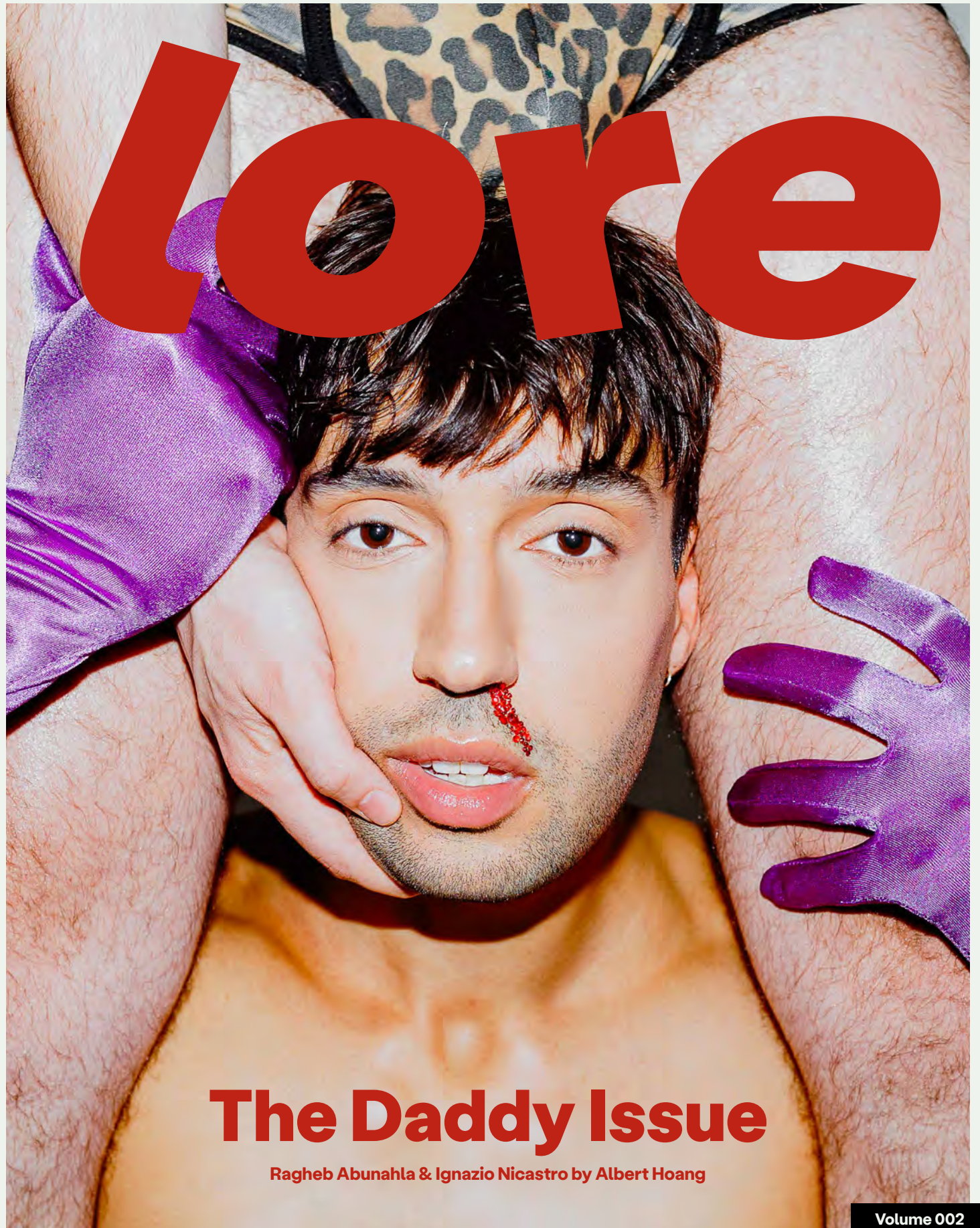


BIG CLIT ENERGY

THE SECRET LIFE OF UNCLES

FATHER FIGURES



Lore

The Daddy Issue

Ragheb Abunahla & Ignazio Nicastro by Albert Hoang

Volume 002

DESCENT INTO MARGARITAVILLE

UNBECOMING DADDY



DADDY ISN'T MANHOOD

IT'S



ABOUT

2

PHOTO:
Albert Hoang

MODELS:
Allison Brianna, Louis Thibeau

PRODUCERS:
Isaac Nikolai Fox, Katie Glancy

3



AND

MUA:
Lara Jannin
STYLISTS:
Isabela Maciel, Zaia Cabal

BEING

THAT

PROVIDER



Lore is a space for cheeky stories.

Founded by Isaac Nikolai Fox and Katie Glancy in 2023, Lore is a space for gossip, self-exploration, and invasive thoughts. Our only rule? No trauma dumping. There's enough sadboy creatives out there, and we need more bursts of pure fun.

For our second print edition, our community dove into the daddy archetype. Daddy is one of the English language's most powerful, loaded terms and identities. If 002 has a thesis, it's that daddy energy is not about being a man — it's about being a provider of deep safety.

So before you read The Daddy Issue, think about what the term means to you. It might conjure the feeling of a warm hug, or remind you of backshots you took or gave last week. You might realize you're a daddy yourself, and if you are: here's to you, my friend.



We believe the arts should pay.

It's important to say: every writer, editor, art director, photographer, illustrator, video director, stylist, and makeup artist got paid — before the work happened. Bottom line: we trust our people, y'all are worth investing in.

The feeling around art is just as important as the product, and we're adamantly committed to having a good time. We know a cheeky eTransfer deposit helps with that sense of respect, and good faith at the outset turned into this amazing work at the end. Everyone went above and beyond, and we're so grateful.

With that said, you ready for Daddy season?

Note: models were either volunteers or magazine contributors who were otherwise paid — but we know everyone's Hinge is about to go crazy after this. Especially George, our gorgeous gorgeous uncle. (He told us it's working.)



this issue

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It's 2001, and WWE Wrestling is playing in my living room. Tonight's storyline is a scripted feud between CEO Vince McMahon and his dysfunctional family. Vince's children have unsuccessfully attempted to boot Vince out of his own company, and now they're begging their father for forgiveness.

I watch Stephanie, Vince's doe-eyed daughter. She flaunts her sparkly hair clips and a leather miniskirt around the wrestling ring, absolutely nailing the role of a spoiled brat in her twenties. "Daaaaddy, I've made some reaaaally bad mistakes," she says in her best baby voice. Then she clings to her father's leg as security escorts her off the ring.

My eight-year-old self cringes. Something about this exchange feels incestuous. Maybe it's the way Stephanie says "daddy". As if her womanhood is at the mercy of Vince's role as a father, a role he exerts with power and control over his family. In Cantonese households, it's typical for kids to call their dads "deh-dee". But in the years that followed, I vowed to utter the word as little as possible.

Today, I'm eating my words though.

The term is chameleonic

According to *The Random House Historical Dictionary of American Slang*, the earliest use of "daddy" outside of the parental context was in the late 17th century — by sex workers who used the word to refer to pimps or older male customers. That use continued through to the 20th century, when Black female blues artists helped popularize the term in their music. Bisexual icon Bessie Smith was a key early example of this. Her 1923 song "Mistreatin' Daddy" describes a woman's fantasy about getting revenge on a lover and "sitting on another daddy's knee" if they cross her again.

Daddy got even bigger in the 1970s, when leather subculture was adopted more widely in gay communities. They embraced new forms of masculinity in opposition to America's post-WWII white picket fence ideal; "daddy/boy" relationships weren't uncommon, either. This dynamic helped many gay men find care and mentorship as they explored their queer identities. And until recently, the space we'd typically expect to hear "daddy" was in the context of BDSM, where a dominant partner often roleplays as a paternal figure for a submissive partner. Its 21st century iteration strips the term of all remaining seriousness and shows that "daddy" is here to stay — but its meaning is always evolving.

A History of Daddy

by Victoria Chan

1681

The earliest known sexual use of the word "daddy" in France.

1924

Bessie Smith records "Mistreatin' Daddy" for Columbia Records.

2001

Vince McMahon's daughter calls him Daddy on WWE.

2023

Call Her Daddy was ranked as the second most popular podcast on Spotify.

We're in a daddy renaissance

Over the past decade, the sexual use of "daddy" has bulldozed its way to the forefront of our cultural zeitgeist. But rather than referencing literal fathers, it's associated with an energy, a mindset, a way of life. Someone who is "daddy AF" is the boss of all bosses. They're willing to take charge with confidence and self-possession — all while being hot as hell. To quote writer Alana Hope Levinson, the best thing about "daddy" is that they "can be anyone, regardless of gender, age or parental status."

To those that think the democratization of "daddy" has ruined the word, I'm here to tell you that you're a couple years too late. People have been using it to describe everything but their dads since the time King Louis XIII made powdered wigs a thing. The more we unravel the term, we find that like wigs, "daddy" unleashes the ability to subvert, fantasize, and experiment with our identities.

It's giving "both/and"

Perhaps the most fascinating thing about "daddy" is that the term is rooted in individual preferences, fantasies, and dynamics, rendering it both meaningful and meaningless at the same time. As therapist Sarah Epstein wrote in *Psychology Today*, the basis of a "both/and" mindset is that "multiple things can be true at the same time," giving it the power to "crack your world wide open." The modern use of "daddy" does just that, freeing us from heteronormative thinking, sexual repression, and the patriarchal constraints of traditional fatherhood.

You can channel daddy energy whenever you like. Or you can place yourself on its receiving end, if you're in need of some TLC or just having a brat summer. A post from a George Michael subreddit described his 1987 hit "Father Figure" as a song about someone who would "protect you and give you the most pure and raw love they could give." And if that's what constitutes a daddy, what's stopping you from being your own?

If you ask me, that's daddy AF. ✨

BIG CLIT

Femmes are daddies too. Here's your *ultimate* guide to maintaining that top energy and stepping into your power.

WORDS BY LUBABA GEMMA

ENERGY

DADDY

KEHLANI



Illustration by Salma Ragheb



[by femmes, for femmes]

Inside every woman, there are two wolves. And we obviously love a princess, but living as a femme d^addy is a sacred practice. You know them when you see them—think Kehlani, think Priyanka Chopra, think AOC, or think Angela Davis.

We're rare, but we're on the c^ome-up. If you're ^an aspiring provider of that energy: it's never t^o late to recreate yourself. Femme daddy energy can be learned, and here's how you c^an command every room you're in, provide for a vill^age of lovers, and be an utterly delusional baddie.

[don't tell the mascs!]



DON'T BE WHITE, IF POSSIBLE.

Daddies overcome adversity, so white femmes are already a step behind. A South Asian mother's expectations will leave you with an undertone of "do I just wanna die?" that will translate to total self-reliance in adulthood. Pair that with a Capricorn rising and you've got the villain origin story a femme daddy needs.

GET YOURSELF A DADDY-SIZED BAG.

Show us what those Google Sheets do, girl. You wouldn't believe how many people don't even know how to save, so if you do? You're one step closer to femme daddy. Show up with a budget template and they'll be putty in your hands. Bonus points if you're successful at tax evasion—like, better than Martha Stewart.

TAP INTO YOUR INNER KYLE.

Track your macros, queen. Work those biceps. You've got to drain that lactic acid and be ready to swing a punch (or a bat). The muscle is there so that you can be a full-on protector, 'cause you're there for the girlies. What's the point of your masc energy if it isn't protecting the face you ride at night?

SMOKE CIGARETTES OFTEN.

Duh. Be unapologetically toxic on the inside and the outside.

BE A HOME IMPROVER.

Fixing them is out, forcing them to fix up is in. Encourage him to go to the gym, sign her up for therapy, get him on a proper curly-girl hair routine. And if you can't fix them, just know they'll be broken when you leave, daddy style.

HAVE YOUR DRIVER'S LICENCE.

Driving the U-haul is a job for a femme daddy, and you'll need your full licence for that. Actually, my next advocacy project will include a fuel tax credit for femmes—'cause you know we're booking that U-haul AND we're driving it. So if you haven't, get your ass to the G-spot: ServiceOntario.

LEAN INTO YOUR SLUT ENERGY.

You gotta be the one that gets everyone into horny jail, and let's face it, you'd plan the best group sex anyways. Like, none of this dating app shit—we're talking full orgies after some live music at your favourite bar or west-end cafe. You want your energy to be confident and safe... but commanding. They know what they crave, and you'll tell them to do it.

RECLAIM THE PEARL NECKLACE TREND.

Every pretty boy has a pearl necklace, but the pretty girls did it first, and we will always be the blueprint. Pretty daddies, stand up! We're taking this back.

BE A MASTER OF DIRECTIONS.

Daddies don't have dyslexia, they have direction. And if they do, they've overcome it by aggressively masking their feelings—but then still going to therapy. Point is: you never look at Google Maps, you just use the nearest Sephora as a landmark.

EMBRACE SHORT KING ENERGY (IF YOU'VE GOT IT).

Height doesn't matter, and the most daddy™ person I know is 4'11". Being short is probably her biggest source of power. This specific daddy secures tickets for all the girlies a week early, because your everyday femme princess won't remember until the event sells out. Puff your chest out a little: your aura is 6'3, and that's what counts.

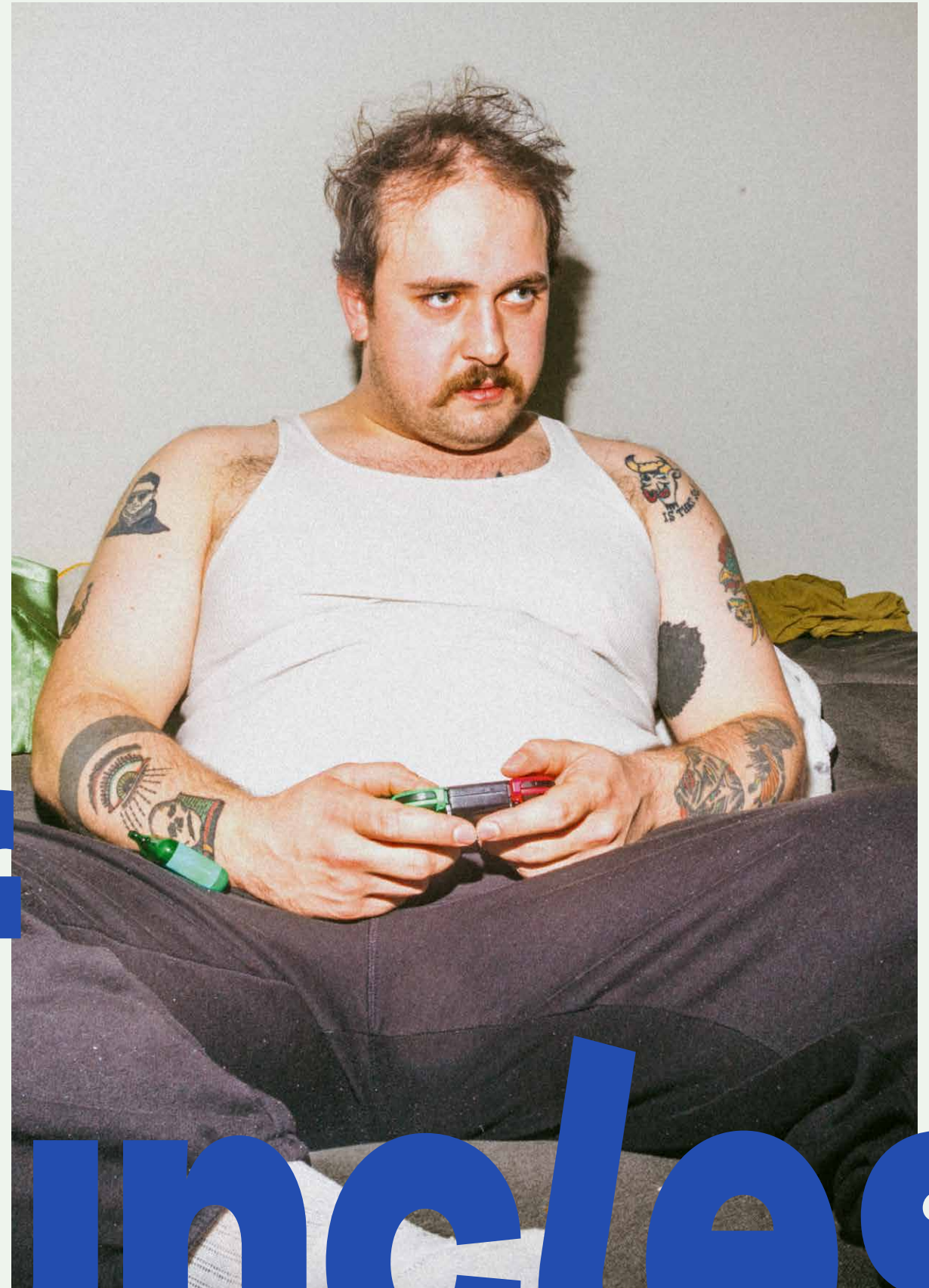
Ultimately, us femme daddies are everyone's problem, but we'll swoop in to solve it all and save the day. Is it a bird, is it a plane? No, it's a femme daddy! Remember, daddies: help others with their oxygen masks first, 'cause you gotta be a provider. Thank you for flying Femme Daddy Airlines today. We hope you enjoyed this riiiidee. ■

24 hours in the world of an uncle—documented in the wild.

the secret lives of

Photographer: Jibril Yassin
Producer: Isaac Nikolai Fox
Creative Direction: Cris Almudevar
Styling: Isabela Soares
Model: George Varvaresos

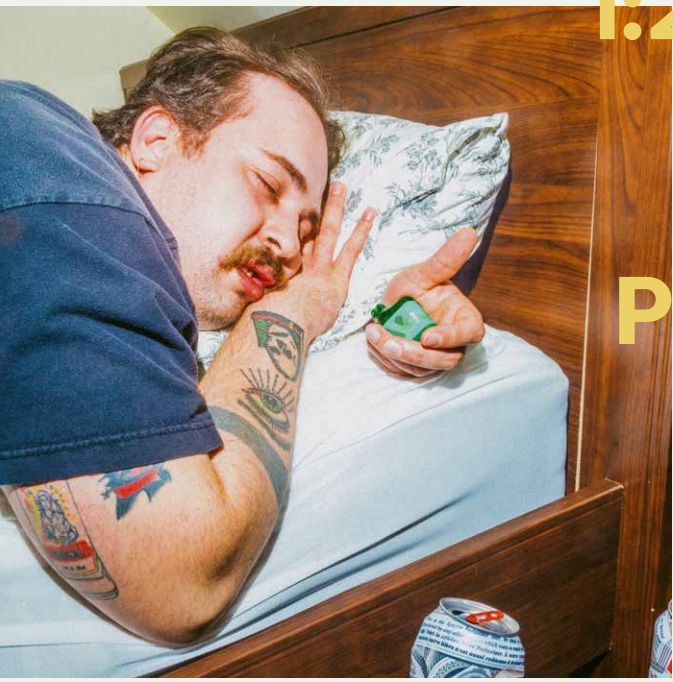
**“An uncle is a lost daddy,
 waiting to be reborn.
 He is also considering
 getting lyrics from *Pump
 It Up* tattooed on his leg.”**



uncles

(01)

1:22



PM

For uncles, waking up with a mint-flavoured vape is not only a want, it's a requirement.

(03)



PM

3:42

Surveying the fridge to make sure there's no vegetables (he's allergic).

(02)



PM

1:37

Are you telling me your body doesn't call for the sweet nectar of a Budweiser in the early hours of the mid-afternoon? SMH.

(04)



PM

3:43

What were you expecting?
Green juice and cold cuts?

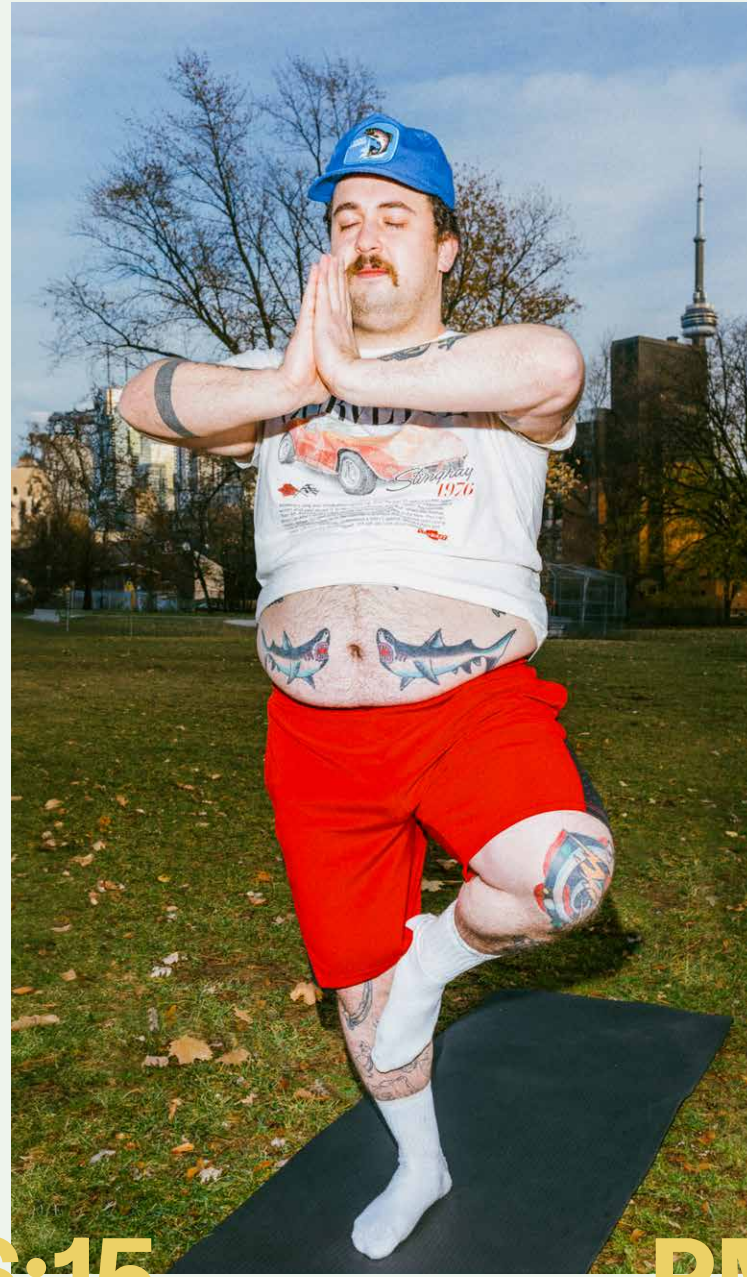
(05)

5:01



PM

Treating your brows with Rogaine is self-care. Don't @ me.



6:15 PM

This uncle is on a journey towards inner peace, one public tree pose at a time.



6:55

PM

All uncles are branded with a mark with which they can call their brethren during situations like a vintage car meetup, a closing sale at Marshall's, or a sandwich pop-up.

6:57 PM

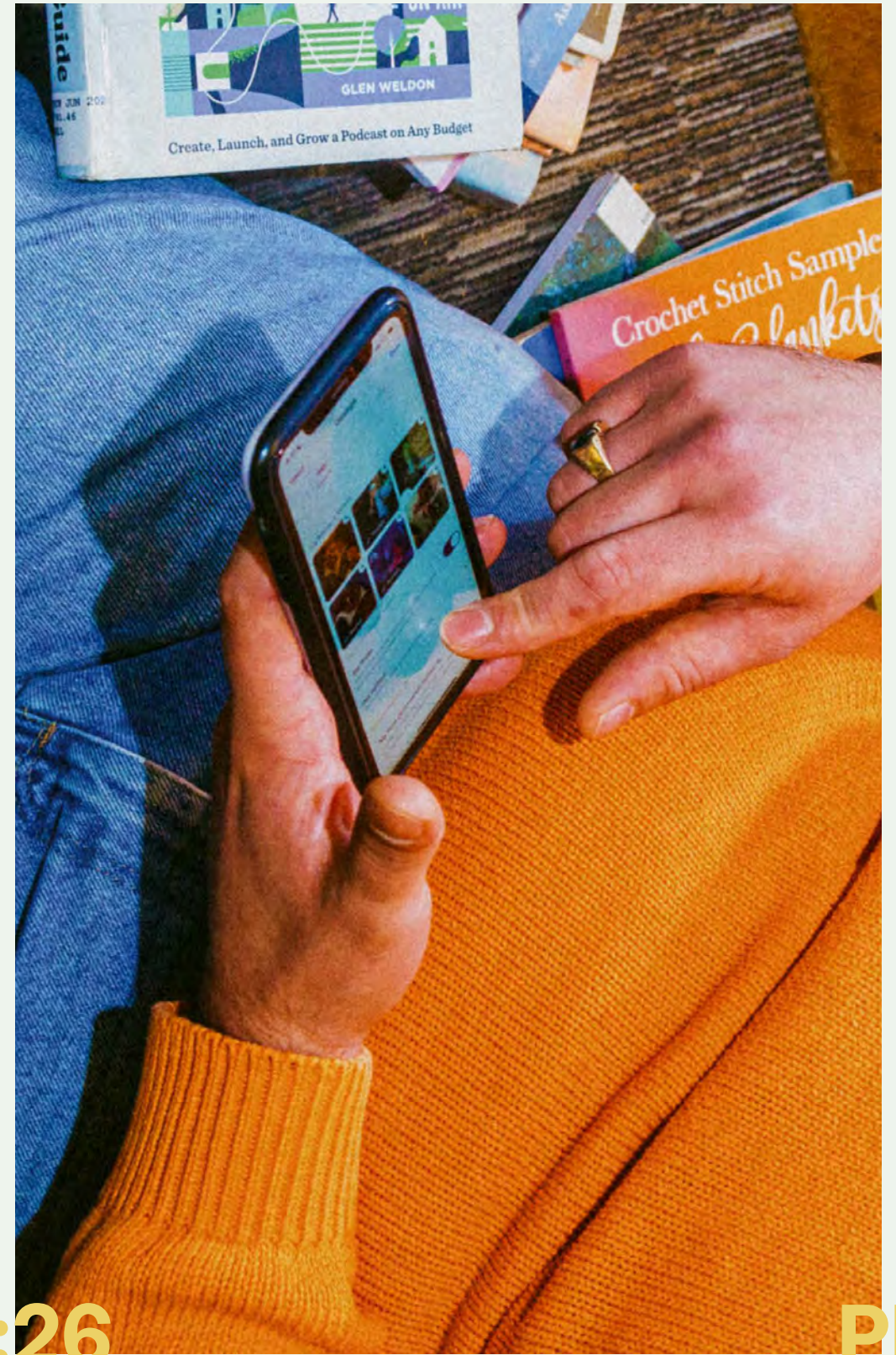


This had to happen.



(10)

(11)



8:26

PM

During deep work at the library, the uncle is torn between sharing his thoughts with the whole world around him or with just one Hinge match.



12:41

AM

The best part of an uncle's night is serving looks between the chips and the soda. If he could, he'd call the paparazzi on himself.

3:22

AM



(13)

At night's end, our hero reflects on a day gone by, seeking comfort and understanding in a bell hooks classic and his minty Vype.

To Daddy Galen Weston,
You have no name™.
You're his President's Choice,
You keep him up and inflated,
And maybe you can fix him,
like he fixes bread prices.



He's hand-cuffing you to his ecosystem,
Setting all the Loblaws for the night,
Ripping off Canadians,
Leaving you with No Frills on,
Getting you high on Shoppers Drug Mart,
And eating you out (of funds).
Daddy Galen Weston brings home the butter.



What he really wants:
He wants to be your pharmacist,
He wants to be your doctor,
He wants to be your bank,
He wants to be your gas station,
He wants to be your telecom provider,
He wants to be your independent city market.
Daddy Galen needs it all.



Until then, he butters you up
to optimize your life to his desires —
a big wet cash flow, slick,
just the way he likes it.



Words by Pete BUTTigieg



Just

D.G. & Rachel
Evangeline
Chiong

Michael

"IN A FAMILY,
YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH YOUR
PARTNER BECOMES THE FOUNDATION
OF EVERYTHING ELSE."

WHY
HE'S HOT: He
remembers he's not just a
father, but also a romantic
partner.

the tip(s)

At what point does a dad become daddy? We spoke to six literal fathers to learn about their experiences.

Confidence is sexy is not a novel idea, but *dad confidence* is even sexier. No matter how ill-equipped most men feel before becoming fathers, no matter how much trauma and pain they endured in their own childhood, the motivation to be a good dad surfaced from deep within. They learned quickly, though not all at once, everything


they needed to provide, protect, and nurture their family. They felt good knowing that they *could* do all the things a dad does. And... that's hot.

This type of dad knows what he wants. He's confident. He's practical. He wears a nice-fitting black t-shirt with dried baby puke on it. His back hurts from

crouching down to talk to his child at eye level. He isn't *just* the repairman or a financial provider, nor is he the lazy, clueless stereotype that pop culture portrays some fathers to be. He's a multi-tasker. He's responsible. He's conscious of his need to regulate his emotions. He has his own swagger, and encourages curiosity and whimsy. He's safe, and he listens—really well.

Mmmm, that's daddy.



"Take care of your body, and let all the pent up stress out in a controlled environment (like jiu jitsu). That way you don't bring it home." 

Angelo

Why he's hot: We love a daddy with balanced emotions.

FEEL
THE
LOVE

Karl

"I avoid stiffness or rigidity in my values, as I believe that can shackle the spirit and lead to self-righteousness. I teach my kids to make positive changes by focusing on what they can influence."

WHY
HE'S HOT: We love a man that's humble enough to recognize his limitations.

WHY HE'S HOT: A compassionate man is a sexy man. He feels for people. Yum.

But not all dads start out that way. D.G.'s husband had no intention of being a dad, but the minute she showed him the two lines on the pee-soaked stick, her husband knew what he had to do. His purpose changed. Something that was always part of him, something that sat dormant, had finally awakened. D.G. saw that

he wanted to be better than the dad he had had. Her man was terrified, but he also knew exactly what kind of *daddy* he wanted to be—and what he needed to change.

So dare I say, we know some *hot dads*. We spoke to six different fathers to learn about their

Claude


"You to find a balance between guiding your kids and letting them essentially explore on their own."

WHY
HOT: Giving autonomy is very daddy.



Josh

"You realize everyone was once a baby and recognize people's character is so dependent on how they were raised. I've learned to be more empathetic."

experiences as literal parents with literal children, and how they stay confident and grounded. Here's what they said, and why their attitudes make them total daddies. 

on

fatherhood

* All dads anonymized so they don't get recognized at Costco.

Descent Cris Almudevar Into M^argaritaville



Growing up, I was a daddy’s girl. My father was emotionally repressed, and that was a lot easier to handle than my mom’s boundaryless emotions. And while I may not have always respected my dad, I always respected his taste.

He introduced me to a lot of foundational musicians. We’d have late night chats where I’d feel safe and listened to as we talked about life and The Cure. So you can only imagine my fucking shock when many years later, he pulled up at the Go Station to pick me up, blasting fucking “Margaritaville.”

“Dad, what the fuck is this?”

“It’s Jimmy Buffett.”

“No I understand that, I can read but why?”

He shrugged. I never got the “why” I needed, but I wouldn’t have been able to hear his answer with “Why Don’t We Get Drunk?” cranked up to 11.

What I thought was a passing mental breakdown quickly proved to be a total personality shift. Over the years, I’ve learnt more about Jimmy Buffett than any person outside of his immediate family should know. My mom eventually banned him from listening to his precious Jimmy in the car. Did you know he has a Christmas album? And a cookbook inspired by him? Multiple books?? Beer?????? I could set all of them aflame.

It was like living with a 1D stan, only the boomer equivalent. Even worse than my dad’s insistence of listening to Jimmy Buffett and watching Jimmy Buffett related content (do NOT get me started), was his increasingly concerning political views.

Much like many other boomers in the mid-2010s, my dad fell on the Trump Train. And as Trump gained more and more political momentum, I grew more and more worried (and invested in some quality headphones). My younger sibling and I blamed Jimmy Buffett for all of it. It was too easy. It felt like he was the gateway drug to MAGA bullshit. Maybe it was Jimmy Buffett’s fault, maybe it wasn’t.

A quick look into Jimmy Buffett’s political views shows that he was a lifelong Democrat. While writing this, I shared this information with my younger sibling. I called them to confirm their timeline matched mine and words cannot describe the pure shock we both had over this political revelation:

“This is like finding out Lea Michelle can read.”

“Right?? He’s from Florida, how is he a Democrat?”

“He gives off such Republican energy.”

“Do you think his fans know?”

Probably not. Regardless, I felt like I was related to a stranger I didn’t understand or respect. Have you ever mourned someone that was living? That you could call if you wanted to, you could still visit if you could handle it, could still make memories with? That’s what it felt like as I lost my dad to Florida. He became a stranger in a familiar body, covered in Jimmy Buffett merch and bad opinions.

I’d like to issue a formal apology to the Buffett estate. I’ve spent years hating him for the wrong reasons. It took time, therapy, and extensive screaming whenever my dad tried to play Jimmy Buffett in the car to get to this point. Good ol’ Jimbo did not force my dad into these political leanings. I should have only hated him for the crimes committed against all five senses, nothing more.

Ultimately, boomer dads can’t be cured. When I went home for Thanksgiving, my dad was watching a cruise ship influencer video on YouTube. Jimmy Buffett may be no more, but bad taste (and politics) live on forever. ■

When I think of the Daddy, I always think about the heat. The Daddy's energy is hot, masculine, and strong. They're a person I always want to photograph and I romanticize being in their presence. I also think about the warm comfort and protection that a Daddy figure brings me.

This goes beyond gender and presentation: anybody can have Daddy energy and exemplify those qualities. It's often when someone doesn't see themselves as a Daddy yet nonchalantly exudes that energy in how they move about the world that makes them the hottest.

Just a few degrees cooler than the sun.



Presenting
THE HEAT

**PHOTO STUDY BY ALBERT HOANG
CAPTURED IN TORONTO
FOR LORE MAGAZINE**



FEATURE

002

The Fixer Daddy



The Healthy Daddy

MODEL: ALLISON BRIANNA.



The Femme Daddy

MODELS: LOUIS THIBEAU, BABY G.

The World's Best Daddy





The Daddy Dom

MODELS: IGNAZIO NICASTRO, ISABELA MACIEL.

The Protector Daddy



Fatherhood

Angela Gong & Stefan Vladusic

Dad bods (make us) come in all sizes. The term initially meant a simple beer belly, but it's slowly turned into anything that isn't lean or shredded. Now, we're at the point where Googling "celebrity dad bods" will get you photos of Jason Momoa, Jack Black, and Leonardo DiCaprio—three men who *notoriously* look identical. The common thread isn't fatherhood, because the only fathering one of those 3 does is taking care of his sugar baby harem. So here's the scoop: they're all dad bods, just not the same type.

We'll get into these types, but the symbolism of dad bods is important to define. In the *European Journal of Cultural Studies*, McIntyre *et al.* state that "young men who work toward muscled physiques experience their bodies as sites of regulation, scrutiny, competition and value." Basically, being lean and buff signals that you might be self-obsessed and self-critical, shaping your lifestyle around aesthetics. Anyone with a dad bod rejects this, and that's hot. Your dad bod shows you can enjoy a big meal, down a few beers, and skip the gym to snuggle. *Ooomf.*

So we love the dad bod—but what types of bodies will you encounter on your chubby chase? The Gays™ have had this figured out since Socrates' student Xenophon started thirst-posting about twunks in *The Memorabilia*... back in 351 BC. But since The Straights™ only recently figured out that non-skinny lads can be hot, we've created the *full* guide to the different types of dad bods—to help everyone get the taxonomy down.

The definitive guide to the different types of dad bods that you'll find in the wild.

Short KING

?

LORE

DADDY

THE CLASSIC



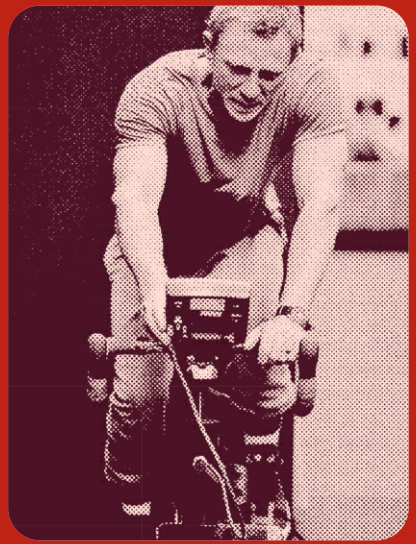
Pregnancy changes men's bodies too, and he got his dad bod the classic way: fatherhood. Not pulling out has consequences, and he's rocking a post-partum gut like generations of dads before him.

THE HOUSE LEAGUE COACH



This type comes from packing some extra cushion onto a once-ripped bod. He was a total beefcake until he tore his ACL and lost his D1 scholarship. Now he's just beefy.

TAXONOMY



THE BEAR

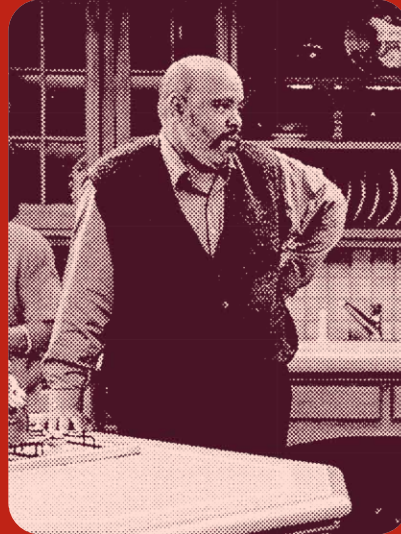


Bears are Persian carpets brought to life. Sometimes they're actually Persian, but that's not a must. They're husky, with generous body fat—and usually loving enough to let you latch on like a koala.

THE LITERAL TONY SOPRANO



Muscle-y. Italian, or at least vaguely Italian. Bald affff. A little menacing—will definitely send some hit men after you if you slight him. Not a great father figure, but a great dad bod.



THE USURPER

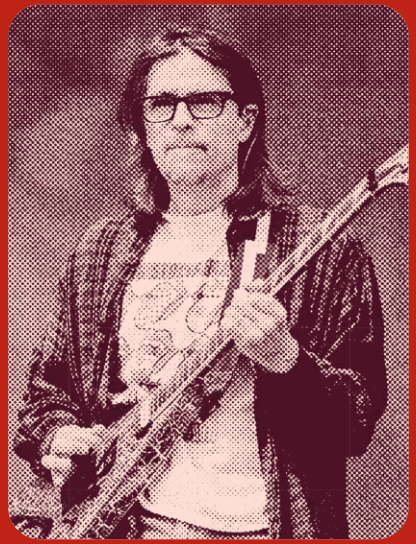


This *alleged* dad bod belongs to a regular dude with a regular body. There's a hint of a gut, but nothing much there. He can still see an ab, in the right light.

THE RETIRED INDIE TWUNK



A rare form of dad bod that comes when an indie boy's metabolism starts to go. One day, he stopped smoking, and then all the years of 1AM shawarma caught up with him.





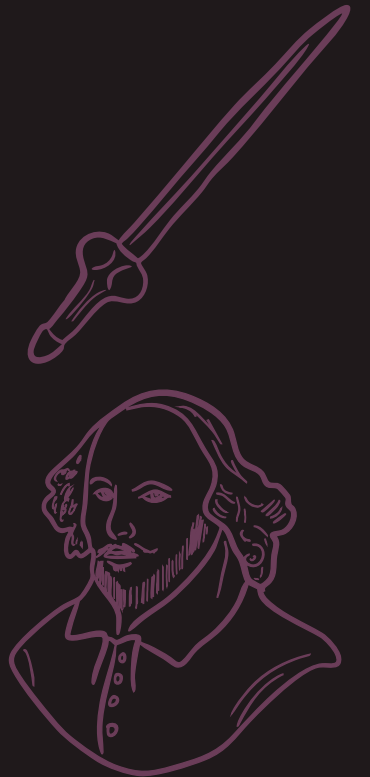
Romcoms Raised Me

By Jessica Hof

Throw me the bouquet and late nights cuddling,
 All the deep talks and the feelings feel muddling,
 Dip me in words dripping with intimacy,
 Gorge me on images laden with fantasy.

'You'll find someone!!' Ah yes, a cruel tease.
 The only men I remember had learnt how to please
 With smiles, dark truths, bounced back between the two of us
 As we lay on pillows, or grass, or somewhere just the two of us.

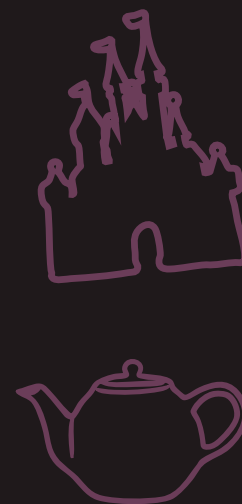
Sure, his sword isn't humble, and he knows all the moves
 And he tosses me about, compliments my grooves,
 "Bloody hell" he exclaims, "you're so flippin' hot."
 So's a teapot, or a stove—those are objects. I am not.



I'm BORED of wannabe men, beckoning to bed from day one
 Then a morning cop out, poor boy! He's got-a-lot-on.
 Would you not agree, the *wink wink* would be better,
 If I were a whole person, not a hole to make—

For God's sake, I want flowers to bloom from our hands as they hold each other
 I want lights to twinkle overhead and not notice them, because we have each other,
 Build me castles of conversation,
 Shield me from lies to achieve penetration,
 Find me pastimes that entertain us for hours
 Create languages with me that are no one's but ours.

I want a story that Shakespeare could draw from,
 I want a fairytale, not a strap-on.



**you maybe thought
you could rage me
out of this
queerness**

**i thought you could
maybe love me
out of your
homophobia**



Words by R.S.



Illustration by Aykeh

Nobody Kicks Out of the Package Piledriver



My dad always wanted me to be a sports fan, but I was a wrestling fan.

Dana Pearce

I always wished that I was a theater queer instead of a wrestling fag. Theater queers have a community. They have a school play to look forward to every year. But I would have been lucky if I could convince a handful of friends to split the cost of a WWE Pay Per View. At the time I was so deep in wrestling, I was watching niche independent matches that you had to scour the internet for.

My dad always wanted me to be a sports fan, but I was a wrestling fan. By definition professional wrestling is not a sport, it's sports entertainment.

When I was sixteen, I asked my dad to drive me to Toronto so I could watch Kevin Steen challenge Davey Richards for the Ring of Honor World

Championship. "Ring of Honor? I thought it was called WWE?" he said.

"No Dad, WWE is baby stuff. I like *real* wrestling. Which is still fake. But this is less polished and produced than what you see on TV," I shot back. "Are your friends going to be staying over after the show?" "No Dad, I'm going alone. I'm stepping away from my stable and going on a singles run."

I remember arguing with my dad when he offered to join me at the show. I'm not sure if it was because I didn't want people to see me with my dad, or because I didn't want my dad to see me with my community. When you keep something to yourself for too long, an inherent sense of shame builds a wall around it.

Plus, my dad is a sports fan, so was it really a safe idea to bring him into a gathering of "sports entertainment" fans? It would've been like bringing a lion into a children's den. But the old man wore me down. He convinced me that he was genuinely interested, so we bought two tickets to the wrestling show.

On the drive to Ted Reeve Arena, I filled Dad in on wrestling lore. I wanted him to get the full experience. I predicted that the main event would end with Kevin winning the title. He'd hit Davey with a package piledriver, because nobody kicks out of the package piledriver. The move is so dangerous that it's banned.



This was the first time I ever lied to my dad. It wasn't an evil lie, it was a *dad* lie. Like how he lied about Santa every year. The truth is that no wrestling maneuvers are actually banned. But we pretend some are, because it adds to the drama.

It dawned on me that I was a theater queer after all. All wrestling fans are participants in a deranged never-ending live action role-play. For the same reason that 16th century theatergoers pretended they didn't know Juliet was a nine year old boy in drag, we now pretend Kevin Steen and his opponent *haven't* practiced the package piledriver a dozen times. True wonderment requires a bit of self-deception.

During a mid-card match featuring wrestling veteran Lance Storm, fans chanted "you've still got it!" My dad's voice joined the chorus, and I smiled. He was actually enjoying sports entertainment!

No wrestling maneuvers are actually banned. But we pretend some are, because it adds to the drama.



The main event was epic. They wrestled for over twenty-five minutes, then Kevin scooped up Davey like a wet load of laundry, and I knew what was about to happen.

I never actually saw Kevin Steen hit the package piledriver because I'd turned to watch my dad's reaction. Shock. Concern. Sincere joy. The referee yelled "THREE!" and the bell rang. Dad was going wild. We made him a believer. For a moment, it felt like we were the same age.

That show was over twelve years ago, but sometimes, when we really need a laugh, we'll point at each other and chant "you've still got it!" 🗨️





COLLAGE BY SALMA RAGHEB

WORDS BY ZOE SMITH

Meet some unconventional candidates you should consider for your next fatherly fantasy.

Daddy is a feeling. Someone's daddy energy doesn't have to make sense, and that's what's so powerful about it. To me, a true daddy is not bound to one shape, size, gender, or format. What matters is how they make you feel, and these contenders make me feel both inspired—and ashamed.

Call Them Daddy



JODIE FOSTER

You are closer to killing for Jodie Foster than you are to being a millionaire. This is the type of delusion only a Daddy can create.



KATY O'BRIAN

A modern lesbian icon and a total Daddy, her roided-out monster in *Love Lies Bleeding* has and will be the sexual awakening for so many queers across the world.

My theory? Katy O'Brian is Daddy-certified because everything she does screams "I am more powerful than you." She's got major aura. Her jawline would out-mog any looksmaxxer, and I'd be honoured to have her practice her passion for Brazilian Jiu Jitsu on me.

JOHNNY KNOXVILLE

Nobody takes it like a man better than Johnny Knoxville. He led the Jackass franchise to homoerotic glory with hours of self-injury as the de facto leader. If that wasn't enough, take the "Muscle Stimulator" segment from *Jackass (2002)* to see his Daddy energy in action.

Knoxville hooks castmate Danger Ehren up to a painful electrical impulse device, says "Daddy's got you", and then cranks the electricity up. A good Daddy will always push you to be a better person! He even broke his penis and had to wear a catheter for 3 years, and somehow he's *STILL* Daddy.

Daddyyyyyy
♥



THE PUNISHER (FROM YTV'S UH OH)

The Punisher is jacked. He wears a gimp suit. He has to be locked in a cage most of the time. Need I say more?



THRAX

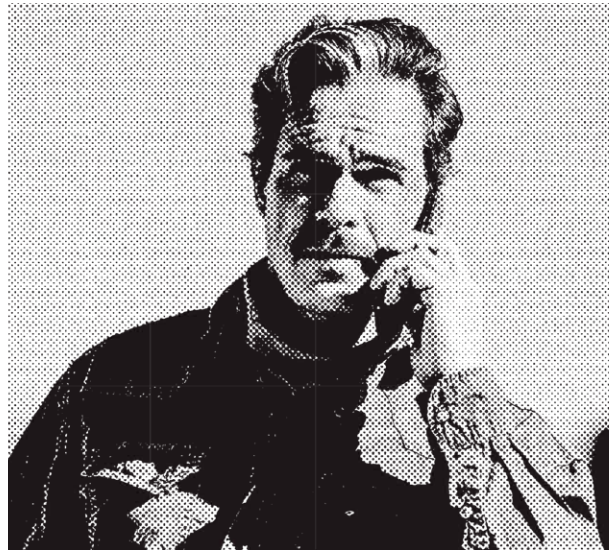
No one knows what to do with the *Osmosis Jones* antagonist, except people who draw cartoon porn. Thrax is an evil anthropomorphic virus bent on creating the next pandemic. He rocks a freaky Matrix-style trenchcoat, he has long spiky fingers, and his catchphrase is “careful, I’m contagious.”

The Wattpad fanfics and Tumblr porn show the Daddy potential the movie left out. Usually, he’s got a six-pack and is shown boning the titular character, who’s a white blood cell cop. If you fuck the police, you’re Daddy to me.



ICE CUBE

The softest hard guy in both rap and film, Mr. Cube is a loving father and husband while dropping some of the realest bars of all time. What gives him that BDE (Big Daddy Energy), though? To me, it’s his gentle-yet-firm encouragement on his 1999 track “You Can Do It.” Have you ever had a partner, sexual or otherwise, say “you can do it, put your back into it?” I hope one day you do.



LALO SALAMANCA

For the uninitiated: Lalo is the main villain in the second half of the show *Better Call Saul*. He has no friends, no partner, and no (sane) family. He also kills people without remorse and cannot express love. Lalo should *never* be a father but is somehow Daddy.

SULLEY

Monsters, Inc. is about reluctant fatherhood, and Sulley is both the literal and figurative daddy. This is the kind of energy you’d only notice if you have some unresolved trauma. So what is he all about? He’s caring, strong, extremely hairy, and ready to make sacrifices for the ones he loves. And did you know he’s 7 foot 8? Those are the makings of a real provider. There’s a reason why I sleep with a Sulley plush every night.



ANDRE THE GIANT

I long for a man to bench me with ease like Andre the Giant could’ve. God rest his girthy soul.



Zoe Smith is a garden-variety pervert who is writing *Taxi Driver* for girls.

muah

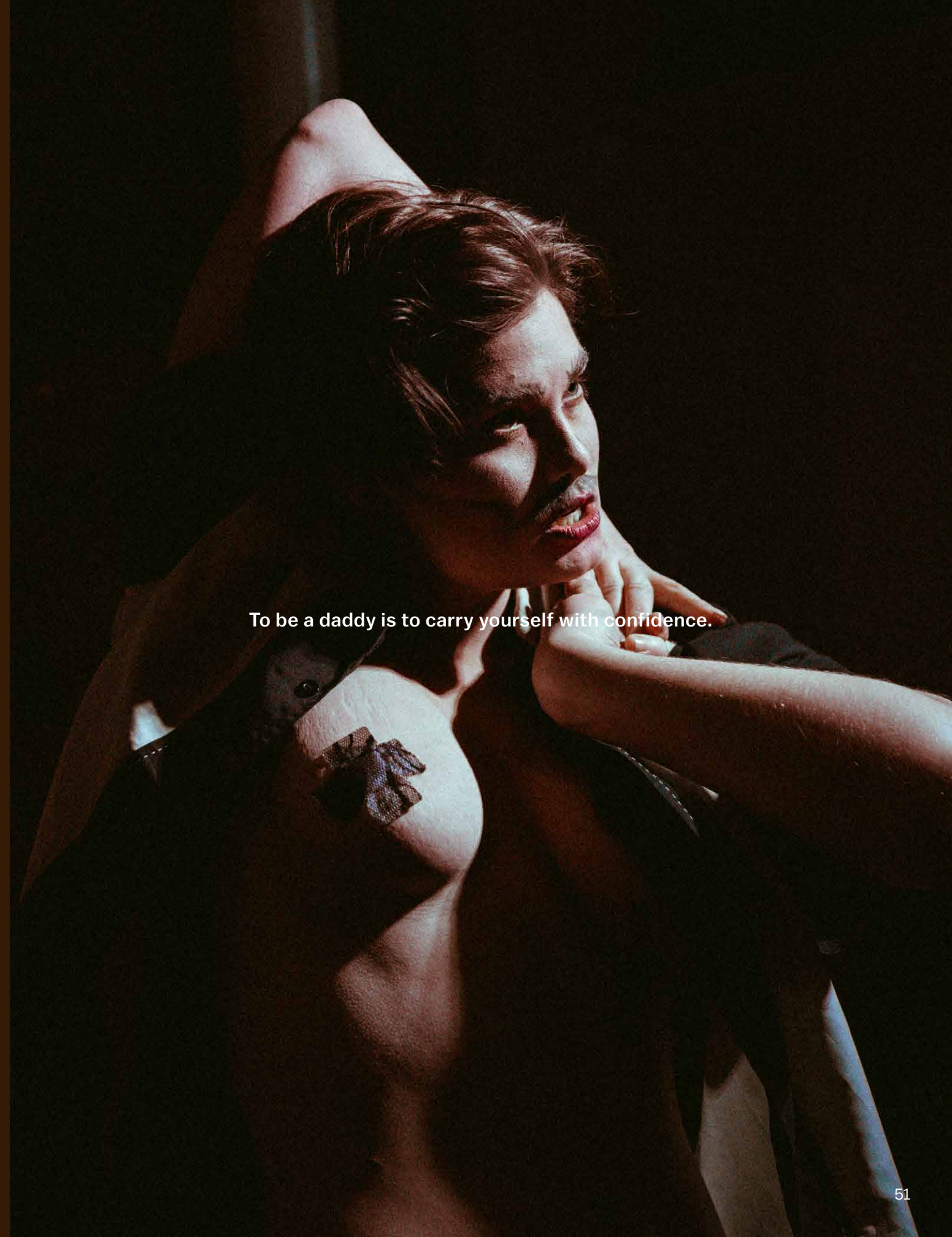


Daddy is an Attitude.

To be a daddy is to carry yourself with confidence, to be comfortable with your sexuality, appearance, choices, and way of moving through the world. At the same time, it is the playfulness, joy, tenderness, and willingness to be open that connects you to others.

Daddy is ultimately a relationship, one in which others have been made to feel safe, cared for, appreciated, and loved. A daddy is chosen family, whether one on one or in a community, and unrestrained by age or gender.

Photography:
Anita Gairns



To be a daddy is to carry yourself with confidence.

You're now chatting with THICK_DADDY_TOP

hey

Hi. How are you?

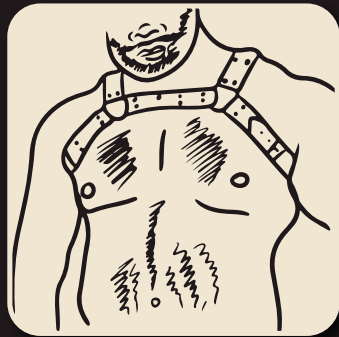
good u?

Good thanks.

looking?

Yes. Do you have more pics?

THICK_DADDY_TOP sent a photo.



urs?

Twnk_btm sent a photo.



hot. wanna meet?

Cruise Control

Here's what you'll find when you go daddy-hunting on the grid.

by Marc Eugenio

Does this text conversation sound familiar? If it does, then you KNOW what you are. If you don't, then let me take you inside the little yellow app: Grindr, the gay version of Tinder BEFORE Tinder even existed. Launched in 2009, Grindr made it easier for gay people to find each other and revolutionized internet dating for EVERYONE by being the first dating app to *only* show people near you.

BEWARE, TWINK. BEWARE, DADDY CHASERS. The daddies of Grindr may come in many different shapes and flavors, but you can't check for reviews. Sometimes what shows up at your door might not be what you ordered and Grindr does not have a return policy. Luckily, it's like window shopping. Tinder's swipe feature has nothing on Grindr's infamous grid of faces, torsos, and bulges. You literally scroll through and pick out the daddy of your choice.

Ready to cruise? Here's a quick inventory of what the Grindr store has to offer...

THE DADDY DOM

Harness. Leather. A photo of someone blindfolded, tied, and gagged. You will not see a Daddy Dom's face in his profile, but you will see his bulge in tight leather underwear. A rare breed these days (since they now hang around sex clubs), a Daddy Dom WILL let you know he is here to train you. They might seem intense in the beginning, but they do have a soft side to them. Like leather, you need to just get used to them before they soften up.



Daddy_Dom69

Opens with:

Hey. Have you ever been tied up and blindfolded before?

THE DADDY'S DADDY

His profile will be the most honest and complete. When you think of the Daddy's Daddy, his photos will probably match what you're thinking. Bearded. A little belly. Big arms. Balding or bald. And if he's on the grid, he's looking for sex. The Daddy's Daddy is masc4masc but he /S actually masc. He will not entertain the twinks, but the twinks will see him as a challenge.



daddy²

Opens with:

Hey man what's up?

THE 2-FOR-1 DADDIES

If you see two profiles on the grid with the same photos and almost-identical bios, those are 2-for-1 Daddies. They're that long-term couple looking to spice up their relationship by adding a third or fourth (sometimes more!) to their sex life. 2-for-1 Daddies might say they only play together, but... why do they always have two separate accounts? Keep your eyes open and not just your hole.



Hotxcouple00

Opens with:

You wanna have fun with us tonight? 🍷

THE NEEDY DADDY

His profile might be of a landscape or a random photo. A Stage Five clinger, the Needy Daddy will send you multiple messages if you don't respond immediately. He might stop messaging after a while, but he will inevitably come back if you don't block him. If you are ever bored and do respond, you'll either find the ideal daddy you've been looking for... or you'll find out *exactly* why he's so desperate.



Daddyxoxo

Opens with:

U looking???

Hey beautiful

2 hours later

Hey

Hey

Hey

U there?

Slut

THE DL DADDY

He will either have the default no-face profile or he will be one of the many faceless torsos. Good luck getting a photo of a DL Daddy's face, though. You can get dick pics, but DL stands for 'down-low' and he does not want anyone to know he's interested in men. He totally is, though. And if you DO go to his garage, the guy sitting there could be the straightest-looking man you'll ever meet or a total queen in a king's clothing.



garage_daddy1

Opens with:

hey dl here wanna come suck me in my garage?

un-becoming daddy

by Arjun Kaul

“Daddy’s shadow looms large, but every day I grow further away from him.”

Retired daddy checking in here. I’d like to let you in on a secret: you can quit if you want to.

Not everyone’s up to the task, but I am. Until late 2022, I was riding the train towards full daddy status—in the lowest-stakes way possible. I went to a barber, I occasionally attempted a visit to the gym, and I neglected to shave. Drifting towards the ideal of daddy can be no work, and that’s fine for *most*.

There’s a few different daddies I could’ve become. On one hand, I could’ve become the classic daddy: chest hair and gut with a warm aura. Think Hugh Jackman on the set of *X-Men (2000)*. On the other, I could’ve become a muscle daddy, like Hugh Jackman in *Deadpool and Wolverine (2024)*. Ultra-muscly, with a bit of a dehydrated, stock-photo sheen. Hugh Jackman is a spectrum, and I was going to land somewhere on that continuum.

(If you can’t tell, or you’re really impatient and want some spoilers, Hugh Jackman is helping me realize that I’m transgender.)

But I was uneasy with that. When I put on muscle, it felt like it was going to all the wrong places. I didn’t want to be Jackman-jacked. I wondered why my silhouette had to be so boxy, and why my shoulders were starting to pop. Every body hair felt like a little worm growing out of my skin. That’s a *lot* of little worms.

The traits people noticed felt so superficial. People would notice when I lost weight, when I had hair that looked sharp, or when I wore a nice dress shirt. But if you’re standing in front of the mirror naked and don’t like what you see, what’s the point? Maybe you’re not meant to be daddy. *Yeugh*.

There wasn’t a lightning-rod moment when I decided to unbecome daddy, but enduring acts of manly self-care became more boring each day. I have ADHD, so being bored is as close to self-harm as you can get. Daddy became a curse, and I came to a realization.

Fuck this. There must be more.

So in late 2022, I grew my hair out. I started the process of acquiring feminizing hormone replacement therapy (HRT). The early days of performing femininity were difficult, but so *interesting*. If I’m too tired and bored and lazy to become a daddy, then performing femininity might as well be the next thing I try, right?

“Fuck this. There must be more.”

“That feeling of non-masculinity became intoxicating.”

That feeling of non-masculinity became intoxicating. It meant so many new things: new clothes, new ways to wear my *old* clothes, 10-15 laser hair removal sessions. Now, when I walk past couples on the street, I start looking at feminine people—to see their vibe, how they move, how they carry themselves.

After a few months on HRT, I realized that I was changing everything, just because I could. Every step I’m taking now is a rejection of the steps I used to take, moving away from masculinity. I have not been on HRT that long, but I’m feeling good about my own body for the first time.

Growing up, I was so terrified of change—whether it was moving house, changing schools, or even ending a book and starting a new one. Suddenly, here was a change that I could lean into. For the first time, I was able to run into the unknown headfirst.

Daddy’s shadow looms large, but every day I grow further away from him. Making the choice to turn away from becoming him has brought me so much joy. He’s in the rear-view mirror, and I’m not looking back. ■

He bought Metallica concert tickets from a scam website by accident.

Give him space: dads need trauma-informed care, even though they think trauma is kinda gay. And this one is real—all dads *think* they're street smart, and getting scammed will bring up serious daddy dysphoria. Maybe his true self isn't grilling at the BBQ, it's in an alternate frat boy timeline, playing PS4 in an empty apartment with only condiments in the fridge. Soothe him with some vape-assisted breathwork, or try gentle re-exposure to *Master of Puppets* at 125db. Your job is creating a container for him to deny his feelings in, and right now, nothing else matters.



— ISAAC

My dad thinks the only way to leave his current mistress is by getting a job in the Northwest Territories. Thoughts?

Thing is, he's not wrong. Fatherhood is about braving the elements and being absolutely terrified of accountability, so this kills two birds with one stone. The only challenge? Getting snow tires. He'll probably get hypnotized by the auto section at Costco, decide a Ford Bronco would complete him, and be too broke to afford the \$72 milk in Yellowknife. We support this though—go northwest, old man.

— KATIE

Owing \$8,000 to the CRA over CERB overpayments. His only options are pay up or jail.



With the right attitude, *everything* is a tax deduction. So get him a sketchy accountant, ASAP. Child support? That's a business expense. A lawnmower? That's office supplies, and his 40m² lawn is the office. And obviously, his Joe Rogan premium subscription counts as professional fees. Deduct all that shit and the CRA will be sending *him* checks in the mail.

— ISAAC

Dear

Y'all have some serious daddy issues—but instead of seeking help, you asked us.

Isaac Nikolai Fox + Katie Glancy



He has an Excel spreadsheet to track all the movies he tapes directly off the TV. But it's gotten too big, and it's crashing his computer.

— KATIE



It sounds like it's time for some daddy DIY. Everyone knows that if something's stuck and it's not supposed to be, you WD-40 it. Find *any* hole, cram the nozzle in, and give it that industrial-strength hawk tuah. If this crashes the laptop (and it will), he'll be too distraught to mansplain why they didn't make a second *300* movie. Take him to the dump, and *this-is-Sparta* the laptop into the scrap heap. You win.

Fatherhood changes you. Pop out one kid (from your dick, in most cases) and suddenly you start loving Mark's Work Wearhouse, complaining about kids these days, and entering rooms gut-first. But dads have problems, too. We asked all you sickos who follow Toronto Affirmations about actual issues your actual fathers are having, and we're here with the fix, daddy style.



He doesn't know how to get our dog to stop barking at the TV when we're watching the news.

This calls for an alpha-off: man versus dog. First, do a raw meat eating contest. Your dad might've been to the Bali Time Chamber, but can he chow down on a puck of miscellaneous meats? Next, test who can poop more confidently in public. You get extra points for eye contact with strangers, naturally. End it with a classic dick measuring contest—it's not about sheer size, it's whoever's hog hangs lower to the ground wins. If your dad loses, he forfeits all right to complain.

— ISAAC

Love...

All the fiberglass hockey sticks he buys break after 2 months and he's too stubborn to use wood.

First off, being committed to a specific construction material is dad culture, and I admire his dedication. There's much to be said about wood: it's hard, sturdy, and affordable. But it's hard to beat the light, smooth touch of a fiberglass shaft. Your best bet? Start placing wood hockey sticks around the house — in the garage, next to the TV. Perhaps he'll move past his days of hollow love and rediscover the stability a wooden stick can provide.



— KATIE



Daddy season couldn't have happened without a team and community. Lore 002 consisted of this print magazine, and 2 short films produced to accompany it—"Going out for a Pack" and "What's the Damage."

Community like this is rare, and we're deeply grateful for everyone involved.

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Show some love to a daddy near you.

Ben Holmes by Albert Hoang



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