

J-F Bibeau: A Jack-Off of All Trades
doc compiled by Cuddlesquid and Juice Unlimited

Everybody knows some asshole who fancies themselves an artist par excellence. Let us introduce you to one asshole in particular.

J-F Bibeau is terrible at web design, costuming, writing, and comedy, but he thinks he's amazing at all of these things. He has two self-published novels, Felsic Current and Felsic Tension, which seem to be written specifically to net an audience of teenage girls obsessed with yaoi shipping and TVTropes. He's French-Canadian, thinks that puns are the highest form of humor, and genuinely believes that Ranma 1/2 is a richly layered and epic tale.

This dude is basically the personification of that saying "give him enough rope and he'll hang himself". Brace yourselves; he's left a lot of rope.

(We sincerely, sincerely apologize for the terrible websites you'll have to slog through.)

As Bibeau himself will tell you, he has loved writing for a very long time.

I've always enjoyed writing. From a very young age, I drew and wrote my own graphic novels, and for a few fleeting years I had the ambition of doing it for a living. The discovery of computers sadly drew my attention away from that fantasy.

In 1994 and 1995 I attended the "Marathon de l'écriture" at my college, CEGEP André-Laurendeau. It was essentially an overnight 24-hour writing marathon, with a 1-page per hour quota. Both times, I believe I was the only one there to take it upon himself to write one continuing story from page to page throughout the entire night.

My most successful writing project in academic background was at that same college, in literature class. We had to author a story that mirrored Gulliver's Travels in its use of fantasy to depict jansenism. The minimum was around 4 pages; I wrote a sprawling 22-pages epic set in the Warhammer world that blew my teacher away.

We think his work will blow you away, too!

Let's start with some poetry. Namely, a little something we like to call "The Ballad of Friend-Zoning Underage Bitches".

(We'd like to request that any of these poems be read in a RRRRROYALTY! voice.)

<http://www.musicalotaku.com/Poetry>

The Once Plum

The plum, so succulent
A taste so rich and opulent
Juice seeping in sensual rivulet
Tantalizing feast for my palette

Is it the acidic tease I crave?
Or the overflowing sweetness?
Why question the savory caress
It should be enough that I so rave

And yet it isn't...
As I devour this fruit supreme
I irrationally expect a hint
That it shows for me equal esteem

Should I be to blame?
No other crop ever let me claim
Such an intimate complicity
Normal that I should seek mutuality

Yet food cannot taste the holding hand
It soaks in praise embarrassingly
Wishing the repast be not so heavenly
More functional, sometimes even bland

Yet forward I plough, selfishly I bite
Digging deeper without respite
Until a mistake is made, rather rash
And onto the hard pit my teeth crash

As agony overwhelms my dentition
My bliss turns to admonition
Despite my own boldness
Having caused the duress

Unmoved the plum remains
Expected as it is to have a core
Can it be faulted therefore
For the unsuspecting victims it maims?

At the memory of joy I falter
Through wisdom, shame and regret filter
Tasteful moments can still abound
If I simply flip the fruit around

But just as I prepare the calumet
How humbling: there, in the fleshy side
Teeth marks by other gourmets

...Illusions of exclusivity subside

A fool I was believing I was special
Yet my undeterred drive to be cordial
Compels me to eat once more
And back into the produce I bore

My plan glimmers with simplicity:
I aim to stop or quit, neither
One plum finished, I'd grab another
Right off the tree's bountiful infinity

No more would I stretch on my haunches
Trying to reach beyond its tall branches
Assuming my place at its base, I'd fade
Cradled in its comforting shade

But no, flawed is this utopic vision
Repelled I am by the tree's roots
By enmity borne of broken delusion
Unable to reach the fruits

Only remains the original half-eaten plum
As the last few morsels are treasured
Their flavor finds me shocked and glum
Acrid taste, with tartness textured

Gone is the delectable nectar
Now, bitterness sharp as a scimitar
The fruit's digestive properties
The last use for its indignities

But I will not succumb to resignation
Onward I eat the once plum, despite its burn
Both in deserved castigation
And hope for the sweetness' return

Here, have another awful poem:
POINTLESS?

I can not rhyme
This I say for the last time

I can rhyme with the ease
Of an egotist saying 'please'

'What's this I hear?' you wonder
'These suffixes he deftly affixes
Their consonance have little discordance'
So 'Can he not rhyme?' you ponder

He who hunts and not consume
Hunts not at all I dare impune
She who swims with no destination
Merely performs mental masturbation

So if my rhymes abandon meaning
Their purpose is lost in the void
But if there's really a point to my meandering
Flaunting it, I try to avoid

So I maintain what I said earlier
But it may not suffer repetition
As that was its last iteration
And masturbation is niftier

And, as a bookend, another “weh don’t leave me in the friend zone” poem.
CONFUSION

Is it genuine captivation
That compels all my attention
To be drawn to this philosophy
Or is it merely morbid curiosity?

My fleece is but one of my companions
Keeping me from the weather's variations
But as platonic as we remain
Is it wrong for me to wish for rain?

Rhubarb makes a strong contention
That bonding with its roots is perfection,
But with its poisonous leaves would only be cried
I say: who can tell until we've tried?

The bluebird may well be right all along
Certain of what its heart wants in song

But would it be abject impertinence
To point out it has little experience?

Doesn't the arlequin comprehend
That despite our creative differences
Happiness, our time together can apprehend
And with love tear down all fences?

Vanity, over the raccoon, holds no sway
And yet, in all its imperfection
I can never look away
It is, to me, most beautiful in creation

Am I then such a flawed mirror
That the eagle fails to see its striking grace
Reflected upon its glassy face
From my appearance does it fly in terror?

What is age if not a mere number
A counter signaling complementation
Between a hedgehog and a plumber
To teach each other with arbitration

The pumpkin shares doubts in its ability
To recognize the perfect pie for its flesh,
Even as the pie's confession is still fresh
Should it not give the pastry credibility?

--/--

All my life I've been told they knew better
People, family, friends, lover
For once, I claim, hoping not to sound bitter
That my opinion is worth looking over

I ask as humbly as I can:
If not me, then who?
Not urgency I feel, but curiosity I do
As I pose: if not now, then when?

You're a pumpkin, a hedgehog, an eagle, a raccoon
An arlequin, a bluebird, rhubarb, fleece
And a philosophy, guarding reason like police

No one is taking this away, anytime soon

But considering all we are, you and me
Shouldn't you be my philosophy?
My fleece, my rhubarb, my bluebird, my arlequin
My raccoon, my eagle, my hedgehog, my pumpkin?

He's also tried his hand at Shakespearean verse. Here, from his writing page, is... well, whatever this is.

Fanfiction

I always felt fanfiction was never quite for me. I like that others do it, but I've always much preferred writing original works, myself. However, a great potential left unexplored in someone else's original work sometimes motivates me to explore said potential to the fullest. And so the following came about.

Shylock's Lament (A follow-up scene to Shakespeare's 'The Merchant of Venice')

(Read it if you dare: <http://www.musicalotaku.com/text/ShylocksLament.pdf>)

Despite what he says about fanfiction, Beebles has a special affinity for it, particularly the imaginary just-shy-of-legal poon he imagines it can get him. He's not so good at combining shit he likes with shit he imagines teenage girls like, however. And that's where you get projects like, say, turning the classic '80s movie "Predator" into a swamp of gay relationships.

Predator - The Slash Novel



Spurred on by my newfound interest in "Slash" (being the practice of taking existing material and pairing up its -often same-sex- characters), I decided to start my first novelization in 2005, and completed it in 2007. Predator had long been one of my favourite movies, but it was only then, through the practiced eye of a slasher, that I saw the movie for what it really was: a treasure-trove of slashy goodness.

Those who've always loved the film for its machismo and virility will no doubt be greatly destabilized to see its butch commandoes turned gay (all except one), but the purpose of this

exercise (in addition to providing entertainment) is to make the reader re-watch the movie and exclaim: "My heavens, he's right, all these gay hints really are there!"

Because they are. Every gesture seen in the movie, every line heard, every action, every prolonged stare... I respected it all as I wrote this 300+ pages labour of love. I didn't change anything seen or heard in the movie, I just gave it a different underlying meaning. Below is a series of brief excerpts from the book.

Bibbity Bop provides a sample on his website. For reasons I can only guess.

(Like all of his writing, it's available from the link

<http://www.musicalotaku.com/cgi-musicalotaku/kintaro.cgi?cont=dlrvw9v06skyxdv&app=writing>)

Space. Orbit of the planet known to its natives as 'Earth'. The sleek vessel launched the landing pod into the planet's dark side on its final pass, and immediately broke orbit. The pod accelerated into the atmosphere, homing towards its predestined landing site, as previously selected by the mother vessel.

The equatorial section of the western continent. A thin strip of land. Very hot. Fraught with conflict. Overrun by violence. That would be ideal for this predator's hunting ground.

Val Verde, Guatemala. The brutal-looking military helicopter approached the U.S. coastal base, asserting its dominating presence over the five gunboats stationed around the bay. The glow from the three occupied helipads fought against the waning sunlight, assisting a worried staff as they loaded other choppers. On this particular night, they were less bothered about the precarious nature of their company's stationing, so near the supposedly-ruthless rebels, than they were about this new arrival. Although allegedly on their side, this mercenary team technically answered to no one. Always creates a volatile situation to have enlisted men alongside hired guns.

Yep, the tension's there, right on cue. Upon being notified of the helicopter's approach and seeing it break the monotony of the dimming seaside, Major General Homer Phillips walked to the edge of his command post –tent, really– and surveyed his nervous men as they cast repeated glances towards the landing craft. He couldn't pretend he didn't share their anxiety. I sure hope we know what we're doing, he thought. On a personal level, he had even more reasons to be anxious than his men and staff did. What to expect from a man he'd shared so much with after so long? He lowered the straw curtain.

He was old now, and the other man was just that: a mature, wizened and strong man. No longer an inexperienced and hesitant youth. There's no way the General could expect him to fall right back in place as the obedient pupil he'd been when they'd last served together. And yet, the part of him that yearned for these days of old was a difficult one to quiet. He even wondered if he

didn't have a small pride-laden wish for witnessing firsthand how far the learner had outgrown the master.

To the General's left, the one member of this entire outfit who didn't seem apprehensive at all about these new arrivals and their influential leader was sitting in the corner, sipping some of the General's whiskey, calmly studying the bottle. I hope he knows what he's doing too. He ought to know. He knew that team's leader better than anyone. Better than the General himself. The depths of their history together could only be speculated at, but the rumors the General had heard ran very deep.

It bears mentioning that even though he assumes all the characters (except one) are not only gay but often gay for each other, there is only one kiss, and ZERO sex. For a guy who loves slash, he's sure not big on them icky dongs touchin'. It's almost as if he feigns an interest to gain attention or something.
(ps cockrub warriors rule)

Here is a particularly obnoxious excerpt from Felsic Current:

<http://www.felsiccurrent.com/source/FelsicCurrentSample4.pdf>

Abducted... The sheer concept was mind-boggling. Gil Peaply, lowly WeeSeed employee for over thirty years, kidnapped. *Why me? I'm nobody!*

Well, he thought as he cynically shot his eyebrows upward, seems like a day off work to me.

This is no incarceration, it's a vacation. *Probably gonna cost me my job in the end, and then my family, but heh, no great loss. Why didn't I kidnap myself a long time ago?* He chuckled silently, acidly.

Suddenly very self-conscious of his lighter mood under the embrace of the younger man, he uncomfortably shifted away from the arm over his shoulder. "Ahem, yes, I'm, uh, sure we'll find a way out. Um, Thend... Thendy Bravura, was it?" A safe distance from his peculiar companion, he hesitantly extended a hand, wondering if it'd be taken or bitten.

Neither. The gleefully fierce gaze angled down at the proffered hand for an instant and then melted into spasmodic sobs once more as the blue epaulettes of the man's tunic quivered with emotion. Putting his orange-and-blue striped gloves to his face, he sank to his knees and whined.

Ooookay, and there he goes again. The frazzled WeeSeed technician retracted his hand and shook his head. "So what, someone calls out your name and you start to cry? Have I put my finger on the problem here?"

Just more sobs. Whatever. He wasn't going to spare any of the few remaining scraps of pity left in him on a looney. Looking around—rather unconstructive with nothing to see—he took a few casual steps and gathered a bit of straw to sit on. "So, did they try communicating with you?"

More sobs. "You don't say..." mumbled Peaply as he let out Neumi on the straw, keeping an eye on him as he set out exploring. *In the end, you're all I've got left, little buddy. Thankless job, abusive domestic life, no skills, no talents, no friends, just trying to eke out an existence I never*

asked for, and now even life itself is whisking my old, paunchy self away in a dark box.

Here is another particularly obnoxious excerpt from Felsic Current!

<http://www.felsiccurrent.com/source/FelsicCurrentSample3.pdf>

This was going to be a jeltin' long trip. Trips tend to feel long when there's an uncomfortable silence following you the whole way. Especially when you don't even officially have a destination.

Geal Tromautein kicked the rump of his steed with his heels, which the sheep remarkably ignored. The animal marched on through the meadow under the late afternoon sun at a pace barely worth the benefit of keeping the rider's feet off the ground.

"Let's have a little more enthusiasum in this caravan, all right?" he shouted over his shoulder at the other two, his tone an attempt at cheerfulness but not quite able to hide the reprimand within. Being sour forever wasn't going to change the jeltin' situation, after all. *Quit acting like this is all my fault, you two.*

"Yaaaaaay," came the apathetic mocking by Lassic. Geal rolled his eyes.

He turned his upper body to squarely face the others. "Come on you guys, seriously! Whenever we talked about doing this, you all had ants in your parts. Just because it happened kinda rushed doesn't mean you should get all grumpy about it. Where's that sense of adventure you used to have?"

Lassic gave him one of his infuriatingly desirive (was that how you said it?) humorless smiles.

"Ants in our parts?"

Great, what had he said wrong this time? Sensing his ears redden, Geal turned back to face forward, trying hard to maintain his self-respect. "Yeah, you know, it's an expression. A finger of speech."

There was a small pause in which Geal imagined Lassic shaking his head in despair. Then his friend was literally shouting at him.

"It's 'figure of speech' and 'ants in your *pants*,' you dyslexic bugger!"

Dysflex... what?

That was it. Making his mighty steed stagger and bleat, Geal jumped to his feet, fury in his veins, and charged the other, leaping over the bewildered face of Lassic's mount and slamming his hands into his shoulders.

With surprise in his eyes, Lassic took the impact full-on and was lifted off his seat. They sailed through the air and crashed with a loud thump, Lassic extending his arms to keep his attacker at bay.

"*Enough* with the cheap shots!" spat Geal. "You got some problem, a contructive suggestion, then say it! I'm sick of your silences, your blank calculating faces, your accusing moods, and I'm sick of you correcting me all the time!"

Shock was still on the other's face, until he seemed to absorb the words with a deep, resigned sigh. "Right," he murmured.

Right? What the jelt did that mean?

Then Viakel was standing next to them. "Guys," he said, "you're crushing grass."

Geal looked past his partner's head at the bent blades of grass and grumbled. "Jeltin' grass will survive," he grunted as he got off Lassic and stood. He crossed his arms huffing and faced

away from the others as Lassic sat up and Viakel kneeled close to him.

"Right," instantly came Viakel's reply.

There was a small pause before Lassic's next word. "Right?"

They were waiting for Geal's agreement. Grudgingly, he shifted weight from one foot to the other, keeping his back turned. Well, the accident had indeed been a tragedy, what was the point in contesting that? As for Stradius that old cob, well Geal might very well convince himself that there was no lost love between them, but it was true that alanting—or whatever Lassic had just said—themselves from him didn't exactly improve their chances of having their research recognized in the future. "Right," he finally consented in a grumble.

"Right," wrapped up Lassic. "Now that we all agree this was a regrettable event, there's no constructive purpose in continuing to actually regret it. Nor is there anything to gain by finger-pointing. On that you have my apology, Geal, for the brooding treatment I've been giving you the past few days."

"I'm sorry, too," pitched in Viakel. Geal scoffed. *Bah, you've got nothing to be sorry for, buddy. You're a follower. If Lassic pouts, you pout. If he apologizes, you apologize.*

You can buy Felsic Current on Amazon.com, but you can only get its sequel from eBay. Why? Because eBay doesn't let you review books, and his books are not especially well-loved. On eBay, he doesn't have to post dummy reviews from poorly disguised sockpuppets.

I became completely immersed in Felsic Current from page one all the way through, and now I am disappointed not to find the next volume, Felsic Tension, at Amazon.

What initially hooked me on Felsic Current was the way the language flows into images that shift with the point of view of each character and with the locale in each section. Very vivid images, engaging narrative style, and all in a slightly fey dimension.

The characters are rather like the folks we know or encounter in daily life, and the settings seem plausible enough, but... there are these anomalies that remind us we are in a different place. For instance -- the jargon of the trade or of the place: they are talking about things that most of us have never heard of, yet it flows very naturally and we know what they mean. The way the universe works. The kinds of daily chores the people do, how they go about those chores, and why they do them. Their technologies and the reasoning behind them. Their odd (to us) names.

But the motivations behind their actions are very familiar to us.

The story line is simple, maybe even secondary, but the delivery of the story and characters brings you into a very complex over-arching psychology and process of how a world-shaking event comes to pass, or could be avoided except... and how that in turn leads up to the next world-shaking event, or avoidance of it...

There is an element of tongue-in-cheek fun-poking, especially noticeable in the way the male &

female soldiers interact with each other and with their groupies. The cartoon feeling is also there a little in the portrayal of relationships of student/teacher, academia, status quo/innovation, law authority/civilian, government in public/in private, etc. But the reader should not allow this to distract from following the greater intent of the story.

Four nationalities are represented in this fantasy place: the Siegorf (who depend entirely on current/energy manipulation for everything), the Cavendic (who depend entirely on mechanics for everything), the Amadsid (who use both), and the Beckayish (who understand a lot). Each views the others with some distrust and very little understanding. What happens when some of each encounter the others and end up having to work together for survival makes most entertaining reading.

Parallel plots in other locales bring the reader to understand the cultures and attitudes of each place, as the different players and pieces of the story converge at the Tower of Mandlev.

This book feels like so much more than "just a fantasy novel"; it feels like Literature, Art, Music all in one package. The use of the English language as an artistic tool to express nuances of feeling, to place the reader inside a character's head, inside a culture, inside an ethos -- this author knows how to use the vocabulary, structures, and syntax of language to the fullest, painting a vivid, shimmering continuity of scenes and concepts.

To me, Felsic Current tastes unique and interesting, also mixing in some literary flavors of Terry Pratchett and François Rabelais, vibrations of the music of Eric Satie and Gioachino Rossini, and visions as communicated in the art of Marc Chagall. I don't know whether that's what the author had in mind, but that's how I perceived Felsic Current as I was reading it.

So I look forward to reading Felsic Tension, when I ever do find it. And I am giving Felsic Current 5 stars, because I got 5 stars' worth of enjoyment out of reading it.

If you would like to see what real people thought of Felsic Current, go nuts:

http://www.amazon.com/Felsic-Current-J-F-Bibeau/dp/0984495908/ref=sr_1_29?ie=UTF8&qid=1363406943&sr=8-29&keywords=bibeau

This guy idolizes the weirdo from Golden Boy.

<http://www.musicalotaku.com/cgi-musicalotaku/kintaro.cgi?cont=wkbur1cbr9xxgt1&app=reviews&reviewsType=Review&reviewsId=153>

Kintaro Oe is a role-model. He's of course a symbol of self-accomplishment and minimalistic lifestyle where knowledge and experience govern over any other kind of material or physical attachment and ambitions. Kind of an awkward mix between a scholar and a hippie. The fact that he chose to literally refuse a university diploma he had actually earned is the best proof that he only values inner accomplishment and not social status. His never-ending quest for education, going from one temporary job to another, is another testimony to that lifestyle. But not only that, he's also a model of unwaivering perseverance. He's also a symbol that one can be a goofball

at any age, and still have babes after him. He's also a symbol that perversity is not evil, but rather a tool that can serve the greater good. Indeed, Kintaro has very high ideals and ethics about life in general, and when he lusts after a girl, he always has total respect (pratically worship) for her. His modesty is also unmatched. When wrongdoers are at work, he'll defend their victims to the bitter end (even when people are being victims of themselves), but he holds no regard for his own pride, accepting beatings without complaints when they serve a purpose. He also has the soul of a samurai, refusing to act violent for petty purposes. He's also a character whose face elasticity would defy even the talents of Jim Carey in a live-action interpretation. He's also an environmentalist, as his devotion to his bicycle, the Mikazuka 5, attests (on top of being another form of self-accomplishment). Yes, he's all that. The narrator's humorous phrase, at the end of each episode, saying that Kintaro 'may one day save the world!', may in fact holds some truth, because the world would indeed be a far better place if we all learned a little from Kintaro. He is SO educational!!

Bibeau is as invested in convention-going as some men are in their waifus. There's one particular thing that appeals to him: the LARP (Losers Awkwardly Repulsing Pussy SORRY I MEANT LIVE ACTION ROLE PLAY) that often takes place at anime conventions. Each time I attend a convention, I sooner or later always write a detailed account of the event. All these can be read on the convention & events page.

Although these can be viewed as nothing more than comprehensive journal entries, it's when I write dramatic accounts of LARPs (Live-Action Roleplay) that I really get to flex my writing muscles. Those roleplay events are nearly always multi-fandom, which means that Darth Vader is liable to run into Sailor Moon, and imbroglio generally ensues.

I always write my stories in-character and as accurately as I remember the events. Some of these events may seem too incredible and picture-perfect to have happened thus, but believe me, they really did. Sure, I'm the one who strings these words together into fanciful lines, but a lot of credit goes to my fellow LARPers, such as Holly and Linda and a host of others, who help make these adventures memorable in the first place. Below is a list of all my LARP reports.

Because posting one of these in its entirety would make everyone who has to work on or read this doc want to kill themselves, here are a couple of plum excerpts.

From his adventures as the egotistical Kuzco from "The Emperor's New Groove":

Alright, so now you have me walking around, looking very regal you'll agree and everything's looking normal, right? Well alright, no, this isn't my palace, that's not my throne, these aren't my servants, but just take my word: at the time everything **felt** normal. Alright, so I'd had a weird dream the night before, about some creep called Zarkon or whatnot having delusions about overthrowing my kingdom (still makes me laugh now), followed by some other tiny raving megalomaniac called Zim, and then maybe a few others weirdos (it's lucky I even remembered that much: I tend to have a blind spot for dreams that aren't about me), but it was still just a dream, y'know? Maybe some bad quesadillas the night before. I keep telling my chef I like them without cheese!

[He meets Sabin from a Final Fantasy game, Johnny Bravo, Naruto, and...]

That kind of shape-changing magic didn't surprise me. I know Yzma's got some plenty of weird stuff in that 'secret' lab of hers that can turn people into, I dunno, llamas 'n stuff. Anyways, I walked a bit, looking for a clearly more attentive adoring crowd, and ran into yet another creepy fellow who kept asking me if I knew this 'Kira'. I ended up hearing about more crazy black magic stuff, about a 'scary book that killed people!' Oh, no, I'm so scared! The evil book's coming, save me! This place was definitely too wacky. It got worse: a guy in a suit (decent fashion sense if you're after that clean-cut look) calling himself Wesker from the Umbrella corporation approached me saying they were paying people to experiment on them. Okay put yourselves in my sandals: 1) I'm the richest guy in the world, I don't -need- money, and 2) no one, I repeat NO ONE is experimenting on this golden temple that is this body. But this Wesker just didn't quit and tried using reverse-psychology on me, saying 'Yeah, you're probably not enough of an emperor to handle just a little needle,' which OBVIOUSLY didn't work on me. Okay, now I know in that scene it sounds and looks like I just agreed to come, but it was just a ruse. Yeah, I'm THAT good an actor. H-erm...

[No projecting going on in this next paragraph at all.]

WOAH, WOAH, STOP THE REEL! What's this? Everyone huddling around the scene of a dead guy? Is that me, over there, left all alone? ME? How could everyone -anyone!- be more interested by a dead guy than by regal *me*! People drop dead every day, let's not make a big case out of it, alright? And these security guards, now see that's just begging for riot and violence, which would REALLY make people forget about me. So let's get rid of that now, shall we? There, no more guards. Alright now, let's get on with that show.

[It gets increasingly difficult to tell just how much of this is in-character and how much is a frantic bid for attention.]

Now just wait one SECOND! STOP EVERYTHING, STOP THE FILM!!!! Ahem! May I remind you all that this story is about *me*? Enough with all those people and their silly adventures, kay? It's again all about dead people, isn't it? A mere few people get eaten by daemons and suddenly the world goes nuts and forgets all about me, is that it? People die all the time, get over it! What have -I- been doing that whole morning, mh? Here, let's just kinda nudge and paste me into that scene there... Right next to the ladies in the cellar. Theeeeere we go. Let's resume!

Let's not, Bibeau. Let's really not.

(For the whole thing, in case you're feeling brave:

<http://www.musicalotaku.com/cgi-musicalotaku/kintaro.cgi?cont=dlrvw9v06skyxdv&app=reviews&reviewsType=Review&reviewsId=383>)

Finally, he likes to proclaim himself an expert on film soundtracks. He even writes about them for a content mill--er, website!

<http://www.examiner.com/film-score-in-baltimore/j-f-bibeau>

Hours of fun at your fingertips. Well. Half an hour.

From "Why Love Film Music?" (<http://www.examiner.com/article/why-love-film-music>)

Statistics say there are about 3,000 [film music](#) fans worldwide That's it 3,000 out of six billion.

This explains the limited edition runs of CD releases that have abounded on the specialized market in recent years. They often receive a 3,000 copies run for that very reason.

However, with such a small fan base, this also explains the difficulty that film music aficionados experience getting their musical tastes recognized as a legitimate and lucrative genre by all branches of the music industry, from MTV to the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra. So why become a film music fan in the first place?

You obviously didn't follow a "trend." To call film music a trend would be as grave an exaggeration as calling bobsled the number one sport in America. So what possesses you, a perfectly normal human being, probably raised by the omnipresent chords and rhymes of the Beatles, Michael Jackson or Fall Out Boys dominating the airwaves or dance clubs around you, to suddenly cast aside all that pop culture has to offer in the realm of music and embrace [soundtracks](#) instead?

Why are you drawn to the melodic progression of George Clooney bickering with Michelle Pfeiffer in the streets of New York without the accompanying images and dialogue? How do you end up caring about a movie's composer more than its director or stars? Why do you own scores to films you've never even heard of?

Does there need to be an answer? Perhaps every film music fan has a different one. Perhaps it's the unobtrusive nature of music without lyrics, but then why not listen to classical? Maybe it's the association of music and images, a perfect marriage of multimedia artistry. But then why not just watch video clips? Perhaps it's the storytelling qualities of film music. Or do you just enjoy following counter-cultures that are well off the beaten path?

Maybe it's simpler than that. What about the sheer emotional nature of the subject matter? Film music is, after all, the art of enhancing a scene's emotional content. Whether it be melancholy, dread, fear, or pulsing excitement.

Therefore, perhaps the only common denominator between all passionate film music fans is that they are just that: passionate! They want you to try it, they really want you to try it.

He really wants you to try it, guys. By which he means PAY ATTENTION TO MEEEEEEEEEEEEEE.

Additional fun!

The TVTropes page for Felsic Current:

<http://tvtropes.org/pmwiki/pmwiki.php/Main/FelsicCurrent> See if you can spot the ONE trope added by someone who is not Bibeau. He also shows up in "Take Our Word For It", thus: *The self-published and somewhat infamous Felsic Current relies entirely too heavily upon this trope, much to the detriment of the story.*

His fanfiction.net profile: <http://www.fanfiction.net/u/2698909/J-F-Bibeau>

Want to know how Felsic Current ends?

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HSok1JtNf7w>

And the two Something Awful threads about him, in which there is much commentary, excerpts from Predator: The Gay Novelization, mp3s, and really horrific pictures of the author in cosplay!

Part Deux, which links to the original (for which archives are required, but it's so worth it): <http://forums.somethingawful.com/showthread.php?threadid=3458196>