



**A Quarterly Journal For Men**  
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# Welcome to **STEAM**



Photo: Howard Roffman

Q: What do we have in common with motorcycle magazines, football games, and classes in sushi-making?  
A: Some of the things we talk about can be dangerous to your health. Dangers associated with public sex include, but are not limited to: police and legal harassment; 'queer-bashers' and other anti-sex violence; and of course sexually-transmitted diseases, including AIDS. None of these dangers are inherent; different acts, scenarios, places, & times carry differing degrees of risk. We urge our readers to MINIMIZE THEIR RISKS. Practice safer sex every time: use a condom. Use lots of condoms. Support the rubber industry. Be aware of those around you when you're cruising: gay-bashing can happen anywhere, whether or not you're 'looking for trouble.' And be aware of what the local laws are concerning your sexual activities. Just because something's illegal doesn't necessarily mean that it's 'wrong'—but it does mean that it could land you in some very hot water. And we won't be there to fish you out.

*Publisher & Editor*  
**Scott O'Hara**  
*Managing Editor*  
**Keith Griffith**  
*Contributing Editors*  
**Dave Kinnick, Kyle Madison, and Pansy**  
*Design and Layout*  
**Beowulf Thorne**  
*Advertising Sales*  
**Andy Romeo**  
*Contributing Writers & Photographers*  
**Admiral A.S.S., Allan Gassman, Marc Geller, Dave Johnson, Betty Pearl, Howard Roffman, Myron Schroner, Trent, and your friendly Park Ranger**

**STEAM** is a quarterly magazine intended for gay and bisexual men with an interest in public and semi-public sex. Our purpose is to provide a sex-positive forum for subjects considered 'taboo' by other mags. We are aware that many activities mentioned in these pages are illegal in many parts of the world, and we do not advocate unlawful activity. All information printed in **STEAM** should be treated as information only, and not as an endorsement. Submissions are solicited; we need writers, photographers, and correspondents. Let us know where & how you get off: send photos of your favorite bathhouse, news from the legal front, etc. Please include a SASE if you want work returned. Contributors retain copyright to their individual work. All editorial material is © 1993 PDA Press, and may not be reprinted without permission (except for brief passages quoted for review purposes).

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Advertising and distribution:  
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# Sex Pig in the Capitol

by Betty Pearl

**Riveting,  
Provocative,  
Explicit Features!**

I AM MISS BETTY PEARL, a part-time drag queen, part-time educator, full-time slut. I had the good fortune to be in Washington, D.C. while the Republicans were packing their bags to head back to the hole whence they came. I had been to D.C. several times, but never for more than a weekend of collegiate fun and protest. This time I had a mission: to uncover every vile and disgusting sex spot in our nation's capital so that all of us could better enjoy ourselves during the most festive National March On Washington for Lesbian/Gay/Bi Rights and Liberation. What I discovered was that this place is a veritable hotbed of slutdom. Whether you are into African-American guys, 'Suits and Ties,' or preppies, they are plentiful—in that order. I also realized that D.C. men are drunks, sex pigs, and have big cocks. In other words, I loved D.C.

You could start by checking out the best dance club in D.C. - Tracks (1111 First Street at 'M,' SE. Telephone 202-488-3320). There I discovered the most hopping tea room ever. It is in the back by the large dance floor. Non-stop cruising, every man intoxicated in one way or another, and low-profile security keeps the locking stall busily occupied. The only other club where one can go beyond cruising and into the realm of the physical is The Frat House (2123 Twining Court behind 2122 'P' Street, NW. Telephone: 202-223-4917). The upstairs has a porn room where they feature excellent films on a large screen. The upper portion of the room is known locally as the Promenade or the Aloha Deck. The Love Boat euphemism is not by accident: if the bartender does not dim the lights soon enough, queens start unscrewing them with their bare hands. Fitful

rubbing... Handj... is late... If t... to visit... open la... you are in the Dupont Circle or Adam's Morgan area, visit Club J/OE (1718 1/2 Florida Avenue, NW. Telephone: 202-328-9803). This place is a 'sexual community center' with events ranging from fistfucking to hot oil wrestling. In a two story home, for \$6 they provide beer, food; hot oil—and a shower & Tide detergent to get the hot oil off your body. Your other choices are positioned on the SEX BLOCK located in the southeastern quarter at 'O' Street between Half and South Capital Streets. The only bathhouse in the city is the Club Washington (20 'O' Street, SE. Telephone: 202-488-7317). It is rather pricey, ranging from \$20 to \$35 depending on membership and whether you get a room or locker. Open 24 hours every day, there are gang showers, a sauna, gym, and a place to get food. You can announce what you want on the chalkboard that is blocked off and numbered to match the rooms. The folks that have actually visited it say it is tepid. Another 24 hour establishment is The Follies located right next door at 24 'O' Street (Telephone: 202-484-0323). This is a large theater with cinema-size screens. The only times fuck flicks are not playing is when the strippers are performing on a small runway in front of the screen. In the back there is a 'maze' of sorts and another smaller room for porn watching. The maze is horribly dark. If you find someone, there really isn't any place to take them, as there are no doors much less locks. For that kind of activity...

Read all about Washington in the first issue of STEAM!

# The Grand Tour: Italy

by Keith Griffith and Scott O'Hara

"I don't think you have to have a language in common with someone to have sexual rapport. But it helps if the language you don't speak is Italian. I practically come listening to people speak Italian and I don't understand it that well. When they say, 'Are you hungry? Let's go get some spaghetti,' it sounds like they are coming on to you. It's really arousing. Sex can overcome the language barrier because it's all body language anyway."

— from *SEX*, by Madonna,  
published by Warner books, NY, 1992

## KEITH:

Madonna is not alone in creaming her jeans over Italian men. When I lived in Venice, I was amazed at how many women came to town from other countries not to see the historic canals and churches, but to get laid by an Italian. Clearly these women, and all the men who came for the same reason, were onto something. With this in mind, we forced ourselves to visit Italy (on behalf of STEAM readers) in November '92. In a span of two weeks, we visited numerous bathhouses, or saunas as the Europeans call them, in this blessed land. In three destinations where baths weren't an option (Venice, Naples, and Capri), we sought out the local cruising scene. In the case of Naples, our best efforts proved fruitless. [Speak for yourself, Keith!—Ed.] We fled, horny as goats, because although the Neapolitan men are even more sexy than their northern neighbors, they were not readily available. Fortunately, southerners can be easily met in Rome, Capri, and, due to immigration patterns, in the northern cities as well.

Now, about the men. There seems to be almost universal acclaim for Italian male sexual skills. None of our experiences diminished the near-mythical status these fellows enjoy in the realm of the sex-gods. They love sex—and my own experience is that sex with an Italian can be a great lesson in the different ways of achieving orgasm. They love to be creative, and it doesn't hurt if you are an American. Italians have strong fantasies about American men—possibly due to the predominance in porno of, you guessed it, Americans. I once blew this man in Milan, and without having uttered a word (well, maybe a moan or two), once he'd finished cumming, he asked where I lived in the states. When queried how he knew, he replied, "Only an American gives head like that!" Enthusiasm, as always, goes a long way towards equalling genetic/cultural advantage.

You will need to provide rubbers in many instances. While Italian men may well insist upon their use, AIDS has affected mostly needle-users in Italy, and there just isn't the level of concern that you will find in other places. Besides, rubbers are more expensive there—it's worth taking along extras to hand out as doorprizes. (Maybe even with your name & phone # printed on the wrapper?) Bring some rubbers, lube, a few chosen phrases [see sidebar]—and take your own 'grand tour' of Italy!

## SCOTT: BOLOGNA

The first thing you learn about Italian saunas is the difference in hours. They're not an all-night scene. Oh, a few stay open 'late,' but the best times are afternoon and evening...

Regular Features  
and Columns!

## L.A. Scene

by Dave Kinnick

**Exile**  
2768 Clearwater Street  
Silverlake/Atwater Village  
(213)665-9117

This is a new location that just opened in December and is still seeking its new clientele—or its old one, for that matter. The old spot was converted from a very cool bar named the One-Way, and both bar and sexclub were known for their progressive music (played by live DJs), very dark interiors, and interesting mix of leathermen and young punks.

The new location is east of Silverlake and about a ten-minute drive from the old address. It's open seven days a week from ten p.m. on, except Fridays and Saturdays, when it opens at noon. We haven't checked out the current digs yet, but expect another large pitch-black room broken up somewhat by decorative chainlink fences and possibly a sling or two. The sex is mainly of the stand-up variety (they have no clothes check), but activities can get very raunchy, with a notorious specialization in buttplay. Apparently the Atwater space has a large outdoor patio where the management has pitched two large Army-style tents with a lit smudgepot between them. Anyone want to play bootcamp?

**King of Hearts**  
1800 Hyperion Avenue  
Silverlake  
(213)661-9417

Rather old, low-profile stand'n'fuck club catering to the Silverlake leather crowd. Not widely known or advertised, it is aggressively non-trendy and rather hardcore.

**The Meatrack**  
4621 Santa Monica Blvd.  
Hollywood/Silverlake  
(213)669-9811

Located about half a block east of Vermont Avenue and identifiable only by the yellow bug-light hanging over its curtained doorway. The 'Rack' (as it's known to hardcore locals) is the last stop on the all-night party train for many a West Hollywood lad who doesn't wish to be seen by his friends pissing on a latin drag queen at four in the morning. It's also recommended for anyone who doesn't mind having his car stolen or his face punched in, as the neighborhood is notoriously dangerous. If you can avoid the muggers outside and the pickpockets inside, the Rack has its moments. In fact, its layout is fiendishly clever. For a one-floor establishment, the inside is an incredible maze of corridors, swing-door cubicles, peepholes, cell-bars...

From Idaho to Italy, check out STEAM's travel reviews!

Stay up-to-date in the big cities!

# A Tail in Three Cities

## Bathhouse Reviews

**Rochester Spa & Body Club**  
109 Liberty Pole Wy. (near Pleasant St.)  
Rochester, NY 14604  
(716)454-1074

Membership: \$25 per year, or \$16 for six months. Lockers: from \$10 on weekdays before 4 p.m., to \$16 on weekends; rooms, from \$13 to \$22; video rooms are \$29, and deluxe rooms are \$39. These rates are non-member rates—members deduct \$4 from all prices quoted. Out of town discount, \$2. There is generally a 12-hour time limit, except for lockers, which have a 6-hour limit. Despite the name, this place has neither jacuzzi nor a well-equipped weight room. There is a deserted exercise room; it has an exercycle, a treadmill, and three other pieces of Sharper-Image-looking machinery.

I admit to a certain nostalgia about this place: it was the first baths I ever visited, in June 1980, when it was called the Roman Sauna. I hardly recognized the place when I stumbled upon it in '89. The street had been re-named, the facilities renovated. The one constant was the police station next door. Don't be alarmed: they are domesticated, or at least well-paid.

Back to the facilities. There is a new-smelling sauna, a steamroom (unfortunately, not always working), porno room and tv room, a tiny shower room with three showerheads, and two 'individual' bathrooms. Also an outdoor patio. Everything is spotless.

Upstairs, arranged in a rough figure-eight, are 51 rooms and another porno room (same video as downstairs). The rooms are typical, perhaps a bit newer than average. The bed I slept on was not your usual foam mattress, though: it was actually a set of box springs. Perfectly comfortable, and it gave my feet much better purchase when trying to hold down a slippery bottom. The lights are tastefully fixtured & globed, with effective dimmers; the sheets are blue-striped.

Music: top 40 radio station. Not too loud. Temperature: warm enough. Staff: universally friendly. Even eager. Generally young, blonde & gym-built. Clientele: remember, this was a Monday. There weren't above a dozen men there. (On my previous two visits, it was busier.) Nevertheless, of the ones present, I had friendly conversations with several, and played with two. I consider that a successful evening.

How can I criticize a facility like this? Aside from the lack of a jacuzzi, the place is just about perfect. If you want sleaze, however, you'll have to go down the street to the dirty bookstore (which does have gloryholes, I discovered), or to Buffalo. This place is squeaky clean. They even leave a peppermint candy in each room—in the ashtray. I guess 'Spa and Body Club' (like 'blonde') refers to a mindset, rather than to a physical fact.

**Club London**  
722 York Street (near Adelaide)  
London, Ontario, N5W 2S6 CANADA  
(519)438-2625 (you do know what '2625' spells, don't you, boys?)

Membership, CDN\$30 per year. Lockers, \$5 weekdays, \$10 weekends. Rooms, \$11 weekdays, \$15 weekends. Deluxe rooms, \$22 weekdays, \$30 weekends. \$3 surcharge for non-members. TNT (Detroit) cards are honoured. Also valid at Club Toronto.

Midway between Toronto and Detroit, Club London provides a perfect excuse to stop & relax for awhile. It's also a convenient place to sleep if you're visiting Stratford (forty minutes north) for the Shakespeare Festival. I stop there regularly, and I've grown fond of Club London. It's not one of the 'great' bathhouses, but I seldom strike out there, either. It's a Canadian thing: they like visitors. Refreshing.

Facilities: complete. Large parking lot in the rear; steam room & (hot!) sauna; jacuzzi that I wouldn't use on a bet (it looked seriously scummy on all three visits); shower room with six showers; restroom with two stalls (adequate, this being a small club); exercise room, snack room (vending machines, two small tables), tv room, locker room, tanning booth—and 68 private rooms, arranged in a bisected quadrangle. Three long hallways, connected at both ends for good traffic flow. Nothing mysterious...

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