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November 2011  
magazine

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# DR VANDENBURG'S SURGERY

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Imagine my surprise, having recently moved to Brighton and desperately trying to establish my private Sexual Health and my Medico-Legal Practice, I walk into the Platinum Club (a new networking meet-up at the Grand Hotel) and see my cousin Jennifer with her husband Mike Mendoza, who now owns, writes, edits and photographs for "What's Happening in Brighton". I now know that he also distributes this publication himself. Multi-tasking; or what?!

"Drop us an article", he says. I'm not sure what he was expecting, but I used to appear on his nocturnal radio shows when he was a top shock jock. He had me on his programmes whenever a Sexual Health story was breaking or criminal matters associated with bad behaviour, which may have been caused by prescribed medication, my top two interests and expertise as a Specialist in General Medicine. Mike's voice is deep mellow and authoritative – a voice made for radio! He used to jest with me, that I had "a face made for radio". Very rude, but then he is a shock jock. If he publishes my picture, you can judge for yourself.

He then said in clarification, "Make it something to do with Brighton". I have now lived here for almost exactly a year, but have yet to transfer my allegiance from Arsenal to the Albion. Indeed when I first saw them play some 56 years ago, whenever the chant of "Seagulls", "Seagulls", "Seagulls", was yelled, I looked upwards to make sure that I wasn't going to get a memento of good luck.

I saw my first game last week at the new Amex stadium when they unluckily lost to Crystal Palace. I was lucky that I had been to this match, as it gave me something to talk to the taxi driver about as he drove me to Gatwick. I was on my way to travel to a meeting in Ireland to advise whether a well-respected gentleman had committed an aggressive act due to the Statin medication he was taking, in order to lower the fats in his blood, a particular

speciality of mine.

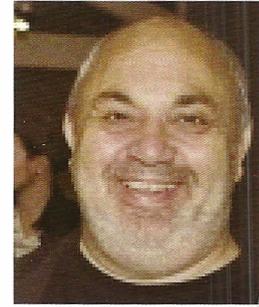
Cutting my time fine, we had an 'ell of a journey as in front of us we had Learners, Lorries, Lady drivers, Lane closures, Lads working and Line painting delaying us. I finally arrived. Not that my experience improved. The taxi dropped me off where it clearly indicated "Drop-Off Zone", only to find another 100 yards still to walk to the new entrance to Terminal 2. Not only am I in the process of trying to transfer my footballing allegiance, but also to transfer my airport allegiance from Heathrow to "Brighton-Local", otherwise known as Gatwick.

The notices clearly showed that the Aer Lingus check-in desks were at Zones D and E. However, Zone D was for Thompsons (I didn't want to go to the Costa Brava) and E was for RyanAir (I didn't want to have to pay for the use of the Toilets). Aer Lingus had moved to Zone F. What an "F" Up!

I had booked the Business Lounge, but surprisingly, I was told I had no time to enjoy the Eggs Benedict and Chardonnay on ice, as the flight was on time and about to board. Rushing to the gate, I found that I'd been misinformed and I still had an hour to spare after all. I then walked back to the Business Lounge to find that the flights were not announced and was told to look at the screen for my departure time, but then in an oxy-moronic conundrum, no seat in the Business Lounge was anywhere near or indeed had sight of the aforementioned screens.

At the gate I asked to change my seat to one further forward and was told that although this was possible, the gate attendant hadn't been shown how to do it yet. She went off to find a "less than easy" to read manual on "computer gate procedures" but finally gave up in a temper-tantrum, flinging her manual onto the floor. "Ask the flight attendant when you get on the plane", she said, "But I think I got you in Seat 1A". This was said in a stutter and grudgingly. Indeed she had, but couldn't help wondering if

she was on a medication such as a Statin that had possibly increased her aggressive drive.



Although a difficult journey with misinformation all the way, at least it was reasonably on time. This is unlike the Brighton to London trains, which in the last 10 months I've been told of and experienced twenty or so different reasons for their non-punctuality, but more of that next time.

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