

Sorceress Survives

Lady Sintana Suffers Slings And Arrows Of Outraged Christians

By Robert Lamb
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WHEN A WITCH — a for-real, no foolin', four-in-the-floor witch — invites you to sit for a spell, you don't know quite how to take that.

And when she says, "Relax, I'm a good witch," you still don't know quite how to take it.

Does she mean, "I'm good at being a witch?"

Or does she mean, "I'm not an evil witch?"

"I'm not an evil witch," said Lady Sintana, motioning to a chair beside her at the dining room table in The House of Ravenwood, the church and school of Wicca — sort of a southern-fried version of witchcraft. "I'm a good witch."

Sure, but isn't that what you'd expect a witch to say? What witch with walking-around

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sense would say, "I'm evil. I'm so bad, I give rotten a good name?"

Lady Sintana, who parks her broom at a spooky urban-renewal candidate at 511 Moreland Ave., flashed a, uh, bewitching smile. She's a blue-eyed, shapely blonde who looks exactly like what she is — an ex-burlesque dancer. But witches are known, aren't they, for their ability to assume any form they choose?

"Witchcraft is misunderstood," she said.

Tell it to Hansel and Gretel.

"No, really."

Uh, huh.

"We believe in love, trust — Have some wine?"

Ah, the old have-some-wine trick.

". . . humility, tolerance. . ."

The tooth fairy.

". . . reincarnation and learning."

A regular goody two-shoes of sorcery, eh?

"We don't believe in, quote, sin."

Scratch the goody two-shoes.

"We do not have the concept of sin attached to our sex lives. I think sex is a very natural, healthy, wonderful function."

On second thought, pass the wine, please.

Lady Sintana was tired. She'd like to hang up her cauldron, but the burdens of office keep getting in the way.

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Staff Photo—George Carr

Lady Sintana: 'I'm A Good Witch'