

ISSUE 1
2023

MOONRABBITS.net

DEBUT
ISSUE

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EDITOR'S NOTE:

You are holding in your hands a year's worth of cross culture contamination. This magazine represents not only my own efforts, but the efforts of many, as well as the glaring omission of many more working on this shared front. I would like to thank those who have been building this little world since before anyone showed up to take their photos, and who will continue shaping it even after all the cameras have gone. I have stepped in as Editor to help document our shared dream, and have only captured a bit of it. Many more faces and stories have yet to be seen and heard. Well, I can't wait to work with all of you past Issue 1. At the moment, I think we are off to a damn good start. 🙏

HENRY

OUR MUSINGS...

Anonymous write-ins from “Aunt Gloria’s mailbox”

It's been said as there were stories

by candlelight,

So too will there be stories

by the light of the screen.



The Internet is coming to you!

Following the launch of the moonrabbits.net web portal, libraries in the Bay are being equipped with public access terminals offering limited browsing hours from noon till supper time. Be sure to protect your passwords! Let me know if you need help.

TED HEALER, WEB DEVELOPER.

Be safe exploring the woods

In light of a recent uptick in ancient growth die-off and vandalism of pre-rabbit historical sites, more of the Northwest Gateway forested area is being re-zoned to resist travellers. Please be conscious of your influence on these “open-air museums.”

ROB SCHWARTZ, FOREST STEWARD.

I’m running for mayor!

Like many, I’m tired of our current administration of political insiders. Mayor Sir is the latest in a long-running lineage of politicians in our politics and it’s time somebody else had a term! My platform will support the power of the many over the power of the few, at least until I’m in office. Just kidding.

MONA TUTTLE, TRICKSTER PHILOSOPHER.

**MORE RABBITS THAN EVER
ARE CHOOSING NOT TO SMOKE**



**The modern rabbit
has a lot going on.**

9 OUT OF 10

**Do what's right
for their new life.**

**WORK
FAMILY
MORTGAGE**



**FRIENDS
DEBT
HEALTH**



HIRING ARTISTS

Moonrabbit Consolidated Industries Arts Commission
View positions and apply at moonrabbits.net/jobs



American style
pizza by the slice.

**HAPPY HOUR
3-5 PM WEEK DAYS**

DOLLAR SLICES

CHEAP DRINKS

"It's really good" - local passerby
"I agree" - someone else

"North along Main St., left at the farmstand!"

ASK "AUNT GLORIA"

ANONYMOUS: I got legally married as a joke and now I don't know how to tell my parents. I'm in high school. What do I do?

GLORIA: Choose a time when cognition is high and emotion is low.

This is challenging because nobody wants to rock the boat when the water is calm, but they'll be less likely to over-react if you approach them with the news at a time when they are not distracted, tired, or upset about something else. Open the conversation by admitting that you made a mistake and are in need of their guidance. Then be quiet and listen to their response.

Leave Aunt Gloria a message at (415)481-3088.

OPENING



Lady Lee sporting a smart new Industries
branded windbreaker.

Available for purchase at select outlets.

Out with the old, in with the new.

moonrabbits.net



With the Internet

A personal history of the web.

BY RALPH MOUSSE

I STILL REMEMBER MY first time alone with the Internet. It was summer break, 2015, and I was an intern. My supervisor had just left the old common room terminal on without signing out. Access was really gated back then. You have to understand, our town got electricity in the 90s. An aspirational high schooler, I'd just missed getting in on the ground floor of the Industry, and I knew it. Lots of kids like me, wide eyed and bushy tailed, many of us literally kids, had seen the first generation, those gap year takers turned bums, flounder around, directionless, take a drag of a cartoon carrot, and become thinkers. And then they had jobs. The company had swiped a small, concentrated group of grade schoolers with minds so empty they were open, given them HTML and a basement computer lab fashioned into a platform, and put them to work. Men in coats with elbow pads took notes as these kids in band tees and cracked Nikes threw up the thoughts they couldn't tell their parents onto basic wire-frame sites, happy to be studied, happy someone was listening. Nearly a decade ago they began burrowing down rabbit holes they'd share with the world. Others came in with rudimentary web tools and tunneled the dens together, connected, into an ever-growing system of expression. The day the

work went online, forever entangled in the world wide web, our meek power grid failed. It was a brief reminder of how new it all was. Then, it's said that it took only a week of Internet communication for the rabbit-centric lingo that had been so thoughtfully focus-grouped to fly out the window, abandoned for the standardized language of the web, a new world of bugs and nets, extensions of the long insectoid tendrils of man. It's funny, looking back, at the world we thought we were exploring. "Rabbit hole" did endure.

It was funny then how the older kids who were still living with their parents became our bosses. Not only growing, but mutating into their roles, these pioneering potheads took on mythologized statuses as personalities. I remember sitting down in that still warm office chair because I had to know what my supervisor was working on. I would not have cared in high school.

The monitor was opened to raw code. This was before anybody knew enough to fashion pretty backends, before the aesthetic of user experience. Then, the resurfacing new age ideal was that data was pure. You wrote your own code. You'd see where it led you. We may have been late, but new generations of rabbits come quickly. I saved and those bytes assem-

bled themselves into a site. It was like playing at a wizard's altar. Their synchronized dance was titled "Moonrabbit Haven – Shop".

He was selling shirts with rabbits on them, through a personal site. And people were buying them. Missing was our corporate logo. This flagrant misuse of company resources was thrilling. An ecosystem atop an ecosystem atop an ecosystem. For the first time, I saw clearly what we were building: pyramids.

It's August 30th, 2023, and today, I'm right on time. All around me in the brand new Moonrabbits.net office I see oddball characters, members of a vibrant and colorful community, lined up to get their photos taken for this publication. They light up the room just as well as the modern floor to ceiling windows overlooking the bay. Many gathered here today are kids, but many still are grown-ups who haven't yet lost their childlike sense of wonder, a pull to explore. Former supervisors, now peers, crowd around the reception room computer like a hearth. Yet, outside, a small, excited group of students have gathered to protest the launch party. In light of historical power outages and other social concerns, they demonstrate in an act of careful hesitation. These are

voices we'll have to listen to launching forward into the bright future.

Lately, I've been thinking about a peculiar shared sentiment among those who have grown up with the Internet: emotional ties to old websites, similar to old rooms in childhood homes. A nostalgia for the nonphysical. I myself think back warmly to that old stock photo laden Moonrabbit home page and everybody's tangled, warning-ridden HTML, overflowing like wired controllers packed into a too small cardboard box. I still remember thinking the clip art and obscured photos of New York City's skyline (Why? Who knew.) looked legit. Seeing that funky neo city, I felt I was home.

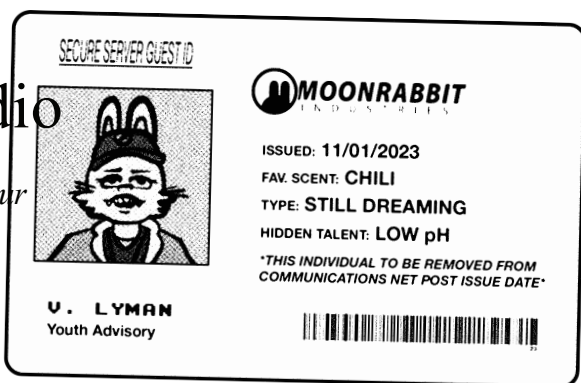
It's important not to confuse our virtual home with our real home, which exists in a real, fragile, world. But what a home away from home it is. I'm thrilled to play a part in giving today's youth the opportunity to have this novel space, in the spirit of connection, community, and facilitating organic growth. An urban secret garden for everyone.

With or without the new net, turnout today is bipartisan. In the air is a shared understanding that what follows will be wholly new. Don't miss it. 🍷

Rabbit Radio

*Thoughtful mixes for our
ever-changing world,*

*by the young people
who are changing it.*



SPRING 2023

FALL 2023

Sad Wacky Waving

should be!

Inflatable Tube Guy

MIKE, Lila Ramani

Conic Rose

Guilty Conscience

soso

070 Shake

Omah Lay

Cut It Out - Remix

Holy Father

Aflacko, Ty Dolla \$ign

Mayorkun, Victory

DANCE MACHINE

Father Time

Jordan Ward

Jean Deaux

SossauP

Fever Dreamer

KAYTRAMINE

SG Lewis, Charlotte Day

On Some

Wilson, Channel Tres

Ratvalli

Sapien

Part 2

Bonobo

Louis Culture

Stressed - A COLORS SHOW

Blue Hour

Doechii

Nosaj Thing, Julianna

KU LO SA

Barwick

Oxlade, Camila Cabello

lightbeamers

Running

FKA twigs

Ayra Starr, Lojay

Fire The Editor

Crocadillaz

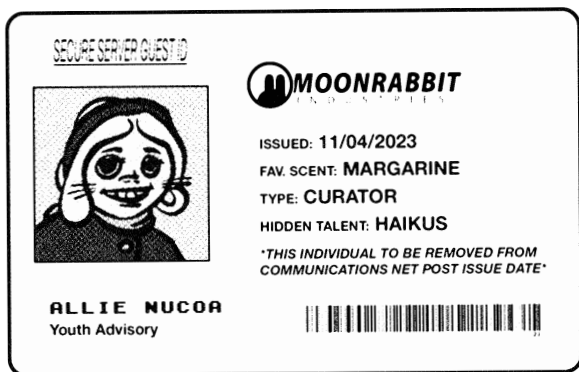
James Blake

Gorillaz, De La Soul,

The Silent Boy Cries

Dawn Penn

Bladee



SPRING 2023

FALL 2023

Hold Tight

Gianni Brezzo, Otis
Junior

Love Hater

Outkast

I Won't Tell

Baby Rose, Smino

shaneen

Lionmilk

What's Happening Brother

Marvin Gaye

Tesselation

Mild High Club

Candela

Buena Vista Social Club

You'll Never Find Another

Love Like Mine

Lou Rawls

I Feel for You

Chaka Khan

Lonely Eyes (4-Track Demo)

18 Carat Affair

I Was in New York

Payfone

Charmed

Stella with a sigma,

Redinho

China Girl

David Bowie

(Do The) Act Like You

Never Met Me

TV Girl

Souvenir

Maston, L'eclair

Play It on My Radio

Niki & The Dove

*Rabbit radio is a youth development program funded by
Moonrabbit Consolidated Industries, and listeners like you.
Browse the full archive at moonrabbits.net/radio.*



Sequel Amnesia.

An album essay on future shock.

BY HENRY PERYER

RADIOHEAD'S AMNESIAC released May 30th, 2001, seven months after *Kid A*, the band's previous outing. You can't talk about *Amnesiac* without talking about *Kid A*. *Kid A* rethought every aspect of Radiohead's sound and took nothing off its previous album, *OK Computer*, for granted. You can't talk about *Kid A* without talking about *OK Computer*, a release that pushed the rock band's sonic limits but solidified them as a titan in a genre they'd grow to feel trapped in, following *The Bends*, *Pablo Honey*, and the breakout single "Creep." You can't talk about Radiohead without talking about "Creep." If you only have time to talk about one Radiohead project, make it *In Rainbows*, a later classic that synthesizes elements from every Radiohead project in a prismatic, tight, ten track mission statement. Here lies the problem: It's far too easy not to talk about this album. There's some amnesia, um, surrounding *Amnesiac*.

Listen, even after I found out *Amnesiac* existed I thought it was *Kid A* B-sides for... several years. Reissued together as a double album in 2021, the two projects had been recorded in the same sessions and shared bonus material. *Kid A* was a dramatic about-face for the band. *Amnesiac*

was more Radiohead tracks. Even Radiohead wasn't sure if *Amnesiac* was its own album—after sessions spanning almost a year and a half from 1999 to 2000, the band had incubated 50 songs (more material than all their studio releases up until that point combined). In the end, many favored either a more electronic, ambient or fuller band sound, and from there were whittled down to two LPs that still shared a song. What do you call that? *Amnesiac* is like crawling through a spooky trapdoor in your new house and finding another house, which is really scary when it happens in a movie, but awesome when it's a Radiohead album.

"[*Amnesiac*] may have been recorded at the same time [as *Kid A*] ... but it comes from a different place I think. It sounds like finding an old chest in someone's attic with all these notes and maps and drawings and descriptions of going to a place you cannot remember." (Thom Yorke, Radiohead's leading man.)

"*Kid A* is like you pick up the phone, you call somebody, and there's an answering machine on the other end. With *Amnesiac*, you get through to that person. And you're engaged in the conversation." (Ed O'Brien, Radiohead's guitarist, paraphrasing Stanley

Donwood, the band's visual artist.)

"Trap doors that open, I spiral down" ("In Limbo," Kid A.)

The relation is only ever rendered in similes. And lack of consensus traps the ground Amnesiac stands on. To me, the most compelling way to describe the creation is as a sequel.

Despite the band's initial indecisiveness surrounding the record, Amnesiac wasn't poised to be Kid B. It released with two singles, "Pyramid Song" and "Knives Out," (two more than Kid A did) one of which streams well, the other had a movie franchise named after it. And the band played three North American shows supporting Kid A. After Amnesiac, they spent a summer touring the continent. In a Rolling Stone interview, O'Brien called "Pyramid Song" "the best song we've recorded." Radiohead had remained in the public eye because of its individual, standout tracks. With more time in the oven, the sequel received the only material recorded outside the 1999-2000 sessions: its wailing funeral march closer, Life In a Glasshouse. In 2001, there was a very vocal backlash to Kid A that Amnesiac seemed to respond to. I love this very English quote: "With the benefit of hindsight, Kid A's

wilful racket now recalls the clatter of a rattle being thrown from a pram." ("Relax: it's nothing like Kid A," The Guardian.) At the time, Thom Yorke described it this way: "In some weird way, I think Amnesiac gives another take on Kid A, a form of explanation." Today, you can't talk about Amnesiac without talking about Kid A.

So goes the curse of the sequel. I can only hope to record some of the chorus drowning this album out in the name of pinning it down. What's really so striking about it, to me, is that chorus. I'm torn that we've still barely talked about the actual music. "When you listen to the two albums, they sound completely different," O'Brien continues. "They could have been made in different years. The fact is, Kid A and Amnesiac were made at the same time." A breath of fresh air, Amnesiac's also a one-way counterweight sequel, the second conjoined twin, in debt to Kid A from conception. Its barbed guitar and oxidized edges sound more jaded to me. It sounds like waking up back home, in a familiar Kid A gloom, and California's just a dream I'm already starting to forget. As I'm writing this, I'll be back in Seattle in a week. I've been thinking about sequels a lot lately.

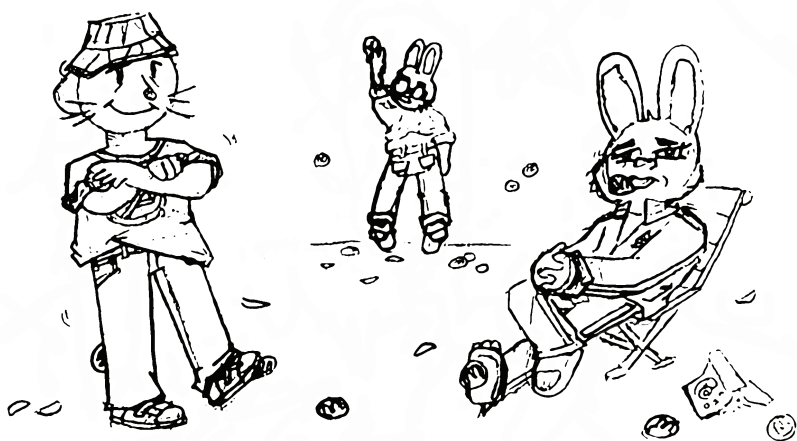
"And there are trap doors, that you

can't come back from" ("Push/Pulk Revolving Doors," Amnesiac.)

When I got to school in San Francisco a few months ago, I'd left some baggage in Seattle. In some ways, I was a little emotionally blank. This new city carried no bittersweet memories, no traces of a deep melancholy as summer didn't turn to fall. California stayed golden. It was a very Radiohead-brand kind of peace in nonfeeling. This is a feeling afforded to the restart, not the sequel. Home for a few days in November,

my bags were waiting for me in all my old haunts. There's an undeniable emotional weight to being resuscitated back to an old life, not fully defined by your present, not all the way there. People see right through you. When Amnesiac forgets, Push/Pulk says "this is still a sequel." I don't know if I want to be in a sequel, but that's just how unfinished business is. And when it's gray and cold again, I'll just relax: it's not Kid A. It helps there's two albums to map this feeling onto. Let's see if I can, please, appreciate Amnesiac for Amnesiac.

④



"Early late stage capitalism"

V. LYMAN Tells All!

The editor interviews a real character.

HENRY PERYER, V. LYMAN



**[SECURE CONNECTION
ESTABLISHED.]**

HENRY: Are we, uh—

LYMAN: Hello?

HENRY: Oh [EXPLETIVE] I can hear you now.

LYMAN: Hello?

HENRY: Yeah, can you hear me?

LYMAN: Naw.

HENRY: ...What do you mean, “naw”, you just—

LYMAN: Naw, barely, I can’t.

HENRY: Okay what about—

LYMAN: [INAUDIBLE]

HENRY: Can you hear me?

LYMAN: Yeah I can see you too.

HENRY: Okay good I can see you.

LYMAN: [WAVING]

HENRY: Alright, well thanks for—

LYMAN: Hold up can I cuss?

HENRY: Uh, no, I’m gonna have to, uh, bleep it out.

LYMAN: You just said [EXPLETIVE] though.

HENRY: Yeah, I know, I have to take that out now.

LYMAN: So I can say [EXPLETIVE] but it’s not gonna be on the website or—

HENRY: If you could just keep it at like a PG rating that would be cool.

LYMAN: I don’t know what that means. I don’t know PG. What is that?

HENRY: Oh right, it’s like... you don’t have age ratings for TV there?

LYMAN: Ohhh yeah I get you. I’ve heard of that.

HENRY: S—

LYMAN: No, we just have a rabbit. Sometimes he’s... Sometimes he’s, um... If he’s, I think, green, and he’s smiling, then there’s no cusses and it’s for little kids. And if it’s blue and he has glasses, I think, that’s the, uh, older kids one. And—

HENRY: Okay, clearly that’s more confusing than what we have here.

LYMAN: How is a baby supposed to know about PG? Babies don’t

HENRY: I think it's for—

LYMAN: [INAUDIBLE]

HENRY: I think it's for parents.

LYMAN: Yeah, I dunno.

HENRY: Well thanks for getting online today, man, I know it was... What's your setup again?

HENRY: Or— could you tell us where you are right now, first?

LYMAN: Yeah, well, I'm at the big wall computer in... Web Services.

LYMAN: [LOOKING AROUND]

LYMAN: It's pretty buried. No windows... you have to put your name on a sheet to get in. That's from after I took the net down last year. [LAUGHING]

HENRY: Let's get into that. So, setting the scene, what's your position at Moonrabbit Industries been for the past... year, almost?

LYMAN: Yup. Uh, my uncle Larry works over in Fulfillment but he's in with the IT guys, you know, they chill after work, that kind of thing.

HENRY: OK.

LYMAN: A guy in Web Services is saying we're ready for a social media push, so Twitter, um... he said MySpace, too, I think... But my uncle got my name out there as a youth and they ended up just picking me to use this rickety hub in the woods pretty much when I wanted. And all the logins to the corporate accounts, our web client, everything. I just had to log it all for tests purposes.

HENRY: Wow, damn.

LYMAN: Yeah, I know. So I started hauling this minifridge, ancient brick computer to the terminal and posting all this random stuff, and then, uh, when I sent that render you made through our end, that's when the same guy found out and got heated.

HENRY: Right.

LYMAN: But it was on him cause I wasn't official talent or anything, not paid, just some guy that got let onto the servers.

HENRY: Okay, I was wondering what that was about.

LYMAN: So now I am hired, I've had the laminated pass for a minute, and I gotta generate real stuff or else the account gets taken. That's the bad part. But the good is

at least I get to do it inside. The connection's better. The web content plan got approved, the old heads like Twitter, nobody's fired.

HENRY: Which is how we're talking face to face, right now. At like 3 frames, by the way.

LYMAN: You look like an SNES render, I don't even wanna hear it. I'm out on an uncharted island, you got no excuse for having worse WiFi than me right now.

HENRY: It's all on your end, I'm in the basement right now and the Mac—

LYMAN: Wait. Wait, can you take the part out about how I got job security, that's not supposed to be, uh... That guy might get fired. If that leaks.

HENRY: Oh yeah that's off the record it's cool.

LYMAN: Web Services beat the case.

HENRY: The people will never know.

LYMAN: Yeah.

HENRY: So let's talk about why we're here today.

HENRY: With this recent push for web content... A lot of work's falling into your hands— er, paws.

LYMAN: Uh-huh.

HENRY: Tell us about the hats you're wearing at Moonrabbit Corporate.

LYMAN: Hats? What—

HENRY: It's a saying, like—

LYMAN: Cause you're wearing a hat.

HENRY: No, yeah, it means what role you're playing.

LYMAN: Not a lot of hats here, y'know, all ears... [GESTICULATING]

HENRY: [NODDING] OK.

LYMAN: Sure, well, the first thing I had to start doing after we got serious was the social media promo stuff, and that's fine. Not much to say really, I'm the mouthpiece and I... interpret the big messages from the office, to the people.

LYMAN: You should see the memos I get, they're funny.

HENRY: Yeah, I bet. Congrats on the ten follows by the way, that was

a couple days ago.

LYMAN: Double digits!

HENRY: [SOMETHING OFF CAMERA IS DISTRACTING HIM]

LYMAN: Uh, then there's the music column. Corner. And that's really both of us. Getting to play music through the computer is sick, that's new.

HENRY: Hope it comes out better than your mic.

HENRY: We're actually talking through two cans and a piece of string right now.

LYMAN: [INAUDIBLE]

[LYMAN IS SPEAKING TOO LOUD FOR HIS MICROPHONE, AND HIS AUDIO IS CRACKLING. HE LOOKS PERTURBED.]

LYMAN: ...The big thing we're all really excited about is me getting to interview some creative types on the news feed.

LYMAN: Without giving anything away, I gotta couple people lined up already to let us know what they're all about. I'm siked to get started.

HENRY: Cool, man! So there's the reveal. Before I hand over the reins for real, let's talk about Lyman the, um, rabbit.

HENRY: You've had a steady online presence for a while, but maybe a few of our few readers are still unfamiliar. D'you have any words of introduction?

LYMAN: [TO READERS] Whatsup I'm Lyman. Welcome to my crib.

HENRY: Moonrabbit Industries' ten Twitter followers know from the bio you're an adventurer. What kind of adventures are we talking?

LYMAN: Oh pretty crazy stuff. Haunted houses, government test sites...there's this big flight of stairs going nowhere in the woods I climbed with a couple friends. It's been a fat minute but I think I have a picture somewhere.

HENRY: I love that sorta stuff. Hope you find the proof.

LYMAN: Well, I'm actually mostly in the woods for photo ops now [LAUGHING]. I've been adventuring on the world wide web instead.

HENRY: See anything crazy yet?

LYMAN: For sure dude, there's one website I found with these videos of people that get hit by trains... and this message board that's all [EDITED FOR EXTREME CONTENT]

HENRY: I don't think I've... I haven't seen either of those, uh, damn.

LYMAN: Nooo blocked stuff here. They haven't figured it out yet.

LYMAN: Me and Fred beat that fire boy Flash game too.

HENRY: Nice.

HENRY: Well OK man, we ran a little bit over—

LYMAN: I might get booted in a sec, yeah.

HENRY: Sorry it took so long to get set up, I think it was pretty ambiguous whose end the problems were—

LYMAN: That was most definitely all you.

HENRY: OK stop interrupting me so we can close out.

HENRY: It was great getting to sit down with you again, and f—

LYMAN: [BLOWS RASPBERRY]

HENRY: ...

HENRY: I was gonna say I hope you're better at this than I am... but naw, whatever.

LYMAN: Aw I didn't mean it, I'll live up to all the hype. Hey thanks for having me!

HENRY: Yeah yeah. Thanks for coming on!

LYMAN: I need a catchphrase for this part of the show.

HENRY: Well it's not really a show, is it...

LYMAN: Who left the fridge open! Let's all close the... I think I heard that somewhere.

HENRY: I don't think you need a catchphrase, necessarily.

LYMAN: I'll keep workshopping it.

HENRY: OK.

LYMAN: How much do you get paid—

[SECURE CONNECTION
TERMINATED.] 📶



Date: April 26, 2022

To: Lyman

From: Stanley Holadahl in Web Services

Subject: Recent unauthorized social media activity

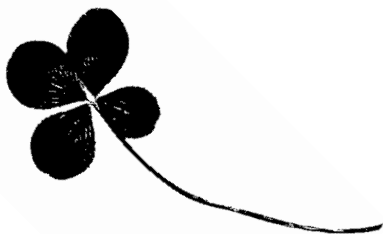
Yesterday evening our servers were down for two hours. All of them. The first thought I had after getting back online was "Why were our servers down for two hours?", so I took a look at the web console log to see what I could find. Do you know what I found? A thirty kilobyte file titled "lyman_in_the_out_with_the_whip_422_skeet.png" uploaded to Twitter.com exactly three seconds before the outage. The second thought I had was "I am going to wring Larry's kid's neck," but Kathy in Anger Management Counseling shot that one down fast. So, Lyman, after some time cooling off and deliberating I come to you with a proposal:

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] colorful posting history, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] alterations [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] misconduct [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] requesting payments posing as the company. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

CLOSING

Watching the seasons pass along by my
window, I feel as though I have seen it
all, and none of it. Too few know the
cool summer breeze of our little bay, or
the first snow that blankets Main Street
come winter. Too many know the world that
lies beyond our haven. We are a very
lucky few, we must see that. And we must
hold on tight. Do you know what I mean?

Mayor Sir





ISSN