



SOPHIA RENEE

SELECT
PORTRAITS

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SOPHIA RENEE



Sophia Renee is a Florida-based, internationally published photographer, art director, and photo-essayist whose sensuous, restrained, and quietly subversive images center on male models, athletes, and subcultural figures. Her images are shaped by a deliberate tension between intimacy and performance, where the body becomes both subject and symbol.

Over the past decade, she has been commissioned by global brands, leading modeling agencies, and bestselling authors, while simultaneously building a cohesive and independent body of work. Across these parallel trajectories, Renee has developed a visual lexicon grounded in physicality, control, and an enduring fascination with youth, strength, and the aesthetics of desire.

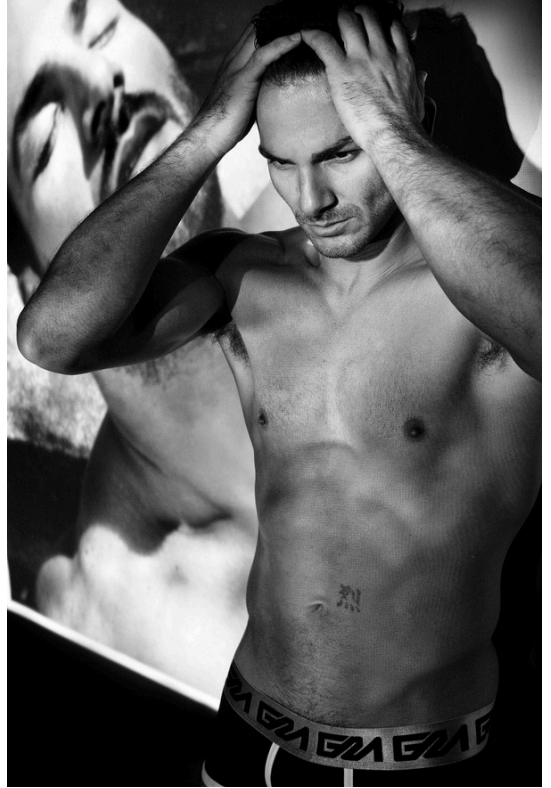
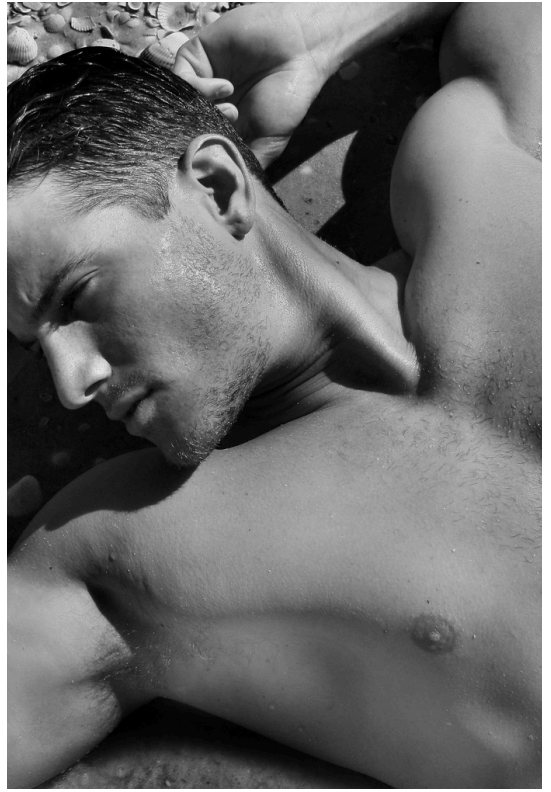
Beyond the studio, her practice extends into long-form photographic essays that explore place, identity, and lived experience. These works—spanning subjects such as Old Florida, Cuba, biker communities, and transient American landscapes—move beyond portraiture to engage environments shaped by history, migration, and cultural memory. Her ongoing project Postcards from Cuba reflects years of sustained observation, constructing a layered visual narrative that resists simplification in favor of texture, contradiction, and quiet decay.

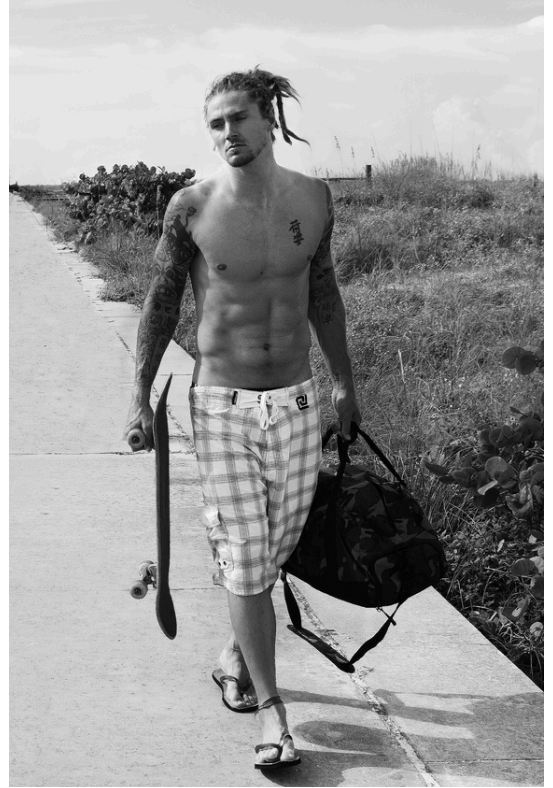
Renee's work has been exhibited in both solo and group presentations, including a 2016 retrospective sponsored by Raymond James, and has been published internationally. Two limited-edition monographs further position her output within an archival continuum, underscoring a commitment to photography not only as image-making, but as preservation.

This volume, presented as a digital photographic portfolio, assembles selected studies and essays from across her body of work, offering a curated entry point into a practice defined by precision, restraint, and the enduring power of the image to both reveal and withhold.

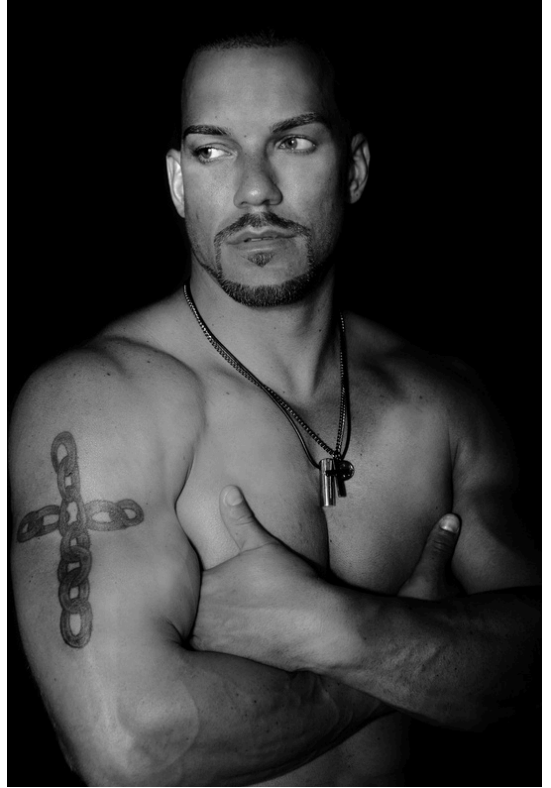
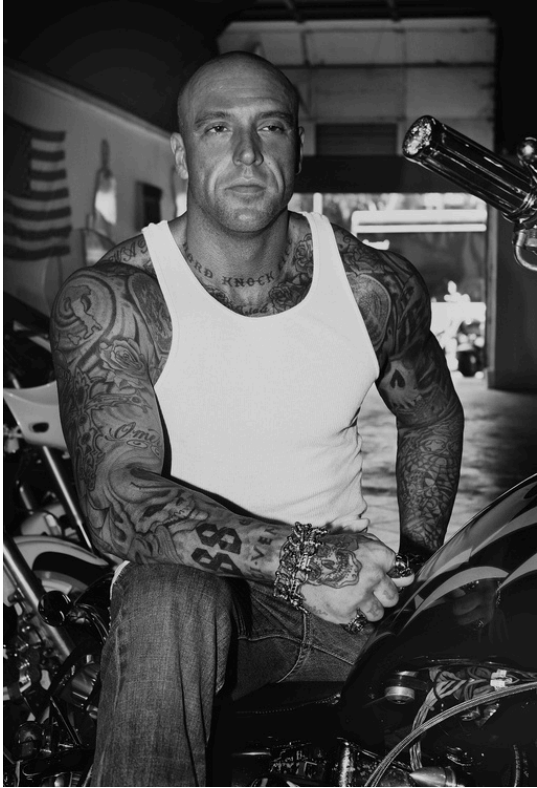
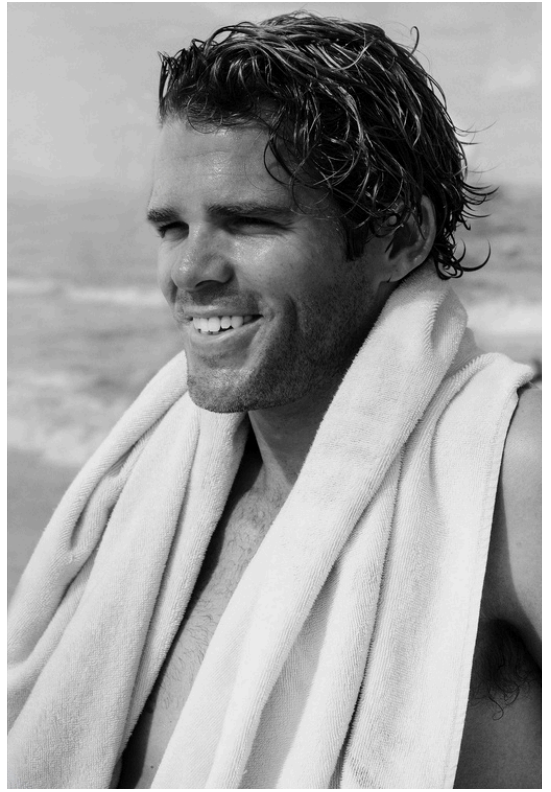
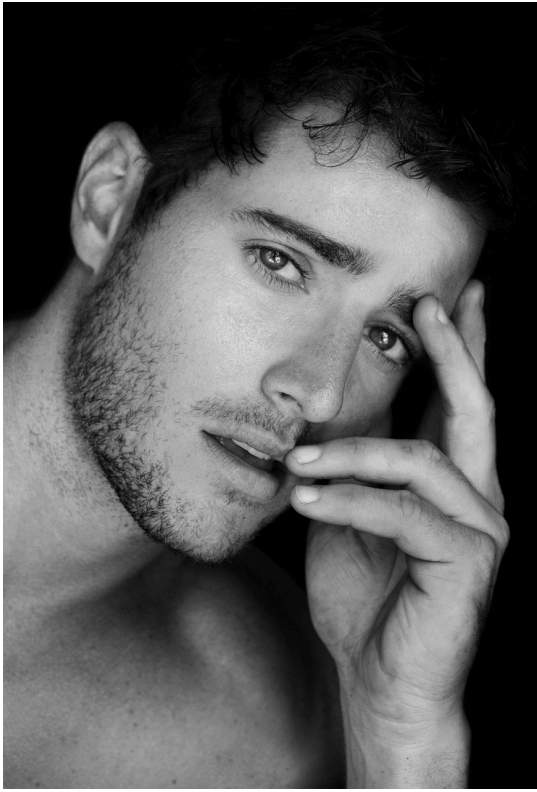
SELECT PORTRAITS



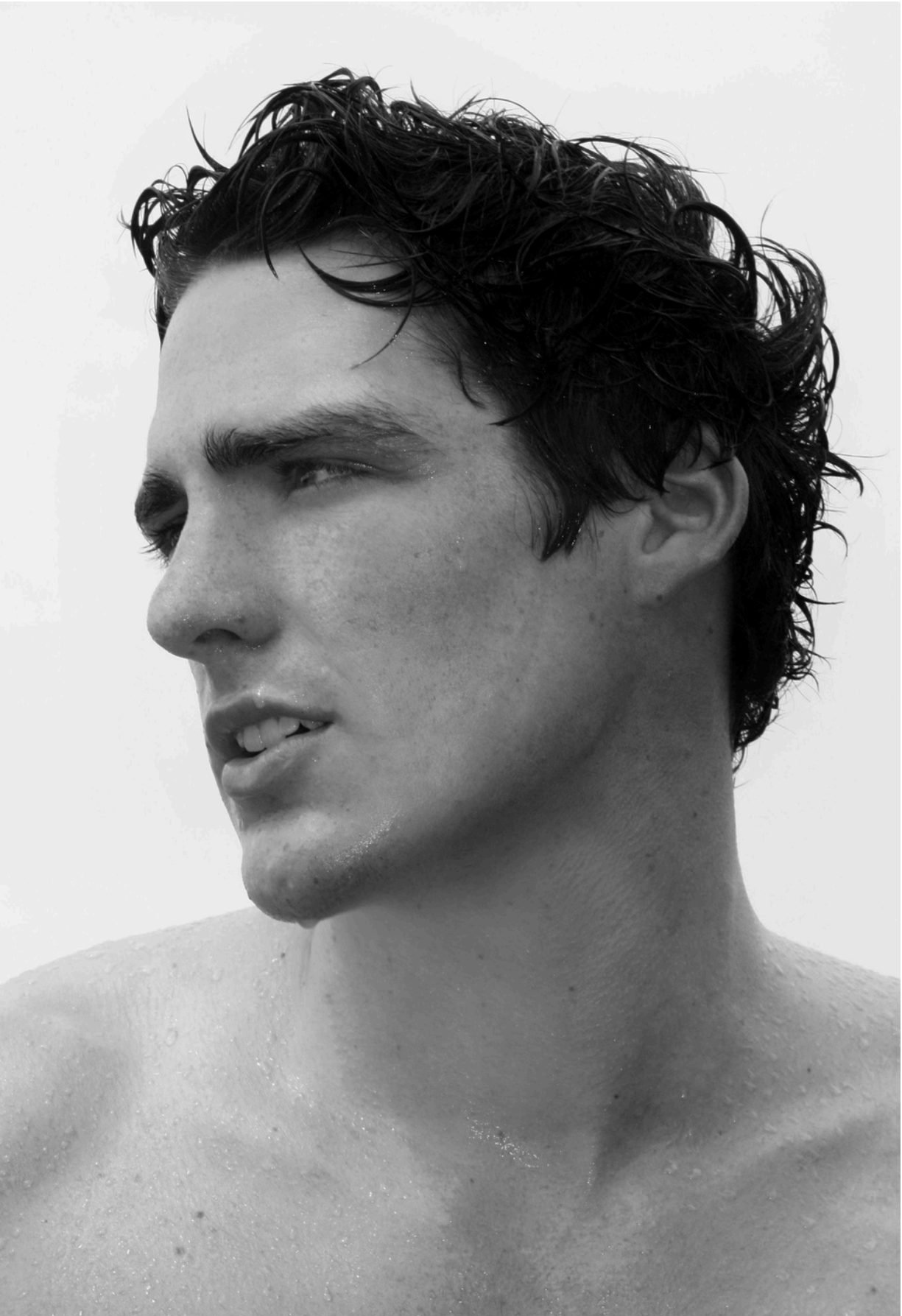


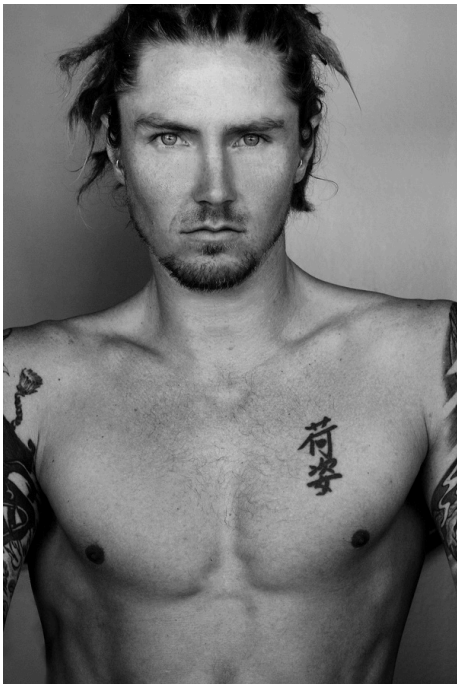








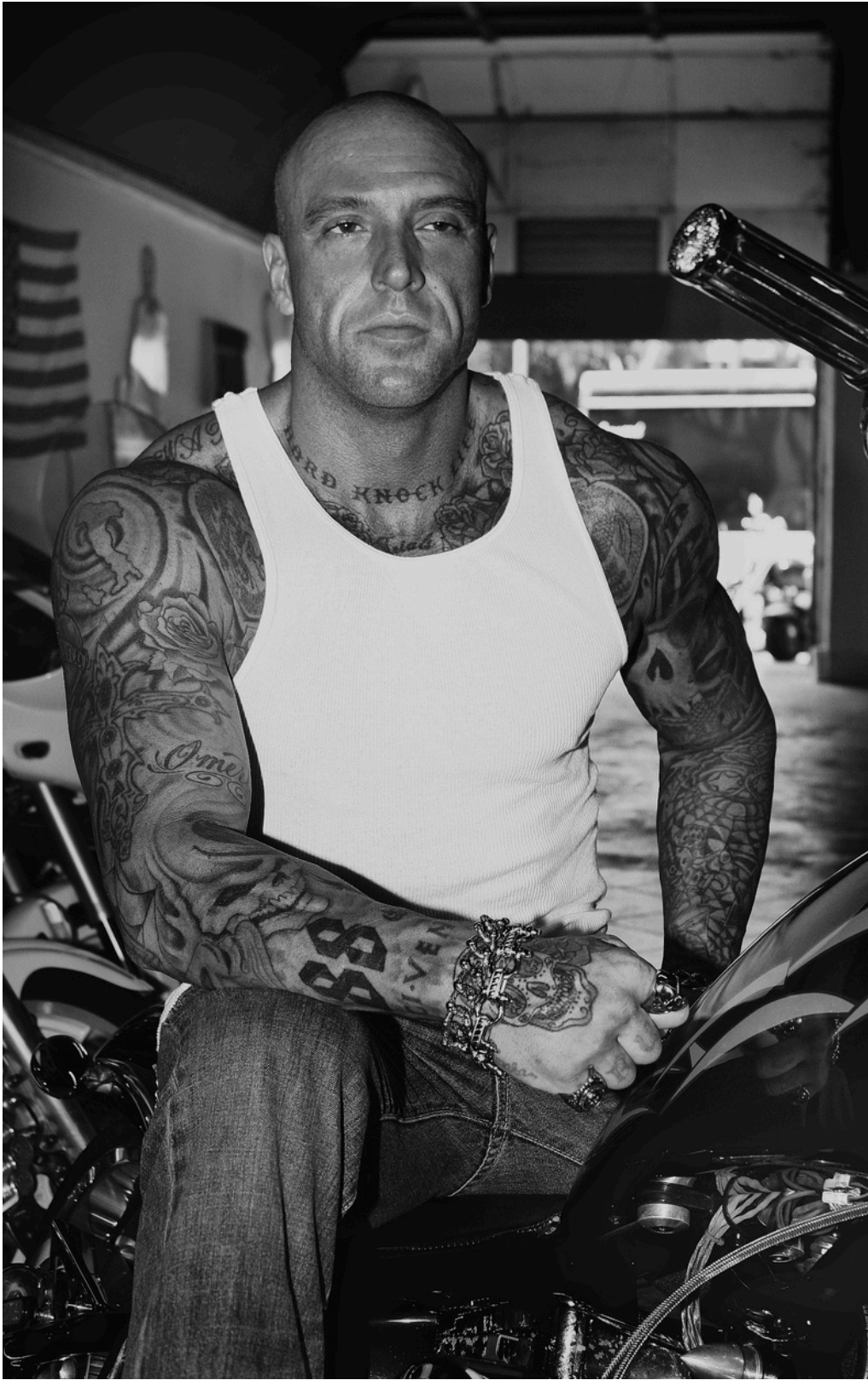




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P O R T R A I T S T O R I E S





SOPHIA RENEE

PORTRAIT STORIES

THE BIKER



“The fundamental difference between being a biker and owning a motorcycle is that the first generally has a story to tell.”

— Shell Thuet

There are men who ride motorcycles, and there are men who become inseparable from them—figures shaped as much by distance and velocity as by the lives they leave behind.

Toren belongs to the latter.

I encountered him in the course of my work—a man whose presence arrives before language has time to organize itself. Six foot three, two hundred and thirty pounds, his body is marked not by ornament, but by record. The surface tells you immediately: this is not decoration. This is accumulation.

His first tattoo came at fifteen—an Italian boot. Since then, the body has remained open, receptive. Words, names, symbols—each drawn from a particular moment, a particular conviction—layered across the neck, chest, arms, and back. Some meanings have endured. Others have shifted. None have been erased.

The result is not chaos, but continuity. There is a particular honesty in those who choose to inscribe themselves in this way. Not the aesthetic gesture, not the borrowed language of style—but the decision to carry one’s history in plain view. To allow the body to function as both record and revelation.

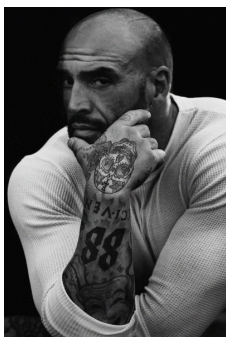
Toren does this without performance.

In stillness, he reads as formidable—almost mythic in proportion. A figure built to command space, to interrupt it. But in conversation, something else emerges: a measured voice, a deliberate calm, a softness that resists the expectations his appearance sets into motion.

It is within this tension that he becomes most visible.

Not as contradiction, but as alignment—strength without excess, presence without insistence. A man fully aware of his form, yet unconcerned with explaining it.

To photograph him is to work against the obvious. To move past scale, past surface, and locate the quiet architecture beneath.



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BROTHERLY LOVE

“Yet even in the loneliness of the canyon, I knew there were others like me who had brothers they did not understand but wanted to help. We are probably those referred to as ‘our brother’s keepers,’ possessed of one of the oldest, possibly one of the most futile, and certainly one of the most haunting instincts. It will not let us go.”

— Norman Maclean, *A River Runs Through It and Other Stories*

I have long been fascinated by siblings and the various dynamics that exist between them. The peaks and valleys of emotion that occur between children bound by blood and personal history can be endless. As we age, some of us grow out of our sibling rivalries and the petty jealousies of childhood—and some of us never do. Maturity, growing into who we are, has a funny way of pushing people away, especially the ones who know us best and are supposed to love us the most. Yet there are those who never give up, who fight until the very end to make sure these relationships not only work, but thrive. For these individuals, a life without his or her brother or sister would be like losing a limb. It’s an option they cannot imagine.

The bond that exists between the Eaton brothers, Eric and Matthew, is as solid and strong as any you can think of. They are bound by all of the emotional ties and scars of family, including blood, love, faith, secrets, and a personal history peppered with its fair share of both good and bad times. My profound friendship with Eric has made me privy to many aspects of his personal history. I have always known that Matthew was an important part of Eric’s life and recovery. The love he feels for his brother is immense.

You can see it in the way he looks at him and in the way he looks to him. In turn, Matthew has grown to understand and accept his younger brother’s complex nature and troubled history. He is his fiercest protector and his biggest fan. Spend just a few moments with them, and it’s pretty evident that no one is more proud of how far Eric has come than Matthew. A large tattoo covering Matthew’s right pec is an ode to the powerful bond they share. It reads, “Blood Runs Thicker Than Water.” And you can believe he means it.

When I decided to photograph Eric and Matthew together, it was my intent to do something uniquely special. I knew the imagery would tell its own story, but in order to shine a light on the very real love that exists between these two men, I knew I needed to go deeper. I wanted the reader to have an informed sense of who these brothers are and what they have been through together. Understanding that no one could explain their feelings as well as they could, I asked each of them to write something honest and open about the other. I thought it would make for a powerful and appropriate complement to our photographs. I have chosen not to edit their words or prose.



BROTHERLY LOVE

(continued)



Matthew Eaton

“Eric is an amazing individual. He has a great heart and a spirit filled with strength and determination. He is living proof that you can hit rock bottom and build yourself back up again.

Our life together hasn’t always been easy. At times, it has been downright painful. It isn’t always easy for me to talk about Eric’s addiction. It had a major impact on me, and it took me a long time to personally recover from the pain it caused. His addiction affected nearly every facet of my life and eventually led me into using drugs as well. Using drugs and trying to protect my brother ruined my relationship with a woman I loved and a little boy I was raising as my son. It was a very dark time for my family.

But I love my brother. I couldn’t turn my back on him.

When Eric told me he was gay, I lost it. My first reaction was that he was using this inner turmoil, this struggle with his sexuality, as an excuse to get high. You wouldn’t believe some of the things people come up with to justify their behavior when they’re using drugs. I didn’t realize it then, but he was using because he was in pain and in denial. He’s gay. I get it now. At the time, he just didn’t know how to process or come to terms with that. The fact that he nearly killed himself trying to hide that from us broke my heart.

I vowed then and there to support him, to help him get clean, and to accept him for who he is. Now, I will occasionally go to gay clubs with my brother. I do it because I love him. I want him to know that I support him with all of my heart and with everything I have.

My hope for Eric is that he lives a happy life. I want him to live his dream. I want him to love—with all of his heart—whomever he chooses. In ways he probably can’t imagine, he has made me a new and better man.

He is my brother. He is everything in the world to me.”

BROTHERLY LOVE

(continued)

Eric Eaton

“Matt and I have always been close. We are only separated by 15 months, and we have lived together our entire lives. We share many of the same personality traits and characteristics, but we are also very different. Over the years, I have looked to Matt for encouragement, love, acceptance, support, strength, and forgiveness. I hurt him tremendously with my addiction, but he stood by my side.

Today, he reminds me that every day is beautiful and that sticking a needle in my arm is no longer an option. I could say so much about my brother. He is a strong, selfless man. He is brutally honest. He is a fighter. If Matt believes in someone or something, he’ll fight for it. He fought for me, for us. In all honesty, I would have to say he has been protecting and guiding me for as long as I can remember.

The roots of my addiction stemmed from my inability to admit to myself and to my family that I was gay. I wanted to hide, and drugs made it easy to do that. My choice to use impacted everyone around me, and it nearly cost me my life. I was not a casual user. I used needles, and I used daily. I lied. I hurt people close to me. I ended up in the hospital for a long time with a serious infection—and Matthew came to see me every single day.

When I left the hospital, I began the long road to recovery. With Matt’s help, I stayed clean, and I began living—really living—for the first time in a long time. He has helped me in ways I can’t even begin to explain. Because of him, I am healthy. I am strong. I love myself again. I am alive today because I have Matthew and because I have the love and support of our family behind me.

If there is one thing I learned after hitting rock bottom, it’s that you are only as strong as the people around you. I was in a very bad place, but my brother and my incredible family never gave up on me.

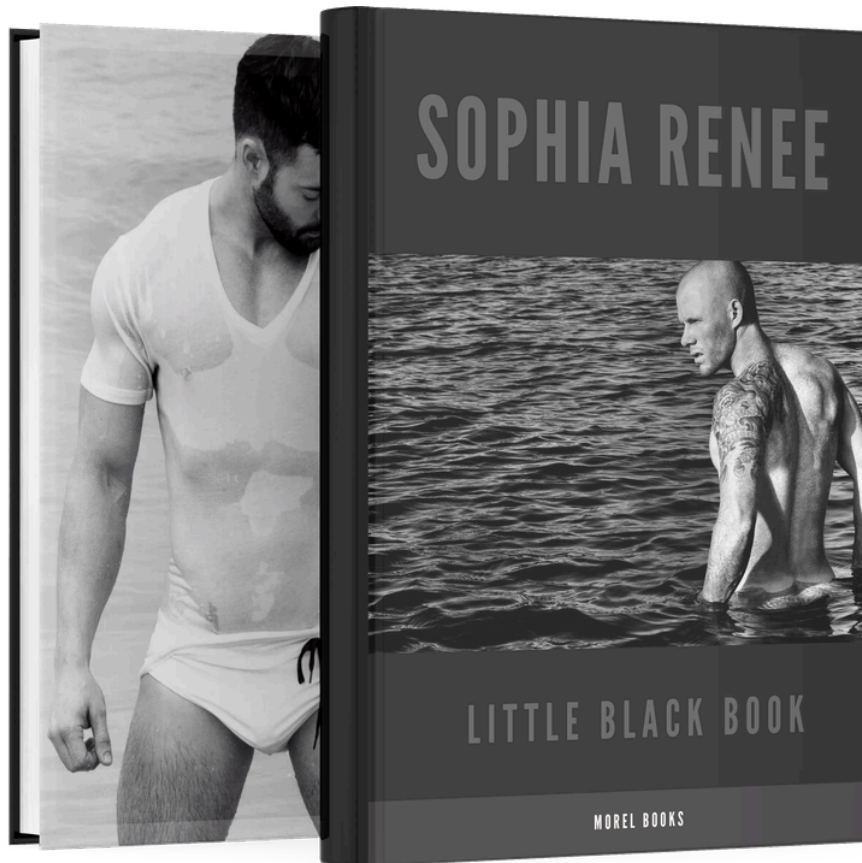
I can now say with 100% certainty that Matthew accepts me for who I am. Truthfully, I think he always would have. I feel like I could have given him the benefit of the doubt, but my fears prevented me from doing that. I believe everything happens for a reason. Our bad times certainly made us stronger. I wouldn’t change anything, because I gained perspective, and that is the lesson I choose to take with me.”



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ADDITIONAL WORKS





Editorial Note:

Sophia Renee has cultivated a reputation as one of the premier photographic provocateurs of the male face and form. These featured works—a small selection gleaned from her vast archive of portraits and figurative imagery—are some of her personal favorites.

Here you find the usual beautiful suspects; the male models and muses who populated her earliest projects and assignments, as well as some of her most recent analects. Taken collectively, these singular moments exemplify Sophia's photographic style and direction.

Potent and often mesmerizing, Sophia's subjects seem to revel in her attention. The result is a cornucopia of beauty, art and intimacy, sexuality, drama, and cinéma vérité. Hers is a world of stories and inspired imagery born from a place of imagination.

Let's get lost.

Liz Garner,
Managing Editor, Mōrel
Lead Editor of Sophia Renee's Little Black Book

THE OLD FLORIDA PROJECT

ARCHITECTURE | LANDSCAPE | FORGOTTEN TOWNS



SOPHIA RENEE



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Cedar Key, Florida



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