

Unapologetically

Aug, 15, 2025
Vol. 1 Issue 1

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things of all time

Lost in Translation

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breaks down walls,
one brick at a time

Family, Friends, &
everyone in
between

KARTER

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the father, the human
living his truth

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influential trans stories

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Truth**

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Unapologetically

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Stories featuring Jack, Karter, and Queen Lonzz are true and based on their real lives and experiences, as shared with this publication.

The book recommendations highlight works featuring trans identity as part of our spotlight on transgender characters and lived experiences. Unapologetically offers readers a glimpse into the fictional world of Unapologetically Eugene while honoring authentic stories from our community and celebrating creativity, truth, and representation.

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Editor's Note

Why I Wrote Unapologetically Eugene



You may be asking yourself why I chose to write this story about a trans main character.

I'm a lesbian, born and identify as female. Yet, I felt drawn to write about experiences outside my own.

As I began writing, the repeated and deeper question kept plaguing my mind:

Why do I believe I'm qualified to write about a Black trans man in the 1950s?

I don't take this question lightly. I'm not trans, and don't claim to know what that experience is firsthand. But I care deeply for our trans family members, gained by truly listening and observing lives often ignored.

Additionally, I watched documentaries like *TransMilitary*, *My Transgender Life*, *The Pearl*, *Kumu Hina*, *The Trans List*, and *Transformer*, noticing not only the hardships but also the joy, strength, humor, and love that reflect the common threads we all share as human beings. Still, I knew I was only seeing a fraction of their lives. A film can open a window, but it can't show everything. It can't capture what it feels like to wake up each day in a world that defines you before you speak. I knew there was more and I wanted to understand.

Later, while researching another book, I discovered Eugene Falleni's story; a man born in Italy in 1875 who lived in Australia under the name Harry Leo Crawford. He lived as himself, married twice, and passed as a man for years before being arrested and tried for murder in 1920. What moved me wasn't the 'twist' of his story or his tragic ending, but that he spent so many years living as his true self. Eugene's story wasn't new; it had always existed, only rarely told with empathy.

“ *Why do I believe I'm qualified to write about a Black trans man in the 1950s?*

Reading about Falleni and others made me want to write a story that showed more than pain. I wanted Eugene's story to be about surviving and about living. His story needed to be about having dreams, making choices, and being himself without feeling the need to explain anything to anyone.

I began to imagine a Black trans man in the 1950s South, facing both racism and a lack of

language or safety for his existence. Despite the challenges, I saw him as ambitious and complex, living a life that was his own.

I didn't want to write a trauma-centered book. My focus was on Eugene as a person, his friendships, heartbreaks, style, and choices. When I discovered the images of the person who would become Eugene, they breathed unexpected life into him and helped me see him not as a symbol but as a real person, recognizable and worthy of care.

Though I am not trans, as a Black lesbian woman I know what it's like to live outside others' expectations. Eugene also wants to be seen for who he is and to love openly. That is why his story was so important for me to write, because, as Pope John XXIII once said, "*What unites us is much greater than what divides us.*"

I understood the responsibility that came with telling this story, so I took it seriously. On Aunt Georgia Lee's suggestion, I reached out to people like Jack, a trans man and father of twins, for guidance.

In my quest to find authentic stories, I searched for fiction centered on Black trans men and quickly noticed a pattern. Too many of the books focused only on trauma,



offering little joy or love. In stories written by authors outside the LGBT-QIA+ community, the characters often felt more objectified than understood. Some covers felt down-right disrespectful. Many of these stories didn't seem like they were written with trans readers in mind. That wasn't the kind of book I wanted to write. That isn't the kind of story Eugene deserved.

Unapologetically Eugene isn't about hiding or proving anything. It follows a man who wants to love freely and create beauty in a world that pushes back. He's a writer, a singer, and someone who loves with his whole heart. But what he is not is someone whose trans identity defines him. He is more than that. He is human first, and that supersedes any label or attempt to categorize him.



I have many people to thank for helping me get Eugene to you. First and foremost is Aunt Georgia Lee; none of this would have happened without you. I was sitting on this story, questioning myself, letting fear and doubt reign where confidence should have been. You didn't just tell me to write Eugene's story; you reminded me that I had something to say and that this story mattered. Your words pushed me to stop shrinking, to finish it, and to put it out into the world. I am and will always be eternally grateful.

Jack, thank you for your insight and trust. You didn't just read an early draft, you offered your truth, experience, and time. You helped me understand what felt genuine and what needed further attention. Your feedback shaped Eugene in ways I couldn't have done alone. And to see you share your own story in this issue; what it means to be a trans man and a single father in today's world, only deepens my respect for you. Your voice matters, and I'm honored to have it alongside this work.

To every real-life Eugene, this is for you. Whether living openly or quietly, still searching, or never given the chance to be seen. May it remind you that your life has value, your joy matters, and you deserve to be yourself.

To all readers: whether Eugene's story reflects your experience or not, it invites you to embrace openness, empathy, and the shared desire for freedom, recognition, and connection that unites us all.

Editorial Director W. L. TRACY

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Still Unapologetic Eugene

Before there were the parades, or terms we use so fluidly like LGBTQIA+,

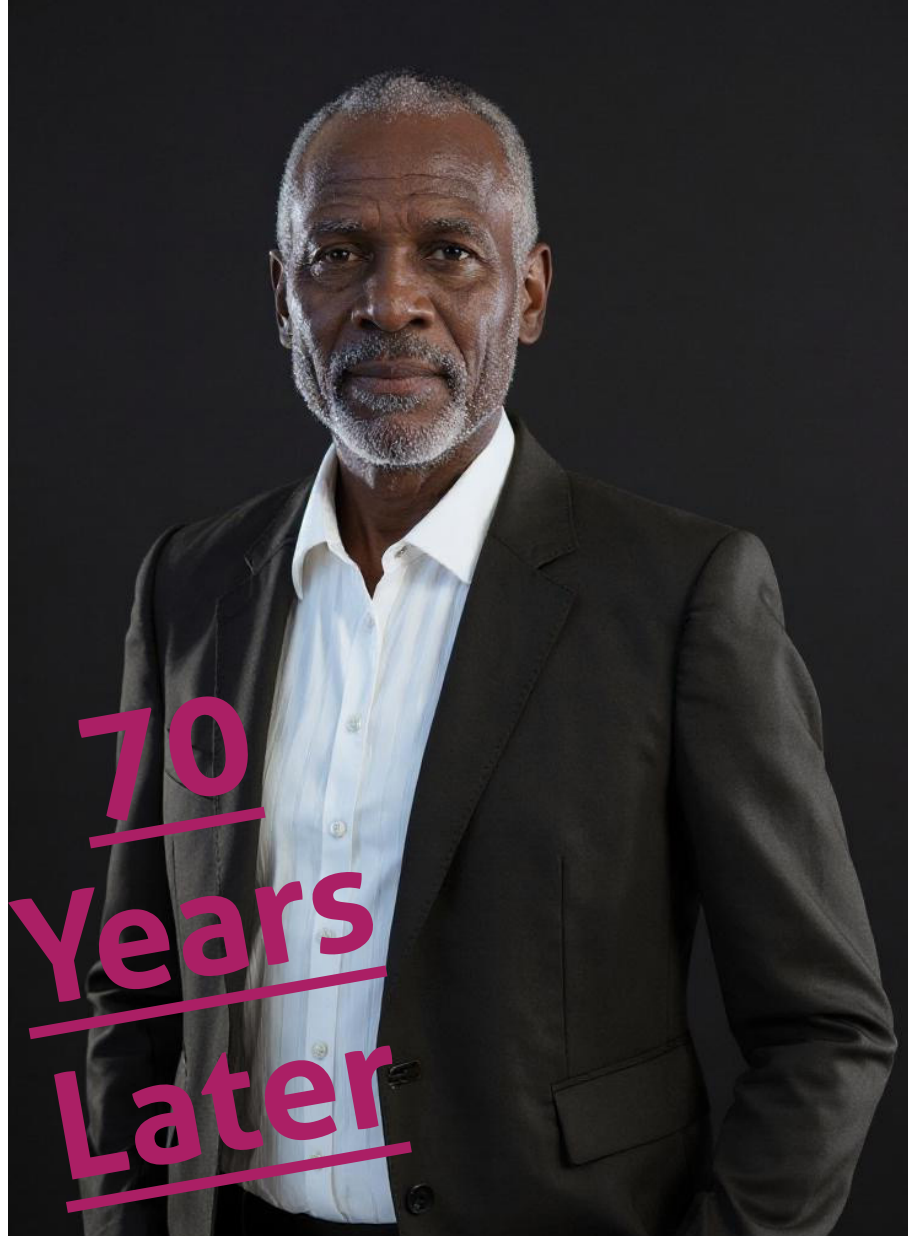
transgender, or Non-binary, and even before the world knew how to talk about someone like Eugene Matzelliger, he was already living his life unapologetically.

Back in 1956, he dropped *Just Eugene: Introducing the Sound of the City*, a debut record that stitched together every corner of his life, from heartache, hope, freedom, and desire. He wasn't just making music; he was making the world around

him stand up and take notice in a time the world didn't know what to call him, and often misgendered him until he began living and dressing as himself. There he was, on stage at the Black Cat, tailored suit and microphone in hand, with nothing but truth in his voice.

Nearly seventy years later, Eugene still calls the Bay Area home. He has had the pleasure of his songs being sung by some of the top vocalists over the years, watched his children grow into artists seeking their own truth, and held grandbabies who call him "G-Pops." His daughter, Dionia, lives in the house he bought with his first royalty check, and his son, Theo, works in the music industry, sometimes alongside his Pop. And Eugene? He never stopped creating, now more often behind the scenes, penning lyrics and producing music that still carries his name, even when folks don't realize it.

In this rare and intimate conversation, Eugene reflects on a life built note by note. He shares what it meant to live as himself in a time that refused to see him, and how he continued to sing anyway. His story is not just about surviving the storm; it's about overcoming it. This is his story about finding the



melody within and ensuring every note gets heard.

Let's go back to your first album, *Just Eugene: Introducing the Sound of the City*. What did that record mean to you at the time?

Now you gone and brought me back. That first record, well, it wasn't just songs to me. It was my whole soul pressed in vinyl. I put everything I had in it, my heartache, hope, freedom, and when I moved to San Francisco to follow my dreams, the

feeling of finally being able to breathe where I couldn't really do that before. I left the South, the only home I knew because that life didn't fit me, and landed in the city that let me just be. Everything wasn't perfect out West, but there I could live my life authentically.

I called it Just Eugene 'cause that's what I was trying to be. Not a label like you young folks today, I wasn't somebody's confusion, I was and still am, just me. I reckon that was my way of telling the world, "*Here I am. Take it or leave it.*" I didn't need to fit nobody's idea of what I

“ *It was my whole soul pressed in vinyl. I put everything I had in that album, my heartache, hope, freedom,...*

should be. When that needle dropped on the first track and hit the air waves, it was an introduction to my truth. And out of everything I ever sang, produced, or wrote for other folks, that one... that one means the most.

Looking back at the 1950s, what was the hardest part about living as a Black man with your history?

Hardest part? Just wakin' up and walking down the street took strength folk can't always see. Being colored back then could mean trouble real quick. And being,... different? Livin' in a body folks expected you to stay in and die in and choosing to go against that? The reality is you could get hurt in ways you couldn't always come back from. There were a lot of singers back in my day that were like me an in the life, but didn't or couldn't be themselves. Singers like Jackie Shane, Glenn Campbell, and Arthur Conley.

Now, I never did call myself 'trans.' Not 'cause I was ashamed or scared, but back then, we just didn't have that word. We didn't talk about things the way folks do now. I was just Eugene. I knew who I was, even if the world around me didn't. And yes, I lived with secrets. But I also lived with purpose, I built a life, I sang my songs, and I found love.

You're known now as much for your songwriting and producing as for your voice. How did your music evolve

over the years?

In the early days, it was all heart and hustle. I remember me and Jimmy hittin' the nightclubs and diners 'round town, and every now and then, a tune would catch me. I'd scribble lyrics in a notebook I carried around or if I didn't have it with me, I'd write on the back of a napkin. I was always chasin' the sound with nothin' but a head full of dreams and a beat in my chest. As the years went on, I got better at tellin' stories that weren't just my own. Producing taught me how to listen deeper. Songwriting taught me to carry other folk's truths along with mine.

But I still put a little of myself in every verse. Even now, when I help my granddaughter's girl group with harmonies or sit with my boy in the studio, there's that same fire I had back when I first started writing music.

You've raised two children who know your full truth. What has fatherhood meant to you?

Fatherhood is the greatest song I ever wrote, one I get to hear play out every day. My boy and girl, they grew up knowing the whole of it. I didn't hide nothing. I wanted them to see that truth don't hurt near as bad as lies do.

Dionia who was named after two very close people to me and Thelonious who we call Theo, made me better, plain and simple. They taught me a patience I was

missin', and they showed me how to give your whole self to somebody without expectin' nothin' back.

My daughter lives in the house I bought with my first royalty check, and my boy—he followed me into music, making his own way. Every time I see them, I think, 'Lord, look what love can build when you let it.' Now they got babies of their own, and those grandbabies call me G-Pops. And every time I hear it, I remember just how far I've come. Bein' their daddy, and now their babies' granddaddy; that's the kind of joy I never even knew how to pray for back when I was comin' up.

Do you still sing? And has the music industry changed much since you first started out?

I still sing, although these days, it's mostly for the grandbabies or when I'm feeling something deep in my soul that needs lettin' out. It ain't the same as those nights at the Black Cat, but the songs are still in me; they always will be 'til I take my last breath.

Now, the business side? That's a whole 'nother tune. Back in my day, you had to fight to be heard, especially if you were colored, and Lord help you if you didn't fit their picture of who a man was supposed to be. Today, things look a little different, but underneath it all, the fight is

still the same. It's just wearin' a new suit. They're more voices in the room now, and that's a blessing, but the industry still picks and chooses who it wants to shine a light on. I tell young folks, to sing what's in your bones. Don't matter if the world don't clap for you. You just keep at it and the right folks will hear you, but more than that, you'll hear yourself, and that's the most important voice for you to hear.

What was it like to find love as someone who didn't fit into a nice, neat box?

Finding love when you live outside folks' expectations ain't easy. You gotta wade through looks, and questions, and folks wantin' you to prove yourself, way more than they ask anyone else. There were times I wondered if the love I had was meant to be shared, but I never stopped wantin' it. Truth is, I never stopped believin' it could find me.

The woman I married, God rest her soul, she saw me for me and never once made me feel like I had to apologize for how I came into this world. She loved my songs, loved my hands, even when they couldn't do all the things I wished they could. She is and will always be, my muse.

Do you think things are better now for young people coming up? Especially those who share your story.

Better in some ways, yes. Now there's words to describe how we feel and to

name who we are. There's more awareness of self, but with that, there's more eyes watchin', and sometimes that makes it harder. Back in my day, we had to move around quietly, almost invisible, but we could carve out small lives without everybody chiming in. Now, the world has an opinion about everything and is loud about everything it don't understand.

Still, I see these young folks today, brave and bold, walkin' down streets with their heads high, holding hands with each other and I think, "Yes, this is what we dreamed about." You don't have to explain yourself to anyone, just make sure you see you, 'cause that's the only mirror that matters.

What's something you wish someone had told you back when you were twenty?

I wish somebody sat me down, looked me dead in the eyes, and said, 'You ain't broken.' 'Cause back then, I thought maybe I was. Thought maybe God skipped over me when He was handin' out ease. I was twenty, walkin' 'round with more questions than answers, tryin' to hold my head high with a body that didn't match my spirit.

Nobody told me that peace don't come from perfection. That's not what I was taught by my momma, the church, or at school. I learned over all my years of livin' that it comes from honesty and claimin' your truth, even

when your voice isn't steady. If someone had told me those things, then maybe I would've loved myself a little sooner or I wouldn't have looked for proof in other people's eyes. But I can say should've, would've, could've all day, but the fact remains, they didn't say those things, and I was still able to find it. Yep, it took some time and I got scars, but now, when I sit with my grandkids, and they ask why G-Pops smiles so much, I tell 'em, 'Cause I made it being me.'

What has growing older taught you about being yourself?

That there's no prize for pretendin'. I spent too many years trying to soften myself, make others comfortable. Now? I don't shrink. I don't explain unless I want to. Time is precious so nowadays, I spend it being exactly who I am, unapologetically.

One last thing. What would you say to young people today who are just beginning to step into themselves?

To all you young folks comin' up now, I'd say you gon' be alright. The world might try to name you before you can find your own name, but don't let it shake you. There's a light in you can't nobody dim, and a song in you this world still waitin' to hear. So walk tall, keep your head held high, and know there ain't no shame in bein' who you are. That's your gift to this world.

Lost in Translation



Aunt Georgia Lee

I've always been someone who saw the world in black and white. And I don't just mean in opinions—I mean literally, right down to my clothing choices for years. I was simple. I handled conflict well, a skill honed from being the child of an "adult child" and navigating a co-dependent relationship with my mother. I learned early how to face problems head-on and resolve issues.

But nothing prepared me for the conflict that stirred inside my soul when I began to encounter gender fluidity and the reality of our trans community later in life. That wasn't something a no-nonsense, black-and-white perspective could easily solve.

When I first became aware of the Bs and Ts in our beautiful alphabet soup of the LGBTIQA+ community in my mid-30s, I'll be real—I was far more intrigued by exploring bisexuality as a potential lover's lane than I was invested in understanding the transgender experience. Not because I was transphobic. Honestly, it was ignorance and lack of

exposure. I was clear in my attraction to cisgender women, and I hadn't even considered that there could be more than one kind of woman.

Call it naïve. Call it narrow. But also call it real. Your Auntie doesn't shy away from controversial or heavy topics. Growth doesn't happen if we don't face our own fears, phobias, and ignorance.

When I met activist Betty Couvettier over 23 years ago, I didn't see a trans man. I saw an old-school dyke with facial hair and men's clothes. The only thing that ever surprised me about Betty was the Valentine's Day event she hosted in Atlanta. Under all that butch armor was a delicate, sexy red bra—so feminine it felt like an oxymoron against her masc presentation.

Looking back, Betty was my first lesson in breaking down stereotypes—even within our queer community. She was a living, breathing example of how identity isn't just one thing. And yet, when she once told me how hurt she was that a stranger at a gas station called her "sir," I stayed quiet. Her presentation made the man's assumption make sense to me, and I wrestled with my own confusion. If you don't want to be seen as a man, why dress that way?

“Growth doesn't happen if we don't face our own fears, phobias, and ignorance.”

Years later, when I started embracing my own soft stud energy while still rocking lipstick, short curls, and the occasional heels, I finally understood. Men would flirt with me in the streets, and I'd come

home shocked. Not offended—flattered even—but confused. My partner, W.L. Tracy just laughed and told me, “You still look like a femme woman, even with your masc tendencies.” She wasn’t wrong. And I had to admit: I adore my muscular, phyne-ass gay boys and sometimes dream of having a body like theirs. But deep inside, I’m very much a woman—with the emotions and grit to prove it.

You would think that living as an oxymoron myself would make me less surprised by the trans experience. Betty certainly taught me to embrace the spectrum, and she was one of the earliest allies of the trans community during a time when even our own queer circles shut them out.

But I stayed in my lane. I focused on being a lesbian, on uplifting women of color. Until Jack.

Meeting my first trans brother in my early 50s cracked something open in me. When Jack came out to me at work, we were in our tiny office, just the two of us. Full disclosure? I had pegged him as a closeted gay man with twin babies at home.

Never in my life did I imagine he was trans. And in that moment, I acted just like some of my friends and family did when I came out years before—awkward, nervous, a little afraid.

I didn’t show it, but I felt it. And remembering that now makes me ache. Because back then, I hated when people hesitated to love me exactly as I was, forgetting I was still the same cousin, child, co-worker, and friend. Years later, I only see

Jack as my brother from another mother. But I will never forget that moment of my own awkwardness.

Jack became the mirror I didn’t know I needed. He showed me the humanity behind the headlines, beyond the social media discourse, and harmful stereotypes.

“*Jack became the mirror I didn’t know I needed. He showed me the humanity behind the headlines, beyond the social media discourse and harmful stereotypes.*”

He reminded me, as Simon Sinek writes in *Think Again*, that growth requires us to lean into discomfort, to challenge what we think we know.

Did Jack change me overnight? No. You can teach an Auntie new tricks, but change takes time. It was more exposure. More conversations. More listening. It was watching the destruction caused by fear, ignorance, and hate in our world and realizing that allyship wasn’t enough. I had to go deeper. I had to become an advocate.

And for me, advocacy begins with story.

I am an empath and a storyteller. Like W.L. Tracy, I believe fiction can carry truth. Representation matters—not just in life, but in literature. So I began to weave trans characters into my work. Ayodele Aguwegbo in *My Day One: Cheryl – I’m Coming Back*. Phil in *Little Red*. Dr. Stephen Love in *Make Me Comfortable*. And more to come. These aren’t token characters. They’re reflections of the real world, a step toward normalizing and celebrating the lives too often misrepresented or erased. There’s a reason why some want books banned and higher education diminished. The spoken and written word are powerful. Storytelling can heal, liberate, and transform.

I hope my stories—and my continued growth—open hearts and minds to see beyond fear and labels. I hope we can learn to love without condition, to live without hate. And I hope you’ll take this journey with me, so none of us, and none of our stories, are ever lost in translation again.



Behind the Man: Eugene's Inner Circle

Born in Atlanta, Georgia in 1932 to the proud parents Reverend Richard and Myrtle Matzeliger, the baby girl arrived into a world thick with expectations. Back then, there were rules for everything—how to act around white folks, how to sit, speak, and smile if you were a girl, especially one expected to marry a minister of her own someday. Life for Eugenia was a series of tight rules and even tighter smiles, especially in a house where faith-based judgment hung heavier than the thick Georgia heat in July.

Girlhood never fit quite right. The dresses scratched at his skin, and the quiet obedience it demanded left marks, not just on his body, but on his spirit too. Still, even as a child, something in him kept pushing back against the roles the world tried to force on him.

It wasn't until he met Jimmy, witnessed his Aunt Mavis living out loud, and came to know a community of others who challenged the rules, that he began to become the gentleman we know today.

Myrtle Matzeliger

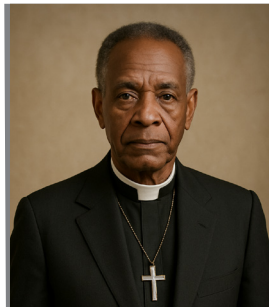
EUGENE'S MOTHER



Eugene's mother, Myrtle, was a God-fearing woman who believed in appearances more than truth. Married to a minister and proud to be seen as a pillar of the church, she followed scripture to the letter but struggled to apply its grace at home. To the outside world, she was the model of Christian virtue. To Eugene, she was both his first teacher and his first heartbreak.

Rev. Richard Matzeliger

EUGENE'S FATHER



A man of the cloth through and through, Reverend Matzeliger believed the Bible was not just the word of God, but the final word on everything. Older than Myrtle by nearly two decades, he ruled the house with sermons and silence. For him, obedience was love and sin was anything that couldn't be seen from a pulpit. He never knew how to hold Eugene, only how to correct him.

Mavis Williams

EUGENE'S AUNT



Mavis was Myrtle's older sibling, but she walked a road all on her own. Born a boy, Mavis came into herself in a time when that kind of truth came with real cost. Still, she lived out loud, dressing in bold prints and brighter lipstick, and made a name for herself organizing rent parties, hair shows, and jazz nights around the Bay. She gave Eugene a place to land when home wasn't safe, and eventually, became a small business owner with her name on the sign and no apologies in her walk.



Behind the Man: Eugene's Inner Circle (Cont'd)

Jimmy Parker

EUGENE'S BEST-FRIEND

Jimmy was Eugene's day-one. Born female, Jimmy shed that identity like a snake sheds skin and never looked back. Rough around the edges, smooth with the ladies, and always quick with a joke, Jimmy had the kind of charm that got him in just as much trouble as it got him out of. He talked big, drove fast, and treated life like a bet he intended to win. But when Eugene needed him, Jimmy always showed up.



Ray C. Jones

MUSIC PRODUCER



A sharp dresser with a sharper ear, Ray C. Jones was the kind of man who could spot a hit before the first verse finished. He gave Eugene his first real break in music, listening

listening beyond the voice to the story behind it. Ray never needed Eugene to explain who he was, he just needed the songs to be true. While he reminded Eugene to be mindful of the times, he never once asked him to shrink himself. Their working relationship stretched across years, with Ray mentoring Eugene through the business, the music, and the quiet calculations that came with being different in an industry that often demanded sameness. Ray understood what most didn't. That sometimes survival was the most radical act of all.

Phil Walker

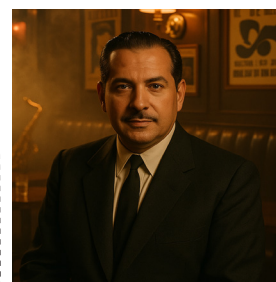
EUGENE'S BOSS



Manager of Firestone Street Gas and Garage, Phil was the kind of man who wore oil-stained overalls like armor and had a permanent scowl that kept most folks at bay. Gruff, broad-shouldered, and with a voice like gravel, he looked like the kind of trouble Eugene and Jimmy learned to steer clear of, especially coming from the South. But surprisingly, beneath the bark was a man who'd seen his own kind of hardship and who understood, in his own quiet way, what it meant to live outside the lines. He didn't ask questions, didn't flinch at who they were, he just handed them wrenches and trusted them to work. That job became more than a paycheck. It was their first real shot at building a life.

José Rodriguez

OWNER, THE BLACK CAT



José owned The Black Cat, a club that was more than a nightclub—it was a sanctuary. Known for his dramatic, breathtaking performances of “Habanera” from Carmen, José filled the space with fire and elegance in equal measure. A proud Mexican man and openly gay, José had seen his share of storms, but his heart never hardened. When he met Caesar, the two built a life and a business together, transforming the Black Cat into a haven for those who didn't fit into the neat boxes of society. Even when police raids shook the walls and headlines tried to shame them, José held the line. His message was clear—love who you love, live how you live, and never apologize for taking up space.

Becoming Dad

Jack's Journey Through Grief, Transition, and Fatherhood

This August issue is all about truth—living authentically, embracing honesty in parenthood, not being afraid to love truthfully, and acknowledging our losses. It's about being ourselves, however that looks, at all times—even in quiet moments alone or everyday routines. It's those moments that reveal just how resilient we are.

just words on a page, but a life demanding space in a world that tries to shut out people like him by slamming the door in their faces.

This isn't just a feature. It's a thank you. Thank you, Jack, for being vulnerable, for showing up, and for sharing your journey with us. Thank you also for being part of my journey with Eugene, as the sensitive reader who held Eugene's story with such care and intention. I don't take that lightly.

I'm honored and excited to feature Jack in this special edition of UNAPOLOGETICALLY Magazine, published by Onyx Lee. His story belongs here not because he is a trans man, but because he is unapologetic and honest with himself and those he encounters. Every sentence, every breath between, carries a power and realness that isn't

To our readers: Meet Jack Snodgrass. Born and raised in Atlanta, he's now living his dream as a father of twins—growing big things in tech by day and nurturing little ones (and lots of plants) the rest of the time. A proud plant daddy, a reader, and one of the realest people I know.





IDENTITY & TRANSITION

Can you share a little about your journey to becoming Jack and what that process looked like emotionally, physically, and spiritually?

The process was very difficult in the beginning, even starting as a child. I grew up in a religiously abusive family where gender expectations were very strict. I was a deeply unhappy child, and I learned pretty quickly to sit down and shut up. I was one of seven kids, and absolute obedience was beaten into us. Puberty spurred a mental health crisis that went completely unaddressed in spite of many warning signs. I joined the army at 17, and that was somehow less oppressive than living at home, so I had some newfound freedom to relieve the internal pressure. When I was 21, in Afghanistan, I decided that I had to transition, I had to save my life. And it did save my life. I ended up getting married at 23 to a toxic partner, who actually was very supportive of my transition. We had kids together. I had always wanted to be a dad, so I was delighted when we had twins. When they were almost three, my wife and I had already separated, she kidnapped them to another state and I did not see them for over 18 months. And that broke me. Not knowing if they're okay, if they're in a safe place, but also knowing that I am missing these huge milestones with them, talking, running, potty training. I scrounged for a lawyer who would protect me, as a trans dad. I won full legal custody. A few months later, she died. My twins were five, I had to go pick them up from preschool to tell them their mom died. It was/has been a nightmare. We are here three years later, only just finding our sense of normalcy around this huge whole that she left behind. So I guess, there have been a lot of ups and downs, a lot of moments of joy, and now we are finally at a place where we are stable as a family and can start to heal from that trauma.

“I knew I had to transition to save my life—and it did. But nothing broke me like losing my kids. I fought to get them back, and now, after everything, we're finally learning how to be whole again.”

***Five Things that Make
Jack,...
Just Jack***

1. Fatherhood

Living his dream as a dad to twins, building memories and raising them with love and intention.

2. Green Thumb

Proud plant daddy with a home full of thriving greenery.

3. Resilience

Survived a childhood of strict, religious abuse and learned to stand tall in his truth.

4. Service

Joined the army at 17, finding more freedom there than in his own home.

5. Truth in Transition

In Afghanistan at 21, decided to transition, saving his own life and embracing who he was meant to be.

Did your understanding of yourself shift after becoming a parent or was that identity already forming long before?

My identity was far from self-formed when I became a parent. I was still working to understand myself and it wasn't until I started therapy when they were around 2, that I really began to build my foundation of who I am today. It has been a huge growth experience, raising kids, and therapy help me work on breaking the cycle in my family. Therapy helped me become the father I had always wanted to be.

How did your relationship with your own body evolve over time, especially as you navigated the intersections of gender, grief, and family?

I believe our bodies can tell our stories, scars, marks, freckles, injuries, surgeries. We all have stories to tell. Each one of us. These stories are important. Once I let go of that self-hatred and shame, I had nothing but love for my body. It has carried me, my whole life, and I have made it mine.

**PARENTING WITH
PURPOSE**

What's it like raising your children as a trans man in today's world? Are there things you find yourself shielding them from, or opening them up to?

I think, in light of the recent administration, things have become slightly more difficult in raising my kids. I have to explain why these decisions impact me, and us as a family. And I have to explain in such a race, immigration, wealth disparity. I definitely keep these conversations simple, and only relevant when it pops up in

our daily lives. I just want them to understand and know that people can be very different, for many different reasons, and that it is okay to be different.

Do you have open conversations with your kids about your gender identity and your journey, and if so, what do those talks look like?

I know, that if I am open and honest with my kids, they will be open and honest with me. We've had a couple of small discussions about gender identity, again more when it popped up in our daily lives. I have explained what trans people are, "sometimes people are born with a body that doesn't match their brain" and we've talked about a friend of mine who had recently come over. I have explained that "daddy is like that too". I can tell that they don't completely understand it, and more or less have mostly forgotten it. But I know when they are a bit older, maybe preteens, I will sit them down and have a bigger conversation with them.

What do you hope your kids understand about love, family, and truth as they grow up?

I want them to understand, that family is not limited to what you're born into, that chosen family can also be deeply impactful. I want them to understand that while love is powerful, it does not mean it can fix things.

And that love should include mutual respect and boundaries, in all scenarios. I want them to have a healthy respect for the truth, and the impact it can have, and know that self-integrity is invaluable.

LOVE, LOSS & LEGACY

You've experienced deep loss with the passing of your ex-wife. How has that grief shaped your identity as a man, a parent, and a person?

It changed my whole perspective about things that matter, and taught me that this future I have, is a blessing. Not everyone gets that, not everyone gets to see their kids graduate and get married, not everyone even gets to have kids that wants them. I am much more deeply grateful of the time I spend with my kids, knowing I am building an important lifelong bond, and that I am getting moments my ex-wife will never have. It has also been incredibly humbling, the small things matter less, the big things matter more.

How do you honor her memory in your parenting today?

I try to keep things silly and expose my kids to the things that were important to her. She loved music, and could sing, write songs, and taught herself to play piano. She used to play music all the time and do dance parties with them.

We made a playlist of songs she liked and we do our own dance parties. I make sure to tell them frequently that she loved them so much, and that she would be so proud of them. We celebrate her birthday and Mother's Day, and we remember her on her death day. We set up her Christmas stocking, and sometimes make drawings or write letters for her. None of it is easy, but I work very hard to maintain that connection.

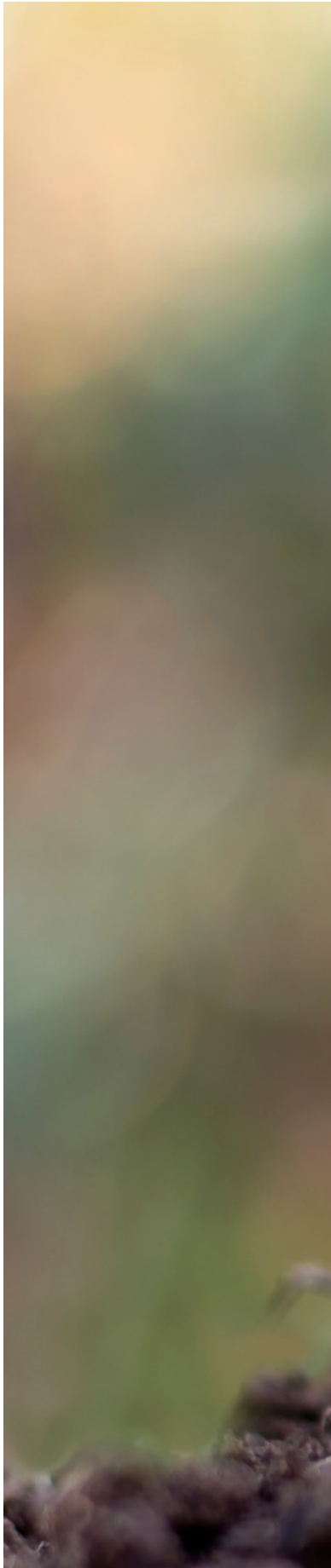
Do you ever feel like you're carrying two versions of yourself; the life you lived before transitioning, and the one you live now? How do you reconcile or embrace those versions?

I do feel like there are two versions of me, the first version is still healing. I recognize that this person carried me here, but the first person is still learning that the second person is in a safe place. That inner child is learning that the adult me, has and can address those needs. I think reconciling these versions will still take years, but I am putting in the work to get there.

COMMUNITY & VISIBILITY

Have you ever felt tension between who you are and how the LGBTQIA+ community receives you, especially post-transition?

I do think there is some pressure to be an educator, especially in today's political climate. But the truth is, being



an educator or an advocate is an incredible burden, not to be taken lightly. I had to do a lot of educating and advocating during my transition and it gets exhausting. I realized that for myself, I cannot deal with that pressure do that all the time. I live my truth, and if the issue comes up in the people around me, I address it. So in that small way, I do feel like I am educating and advocating from a more grassroots standpoint.

What's one thing you wish people, inside or outside the community, understood better about trans fatherhood?

I dealt with a lot of imposter syndrome as a trans parent, thinking that no one else would see me as a real parent, as their real dad. I think there are probably a lot of little moments like that, especially in the trans parent community. There is also a general lack of resources around parenting in the community, many trans people have not had good parenting role models. If we, as a community, want a generation of good fathers, even considering the cis history of fathers, we need to pour into our community fathers, we need strong role-models and resources. And this probably applies to trans motherhood too. We need queer elders, who have walked this path, to build us up.

REFLECTION & FUTURE
What does "becoming" mean to you now?

I think "becoming" means becoming the best version of yourself. I think we are always in that state of transition though, we are always working on different aspects or relationships that can help us become better versions of ourselves, there is no tangible endpoint.

How have you changed as a man since becoming a parent?

I have changed a lot and I have gained a lot of confidence in myself as a man, and as a father. Kids can be amazing teachers. There have been so many different opportunities for me to decide what kind of man I want to be. Do I want to be an angry man or a patient man? Do I want to be an understanding father or an impatient father? I have become a lot more calm, and forward-thinking. I am a lot more present, and I recognize the importance of impactful moments, not only with my kids, but relationships around me, like my coworkers, partners, and friends.

And finally—what does being unapologetically Jack look like today?

I am who I am, I've worked hard to be who I am now, I am happy with who I've become. Being unapologetically Jack means spending time with my family, being queer and proud, being a trans dad, always improving, not hiding, and living without having to justify my existence.



Sipping Tea with Karter and Queen Lonzz

For this special edition of Sipping Tea with Aunt Georgia Lee, I'm joined by my co-host, W.L. Tracy, for a conversation close to our hearts.

We had the honor of sitting down with a couple whose courage, authenticity, and love serve as a beacon in challenging times. Their story is one of living unapologetically, even when the world seems determined to dim their light.

These are difficult days in our country. Each morning brings headlines that weigh heav-

ily, not only for our LGBTQIA+ community but for all Americans. Yet, thinking about today's guests lifts my spirit. I admire them, I respect them, and I am deeply moved by their refusal to compromise who they are.

What follows is just a portion of our conversation. This interview has been edited for clarity and length. To watch the full interview, visit OnyxLee.pub or head to our YouTube channel.

“*I admire them. I respect them. And I'm inspired by the way they live boldly and without compromise.*
- Aunt Georgia Lee



Meet Queen Lonzz & Karter

*Location: Arizona
Family: Blended family
of 9 (7 children)
Theme of Their Story:
Living unapologetically,
with courage,
authenticity, and love*

Karter

*Pansexual trans man
Army veteran
Began transition in 2023
Advocate for visibility
and representation*

Queen Lonzz

*Queer logistic analyst
Small business owner
Mental health advocate
Psychology student
Partner and supporter
of Karter's journey*

Together

*Raising 7 children while
navigating love, identity,
and family life*

So, Queen and Karter—welcome to Sipping Tea with Aunt Georgia Lee and W.L. Tracy. Tell us a little more about yourselves.

Queen: I'm goofy. Let's start there. Very, very goofy, very light hearted. Even when things are just on fire. I try to stay as lighthearted as possible. Everything that like someone could go through like we've already made it through like our worst days. So it's like [whatever] is like coming up next. If I know, like we can get through our worst days, we can get through whatever it is that's coming down the pipeline. So staying lighthearted is like really important to me. I do laugh from nervousness, but I also just love laughing in general. But yes, [I'm a] logistic analyst, small business owner, which I've had the pleasure of working with you before. [I'm also a] Psychology student, mom, sister, every title under the sun. That is [me].

What inspired you to become a psychology major?

Queen: Several different things I've [...] noticed throughout life. I like, I'm always helping others. And It made me more curious [about] how people's brains work, and why people's brains work the way that they do, which led me into psychology. So right now, I'm headed for my bachelor's in psychology, and I think I'm gonna like, Go and get my master's as well, so that I can prac-

tice like, that's the end goal. So that I can help people within our community, both the Lgbtq community and the black community together. I don't think there's enough representation. So I think if I have this skill that I'm already...using to help people. To have that scientific backup and support in that license and that education to support it like I could only do better.

We really do need more help in our queer community and in the African American community too. Since Covid, so many people are struggling or finally saying they are, and it feels like there just aren't enough folks to support them. I'm grateful you're stepping up to take on that challenge. Alright, Karter, you're up.

Karter: I'm Karter and I'm a disabled veteran, so I'm the housekeeper at home, so my wife can focus. It's also a stress reliever. It is so like she knows when I'm up like, Are you stressed? Are you okay? I'm a personal trainer and nutritionist. I'm just the one that runs the kids around. And because that parenting is a lot of work. I'm just the stay at home, Dad.

It's such an important role, and people—especially in the hetero world—often stereotype it, like 'oh, she's just a housewife.' But raising kids is real work. And with

seven of them, how do you keep it all together?

Karter: I don't think we keep it all together. I think we're kind of a hot mess like any other parent. I'm the drill sergeant, and she's the pillow that everybody comes to get a softer intake on things, because, like, I go from 0 to a 100 with the kids really easily, because they're getting too old to like keep doing the same stuff. And I think it's just because there's so many of them. It's like, well, if I can do it. And then it's like this trickle effect, and they're all the same age. We have 2 boys and 5 girls, but the boys are older, so we have a 16 year old boy, and a 12 year old boy. The rest are girls. So, you know, there's lots of attitude and hair and fun. I also feel like I'm also more strict with them. I'm a parent, so they know. If they want to come, ask for something. They're going to come. Ask me first, not her, even though I'm the more strict, like. In some sense she's actually way more strict than me. And there's times that they'll ask me, and I'll be like, Look, I'm not getting in trouble. You better go ask Mom.

But I think there's a pretty good balance, which is nice, especially with having 7 kids. I think the most important thing is remembering we are a team. Our kids [know] it's not like...them versus us versus us, like, even when we don't agree, because it's not like we always agree. It's we're a team. We need

to figure out what we're gonna do and then step forward, united together.

I'd like to also segue into our conversation. More about your life, Karter, and how you began your journey. If you want to share that with us.

Karter: Well, let's see, I was going through a really, really bad relationship. I was married for 18 years to a cisgender man. We had four kids, and that relationship wasn't the best. And so it just came a time that it was like, I need to stop pleasing everybody else around me. I need to just be myself. And it was like a light switched in my head, and it was like, I'm taking my power back and I knew he wasn't gonna stay. I knew he wasn't gonna accept any of it, and I didn't care cause like that was part of me, taking my power back. I knew my parents were gonna accept me, even if they didn't understand. I knew [my family] was gonna be there, no matter what. So I wasn't afraid of any of that. So I just was like I came to her (Queen Lonzz) and told her that I because we were dating at the time, because I'm actually Poly (polyamorous). I was married, and she was my girlfriend at the time, and that just was something that I had...felt comfortable talking to her about. And so when I came to her, and she said, Are you sure? And we just kept going ever since, like she's been my biggest support. Besides my kids.

But it was for me to take my power back, and I sure did I? I feel amazing.

And when you told your kids you said they were supportive. Were you afraid that they wouldn't be, or you just? You knew from the very beginning that they pretty much always had your back in that sense?

Karter: I was nervous. I was nervous because you never know, and my kids love me wholeheartedly. And that was what scary, you know like, are they going to be okay, are they not? And then it was like, I can't worry. They're humans, too. Just because they're little humans. They're humans, too. And I can't please every human around me. I need to please myself. So that's what it was, and so when I told them, we...I gave them the option to call me whatever they want. We came up with a list of names, and my oldest son is the only one that calls me something different than everybody else. And I'm okay with that, because obviously he's the oldest. So he had more time with me that way. So I knew it was gonna be harder for him. You know you're 14 years old [and] your mom comes out, tell you,...[you] know what I mean. So it was like, he calls me obi one, his only one. None of the kids liked Obi, except him, and he was the one so he calls me that, and everybody else calls me Pops. But that was something I gave my kids; the

freedom to choose what they called me, but they were my biggest supporters. They were the first ones to police everybody about my pronouns. They weren't letting nobody slip up. That's why I...couldn't ask for nothing better. I was worried about [it, but] kids understand better than most adults.

I think children, in general, aren't born with racism, homophobia, or transphobia. Those are things they're taught.

But you know, even with that said, did you know, from a very early age, that this really isn't the life, the body that you wanted to be in, or that...you became more aware of it over time?

Karter: So I grew up telling everybody my name was Johnny. Until I was in 3rd grade and started getting boobs. I was mad. I was crying to my mom. I remember this so vividly like, why do I have these things? I went from like running around with no shirt on to Double D's in the 3rd grade. So like my brother was like, you gotta put a shirt on. You're a girl, and I'm like, no I'm not. And I kept telling him, no, I'm not, okay! And then I played football, baseball, basketball. I was the only girl that played with [the boys]. Everybody used to tease me. I was a boy stuck inside a girl's body like I wore boys clothes. This is what I dress like all the way until

high school and my mom, my mom was tired of me coming home being teased. So I stopped playing football. I stopped playing basket[ball] or baseball, and I started playing the girls' sports with all the girls instead of with the boys, and I had my mom dress me. My mom dressed me until I was 34 years old. I don't know how to dress like a woman, like at all. Nothing goes together; that's ugly. Yes, she dressed me like...I was her age, but she still would help me. And like this is how girls sit. This is how girls eat. This is how girls...and she I [watched when I] was probably like 15 when *Boys Don't Cry* comes out, and my mom ...looked at me, and she said, I think that could be you. But this is too scary, and you see what's happening. And then, it was. It was scary. We didn't have any terminology, anything like that for what was going on. I grew up in a really small town like the everything still looks like it's from 1940 in my town...and so like they're really behind. So it wasn't until, like, I was exposed to the real world. I leave and join the military at 28, when I'm actually exposed to other things. And I'm like what? That's a thing! And I was like, Oh, my! Gosh! Like that's been me my whole life. And there's actually a word. There's actually a...you know what I mean. I'm not just this weird unicorn that felt like this. So I've known my whole life. If I showed you pictures of

me when I was a kid you'd be like I'm a little boy, right? There was a little boy, right? Yeah. And I had really big boobs. And I used to take like the ace bandages to make me look as flat as I could, and I wasn't beating myself in the face while I was playing sports like, because I was a triple F before I got top surgery.

Queen: Then I asked him, we knew each other, maybe a few months, and I had asked him like, are you Trans?

Karter: And I was so upset.

Queen: But it was because the things like that he would say or complain about like consistently is things that I've heard often from other trans people. So I just asked, like, Are you trans, like, within the first month?

Karter: Yeah.

Queen: And he did. He did get upset and was like no, was like absolutely offended, which [is] understandable. But I'm glad that, like he eventually found his path to honoring, like his truth.



Queen, from your perspective, you were in this polyamorous relationship, and then Carter came out to you. How? What was your initial reaction, you already said you assumed, or you thought that Carter was Trans. How did you feel about that?

Queen: I didn't feel initially, like any kind of way, because I didn't really know what to expect. His gender never really mattered. I've always kind of identified, identified like somewhere in the queer spectrum. So it's just like, okay, just be who you are. And a good person like, everything else doesn't really matter. I think the most like difficult part happened when like, changes were happen[ing], was [the] uncertainty, and that was scary. And that's what made it like, difficult, was [the] uncertainty.

[So, Karter,] you were saying that you got upset when Queen asked you that. So what is the right nomenclature? Do you consider yourself? Do you want to be recognized as a trans man, or as a man? Is there a difference in your opinion?

Karter: Yes, there's a big difference. Cisgender men are conditioned different[ly] from the time they come out to when they're an adult. So, having 34 years being conditioned as a woman, I feel like I have a different [out]look on life and look into both sides of what's going on.

Trans men generally, treat people, not just women, people, better so like, because they had to live as a woman once before, and they've been treated with the disrespect and disgust of America, we just know how to move a little bit differently. But I feel like we respect people a little bit differently. So like, I do think there's a difference between trans men and a cisgender man, and I'm definitely a trans man, even though I pass, which is a safety thing. Passing is a spectrum to how somebody feels not to look like a man or look like a woman.

As a trans man who lived 34 years as a woman, is there any aspect of your femininity that you still hold, or that is still part of you that you don't want to let go.

Karter: I sure do, because you guys have to think I was just a little boy wanting to be a little boy, and everybody's telling you to be a little girl, so I had to like, find all these feminine features so I fit in with all the rest of the girls. So, the hand moving, the head waggling. Some of them things don't go away.

And don't let a good song come on because my booty just starts going, and I can't help it. At first [and] this only lasted about a week, I came out as non-binary, because I still had some of those feminine aspects about me, and I was like, well, maybe I'm not like all the way a trans

man because of the femininity. And it's like, well, I know a lot of cisgender men that have feminine traits, feminine qualities, and it doesn't make them less of a man. They just might be a little cuter than the other ones, because, you know.

[Know] themselves much better.

Karter: That. So that's it, you know, like I do, I definitely do. Everybody thinks I'm a gay man. [...] They look at me like, or or they walk in and think we're siblings or something.

How do you think people can become more aware and understanding? I'm 56 and Tracy is 52, and we grew up in a time when you were either lesbian, gay, or maybe bisexual, but labels weren't a big thing. Now, there's so much diversity in our communities that it can feel overwhelming for our age group. What advice would you give to help us, and others like us, grow and understand?

Queen: I think that one of the like, biggest things anyone can do is ask questions. Asking questions is not a bad thing. It can be a scary thing. But ask questions more people are open to share than you might think, and by asking questions, you're not only like getting like, the education that is like, needed and the knowledge, but you're also making personal connections, and I think when you take something

educational and make it personal, also it kind of sticks. And then it's almost like that. I forgot the saying, but like, each one, reach one kind of like mindset. We're having this conversation, and whatever we take from y'all, we're gonna go and like, spread that word around to other people right? And so like, vice versa, what you're learning about Karter, what you're learning about our relationship like, you're gonna take that information, and you're going to like, teach other people and like, spread [the] same...knowledge, if that makes sense. So asking questions and being open to connecting, being open to learning about things that you've never heard of before, is really important, and like, not only just having the conversation, but what you take from the conversation, and then going to do your own research on it, because there can be topics that you're like, oh, yeah, that's interesting, but like, you really want to get into it and really understand, like, what are people talking about and doing your own research, [and] having the personal aspect, I think, are really important.

Karter: And I feel like as a trans person [you should] help educate people. I'm an open book and I'm gonna share my story on social media [which] is [where] you're gonna get the hate, and you're gonna get the negative, but a lot of positive[s] comes out of it,...me sharing my journey.

It either spark[s] something and then something else, or a question from somebody ... but it's about having people ask the questions because they actually care, not because they're being weird or just want to know.

And with everything going on in this country right now, you mentioned passing because of safety concerns. How do you find the courage to live openly?

Karter: The biggest thing is like for me; I was a black woman in the world. Yeah, well, black women are perceived and done dirty, [in] different ways. Now, I'm a black man. So when I walk outside, I'm a black man in America [and] that's even scarier. So like, I didn't think about that when I transitioned, and I literally am perceived like a black man. Everywhere I go, [there are] women clenching their purses and doing all this stuff when I walk by, and I'm like, damn girl, I was just walking! But even, and I'm somebody that like, and I've actually stopped doing it because we had a conversation, [but] I'm somebody that like, will compliment somebody while they're out [with their] man or woman. It doesn't matter like, if you walk by and you look beautiful, [I'll say,] 'Oh, my God! You look so beautiful today', and it just keeps on going. But like when I did that as a woman, people were so friendly and nice, [but] if I do that now people are looking at me like, what do you want

from me? Get away from me creep, and I'm like, what did I say? You know what I mean? I have to remember. Sometimes I gotta take a step back and she'll tell me 'you have to remember, you're a black man now'. Oh, yeah, you know what I mean? That's been the biggest, you know, weird transition part of it.

Last question. When authors write about the trans community, what should they focus on to keep it real, especially since so many stories out there lean on salacious stereotypes instead of true representation?

Karter: Mainly like the life story, because a lot of us trans adults were trans kids that had no terminology like the kids have now. So that's why we're coming out later on in life. And we need to have that almost mindset switch talked about instead of all the other stuff. Because it's not just in books. If you look on the Internet anything, it's all very sexual for trans people, and you can't find any education. We're not just a fetish. We're literally here, living as human beings. So just more of the transition part with the brain, because the brain is what transitions, first, then the outside, because you're conditioned, we're all conditioned in some type of way, because pink doesn't equal girl, and blue doesn't equal boy...and that's what needs to be talked about, because it's so mental.



Eugene's Ten Favorite Things

The Soundtrack
of a Life
Well Lived

The man Eugene became did not come overnight. It was years of stumbling, starting over, and repeating that cycle, each time learning how to stand a little taller in a world that often did not try to understand him. Along the way, he held on to certain things. Some were small comforts from his past, while others were tokens of what he had survived and what he created.

No matter when these things entered his life, they are more than objects. They are memories; reminders of a life built by choice rather than circumstance.

Here are ten things Eugene keeps close.



1. A well-tailored suit

Every good day starts with a sharp suit that fits like it was made just for him.



2. A smoky jazz club at night

There's nowhere he feels more at home than in a low-lit room, thick with sound and smoke.

3. A well-used notebook

His stories, lyrics, and pieces of memory live between those worn pages.



4. A strong pour-over coffee

He takes it black, slow-brewed, with a quiet percolation that matches how he likes to start his mornings.



The Soundtrack of a Life Well Lived (cont'd.)



5. Eugene's first album **Just Eugene: Introducing the Sound of the City**

This was the sound that made people stop, listen, and remember his name.



6. A 1956 Cadillac Coupe DeVille

The Cadillac Coupe DeVille wasn't just a car. It was a statement—sleek, powerful, and smooth on the road. The kind of ride that turned heads without trying, just like Eugene preferred.





7. Fresh-polished shoes

He believes you can tell a lot about a man by how he walks into a room, and what he's wearing when he does.

8. Dad's Hamilton watch

Still ticking after all these years, a quiet reminder of where he came from and who taught him to stay steady.



“The sun shone through the bathroom window providing extra light as Eugene grabbed his dad's watch off the rim of the sink. Snapping the precious gold item on his wrist brought back memories. He smiled, remembering the old man who loved to hear Eugene belt out tunes.

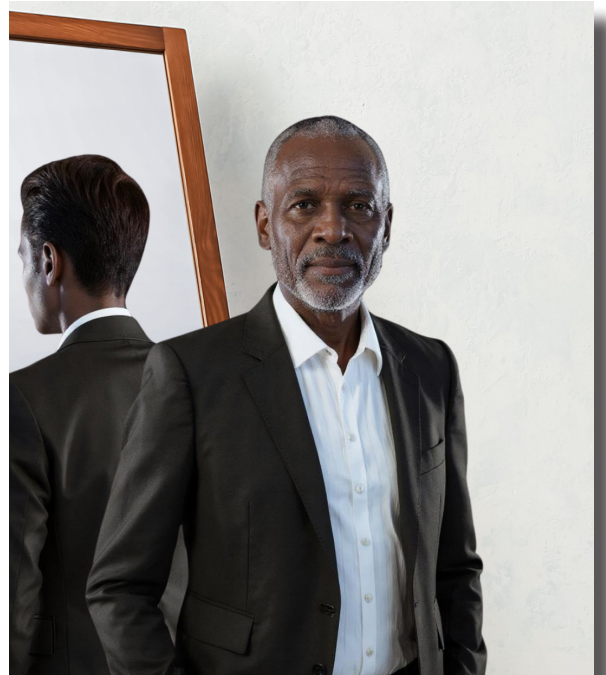


9. Homemade peach cobbler

Warm, sweet, and never made the same way twice, just how Mavis taught him.

10. The feeling of being called “sir” and knowing it wasn't forced

That moment when someone sees you for who you truly are and understands it without you having to say a word.





Too often, when we go searching for stories about trans people of color, we're met with two extremes, tragedy or fantasy. It's either trauma that guts you or desire that strips away humanity. Rarely do we find books that let trans characters simply be.

That's why these stories matter.

There's a growing collection of literature that pushes past narrow portrayals and lets trans people of color live full, complicated, beautiful lives. Stories where they fall in love, raise children, chase dreams, mourn losses, and rebuild. Not just because they are trans, but because they are human.

Books like *Unapologetically Eugene* remind us that representation doesn't need to be loud to matter. Eugene's story is layered with tenderness,

heartbreak, and the music of becoming. It's a novel that honors a trans man's life without reducing him to one note.

And stories like *My Day One Cheryl: I'm Coming Back* by Aunt Georgia Lee quietly introduce us to Ayodele Aguwegbo, a Black trans woman written with grace, faith, and care. She's not a stereotype or a plot device—she's a woman who loves deeply, shows up for her family, and exists on her own terms.

These books honor depth, resist cliché, and give voice to the raw and tender truths of living.

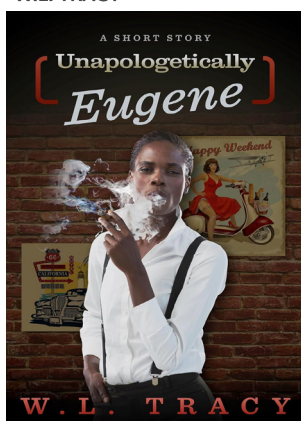
As a storyteller, I believe the stories we tell shape identities, preserve memories, and imagine new futures. I believe we all deserve to see lives like ours reflected on the page—not just surviving, but thriving. Because trans lives are not teaching tools. They are not cautionary tales. They are stories of joy, growth, resilience, and love.

So if you've been craving stories that breathe, that offer more than survival, here are some recommendations.

Beyond the STEREOTYPES

Unapologetically Eugene

W.L. TRACY



A soulful historical novel set in 1950s San Francisco about a Black trans man carving out a life in jazz, love, and survival.

My Day One Cheryl: I'm Coming Back

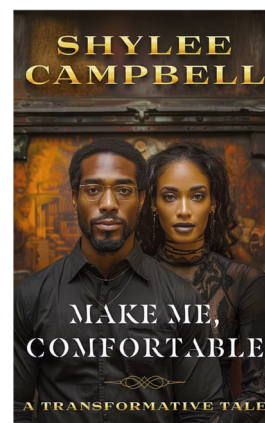
AUNT GEORGIA LEE



Set against the backdrop of a sapphic love story, this novel includes one of the most moving portrayals of a Black trans woman in fiction.

Make Me Comfortable

SHYLEE CAMPBELL



A heartfelt romance about trans surgeon who risks everything when love challenges him to reveal his deepest truth.

Beyond the **STEREOTYPES** cont'd

Whiskey Dungeon

CHERIL N. CLARKE



A provocative tale of passion and self-discovery, where a world of wealth unravels into erotic freedom, heart-break, and transformation.

Pet

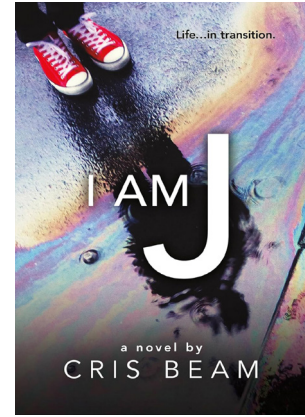
AKWAEKE EMEZI



While not exclusively about trans identity, *Pet* features a Black trans girl in a speculative world where monsters are said to be extinct—but maybe not.

I am J

CRIS BEAM



A groundbreaking YA novel about a Puerto Rican and Jewish trans boy navigating family, art, and identity in New York City.

When the Harvest Comes: A Novel

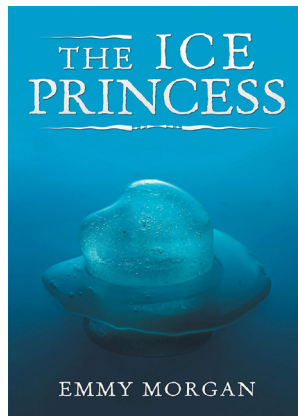
DENNE MICHELE NORRIS



A lyrical novel about a Black trans man whose wedding day brings his past, his father, and a love worth everything to the surface.

The Ice Princess

EMMY MORGAN



A raw and resilient love story about Desiré Andersen, a Black trans woman who rises from heartbreak and hardship to stardom.

The Deep

RIVERS SOLOMON



A lyrical Afrofuturist novella that centers the descendants of pregnant African women thrown overboard during the transatlantic slave trade.

Unapologetically Eugene



EUGENE

VIRGINIA ANN

THE MOVIE

A story about falling in love and being your true self.

Eugene is a Black trans man carving out a life on his own terms in 1950s San Francisco. After being cast out by his mother, he finds strength in chosen family, joy in music, and purpose in living fully and freely.

Through heartbreak, hustle, and healing, Eugene keeps showing up—for himself, for his dreams, and for a love that lasts.

Watch his story come to life.

Scan the QR to see the video and learn more about *Unapologetically Eugene*.

The mic is hot. The story is unforgettable.




SCAN ME