



ALYONA SUBKHANKULOVA

✉ alyona.subkhankulova@gmail.com

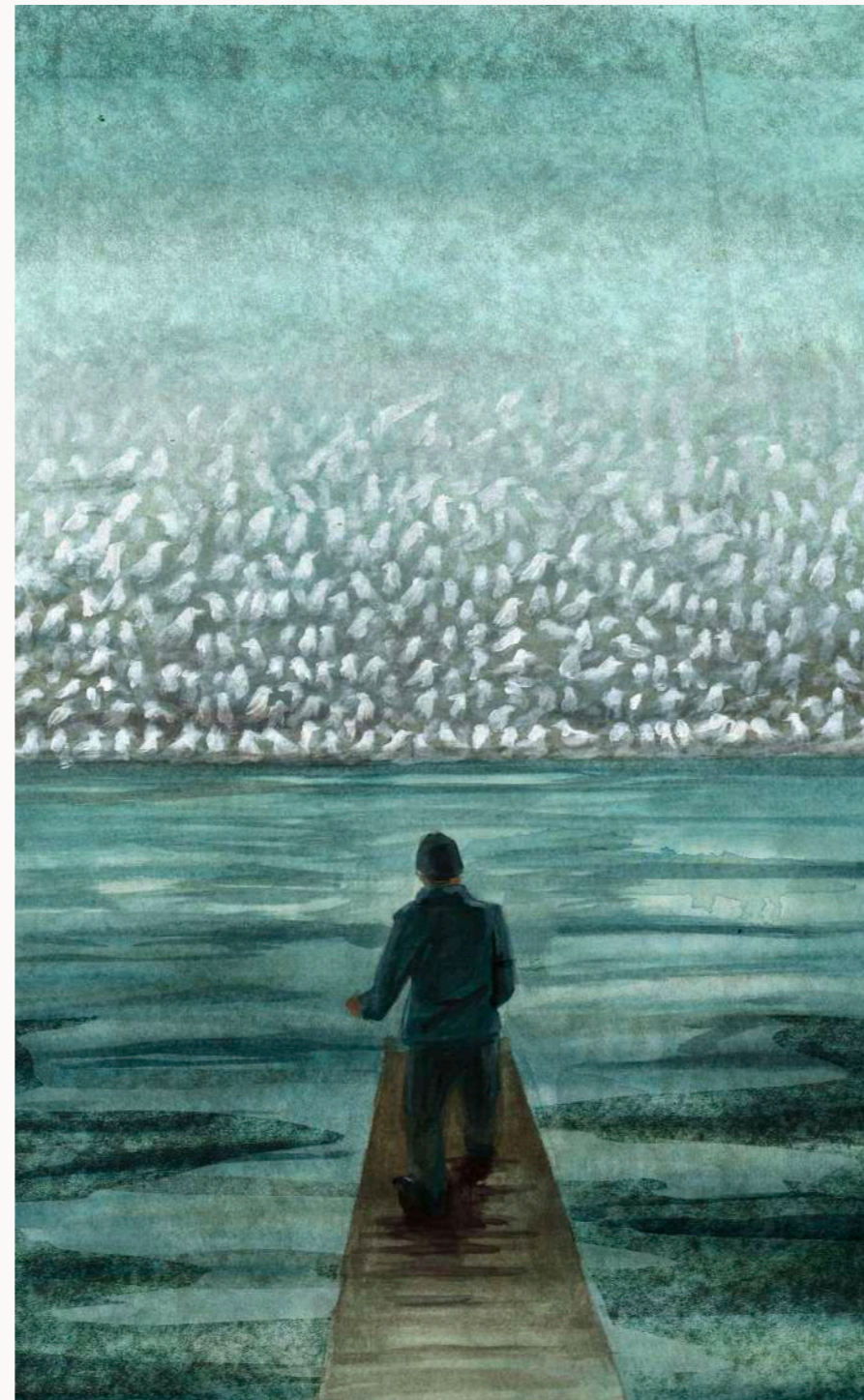
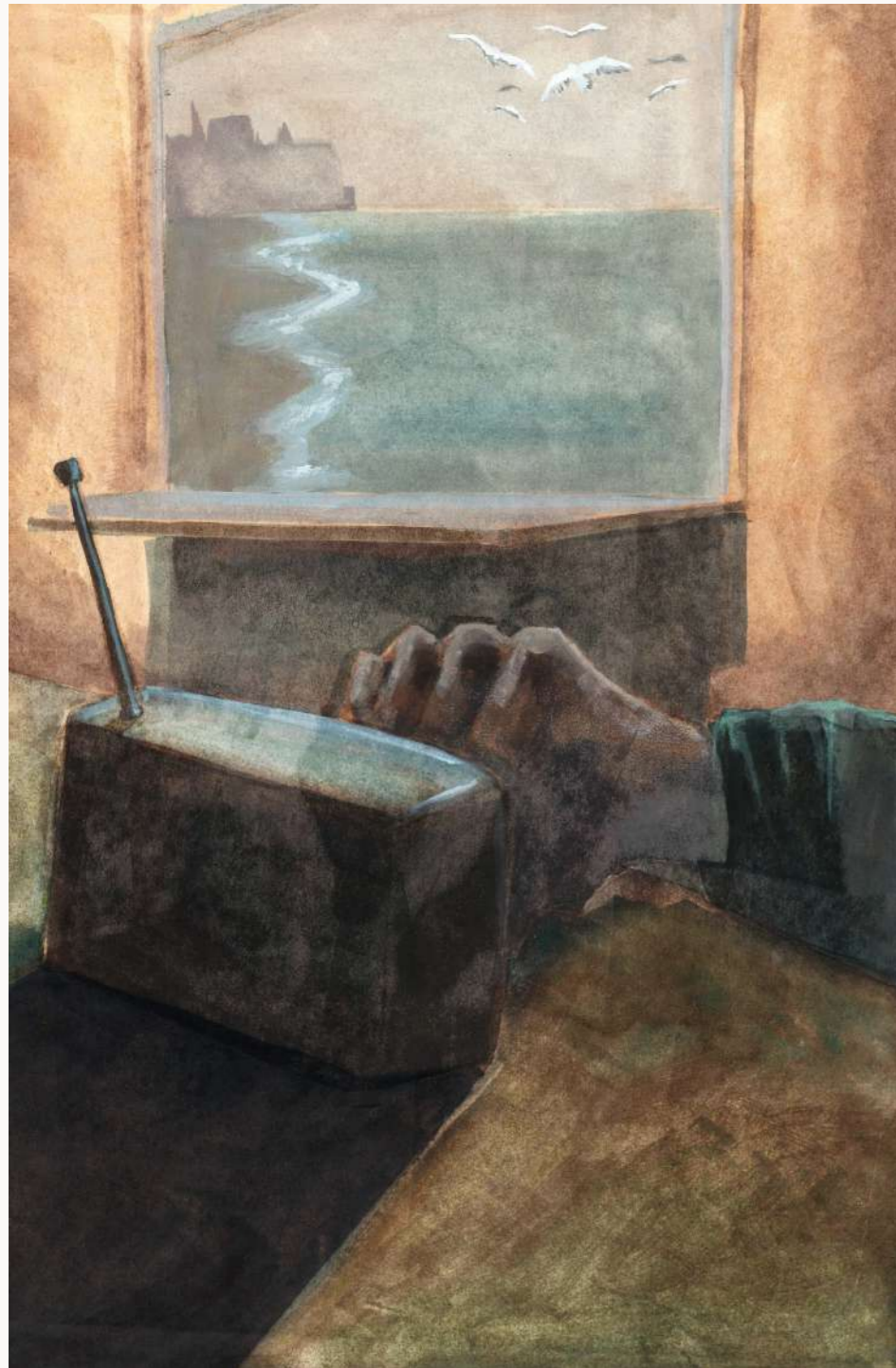
📷 [@alyonarts](#)

☎ 07443 656 024

✉ alyonasubkhankulova.cargo.site



The Birds



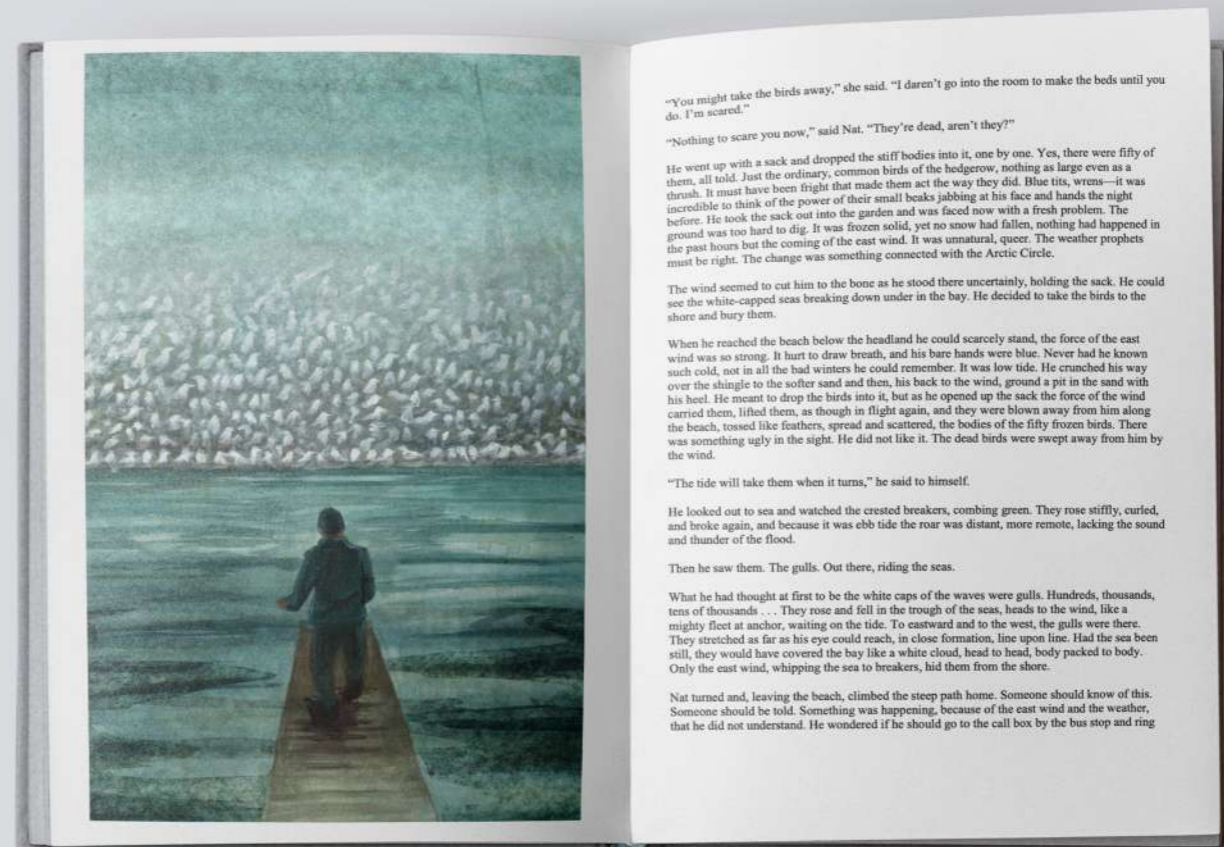
Interior illustrations for Daphne Du Maurier's *The Birds* (mixed media).
I approached this project with the aim of conveying the growing tension
throughout the book.

THE BIRDS



DAPHNE DU MAURIER

^ Alternative cover design



"You might take the birds away," she said. "I daren't go into the room to make the beds until you do. I'm scared."
 "Nothing to scare you now," said Nat. "They're dead, aren't they?"

He went up with a sack and dropped the stiff bodies into it, one by one. Yes, there were fifty of them, all told. Just the ordinary, common birds of the hedgerow, nothing as large even as a thrush. It must have been fright that made them act the way they did. Blue tits, wrens—it was incredible to think of the power of their small beaks jabbing at his face and hands the night before. He took the sack out into the garden and was faced now with a fresh problem. The ground was too hard to dig. It was frozen solid, yet no snow had fallen, nothing had happened in the past hours but the coming of the east wind. It was unnatural, queer. The weather prophets must be right. The change was something connected with the Arctic Circle.

The wind seemed to cut him to the bone as he stood there uncertainly, holding the sack. He could see the white-capped seas breaking down under in the bay. He decided to take the birds to the shore and bury them.

When he reached the beach below the headland he could scarcely stand, the force of the east wind was so strong. It hurt to draw breath, and his bare hands were blue. Never had he known such cold, not in all the bad winters he could remember. It was low tide. He crunched his way over the shingle to the softer sand and then, his back to the wind, ground a pit in the sand with his heel. He meant to drop the birds into it, but as he opened up the sack the force of the wind carried them, lifted them, as though in flight again, and they were blown away from him along the beach, tossed like feathers, spread and scattered, the bodies of the fifty frozen birds. There was something ugly in the sight. He did not like it. The dead birds were swept away from him by the wind.

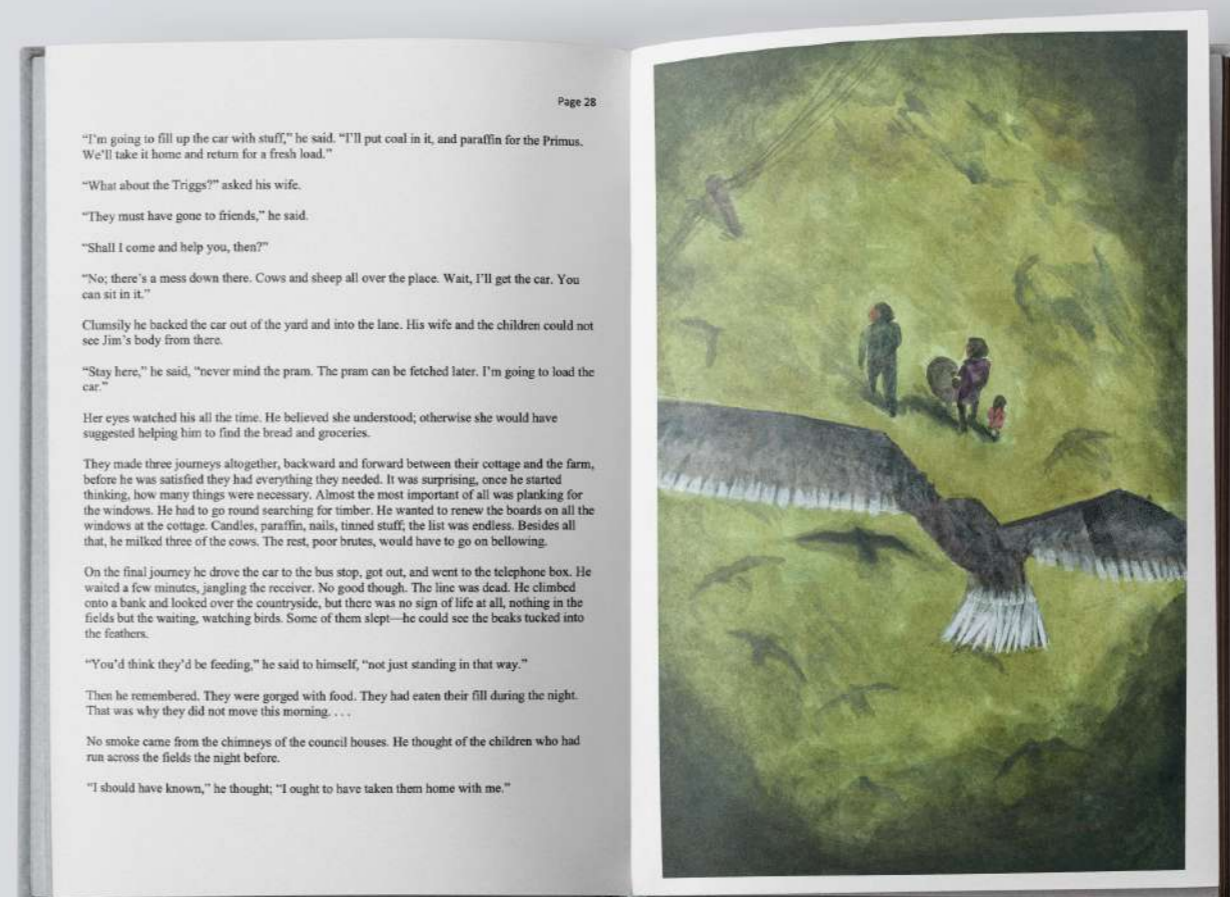
"The tide will take them when it turns," he said to himself.

He looked out to sea and watched the crested breakers, combed green. They rose stiffly, curled, and broke again, and because it was ebb tide the roar was distant, more remote, lacking the sound and thunder of the flood.

Then he saw them. The gulls. Out there, riding the seas.

What he had thought at first to be the white caps of the waves were gulls. Hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands. . . . They rose and fell in the trough of the seas, heads to the wind, like a mighty fleet at anchor, waiting on the tide. To eastward and to the west, the gulls were there. They stretched as far as his eye could reach, in close formation, line upon line. Had the sea been still, they would have covered the bay like a white cloud, head to head, body packed to body. Only the east wind, whipping the sea to breakers, hid them from the shore.

Nat turned and, leaving the beach, climbed the steep path home. Someone should know of this. Someone should be told. Something was happening, because of the east wind and the weather, that he did not understand. He wondered if he should go to the call box by the bus stop and ring



"I'm going to fill up the car with stuff," he said. "I'll put coal in it, and paraffin for the Primus. We'll take it home and return for a fresh load."

"What about the Triggs?" asked his wife.

"They must have gone to friends," he said.

"Shall I come and help you, then?"

"No; there's a mess down there. Cows and sheep all over the place. Wait, I'll get the car. You can sit in it."

Clumsily he backed the car out of the yard and into the lane. His wife and the children could not see Jim's body from there.

"Stay here," he said, "never mind the pram. The pram can be fetched later. I'm going to load the car."

Her eyes watched his all the time. He believed she understood; otherwise she would have suggested helping him to find the bread and groceries.

They made three journeys altogether, backward and forward between their cottage and the farm, before he was satisfied they had everything they needed. It was surprising, once he started thinking, how many things were necessary. Almost the most important of all was planking for the windows. He had to go round searching for timber. He wanted to renew the boards on all the windows at the cottage. Candles, paraffin, nails, tinned stuff, the list was endless. Besides all that, he milked three of the cows. The rest, poor brutes, would have to go on bellowing.

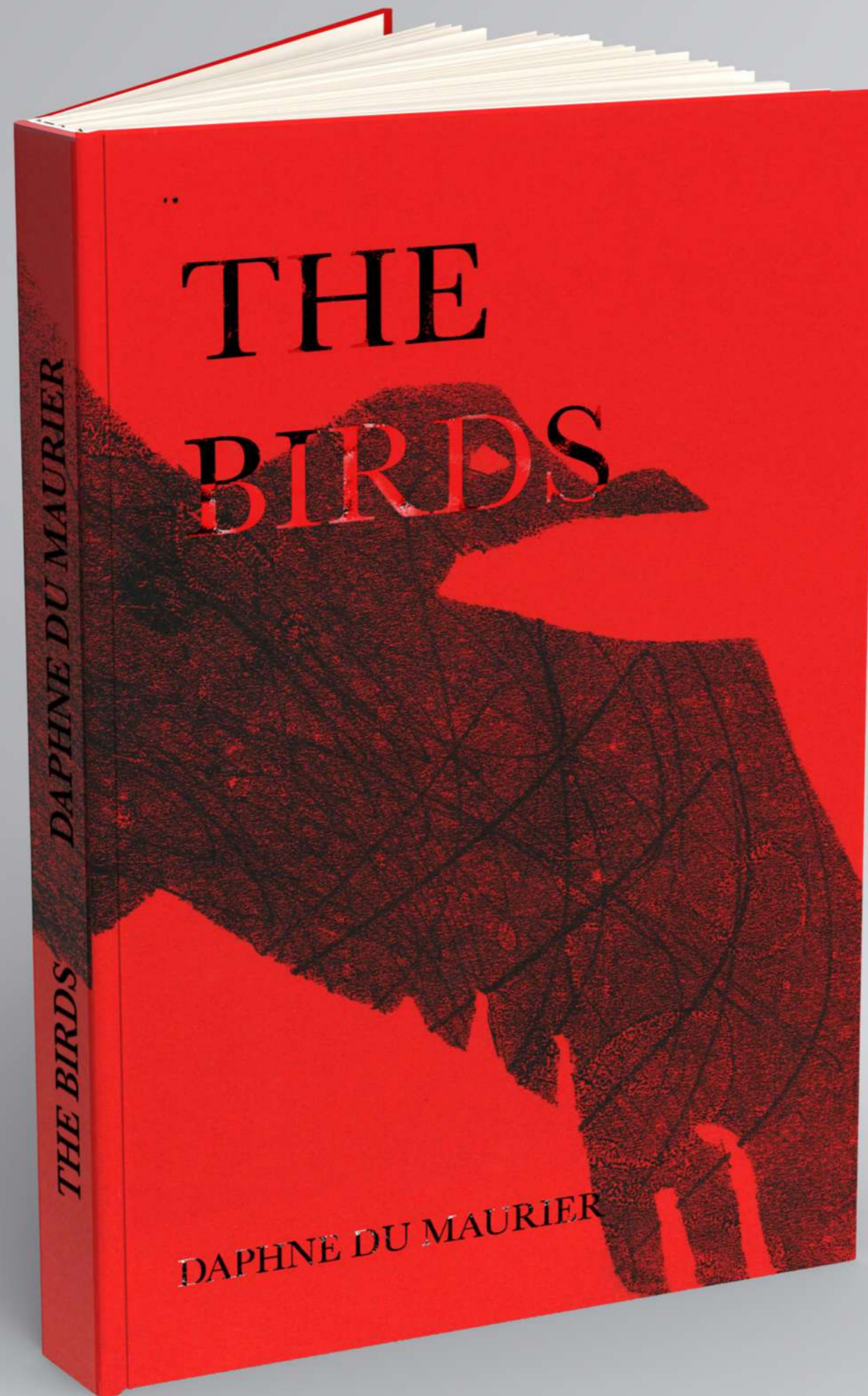
On the final journey he drove the car to the bus stop, got out, and went to the telephone box. He waited a few minutes, jangling the receiver. No good though. The line was dead. He climbed onto a bank and looked over the countryside, but there was no sign of life at all, nothing in the fields but the waiting, watching birds. Some of them slept—he could see the beaks tucked into the feathers.

"You'd think they'd be feeding," he said to himself, "not just standing in that way."

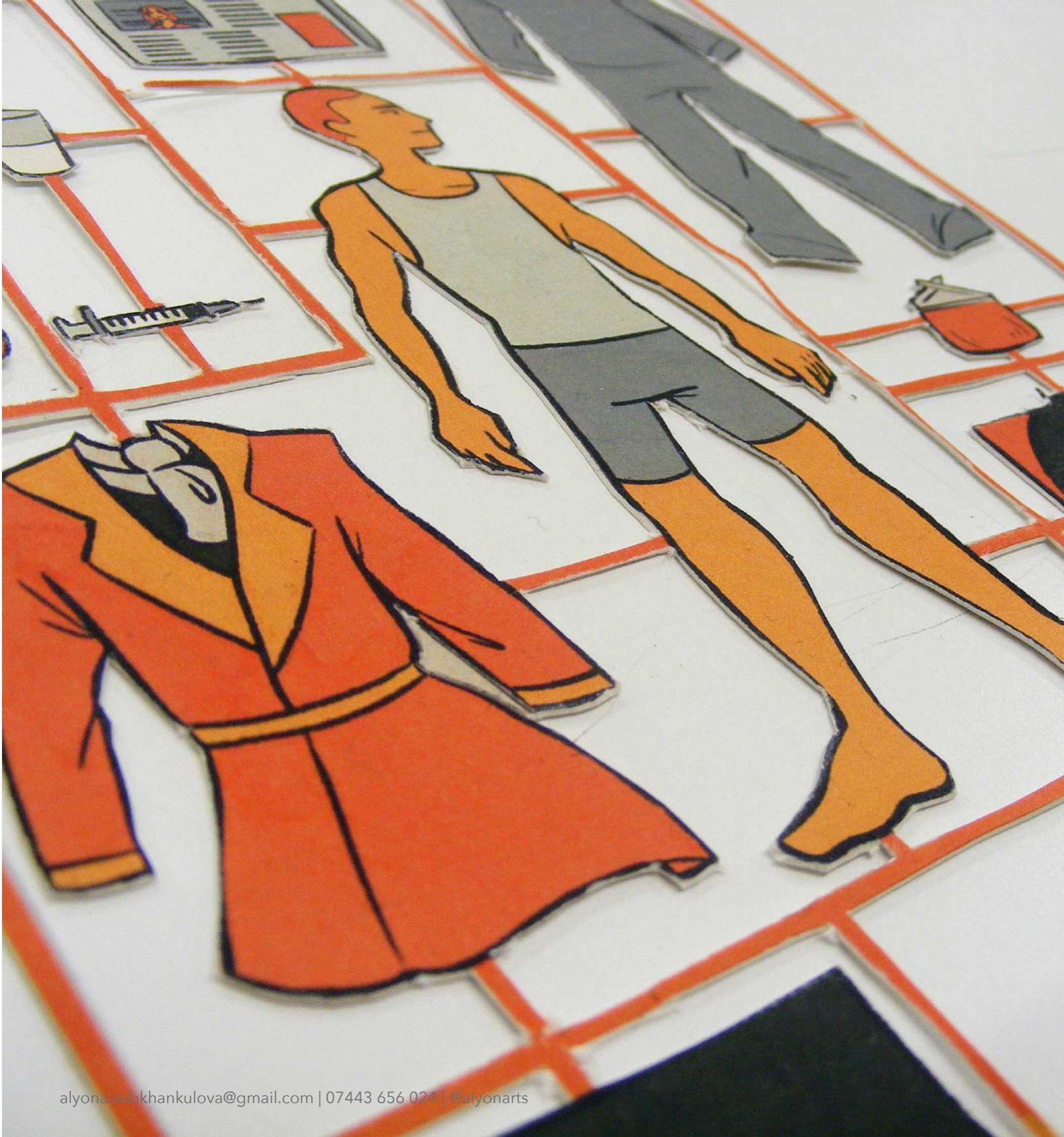
Then he remembered. They were gorged with food. They had eaten their fill during the night. That was why they did not move this morning. . . .

No smoke came from the chimneys of the council houses. He thought of the children who had run across the fields the night before.

"I should have known," he thought; "I ought to have taken them home with me."



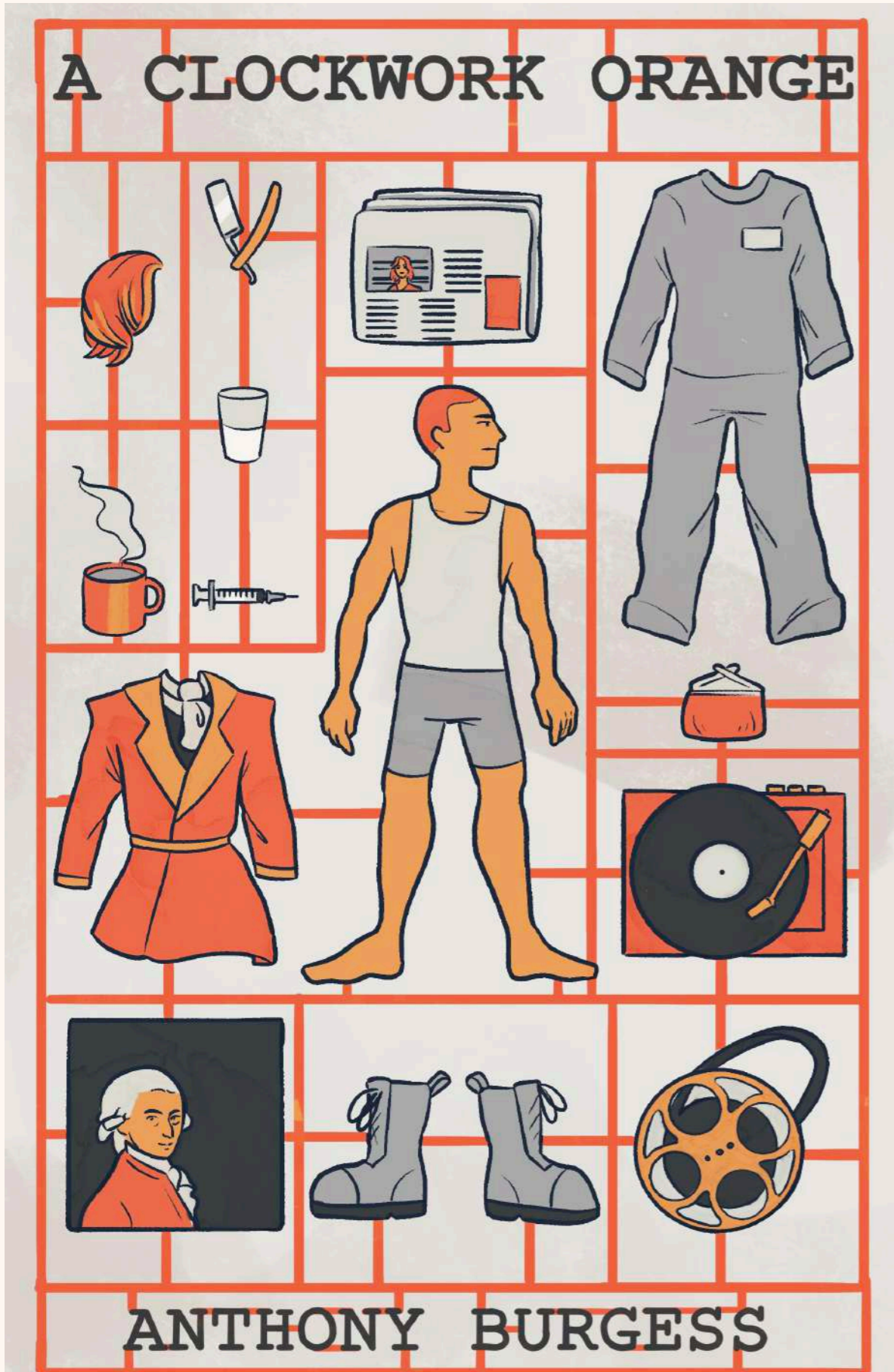
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Cover design mockup for The
Birds - Daphne du Maurier.



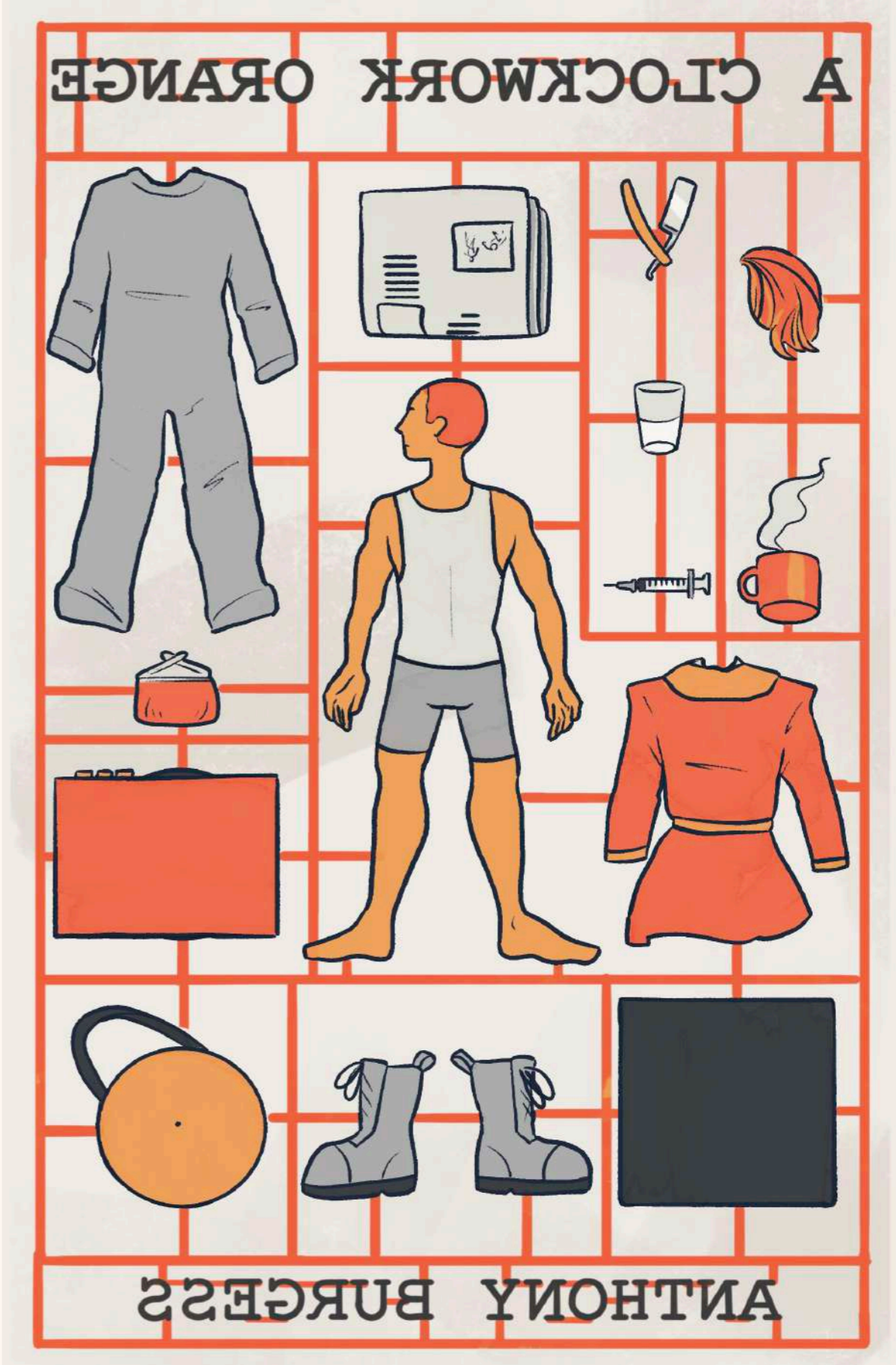
A Clockwork Orange



Cover design concept for *A Clockwork Orange* by Anthony Burgess.



^ Front cover



^ Back cover

PRISONERS OF POWER



ARKADYY & BORIS STRUGATSKY

Prisoners of Power
(Inhabitable Island)

Book cover and four interior illustrations (parts 2-5) for *Prisoners of Power* by Arkady and Boris Strugatsky.



Illustration 1, part 2; *The Guard*

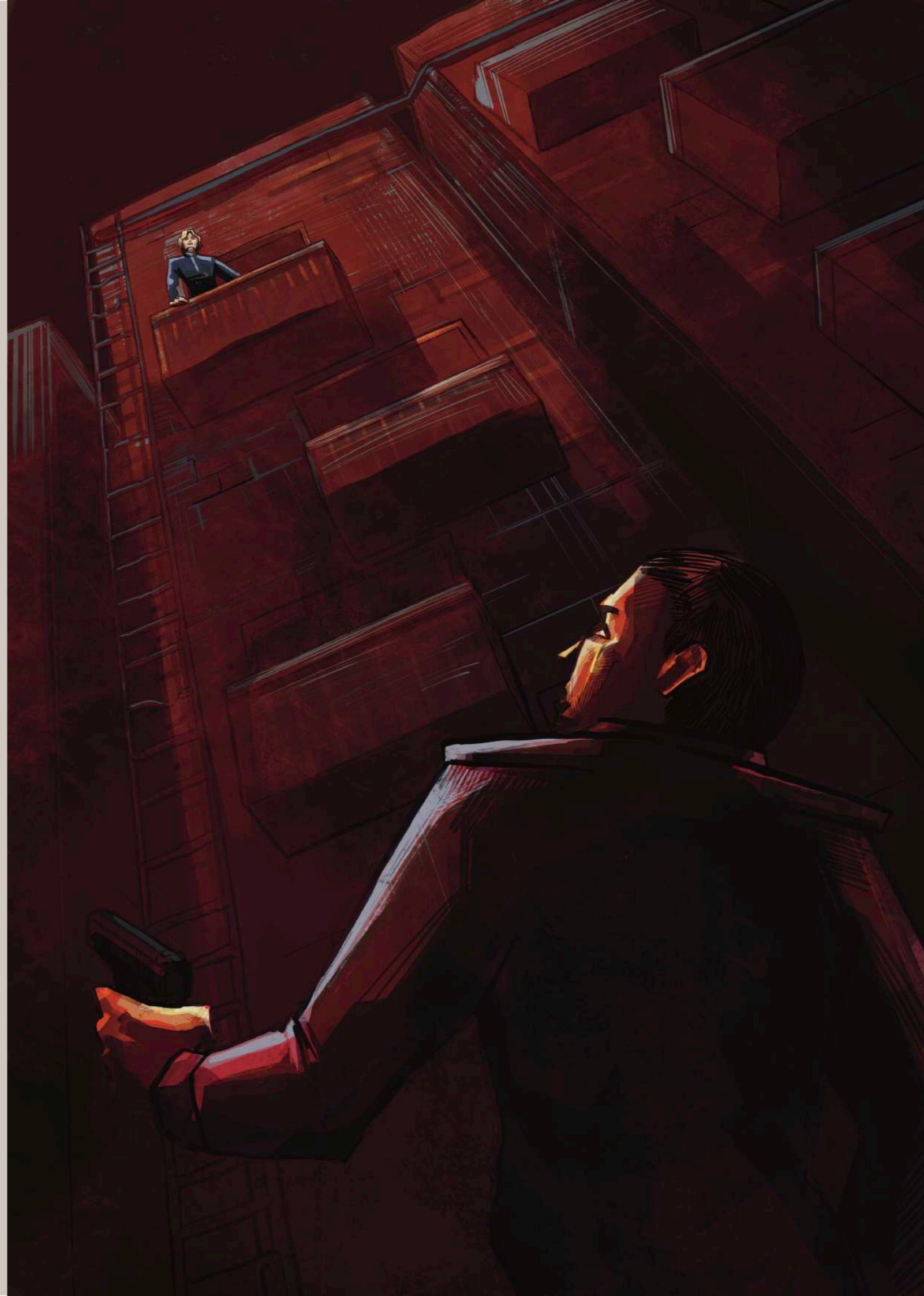




Illustration 2, part 3; *Terrorist*



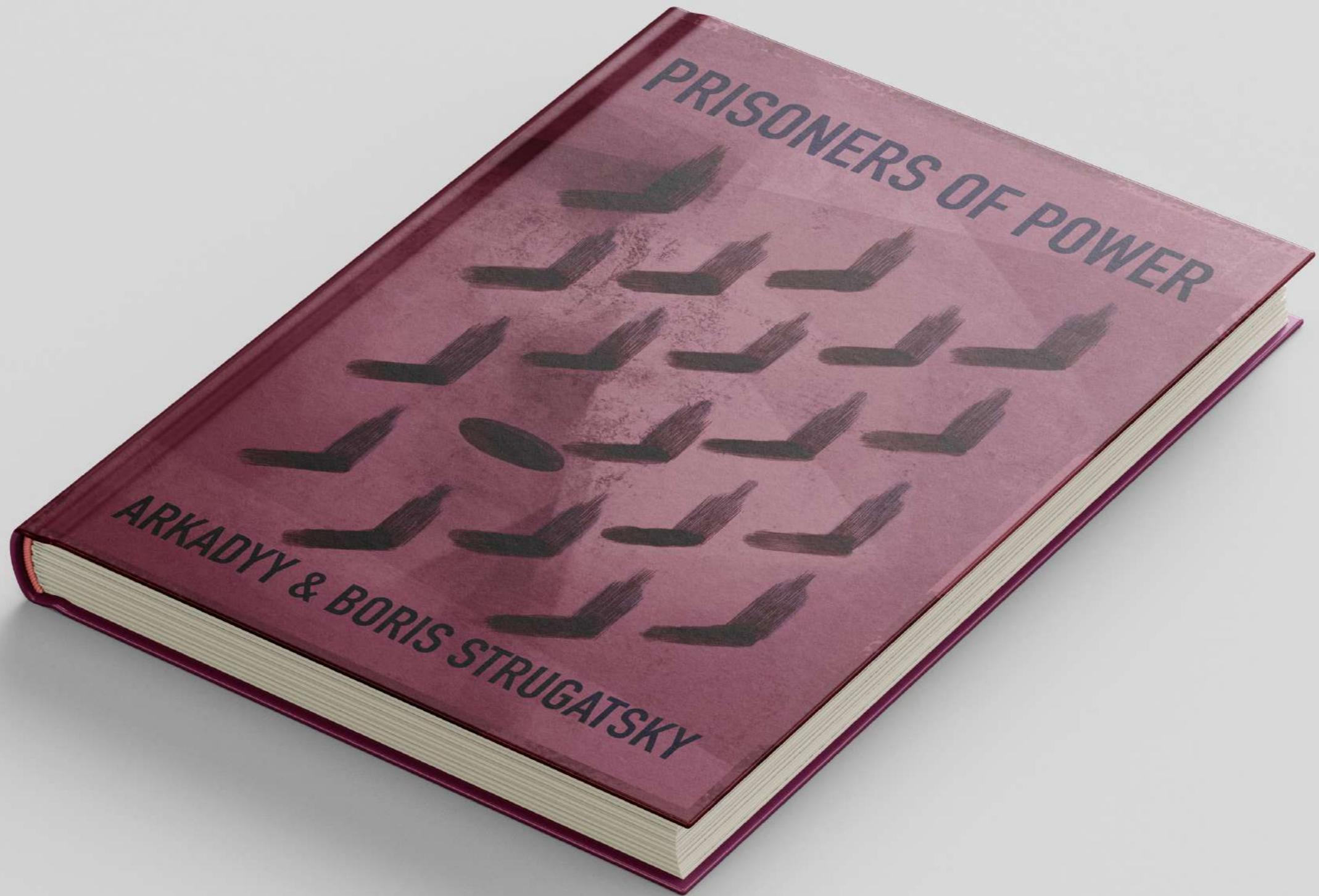
Illustration 3, part 4; *Convict*





Illustration 4, part 5; *Earthling*





PRISONERS OF POWER

ARKADYY & BORIS STRUGATSKY

Яркая голубая вспышка озарила все вокруг, словно ударила молния, и сейчас же над обрывом загрохотало, зашипело, затрещало огненным треском. Максим вскочил. По обрыву сыпалась сухая земля, что-то с опасным визгом пронеслось в небе и упало посередине реки, подняв фонтан брызг вперемешку с белым паром. Максим торопливо побежал вверх по обрыву. Он уже знал, что случилось, только не понимал почему, и он не удивился, когда увидел на том месте, где только что стоял корабль, клубящийся столб раскаленного дыма, гигантским штопором уходящий в фосфоресцирующую небесную твердь. Корабль лопнул, лиловым светом полыхала керамитовая скорлупа, весело горела сухая трава вокруг, пылал кустарник, и занимались дымными огоньками корявые деревья. Яростный жар бил в лицо, и Максим заслонился ладонью и попятился вдоль обрыва – на шаг, потом еще на шаг, потом еще и еще... Он пятился, не отрывая слезящихся глаз от этого жаркого факела великолепной красоты, сыплющего багровыми и зелеными искрами, от этого внезапного вулкана, от бессмысленного буйства распоясавшейся энергии.

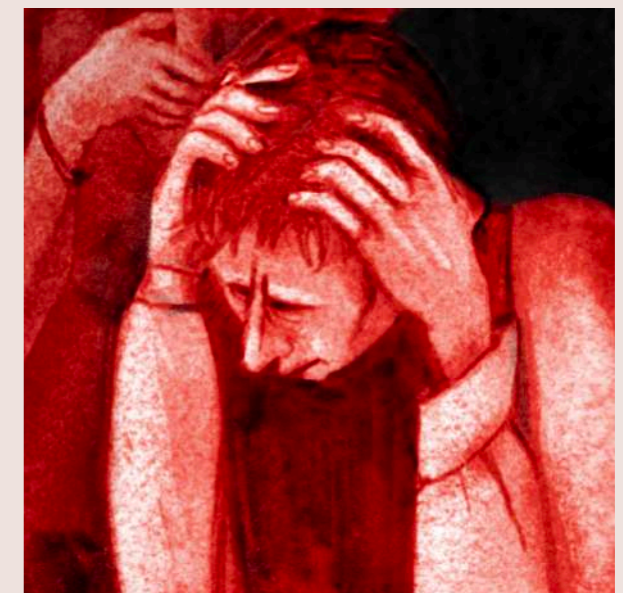
Нет, отчего же... – потерянно думал он. Явилась большая обезьяна, видит – меня нет, забралась внутрь, подняла палубу – сам я не знаю, как это делается, но она сообразила, сообразительная такая была обезьяна, шестипалая, – подняла, значит, палубу... Что там в кораблях под палубой? Словом, нашла она аккумуляторы, взяла большой камень – и трах!.. Очень большой камень, тонны в три весом, – и с размаху... Здоровенная такая обезьяна... Доконала она все-таки мой корабль своими булыжниками – два раза в стратосфере и вот здесь... Удивительная история... Такого, кажется, еще не бывало. Что же мне, однако, теперь делать? Хватятся меня, конечно, скоро, но даже когда хватятся, то вряд ли подумают, что такое возможно: корабль погиб, а пилот цел... Что же теперь будет? Мама... Отец... Учитель...



The Masque of the Red Death



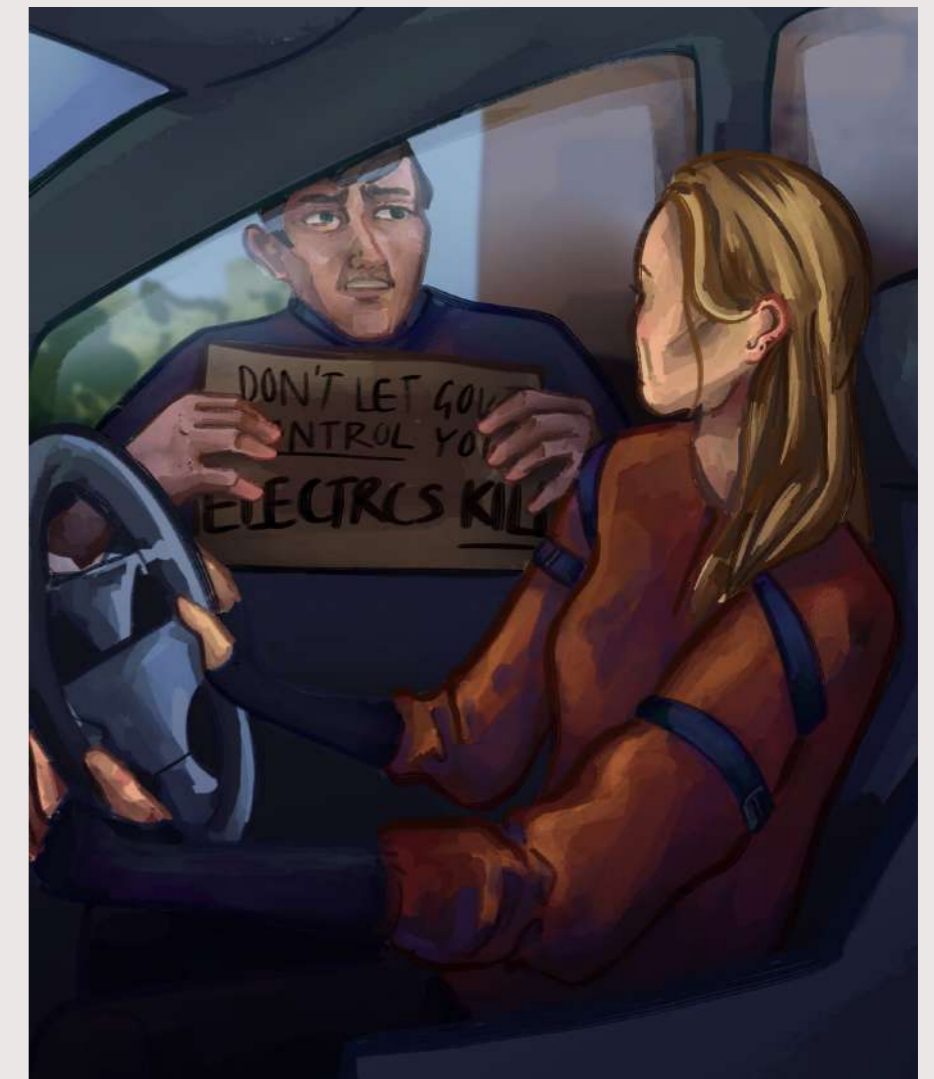
Illustrated response to *The Masque of the Red Death* by Edgar Allan Poe. This was a brief set by the Folio Society for the Book Illustration Award. Here, I focused on colour, tone and shape to convey the prominent themes of horror and decadence.



Drawing Futures

Response to live brief set by the Copenhagen Institute for Futures Studies. This brief involved scenario-building and speculative futures. My focus was on the potential changes in energy use, conducting research in the form of interviews and secondary sources.





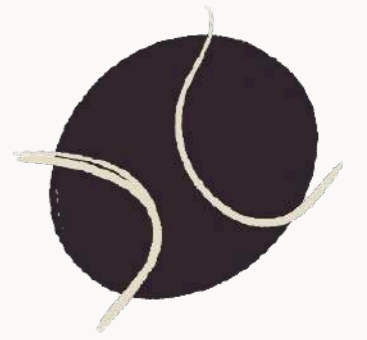
^ Third illustration in triptych

^ Printed work and writing in Storehouse Issue 26: Past Present Future.

Re-Connect



Triptych created in collaboration with students from Kyoto University. The theme was Re-Connect, and I explored the connection between aesthetic and identity.



^ Tennis guy



Pitch for Dellow Shroom Hands shoes for Philip Browne clothing store, in collaboration with the Stepney Worker's Club. Here, I focused on pattern shape in the shoes in combination with sport. Presented as a pitch and displayed in their online newsletter.

Link to their newsletter: <https://www.philipbrowne.co.uk/blogs/blog/the-pb-project-x-norwich-university-of-the-arts>

Broken ankle?



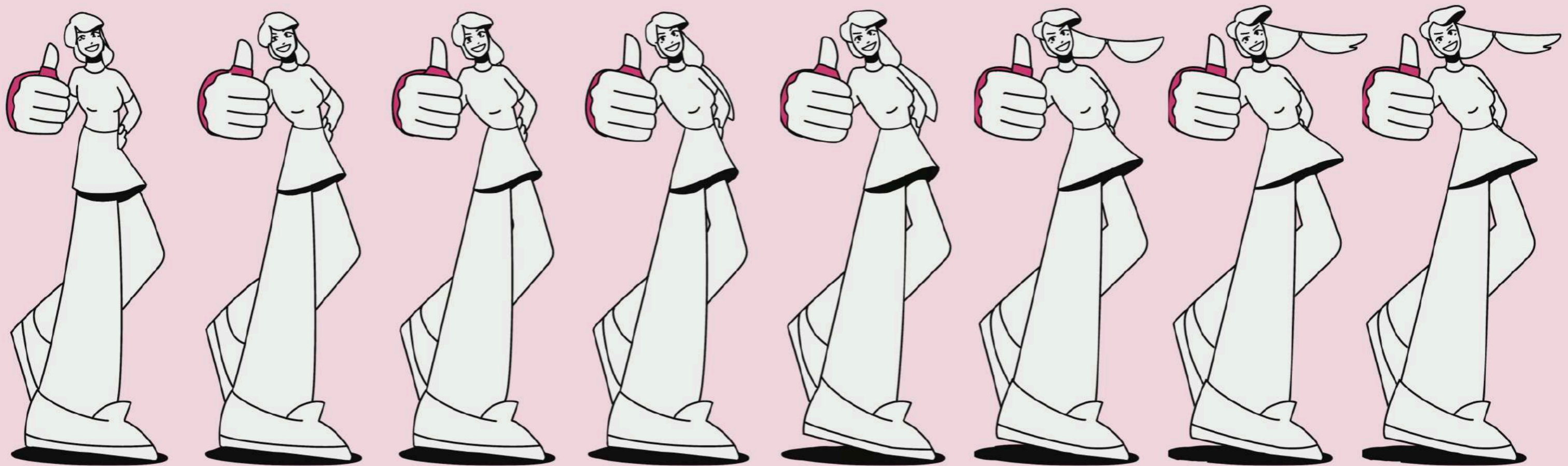
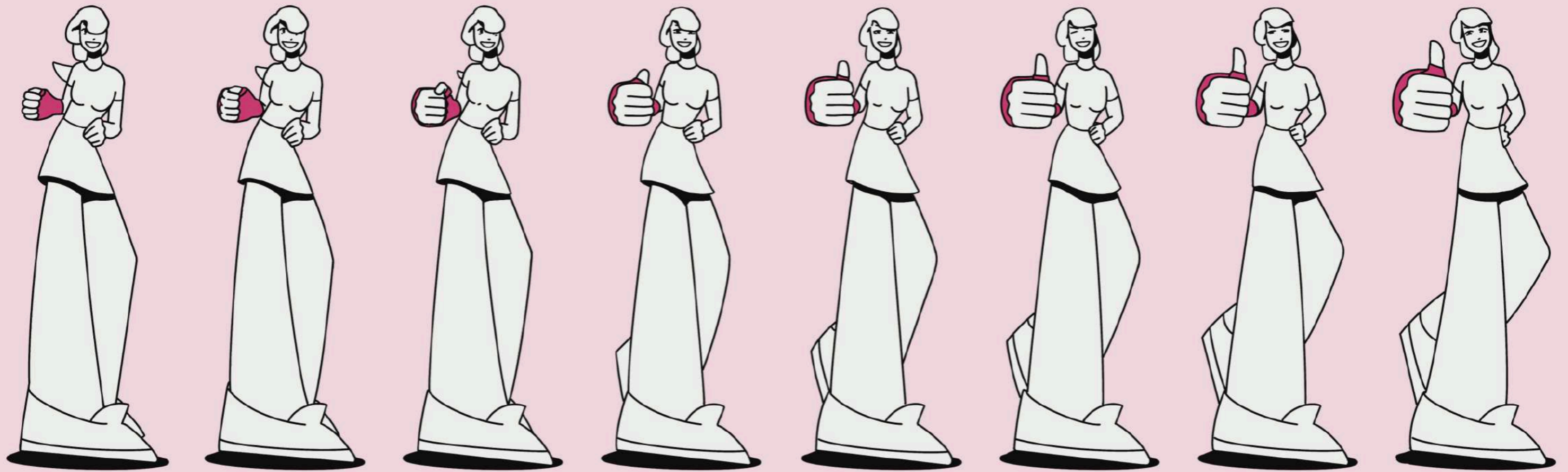
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Broken ankle
variation

Broken wrist?



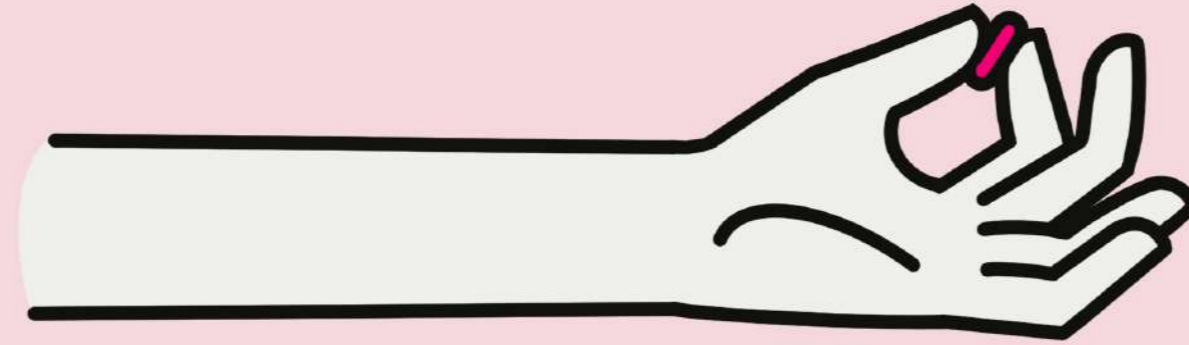
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Broken wrist
variation

Fictional advertisements for DoitYOURhealth.
Advertising DIY healthcare kits for fixing own limbs, dental care &
self-prescribed medicine



Animation frames for fictional advert byDoitYOURhealth
Link to animated GIF: <https://giphy.com/gifs/m2uh81a65msjjKUSgY/fullscreen>

Put your health in your own hands



Put your health in your own hands



do it
YOUR health!

Don't delay
your dentistry



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Dental variation

^ Smaller advertisement iterations

Link to animated GIF: <https://giphy.com/gifs/3tPqJL1eU3qobm4T3o/fullscreen>