**B.**

**Qâderbaksh: vocal and *tanburag*, Karimbaksh Nuri: *sorud*,**

**with Mollâbaksh, *tanburag***

Recorded in Karachi, January 1995

Qâderbaksh (or Qâderdâd), who died a few years ago, was a famous *pahlavân* of his time. Originally from Sarbâz (Iran) he had several homes, in Râsk, Karachi and in the Emirates, where he was in great demand by the Baluchi diaspora. The way he sung was a total art, which, in addition to musical aptitudes, demonstrated melodic inspiration, oratory and theatrical improvisation with gestures and mimics which fascinated the spectators. Like all the *pahlavân*, he accompanied himself with a *tanburag*, assisted by another *tanburag* player.

Qâderbaksh & Karimbaksh Nuri

 This recording was made at our request on the occasion of his coming to Karachi. The performance, for an intimate audience, took place in the house of Karimbaksh Nuri in January 1995. A great deal of it was captured on videotape, the copy of which circulated years after among a few musicians, who then put some extracts on Youtube. The reason for it was that good audio and video recordings of this music are rare, and that Qâderbaksh's performance was impressive. He sang for about two hours in a row, with two short pauses to tune the instruments. He began with a few poems to warm up, then after twenty minutes he launched into the epic *Dôdâ and Bâlâch*. Once this section was finished, he went on to an excerpt of another story: *Mundrik*, "*The Ring*". Finally, he went on to an excerpt from the story of *Hani and Sheh Morid* followed by another Sufi *ghazal*. In the opinion of Es'hâq Baluch*-*nasab, there were shortcomings in the text he had recited and therefore it should not be included in a CD. Apart from the beginning and the end, the performance reproduced here has been preserved in its unfolding with no cuts. Since Qâderbaksh's was constantly moving during his singing, the recording does not have all the desirable stability, and some unwanted noises could not be completely erased.

 The listeners will notice that when Qâderbaksh forces the voice, its intonations are sometimes too high, but in a live situation, this defect does not matter, as it results from a total physical and moral investment to dramatize the performance. The video shows that after one hour of singing, Qâderbaksh had completely soaked his shirt in sweat, like a champion sportsman, which justifies the word *pahlavân* (athlete) that designates epic singers. A *shervand's* performance *is as much* theatrical as musical. Beside this, Karimbaksh's playing is less precise and nervous than that of Alijân and Sabzal (tracks 4 to 8), not only because of his own personal style, but also because his fingering lost some precision following an accident. This weakness is compensated by his great experience and his deep knowledge of the repertoire.

3. Excerpt from the epic *Dôdâ o Bâlâch.*

*Zahirigs* :0' : Zirkeniki;5' : Gor Bam.

4. Continuation of the epic story *Dôdâ o Bâlâch*

*Zahirigs* :0' : Vesal (Jadgal);5' : Sim (or Baho);6'29 : Qeble; 13' : Gor bam;18' : Biake

5. Continuation of *Dôdâ o Bâlâch.* (After a short pause the instruments are tuned a halftone higher.)

*Zahirigs* :0'42 : Rend;7' : Baho (or Sim);8'05 : Zirkeniki.

Qâderbaksh & Karimbaksh Nuri

1. Continuation of the epic story *Dôdâ o Bâlâsh* ; at 1'30 two Persian verses in praise of Imam Ali : "I saw Ali in a dream". At 2'35, insertion of lyrical verses, then at 3'40, resumption of Sufi verses in Persian "I saw Ali in a dream". The conclusion is in Baluchi. The z*ahirig* are: 0' : Zirkeniki;1'30 : Kordi;3'40 : Salat

2. Tale of *Mundrik* ("The Ring").

The poem begins with praise to the Prophet and the mention of the four caliphs.

The *zahirigs* are: 0': Qeble;0’50 : Ashraf Dorra*;* 6'50 : *alhân* Ne'am (a branch of Kordi);7' 50 : Kordi; 12' : Qeble

3. Sufi *ghazal*

At the end of the excerpt of *Mundrik*, Qâderbaksh continues without transition with a *ghazal* dedicated to Mahmud Ghaznavi (d.1030), the King whose mad love for his servant Ayyâz became a cliché of Persian literature.

One more day became night, in the separation of you

In the hope of union, my life has ended.

I dreamed long to see the beauty of the Beloved

This was not possible and was only vain desire.

The hour of evening prayer has arrived, but my beloved has not come

O my eyes, keep me, sleep has been forbidden me.

Your mole is a seed, and your curls are bird nets

The bird that pecked at a seed fell into the trap.

Mahmud of Ghazni who owned thousands of slaves

Struck by love became the slave of a slave.