

Swipe Right

I swiped right to all the men on Tinder and this is what happened

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When I first began swiping right, I thought I might make an effort to engage in conversation with my matches. but i mostly ended up feeling bad for them, I felt bad for them, why does tinder elicit pity? Of course there are the douchebaggy-looking ones, guys communicating "I have money, and that makes me who you want," and there's the "I'm an athlete, check great body here" situation, but mostly they just make me sad.

"Nothing turns the spirit against the insipid faces of humanity more than tinder," Felix said on Twitter the other day, i'm not sure about "insipid," but I agree something does turn the spirit. There were some cute guys, but who I really noticed, who I remember most, were the overweight middle-aged guys in football jerseys with daughters and the really rough sad looking guys with no one, who look genuinely lonely, and the lumpy white faces just out of rehab or maybe looking for a ride to rehab, desperately putting themselves out there, but I don't drive, I couldn't play these guys into a false sense of something like a possible life after rehab or rides to and from rehab, just for my art. They might relapse.

In the beginning I had thought to make an art project of them all, to converse and play, only my best pics. But once I saw the faces of their humanity, my spirit turned and I just couldn't. Then I wondered if I should rescue the project by coming clean, tell everyone from the get go, hey I swipe right and what I'm doing is just art, and converse from there, or see what happens when I ask their permission to use their images in my art. But I just couldn't. How did tinder come to fill me with just nothing but pity and sorrow, everybody out there is just some poor schlub, I've played this game before and it's called real life, what's the point.

My greatest fear is that this makes me a bad artist. Artists are supposed to be ruthless and destroy anything that gets in the way of them making their art. I'm supposed to be a ruthless prankster, leaving messes every where I go, wrecked papier-mâché doll heads in the wake of my ill-conceived, tone deaf disasters! Not me, apparently. I have a marshmallow heart and in each and every photo on all of tinder i see a broken angel. Hey, overweight guy left alone with a four-year old daughter after your wife died, getting involved with me would just add to the pain so don't. Hey alcohol addled 46-year old guy with mullet, don't expect a ride from me, I don't drive, I'm a city girl, I ride the bus.

Six matches occur before they max me out of swipes for the day.