

## Wednesday, November 8, 2017

10:30 A.M. I press the button. *Downloading*, it says. I've never had a Tinder, nonetheless much used a dating app before, so I am unfamiliar with the terrain. It tells me to enter my name. *Kathryn*, I type. Now it tells me to add a few photographs of myself. I add one, half smiling. Now it tells me to start swiping.

11:00 A.M. Swiping right means I like them. Swiping left means I don't. Quentin, 23, left. Gauthier, 21, left. Amaury, 21, left. Adel, 19, left. Simon, 24, right. Steven, 18, left. Clement, 28, left. Clement, 25, left. Ugo, 26, left. Jean, 24, left. Nassim, 25, left. Maxence, 20, left. Dany, 27, right.

11:09 A.M. Dany sends me a message. We exchange greetings. I tell him I'm at uni. He asks what I mean by uni. I tell him it is short for university. He tells me not to study too hard. I tell him I will. He tells me he has a restaurant which I am welcome to come by. I ask which one. He does not respond.

5:00 P.M. *You matched with Alexandre!*, says my notification screen. Alexandre, 25, sends me a message. His opening line: *You don't look like a French girl...* I tell him I am not. He asks if I'm English or Irish. I tell him I am neither, and ask if he would like a hint. He says he thought it could be a Scandinavian country, but will take the hint anyway. I tell him I'm from the other hemisphere. He then tells me I must be from South Africa. I tell him the other-other hemisphere, in which he asks what the third hemisphere is. I explain to him how a hemisphere is a geographical term used to describe how to divide the Earth in half. It is possible to do so either North and South or East and West. I was not expecting to give a geography lesson.

9:00 P.M. Today I have matched with Dany, 27, Simon, 24, Alexandre, 25, Alexandre, 22, Stefano, 24, and Nicolas, 23. I have conversed with Dany and Alexandre, 25. Simon's profile photograph is a selfie. His lips are a little puckered and his shirt is unbuttoned at the top exposing a tattoo on his chest. I will not initiate the conversation. Alexandre, 22 says he is a vegetarian. Nicholas's profile shows him typing on an iPad wearing a suit. Stefano's profile description says to *Make your life an adventure*. Thank you, Stefano. I already am.

## Thursday, November 9, 2017

10:00 A.M. I swipe. Antoine, 22, right.

4:00 P.M. Alexandre, 25, sent me another message. This time, he asks which state I am from. I ask him if he would like to guess again. He guesses Alaska. I tell him I am from Oregon, although I saw Harrison Ford in Alaska. He states that he does not know if it is cooler that I have been to Alaska or saw Harrison Ford. He tells me he is from Normandy, has been living in Paris for five years, currently lives in the 12th arrondissement, and is training for the Olympics in Modern Pentathlon. I tell him I am a ballet dancer, live in the seventh arrondissement, and am studying art. He does not respond after this.

11:00 P.M. No messages from Simon, Alexandre, 22, Stefano, or Nicholas.

### **Friday, November 10, 2017**

12:00 P.M. I match with Ramzi, 25. No messages.

3:00 P.M. No messages from Alexandre, 25.

8:00 P.M. I swipe. Pierre, 23, left. John, 29, left. Yann, 19, left. Sam, 28, left. Pierre, 22, left. Florian, 20, left. Amine, 25, left. Maxence, 21, left. Antoine, 22, right. Maxence, 21, left. Benjamin, 27, left. Amine, 26, SuperLiked me, left. Clement, 24, SuperLiked me, right.

9:00 P.M. Clement sends me a GIF of a girl winking and blowing a kiss. I respond with a GIF of an animated mouse batting it's eyelids. He does not respond.

### **Saturday, November 11, 2017**

10:00 A.M. No messages from Alexandre, 25. I go to his profile. It says he is 178 kilometers away. He's out of Paris this weekend so it makes sense that he wouldn't respond back. I decide to wait until the weekend is over and if he doesn't respond I will send him a message.

5:00 P.M. I swipe. Olivier, 24, SuperLiked me, right.

6:00 P.M. Olivier messages me *enchante*. I do not respond.

### **Sunday, November 12, 2017**

11:00 A.M. I swipe. Ilyas, 25, left. Joey, 23, left. Nicolas, 24, left. Jeremy, 29, right. Jorge, 28, left. Laurent, 29, left. Anthony, 28, SuperLiked me, left. Georges, 29, left. Ben, 27, left. Thomas, 20, right. Paul, 25, left. Nate, 27, left.

2:00 P.M. I message Jeremy salut with a waving emoticon. No response.

6:00 P.M. No response from Alexandre, 25. No response from Jeremy, Simon, Alexandre, 22, Stefano, or Nicholas either.

### **Monday, November 13, 2017**

9:00 A.M. I swipe. Lancelot, 24, right. Foster, 27, SuperLiked me, right.

10:42 A.M. Lancelot messages me and asks where I am from. He also writes me a quote: *Live everyday like it's your last, and one day you'll be right*. I decide to not respond.

12:00 P.M. Clement responds. He asks me how I am doing in French, and I respond in French. He tells me he is from the south of France, has lived in Paris for many years, is getting his Masters in cinema and creates short films. I tell him I am an art student, and that he will have

to excuse my poor French grammar (we had been speaking in French during this time). He then tells me *faut te forcer et ça reviendra alors*. I do not respond.

## **Tuesday, November 14, 2017**

9:00 A.M. I swipe. Cyriac, 24, right. Marty, 23, right. Louis, 21, right. Thomas, 21, right. Jesse, 27, right.

9:30 A.M. I message Marty, 23, and ask him if the cats in his profile are his. He responds immediately and says they are. I do not respond.

10:00 A.M. I send Cyriac, 24, a GIF of an animated puppy dog waving. He does not respond.

12:45 P.M. Louis messages me. *Comment tu vas?* I do not respond.

6:15 PM. Jesse, 27, messages me. He tells me he needs my expert opinion on something very important. I tell him I am happy to give my expert opinion. He asks me what I am looking for on here. I do not tell him I am looking to meet somebody and photograph their apartment, but say I am looking to make connections with interesting people. I bounce the question back to him. He does not respond.

6:30 P.M. Thomas, 20, messages me with a *heyo*. I respond with a *hiya*. His profile reads: *Je suis sûrement dans le caniveau à l'heure qu'il est, à lire du Rimbaud ou du Baudelaire, ne pas déranger sauf si c'est pour la défonce*. He asks me what's up. I do not respond.

10:55 P.M. Foster, 27, messages me hello. I respond with a hey. He does not respond back.

## **Wednesday, November 15, 2017**

9:00 A.M. I message Geoffroy.

1:00 P.M. I message Antoine, 22. He asks where I am from and if I am here to visit or study. He knew I wasn't French. I tell him I am from the State and am here to study. I ask him what he does. He does not respond.

6:45 P.M. I message Augustin, 25. He responds asking if I am Dutch. I tell him I am not, and asks where he is from. He says he is from Versailles, and asks again where I am from. I tell him I am from the States. He asks if I am a student and I tell him I am. Augustin uses an exclamation point at the end of every sentence. If he is asking a question, he uses an exclamation point and a question mark. It does bother me. He asks how long I've been here and I tell him four months. I ask what he does here, using a single question mark. He says he works for Amazon, with two exclamation points. I do not respond.

10:00 P.M. Geoffroy responds. I will message him in the morning.

## **Thursday, November 16, 2017**

11:00 A.M. I continue my conversation with Geoffroy. He tells me he is an actor and acting teacher from Paris. He asks where I am from, and when I tell him, he says he has been to the State three times. I tell him I have been here since August and am an art student. He asks if I live at the Campus Cité Universitaire, and I tell him I am an au pair. I ask which arrondissement he lives and he tells me he lives in the sixteenth on a boat. I ask if it is a houseboat or a regular boat, and he responds that it is a regular boat, but *habitable*.

1:00 P.M. I swipe. Pierre, 25, right. Christophe, 24, right. Hector, 24, right. Paul, 25, right. Max, 27, right. Vladimir, 26, right.

4:00 P.M. Alexander has not sent me any messages. I have the feeling he will cancel.

6:00 P.M. Olivier messages me again. I do not respond again.

10:35 P.M. Hector, 24, says ciao. I will respond tomorrow.

### **Friday, November 17, 2017**

10:00 A.M. I swipe. Lothaire, 21, right.

12:00 P.M. Geoffroy and I continue to message each other. He mentions he has a PS2 on his boat, which I tell him is quite vintage of him. He asks if I have been to Bois de Boulogne, and I tell him I have been to Bois de Vincennes. He asks if I have been to Les Buttes Chaumont, and I tell him I have been to Parc de Belleville. He says Les Buttes Chaumont is better. I tell him I will have to see for myself.

3:45 P.M. I respond to Hector. I tell him I'm from the States and that I go to art school here. He tells me he is from Barcelona, here to work in a music studio until next summer, and is *so glad to meet somebody who studies arts because it is so difficult to find art-ish people on here*. He asks for my portfolio and gives me a link to his most recent song. He also asks for my Facebook, but I tell him I don't give out my Facebook on here, but can give him WhatsApp. He tells me to listen to his song, and *if he passes the test therefore has the honor to have my WhatsApp*.

7:45 P.M. Augustin messages me again. He asks me if I do not like it, with an exclamation point and a question mark. I ask what he is talking about, with a single question mark. He says his job, with two exclamation points. He then says that I was not answering so he thought it was that, with two exclamation points. He then sends a winking smiling face using a semicolon and a right parenthesis. I do not respond.

8:00 P.M. Geoffroy responds. He asks me if I would like to go to the movies or a museum one day. I tell him that would be nice. I ask him if he has WhatsApp. He says he does not. I tell him to download it, and he says he will. I give him my phone number.

10:00 P.M. I listen to Hector's song. I like it. I give him my phone number.

### **Saturday, November 18, 2017**

2:35 P.M. Hector messages me on WhatsApp. He asks what I have been up to today.

2:45 P.M. Geoffroy messages me on WhatsApp. He tells me he downloaded WhatsApp.

2:46 P.M. I am overwhelmed by the number of men messaging me within a matter of ten minutes. I put my phone on the other side of the room.

5:00 P.M. I respond to Geoffrey first. We make plans to meet tomorrow at 1pm in front of Moulin Rouge.

5:15 P.M. I respond to Hector. I respond that I haven't been up to much, and ask him the same thing. He tells me that he walked around the Marais where he lives, in which I tell him that is one of my favorite neighborhoods in Paris. He sends me a photograph of painting he did a few years ago in graphic design school, and asks me to send him some of my work. I send him a few photographs of a scanography project in which I photographed my hair through a paper scanner and photoshopped the colors to contrast against each other. He tells me it is very contemporary. I ask him to define contemporary. He sends laughing emoticons, saying he won't define it for me. I tell him that I think there is a difference between contemporary as a word and as a genre of art. He says he thinks we will have many *deep conversations about art and creativity*. I tell him I agree.

Thomas, 20, right. Brice, 21, right.

### **Sunday, November 19, 2017**

12:14 P.M. I put on a pair of jeans, a turtleneck sweater, some light makeup, a denim jacket, and a scarf. I think I look okay. Like I put some effort into my appearance, but not too much. I also bring my wallet with a twenty but I shouldn't have to spend it, lipstick, and a disposable camera.

1:03 P.M. I arrive at Moulin Rouge. I see him wearing a red scarf and listening to music wearing headphones. I say hello and as we lean in for a bisous, he steps on my foot. He apologizes and we continue our bisous. He says we should take a walk. We walk and we talk.

1:45 P.M. We arrive at a cafe. He orders an elenge and I order a double espresso. We talk some more.

4:00 P.M. I tell him I am intrigued by his boat and I would like to see it. We leave the cafe.

5:00 P.M. We have spent an hour on public transportation. Line 2 to RER A to Tram 2. He tells me we have to walk fifteen minutes to his boat. We walk thirty.

5:30 P.M. We are on his boat. I take pictures.

6:00 P.M. I tell him I must go.

6:45 P.M. Geoffroy has walked me to the metro. He tells me he would like to see me again. We are standing on the side of the highway in the freezing cold, my arms are crossed. I say sure. I do not mean it. He kisses me. My arms are still crossed because I am so cold. After he pulls away, he says see you later. I tell him au revoir.