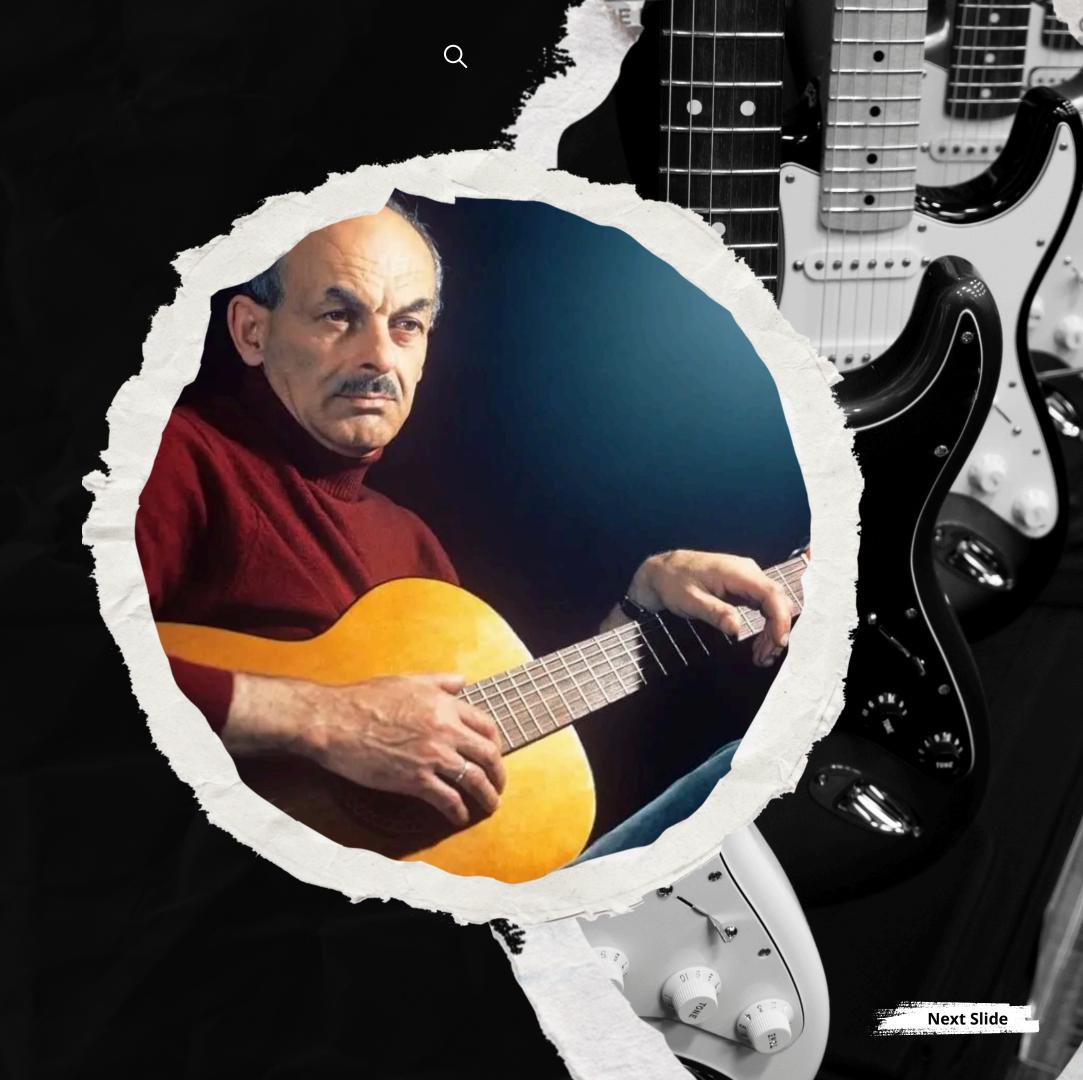
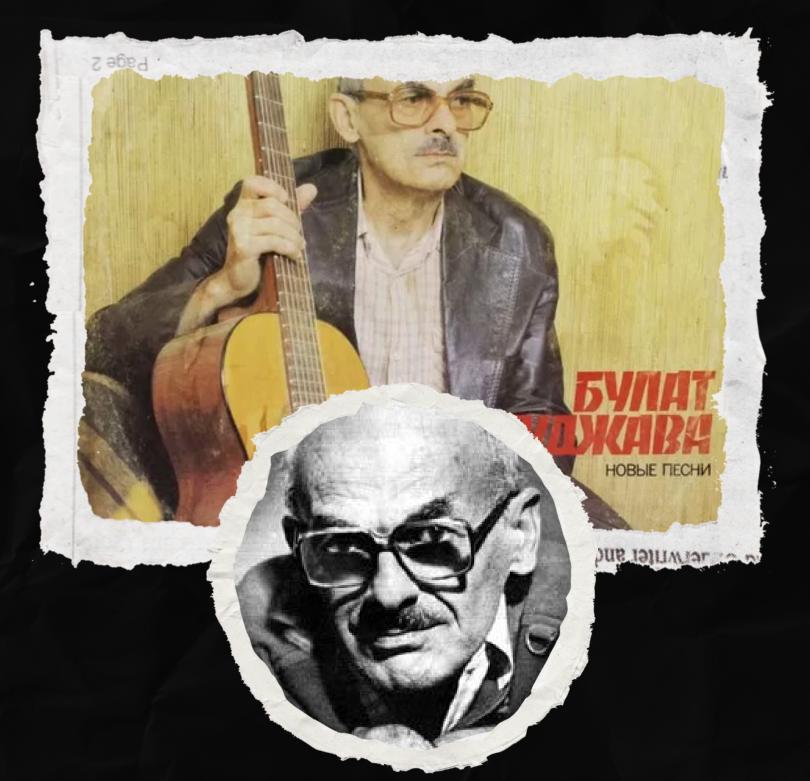
By: Anna Melomed





- born in Moscow on May 9, 1924, into a family of communists who had come from <u>Tbilisi</u>, the capital of <u>Georgia</u>, to study and to work for the <u>Communist Party</u>.
- After graudating University he worked as a teacher, editor, and head as poetry division
- didn't use many chords but his blend of musical lyracism + poetry garnered him praise
- Influenced heavily by war against and for communism.



Okudzhava tuned his <u>Russian guitar</u> to the "Russian tuning" of D'-G'-C-D-g-b-d' (thickest to thinnest string), and often lowered it by one or two tones to better accommodate his voice. He played in a classical manner, usually finger picking the strings in an ascending/descending <u>arpeggio</u> or waltz pattern, with an <u>alternating bass</u> line picked by the thumb.

Initially Okudzhava was taught three basic chords, and towards the end of his life he claimed to know a total of seven.



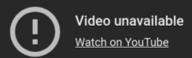
REUENGE ON RUSSAN WUSG

He was one of the founders of the Soviet genre called "author song" (авторская песня, avtorskaya pesnya), or "guitar song", and the author of about 200 songs, set to his own poetry.

lyrics dealt with love or such simple things as a Moscow street or the last trolley home. His songs often described contemporary urban life, but were wryly satirical of the official version, written in the best tradition of Aesop language, imbued with a sense of mystery and irony, deviating from the typical Soviet music. Okudzhava was never treated as a political dissident as the messages of his songs conveyed no open resistance but kept a certain reticence (nedogovorennosť)









Vashe blagorodie, gospozha razluka, My s tomboy druz'ya davno, vot kakaya shtuka, Pis'mezo v konverte pogodi, ne rvi Me ve vezyot mne v smerti, povezyot v lyubvi.

Vashe blagorodie, gospozha udacha. Dlya kogo ty dobraya, a komu inache. Devyat' grammov v serdze, postoy, ne zovi. Ne vezyot mne v smerti, povezyot v lyubvi.

Vashe blagorodie, gospozha pobeda. Znachit moya pesenka do konza ne speta. Perestan'te cherti klyast'sya na krovi! Ne vezyot mne v smerti, povezyot v lyubvi. Your honor, lady separation with you i'm cold, what a thing (a letter in an envelope wait don't rip...

If I'm unlucky with death I'll be lucky with love ) X2

you honor, lady luck,
for who are you kind
and for who not
(nine grams in the heart
wait don't call
If I'm unlucky with death I'll be lucky with love)X2

your honor, lady victory
it means my song
to the end isn't done
(stop it, devils,
promising in blood
If I'm unlucky with death I'll be lucky with love)X2



- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/A merican\_Indian\_Movement
- https://sites.bu.edu/russianpoetry/biography-bulat-okudzhava/