

What to do when good dissidents turn bad

DEAR Sis Beatrice

I am an Aids dissident who has been slandered by another Aids dissident in a vile little book he has published. In order to restore honour, I have to challenge him to a duel. How do I go about it?

Roland

Choose your moment carefully. A garden party, say, or wedding reception. Witnesses are essential. The gloves should be made from chamois. Slowly remove them from your hands as you approach your fellow lunatic in measured, purposeful steps. Flick the gloves so that the fingertips brush his cheek in an impudent manner. Announce firmly: "Sir. Make known your weapon." Run like the blazes when the bastard pulls out a cosh. Because he probably knows how to use it.

Dear Sis Beatrice

I have recently taken up art classes, and our teacher insists that we get out there, in public, among the great unwashed, and paint "street scenes". Which may not have been so bad if you lived in the Paris of the 1930s, on the Left Bank, with all those charming little cafés where men in black berets muttered on about Sartre, smoked Gitanes and sipped pastis under striped umbrellas while watching

think you're some kind of beggar. And they v studiously ignore you, perhaps even cross to other side of the street rather than even glance your work.

Dear Sis Beatrice

My father-in-law passed away recently, and my husband and I have the sad task of clearing up his personal effects and belongings. While rummaging through a spare room we found a number of *Biggles* volumes.

You may be aware of these books, boys, Sis. They feature the fictional RAF squadron leader, James Bigglesworth, who apparently was quite expert at shooting down enemy aircraft during both world wars, muttering on about "sitting ducks" and "bandits at three o'clock".

Stuart has suggested that we keep the books, as they may encourage two boys, Rowan and Christopher, to take up reading as a leisure activity.

But I think they should be thrown out. If I remember correctly, some years ago there was an academic at some British red-brick university which found that not only was Biggles a desperate alcoholic, he was also raving homosexual.

Who's right? I don't want the boys to be unduly influenced by the antic-some deviant pilot.



**SIS
BEATRICE**

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