names also may not be "odd," as one clerk described his own standard. Example: Pumuckl, the name of a German cartoon character, was rejected because other children might find the name unfamiliar.



Hemingway. Name not "sex specific"

If Germans choose foreign names for their offspring, clerks ring up the embassy of the

country of origin. If the embassy does not know the name, it's out — a practice that has led many enraged Germans of mixed heritage to appeal decisions to court. Sometimes they win, sometimes they don't.

Clerks say this is a considerably more liberal procedure than the old German way; under Nazi rule, foreign names were prohibited.

Germany is a nation ruled by laws, and there are laws to govern nearly every human activity. Some laws may seem arbitrary, but in a society that puts great emphasis on order, they are a commonly accepted part of daily life.

The prohibition against phone extensions is part of modern

Germany's extensive privacy protection — in this case, a postwar attempt to prevent a recurrence of the surveillance abuses that occurred in Nazi Germany.

The bans on late-night showering and weekend lawn mowing are meant to protect against noise that could disturb the sleep or relaxation of others. A doctor in Duesseldorf recently challenged the showering restriction after being fined 67 for violating it one humid August night. A court backed the doctor but told him to limit his nocturnal showers to 30 minutes. Despite the ruling, the restriction remains in effect throughout most of the country.

Names are at once a public

affair and an intensely private matter here. Germans answer the telephone by announcing their last name only. First names are often considered a secret, revealed only to good friends. It is not unusual for co-workers to sit side by side in an office for years without knowing each other's first names.

Businessmen frequently refuse to divulge their first names to reporters, and secretaries often profess not to know their boss's name.

Newscasts identify public figures by title and last name only. First names seem to attach only to beloved sports figures. Tennis aces Steffi (Graf) and Boris (Becker) became known by their first names only.

In eastern Germany, where the former Communist regime imposed a wider use of the familiar form of "you," society is quickly reverting to the western norm. People who just a few months ago used the familiar "Du" now greet with a distancing, formal "Sie," the 1,100-year-old device that serves to separate the old from the young and friends from acquaintances.