



## Hidemi's Rambling No.201

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Where I grew up wasn't a good neighborhood. To my mother, seeing her child go to a public junior high school was out of the question. To get in a privileged private junior high, she made me go to a supplementary private school after the classes of elementary school. But even to get in the supplementary school, there was an entrance examination because it was for selective kids. As the public elementary school I attended was low at the educational level, my score of the exam was bad although I was the smartest at school. But the exam included an IQ test, which I had never taken before. In a three-way interview between the examiner, my mother and me after the exam, the examiner told us that he had never seen this high IQ before. I was supposed to fail the exam due to the low marks, but they let me pass as an exception considering my high IQ. Since then, I've leaning on my IQ for my life. My IQ is the only source of my confidence in my pathetic life but it's the reason of my suffering as well. I've been unable to accept each and every failure of mine because I don't understand why my high IQ couldn't avoid it. Why do I fail in so many things? Why am I unsuccessful? Will I end my life without making use of my IQ? My partner compares me to a Formula One car. Although it runs faster than any other cars on a circuit, it's completely useless on a regular street. I'm looking for a circuit for me but unfortunately, roads in the real world are all rugged with various obstacles...

## Hidemi's Rambling No.202

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After the mix down of our new song, I couldn't manage to get it to the suitable volume. Instead of taking it to a recording studio to adjust it at the mastering, I decided to do the mastering by installing Cubase AI on my different computer, recording the song to it and increasing the volume. The other night, I had a dream in which I took the song to a studio engineer for the mastering. I listened to the finished sound by the engineer and screamed in despair, 'No! This isn't what I wanted at all! This is too muffled!' And I woke up. It seems that I think the sound of our new song isn't crisp enough. Now that my dream told me so, I will use the equalizer again on the mastering. Thus, our new song is in a final burst. Well, I've been saying this for over six months now...

## Hidemi's Rambling No.203

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It's the middle of the rainy season in Japan. Even without sunshine, daytime highs are around 86 degrees every day. The worst thing is unbearable humidity. It easily exceeds 90%. We are virtually walking around inside a sauna. Maybe because of the horrible conditions, I haven't been well lately. I've felt tired and had a mild headache all the time. Of course I use air conditioning, but the huge difference between inside and outside somehow makes me sick. That has deprived me of a party although we've just published on Kindle our second book, 'Hidemi's Rambling Volume Two'. I really had to do something for my poor condition and bought an 'unagi' bowl at a supermarket. An 'unagi' bowl is a Japanese dish that has a slice of a grilled eel over rice and is poured with sweet sauce made by soy sauce. It's usually expensive, but I got one using a cheaper Chinese eel, also at half price. Eating an eel is supposed to be effective to get physical strength in Japan and people are having it in summer. I counted on an eel this time too. But while I'm explaining an 'unagi' bowl, it sounds more and more grotesque. I eat a strange thing...

## Hidemi's Rambling No.204

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I got up 1 p.m. and when I arrived at Costco after walking to the station and taking a train and a bus, it was already 7 p.m. By the time I finished shopping and started back home, I felt exhausted because of heat, humidity and the long trip. Platforms of the train station were packed with commuters although it was 9 p.m. They were waiting for the train, standing squeezing each other and almost spilling over from the platform. I was sitting on a bench at the platform to take a rest and watching them get on the train, crammed and holding a strap. I was impressed by their physical strength. They get up early in the morning, commute all the way, work all day long and still have this energy left, while I get up in the afternoon, go shopping and rest on a bench waiting for the less crowded train. To me, this is a once- or twice-a-month thing, but they are doing this every day! Are they human beings with mighty power? Or, I'm a super weak person. Can I withstand all summer like this...?

## Hidemi's Rambling No.205

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My apartment hunting is still going on and I found the best pick so far online last night. That could be it. It looked so attractive and I got excited enough to prepare for going there to close a deal first thing in the morning. There was some time before dawn and I looked up on the Internet about the property. Plenty of information was there, most of which were complaints about the superintendent of the building. All complaints seemed to refer to the same person and I became doubtful whether I could live in a place that such a bad person managed. While I read on the complaints, a different one caught my eye. A low flow of a shower. It was the last blow. By the time the morning dawned, my excitement was gone...

## Hideki's Rambling No.206

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When I left for Costco yesterday, it started raining slightly. I thought how unlucky I was. I could have returned home but I didn't want to waste my time to have prepared for going out and went on. By the time I got off the bus to walk to Costco for the rest of the way, it had stopped raining. There seemed a big downpour during my bus ride. I may have been lucky after all. On my way home, I missed the bus. I thought how unlucky I was, again. But by taking the next bus, my subsequent connections for the train and the buss went incredibly smoothly. I may have been lucky again. When I went to bed that night, I felt numb in my left arm and I feared that I would die from a stroke during my sleep. Thinking how unlucky I was, I fell asleep...

## Hidemi's Rambling No.207

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Today is the Star Festival in Japan. It's based on a forbidden love story between Altair and Vega, who are allowed to meet each other by crossing the Milky Way once a year on the seventh of July. We celebrate it by decorating a bamboo tree with paper ornaments. Among the ornaments are slips of colored paper on which we write our wishes. After the festival, they are taken into a river that is believed to be connected to the Milky Way for this particular occasion, where the written wishes come true. The last time I wrote my wish and floated the slip into a river was when I was nineteen. Since I had already started my career as a singer-songwriter, I wished to be successful someday. It seems that my wish slip hasn't reached the Milky Way yet in spite of this many years' traveling...



## Hidemi's Rambling No.208

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I decided to upgrade my Cubase SX3 to Cubase 5 and placed an order online last night. I'll save \$400 by the upgrade, not getting the whole thing. To qualify the upgrade, I needed the serial number of the current software. I rummaged in my room for the number. Finally I found it and entered it on the order form. For the last blank of the form, they required a user ID. That's a big enigma. I wasn't given any user ID for Cubase. On the other hand, I've got quite a few user IDs for the website. What user ID? Which one? I looked through the papers and couldn't find anything likely. On their FAQ page, there was an answer to a completely different question from mine, which told to enter the name in the user ID space. Now that I've run out of guesses, I filled in the blank with my name. A submit button had never been far like this. This morning, the e-mail told me that my order was processed. The user ID was simply my name. Just getting an upgrade is this troublesome...

## Hidemi's Rambling No.209

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Tomorrow is a polling day for a national election in Japan. For the past two weeks, it had been noisy from candidates' campaign cars, which are the most common way for campaigning in Japan. The car is decorated with banners of a candidate's name and runs through streets shouting the name over and over at the top of their speakers. Here, it's still the era that Marty went back in 'Back to the Future'. When it comes to an election, I always remember Mr. Goyude. He was a local politician in my hometown. I often saw him outside the elementary school I went to, waving and talking to kids. He would hand out his cards to kids, saying 'Say hello to your parents for me!' Some foolish kids boasted about getting his autograph or shaking his hand. Every time I saw Mr. Goyude, I felt pitiful for him. Japanese people say 'A doctor or a minister, which will you become?' when they admire a promising child. Our family's next-door neighbor used to say it to me and each time, I hoped not to be a minister because to become one, the process seemed so sad and miserable. Now I've grown up and I became neither a doctor nor a minister...

## Hideki's Rambling No.210

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As I've been constantly looking for an apartment online, I found a pretty good one again. It's located by a lake near Mt. Fuji and it's spacious, furnished and Western-style. Usually, this kind of property is far above my price range, but this one is discounted considerably so that it dove into my range. The catch is that the building is very old by Japanese standards. It's 36 years old. Still, it's the most gorgeous place I could possibly afford. I gathered information about the area, such as the climate, restaurants, shops and most importantly, the train and bus schedules because I don't have a car. I decided to go to look at the room and sent an e-mail to the real estate company for an appointment. Meanwhile, I bought a train schedule book and made a precise plan to go there as a weekend trip. A reply from the real estate company included the more detailed information about the apartment. Because it's old, the water pipes may give out at any moment. The boiler is broken, too. To finish up, one of the residents is wanted for murder. It's not the one again...or, is it...?