

Polina Bakhtina

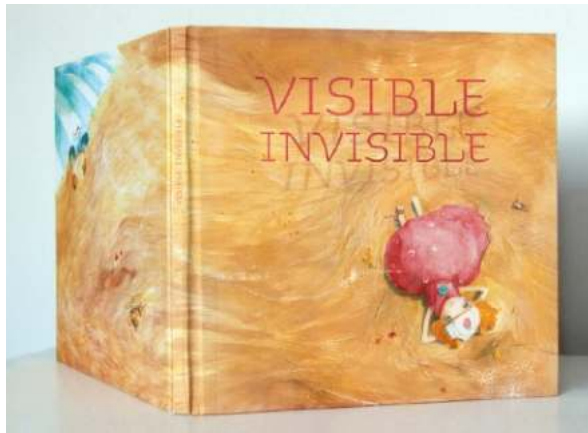
BOOK'S ART & ILLUSTRATIONS



I don't just design books or draw individual illustrations. I rather like a theatre director create reading **experience from the cover to the last page**. Each book has its own visual drama. In that sense, I see a lot of similarities in the work of book designer to that of a theater artist: to unfold imaginary **worlds in space and time** and **be a guide** for the reader.

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VISIBLE INVISIBLE



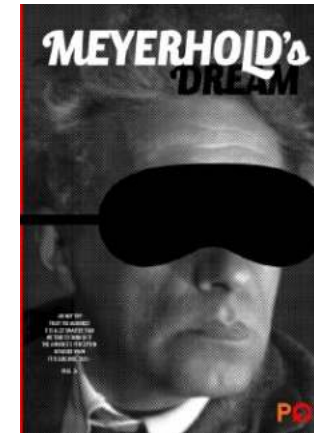
TUCK EVERLASTING



HEROIC TALES



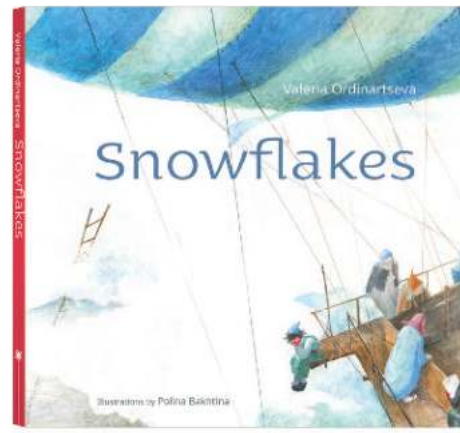
MEYERHOLD'S DREAM



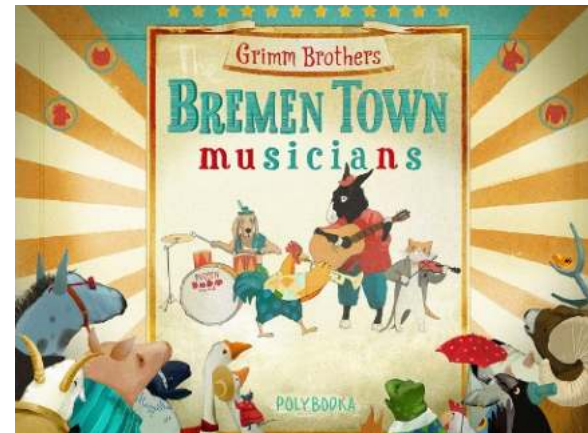
COPS ON FIRE



SNOWFLACKES



THE BREMEN TOWN MUSICIANS



LUDWIG THE DOG



SIGNS OF LOVE



STRANGE SUFFERINGS OF A THEATER DIRECTOR



NAPPING SONGS



VISIBLE INVISIBLE

Visible-invisible is a simple and touchy story about a girl who has only one friend, an imaginary horse. This fantasy is very real for her, but not for others. Somehow, when the girl needs help, she finds it unexpectedly. She meets somebody who can understand her and her world.

This book may appeal to little dreamers of 4-7 years old and to their parents who grew up, but still believe in miracles or want to believe that life is magic.

Text by Valeria Ordinartseva

Published in Russian by Pink Giraffe, 2011

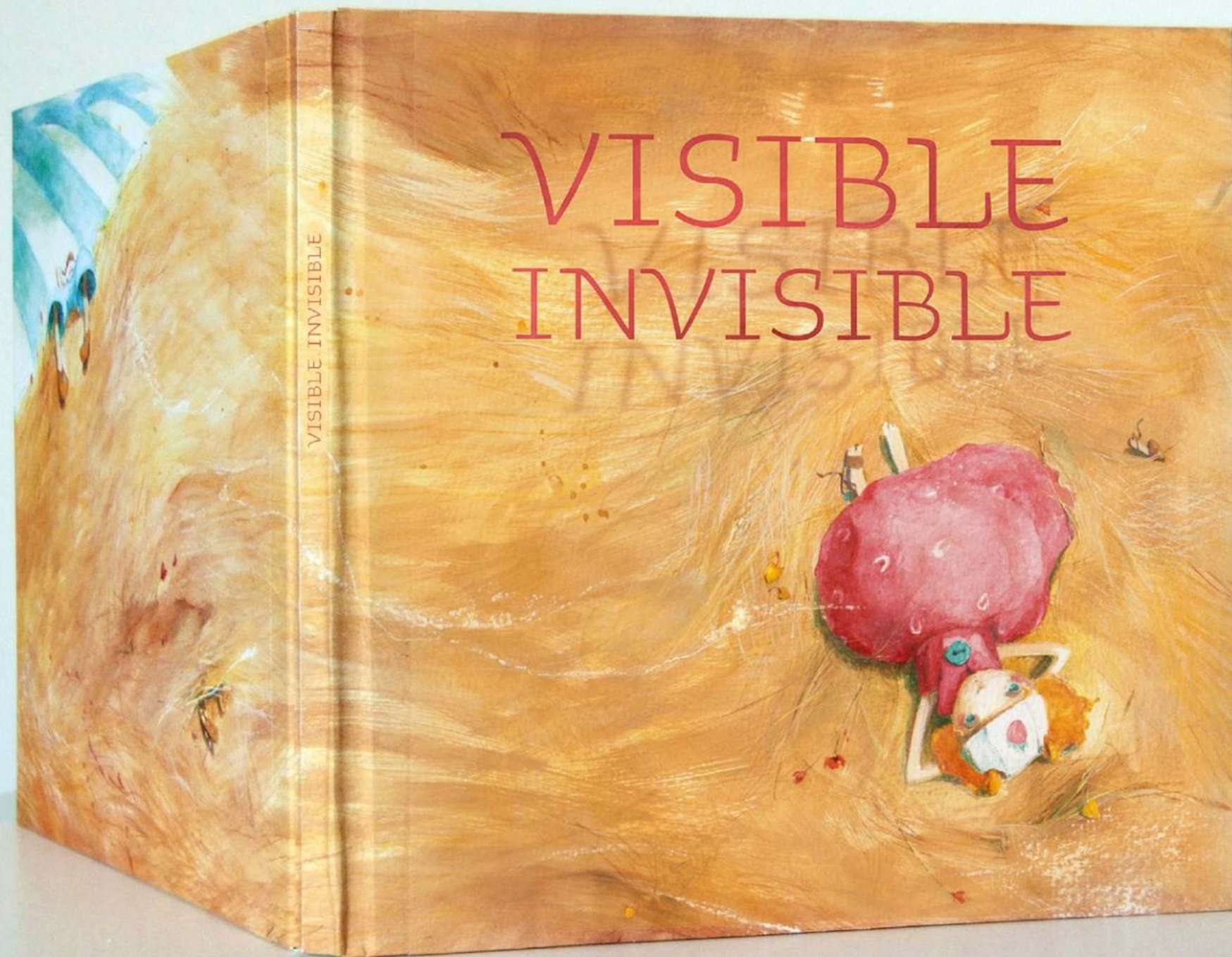
OPEN TO PUBLISH

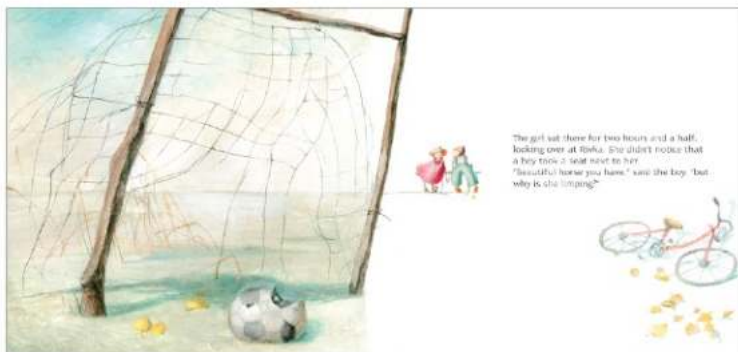
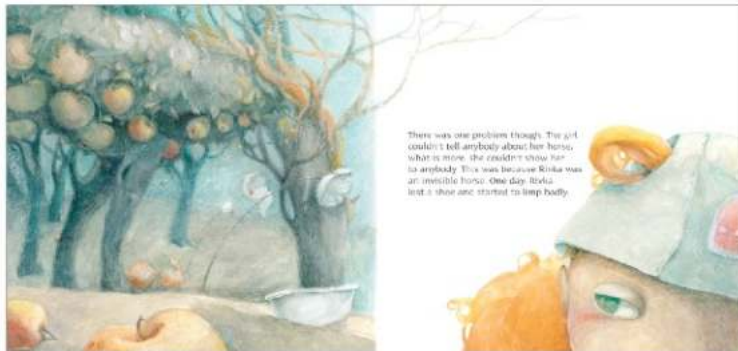
The text is only 470 words long.

There is the literary translation into English, German and Japanese.

* Special Prize of The BookILL Fest for lyrical approach to illustrating book / Serbia 2016

* Winner of CJ BOOK FESTIVAL / Korea 2011



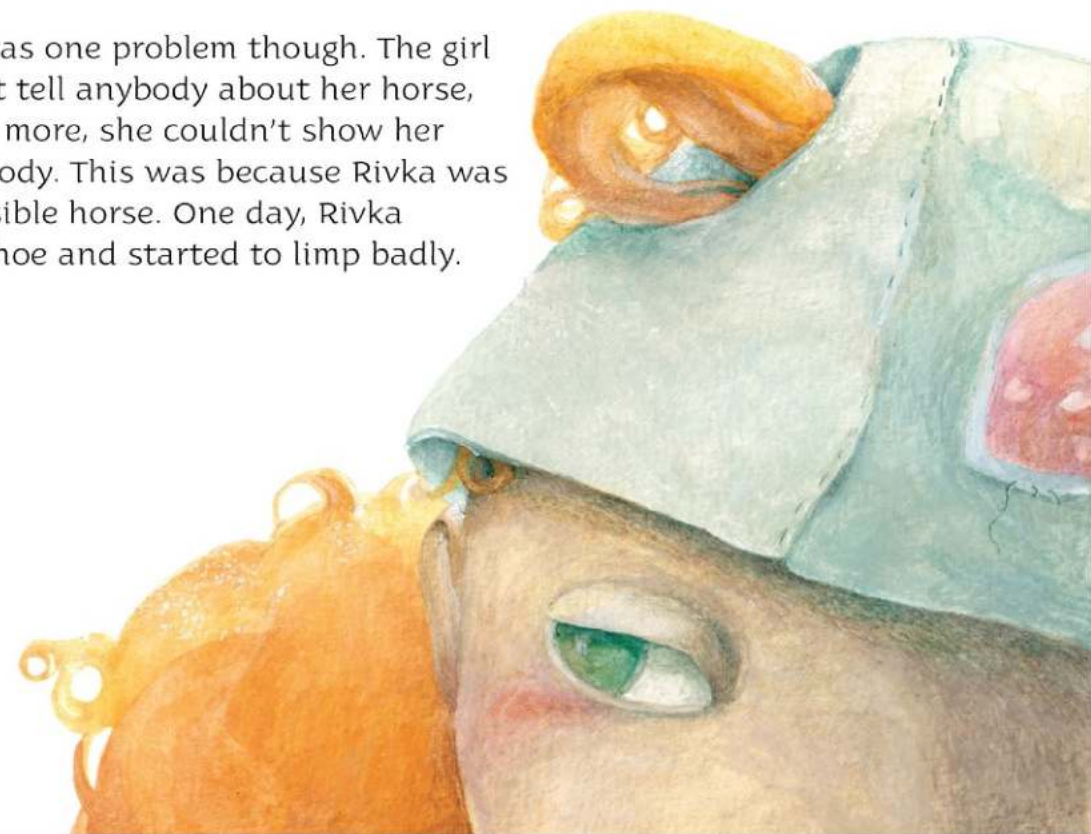




A little girl had a horse named Rivka. She was graceful and beautiful, always calm and kind. Her mane was long and flowing and she had a shiny dapple-grey coat. The girl loved Rivka very much, and would rub her down with a brush. She made sure that Rivka had the best green grass to eat in the summer, and only the best hay for the winter.



There was one problem though. The girl couldn't tell anybody about her horse, what is more, she couldn't show her to anybody. This was because Rivka was an invisible horse. One day, Rivka lost a shoe and started to limp badly.





The girl looked high and low for that front left horseshoe, in all the places they had been together. As she didn't know a single invisible blacksmith she simply had to find the old shoe that had fallen off. But it was nowhere to be found. Rivka continued to limp and both horse and girl were very sad as they walked around slowly together.





The girl sat there for two hours and a half, looking over at Rivka. She didn't notice that a boy took a seat next to her. "Beautiful horse you have," said the boy, "but why is she limping?"







TUCK EVERLASTING

This philosophical novel by Natalie Babbit is about the immortal Took family and the little girl Winnie Foster, who accidentally discovers the secret of eternal life, but finds enough wisdom and strength to give up this dangerous gift.

Published by Pink Giraffe, 2012

[Watch video](#)



* Special Prize of The BookILL Fest for
lyrical approach to illustrating book /
Serbia 2016

Натали Бэббит

Вечный Тук

Ольга Блечиз
переводчик

Тайна Бахтина
художник



Москва, 2012

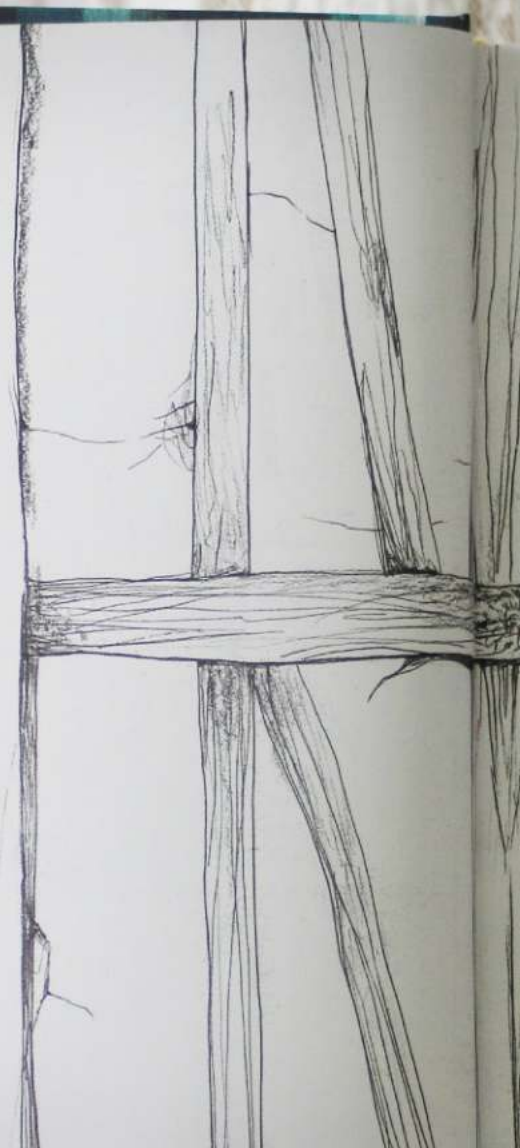
УДК 821.111(73)-93
ББК 84(7Coe)-44
Б97

Natalie Babbitt
Tuck Everlasting

Иллюстрации Полины Бахтиной
Перевод с английского Ольги Блейз
Макет ООО «Виртуальная галерея»

ISBN 978-5-903497-51-5

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© П. Бахтина, иллюстрации, 2012
© О. Блейз, перевод, 2005
© Издательство «Розовый жираф»,
издание на русском языке, 2012



Первая неделя августа зависает на макушке лета, вершине целого года, словно самое верхнее сиденье чертова колеса, когда вращение его замирает.

Недели приближения к этому времени — всего лишь неторопливое восхождение из благоуханной весны, а те, что следуют за ним, — предвестники осенних холодов; но первая неделя августа — это недвижный зной. Удивительная тишина, с чистыми белыми рассветами и ослепительными полуднями, с закатами, расписывающими небосвод многоцветьем красок. По ночам небо то и дело озаряется вспышками одиноких зарниц. Но вокруг царит безмолвие: не слышно грома, и дождь не облегчает духоту. В эти странные,

одуряюще жаркие, словно замершие дни людей порой тянет совершать поступки, о которых им наверняка придется позже жалеть.

Именно в это время не так уж давно и случились три события, как поначалу показалось, не имевшие друг к другу совершенно никакого отношения.

На рассвете Мэй Тук села на свою лошадь и отправилась в лес, что начинался прямо за околицей деревни Лесная Прогалина, чтобы встретиться с Майлзом и Джессом, своими сыновьями, — как она делала раз в десять лет.

Около полудня у Винни Фостер, чья семья владела этим лесом, терпение наконец лопнуло, и она решила, что пора сбежать.

А на закате у ворот Фостеров появился незнакомец. Он кого-то разыскивал, но кого именно — не говорил.

Судите сами: ну какая может быть связь между этими происшествиями? Но иногда события могут связываться самым невообразимым образом. В центре всего оказался лес — словно колесная ось. Ведь у каждого колеса должна быть ось. И у чертова колеса она есть, и даже у года с его круговоротом есть своя ось со ступицей-солнцем. Эти неподвижные точки лучше не трогать — иначе все может рухнуть. Однако порой люди понимают это слишком поздно.



Глава 1





непоправимой бедой, что усталая древняя земля — не важно, владеет ею кто-то до самого огненного ядра или нет, — вздрогнула бы на своей оси, словно жук, насаженный на булавку.

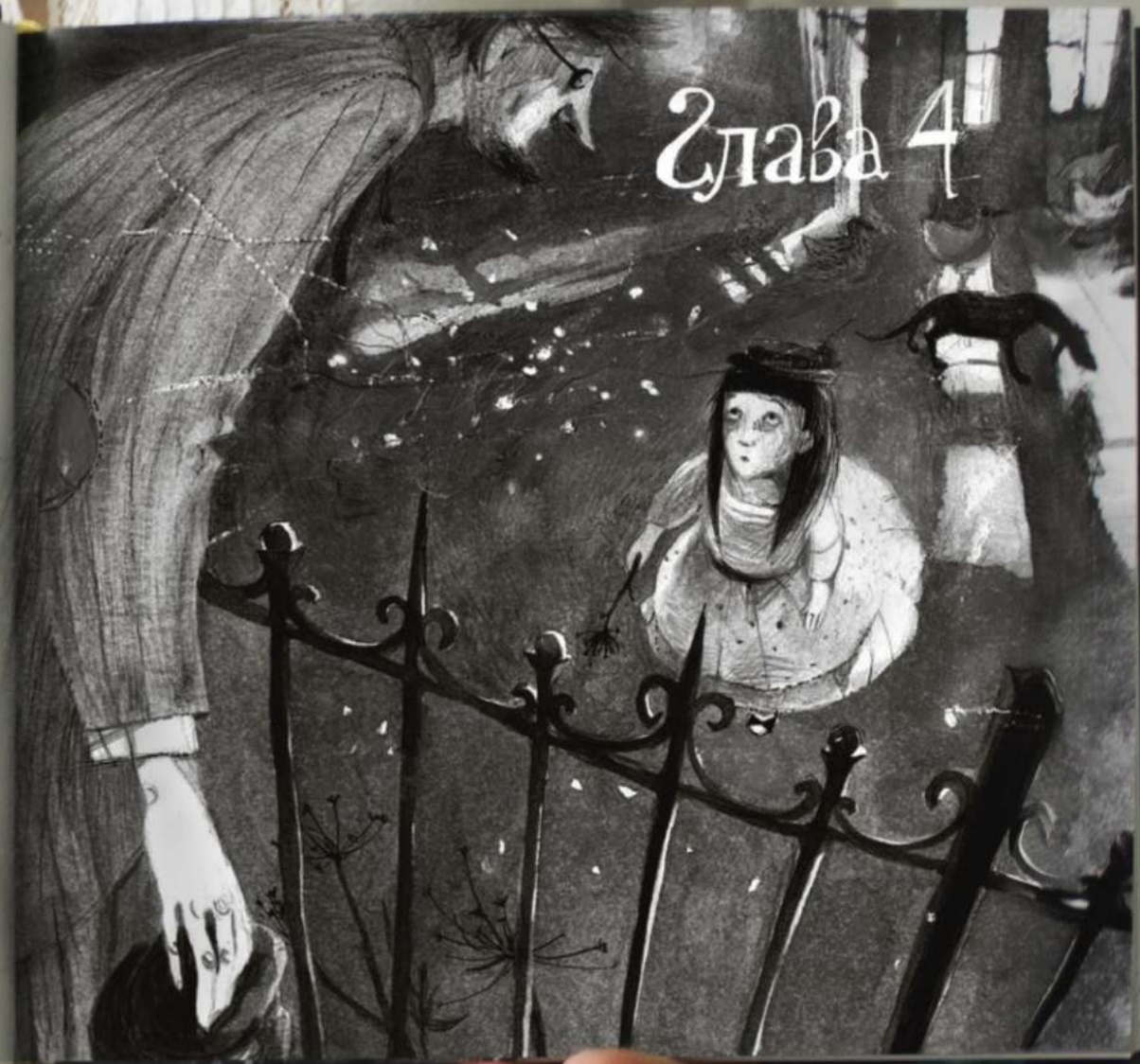




Она поднялась, отряхивая прилипшие к чулкам колючие травинки.
Жаба снова вздрогнула, словно до нее дошло, что беседа окончена, по-
добралась и неуклюже запрыгала к лесу. Винни глядела ей вслед.
— Скажи! Скажи прочь, жаба! — крикнула она вдогонку. — Вот уви-
дишь! Только подожди до утра.



Глава 4





как размоченная лепешка. Но прежде мы поговорим, и пруд для этого —
лучшее место. Пруд поможет найти все ответы. Пойдем, малышка. Пой-
дем к воде.



Глава 12







из окна. Мэй потянулась к ней, но Винни увернулась, продолжая рыдать, закрыв лицо руками.

— Ужасно! — произнес Джесс. — Ты можешь что-нибудь сделать, ма? Бедняжка!

— Надо было лучше все продумать, — сказал Майлз.

— Верно, — беспомощно откликнулась Мэй. — Времени у нас было предостаточно, а рано или поздно такое должно было случиться. Это просто дурацкое везенье, что ничего такого не случилось до сих пор. Но я и представить не могла, что это будет ребенок!

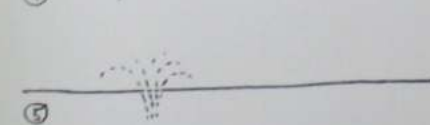
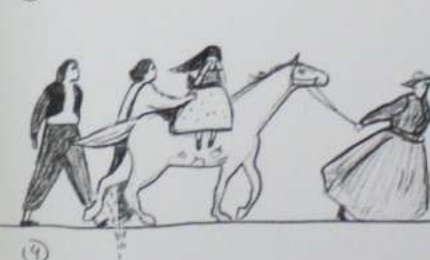
В растерянности Мэй сунула руку в карман юбки, достала музыкальную шкатулку и машинально повернула ключик дрожащими пальцами.

Как только раздался тонкий мелодичный звон, рыдания Винни стихли. Прислушиваясь, она застыла у ручья, все еще не отнимая рук от лица. Да, это была та самая музыка, которую она слышала прошлым вечером! Непонятно отчего, но это ее успокоило. Мелодия словно ленточкой привязывала ее к привычным вещам.

«Как только вернусь домой, скажу бабушке, что это вовсе не музыка эльфов», — подумала Винни. Она, как смогла, вытерла лицо мокрыми руками, повернулась к Мэй и, шмыгая носом, пробормотала:

— Я слышала эту музыку вчера вечером. Когда гуляла во дворе. Бабушка сказала, что это эльфы.

— Да что ты, нет! — воскликнула Мэй, вглядываясь в ее лицо с надеждой. — Это просто музыкальная шкатулка. Я и не думала, что ее кто-то услышит. Хочешь



посмотреть? — Она протянула шкатулку Винни.

— Красивая! — Винни повертела шкатулку в руках. Ключик еще вращался, но все медленнее. Мелодия стихала. Звякнули последние ноты, и все умолкло.

— Заведи, если хочешь, — сказала Мэй. — По часовой стрелке.

Винни повернула ключ. Он тихо пощелкивал. Несколько оборотов — и музыка, приободрившись, весело заиграла вновь. Нет, хозяйка такой шкатулки просто не может желать ей зла. Рассматривая нарисованные розы и ландыши, Винни невольно улыбнулась.

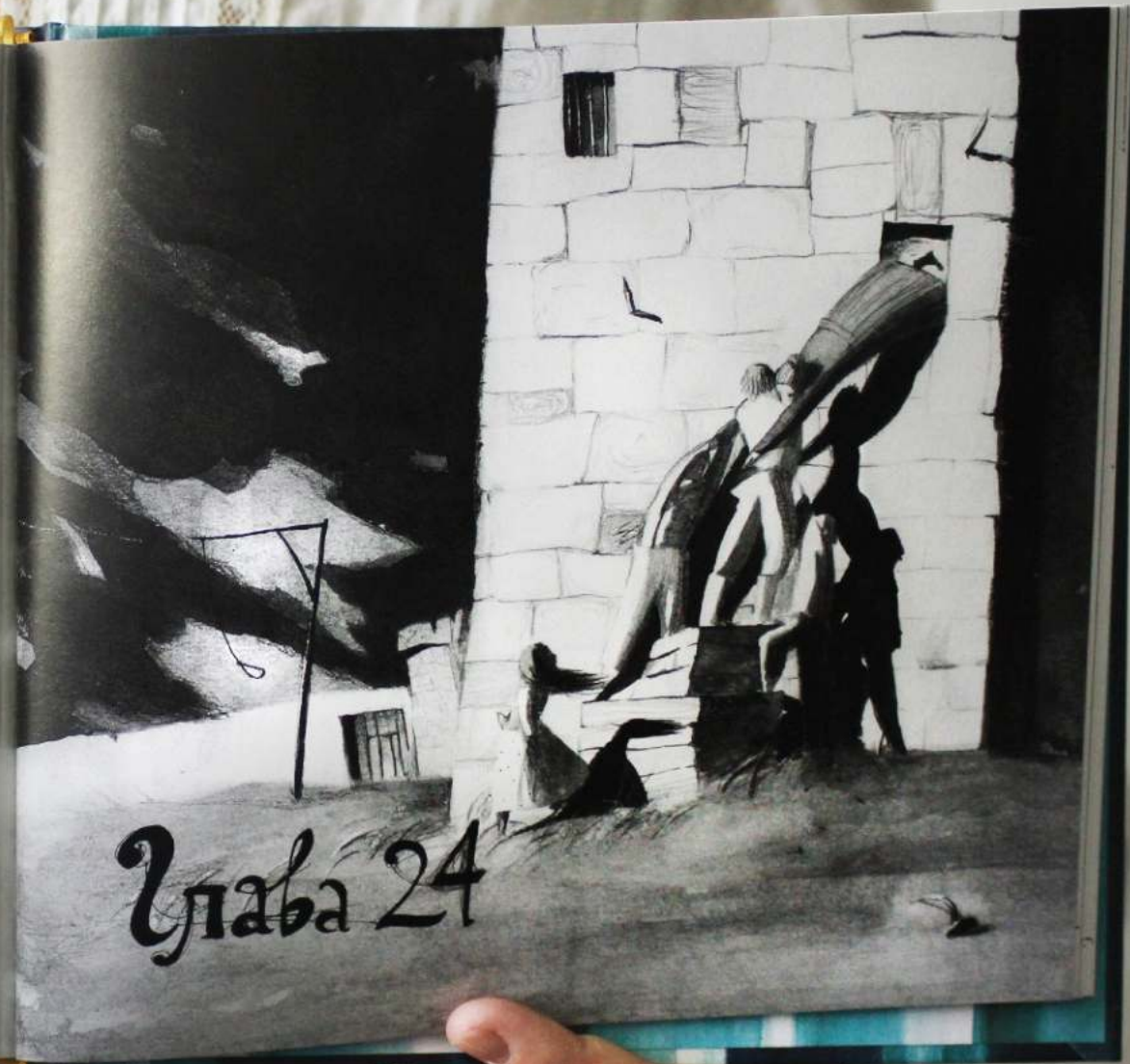
— Какая красивая! — повторила она, возвращая шкатулку Мэй.





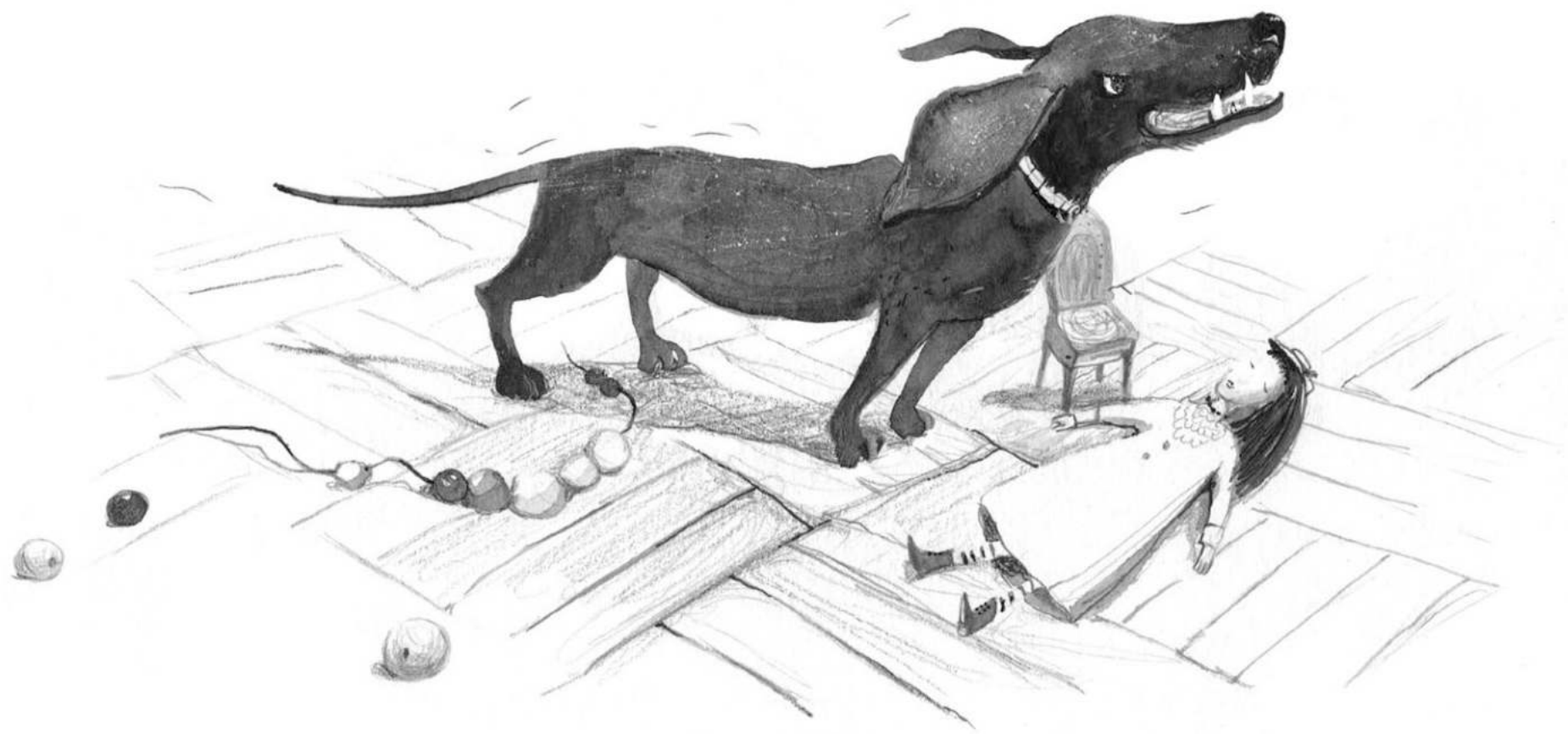
не допустит, — что Мэй не может... Тут Винни даже думать не захотела, как будет ужасно, если тайна выйдет на свет. Вместо этого она стала думать о Джессе. Когда ей исполнится семнадцать — сделает ли она это? Если все это правда, отважится ли она? И если нет, то не пожалеет ли позже? Тук говорил: «На самом деле этого не понять, пока не испытаешь на собственной шкуре». Нет... это все неправда. Здесь, в своей спальне, Винни уже не сомневалась: все-таки они сумасшедшие. Но она все равно их любит. Она нужна им. И с этой мыслью Винни заснула.

Через какое-то время она, вздрогнув, в испуге села на кровати. Часы мерно тикали. Было совсем темно. Ночь, казалось, застыла, вытянувшись на цыпочках и затаив дыхание в ожидании бури. Винни выскользнула в коридор и, нахмурившись, стала вглядываться сквозь сумрак в циферблат часов. Черные римские цифры на белом фоне были едва различимы, латунные стрелки слабо светились. Наконец ей удалось различить их. Пока она вглядывалась, длинная стрелка с громким щелчком прыгнула еще на одно деление. Винни не опоздала: было без пяти двенадцать.









HEROIC TALES

Text by Sergey Georgiev
Published by Trimag, 2014



















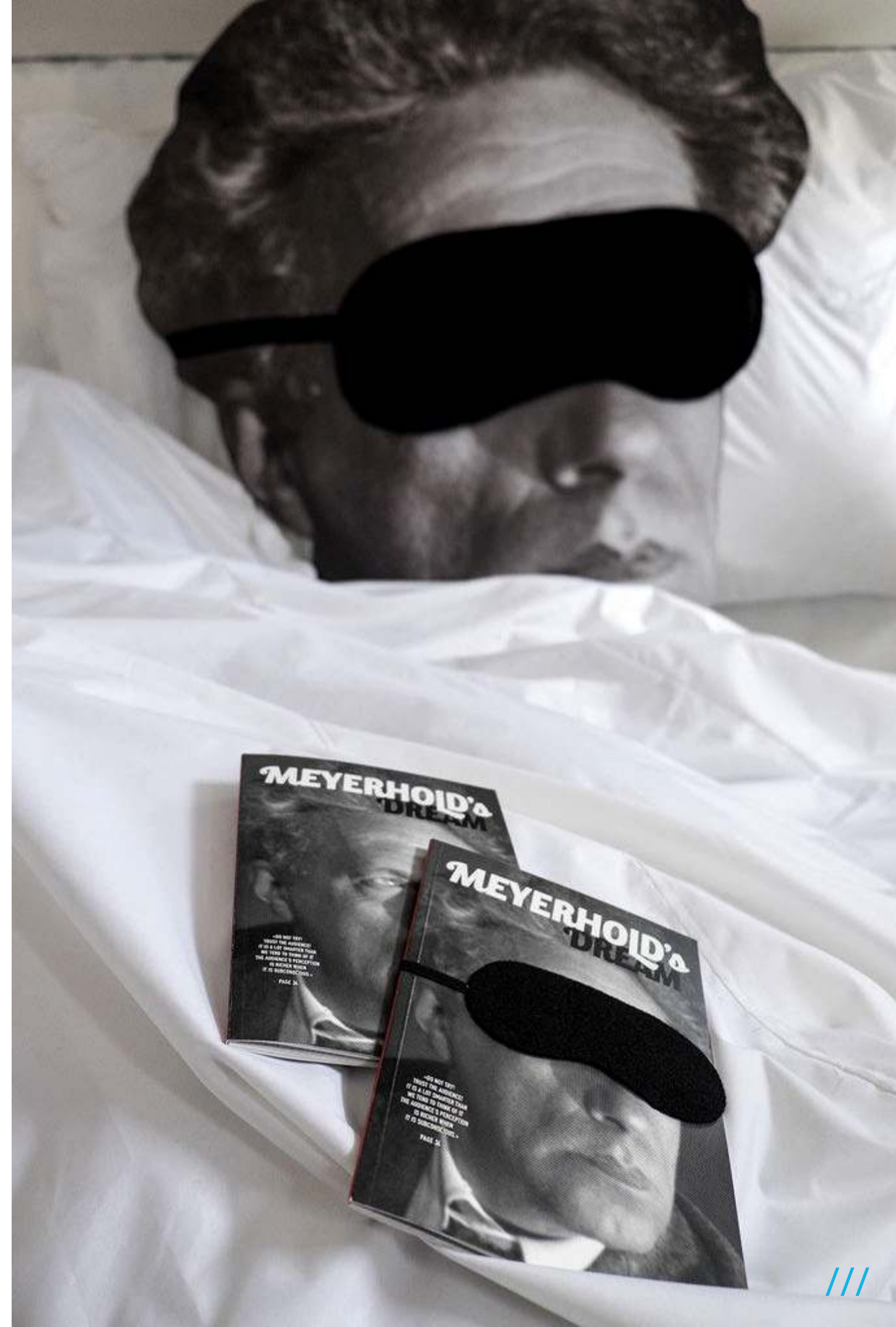






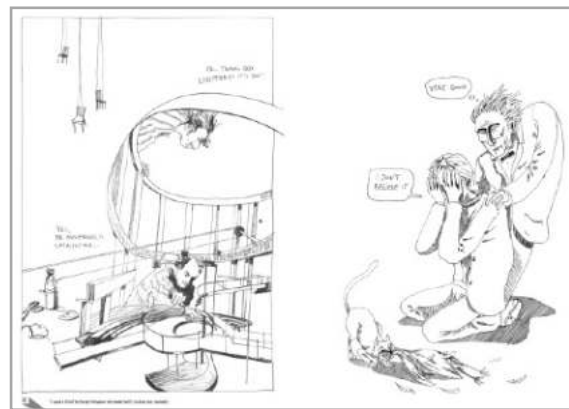
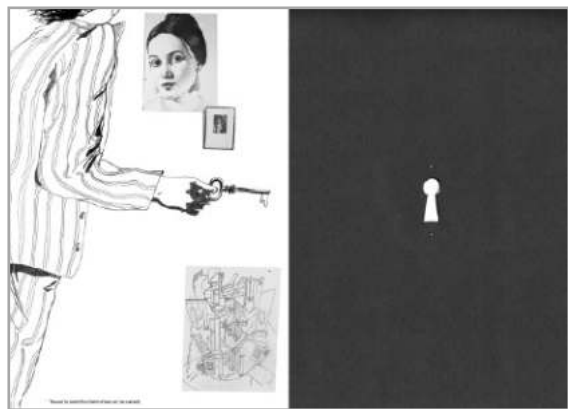
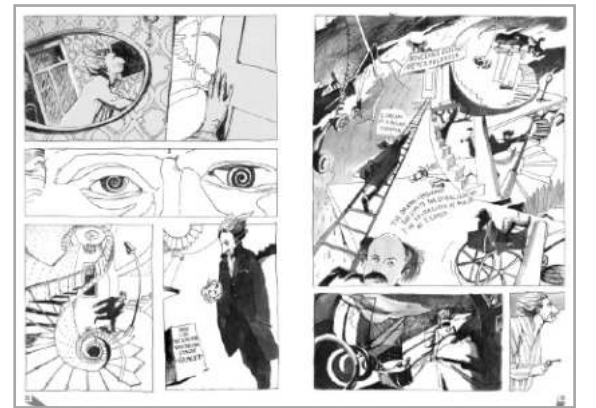
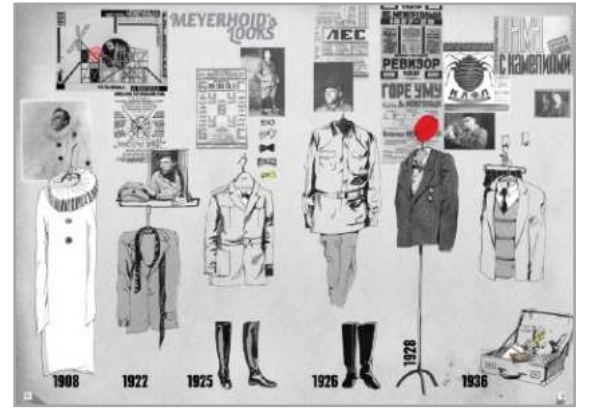
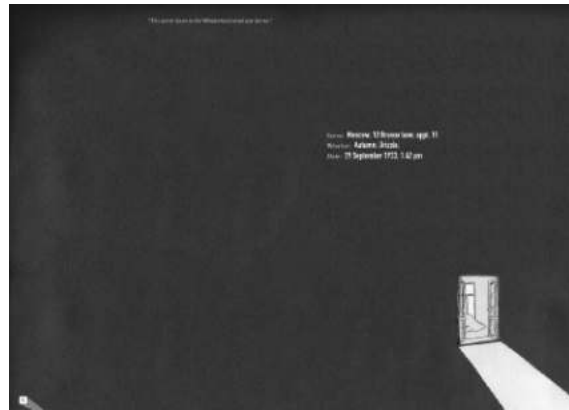
MEYERHOLD'S DREAM

author's comic about the life of the director and theatre reformer Vsevolod Meyerhold. The comic was conceived and drawn in the collaboration with Yan Kalnberzin as part of the installation for the International Exhibition PRAGUE QUADRIENNALE 2015.



PQ
2015

Golden Medal for Best Prague
Quadrennial 2015 Publication



For the 140th anniversary of the birth of Vsevolod Emilievich Meyerhold.



13TH PRAGUE QUADRENNIAL RUSSIAN NATIONAL EXPOSITION
June 18-28, 2015 Prague / September 29, 1933 Moscow

"The secret doors to the Wonderland stood ajar for me."

Scene: Moscow, 12 Brusov lane, appt. 11

Weather: Autumn. Drizzle.

Date: 29 September 1933, 1.42 pm





1. Vladimir Mayakovsky 2. El Lissitzky 3. Kazimir Malevich 4. Lyubov Popova 5. Pablo Picasso
6. Varvara Stepanova 7. Alexandr Rodchenko 8. Dmitry Shostakovich 9. Konstantin Stanislavsky

10. Alexandr Golovin 11. Sergei Eisenstein 12. Kuzma Petrov-Vodkin 13. Andrei Bely 14. Erast Garin
15. Vera Komissarzhevskaya 16. Sergei Prokofiev 17. Zinaida Reich 18. Igor Ilyinsky 19. Leon Bakst



AS I WAS FALLING TO THE LEFT SIDE...



I HAD TO SHIFT MY HEAD AND MY BOTH HANDS TO THE RIGHT...



AND THEREBY KEPT MY BALANCE.



I REALISED THEN THAT THE DRIVING NATURE OF MOVEMENT IS ALWAYS BASED ON THE LOSS OF BALANCE AND THE RESTORATION OF BALANCE.

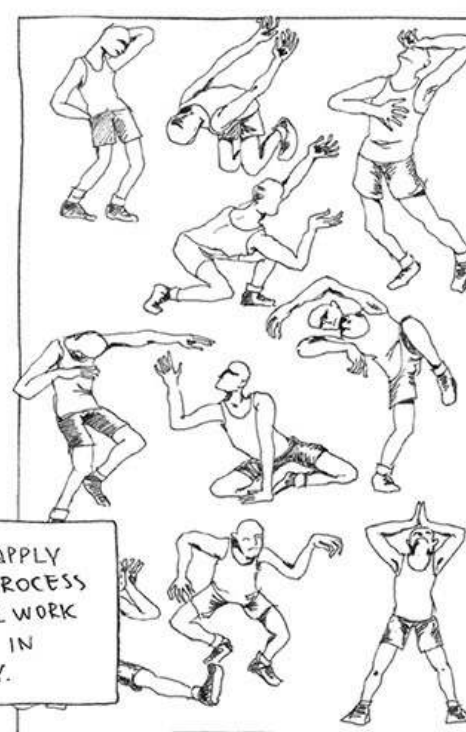
THE BASIC LAW OF BIOMECHANICS* IS VERY SIMPLE: THE ENTIRE BODY PARTAKES IN EVERY MOVEMENT.



And object in the hand is the extension of the hand.



ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE ASYMMETRY OF MOVEMENTS AND KEEP YOUR ARMS NOT AT SIDES BUT AT DIFFERENT HEIGHTS

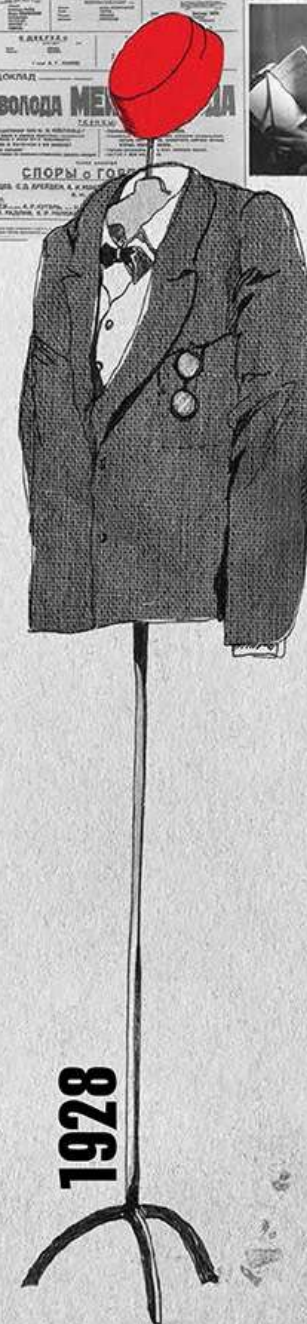
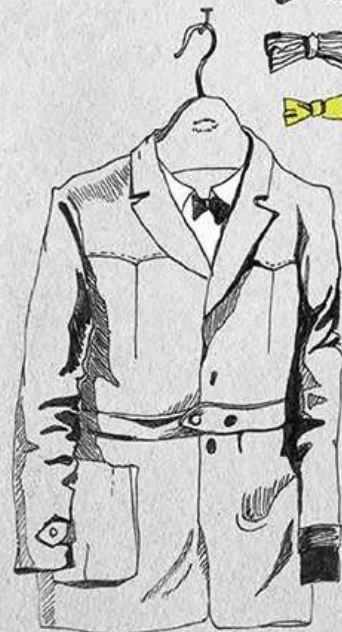


IT'S GOOD TO APPLY A PRODUCTION PROCESS TO ACTING! I WORK ON THE VERSE IN A SAME WAY.

* BIOMECHANICS was a system of actor training, which relied on motion rather than language or illusion. The techniques of Biomechanics were developed during the rehearsals of a series of plays directed by Meyerhold in the 1920s and 1930s when Socialist Realism was at its height in Russia. Biomechanics system was a precursor to the 20th Century's physical theatre and has influenced its development immensely.



MEYERHOID'S LOOKS



If Meyerhold has anything real about him
it is his fez!

The path you've taken
is the path that leads to
the puppet theatre. I look
the future straight in the eye
and I say we can't take this path
together. This path is yours,

Komissarzhevskaya:
1907

not mine.
you have
to go.

Many thanks for "The Government
Inspectors". It would be worth waking up
Gogol's spirit so that Gogol came
to the theatre to support you against all
these ring-puzzles in the press alleging
that you've killed Gogol's healthy
laughter, replacing it by some symbolist
devilry. Andrey Bely 1926

MEGALOMANIA! HE CALLS HIMSELF THE AUTHOR OF THE PERFORMANCE!

HORRIBLE YELLING.
CLITTER AND CHATTER.
ONE CAN'T MAKE OUT
A WORD... IT WAS
NEAR A FIGHT...
--- VERBATIM OF A DISPUTE
ABOUT "THE DAWNS"
LATE 1920-S

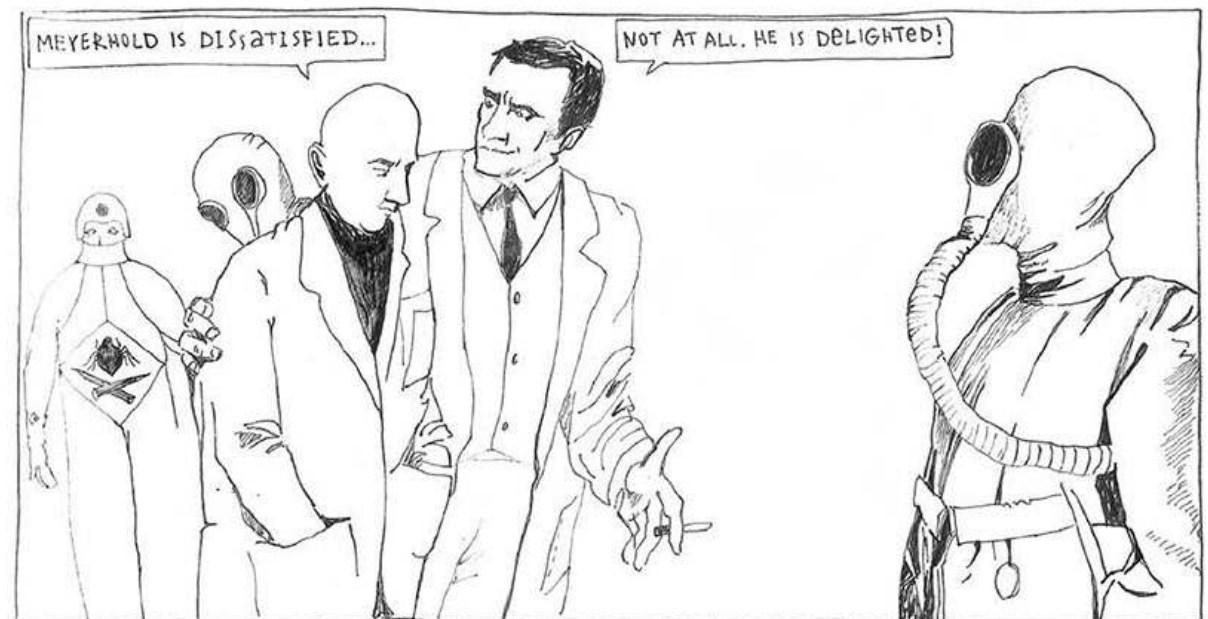
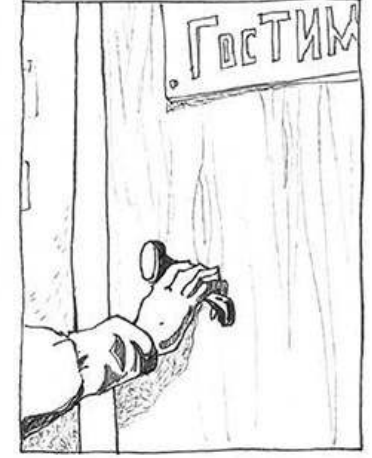
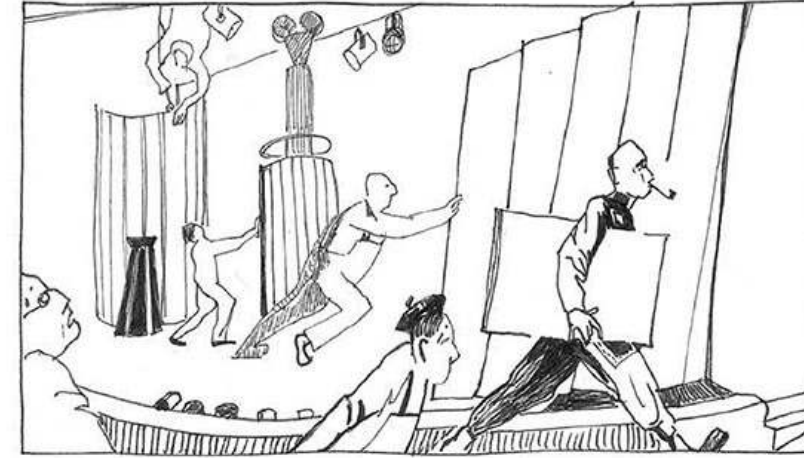
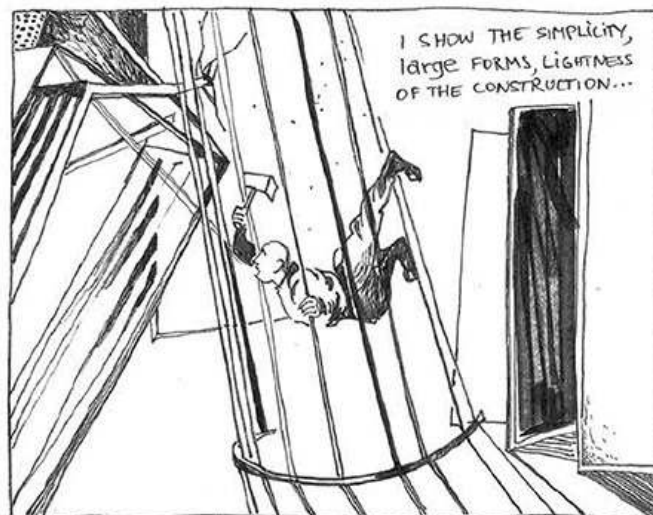
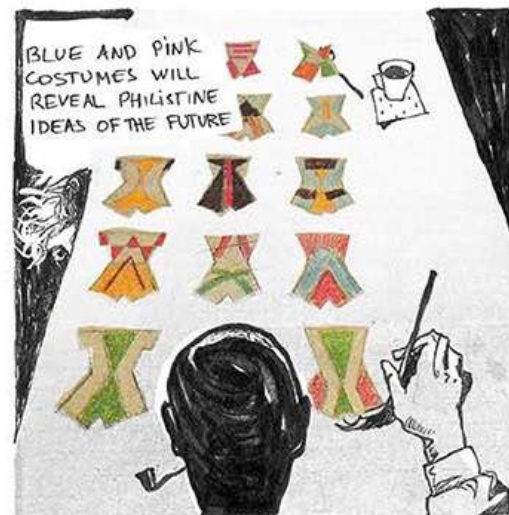
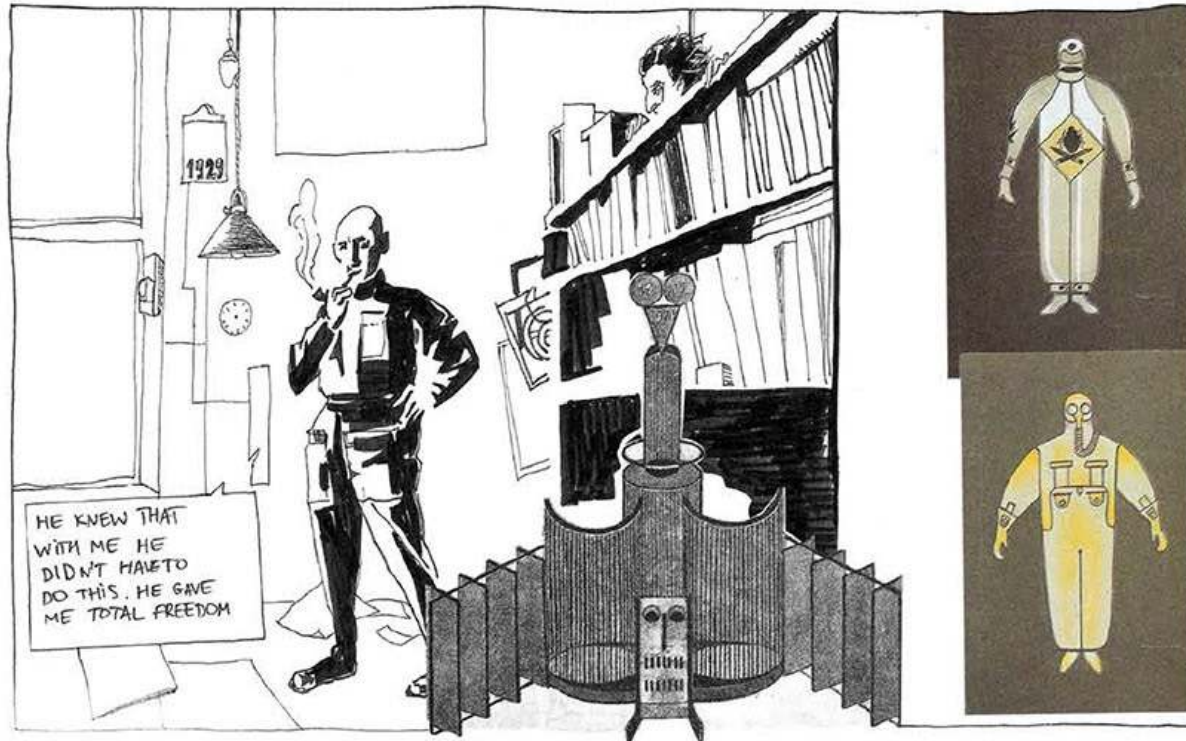
I'M SICK AND TIRED
OF RALLIES.
TIME TO GO TO THEATRE
AND DREAM.
Lunacharsky

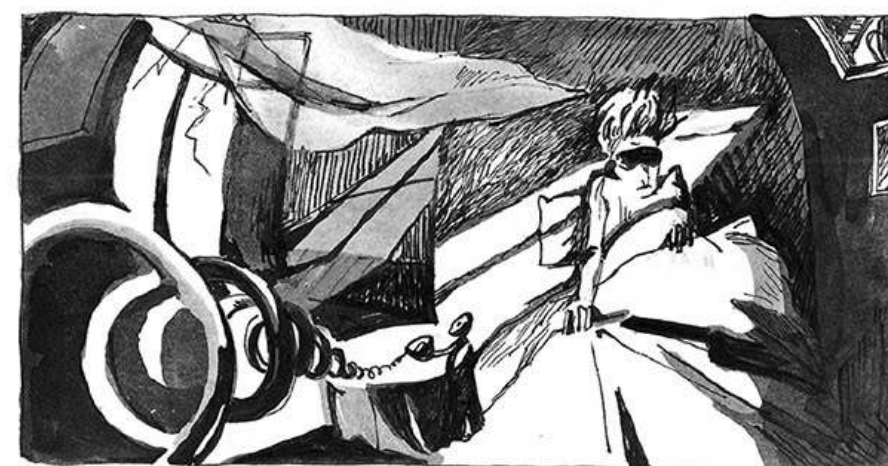
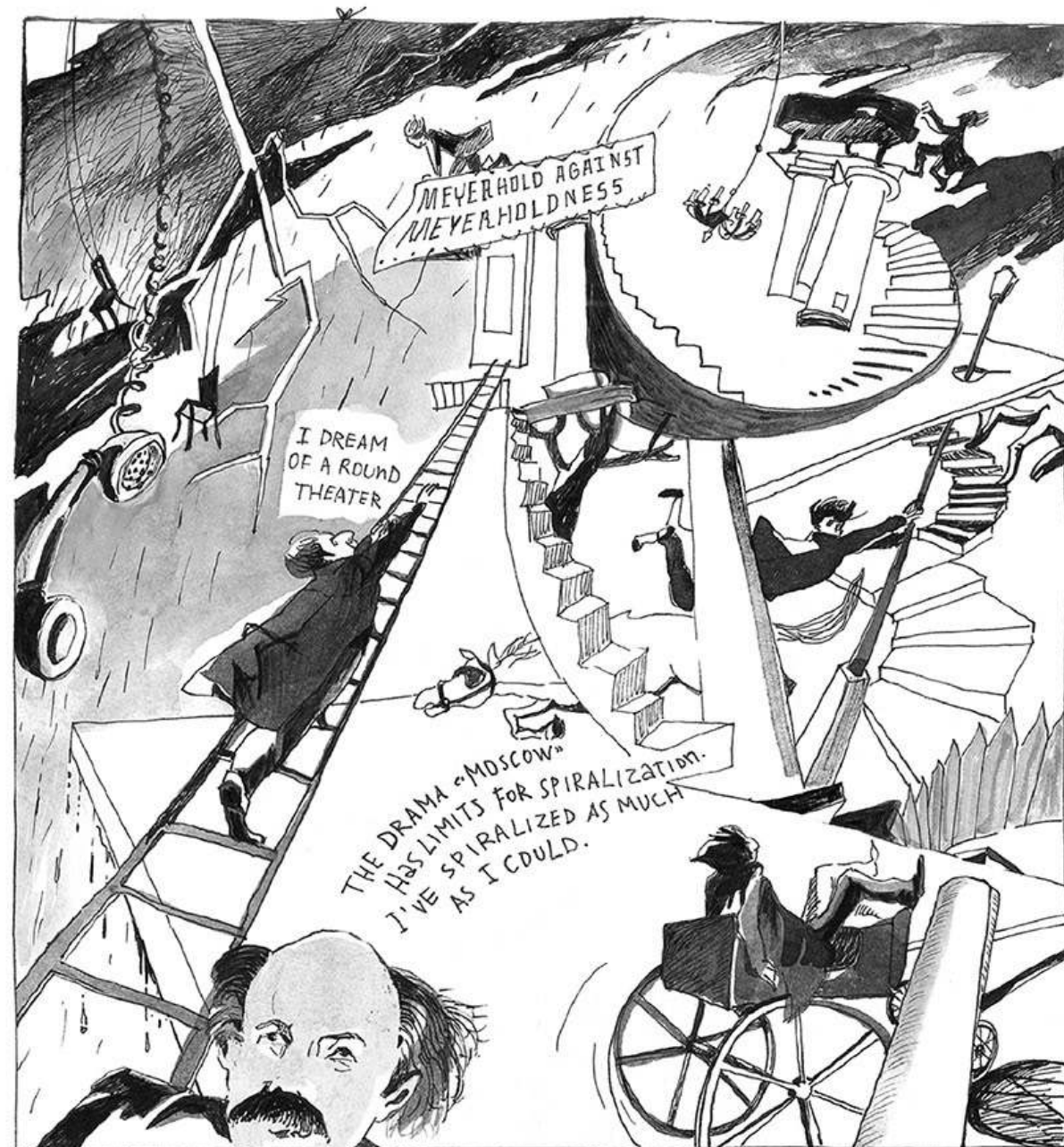
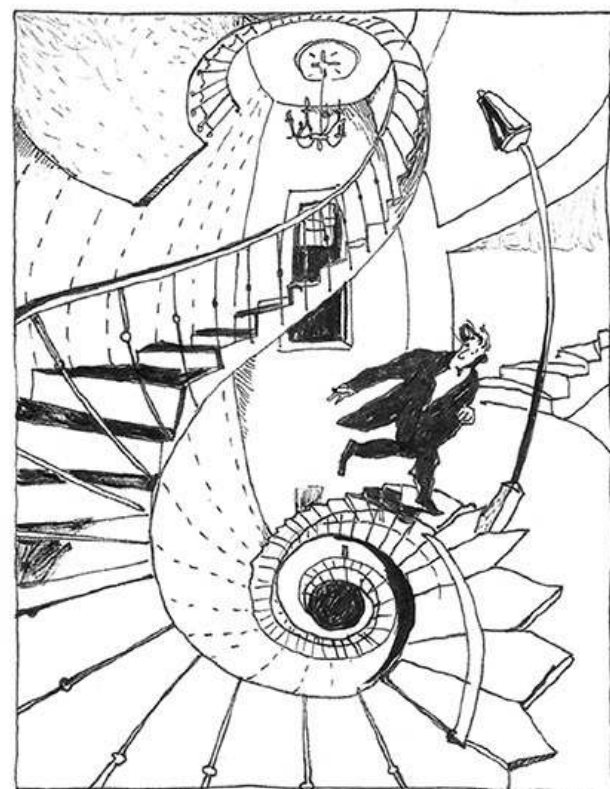
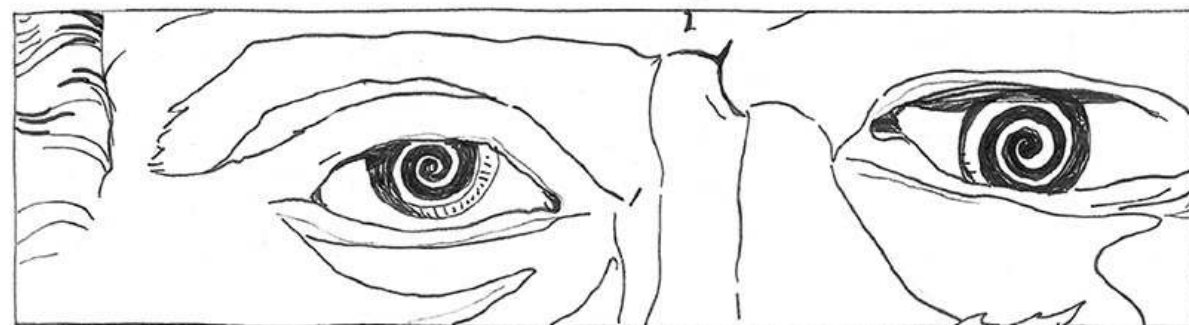
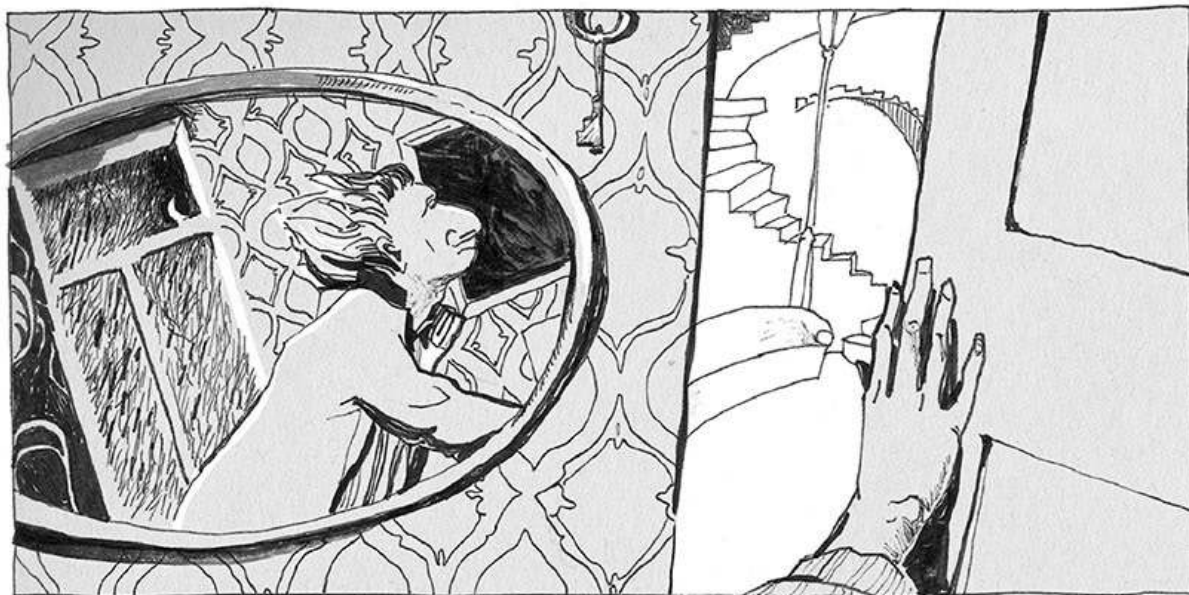
MOVE ON FOR ANOTHER TWENTY
YEARS, MEYERHOLD!
YOU ARE A REINFORCED CONCRETE ATHLETE
AND AN EDISON OF TRILLION VOLTS.

I guess no director
in the world has
been scolded as much
as I was. But would you
believe me if I say that nobody
has ever judged me as strictly as
I judge myself? However, I'm not
particularly keen on self-abuse in
public. After all it's between the two
of us, me and the other me... But
inner self-criticism is a weird thing.
There are victories you are
ashamed of and losses
you take pride
in.

MEYERHOLD IS AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE.
I SAW HIM IN THE MOMENTS OF
SEARCHING, DREAMING, MAKING
MISTAKES AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS.
I LOVE HIM BECAUSE IN ALL
THESE MOMENTS HE WAS
OVERWHELMED BY WHAT HE WAS
DOING AND I HAD STRONG FAITH IN
HIS POWER.

Stanislavsky





COPS ON FIRE

Hip-hop opera Cops on Fire is a play that combines comics, street aesthetics, allusions to iconic movies and hip-hop music. The set and props is designed as a living huge 3d comic book on cardboard with lots of stunts and analog animation.

v1 2009, v2 2020



* Sergei Kuryokhin Grand Prize / 2009

* Textura Olimp Festival Grand Prize / 2011



Scale model



3d sketches



Scene of the performance











МОРСКАЯ ЛАГУНА

13/E

MRP

ДЕЛО

INFO

ЛАЗЕР

КВ

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@sirinazhenya



photo by V.Belobeev





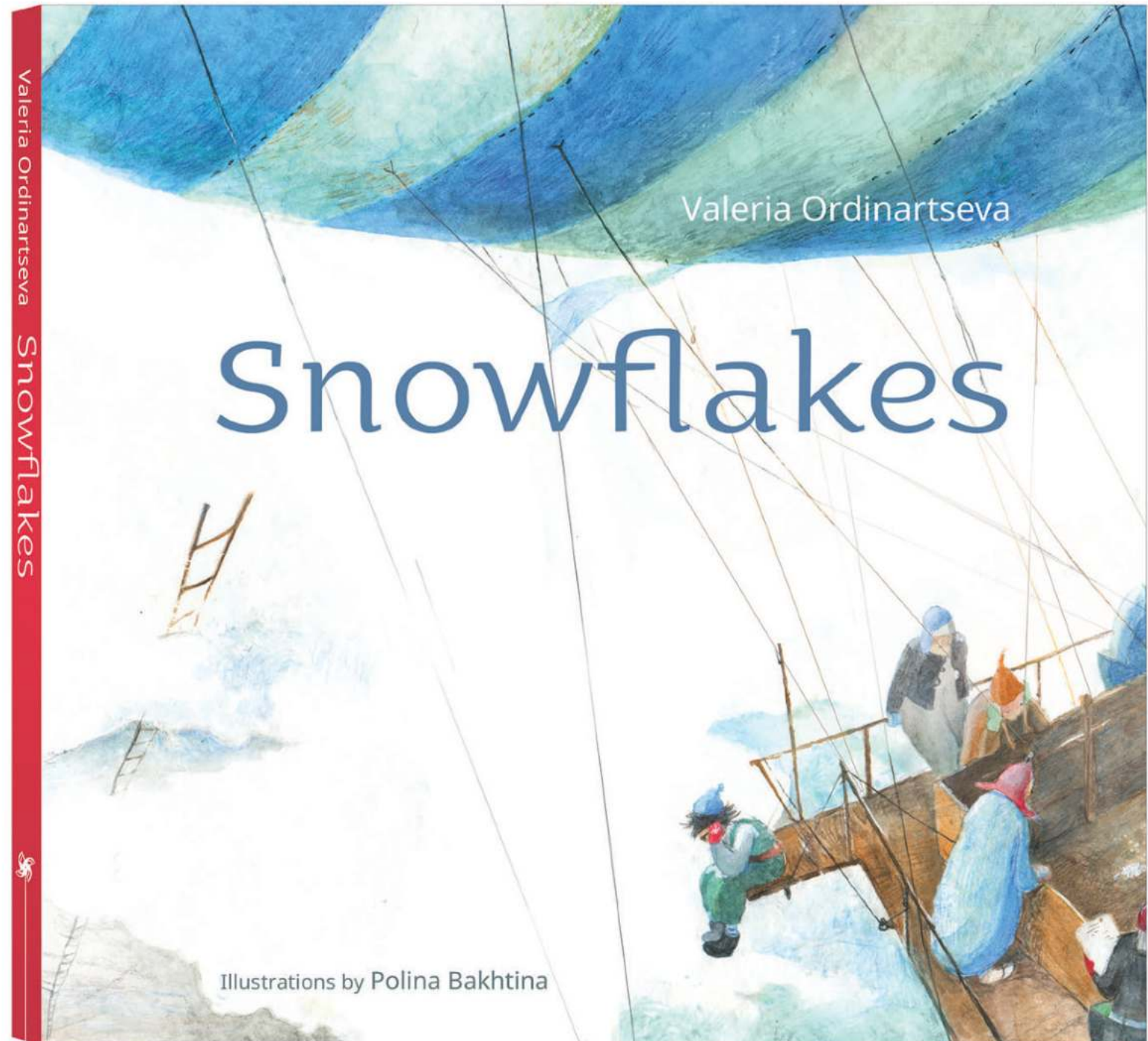
SNOWFLAKES

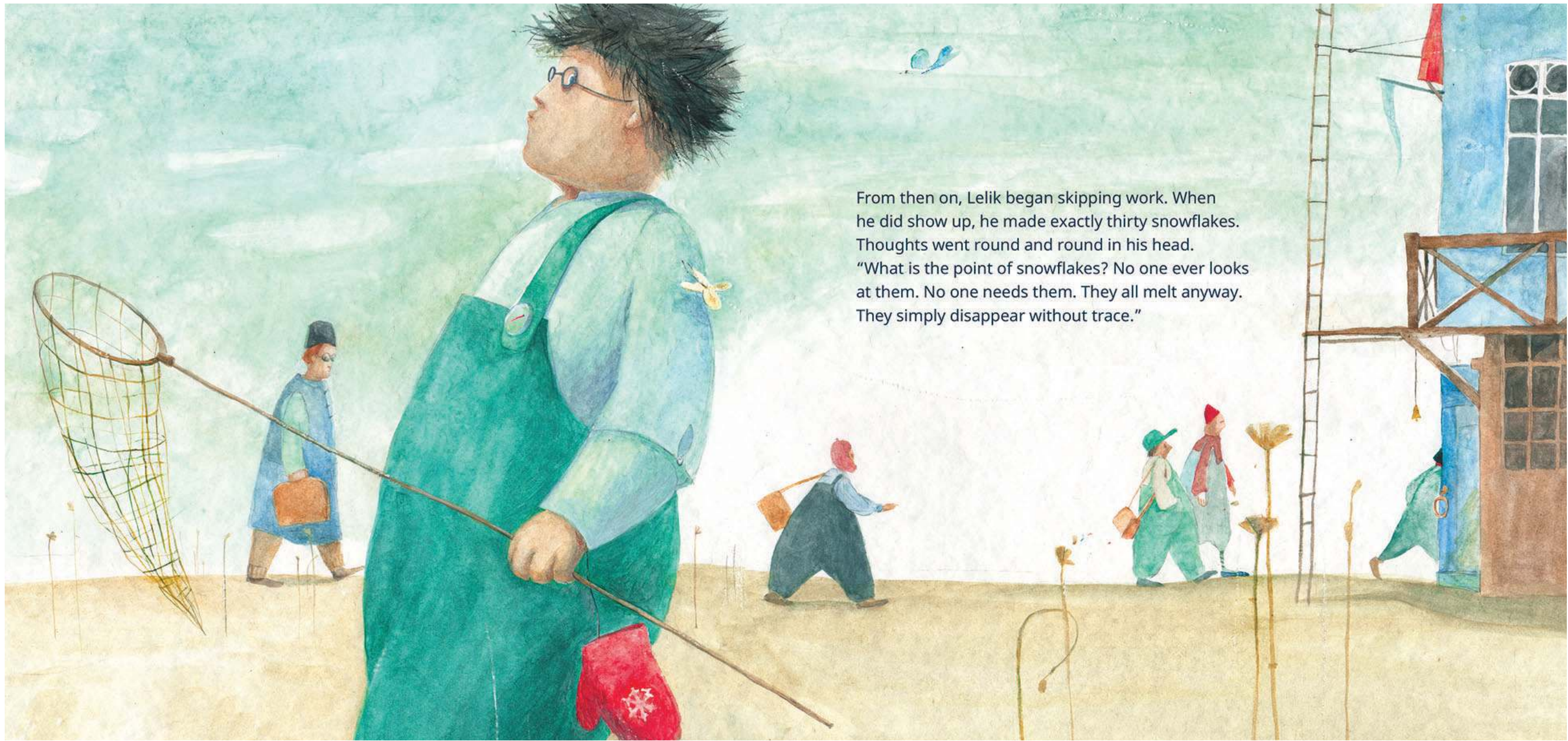
Snowflakes is a fairy tale about how important every creative endeavor is to the beauty of life, even though it may not always seem to be the case. The story follows a snowflake-making elf who decides that his work is now meaningless and gives up, leaving the world without the magic of winter at the time when it needs it most.

Text by Valeria Ordinartseva

Unpublished

OPEN TO PUBLISH



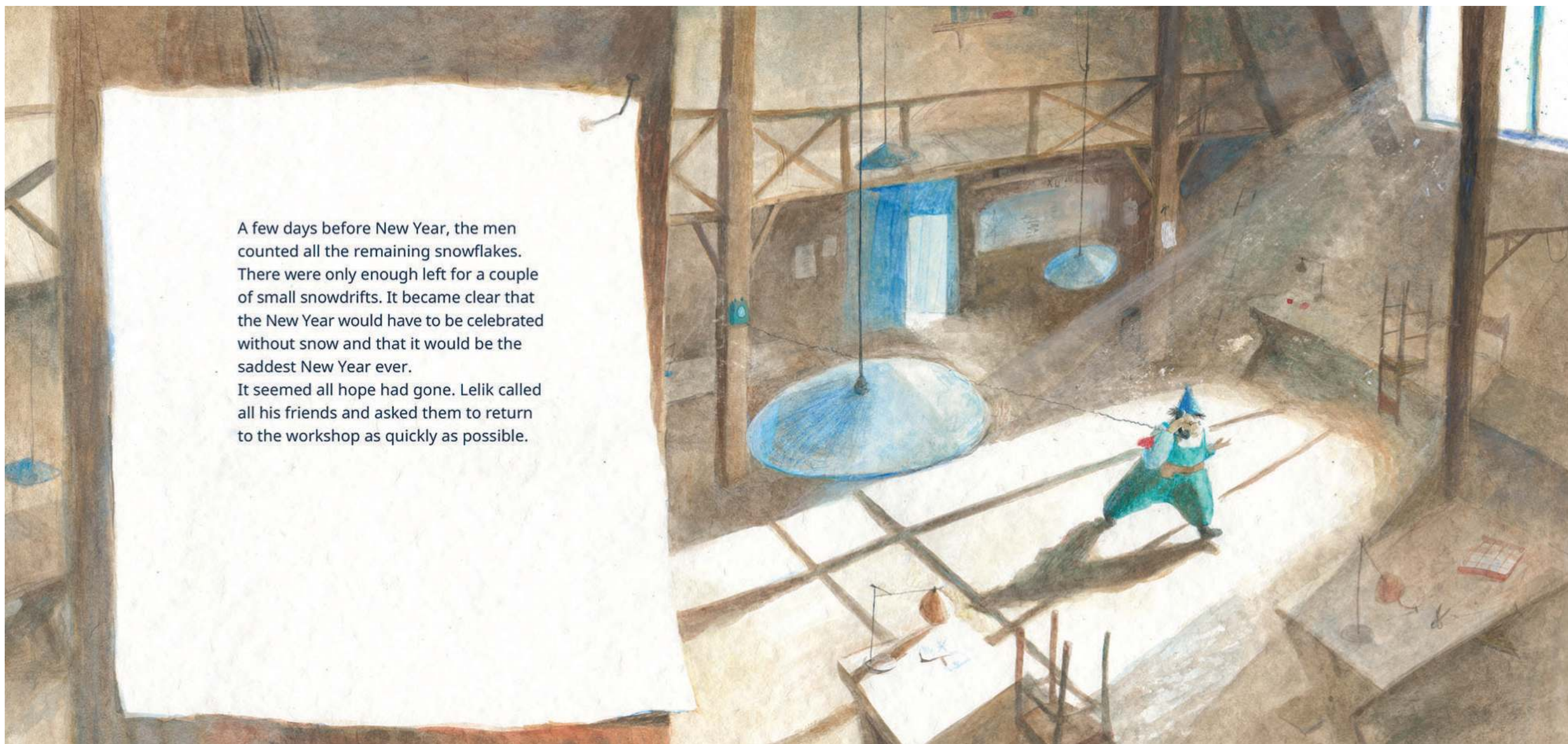



From then on, Lelik began skipping work. When he did show up, he made exactly thirty snowflakes. Thoughts went round and round in his head. "What is the point of snowflakes? No one ever looks at them. No one needs them. They all melt anyway. They simply disappear without trace."

Late autumn arrived and the time had come to start pouring the snowflakes down from the sky. But it soon became clear that there were far fewer snowflakes than usual. Suddenly, the master of eight-pointed snowflakes had an idea and said: "Let's pour them down little by little!" Since no one could think of anything better, they all agreed.



A few days before New Year, the men counted all the remaining snowflakes. There were only enough left for a couple of small snowdrifts. It became clear that the New Year would have to be celebrated without snow and that it would be the saddest New Year ever. It seemed all hope had gone. Lelik called all his friends and asked them to return to the workshop as quickly as possible.





The snowflakes were guarded in the workshop and sprinkled sparingly every few days. It wasn't much of a winter. The identical snowflakes did not swirl as they fell, they did not crunch underfoot, and they did not stick together for the children to make snowmen. Sledging was also impossible, there was simply not enough snow.

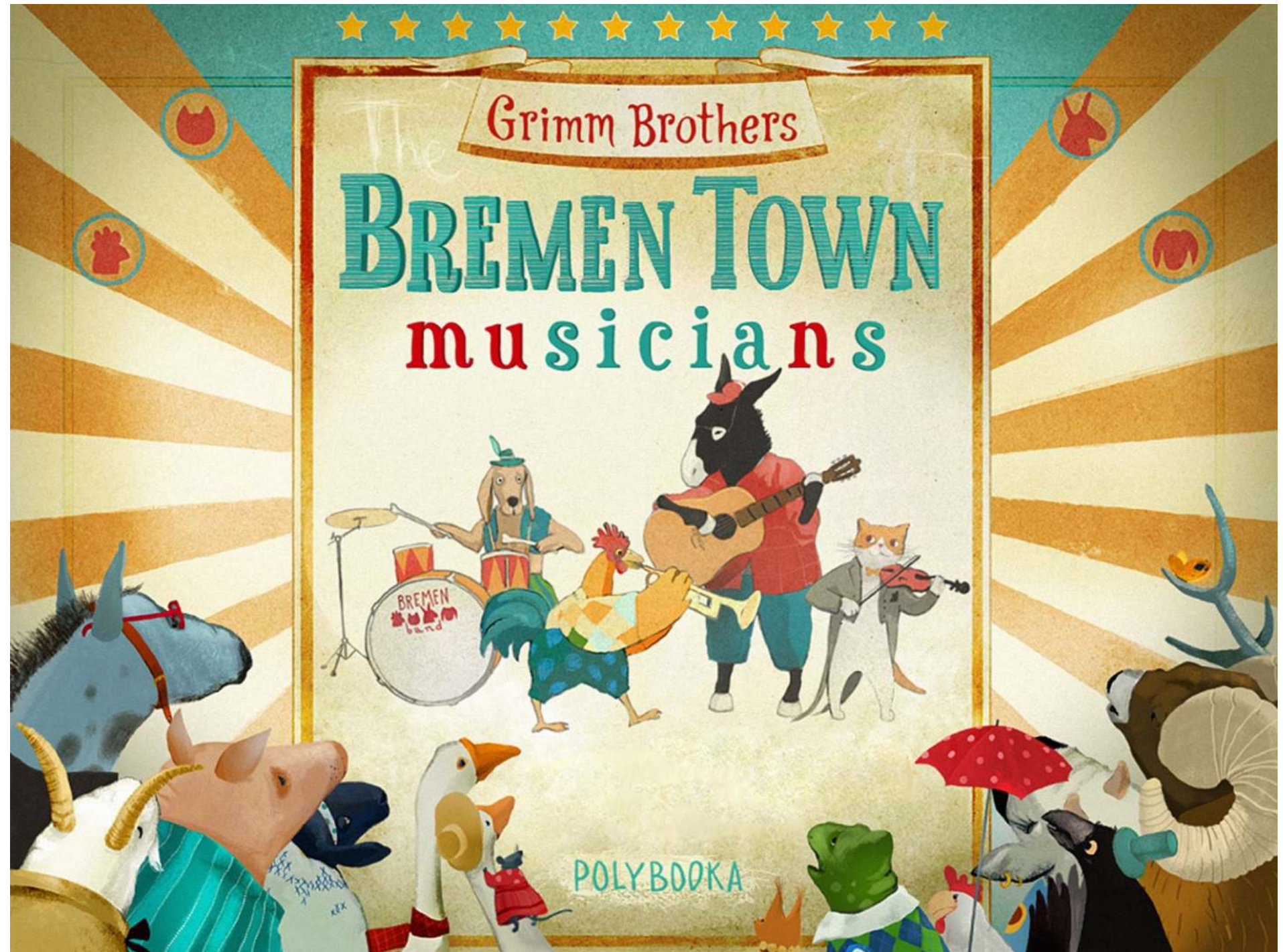
THE BREMEN TOWN MUSICIANS

This book based on the famous Grimm Brothers tale was first developed as [the interactive app for iPad](#) with original soundtracks and educational games.

[Watch video](#)

There is a paper version.

OPEN TO PUBLISH



Grimm Brothers

BREMEN TOWN musicians

























LUDWIG THE DOG

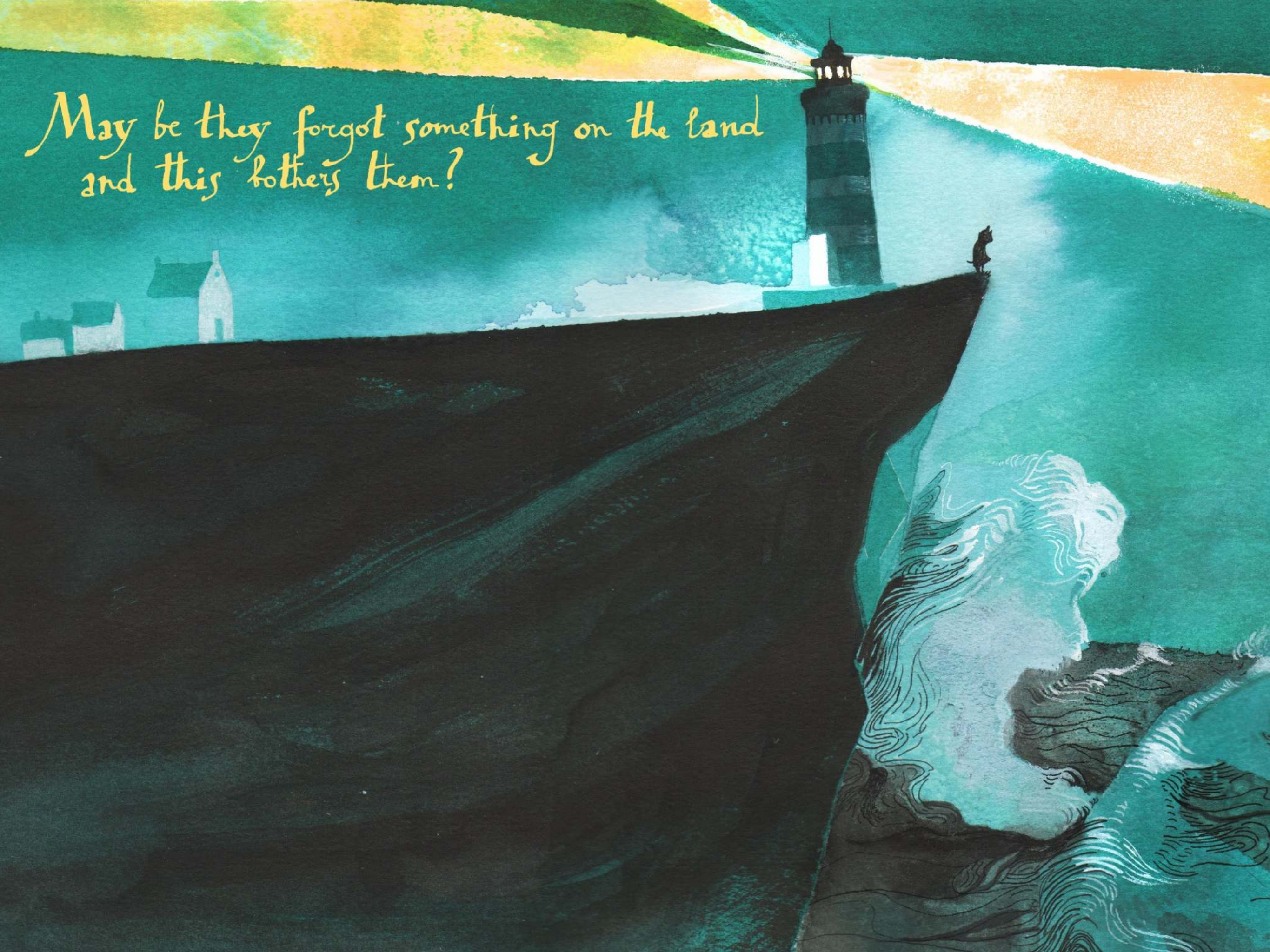
Picture book "Ludwig the Dog" about
Ludwig Wittgenstein and Karl Popper.


Text by Tikhon Kornev

In progress



May be they forgot something on the land
and this bothers them?



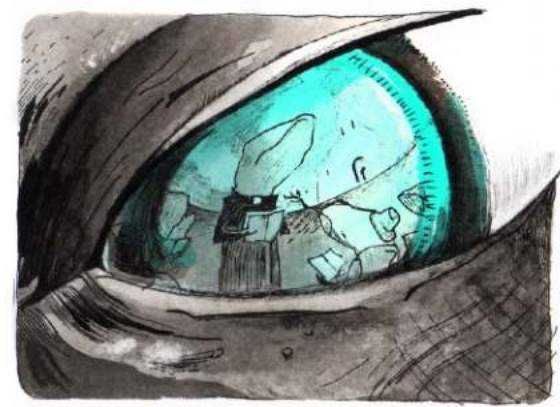
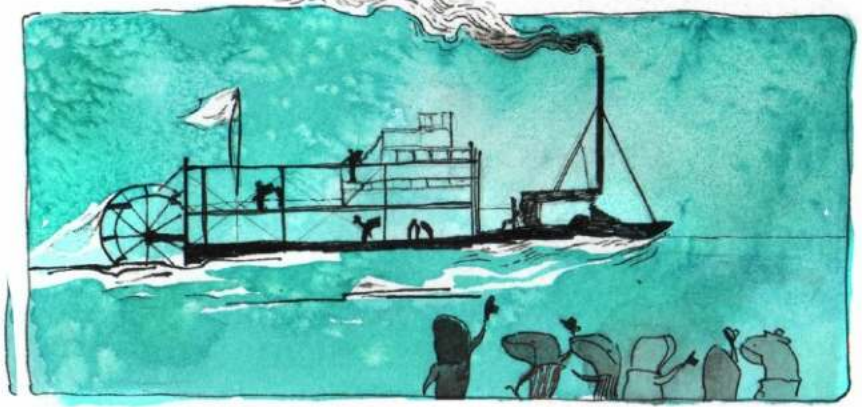
A night scene with a lighthouse on a cliff and a boat in the water. The lighthouse is on a dark, steep cliff. A beam of light from the lighthouse illuminates a large, yellowish-green area of the sky and the water. In the foreground, a small boat with a white sail is on the water. The water is dark with white-capped waves. The sky is dark with a few stars and a large, bright moon on the right side. The overall mood is mysterious and somewhat somber.

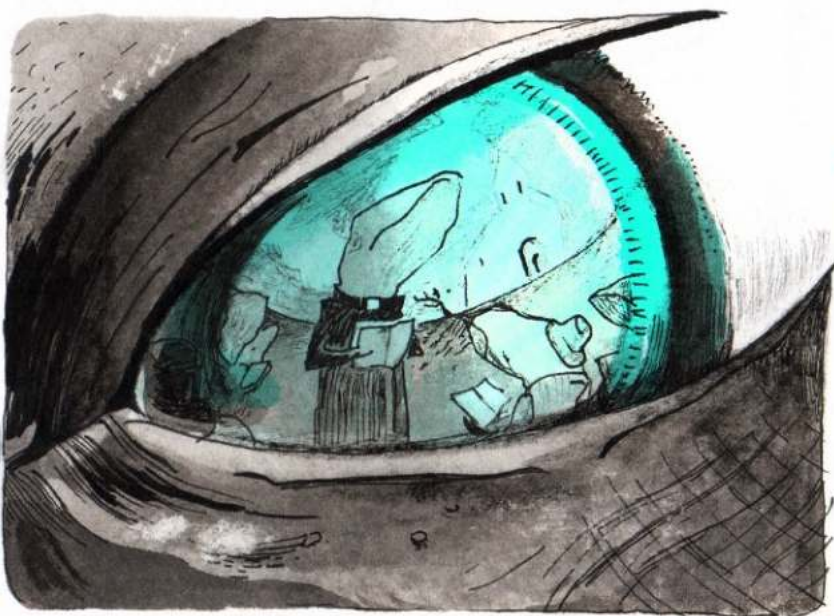
May be they forgot something on the land
and this bothers them?

The idea about whales made Ludwig anxious.
That night he again had a...



WHALES.



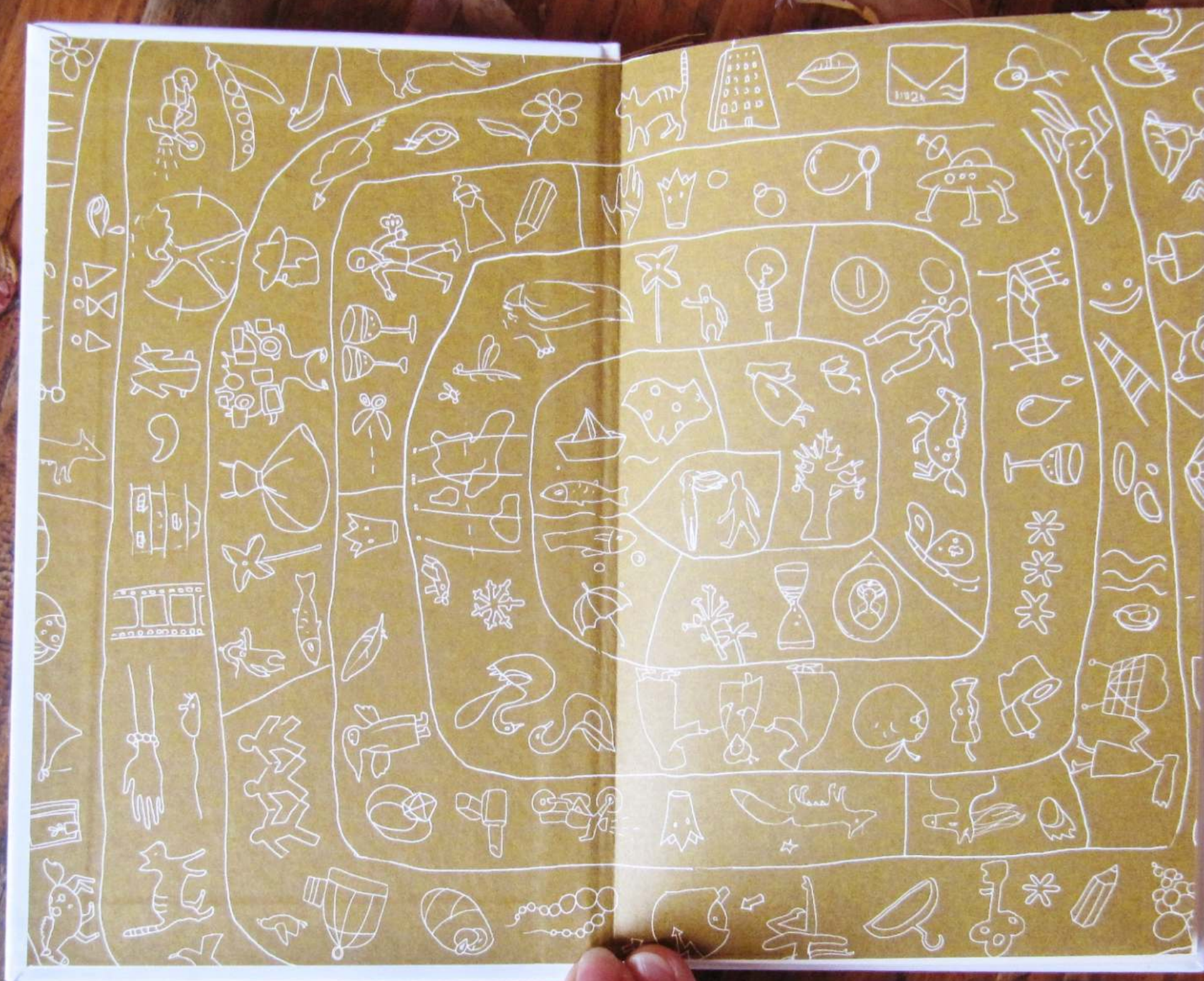


SIGNS OF LOVE AND THEIR ENDINGS

Text by Marta Ketro

Published by AST Astrel, 2011







«Мне не нравится,
что я смертен, мне
жалко, что я не точен»

– А где абрикосы?
– Отошли.

*(Из диалогов на крымском рынке
в конце августа)*

Когда черешня отойдёт, скача на тощей пло-
доножке, — нет, стишков здесь не будет, но когда
отойдёт черешня, косолапя на черенках, которые
кто-то вроде Одри Хорн завязал в узел языком (кто-
то, чей жизненный опыт широк, но однообразен);
когда окажется, что и земляника не то что отошла,
а уже съедено и варенье из неё, и банки вымыты
для аджики; когда золотые абрикосы усохнут до
кураги, а их пыльные кости будут побиты камнями;
когда самые упорные персики потеряют вид и
удалятся со стыдом; когда останутся только инжир
и яблоки, — тогда. Тогда я построюсь в клин и улечу.
О, я уверена, что сумею построиться в очень
хороший убедительный клин, чтобы всякий, кто
случайно поднимет голову в последний тёплый
вечер сентября, смог с уверенностью сказать: вот и
осень.

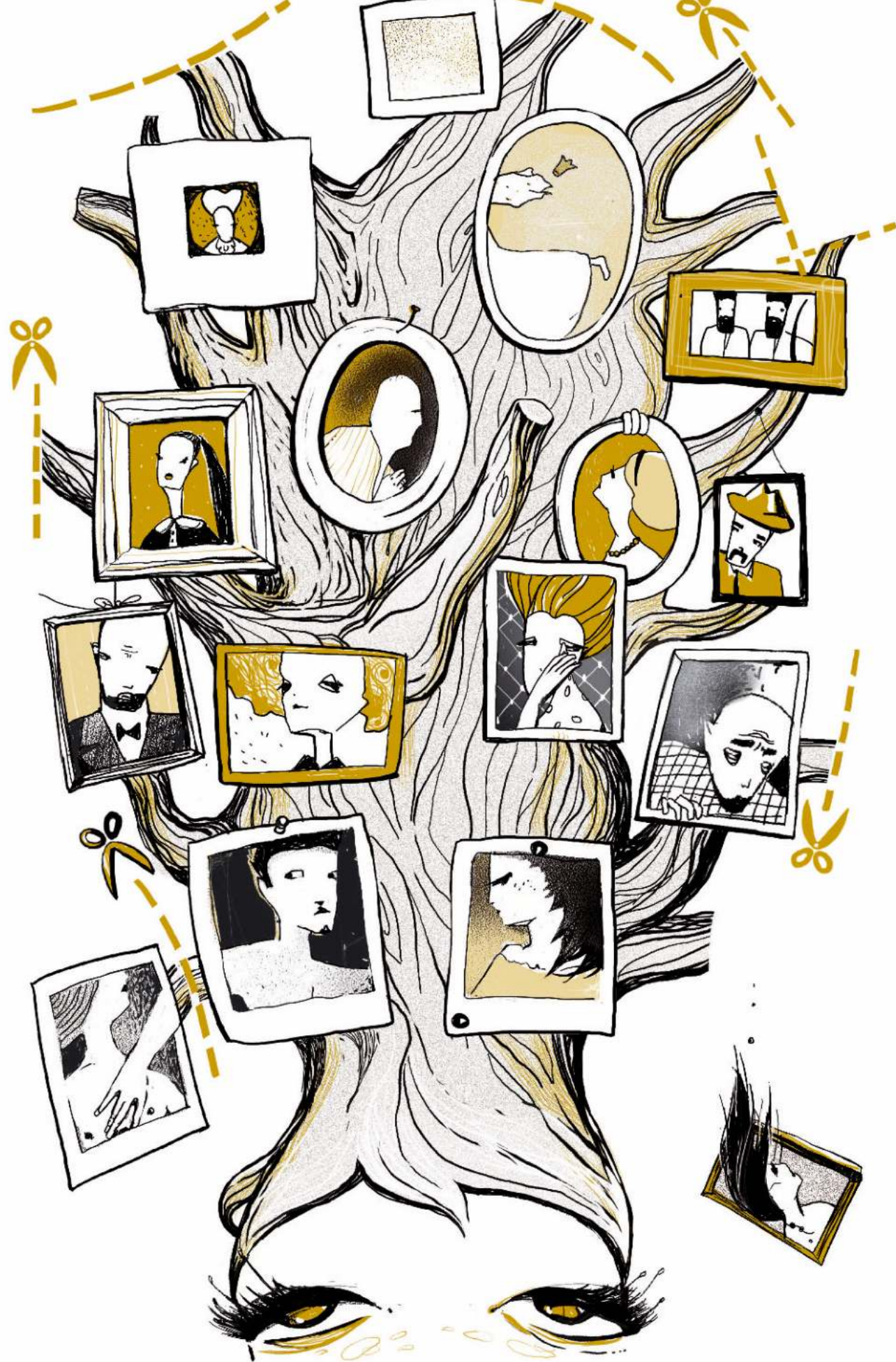


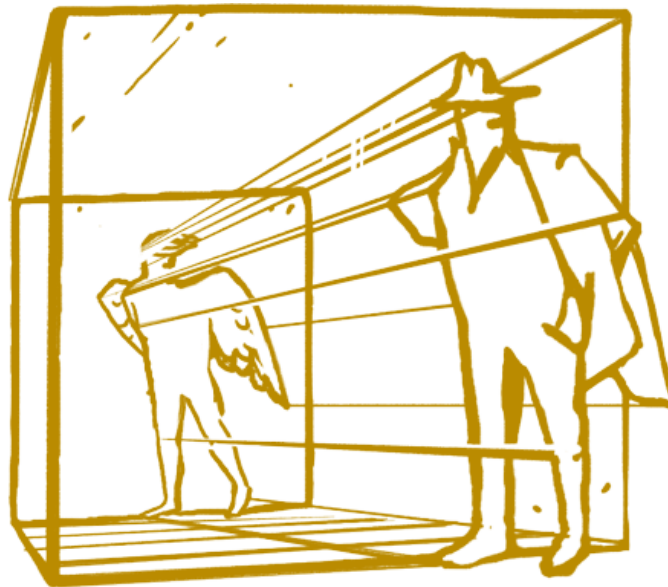












STRANGE SUFFERINGS OF A THEATER DIRECTOR

Text by E.T.A. Hoffmann

* These graphic works are in the collections
of the Museum of Fine Arts, Kaliningrad











NAPPING SONGS

It is short poems about how children, falling asleep in their cribs, imagine that their rooms are transformed right before their eyes into magical worlds.

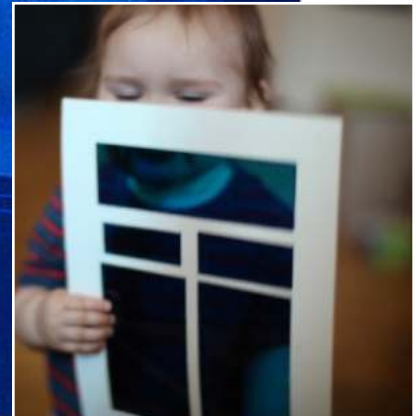
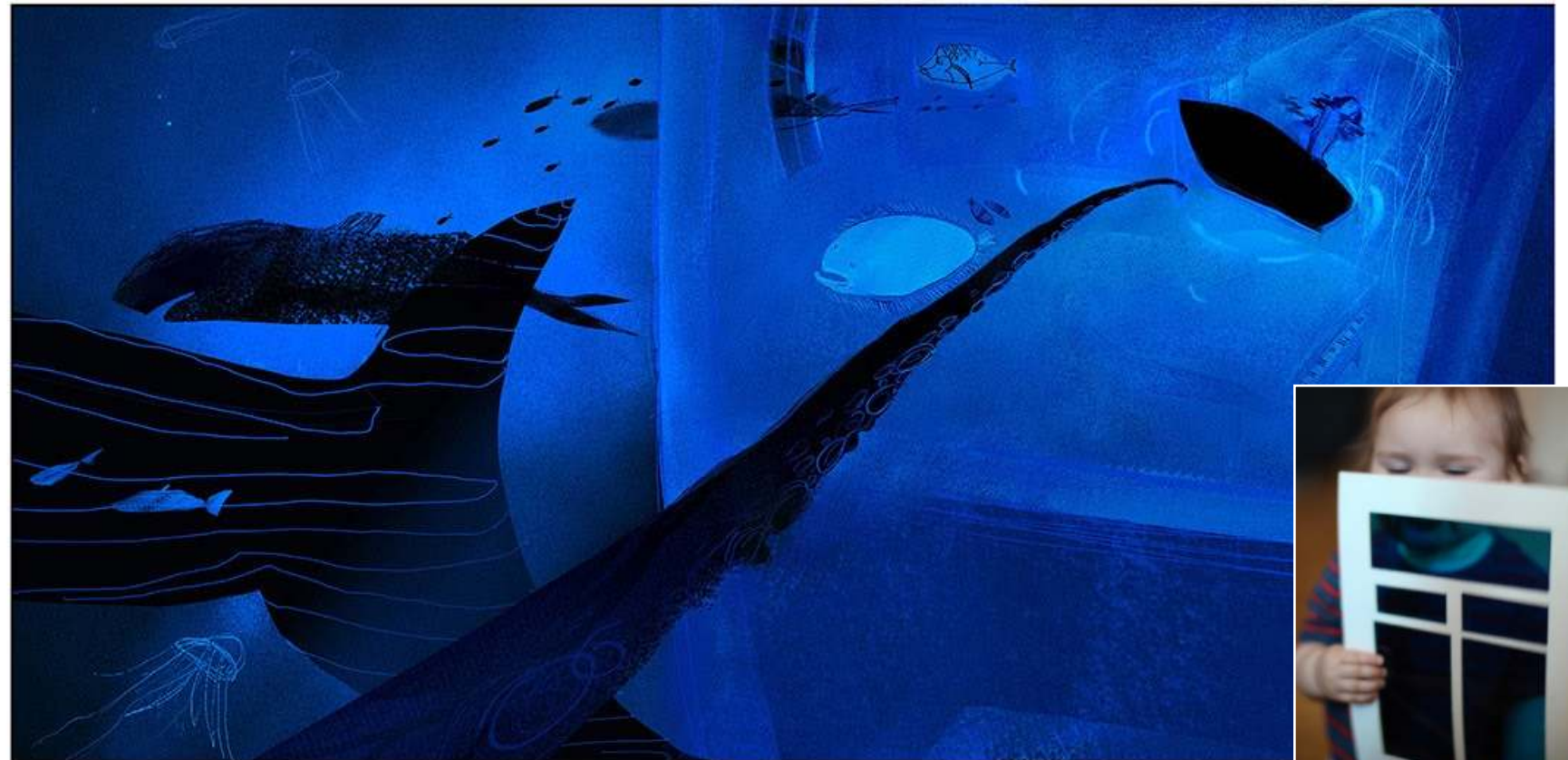
Visually, this story is revealed in the book's two-color solution. If we look at the pictures through **a red filter**, we see a children's room in one of the apartments in the house. And if we look through **the blue night window**, the accents shift and miracles begin to happen.

In this case, the solution is not just a trick, but a language that works with human perception. By playing, we shift the focus of attention. After all, it is possible to look at everything from different angles, to see something unique.

Text by Valeria Ordinartseva
In progress

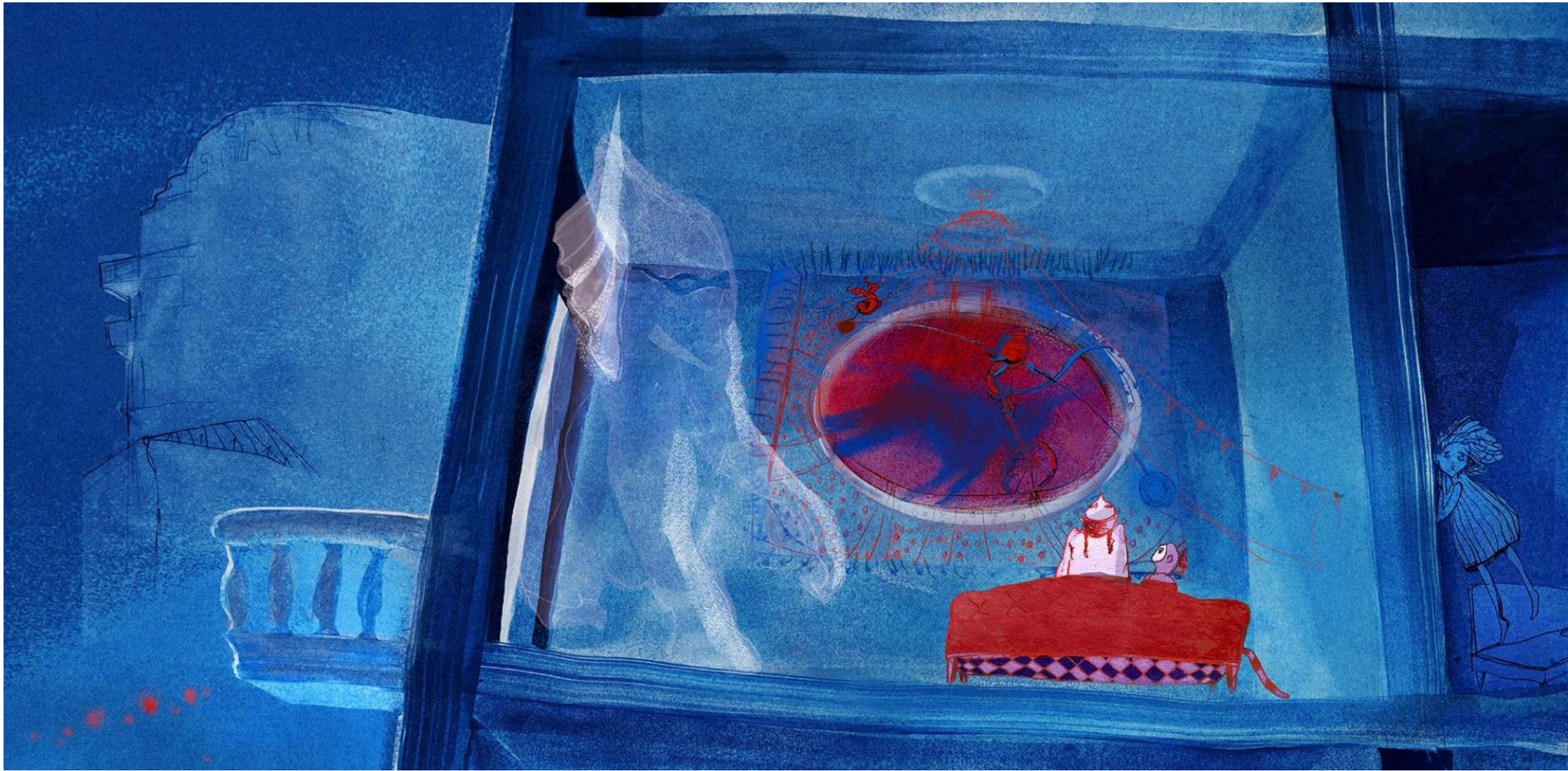
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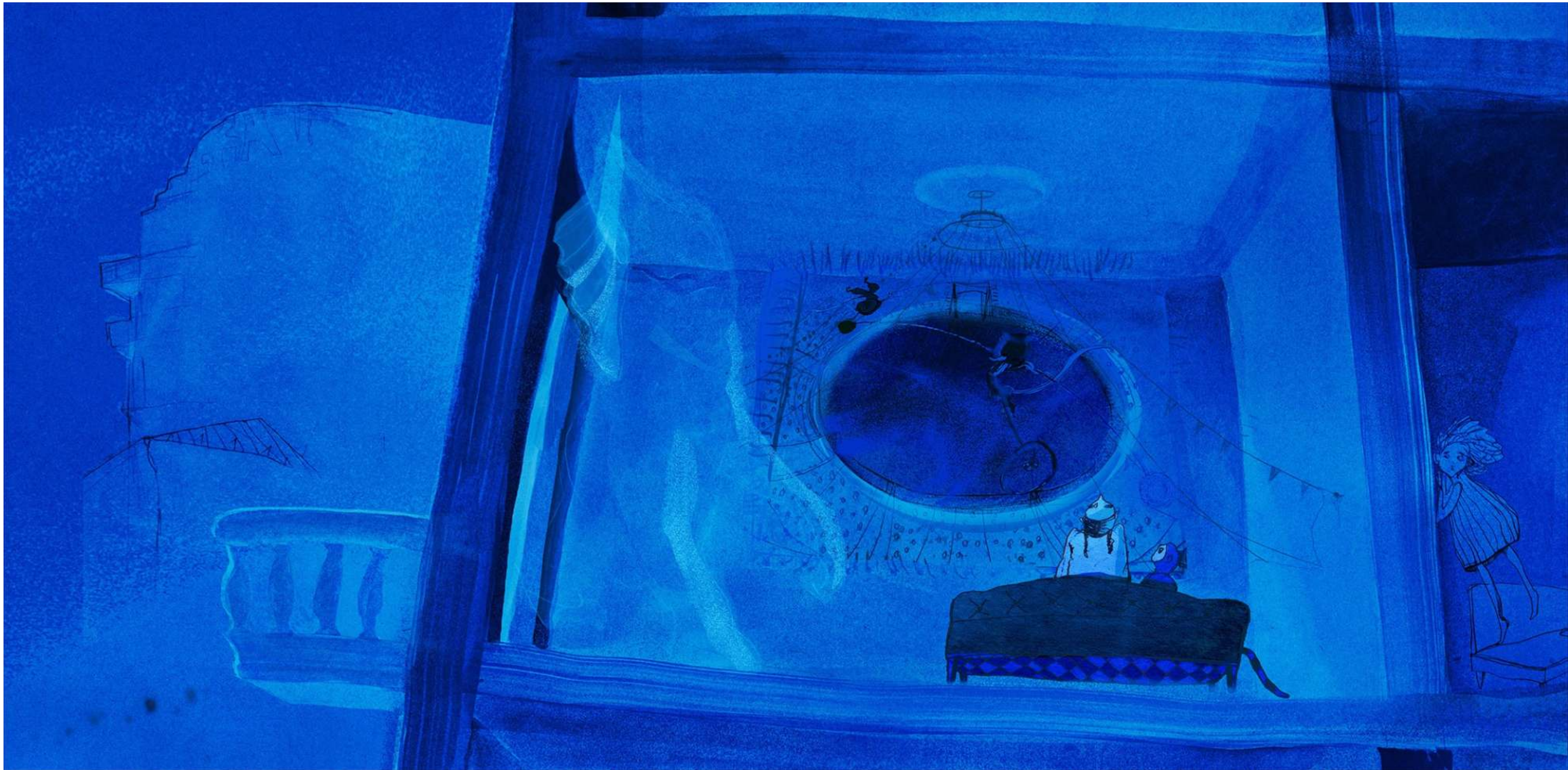
with blue filter



with red filter











POLINA BAKHTINA

BOOK'S ILLUSTRATOR / THEATRE ARTIST

Interdisciplinary artist, graphic artist by education, with extensive experience in both the design of book layouts and illustrations for them, as well as scenography and costume design for contemporary theater and children productions, expositions and immersive spaces.

She was engaged in visual stories first in the book, created illustrations and book layouts for different publishing house. Simultaneously developed in a three-dimensional stage space. Author of scenography and costumes for many performances. Already in the first theatrical works, a love for interdisciplinarity was manifested: scenography in the form of a huge folding book in the play "Hairdresser" and the cult hip-hoper "Cops on Fire" as a living comic book.

15 years of practice in creating illustrated books and theatrical projects from idea to final realization.

Education

1998-2003 - Printing Art's Moscow State University,
Master of Arts / Diploma project won the Art of the Book competition
2014 - Avignon Theater Festival Seminar of the Swiss Cultural Council

Awards

Golden Mask Award's laureate as Best Theatre Artist of Drama, 2021
Gold Medal as the Best Prague Quadrennial 2015 Publication for Meyerhold's Dream author's comic book, 2015
Breakthrough award as Best Young Theatre Artist, 2014
BookILL Fest's Special Prize for illustrating book Visible-Invisible, 2016
International CJ Book Festival's winner, 2011
Sergei Kuryokhin Grand Prize for Cops on Fire, 2009
The artist's works are in the collections of the Museum of Fine Arts, Kaliningrad.

Skills

Hand/digital drawing, typography, printing technique, creation of scale model, book illustration;
Adobe Photoshop, Illustrator, InDesign, Premier, FinalCut, SketchUp;
imagine, surprise, organize and communicate.

Experience

Illustrator and book's designer / Book's were published by Pink Giraffe, Trimag, AST, Kompaniya, Polybooka, Polyandria.

Developing the book layout design and creative ideas, searching for visual style, creating illustrations, typesetting, preparing or supervising prepress.

POLINA BAKHTINA

BOOK'S ILLUSTRATOR / THEATRE ARTIST

Experience

Set and Costume Designer of many theatre performances including *The Nutcracker*, choreographed by Y. Posokhov, *You must be thankful* directed by V. Schmidt; *Sugar* by I. Vyrypaev and C. Liske, *Zanos* by Vladimir Sorokin directed by Y. Kvyatkovsky, *In rings (Moscow Unhappy)* directed by M. Brusnikina, hip-hopera *Cops on Fire*, site-specific projects *It Seemed That You Imagined It* with Tatiana Chizhikova for V-A-C Foundation.

Curator of Scenography course in British Higher School of Design, 2014 - till now

Development of the educational programme and projects, organisation of the learning process, selection of teachers, master classes, participation in real projects as a curator, supervision of diploma projects.

Tutor of Art & Design program ArtsCool for teenagers, 2015-2021

Generating the theme and implementation method for the Set design module, w

THANK YOU



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