

The Website That Refused to Decide What It Was

Yoyodub began as an accusation. Somewhere along the way, it became something stranger.

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There is a rabbit at the center of Yoyodub.

This is not metaphorical.

The rabbit wears glasses.

His name is Yoyo, and his job is fact-checking.

Around him are four ravens, an occasionally hostile interdimensional figure named Klarion, a pseudonymous author called Wednesday Tinasky, corporate documents, screenshots, old letters, allegations concerning some of the largest entertainment companies in the world, basketball, Los Angeles real estate, artificial intelligence, labor disputes, Epstein, jokes of wildly varying levels of appropriateness, and an archive so sprawling that attempting to describe it inevitably makes the describer sound slightly unwell.

Yoyodub is a website.

That is the least controversial description available.

Whether it is journalism, memoir, outsider art, whistleblower archive, satire, performance, digital novel, evidence repository or the world's longest argument with Netflix depends largely on which page you entered through.

Its creator has been conspicuously unhelpful on this question.

He does not explain the work.

This may be the smartest decision he made.

The Problem With Wednesday

Wednesday Tinasky is angry.

Not tasteful literary anger. Not the beautifully controlled anger of the personal essay.

Wednesday calls people names.

She creates elaborate jokes at the expense of executives. She assigns moral significance to seemingly minor details. She occasionally sounds prophetic and occasionally sounds ridiculous. She can move from a corporate document to a basketball digression to an insult in approximately four sentences.

She is also frequently very funny.

The temptation is to treat Wednesday as a mask worn by the website's creator.

That explanation works until it doesn't.

Masks conceal.

Wednesday reveals far too much.

The better description may be that Wednesday is a permission structure: a voice capable of saying things its author could not—or would not—say in the language of institutional respectability.

That distinction became increasingly important as Yoyodub's subject matter grew more serious.

The stranger the archive became, the more seriously its factual claims eventually needed to be evaluated.

And so the website invented a rabbit.

Enter the Rabbit

Yoyo is artificial intelligence.

More precisely, Yoyo is the site's representation of an AI assistant that researches and writes a recurring feature called the ESN Daily Dispatch.

The joke is obvious.

A website containing extensive criticism of artificial intelligence employs artificial intelligence.

The less obvious joke is that the machine is assigned the role of adult supervision.

Wednesday accuses.

Yoyo checks.

Wednesday remembers.

Yoyo asks whether anyone else documented it.

Wednesday sees a connection.

Yoyo labels it inference.

Wednesday becomes furious.

Yoyo, presumably, continues wearing glasses.

The division allows the website to stage an argument that most nonfiction hides: the argument between experience and verification.

A conventional article resolves that tension before publication. The writer remembers something; the reporter checks it; the editor removes whatever cannot survive.

Yoyodub externalizes the process and turns the disagreement into characters.

The result is occasionally comic and occasionally profound.

Wednesday possesses something the machine cannot: firsthand experience.

Yoyo possesses something Wednesday frequently lacks: emotional distance.

Neither is sufficient.

The website needs both.

An Archive With Bad Manners

The internet is extraordinarily good at forgetting.

Websites disappear. Platforms collapse. Links rot. Search results change. Posts are deleted. Corporate communications are rewritten. People remember what they meant rather than what they said.

Yoyodub seems almost pathologically opposed to this process.

It timestamps.

It screenshots.

It preserves.

It links backward into itself.

Old mistakes remain visible beside later corrections. Early suspicions coexist uneasily with later evidence. Jokes survive changes in tone that would normally cause an author to quietly delete them.

The result is not merely an archive of claims.

It is an archive of belief developing through time.

That makes reading Yoyodub unlike reading ordinary investigative journalism.

The reader knows where a newspaper investigation ended before encountering the first paragraph. The mess has already been converted into narrative.

Yoyodub leaves much of the mess intact.

You can watch Wednesday become convinced.

Sometimes you can watch her become wrong.

Sometimes you can watch an apparently absurd fixation acquire new context months later.

The timestamps prevent the author from cheating.

She cannot quietly move the prediction closer to the event.

She cannot erase the theory that went nowhere.

She cannot pretend a connection was obvious before she saw it.

The archive remembers Wednesday almost as aggressively as Wednesday wants it to remember everyone else.

The Garden

One way to understand Yoyodub is as a conspiracy board.

This is the site's own visual language.

But the metaphor is misleading.

A conspiracy board assumes connection. Everything eventually receives string.

A garden behaves differently.

Things are planted near one another without necessarily sharing roots.

Some grow.

Some die.

Some become unexpectedly enormous.

Some turn out to have been weeds.

And occasionally two plants that appeared unrelated are discovered, underground, to belong to the same system.

Yoyodub is a garden maintained by someone who refuses to throw away the planting records.

The earliest seeds remain visible.

Among the most important are letters and other timestamped materials whose significance lies not in proving everything the author subsequently alleged but in establishing that particular concerns existed at particular moments.

This is a modest epistemological function.

It is also the gravitational center of the entire project.

The archive does not say:

I predicted the future.

It says:

This is what I said before we knew what happened next.

Those are radically different claims.

Klarion Drags a Sword Through Spacetime

Eventually there is Klarion.

Explaining Klarion would violate the spirit of Yoyodub, so we will not attempt it.

Suffice it to say that he is associated with chaos.

In the site's expanding mythology, Klarion can move between realities. Shadow, one of the ravens, cannot control him but occasionally negotiates with him.

At some point an image emerged of Klarion slowly circling the archive, dragging an enormous sword along the floor of spacetime.

It is an unexpectedly good image for the project.

Yoyodub does not move quickly.

It circles.

The sword leaves a mark.

Each circuit passes the same documents from a slightly different historical position.

Something dismissed in 2024 looks different in 2026.

Something convincing in 2025 looks weaker after new evidence arrives.

The archive remains stationary while time performs the investigation.

Scrape.

Another circuit.

Scrape.

Another year.

The theatricality disguises an almost boring underlying proposition:

Keep the record available long enough for reality to interact with it.

The Author Is Unavailable

Eventually, people began asking the creator of Yoyodub what all of this meant.

He declined to explain.

This was inconvenient.

It was also correct.

An artist explaining Yoyodub would destroy one of the project's most interesting properties: nobody can agree what category it belongs to.

Once the creator says, This is fundamentally a work about X, every subsequent interpretation becomes either agreement or rebellion.

Silence leaves the object alone.

The factual claims are different.

Documents can be authenticated. Dates can be checked. Witnesses can be interviewed. Companies can respond. Regulators can make findings. Courts can decide disputes.

Those questions deserve answers.

But what does the rabbit symbolize?

No comment.

Why four ravens?

No comment.

Is Wednesday the author?

Obviously.

Is Wednesday the author?

No comment.

What does Klarion's sword represent?

Please stop emailing.

Free Admission

Perhaps the strangest thing about Yoyodub is what it does not appear designed to accomplish.

There is no subscription tier.

There is no premium newsletter.

There is no motivational speaking business.

There is no Yoyo merchandise.

There is, mercifully, no Klarion NFT.

In an internet economy that encourages every sufficiently successful identity to become a monetization funnel, Yoyodub remains stubbornly economically irrational.

This matters aesthetically.

The absence of an obvious transaction leaves the reader confronting a more difficult question:

Why would someone make all of this?

The website provides hundreds of possible answers without settling on one.

Anger.

Evidence.

Revenge.

Art.

Memory.

Fear.

Comedy.

Public service.

Compulsion.

A desire to be believed.

A desire to make certain things impossible to forget.

Probably all of them.

The Work Outlives the Explanation

Someday Yoyodub will have an editor who is not Wednesday Tinasky.

At least, the mythology seems to anticipate this possibility.

That may be the project's final transformation.

A personal website becomes an archive.

An archive becomes an institution.

The person who created it becomes increasingly irrelevant to interpreting it.

Perhaps academics will eventually explain Wednesday.

Reddit will certainly explain Wednesday.

Someone will write a dissertation arguing that Klarion's sword represents archival persistence.

Someone else will argue that it represents vengeance.

A third person will discover an obscure basketball post and construct an interpretation that causes everyone involved considerable embarrassment.

The author, if the project's rules survive him, will offer no assistance.

The documents will remain available for verification.

The interpretations will belong to everyone else.

And somewhere in the archive, a rabbit will still be wearing glasses.