# lesbian voices from the mountains paradise in the WHITE MOUNTAINS

by Donna Williamson

magine a place surrounded by beautiful mountains, where you and your sweetie can feel free to be yourselves, a warm and welcoming country inn and farmhouse sitting a half-mile from the main road. You awake the first morning to the smell of fresh coffee, and when you make your way downstairs, you are welcomed by the friendly hostess and the laughter of women.

After a filling breakfast and lingering conversations over coffee with some of the other guests, you go for a hike one of many trails on the opperty of the farmhouse, or or haps you go out into the orld, antiquing, or hiking on the trails, or sitting by beautiful streams.

Maybe you go to the clostown for lunch, visiting the rific little bookstore/toy pp and the artists' co-op. en you head back to the inn a nap or swim in the large ol, where you are once again bject to only the sounds of women's voices. After a quick meal on the porch, you go out for an ice cream at the great little parlor in the little town, returning quickly to what may be the most beautiful sunset you have ever had the good fortune to witness.

Afterwards, you retire to the large, friendly living room where you engage in conversation with women from all over the country (and maybe other countries, too!), or you play a game with another couple, or watch a movie in the sitting area. Maybe you take a walk in the moonlight, thanking the stars glittering above that there really is a lesbian paradise.

Sound too good to be true? It's not. There really is such a place, and Eileen and I have been there many times, always being rejuvenated by the warmth and hospitality of the owner and other women who work there, as well as by the sheer beauty of the location. Want life in the fast lane or the singles scene? This is not

the place for you. Want peace and quiet and gorgeous surroundings? This is it. You have arrived. You are there.

You can choose to go and do, or to stay and relax, or you can choose a combination of activity and total relaxation. There are great restaurants trying someplace new, we think of all the great memories we have made there and all the terrific people we have met there, and we make those reservations at The Highlands Inn in Bethlehem, New Hampshire, one more time. Call this lesbian paradise at: 603-869-

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within an easy drive. You can go to secluded places or more tourist oriented areas. You can even go outletting. And I didn't even mention the private, indoor Jacuzzi for two!!

I have not even begun to cover all the possibilities that this paradise offers, but I can tell you this: Eileen and I have been there several years in a row, in all seasons, and we are going back this summer for the longest part of our vacation. And every time we think of

3978 and make your reservations today. Summer days fill up fast! Hope to see you there!! Keep in touch!

Donna Williamson teaches at SUNY Potsdam in the English Department

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#### Curbside

#### Nathan's Birthday

IT'S BEEN A BANNERYEAR HE SAYS, AND I'D HAVE TO AGREE. WE'RE SIT-TING IN SOME CAFE ON EIGHTH AVE-NUE, STUFFED TO THE RAFTERS WITH FAGGOTS AND WAITERS GALORE, BUT I DON'T SEE ANYONE BUT NATHAN, CLICHE AS THAT SOUNDS.



25 YEARS OLD; DO YOU FEEL ANY DIFFERENT, I ASK. HE JUST GRINS AT ME, THE CANDLELIGHT SHADOWING HIS FACE PERFECTLY. I'VE HAD A GLASS OF WINE ALREADY, BUT THAT'S NOT THE SOURCE OF THIS HIGHLY PLEASURABLE BUZZ I'VE GOT. IT'S THE COMPANY I KEEP." LOVE IS THE DRUG," THAT'S MY NEW THEME SONG.



I CAN'T SIT SIMPLY MOONING OVER HIM ALL NIGHT, SO I BRING UP HIS PASSING THE BAND AUDITION LAST MONTH. NATHAN, BLESS HIM, TELLS ME HE'D HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO DO IT WITH-OUT MY ENCOURAGEMENT. THEY HAVE THEIR STAGE DEBUT IN 2 WEEKS.

BY ROBERT KIRBY



2 BURRITOS AND 6 GLASSES OF WINE LATER, IT'S TIME TO THINK ABOUT DES-SERT. I THINK I KNOW WHAT I WANT I LEER AT HIM SUGGESTIVE-LY AND HE SAYS I SHOULD TRY A LITTLE DELIGHT HE CALLS A HERSHEY HIGHWAY AND WE BOTH COLLAPSE WITH MORON-IC LAUGHTER.

ON THE WAY HOME TO WHAT WILL SURELY BE THE EVENING'S HIGHLIGHT, WE PASS BY ALL THE FAMILIAR LANDMARKS OF OUR NEIGHBORHOOD'S LANDSCAPE, BUT THEY ALL LOOK A LITTLE DIFFERENT TO ME, A LITTLE NICER. THERE'S A HAPPY MOON IN THE SKY TONIGHT.



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