

CARMAN MOORE DIARY

APRIL 5, 2020

Woke and realized it was Palm Sunday, celebrating Jesus' triumphal entrance into Jerusalem riding a donkey (not a prancing show horse or war horse). Why modern Christians can't get the humility of Jesus through their thick skulls, makes you wonder. So off to the sunny Park I went to admire the cherry trees (and others) in flower. It is so clear that the paucity of cars and resultant pollution are making New York air so clean. And all the flowers on the trees and bushes are lasting weeks longer than they normally last before blowing away. Somebody's trying to teach us something. Back to breakfast and the news shows, where Trump's ignorance and basic evil were the continuing item. Then, as the Met Opera was screening Glass's AKHENATEN, I watched almost all of it. The repetitiveness of the music was starting to wear me out, but I did admire the sets, staging, and costumes. Next it was time to compose, although it is challenging to be creative with all that's going on, and besides, my apartment was cold. The heat is supposed to go off at 50 degrees, so all of the 40s in my apartment are traditionally chilly. I'm still looking for a really absorbing book. I bought Ishmael's new book 2 weeks ago from Amazon, and it hasn't arrived yet.

APRIL 9, 2020

Not much to report... slept late. Then after running in the Park returned to tussle with Amazon first that still haven't received Ish's new book, which I bought weeks ago, and secondly my little autobio CROSSOVER has been selling and I've not received a dime. Turns out the original publisher, GRACE Publishing, which was created by a Detroit/Mississippi home-girl Grace Adams who died last year, was sold to some other outfit....and I'm now writing to Grace's niece about it all. This is not music making, but it's the kind of stuff I need to start looking into. Maybe there's money I deserve lying around some places. Anyway I next subjected myself to copying

to score a keyboard part I've composed and recorded for a lovely song I created with my Danish singing partner, called "Under A Pile of Leaves." No score, no performances...so I battle copying by ear...student work actually. And now I'm off to the Park again to listen to either some of my own music or Haydn or Sonny Rollins. Believe it or not, I'm not bored. Although of course gangs of people keep calling to check if I'm still alive and worry about the fact that I live in the hot epi-center NEW YORK City... Damn !! New York has always been the hot epicenter of most everything every damned day of every damned year. But I like the attention somewhat....