

Here in Cornwall, women vastly outnumber men. Should I become a lesbian again?

Katie's hitting a few stumbling blocks in her search for Mr (or Ms) Right

By Katie Glass 13 February 2021 • 6:00am



Back on Tinder, Katie makes a surprising discovery | PHOTO CREDIT: Jooney Woodward

You can run to the end of the earth to avoid many things, but Valentine's Day is not one of them. Even here, the pink mist descends. In Penzance, shop windows flash red. My post office displays naff-looking cards: 'To my darling wife,' they read. I wonder where 'To my darling ex-fiancé' is.

Mostly, [I forget I was supposed to marry this year](#). Although sometimes, when I am thinking about something else entirely – Brexit, stamp duty, whether to pick up some eggs – I catch myself twisting the spot on my finger where my engagement ring sat. A habit quickly acquired, harder shed. In those moments, I contemplate calling him, but decide not to torture myself.

I make half-hearted efforts to rejoin Tinder. My heart is not in it but my libido is. I'm surprised this time to find, among the surfers and students, that city boys, coders and developers have

appeared. Perhaps, like me, they've used lockdown to flee London, realising working from home is better with a sea view.

I hit a sweet spot for mid-40s divorcees, returning to love. For a while, I find myself in a textual romance with a political-speech-writing widower in Marazion. But I panic when he seems too interested.

I chat to a chef from St Ives who sends me filthy messages at midnight, getting high after his shifts. But I get bored of how horny he is.

Perhaps my problem with men is the same as my problem with houses – I want everything, and nothing. Although at least this time I am clear about something: I am not looking for a project.

A local mum tells me stories about dating fishermen. How frightening it is when the weather is bad and they are out at sea. How annoying it is when the weather is good and they disappear to the pub for a week, pretending their boat still hasn't come in. Now wives check an app called FleetMon, which shows where boats are located.

It's probably wrong of me to fetishise fishermen. After all, they are a minority. But I love how cheeky and brave they seem.

I watch Cornwall: This Fishing Life for dating tips and realise [I am not meeting any fisherman](#) because they get up at the crack of dawn whereas my days rarely start before 11am.

My bridesmen, meanwhile, are having more luck. Having switched the locator tool on his Grindr to Land's End ('ready for when I visit'), Martin has met a local farmer. 'He sends me pictures of his calves,' he trills. It is disappointing to discover this does not mean he has good legs.

With the Falmouth Packet reporting that in Cornwall women vastly outnumber men, I wonder if I should become a lesbian again. When I first arrived in Penzance, I googled 'gay nights', but only found a gay-friendly bed and breakfast. The only LGBT night in Cornwall is in Truro, an hour away. Still, surprisingly, on Tinder, I match with loads of local women. Perhaps I shouldn't be so shocked – lesbians do love hiking.

Eventually I match with a fisherman – bleach blonde, wearing a rough wool jumper, he posts videos of dolphins diving under his boat. He suggests we take a flask of tea and walk the Lizard. Which sounds romantic – although also like something a serial killer might suggest. By Valentine's Day, he has vanished. Perhaps he's at sea with no reception. Or perhaps here 'at sea' is a euphemism for ghosting someone.

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