

HEART ♥ BEETS

Issue #1

**PIZZA
BEAR**

\$2



HIS NEW ALBUM IS HERE!

The only Zine
in the Universe!

THE
INTERGALACTIC
BEETS
PROJECT





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 galaxies' 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 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

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WHAT IS THE IBP?

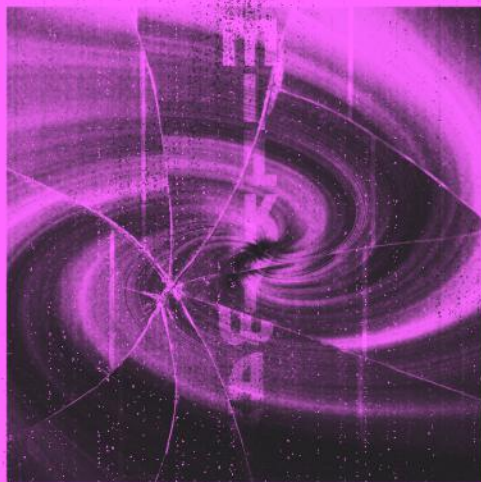
The Intergalactic Beets Project seeks out and decodes the tastiest beats in the universe, presses them to vinyl, and distributes them for all creatures to listen to. From 2021 until the year 5000, the IBP made a name for itself by making music free, easy to collect, and worth waiting for. After Lord 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 Audidnauts 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!

While beats, songs, and even whole albums have been recovered by the IEP, 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.



“Legend has it, the Milky Way Duo dropped the only pressing of their debut album before it could be mass-produced, leading to their funky, arpeggiated style entirely by accident. An original, non-shattered version, a legend in and of itself, is rumored to be floating out in space somewhere, waiting for a lucky collector to snatch it up.

- The Intergalactic
Beets Archive

The Milky Way Duo, once thought to be a single act by the name of Shummy Bloondenvotz, turned out, in fact, to be an actual duo. Professor Starboard and Captain Hyperspace were already a somewhat successful act (3409's classic concept album "Voyage To Planet Funk") but they were worried that they would be shoehorned into keeping their stageshows outlandish and their appearance forever coated in powder and lipstick.

Adopting their new persona as the Milky Way Duo, proved, to them at least, that they were capable of changing their appearance and style rather easily. What did not come easily, however, was the pressing of their one and only album *Milky Way*. In a fit of rage, against the tight deadline demanded by their producer, Captain Hyperspace smashed the original mold before it could be given to the manufacturer.

In a panic, he glued the pieces together and dropped it in the after hours slot at the factory. Never one to question the genius of their clients, the manufacturer printed the smashed album, forcing the music to change drastically into a hybrid genre of funk the likes of which had never been heard. The explosive debut launched the Duo into another dimension, bringing them untold Space Bucks. Sadly, with both acts now in demand, they were forced to choose between the two or risk diluting their music.

While fans never got another album from the somewhat-super group, the Milky Way Duo will be forever cemented as the happiest accident in music.

SIDE A

1. This Little Maneuver
2. Hyperloop
3. Midnite
4. Gruesome Twosome

SIDE B

1. Milky Way
2. Blinded By The Flight
3. Shuttle Rescue
4. Reentry

OWN A PIECE OF THE UNIVERSE!

Visit IntergalacticBeetsProject.com/Shop




**REAL
VINYL
RECORDS!**



T-SHIRTS!!



**ART
PRINTS!**



FUNKIER THAN THE AVERAGE BEAR...

NEW ALBUM, SAME OLD PIZZA BEAR



Before we get to your new album, why don't you tell our readers how we met.

Is...is that allowed? I don't want to get in trouble.

No, it's all right. Really. We're masking everything with the Convo-Matic 6500. Triple-buffering; all that good stuff.

That's above my head, but I trust you. Is all this going to be in the interview?

Sure!

Even this?

Yep!

And this?

You bet!

And this? And this? Andthisandthisandthisandthis?

...Absolutely!

Well, the summer of 2020, I was delivering pizzas like it was goin' out of style. I was riding my bike from Madison Heights down to VeRiDi (Very Rich District) twelve hours a day. I don't know if you know this, but folks in New Bear City love their pizza. My boss, Mr. Chianello, he would sometimes assign me corner duty. I'd have to get dressed up in a giant pizza costume and hand out coupons on the corner near the pizzeria. One day, my bike got stolen on a delivery, and I remember being really angry. Angry because I was making so little money, angry that people were spitting on my pizza costume, angry that everyone seemed to be rooting for me to fail.

I went home that night, and I was so tired of being angry that I could've fallen onto my bed and drifted off into space forever. But I had been humming a beat all day and I knew that if I didn't get it out of my head, I would never remember it. I stayed up all night laying it down and that eventually became *Thin Crust*.

I woke up the next morning and I was face down in a pile of pizza coupons from earlier that week. I smelled like tomato sauce and broken dreams. Somehow, a flyer from the Intergalactic Beets Project had snuck between the folds. You were looking for only the tastiest of beats to beam out into outer space. I thought, "This is the craziest thing I'd ever heard of, but if some funky space aliens out there wanted to hear my music, then who was I to deny them that opportunity?" So, I sent you my track and, a couple of amazing action set pieces later, here we are.

Where did you learn to play music?

I taught myself. If you listen to the city enough, it starts to play all sorts of melodies. Most people find it annoying, but it really inspired me to condense those different sounds into something you could tap your paw to. My uncle owned a pawn shop for almost fifty years before he retired and he let me pick through some of the stuff that he was never able to sell: a Jelly bass with only two strings, a Cartio keyboard missing about 40 keys, a Flounder electric guitar that buzzed like a nest of bees, and a electronic drum that looked like it was from the year 3000, but sounded like it was from the Jurassic.



Your first album *30 Seconds Or Less* was an ode to your days delivering pizzas, what was the inspiration for your second album, *Sleepy Bear*?

All the critics, man...all the critics said I was too tired. They thought my music was too slow, that my beats put people to sleep. So I doubled down. I said, "If you think this is sleepy, get a load of this!"

We know now, because of a manufacturing error, that *Sleepy Bear* never reached the heights of your debut. Do you have any regrets about that?

I didn't have control over what happened, so I had to make peace with it pretty quickly. Did I want people to hear that album? 100%. But, that snafu inspired me to put out *Regularly Scheduled Bear*, and I think we all know how that turned out.

Coming off the success of your fourth album, *Average Bear*, are you feeling the pressure now?

I think my critics are the only ones who are putting out any pressure. My fans know that I only care about the music, it's why I don't charge listeners to hear it. Collectors try and sell that stuff on the black market, but I can't control it, I can only keep making it. *Circus Bear* is a bit about that perceived pressure, like I'm performing to a crowd but I'm the ringmaster. I own the circus; I am the master of creating the experience.

Did you try anything different on this album that you hadn't in the past? New sounds, new instruments?

People have knocked me for using the same beat up instruments that I did on my first album, but I wouldn't have it any other way! I'm always looking for new ways to get the most out of my Uncle's stuff, and I think you'll hear that familiar Pizza Bear flavor, but with some new ingredients to keep it spicy.

Will you be going on tour to support this album?

Not if Lord Prosect has anything to say about it.

He's a bit of a pain in the old trash compactor, isn't he?

We may have to go everything over secure transmission channels if things don't change. I'll still be available for my Q&As, though.

I think you may have stumbled onto a new form of fan-interaction.

Having to do everything in secret while a silver-handed madman tries to erase you from history isn't exactly where I saw my five year plan ending. For now, I think we're lucky to just have the music.

One final question. Do you have any advice for up-and-coming music makers during this difficult time.

Music is universal. There are still so many tasty beats left to uncover there's no excuse not to start now. There's a Pizza Bear inside all of us.

Pizza Bear's new album Circus Bear drops August 23rd, 0086 AM (After Music).



CIRCUS BEAR

Pizza Bear is back! Featuring eight funky tracks, Circus Bear sees the artist return to his roots while mastering the circus of beats that thump and bump beneath the universe's big top.

Coming August 23rd!

BEAT OF THE MONTH

As a former lifeguard, Mascarpone Beach saw it all: beach bods, beach fun, and beach crime.

After a freshly-delivered ice cream cone was stolen from a young beach-goer, he leapt into action, chasing down the thieves through the glitzy streets of Mini Chips Beach.

What he uncovered at the end of a deserted alley was more than he bargained for: a criminal conspiracy to transport illegal diamonds in the cones of delicious treats. Several action set-pieces later, the future musical genius was being awarded the Key to the City and, along with it, a handsome reward.

With the thieves busted and sent to the cooler, it was time for Mascarpone Beach to hang up his trunks and slip into something more comfortable. Armed with a keyboard and a head full of tunes, he burst onto the scene, conquering his home exoplanet with ease.

However, the long-lost B-side Beach Just-Ice, which played in his head as he thwarted the diamond thieves, was seemingly abandoned. Paired with his monster hit Mini Chips, this was to be the opening of his magnum opus, instead, his explosive debut was delayed nearly six months, though we all know what happened in the end...



MASCARPONE BEACH

SIDE A

1. Mini Chips
2. Magic Shell
3. Stick Up His. [REDACTED]
4. Cone of Silence

SIDE B

1. Jive Turkey With A Straw
2. Mrs. Softee
3. Street Treat
4. Sun Bum



Listen to a sample!



INTERGALACTIC BEETS RADIO

@intergalacticbeets

Tired of hitting *Shuffle* on your media device and hearing the same old songs? Tune in every Friday at 7:30 PM EST on Instagram LIVE for Intergalactic Beets Radio.

Featuring new music and unskippable classics, IBR is 30 minutes of toe-tapping and head swinging beats, complete with a trip through the cosmos!

Want to hear a specific beat on IBR? Send a signal to contact@intergalacticbeetsproject.com and we'll make sure to include your request.



Since the year 5,000, Lord Prosect has banned music of all types and has made the penalty for listening to even a single beat punishable by death. The Intergalactic Beets Project is here to defy the madness that is his intergalactic stranglehold.

For the first time, all Audionauts are free to download our 41 full-length songs to use to their hearts content. We encourage you to use these songs in personal and commercial projects to make them come to life! We only ask that you credit The Intergalactic Beets Project or tag us @intergalacticbeets so that we can not only receive proper credit but also check out how our intergalactic beats are finding a new home!



Visit our telecommunications hub at IntergalacticBeetsProject.com or scan the code to download today!

FRIENDS OF INTERGALACTIC BEETS



NEAR/FAR

In a future not far away. The ethereal Waves blend with sonic sounds of bass and organic elements to form a sound that is both near and far.

Near/Far is forming a futuristic wave of storytelling with creative blend of genres inspired by various backgrounds. From beautiful stringed instruments to wobbling bass and super saws, Near/Far has a creative approach and is making music for the future.

Listen to Near/Far
bit.ly/nearfarspotify

Download Contact, a free sample pack of sounds for your own music projects!
bit.ly/nearfarcontact

Follow Near/Far on Instagram
[@nearfarofficial](https://www.instagram.com/nearfarofficial)

DOUBLE EAGLE

While the mysterious genre-less duo Double Eagle has been recording for decades, they only just discovered Twice As High Records. TAH Records releases limited edition vinyl by independent artists, with their first release being the *Thurman's Kitchen 7"* by Double Eagle, and the second 7" release a split single between the art-pop German artist United Duality, and Double Eagle. A 10 artist full-length compilation LP, *Thru the Clouds of Smoke*, is due in early Fall, and *The Stress Cones Dub Plate 10"* (translucent green) will drop in early 2022. JJS News World Services says: "TAH Records is a promising label, in that they are promising a lot. Let's hope they deliver."

HELPFUL LINKS:

doubleeagle.bandcamp.com
soundcloud.com/tah-records



STORY TIME

A SONG 498 YEARS IN THE MAKING...

While suffering from writer's block on a sun-drenched beach in the year 2518, neon-filled rockers HermetiK stumbled upon a nearly 500 short story which gave them the inspiration for arguably their biggest hit, *Brat!* We are proud to present that short story, in its entirety, after many years of searching. *Brat!* was originally published in the literary journals *In Parenthesis* and *The Cabinet of Heed*.

A dithering sunset of rose pink and ochre pixelated the horizon. The antsy unlucky bobbed to the monosyllabic backtrack, waiting to be selected from the herd lining the glowing boulevard. Electric traffic lights ferried the hard-topped and gull-winged down the strip, the ocean to the west lapping its murky paw onto the dead, lingering sand, prying at the sagging palm trees.

Condensation wriggled around the greasy fingerprint embossed on the exterior of the slender glass. Non-alcoholic, a paper straw. She dared not touch the bubbling cola. Her sightline afforded her an inconspicuous reconnaissance of the pulsating nightclub. A cybernetic beat swelled her heart against her ribs, refusing to harmonize with the muffled, technological track. She ignored the flapping bill and the consolation prize in the plastic pouch, both caught in the unhelpful, sweltering breeze.

The locus of control slipped the bulky helmet around her face, the reflective void of the visor concealing her eyes. Her backpack had been tightened to its zenith, the perspiration transferring from her skin to the polyester. Straddling the motorbike, she calmly initiated the engine. To the heat of the blood-red signal, her canvas sole tapping the asphalt to maintain balance. Her right wrist twisted cautiously, the weapon finally announcing its weight. A left turn signal swung her into a majestic U-turn, the stench of hairspray and cologne beaten aside by her protective caul as she slid parallel to the waiting celebrators. The barrel offered false positives, any one of them could suffer as benefactors of the trickledown.

BRRRRRRAT!

It was the bulging pectoral of the bouncer who received the inaugural salvo. The open-bolt, blowback-operated submachine gun thwacked the air, stunning the preoccupied crowd into a cautious gawk. The port windows of the entrance doors collected the backdraft, a long, viscous stream of argon-tinted excess. A stray bullet had caught his neck, the pressurized release guiding her past the screaming and fearful. Now, with their powdered webspaces covering their rotting mouths and their plastic satchels jiggling with pink and blue vitamins, they would part for her.

Her motorbike scraped the roadway as she muscled aside the swing doors. A goon prowling the coat check reached for his holster, but her throbbing, syncopated arc tattooed his uselessness along the crimson walls. Shades of helium dripped as the inebriated hostess ducked back onto the shadowed dancefloor proper.

The blinking, toxic Fresnel illumination refracted off the helmet's visor, masking her mirrored entrance, sacrificing herself into the ocean of uncaring egos. Between sonic pulses from the towering speakers, she stomped, keeping rhythm with the mesmerizing enchantment of the robotic dance. To the rear, circumventing the stage, into the hallowed halls, her heel shoving the door inward, breaking the inquisitive nose on the opposite end.

BRRRRRRAT!

The handheld weapon spat fire until his face lifted free. There were others, the corridor flush with the childlike pop of retaliation. Not the second door on the left, but the fourth one. An indirect spray kept her upright, the plaster twirling in front of her with every near miss. The magazine had yet to reach its end, every discharge releasing fresh shades of neon, krypton, and radon-infected plasma into the blacklight void. The cacophony perpetuated a wall of distorted frequencies, shuttering her ears from stereo to mono.

The deceased formed a splayed, multi-colored stepladder, the wet mixture applied liberally to her canvas sole as she clambered. Another punch of her submachine gun loosened the gilded knob, the jamb swinging open the forbidden panel for her.

Nestled at a sprawling oak desk, business at hand, piles of blues and pinks, wads of green. The tinted veins of his eyes peeked from behind the lowering sunglasses as she lifted her reflective veil, their apertures increasing, the poison temporarily, and terrifyingly, lifted. He raised his retort from the blotter, the hammer engaged. You fucking-

BRRRRRRAT!

Little held his abdomen together, the fleshy strings tearing at the afforded, short length, unleashing a fountain of neon. The room adopted his murderous radiance, recorded indefinitely in her memory. His trajectory slammed him into the wall, a harmless, reactionary twitch pulling the trigger of his sidearm and lodging a bullet into the ceiling.

She disrobed her backpack and wrenched the zipper. The collected line of a leather leash trembled in her grip. Serenity allowed her the prize, the tiny kennel unlocked, the metal carabiner engaged around the collar. The obedient puppy led her through the carnage and into the cooling twilight. Sirens peppered the atmosphere, there would be a swift follow-through.

She righted the motorbike, parked herself onto the seat, and lifted the pup into the crook of her arm. Petting him lovingly, she assured him the strip would swallow them, protect them until the stars aligned once more. The engine grumbled, her visor slapped into place, the accelerator grip revved to ensure a streak of steaming rubber in their wake as they jettisoned into the fading melody of freedom.

Now, what to name him?

**For more information about HermetiK and their album Ultraviolet, visit:
IntergalacticBeetsProject.com/ultraviolet**





THE
DOOMED
ASTRONAUTS

NEWLY DECODED! NEARLY COMPLETE!