Tool-Being: The Art of Hitting on Yourself

Matan Even Interviews Dr. Clav about Matt Bomer and Other Attractive Men

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Matan Even is an eighteen-year-old Israeli-American interviewer and comedian who has built a following doing confrontational, deadpan interviews. His style is to ask absurd questions with total sincerity, press people on contradictions, and let them hang themselves with their own words. He's the "name ten books" guy, the one who made that bit famous interviewing OnlyFans creators. He pretends not to understand things to force people to over-explain, and he sprinkles in nonsense questions to see if guests will just agree with anything. He has

a co-host named Mike who mostly sits there, and another guy in the room called Mike Mike who is apparently "neckmaxxing," a practice we will return to later because Clavicular, despite his expertise in these matters, has never heard of it.

His guest in this episode is Clavicular, styled as "Dr. Clav" by his followers, a looksmaxxing content creator and livestreamer who has become semi-famous in the incel-adjacent blackpill internet space for being extremely open about his own pharmaceutical and surgical interventions to improve his appearance. He is neurodivergent, which he states directly, started steroids at fourteen without parental permission by ordering them online and having them held at the post office via general delivery, and is currently planning double jaw surgery. He is nineteen years old. He is controversial because he has been accused of injecting a seventeen-year-old girl's face with a cosmetic substance called a fat dissolver, which comes up in the interview. He defends it by saying the risk profile is low.

But before we go further, it's worth noting that Clavicular is doing something more sophisticated than it first appears. When he says things like "I use meth for hollow cheeks" or "I smash my face with a hammer" or "I did meth to do laundry," he's engaging in what

we might call gistmaxxing—compressing a story to its most transmissible, most memorable, most shareable core, even at the cost of accuracy or nuance. "I did meth to do laundry" is technically true but strips out everything that would make it make sense: the stimulant logic, the ADHD self-medication pattern, the fact that people have been using speed to do chores since speed existed. Anyone who has ever taken Adderall to finally clean their apartment understands the basic impulse. By removing the context he creates this absurdist image of someone so far gone they need methamphetamine to fold shirts, when the reality is more banal and more relatable than the punchline suggests.

Gistmaxxing is a kind of generosity to the audience because you're doing the work of making your own life into a punchline. You're pre-editing yourself into a character. Instead of saying "I have executive function issues and I've found that low-dose stimulants help me initiate tedious tasks, which I know is pharmacologically risky but the alternative is paralysis," you say "I did meth to do laundry." The first is explanation; the second is content. The courtesy is that you're saving your audience the work of extracting the interesting part. You've already done it. You've turned your own experience into a meme before anyone else can. There's

a defensive element too—if you frame yourself as absurd first, no one else can do it to you. You've preempted the mockery by becoming the mockster. Clavicular is his own editor, his own clip farmer. The self-awareness he displays isn't just psychological insight—it's content strategy.

This is the opposite of what old media does, what YouTubers do, what anyone selling ads does—which is to add filler, to pad, to stretch ten minutes of content into forty minutes of runtime. Call that contentmaxxing or shockmaxxing, depending on whether the filler is boring or sensational. Clavicular is doing something else. He's compressing, not expanding. He's making himself quotable. And this matters for understanding the interview, because a lot of what sounds insane is actually him optimizing for how well the story travels, how easily it can be clipped or screenshotted or repeated at a party. He knows exactly what he's doing.

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To understand this conversation requires understanding the world Clavicular inhabits, but also understanding that he is performing that world for an audience, amplifying its logic for effect. The blackpill is the belief that physical attractiveness is the primary determinant

of romantic and social success, that this is genetically determined, and that society systematically lies about this. The bluepill, in this framework, is the comforting fiction that personality matters, that there is someone for everyone, that love is about connection rather than facial bone structure. The blackpill emerged from incel forums but has spread into broader male self-improvement spaces, where it functions as a kind of grim enlightenment, a seeing-through of comfortable illusions to hard biological truth.

The frustrating thing about the blackpill is that it contains a grain of truth, and that grain is what makes it seductive. Attractiveness does matter. People do make snap judgments based on appearance. The dating market is brutal, especially for young men, especially in the age of dating apps where the visual first impression has become more important than ever. The sexual marketplace, to use their term, is genuinely asymmetrical in ways that polite discourse refuses to acknowledge. A woman of almost any level of attractiveness has options that a man of equivalent attractiveness simply does not have. This is observable. This is real. And the blackpill communities are correct that mainstream culture tends to either deny this asymmetry or frame it as somehow

oppressive to women, which strikes many young men as gaslighting.

So when someone dismisses the blackpill as simply wrong about everything, as pure delusion, they're missing the source of its power. It's not that these observations are false. It's that the conclusions drawn from them are catastrophic. The framework takes real observations about how attraction works and turns them into a total worldview that permits—even demands—self-destruction in pursuit of optimization. The honesty about how the world works becomes permission for self-harm.

Looksmaxxing is the practical application of this worldview, the practice of maximizing one's physical appearance through any means necessary. At the soft end, this means basic interventions like skincare, haircuts, fashion, going to the gym, and getting lean. "Lean is law" is a common phrase in these communities, meaning that being at low body fat percentage is the most important variable, the foundation upon which all other improvements rest. This is not crazy advice. This is what any personal trainer would tell you. Hardmaxxing refers to surgical and pharmaceutical interventions: rhinoplasty, jaw surgery, steroids, human growth hormone, and various other compounds.

Some of this is also within the range of normal—people get nose jobs, people get hair transplants, people take testosterone. The question is always where the line is, and the blackpill framework provides no line, only optimization.

Beyond hardmaxxing lies bone smashing, the most extreme and controversial practice, which involves literally hitting yourself in the face with objects to create micro fractures that supposedly heal back stronger and more prominent. Clavicular confirms he does this, lying in bed with his head braced and striking specific facial bones to make them more pronounced. This is genuinely dangerous and insane, but it is a real practice in these communities, discussed seriously and performed by people who consider themselves rational optimizers. It's also funny, in a dark way, which is part of why Clavicular has an audience. He's not a tragic figure stumbling through self-destruction unaware. He's a comedian performing self-destruction as content, and he's good at it.

The suffix -maxxing has become what linguists call a productive morpheme, capable of attaching to almost anything: gymmaxxing, heightmaxxing, statusmaxxing, moneymaxxing, escortmaxxing (which means hiring prostitutes to technically escape incel

status). In this interview we encounter neckmaxxing, the apparent attempt by Mike Mike to lengthen his neck, which Clavicular treats as a genuine novel frontier he simply hasn't explored yet, and doormaxxing, Matan's joke about slamming a door on someone's head. We might add gistmaxxing to the lexicon—the optimization of storytelling for impact and shareability, which Clavicular practices instinctively.

The community has also developed its own vocabulary for comparison and rating. Mogging means dominating someone else in appearance; if you mog someone, you are noticeably more attractive than them. "Who mogs harder" is a common framing for debates about relative attractiveness. The PSL scale is the rating system used on lookism forums, named after the forums where this culture developed: PUAHate, Sluthate, and Lookism. Unlike conventional attractiveness scales, PSL goes up to eight rather than ten and is supposedly objective, based on facial measurements and ratios rather than subjective impression. A five is average, a seven is extremely attractive, and an eight is essentially unattainable, reserved for digitally enhanced images like the artificially generated hypermasculine face known as Gigachad.

There are other terms worth knowing. Ascending means successfully improving your appearance enough to move up a tier in attractiveness and therefore in romantic prospects. The opposite is rotting, which means giving up on improvement and accepting your genetic fate. Hunter eyes are a desirable eye shape, deep-set with a positive canthal tilt, associated with masculine attractiveness. Prey eyes are the opposite, round and wide and vulnerable-looking. Norwood refers to the Norwood scale for male pattern baldness, and norwooding means losing your hair, which is considered one of the most devastating blows to male attractiveness. Frauding means artificially enhancing your appearance in photos through angles, lighting, or editing, presenting a version of yourself that cannot be maintained in person. The community is deeply concerned with frauding, both as a practice to be detected in others and as a temptation to be resisted or embraced in oneself.

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The conversation opens with Clavicular explaining looksmaxxing for "those who might not have autism," already acknowledging the niche internet culture this comes from. Matan had asked him to explain the

concept for people who might not understand, and Clavicular's reframing, substituting autism for ignorance, is both self-aware and revealing. He knows this is a subculture of obsessives, knows it requires a certain kind of brain to find it compelling, and he says so directly with no apparent embarrassment. This is the first sign that we're dealing with someone who is in on the joke, at least partially.

Clavicular admits to starting steroids at fourteen, ordering them online and hiding the deliveries from his parents by using general delivery at the post office. Matan asks if he recommends this for other fourteen-year-olds. Clavicular says no, but his reasoning is revealing: most people are not smart enough to do it properly. The problem is not that fourteen-year-olds should not take steroids; the problem is that most fourteen-year-olds lack the research skills and discipline to do it safely. Matan presses: so if they were as smart as you, they could do it? Clavicular tries to dodge but basically confirms this. Matan's technique here is a signature move. He restates the guest's position slightly more extremely and then waits for them to either agree or contradict themselves. Most guests agree.

This is a pattern that will recur throughout the interview. Clavicular has internalized a framework in

which the only relevant variable is optimization. Age, social norms, the wisdom of not taking hormones during puberty—none of this registers as meaningful. Only the question of whether you can do it correctly. Ethics has been replaced by competence. The question isn't "should I?" but "can I execute this properly?" And if you can, why wouldn't you?

Clavicular is on prescription dextromethamphetamine, which is sold under the brand name Desoxyn. This is prescription methamphetamine, which does exist as a rarely prescribed medication for severe ADHD and obesity. Clavicular says he takes it for appetite suppression to get leaner. Lean is law. Matan asks why he does not just not eat. Clavicular explains that meth allows you to push further into caloric deficit, to sustain hunger that would otherwise be unbearable. Matan points out that this is just compensating for lack of self-control. Clavicular gets slightly defensive but maintains that he personally has strong willpower. It is most fats who cannot control themselves. The contradiction is stark: he claims strong willpower while taking meth to suppress appetite, claims to advise against stimulants while doing them twice a week, claims not to be worried about addiction because he has self-control. This is the same reasoning every addict uses, the conviction

that they are different, that they have the knowledge and discipline that others lack, that the rules apply to everyone except them.

But here again we should note the gistmaxxing. "I use meth for hollow cheeks" is a great line. It's memorable. It's clippable. It compresses a complicated reality—the use of prescription stimulants for appetite suppression, a practice with a long history in weight loss medicine, combined with the aesthetic goals of the looksmaxxing community—into something that sounds maximally unhinged. Clavicular knows exactly how this sounds. He's choosing to say it this way.

The homosexuality loop is where Matan does his best work. He asks who the most attractive man in the world is. Clavicular gives an answer based on harmony percentage and facial mathematics: Matt Bomer. Matan says this is a little gay. Clavicular tries to explain that it is objective, not attraction, that he is simply identifying measurable qualities rather than expressing desire. Matan keeps rephrasing: top five men you are most attracted to; who would you choose if you were homosexual. Clavicular keeps insisting he is not gay while also ranking men's faces with obvious enthusiasm, able to discourse at length on canthal tilt and jaw angle and midface ratio. The entire looksmaxxing com-

munity has this tension. These are men who spend enormous amounts of time studying and rating male faces, who know more about male beauty than most fashion photographers, who can identify subtle asymmetries and suboptimal ratios at a glance. And they insist it is purely scientific, purely analytical, that their obsessive attention to male attractiveness has nothing to do with attraction. Matan's line is devastating: "I understand the entire concept, I just don't understand the part about you not being a homosexual."

This is the loop the title refers to. Hitting on yourself. These are men who have become connoisseurs of male beauty while insisting it's science, who spend their days studying and optimizing the male form, who can tell you more about what makes a man attractive than any straight man has any business knowing. The external goal—attracting women—has been almost entirely displaced by the internal process of optimization. The apparatus of attractiveness has been decoupled from its supposed purpose and become autotelic. Clavicular himself admits at one point that he doesn't really care about getting girls, he just wants to mog. That's hitting on yourself in the purest sense. The whole framework has turned inward.

And there's a loneliness in it that the phrase captures. Hitting on yourself because there's no one else. The forum posts about going entire days without speaking, the elaborate avoidance strategies, the dog being the only female he'll ever feel connection to—all of this is someone who has withdrawn from the project of relating to others and replaced it with the project of perfecting himself for an audience that exists mainly in his own mind and on anonymous forums. The self becomes both subject and object, pursuer and pursued. It's a kind of solipsistic romance.

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Matan throws in completely absurd questions throughout the interview to test whether Clavicular will just go along with anything. He asks whether Long Johnson mogs Big Billy, referring to two cats from viral videos. Clavicular does not know who these are but tries to answer anyway, attempting to apply the rating framework to subjects he has never encountered. He asks whether it is true that if you are attractive enough you can turn into a wasp. Clavicular admits he has not experienced this because he is not attractive enough yet, which suggests he is willing to entertain literally any claim about what attractiveness might enable. If you told him attrac-

tive people could fly, he would probably say he is working toward it. At one point Matan asks a question about receiving a hundred dollars but not the whole thing for something he mumbles incoherently, a question that is literally nonsense, and Clavicular politely asks for clarification, which is actually the right response. He has not completely lost contact with reality. He can still recognize genuine nonsense. He just cannot recognize the nonsense embedded in his own worldview.

Or can he? This is the question that haunts the interview. Is Clavicular a true believer or a performer? The answer is probably both, which is the most interesting answer. He believes enough of the framework to act on it—the steroids are real, the bone smashing is real, the planned surgery is real. But he also knows how to present it for maximum effect. He's riding a wave, as one observer put it. He's not stupid; he's savvy. The character and the person have merged in a way that makes it impossible to tell where one ends and the other begins, which is true of most successful content creators.

Matan pulls out photos and asks Clavicular to rate them. The photos include a man with synthol injections making his muscles grotesquely swollen with oil, whom Clavicular rates at 2.5 PSL while admitting he

would be the best looking at reasonable body fat, because even when looking at something obviously gone wrong Clavicular cannot stop optimizing. There is a photo Matan calls Black Stephen Hawking, apparently a disabled Black man who may be photoshopped, whom Clavicular rates at 3 PSL and describes as having "ascended from the change in phenotype." There is Gigachad, the digitally created hypermasculine face that became a meme, whom they both agree is obviously an 8. There is Long Neck, a viral figure with an extremely long thin neck, whom Clavicular rates at 2 PSL. And there is a photo that Clavicular thinks is himself but is not, which he rates at 2.5 to 3. Matan keeps insisting the synthol guy is the most attractive and that Clavicular is jealous of him.

One question Matan doesn't ask, but should have: what about someone like Steve Buscemi? Here is a man who is, by any PSL measurement, objectively hideous—bulging eyes, asymmetrical features, strange proportions. And yet there's something in his ugliness that works, that communicates something, that is even attractive in its own way. The looksmaxxing framework would probably say he succeeded despite his face through status and talent, that he's the exception that proves the rule. But that feels like special pleading.

There's something the facial ratio measurements simply cannot capture—presence, intensity, the way a face tells a story. The framework is purely morphological, and morphology isn't everything.

There is a section where Matan asks about Black people and attractiveness. Clavicular says Black people can be objectively good-looking but that certain ratios might not favor certain people of African descent. This is relatively measured by the standards of these communities, which often veer into explicit race science. Matan then asks "what about the brain?" He is fishing for race realism content, trying to see if Clavicular will commit to biological racism. Clavicular dodges, says he has not done the research. Then: "But you're not racist?" "No." "Why?" This is a strange question to ask, but Matan knows what he is doing. Clavicular's answer is revealing: racism is a waste of time when you could be looksmaxxing instead. Maybe if there were an extra six hours in the day he would consider being racist. This is not a principled rejection of racism. It is a time-management objection. He has not concluded that racism is wrong; he has concluded that it is inefficient.

This moment reveals something important about the framework Clavicular has internalized. Ethics has been entirely replaced by resource allocation. The question

isn't "should I?" but "do I have time for this?" Racism isn't wrong; it's just not a priority. He might get around to it eventually if his schedule opens up. This is what happens when you've optimized away moral reasoning entirely. Every decision becomes a question of efficiency rather than value.

Matan brings up that people are mad at Clavicular for injecting a seventeen-year-old's face with fat dissolver. Clavicular defends it by saying the risk profile is low. Matan points out that by that logic you could do it to a ten-year-old. Clavicular admits it is a little bit early in life but doubles down. What he is really saying is that he does not recognize any limits beyond immediate medical risk. Age, consent, the appropriateness of performing cosmetic procedures on minors—none of that registers as meaningful. Only the risk profile matters. This is what happens when you have fully internalized a framework that treats appearance as the only value. He's not saying "no, that would be wrong." He's saying "the numbers might not work out." He's calculating, not refusing.

Later in the interview, Clavicular admits he did meth a few days ago to motivate himself to do laundry. Not meth to get lean. Meth to do laundry. Matan points out that "a few days ago" apparently means twelve-plus

hours, meaning Clavicular's sense of time is already distorted in the way that stimulant users' sense of time becomes distorted. Matan says Clavicular seems nice but will probably just have a heart attack from all the drugs. Clavicular agrees this is a real risk, especially with cocaine, which he apparently also does. He then calmly explains the pharmacology: cocaine is acutely dangerous, causing sudden cardiac events, while meth is chronically cardiotoxic, degrading the heart over time. He knows exactly how the drugs will kill him. He has done the research. He can explain the mechanisms in detail. And he is going to keep doing them anyway, because lean is law.

But again—"I did meth to do laundry" is gist-maxxing. It's a punchline, not a confession. Anyone who has taken stimulants understands the basic impulse: you take the pill and suddenly the pile of laundry that has been sitting there for two weeks becomes not just manageable but almost appealing. The executive function kicks in. The paralysis lifts. This is why people take Adderall, why they take Vyvanse, why they drink coffee. Clavicular is describing something relatable in the most unrelatable possible terms because that's what makes good content. The reality is more banal than the punchline.

Matan asks if Mr. Beast is the Antichrist. Clavicular says yes, calls him a textbook sociopath, says his smile goes dark when the cameras turn off. This is fairly standard internet cynicism about Mr. Beast, but it is interesting that Clavicular can identify something wrong with someone else's performed positivity while being apparently less aware of his own performance. Or maybe he is aware. Maybe that's the whole point—he's doing the same thing Mr. Beast does, just optimized for a different audience.

Matan abruptly ends the interview because Long Neck, the viral figure from the photos, is arriving in five minutes for the next interview. This is a classic Matan move, pretending to have scheduled back-to-back guests where the other guest is always Long Neck.

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What Matan is doing in this interview is a specific kind of journalism. He lets unhinged people talk. He gently presses on contradictions. He occasionally throws in absurdist questions to see if they will go along. He does not moralize. He does not lecture. He does not try to save anyone. He just creates space for people to reveal themselves, and they oblige. A confrontational interview would put Clavicular on the defensive, would

make him retreat into justifications and denials. A sympathetic interview would make him seem more sympathetic than he deserves. Matan's deadpan absurdism creates a space where Clavicular can just explain himself, can just describe what he does and why, without being attacked or coddled. And what emerges is genuinely interesting precisely because it is so calm, so reasonable, so articulate. He is describing extreme behavior and it sounds like a TED talk.

The thing that makes this interview land is that Clavicular is genuinely likeable. He is not a cartoon villain or an obvious freak. He comes across as thoughtful, even reasonable in his delivery. He is funny. He is self-aware in certain ways. And that is part of what makes it work as content. He is calmly explaining that he does meth twice a week to suppress appetite, that he smashes his own face to create micro fractures, that he started steroids at fourteen, that he is planning major jaw surgery, and he sounds like he is describing a sensible fitness routine. The dissonance between the content and the delivery is the whole show.

The looksmaxxing community exists in a strange space between self-improvement and self-destruction. At the soft end it really is just self-improvement: working out, dressing better, taking care of your skin. These

are good things. The advice to get lean, to lift weights, to dress well, to take care of your appearance—none of this is wrong. The blackpill observation that looks matter, that the dating market is brutal, that visual first impressions are increasingly important—none of this is false. The problem is what happens when you take true observations as the entire picture and then follow the logic to its endpoint.

Once you have accepted the premises, the conclusions follow inexorably. Why would you not take steroids if looks are everything? Why would you not get surgery? Why would you not hit yourself in the face if there is any chance it might help? The honesty about how the world works becomes permission for self-destruction. The framework presents itself as brutal honesty, as seeing through comfortable lies to hard truths about human nature. And there is something to it. But the truth framing becomes a trap.

What the framework misses is everything that isn't morphological. The traditional answer to what makes a man attractive includes being a good person, having good character, being able to provide for a family, having money, social status, integrity. The blackpill claim is that these things are becoming obsolete as society becomes more superficial, that we're entering a world

where only the visual matters. Maybe there's something to that. But even if looks are becoming more important, it doesn't follow that looks are the only thing. And most men who optimize purely for appearance while remaining, to use a technical term, stupid assholes, will find that the optimization doesn't work. You can have perfect facial ratios and still be alone because you have nothing to say, nothing to offer, no way of being in the world that anyone wants to be around.

Clavicular will never be satisfied. That is the nature of dysmorphia dressed up as optimization. There is always another surgery, another drug, another ratio to fix. He is already planning double jaw surgery at nineteen. After that will come something else. The goalpost moves because the goal was never really about reaching a destination; it was about the process of optimization itself. The blackpill promises liberation through truth but delivers imprisonment through obsession.

None of this happens in a vacuum. Clavicular has a following because the platforms reward this kind of content. YouTube and TikTok and Twitter have created the conditions for communities like this to flourish, have built recommendation algorithms that surface increasingly extreme content to people who show interest in self-improvement, have made it possible for a

nineteen-year-old who smashes his own face and does meth to do laundry to build an audience of young men who see him as an authority. The decline of traditional paths to masculine status—stable employment, family formation, community respect—has left a lot of young men searching for alternative ways to feel valuable. The looksmaxxing community offers them a framework, a set of practices, a vocabulary, a community. It tells them the problem is their bones and the solution is optimization. It gives them something to do.

The message Clavicular is spreading is the real problem, more than Clavicular himself. He might be riding a wave, he might be gistmaxxing for effect, he might be savvier than he appears. But the young men watching him don't necessarily know that. They see someone who seems successful, who seems confident, who seems to have figured something out. And the thing he appears to have figured out is that you should take thirty-two different drugs ordered off the internet and hit yourself in the face with a hammer. That's the message, even if the messenger is performing.

Matan's interview style is perfectly suited to revealing the internal logic of this world without endorsing or condemning it. He just creates space for it to unfold. And what emerges is something more complicated than

a cautionary tale—a portrait of a young man who has found a way to turn self-destruction into content, who has learned to gistmax his own decline into something shareable, who knows exactly what he's doing and is going to keep doing it anyway.

The casual acceptance of early death is there, but it's not quite as straightforward as it seems. Matan says you are probably just going to have a heart attack from all the drugs. Clavicular agrees. He knows the risks. He has done the research. He can explain exactly how the drugs will kill him. But he's also making content about it. He's also building an audience. He's also, in some sense, winning—by the metrics that matter in the attention economy, he is succeeding. The tragedy, if there is one, is that the metrics that matter in the attention economy have nothing to do with flourishing as a human being. You can optimize for views and virality while destroying yourself, and the algorithm will reward you the whole way down.

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There's a French saying: *les goûts et les couleurs ne se discutent pas.* Taste and color are not matters for debate. Everyone has a different perception of beauty and attraction. But the looksmaxxing community contests

exactly this. They say it's horseshit, romantic bullshit. There is absolutely a way to rate people, to have a scientific objective measurement of attractiveness. The PSL scale exists. The ratios can be measured. The debate is endless.

And yet—once you actually fall in love with someone, it becomes almost impossible to judge whether they are pretty or not because your perception of them has been completely transformed. You become basically blind. You will probably find them beautiful no matter what, unless you are fighting with them and just feel angry. But you can't really tell anymore what the objective truth is. Love blinds.

Maybe that's the compressed, accurate way to state what the blackpill gets wrong. Their insight is that love is not blind at all. Before love takes hold, it is absolutely not blind. It sees. It evaluates. It judges. The dating market is brutal because everyone is seeing, everyone is evaluating, everyone is judging. The blackpill is correct about this. But what it misses is that once love catches hold, the eyes close. Love sees, and then love blinds. The framework is correct about the first part and completely wrong about what happens after. It has no theory of what happens when you actually connect with someone, because connection isn't morphological.

Is there a takeaway from this? I'm not sure there is. Maybe the point is the same as Clav's point—there is no arrival, only process. He will keep optimizing until his heart gives out or he gets bored or the algorithm moves on. The essay ends but the situation doesn't. Matan will interview someone else next week. The forums will keep posting. Somewhere a kid is learning what canthal tilt means.

There's no moral, no redemption arc, no lesson learned. Just the ongoing fact of it.

