

NO.1

TUESDAY, 6 MAY,  
2025



# TENDER

LONELY HEARTS

# INTRO

In 1660, a London magazine published what's believed to be the first personal ad: a satirical cry for companionship from a widow "urgently in need of any man that is Able to labour in her Corporation." What began as a joke – a nudge at gender, work, and desire – became a tradition: classified ads as spaces where people paid by the word to confess loneliness, flirt anonymously, or try their luck at love.

For centuries, hearts lived in newsprint. Brief. Awkward. Sometimes sincere. Often absurd. But always human.

Then came apps.

Now, desire scrolls through curated images and pre-set prompts, filtered through engagement metrics and behavioral data. We outsourced intimacy to interfaces. And in doing so, lost something real and precious.

This magazine is a resurrection. A vertical scroll, not a newspaper column – but a nod to when connection felt uncertain, not gamified.

Some of these profiles are AI-generated – because machines already script who we meet and how we present. Others are real – because even in simulation, people still long to be witnessed.

We're not here to match you. We're here to archive the ache – the beautiful, messy analog longing that no swipe can contain.

Scroll slow. Scroll strange. You might see yourself here.

# A NOTE ON LOVE, AI, AND CONSENT IN THE 21ST CENTURY. AKA OUR POLICY

This is not a dating app.  
No one is watching your swipe data.  
No algorithm is learning your "type."  
No profiles are being boosted by how hot  
they look in Mykonos.

This is a lo-fi archive of longing – printed,  
scrollable, weird. A place where  
fiction and truth blur on purpose.

Some of these ads are AI-generated. That  
means the names, the faces, the quirks, the  
aching little metaphors – all conjured by a  
machine trying its best to sound human.  
Others were submitted by real people with  
real hearts and the courage to be seen in  
100 words or less.

By submitting your ad, you're saying:

- You're a real adult human (18+);
- You consent to having your words,  
and optionally your face, turned into  
magazine love-art;
- You know this is a publication,  
not a dating app. We don't match, we  
showcase.

What we won't do:

- Sell your data;
- Alter your story without your okay;
- Ever publish hate, bigotry, or fake  
ads meant to harm.

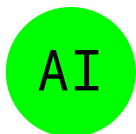
So submit gently. Read slowly.  
This isn't the future of dating.  
It's a glitch in it.

# HOW TO USE THIS ZINE

① Armed with a sheet of stickers, you are hereby invited to read, react, and feel things on paper. Each page features a personal ad – some written by real people, others by machines pretending to feel. It's your job to sort the souls from the simulations.



② → Place a heart next to any profile that makes your stomach flutter or your brain go “hmm.” Call it analog swiping. Call it printed affection. Just don't overthink it.



→ Think you can tell who's real and who's machine-made? Try. Label each profile with your best guess. Answers are tucked in the back, because love, like truth, reveals itself eventually.



→ Red Flag. You know better. You do it anyway. Stick this on the walking disasters you'd still text at 2AM.

③ Once you've stickered your way through the zine:  
– Turn to the end for the AI reveals  
– Send us your own ad by scanning the code.

# BACHELOR, 36

---



---

Gently pre-owned, well-maintained, factory settings mostly intact. Slim-fit mind, loose-fit morals (just kidding... mostly). Comes with own flat, plants (alive), and ability to cook more than eggs. Loves Bowie vinyl over Spotify playlists, paperback books over PDFs. Emotionally available and mechanically

competent: can hang shelves and hold a conversation. Seeks: Female, 25-35, sharp of wit, soft of heart. Must laugh easily, cry occasionally, and know how to disappear from social media without it being a crisis.

No time-wasters.  
No fascists.

# LONELY, 25

---



---

Lonely, not unattractive male (according to mum and two exes), 25, seeks female soulmate to transcend introversion.

Lover of cinema (the kind with subtitles), contemporary folk music (the sadder, the better), and art in all its forms – from gallery walls to

bus stop graffiti.

Not great at small talk, excellent at overthinking. Can hold a conversation about loss, joy, Tarkovsky, or Taylor Swift (folklore era).

# TALL FEMALE, 31

---

AI



---

Thick thighs, thick books,  
thick boundaries. Soft where  
it counts, sharp when it mat-  
ters.

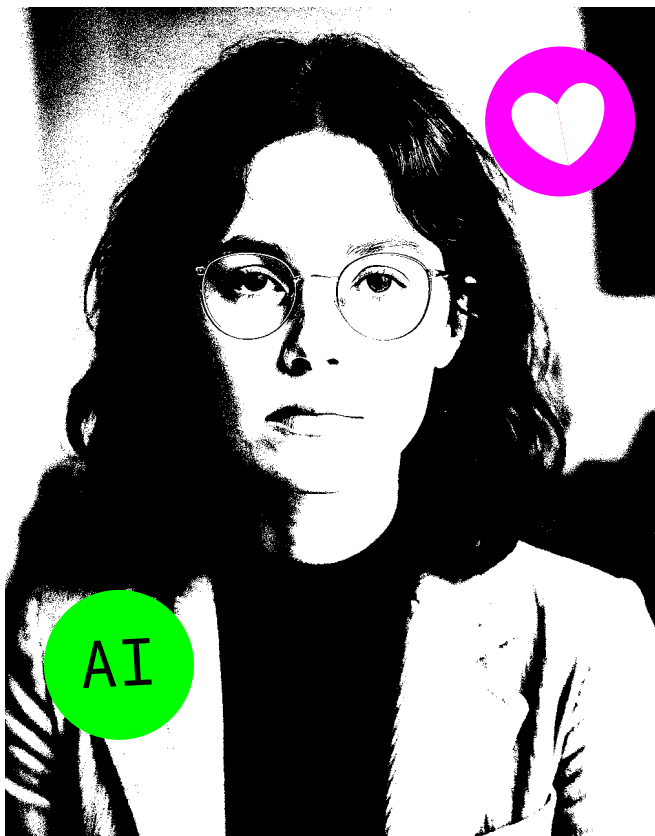
I make playlists like love  
letters and cornbread like  
my auntie taught me. I laugh  
loud, cry in private, and be-  
lieve in calling people back.  
Museums on Mondays, gospel on

Sundays, slow dancing in the  
kitchen if the vibe is right.

Looking for a man, who can  
handle honesty, rhythm, and  
full eye contact.  
Must love Black women out  
loud. Must not be scared of  
feelings, seasoning, or si-  
lence.

# ROMANTIC, 29

---



---

Female, 5'6", quietly dramatic. Reads too much, worries too often, loves too hard. Professionally competent, emotionally chaotic in a charming sort of way. Enjoys long walks (but only if there's somewhere warm at the end), old jazz records, antique shops, and conversations that spiral into

philosophy or absurdity. Fluent in sarcasm, tenderness, and disappointing on-line dates.

Looking for a man who is kind over clever, grounded but curious. Someone who texts back, asks real questions, and doesn't flinch at vulnerability.



# "JILL OF ALL TRADES"

---



---

'Jill of all trades' interested community, rural Forest of Dean, strong, healthy, driver, genuine, co-operative.

Ideally: country woman, middle-aged, no children, with genuine desire for mutual aid. Possibility of practical marriage. Come!! Help with expenses.

Shaw, Darbee Cottage, Clements Tump, Coleford. Glos.

# 2 LONG-HAIRED GUYS

---

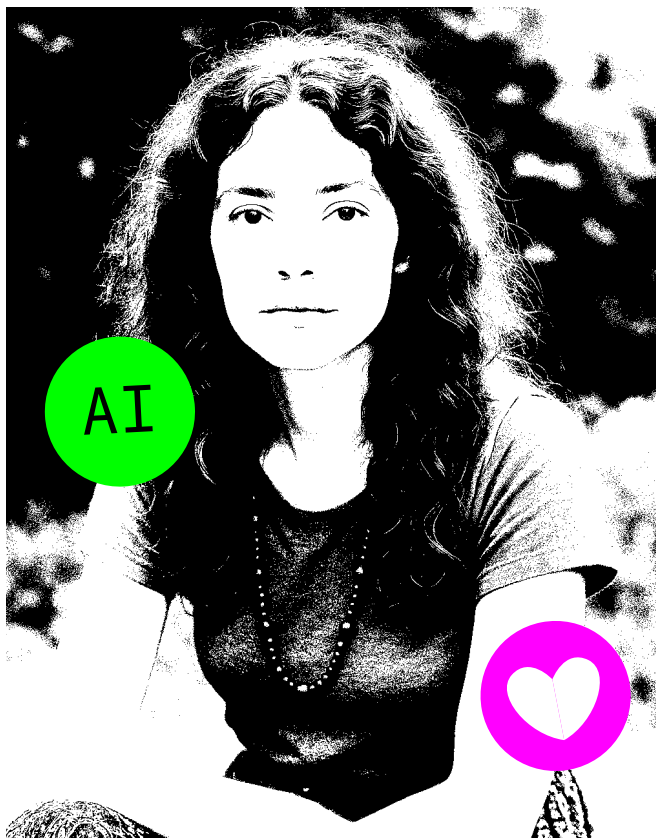


---

Two long-haired guys, 19.  
Fed up with small talk, thick  
vibes, and even thicker egos.  
Looking to connect with two  
attractive, sharp, switched-  
on girls who know how to  
laugh, think, and maybe start  
a little trouble.

# HALF-WIDE WOMAN

---



---

HALF-WILD WOMAN, 27. Long skirts, longer thoughts. I dance when no one's watching, talk too much when I'm nervous, and believe eye contact is a lost art. Into film photography, strange jazz, and the kind of nights that end with shoes in hand and secrets between strangers.

Looking for a man (or something close to it) who's not afraid of women with opinions, orgasms, or records older than him. Must be emotionally literate, at least mildly solvent, and able to hold his own in both an argument and a cuddle.

No businessmen. No beige. No one who calls their ex "crazy."

# GENTLEMAN, 47

---



---

Gentleman, shy, 47, sincerely loyal and genuine but saddened and sorrowing still over divorce, now anxiously seeks quiet lady of gentle charm for marriage and so rekindle anew the purpose of living and joy of loving and belonging. Consideration, understanding and immeasurable love offered in exchange

for encouragement, security of purpose and affection with loyalty.  
Grantham, Lincolnshire.

# DESPERATE, 31

---



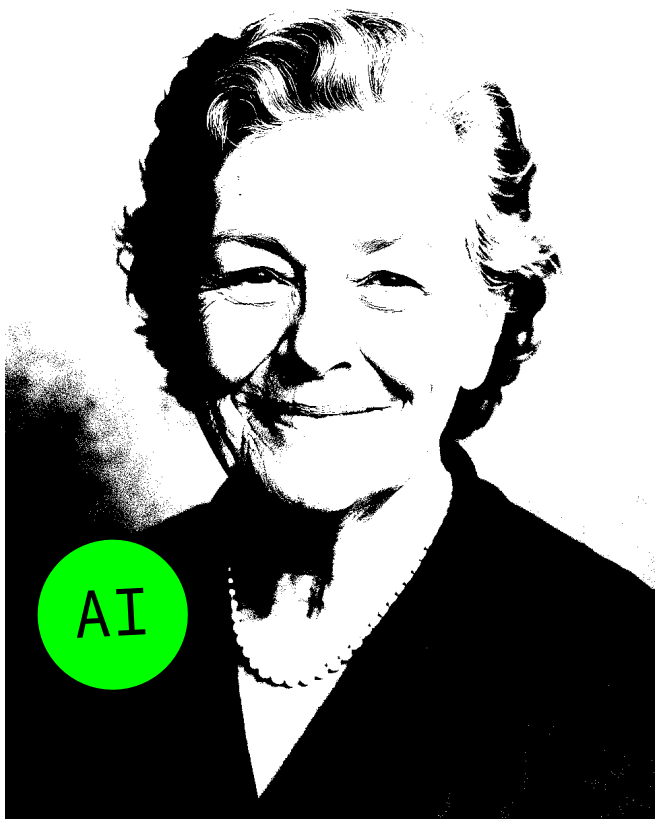
---

## DESPERATE, LIFE-WEARY?

Intelligent, attractive, CYNICAL male, 31, seeks un-emotional cynical relationship with cynical female, occasional meetings only. No strings. Humour, intelligence more important than age, looks. All replies answered. Don't just sit there.

# UNFINISHED FEMALE

---



---

UNFINISHED, UNAPOLOGETIC FEMALE, 62. Grey hair, sharp tongue, soft hands. Not looking to be rescued. Not here for games. Just tired of good wine going unshared.

Widowed once, bored twice, and still curious.  
I garden like it's religion,

write letters I don't send, and know exactly how I like my tea and my silence.

Looking for a man with stories, flaws, and the decency to sit still through dinner. Bonus points if you still read books or know when to leave quietly.

# APPLY YOUR AD HERE

---



---

Your turn.

Got something to say?(up to  
100 words) A heart to offer?  
A strange little ad waiting  
to be written?

Scan the code to submit your  
own lonely heart.

Whether you're real, unre-  
al, unsure, or just looking  
for someone to notice - this  
scroll has room for you.