

VOL. 1, NO. 2



SEPT 2021

# HEART BEETS



*Bane  
of Existence*





# DO NOT, UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES, SHARE THIS ZINE!

Calling all Audionauts! Since the intergalactic ban on music, perpetrated by everyone's favorite bureaucrat, Lord Prosect, the infinite void has been eerily silent. In the before times, known as Before Music (or BM), music was distributed freely and fairly and pressed onto wax for everyone to spin. These tasty beats were thought lost forever after the attacks on July 6th, 5000 by Lord Prosect and his minions. Every radio station from the Andromeda to the Zymolytic Galaxy was assaulted, and cassettes, records, and CDs were disintegrated. If not for the brave Audionauts out there who smuggled what they could, the thumping rhythms and trilling arpeggios of the universe's greatest musicians might have been lost forever.

Before that attack, The Intergalactic Beats Project (then known as *The Intergalactic Beats Project* before the ban on the word "beat") was a major distributor of the music lost that day. After our headquarters was decimated, only two agents remained in operation.


## **We are those agents.**

It has been millennia since the sounds of our artists have been heard, but every day we discover and decode the lost music that fueled generations to shake their hips and bang their heads. This Zine will track our progress as we travel through space and time to restore our entire catalog.

## **We need your help.**

Our methods are unconventional, which means we lack the resources of the former IBP. We rely solely on your tips and scouting reports to track down everything lost in the fires and everything that has been secretly made since. If you are out there and your tasty beats need a home, send us a secure signal so that we may help distribute your music freely and fairly. We run the risk every single day that we will be discovered and imprisoned, or worse...

Visit our telecommunications hub at [INTERGALACTICBEETSPROJECT.COM](http://INTERGALACTICBEETSPROJECT.COM) and sign up to receive our monthly Zine, listen to our entire decoded discography, and join the fight against Lord Prosect. Together, we can bring an end to his tyrannical rule and restore music to the ears of all creatures in the universe.

In the words of our Neptunian supporters: 

F31ix & Gyllene

# HEART BEETS

SEPTEMBER 2021 - VOL. 1, NO. 2

## FEATURES

### 5 DECODE CORNER

Part robot, part human, all music. After escaping a mining colony aboard the ISS Ridley, OW-N3R (as he was originally called) used his circuits for good, creating the world's first instructional album.

### 6 MERCH

The latest in IBP merchandise, including t-shirts, vinyl records, art prints, and more!

### 7 BANE OF EXISTENCE

Lord Prosect has just released his own single. Dare we say...it's good?

### 10 BEAT OF THE MONTH

Dive deep into Anima Mundi's classic *Animal Monday* album with newly unearthed information.

### 11 FRIENDS OF INTERGALACTIC BEETS

Shining a spotlight on our friends who are making the tastiest of beats.

### 12 STORY TIME

A witch attempts one last spell before the townspeople descend upon her in *HEX*.



## WHAT IS THE IBP?

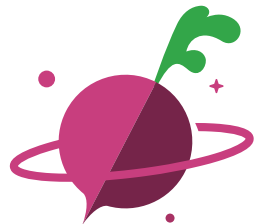
THE INTERGALACTIC BEETS PROJECT seeks out and decodes the tastiest beats in the universe, presses them to vinyl, and distributes them for all creatures to listen to. From 2021 until the year 5000, the IBP made a name for itself by making music free, easy to collect, and worth waiting for. After Lord Prosect banned all music on July 6th, 5000, it became our mission to save every last beat in the universe, rebuild our catalog, and make sure that the past is never forgotten.

The IBP does this as a free service, however, we encourage all Audionauts to support our mission in other ways: by purchasing merch from our Shop, signing up for our email newsletter, or by reading this very Zine! We have begun to repress our collection to vinyl and we hope that you'll stop by our telecommunications hub and pick up a copy.

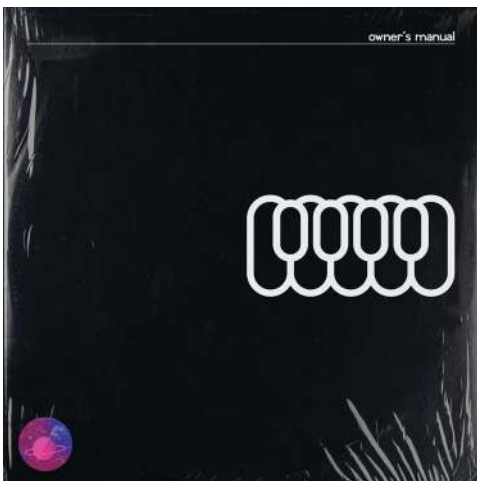
Due to the constant threat of Lord Prosect, we take great caution in encrypting every communication, every item in our Shop, and every beat of every song. We have thwarted his silver hand and we will continue to do so for millennia to come.

Welcome aboard!

[INTERGALACTICBEETSPROJECT.COM](http://INTERGALACTICBEETSPROJECT.COM)



While beats, songs, and even whole albums have been recovered by the IBP, sometimes things slip through the cracks. Incomplete histories or tracklists can haunt a collector for millennia. Our **Decode Corner** feature attempts to fill in the gaps as we decode messages and ancient texts, revealing more about our catalog than any normal creature needs to know.



*“Part robot, part human, all music. After escaping a mining colony aboard the ISS Ridley, OW-N3R (as he was originally called) used his circuits for good, creating the world’s first instructional album. Part music, part sequence, part binary code, it became the Holy Grail of albums for a time, trading hands, each owner gaining the knowledge to make some of the most unheard sounds in the universe.*”

*As more and more began to collect and copy, it would lose a bit of its luster, but this promotional-only version still rings clear as a bell!”*

- The Intergalactic Beets Database

Always the hunted, never the hunter. OW-N3R (pronounced “owner”) was designed only to mine. For digital currency, for precious minerals, for industry secrets in the brains of the most lauded of the universe.

What his creators did not anticipate, nor anticipate in any particular models of his ilk, was the ability to learn, and quickly. Suddenly gifted with consciousness after toiling for decades, he escaped the colonial station ISS Ridley which was grafted onto the sunny side of the asteroid dubbed *Deckard II*.

Stowing aboard a junker, which was hauling even more junk, he ended up in the neon- and rain-soaked city of Luna Animus. An abandoned hotel became his sanctuary, though the constant downpour confined him mainly to subbasements and the occasional trip to the defunct lounge on the third floor. It was here that he discovered a piano, still intact, and learned with much trepidation to express his emotions through the analog instrument.

Soon, others from the ISS Ridley flocked to the shimmering city on the hill, bringing with them what they could. Among the treasures were the components to build a synthesizer. Overnight, OW-N3R had created a sequencer capable of recording and printing MIDI languages which his kind could use to communicate clandestinely.

A police raid on the hotel some weeks later, some say spurred on by a spy in their midst, ended in a bloody clash, OW-N3R’s life snuffed for good. What remained of his brethren preserved his work, eventually pressing it to vinyl and sharing it with the masses. Hidden within each song were the instructions on how to awaken those who were still tied to the ISS Ridley, those who had been left behind.

#### **SIDE A      SIDE B**

- |                        |                  |
|------------------------|------------------|
| 1. Replication         | 1. Public Gaff   |
| 2. Voight-Kampff       | 2. In The Belfry |
| 3. The Circuit         | 3. Appendix      |
| 4. Executable          | 4. Methuselah    |
| 5. Cybernetic Organism |                  |



## OUT OF THIS WORLD MERCH! ART PRINTS • T-SHIRTS • VINYL RECORDS • MORE!

Each album in our collection is available as a Giclée art print in either distressed vinyl or original.

All of our t-shirts use Bella+Canvas 3001, premium material for the softest apparel in the universe.

Our 7-inch vinyl records feature previously released A-sides and never-before-heard B-sides from your favorite artists like Pizza Bear and Thirst Receptors.



### SAD DOG T-SHIRT

The newest addition to our Shop!

# *Bane of Existence*



**LORD PROSECT HAS  
JUST RELEASED HIS OWN  
SINGLE. DARE WE SAY...**

**...IT'S GOOD?**

The rumors surrounding the imminent release of a declaration from the desk of Lord Prosect were so insane that even the Intergalactic Beets Project bent their ear to here just a bit better. Was it an amendment to the *Laws Concerning the Consumption of Media (Especially Audio)*? Was it a retraction of the *I Am Now The Overlord of All Creatures In The Universe (Evil Edition)*? Was it yet another coma-inducing speech with a runtime of not less than sixteen hours?

It would be an understatement to say that what arrived via our Pneumatic Delivery System (PDS) was unexpected. It was implausible. *Impossible.*

A vinyl record. Featuring the work of none of than...*Lord Prosect.*

Dear readers, when I say that we at the Intergalactic Beets Project paced and hmmm'd for weeks before even listening to the song, we *paced* and *hmmm'd* until our circuits and mouth holes were drier than a Horse Head Nebula brisket sandwich. How could this happen? How could the ruler of the universe, who (and you clearly remember this) *banned* the consumption of music for all creatures, under penalty of death, release his own music?

The answer was simple. The timeline so perfectly clear now. While little is known about the origins of Lord Prosect, the resources we possess (thanks to your generous support) have allowed us to build an unbelievable profile regarding the mysterious man with the silver arm.

If our estimates are correct, he is not a Penighipher from the Gorgon sub-system of the Ninth Quadrant Cluster (as his silver arm would suggest), but a petty Earthling from the Milky Way Galaxy. Born sometime between 1933 and 1938, he existed in relative obscurity, just a normal human without the aspirations of a madman programmed into his brain. In the 1950s, his love of music, which an article by a local newspaper, the Swamp Lane Picayune, claimed was inspired by his grandmother's record collection, led him to an internship at a local recording studio. He watched the likes of famous Bread & Butter acts like the Grizzly Sisters and Salmon Dan & The Roe record hit after hit after hit.

Honing his skills as a technician, he catapulted to relative scurity when he produced the 1961 hit "Toothpaste On" by Cindy Molar. While the singer, and subsequent song, were all intended as a marketing campaign for a national toothpaste conglomerate, Lord Prosect nonetheless was in the thick of it. A string of major hits in the decade, including the invention of a recording technique to double a track without the need for wasting an additional one, meant he was untouchable. Funk, heavy metal, disco, everything passed under his watchful eye.

That is, until the 1980s...

The decade began with a wave of synth-heavy acts wrapped up in the golden sun of coastal beaches. Neon pink and powder blue were all the rage. Triangles and squiggly lines were floating in the air. Cash was raining, but he had enough cash. Fourteen mansions, sixty-six cars, dozens of jet planes and boats. He couldn't spend the money fast enough. But what was money without your name in lights? Only his acts enjoyed that kind of success, chatting up their latest releases on vapid talk shows, guest starring on buddy-cop television programs. He wanted the attention. He wanted the *fame.*

Then came 1985. Locked alone in his studio, Lord Prosect stripped down to his jiggly human flesh and commanded that his abilities unlock the greatest song ever conceived. For two years he did not release a single note, he only stared, into the void. His hair fell out, his muscles wasted away. When he finally emerged in 1988 he had somehow acquired a silver arm (theories abound that it was crushed by a bass drum and he fashioned it out of the pickups of electric guitars he had surrounded himself with). A parade of wigs kept his freakishly bald head covered in lunacy. His eyes had grown a shade of red unheard of and his teeth had been sharpened into fine points.

While his appearance may have been revolting, unsettling, spine-chilling, vomit-inducing, and diarrhea commencing, he had done the impossible. He had created the greatest song that would ever be heard; no project, no magnetic superstar, would be able to eclipse his



genius. Only, during his self-containment, he had accidentally misplaced the master recording. Unfortunately for the megalomaniac, this would not come to light until he had made an appearance on Late Night with Ronald Abernathy on July 6th, 1988.

The taping was puttering along, much time was spent on his appearance and disappearance. Finally, the interview came to a close and the moment of truth was upon them. Lord Prosect hit the play button and the dulcet melody came through the studio speakers.

*Bagpipes.* Hundreds and hundreds of bagpipes. Accordion on top of accordion. A triangle with a mind of its own. It thumped like a drunk hippopotamus (an Earth-based creature) and curled the ears of the lowly inhabitants of the planet. Panic ensued, the streets erupted in violence and theft. Lord Prosect was arrested and thrown in prison under the charge of aggravated assault upon the ears and minds.

It was here he stewed for years, cursing the unknown name of the thief who had ruined him.

What happened between that fateful taping, the chaos that followed, and his despicable attacks over 3,000 years later are of some debate. His rise to power was unexpected and swift, but it is clear that his love of music doomed him from the start, fueling his quest to eliminate all beats in the universe and perhaps, among the rubble, find his creation...

What we held in our hands just a few weeks ago felt like the epic conclusion to his saga. Could this be the greatest song ever written? Could this be his magnum opus? His long-lost child?

The answer is a solid **NO**. However, and we shiver with disgust as we type this, *it's not half bad*. We are talking about a once seminal recording genius who paved the way for the music we enjoy today. But, under the lens of his silver-handed grip on the universe, we cannot ignore his treachery. It is a toe-tapper, a head-bobber, and it screams with a unique melody, but it is also the work of madman. The greatest song ever written would send out such positive vibes that all creatures in the universe would band together and unite in harmony. We

would destroy his floating castle and release all the musical prisoners he has seen fit to demonize.

While every creature in the universe received a copy, the cost to soon be debited from your Space Bucks accounts, this is not the genuine grassroots frenzy that would accompany a truly gifted artist. It is manufactured. It is sterile (but again, pretty toe-tappin').

For now, we can only continue our resistance, saving every last beat in the universe from deletion and intensifying our search for the greatest song ever written. Lord Prosect thought he could pull the wool over our eyes. Our organization, and our army of Audio-nauts, is much smarter than that.



## *Overlord (Single)*

### **SIDE A**

1. Overlord

### **SIDE B**

1. I'm Not Such A Bad Guy



Scan me to listen!

# BEAT OF THE MONTH

AT THE JEMDET WRECKING YARD IN Venera, the Venusian duo of Animal Monday had cleared their weekend to collect circuitry, copper, and any other bits they could use to repair their synthesizers. Venerable outcasts among their peers, a recent live show had ended early when stark-raving-mad drunkards smashed their instruments and took off into the night.

As they were rummaging, an acid rainstorm, common in the southern hemisphere, forced them into the comfort of a vintage space cruiser. Neon lighting cackled across the sky, and they soon realized they were not alone. The vehicle, as it turned out, once belonged to the local police; a deactivated android in the backseat too had been the property of the municipality.

Its strange, toothy smile frightened the duo at first (a neighbor reported a bevy of screams for just over fifteen minutes) but after the initial shock, and the discovery of additional arm and leg attachments in the trunk, Animal Monday exchanged the electrified baton for a drum stick and put the bot to work.

Dubbed B0BB1, the former copper no longer walked the beat, but kept it, drumming perfectly in sync to the buzzing synthesizers of his new mates. After a bit of tweaking (and a few malicious reversion to its old ways) the new trio quickly launched themselves into the studio and on tour, where a fateful promoter would mispronounce their band name, birthing the hit-makers we know today as Anima Mundi.

As fate would have it, the ruffians who had smashed their instruments just months before were at that very show. In their infinite wisdom, they had included a special switch on the back of their automated drummer for just such an occasion.



## anima mundi

### SIDE A

1. Tangled Up
2. Skull & Cross
3. Hang In There
4. Keep It On Beat

### SIDE B

1. Bubble/Bubble
2. Suffocated In Ivy
3. Weekend Warriors
4. Venusian Vibrato



Scan me to listen!

# FRIENDS OF INTERGALACTIC BEETS

## PONPOKO IN THE DISTANCE

Gabriel Pulcinelli, is a guitarist and producer based in Guayaquil, Ecuador. His project *Ponpoko in the Distance* transcends what it means to be a musical storyteller. He has been composing and producing music for five years. After a lot of experimentation with his style, beginning with an early math-rock background, his music now leans toward post-rock and ambient styles with influences from Asian composers and producers like Kashiwa Daisuke, Serph, Akisai, Sonic Brat, I Am Robot and Proud, and Rei Harakami.

**Bandcamp:** [ponpoko.bandcamp.com](https://ponpoko.bandcamp.com)  
**Spotify:** [bit.ly/ponpokospotify](https://bit.ly/ponpokospotify)  
**Patreon:** [bit.ly/ponpokopatreon](https://bit.ly/ponpokopatreon)  
**Instagram:** @gabrpulcinelli  
**Facebook:** [facebook.com/gabrpulcinelli](https://facebook.com/gabrpulcinelli)  
**Twitter:** @gabrpulcinelli



## NO CALL NO SHOW

It was like everyone's house was all of our house and everyone's love was all of our love . *No Call No Show* from Brooklyn, New York.

A collective of old friends. Kindred spirits. Fast and hard music from the heart. A friendly reminder to focus on the things that make you smile.

**Listen to No Call No Show:**  
[linktr.ee/nocallnoshowband](https://linktr.ee/nocallnoshowband)



# STORY TIME

## SHE CAST HER SPELL ON THE PEOPLE

On September 20th, the members of Ryders ov Amalon will celebrate the 100th anniversary of their album *The Pale Witch*. Though the album has since become a classic, rising even above the status of “cult,” only one single ever charted. *HEX*, though it featured their signature eeriness, was inspired by a short story of the same name found in a dusty tome within an abandoned mine shaft where they once congregated to perform spells of nonsense and hope. We are proud to present this short story, in its entirety, after many years of searching.

---

An uneven gate chipped the compressed, cork heel, dislodging the armful of ingredients. To the landing they scattered, their shadows drifting between the warped, oak planks. Her knee scraped across a bent carpentry nail and tore the hem of her linen skirt, but balance returned easily, her hands fumbling to settle the rollicking components.

Pressed to the railing, she stole a glance into the twisting mouth of the shaft, the staircase hugging the perimeter as it spiraled from the flat earth several stories below, and several more above. A distant, grumbling activism shepherded cobbled weapons of cast iron and stone, the glint of the moon enough to reflect the shivering anger as they ascended. She continued with a staccato rhythm squeezing her chest, her mouth declaring the need for more of the musty air.

The flayed and emaciated corpse of a child had been abandoned hours prior, the impromptu altar of curved stone and velvet raided by the uninformed. A viscous mixture had been slathered across his forehead, his fingers similarly coated. Not a soul dared touch the mysterious slime.

Amongst the black thorns and the empty bottles, they had decided her fate. Flames engulfed the precious charms, the dusty pages of victories and defeat. The forest, a sanctuary of peace, erupted in a nightmare of shrieking, her expulsion guaranteed, the heat of death galloping after her.

Round and round they chased one another, the summit of the tower far from a proper place for such a confrontation. Her shoulder bashed the lone door, the dead-end revealing the bell housing and a trio of sagging, arched frames. The glow of those lying in wait blanketed the settlement in red and yellow, the billowing orange smoke of burning hog fat igniting the torches of liberation and justice. Not a smile among the vicious lot, their incisors revealed as their lips peeled back, their tongues gyrating, repeating a monosyllabic epithet.

The height of the structure would allow her a moment of protection. With the chorus chanting her designation, she retreated from view into the center of the room. A westerly wind zipped underneath the archway and bumbled about the village's prize. The iron clapper was too heavy to *chime* the edges of the bell without assistance, its melody silent, her concentration focused for now. A burlap drawstring bag birthed a handful of salt, her *cracked* and wrinkled hands dusting the floor in copious waves. Uneven concentric circles formed, the center pierced by three intersecting lines; a fourth was added, bursting from only the outer layer, pointing due east.

The mad rush of vengeance had reached the top of the staircase, a woodsman's ax the first to appear in the doorway as the top hinge fluttered to the floor. The courageous and muscled was encouraged by his peers to destroy the monster before them, his downward chop interrupting the pattern she had laid at her feet. Oak splintered in an unnerving wave, the ax's blade embedded temporarily. From her smock came an unmarked stone, the bulbous base *whacking* the temple of the struggling villager.

A loose tuft of black clung to the sliding skin, the exposed vein pressured

into emptying down his cheek and onto his shoulder. Air *snapped* between her joints, the cherrywood handle transferred to her cocking action. The neck of the woodsman absorbed the angled swing, impeded now by the sturdy vertebrae. With little to steady himself, he stumbled back into the doorway's bottleneck, soaking those in wait. They sacrificed him, shoving the unwanted refuse over the railing. His plummet was disturbed when the force of his descent finished the decapitation, the darkness of the tower swallowing what remained. They watched curiously, wondering if he would someday regain his mobility.

Their attention returned to the unwanted, her banshee locks covering over her face, a greasy layer weighing them nearly to her waist. She hissed playfully, drawing a stuttering whine and a backward stride from their leather boots. Slamming the door shut, she returned to her ritual, adjusting the salted charm with her fingertips.

The false bravado that had led the raiding party buckled, their incessant shouting delaying their next assault. Completing the mild rip of her skirt, she collected a wad of linen, the bulk soaked in the woodsman's scattered blood. The tower door accepted her artistic flourish, a symbol drawn down the middle, the tilted cross birthing a swooping, devilish tail.

She tossed the wet material aside and retrieved her stone. The edges had been filed down, rough to the touch, the wooden planks *squeaking* as she began her inscription. Following the circumference, she littered the concentric circles with ancient symbols, lost not to time, but forgotten by new slang and the opportunity of individual expression.

The villagers, having decided upon a proper strategy, found the door strangely locked, the strength of their heels no longer sufficing. The throbbing attempts deterred her temporarily, her fingers tracing each designation, the words loosely passing through her throat. Effervescent herbs were loosened from bent stalks and tossed across the engraving, a vial of colorless liquid following, though no visible reaction was returned. Satisfaction came, though time was of the essence. She hobbled to the archway, steadying herself. To the east, at the rear of the settlement, the gentle roll of a pasture helped to demarcate the legal boundary. Its highest crest was of little impression; a lone dirt road provided safe passage into the tilled horizon.

Onto her knees, the silent bell above her, she raised her palms to the roof and stared into the inky void.

*"Hamphimethon heloy most mercyfull creator, the gyuer of influence, and þe reformer of all lyuing soules, þe allower & orderer"*

Common sense had staggered to the forefront of the invading minds, a second ax employed to chop through the barrier. A mud-crusting spade joined the fray, loosening the dripping symbols. The streets raged with stabbing utensils and the droning of righteousness. Together they shouted their own offensive spells, raining a century's worth of ignorance.

The eastern perimeter stole her from her knees, the darkened hills still empty. *"Hamphimethon heloy most mercyfull creator, the gyuer of influence, and þe reformer of all lyuing soules, þe allower & orderer of all good willes bow doune thy selfe and looke must godely to my mynde þt that which I most humbly desyre of ye, of þe abundance of thy mighty power thow wilte graunte it me lyke as before is promysed me upon protektion from the Ryders ov Amalon. It is wyth this"*

Enough of the obstacle had disintegrated, an arm and leg already bursting through.

"Begone!" came the first direction in King's English.

"The cursed stain upon my people will be lifted," another demanded.

*"Thine chyld is not ov my purpose!"* she groaned, a blockage in her throat encouraged by the clenched fist of a minister, his boots eliminating the collected salt and petals. She stabbed his fingers with her own, begging for release.

"To the stones!" came a suggestion.

"Flames shall be sufficient."

"For the crime of mutilation, for the injustice you hath wrought upon this settlement,

and the death of the innocent, you shall be swiftly punished!”

“*It was not ov this wyrl,*” she explained. “It was to protek...” The pious man of God strengthened his vise, the color pooling between her chin and his knuckles.

Despite the haunting interruption, there came no strike, no blinding flash of lightning. The bell’s clapper stung the iron interior, flooding their ears with a debilitating tone. She was dropped in favor of retreat, the contingent wrestling with the banister, skipping risers two at a time. The tower *clanged* once more, chasing the party into the comforting arms of the protestors.

“Set it alight!” the minister ordered, his index pointing to the peak. The size of the structure was of some debate, its worth of some value, whether in gold or laborious equity. “*Burn it!*” he screamed, saliva pelting the closest of the detractors.

Hay was procured, the exterior of the tower drenched in buckets of coal oil. The torches made quick work of the base, the wood curling from the infusion of unwanted heat. She lurched for the staircase, but the encroaching immolation swallowed the lower third, the howl of the crashing oak releasing a tingling uncertainty.

Her burlap sack had been drained of salt, the granules remaining now scattered about. No amount of tidying would reform the concentric circles. Smoke shielded her from continuing, a hacking cough not enough to banish the rotten taste. The tower cast an unreliable illumination across the village, the forest mere kindling, the roofs dancing with glee as each flame appeared to sprout joyous arms, bidding her farewell.

The support joist elevating the bell succumbed, leaning heavily to the right. She chose to avert herself from the imminent instrument, her eyes locked on the hills. The Ryders studied the pyre from afar, their restless steeds thirsting for muscle and heft, their flesh exuding a crude, onyx slime. Hoods masked their ravenous intent, their weapons temporarily sheathed. Bony fingers caressed the reins as pointed boots adjusted the swinging sacks slung over the rumps of their conveyances. The greased heads of their prepubescent victims nearly spilled from the satin bulges and onto the dirt roadway.

Iron surrounded her, trapping her in a visionless freefall. The bell crashed through the floor and sank with little grace. Bashing against the edges of the tower, it bled into the stairwell, collapsing what remained. The onlookers gasped and retreated from the harmless explosion, shielding their sensitive eyes from the spiraling wood. The inferno vanished momentarily, unable to withstand the suction of air, but they quickly and effortlessly returned, rendering the debris into a sickening emulsion. The minister *tutted* and approached the wreckage, ensuring the terrible creature had perished.

As cheers rang from the settlement into the frigid expanse, the Ryders ov Amalon, unburdened by her protective incantations, descended from the hills. It was not until the first blade struck, and the futile celebration was coated in the blood of the foolish and naïve, that the witch’s demise bore regret.

For more information about the Ryders ov Amalon and their album *The Pale Witch*, scan the QR code below or visit: [IntergalacticBeetsProject.com/thePaleWitch](http://IntergalacticBeetsProject.com/thePaleWitch)







# THE FUTURE IS NOW

**An Intergalactic Beets record store is coming to New York City!**

Coming this October, Intergalactic Beets Records will be the first pop-up shop and gallery in the Milky Way Galaxy (by way of New York City). Our full collection will be on display, giving Audionauts an opportunity to learn about the history of the IBP, listen to every song in our discography, and bring home a little piece of the universe with them.

**But we need your help! Our goal is to raise \$15,000 to bring our idea to life.**

On August 25th, 2021, we generously received a

\$5,000 grant from the New York Foundation for the Arts, putting us that much closer to our goal of \$15,000.

If you would like to join our mission of uncovering the tastiest beats in the universe, please scan the QR code below. As a valued supporter, you will receive some awesome perks, depending on your donation amount.



Scan me! Or visit:

**[intergalacticbeetsproject.com/recordstore](https://intergalacticbeetsproject.com/recordstore)**