

ANIMAL

VOL 1.



STANLEY STELLAR

ANIMAL DAVID, NYC 1981

My partners and I had a long list of potential names for our new bar, scribbled on notebooks and napkins, collected over the years. We found ourselves drawn to fauna & flora. We couldn't rule out puns. We tried on The Seagull and The Swallow, as a nod to other bird-named gay bars (two of which are spotlighted by poems in this issue). The more names we threw into the mix, the harder it was to get behind any one. But then we saw the Stanley Stellar image "Animal, David Standing in Front of the Silver Dollar, Christopher Street NYC, 1981," and the search was over — we were all in for ANIMAL.

A living legend, Stanley Stellar was born and raised in Brooklyn, NY, and came out in the '60s when society didn't want to see gay culture, much less celebrate it. Over the last half century, through his street and studio photography, Stanley has woven together an evolving queer tapestry that documents our community with defiant transparency. We're honored to share some previously unpublished photos of "Animal David" in this inaugural issue of ANIMAL PRINT.

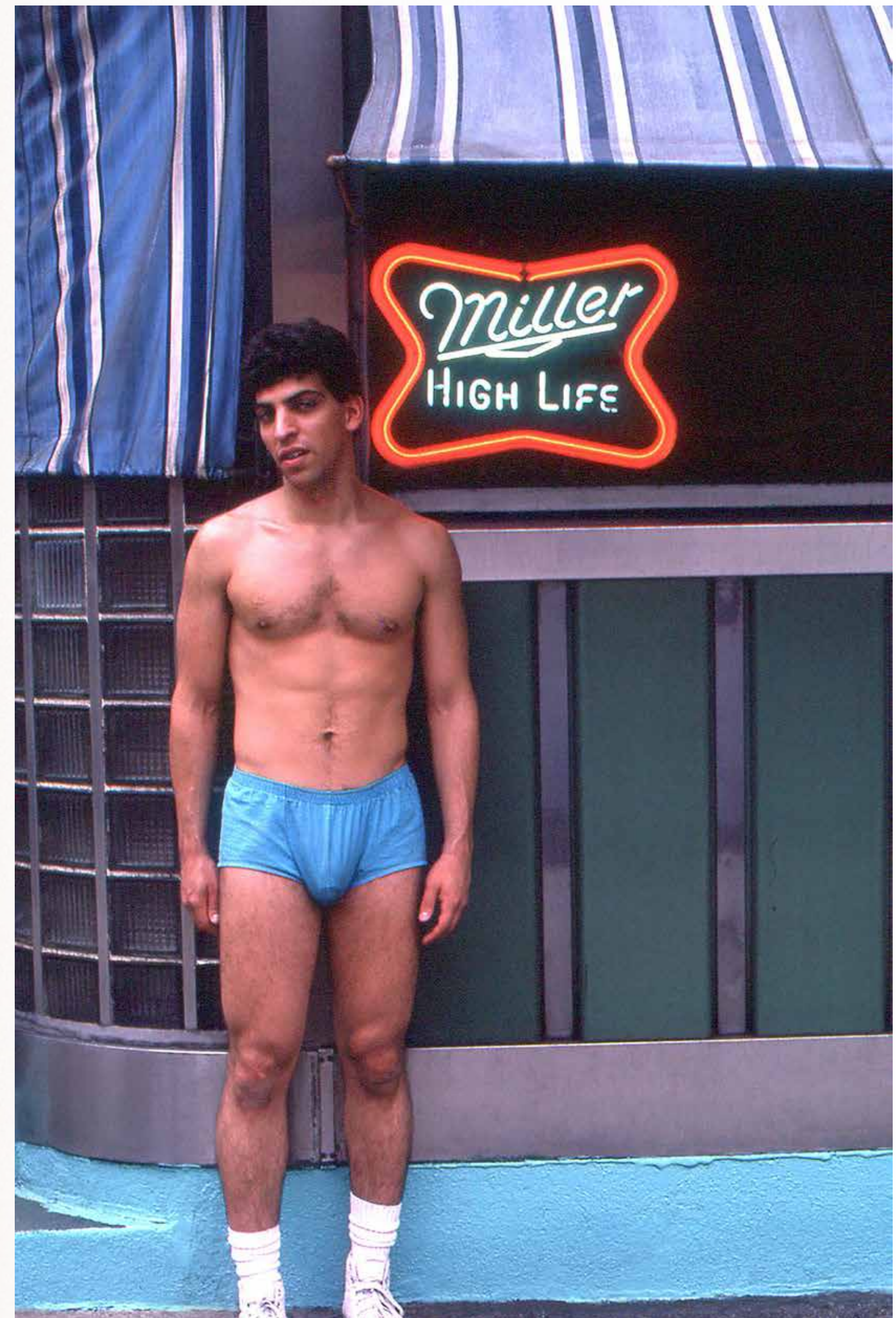
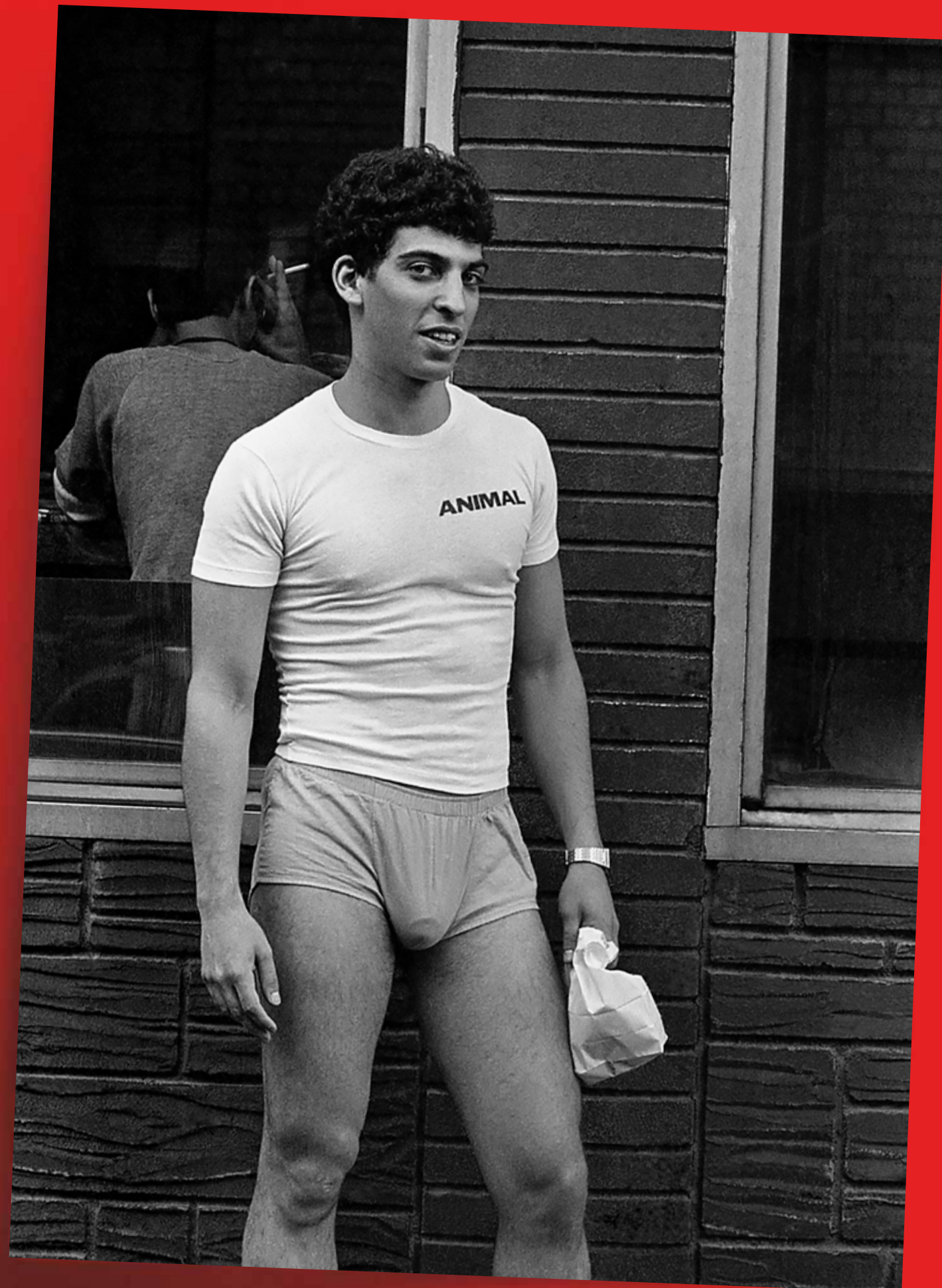
After making the initial connection with Stanley over Instagram, he kindly suggested meeting in person to discuss his contribution to ANIMAL PRINT. So, on a Sunday in July, I went to meet an idol and see his studio. Stanley was clear that he was not interested in doing another "best of" piece with his greatest hits. Instead, he opened up the vault to more images of "Animal David," including some that were not appropriate for social media. I had goosebumps. When we opened the bar this Spring, I shared a post exalting Stanley's art, sharing David's inspirational portrait. To my disgust, the algorithm removed our post for "sensitive content." It seems David's package was too large, and I don't mean the paper bag in his hand. But the real gag in the story and, in much of Stanley's work, is that this shot was taken midday on the streets of New York. These were the clothes David wore in public, in NYC, in the repressed '80s. David and his peers — Stanley's subjects — were living, flaunting, flagging and protesting in the face of a repressed society.

So, how far have we actually come? In some ways, there's progress. We've gotten traction in legal rights and expanded our lexicon to be more inclusive. Yet, in other ways, we've become less bold — more sensitive and more easily offended.

I hope Stanley won't mind me repeating that he didn't find David all that sexy (we may have different tastes), but what Stanley did see was an inherent beauty in David and in all his subjects. Through a life's work, Stanley chooses to see the people that society doesn't or didn't want to see. In turn, he invites us to step back and see each other, to exalt each other. If this publication serves as a paper manifestation of our bar, we hope it too will inspire us to connect more deeply with our own living, flaunting community, regardless of — or better yet, with curiosity for — our differences.

If the content policies of modern technology set us back, then we turn to analog to create our own forum of expression, free from policing. Once again, our future lies in our past. We were sad to learn of David's passing last year, but were touched to learn a little bit more about him through these images. We hope he's smirking from the other side.

- Ashton Anders Correa, co-owner of ANIMAL

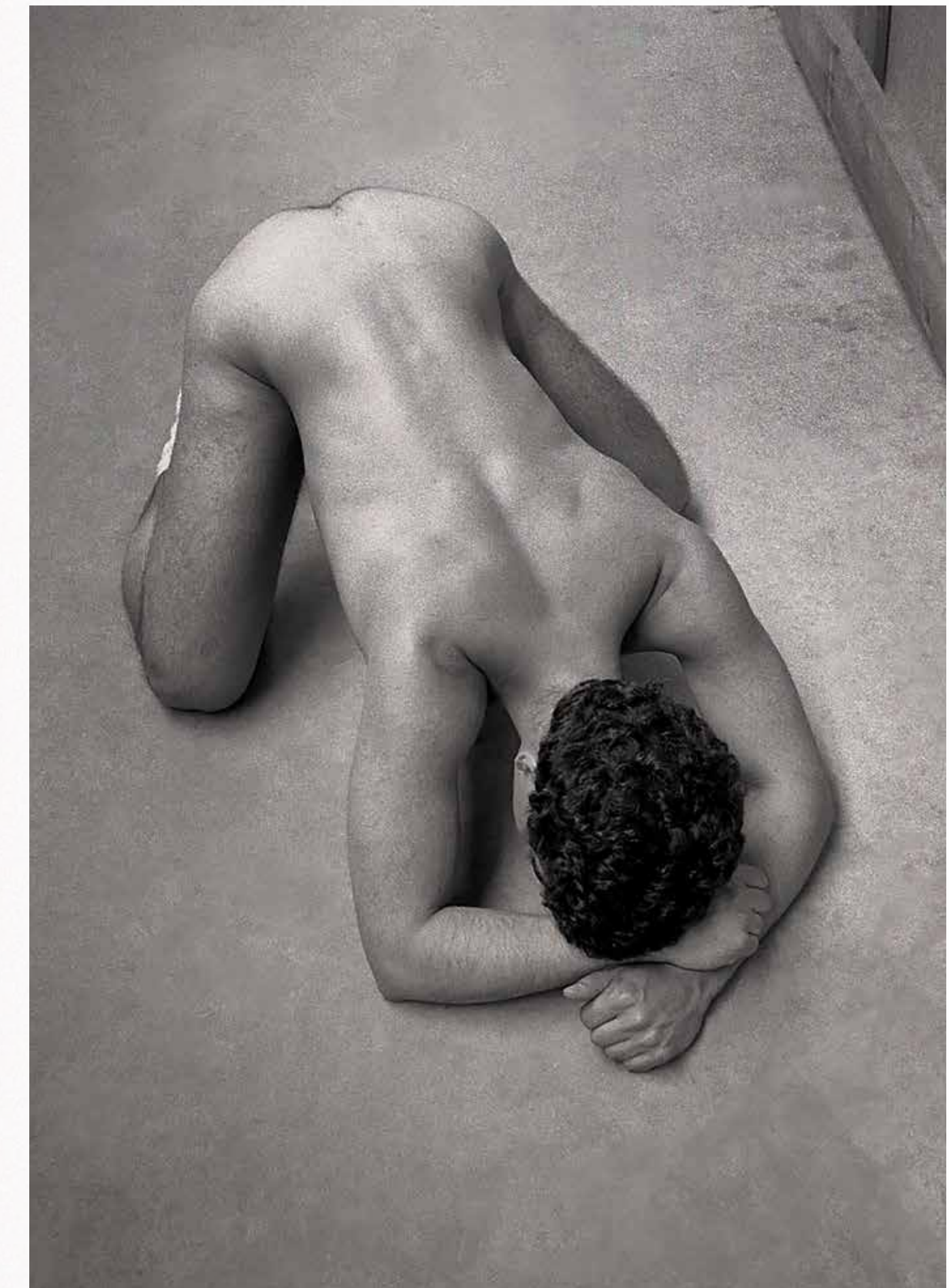


All rights reserved. ©Stanley Stellar
Stanley Stellar is represented by kappkapp.com

IG: @stanley.stellar



"For me these pictures represent the demarcation point,
where we could still walk around and feel free.



This is what 1981 looked like. No one had any awareness of AIDS.
1982 our world changed." - Stanley Stellar

LINDA SIMPSON

With her legendary party Channel 69 and its complementary companion My Comrade, the high-profile mistress Linda Simpson has a prismatic approach to nightlife that demonstrates how just far a night could go.

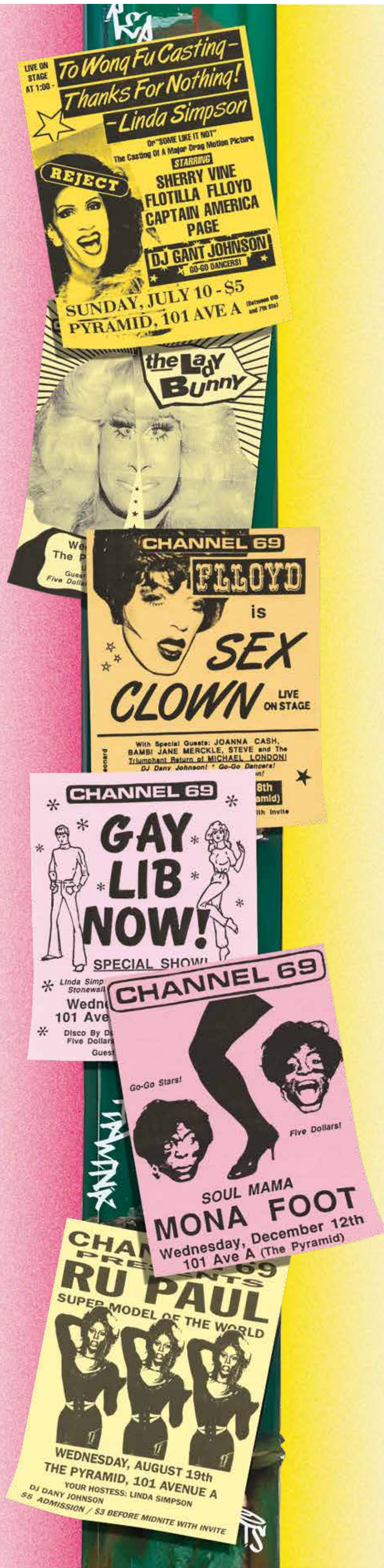
Photographer, drag queen & New York historian, Linda Simpson is a cornerstone of our city's queer culture. Her infamous zine, My Comrade, a feisty and unapologetic underground print, made its debut in 1987. In 2021, it was archived at Harvard's Houghton Library as a significant piece of gay history. A tongue-in-cheek respite from the bleakness of the AIDS crisis, My Comrade served up the gay "revolutionary" agenda as a symbol of hope and frivolity to the East Village and beyond. "Despite the ravages of AIDS, there was still a lively gay nightlife scene," Simpson told Animal Print. "My stomping ground was the East Village, which was one of the only places in the world in the 1980s where nightspots embraced a new type of indie drag that was much different than the old-fashion female impersonation scene."

For years, the Pyramid Club on Avenue A was the epicenter for this progressive & irreverent community of artists & performers, but by the late 80s the club had fallen out of favor. "Many of the big clubs, like Limelight, Mars, Palladium and Roxy would put aside one night of the week for the gays." But their avant-garde drag community was rapidly blossoming and ready to occupy more space. Simpson saw an opportunity to create "a safe and welcoming environment. There was a real sense of unity and camaraderie."

Channel 69 put a spotlight on the city's most talented and transgressive talent, like Lady Bunny, Mona Foot and RuPaul. "Even then, [RuPaul] was kind of a singular act. But I think our club night played a big part in her development, and she was pretty much adored by all."

"One night we were doing a tribute to great ladies of showbiz – Judy Garland, Janis Joplin, Ella Fitzgerald, etc – and the electricity went out. We were able to get it back on, but I was sure it was a sign from above. Those dead ladies wanted to make their presence known."

Collected & republished here for ANIMAL PRINT are the original party flyers for Channel 69.



Animal Print brought together siblings T & Ora Wise, who share not only a love & respect for food, but a decade long commitment to cultivating an eco-system of equity, sustainability and community through the radical, yet practical activism of FIG, a grassroots collective working to transform the food system through collaboration, skill-sharing and mobilization.

T Wise: Whenever anyone asks you or me about food, whether it's cooking or in the context of food justice work, there's such a clear thread back to our upbringing, where food was never just food. It was ritual. It was part of our faith. It was a culture of convening. FIG is really beautiful in that it's this amalgamation of so many different people. Different histories. Different ways of understanding food as values and food as worldview.

Ora Wise: When I started working in the industry 10 years ago, I took my background in social justice and joined up with several other chefs in a study group to research issues affecting food & hospitality, to dig into what's preventing them from being more sustainable and equitable. It's such an extractive, exploitative and grueling industry. We needed a space to help us better understand it, so we could work to change it.

T Wise: Build the world you want, while living in the one you've got, huh?

Ora Wise: Yes! The act of making and selling food is an act of interdependence on every level, from the individual to the collective, from the cultural and the spiritual to the material and the economic. How FIG operates when we're at our best is by practicing radical hospitality. We have these particular skills and have been trained to be attentive to people's needs. And in our broken system, that can be of real service. We're not just handing off pounds of carrots & onions. We're building opportunity and education and tools to help develop food sovereignty. And we do it in partnership with truly brilliant, rebellious, beautiful

people. For example, we work with Colectivo Intercultural TRANSgrediendo, which is a queer and trans, mostly Central and South American immigrant-led community center. Amazing people based in Jackson Heights, Queens, with whom we created a food security program. And with whom we piloted a series of Spanish language cooking classes.

T Wise: I had the honor of working with FIG during the beginning of the Emergency Food Relief Program, at the start of Covid. One of my favorite deliveries was to TRANSgrediendo, because, as a trans person, it's always a boost to be in a space that is for and by trans people. What do you think is especially queer about mutual aid itself?

Ora Wise: Displaced people, refugees, and migrants lose access to their ancestral food ways. Similarly, queer and trans people, because of transphobia and homophobia, often lose not only their families, but their family recipes, their food heritage. So we've worked with partners like Rock Steady Farm, the queer and trans cooperative up in the Hudson Valley, and Brooklyn Grange Rooftop Farm, to build out these programs, like community & cultural events in which people aren't just receiving help. They are reclaiming their relationship to food. They are growing and working with fresh produce. They are feeding their community. And that's what's been really transformative. It's a completely horizontal relationship through which all of us are being transformed: the chefs, the farmers, the community organizers, the people serving the food, the people eating the food. So, I do think of this work as queering the food system. But what's funny is that FIG is not actually a queer organization. Only a few of us are.

T Wise: That is funny, because I do think of FIG as a queer collective.

Ora Wise: What all the people in FIG recognize, no matter their gender or sexuality, is the need for more connectivity, more agency, more creativity. Our organizing work, our activism, isn't just about necessity. We do have to tend to survival needs, but we're doing that while working towards systemic change, healing and beauty. We aren't

trying to build one big central organization that takes credit for everything we're a part of. We're a grassroots collective that rejects competitiveness and isolation and nurtures a network of relationships.

T Wise: That reminds me of something you've said before about FIG's motto, that relationships are your greatest resource.

Ora Wise: That's it. Well, that and bringing together the radical & practical.

T Wise: Love that. And they're both really such queer mantras, you know? It's not lost on me: the two of us are queer family, chosen family and family family. But so many of our queer siblings, they aren't as lucky to have all that. Are there other projects that FIG



has participated in to help recreate this familial culture of convening over food?

Ora Wise: There was a garlic planting workshop we did at Brooklyn Grange Rooftop Farm last fall. People from all over Central America, South America, the Caribbean. Everyone shared curative practices that their families or their communities passed down using garlic. Everything from blemishes to toothaches to stomach issues. And that was a really beautiful moment on a number of levels. People were remembering that they have knowledge and that it feels good and powerful to share it. What was it like for you working with FIG during the pandemic, for the food relief program?

T Wise: I was in the Heights, delivering groceries. And I remember at the beginning, I cried all the time, like every time. I was crying out of anger – that in this city, in this country, with all its resources, people didn't have fucking groceries. But there were people like you putting these crews together to go out and get folks what they needed to survive. So for me, it would flip and I'd be crying because of how beautiful and powerful that is. All these people affected by inequity and by the violence of the State, coming together to step up. I feel like queer people do that on a daily basis, step out into a world that is not ready to meet them, and still walk down the goddamn street.

Ora Wise: Dance down the goddamn street!

T Wise: Exactly. And that's how we as trans & queer people have always done it.

Ora Wise: Just a bunch of real ass people being brave and beautiful and collaborating to create change. It's about boots on the ground. It's about genuine connections. And you're totally right, our fabulous, queer community has always relied on our own fabulous, queer siblings to show up and take care of each other.

Carrot Romesco

Orange carrots ~ 2lb
Garlic ~ 5 cloves
Onion ~ 1 medium sized
Pecans ~ 1.5 cups
Salt ~ 2 tablespoon (to taste)
Hot Paprika ~ 1 teaspoon
Lemon ~ juice of 1
Champagne or Sherry vinegar ~ 3 tbsp
Olive oil ~ 1/4 cup
Veggie or Chicken stock ~ ½ cup

Rough chop carrots and onion then toss them with the garlic in a generous amount of olive oil and season with salt and paprika. Place in a baking dish or tray, cover with foil and roast at 400 until soft. Meanwhile toast the pecans. Combine in a food processor with the vinegar, lemon juice, a splash more olive oil, a bit more salt and paprika, and a few splashes of stock. Blend, taste for seasoning, adjust. Blend until it becomes a thick dip. Garnish with thinly sliced scallions and serve with crusty bread, seeded crackers, or crisp cucumbers.

SaM
SAX

THE COCK

you can't spell basement without semen.
or i suppose you could but then it'd just read *bat*.

somewhere south on second avenue's a staircase
you pay ten dollars to descend onto a dance floor

tho more a dark field of men who've already removed
their heads so as to blend into the eternal body

which is always loosening & welcoming fluids. what becomes
of the indivisible *soul* in basements such as this?

here where the spirit is passed around as a yawn or religion.
soul i say, welcoming someone me yet not

into this rented & temporary skin when an oddly cold erection
nuzzles its wet nose into my palm like an elderly dog.

in that old story the three headed dog guards the gate
to the world of the dead. in this underworld, it's the living

sam sax is a queer, anti-zionist jewish, writer and educator. They're the author of *PIG*, named one of the best books of 2023 by New York Magazine and Electric Lit, as well as *Madness*, winner of The National Poetry Series and *Bury It*, winner of the James Laughlin Award from the Academy of American Poets. Their latest book *Yr Dead* is longlisted for the National Book Award. samsax.com

FRAnCíSCo
MaRqUeZ

FOR THE MAN ON HIS KNEES
AT THE EAGLE

You take in two,
then four, turning
to every direction,
revealed by
the light when
it hits you,
hand stiff
at the back
of your neck,
a finger pries
your mouth
open: I know
how far we go
for pleasure, I see
a memory
of love flying
from your eyes!
What once
burned inside
me, inside you
prospering.

Previously published in The Yale Review

Francisco Márquez is a poet from Maracaibo, Venezuela, born in Miami, Florida. His work has been featured in *American Chordata*, the *Brooklyn Rail*, and the *Best American Poetry* anthology. He has received support from the *Tin House Writer's Workshop*, *The Poetry Project*, and the *Fine Arts Work Center* in Provincetown, where he was a 2019-2020 Poetry Fellow. He works and lives in Brooklyn, New York.

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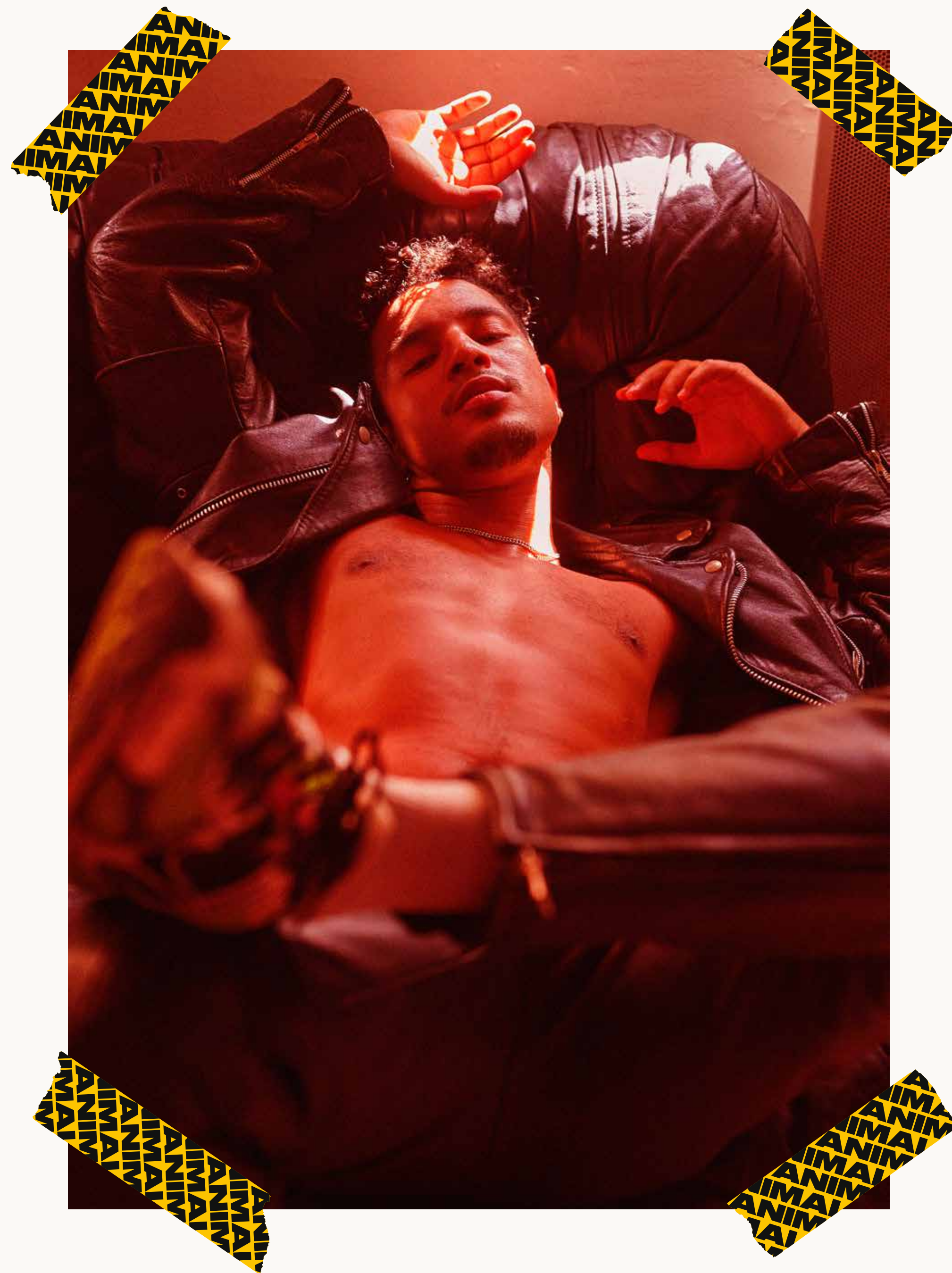


BrAd
HoSELeY

IT'S JUST
ANOTHER GAME

Oil on Canvas
26" x 34" x 1 1/8"
2024

IG: [@bootlegfantasy](https://www.instagram.com/bootlegfantasy)
bradhoseleyxxx.com



NICOLAS WAGNER

Photographer and co-editor of CRUSHfanzine, Nicolas Wagner, turns his lens on hunk of the moment Felipe Valencia in an absolutely ANIMAListic shoot at his flat in Le Marais. In conversation on the following page, mixed-media artist and creative director Jess Cuevas reinterprets the images from his studio in Jefferson Park, Los Angeles.



Michael Cunningham

The Pulitzer Prize winner and former resident of Williamsburg takes a look back at a very different neighborhood than the one where ANIMAL opened its doors this past Spring.

This life, that life, the other life

When I lived in Williamsburg, almost forty years ago, there was nothing queer about it. There was nothing cool about it, either.

I lived with a writer friend and a vicious cat in a loft on the corner of Bedford and North 9th. I lived there because I was broke and the rent was almost ludicrously low, because I was a casualty of the love wars, and because my friend had invited me to move in.

It was bleak. Our building stood across from the Mae-Sun Waste Paper Company, which operated twenty-four hours a day and appeared to employ a small cohort of men whose job was to stand on the sidewalk in front of the Mae-Sun Waste Paper Company, smoking cigarettes and proclaiming loud variations on:

*What the fuckin' fuck?
Fuck if I fuckin' know.
Fuckin' fuck that.
Fuck those fuckin' fuckers.*

It went on like that. 24/7.

If someone had said to me then: this block, this whole neighborhood, will, in the not-too-distant future, be a center of queer cool-osity, I'd have said something along the lines of, *it's sweet of you to think so, but that'll never happen, because...*

...because Williamsburg is a pocket of deep Nowhere, as close as it is to Manhattan. Its inherent nowhere-ness runs beneath the pavement and into the earth itself. It must have been lonely and dispiriting even when the indigenous people lived here;

Because it's devoid of beauty of any kind, unless you're a fan of row houses covered in brick-patterned tar paper;

Because the businesses are mostly weird inscrutable offices with their windows covered by decrepit Venetian blinds, or butcher shops proudly displaying sausages older than me.

Because the only grocery store is a dimly-lit little thing where the owner refuses to order any new produce until all the existing produce is gone. Because I've sometimes relented and, after a week or so, finally bought that last shriveled stalk of broccoli so the owner would order some new broccoli.

Because the L train has no air conditioning, some of its windows are broken, and, every once in a while, a rat scurries over your feet.

Because the visible population is mostly elderly people pushing wheeled carts full of... something, on their way home, and men wearing two or three different plaids, drinking beer out of cans in brown paper sacks.

And, of course, because the men of the Mae-Sun Waste Paper Company will be at their station, saying *fuck that fuckin' fuck*, until the sun supernovas and destroys the solar system.

That Williamsburg, as far as I could tell, wasn't making anyone particularly happy. It was pervaded by a certain angry weariness—a sense that, if you managed to survive today, you'd only have to survive tomorrow, and the next day, as well. It could feel, both in winter's sleet-storms and summer's heat, like practice for purgatory.

I left that Williamsburg long ago. Whenever I return to this Williamsburg, I'm literally awe-struck by the rampant life that's thriving on what once was barren and benighted earth

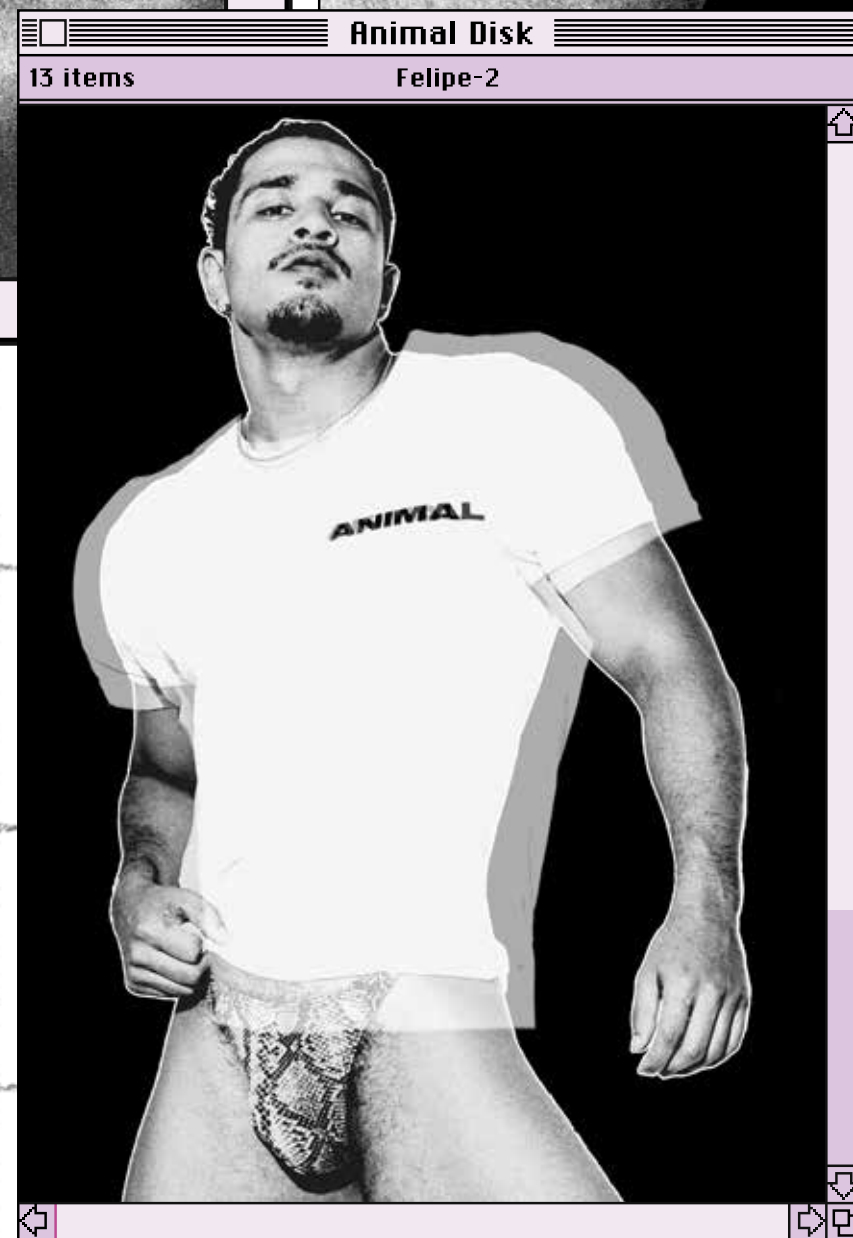
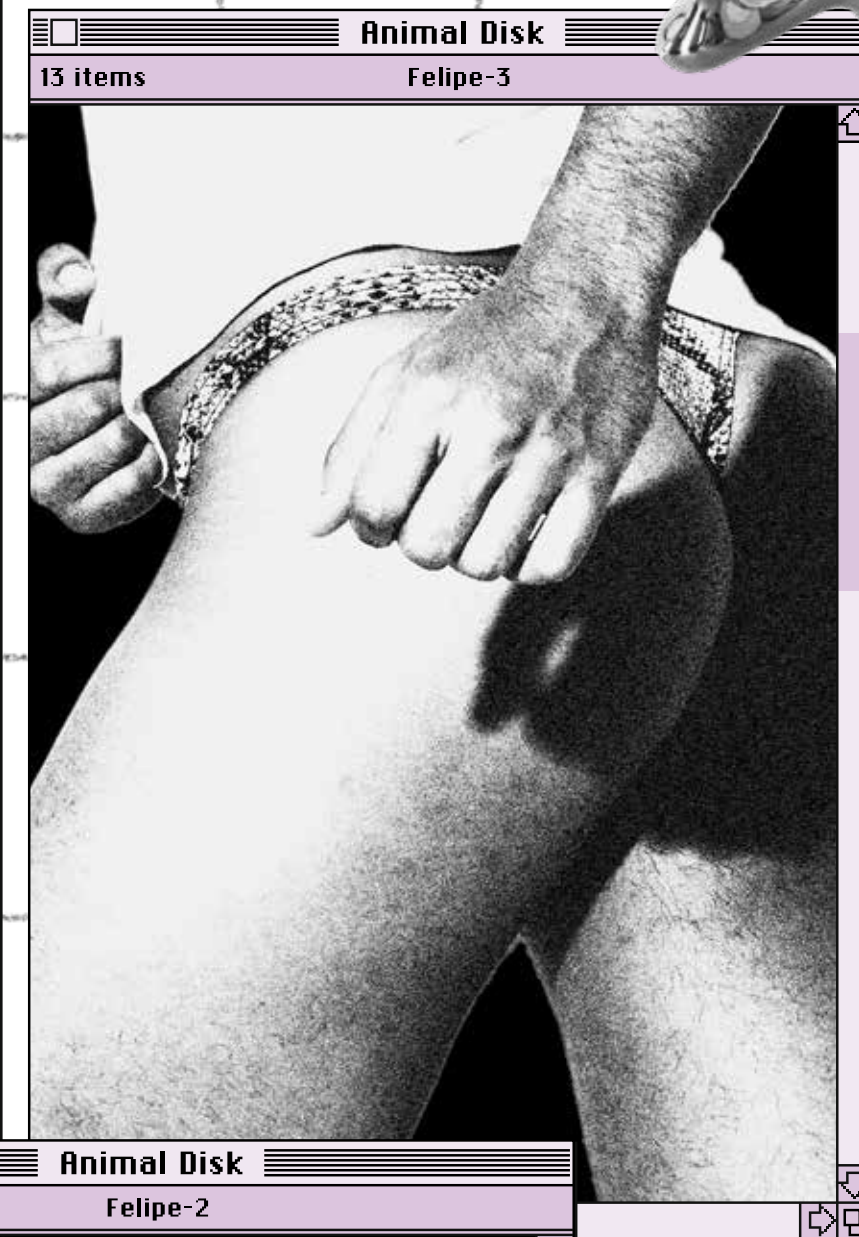
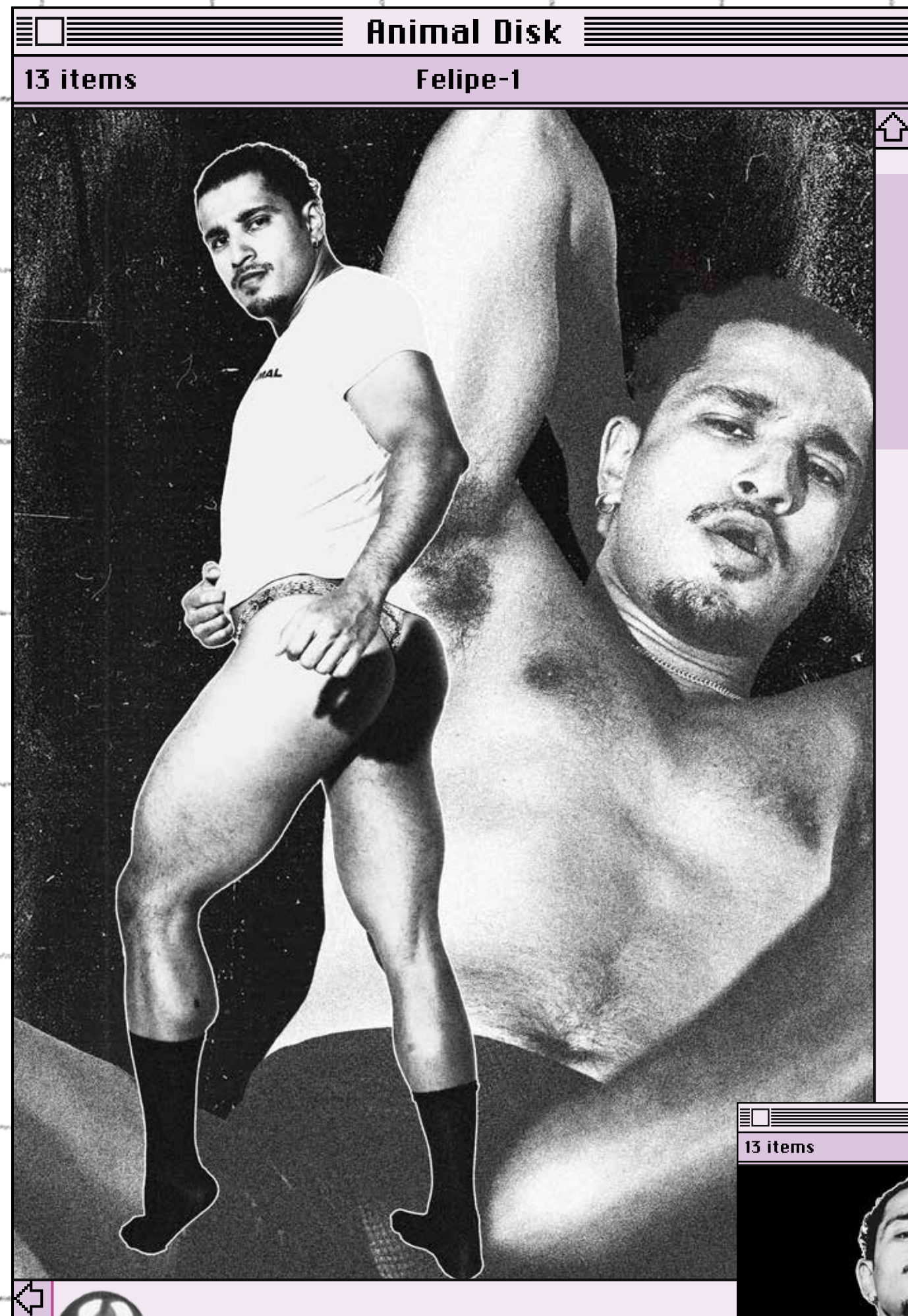
It seems that mirades do happen, sometimes. I suspect they're that much more likely if they're powered by queer energy.

I'll leave it to others to convey the Williamsburg of today. I'm not a citizen of that Williamsburg. But I do pay occasional visits to the Blade Runner circus it's become, with the understanding that along with its queer jublance it's gotten so expensive that many of the pioneering queers have been pushed out; with the understanding that Williamsburg's transformation from de Chirico desolation to fabulously rough and ramshackle queer-land is, by now, host to designer boutiques, and restaurants where dinner for four costs slightly less than a decent used car.

All true. And yet. As the Ancient Mariner of Williamsburg, I feel compelled to tell you that whatever corruptions and stratospheric costs have evolved, I myself see no urgent reason to deeply mourn a former version of a place that, merely a few decades ago, was a populated nowhere, a discouragement zone.

Change is complicated. Change isn't always good. But still. Imagine finally buying that piece of withered broccoli that's been waiting for you, like sorrow incarnate.

Change is complicated. But even unfortunate changes may be compromised, but real, resurrections. The dead brought back to life may have their quirks and their vanities, their callousness and questionable politics, but there's still the plain fact that they've been brought back to life.



Jess Cuevas

Jess Cuevas
is a mixed media artist
& creative director.
IG: @jesscuevas7



THE RED ROOM

FEATURED PRESENTATION \$6.66

FROM PAUL SEPUYA

THE DARK ROOM SERIES

For this issue of ANIMAL PRINT, Paul Mpagi Sepuya selected images from his recent Dark Room series. Grounded in a collaborative, rhizomatic approach to studio practice and portraiture, Paul's work is held in the collections of the Museum of Modern Art, Whitney Museum of American Art, Guggenheim Museum, and Studio Museum in Harlem, New York.



A GAY CROSSWORD

by Telly

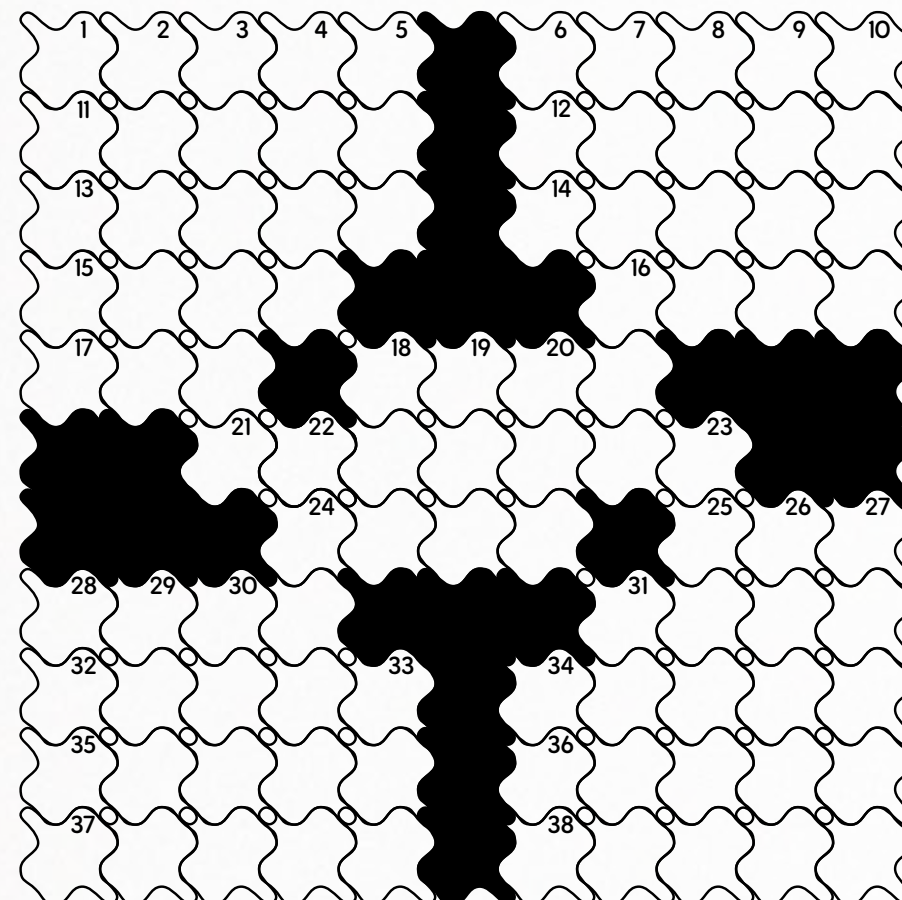
ACROSS

1. Animal print
6. Animal print
11. Said not in your head
12. Thaïs or Aida
13. Indian currency
14. Intended
15. Caesar's death day
16. Legendary voice actor _____ Summer
17. Born, in Bordeaux
18. It's everywhere you want to be
21. Animal print
24. Carey or Tarver
25. Information superhighway
28. Golden State nickname
31. Rooney or Kate
32. "It is the east, and Juliet is the sun. / _____ fair sun, and kill the envious moon."
34. "Daddy Cool" group, _____ M
35. Razor honer
36. Famed director of The Last Tycoon
37. Animal print
38. Animal print

DOWN

1. RHONY OG Jill
2. Eschew
3. Shepherd of rhyme
4. Regrets
5. Beverage suffix
6. Ex of Luann, Erika or Ariana
7. Bart inducer
8. Harnesses, ball gags, cock rings etc.
9. Sea eagle
10. Rank
18. Frappato, Vermentino or Albariño, abbr.
19. "It doesn't matter / 'Bout the car I drive or the _____ around my neck"

20. She-pig
22. Hipster lightbulb
23. Swahili word meaning "first"
26. Infict
27. Pansexual Brady
28. You won't find it in your Apple wallet
29. Into dance, painting and fashion
30. Erstwhile Italian bills
31. Black Snake _____
33. Green Gov't Org.
34. Found at the library, abbr.



ANIMAL PUNCH

by Nick and Jim

2 oz high quality aged rum, (Ron Zacapa No. 23)
1 oz fresh lemon juice
1/2 oz hibiscus syrup
1/2 oz Chinola Passion Fruit Liqueur
1 barspoon (2.5 mL) St. Elizabeth Allspice Dram
1 barspoon (2.5 mL) Angostura bitters
Combine ingredients into a shaker, add ice and shake vigorously. Strain over fresh ice in a collins glass. Garnish with an orange wedge.



I VOTE SLUT!

YG CHOW - LOCAL GUIDE ★★☆☆☆

"They play some of the most boring music I've ever heard. This is one of the coolest venues in Williamsburg, playing some of the most god awful electronic music. I've never seen a crowd look more bored. Just play popular music that we can dance to and I'll go every weekend."

ANIMAL PRINT would like to thank our contributors: Stanley Stellar, Michael Cunningham, sam sax, Paul Mpagi Sepuya, Linda Simpson, Francisco Marquez, Nicholas Wagner, Jess Cuevas, Brad Hoseley, Ora Wise, T Wise, and Aristotle Kousakis. Special thanks to our sponsors at Scruff.

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For more on Vacation follow us on IG: @vacationtheagency
If you have a brand with creative needs visit www.vacationtheagency.com

VACATION

“Bears are the best of all animals.”

In 1979, The Advocate coined the term "Bear" in an article that introduced a generation of animal archetypes for the gay community. If you ask us, we're long overdue for an update, so ANIMAL PRINT is picking up the torch with a new slew of feral friends to call family.



“Bears are the best of all animals.”

This Housewives completionist will hold you hostage outside Equinox in order to tell you a story for twenty minutes in which they are the villain. Struggles with close friend's pronouns, citing "I knew her before."



“Bears are the best of all animals.”

Deeply privileged, vested and unbothered. Has everything, but will Venmo request you for the 12 dollar Uber. Total top unless okay maybe just this one time if you want to fist them.



“Bears are the best of all animals.”

Healthcare professional energy. Pride parade banner holder. Wait don't leave, they want to show you a selfie with their obviously-straight nephew outside a Broadway show that has since closed.



“Bears are the best of all animals.”

This meph-fueled former Brat crowd sourced funding for their six week European Only Fans content creation tour. Does not remember your name even though you share an apartment.



“Bears are the best of all animals.”

This person only exists digitally. Unironically calls their Geek Bar a binky. Does not require nutrients to live. Will implode upon direct eye contact.



“Bears are the best of all animals.”

Not a metaphor. Actual goblin. Has no known address. Natural habitat is the after afters. Only refers to the DJ by their government name.

