



# FEVZI YAZICI: DARK WHITE



Hillstrom Museum of Art



# FEVZI YAZICI DARK WHITE

February 14 through April 24, 2022



Hillstrom Museum of Art

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#### ON THE COVER

Fevzi Yazici, *Arrest Socrates*, 2018,  
white paper and prison pen,  
11 <sup>13</sup>/<sub>16</sub> x 8 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> inches

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## DIRECTOR'S NOTES

The Hillstrom Museum of Art is privileged to present this exhibition, *Fevzi Yazici: DARK WHITE*, of over 40 drawings by Turkish artist and designer Fevzi Yazici, many of them done from his prison cell in Istanbul's Silivri Prison. The artist, who holds a degree in graphic design from Mimar Sinan University in Istanbul, served as the design director of the city's *ZAMAN* newspaper until 2016. At that time, the Turkish government shuttered the paper, and Yazici and colleagues were imprisoned as part of that crackdown on freedom of the press following a coup attempt against the government party.

*DARK WHITE* appeared in its original form in early 2020 at the Yeh Art Gallery at St. John's University in Queens, New York, which organized and is circulating the exhibit. The version at the Hillstrom Museum of Art includes 20 new drawings by Yazici. It is supported by a grant from the Tourism and Visitors' Bureau of the Saint Peter Chamber of Commerce.

The exhibition curator was Alex Morel, Professor of Photography at St. John's University, who was supported in the project by Owen Duffy, Director of the Yeh Art Gallery and Firdevs Yazici, the artist's wife.

The Hillstrom Museum of Art thanks the Saint Peter Chamber of Commerce. We also thank curator Alex Morel who, in addition to all his other efforts, has contributed a text for the exhibition and its illustrated catalogue. We thank Yeh Art Gallery director Owen Duffy for his many efforts in organizing the exhibit and bringing the updated version to the Museum. We thank Greg Manifold as well, the Creative Director for *The Washington Post* who has championed the artist and his exhibit in print and online versions of the *Post* and who has contributed a text for the exhibit.

We especially thank Firdevs Yazici for all her efforts in the current version of *DARK WHITE*, including overseeing the creation of an introductory video for the exhibit, acting as a go-between with her husband, writing a text for the exhibit, and providing unending support.

Our greatest thanks are to Fevzi Yazici, for sharing his drawings and his thoughts on them, for contributing an introductory text for the exhibition, and for shining the light of his creative spirit out of the deep darkness of his imprisonment.

Donald Myers  
Director  
Hillstrom Museum

Note: Fevzi Yazici recently created the new typeface *Firdevs I* in honor of his wife. This font has been used in designs for the exhibition and its publicity materials, and is also found in the works *California* and *Zokayevof* (see pages 26-27).

Fevzi Yazici, *Arrest Socrates*, 2018,  
white paper and prison pen,  
11 <sup>13</sup>/<sub>16</sub> x 8 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> inches  
*Image shows detail of work at  
actual size.*



## FEVZI YAZICI'S STORY

This is the *DARK WHITE* story of a journalist's life shaped by art.

Fevzi Yazici has been in prison for five and a half years "FOR A CRIME THAT HE NEVER COMMITTED." He was imprisoned for three years with the sentence of "Aggravated Life Imprisonment." Then the Supreme Court overturned the verdict and established a new sentence of 11 years and 3 months. Now he is trying to maintain his psychological, intellectual, and artistic life in solitary confinement.

*DARK WHITE* emerges from the lack of light in the cell and the absence of anything other than a black ballpoint pen as a drawing utensil. White is never white on the inside. The technique of the drawings defines the harsh conditions of the "HIGH SECURITY SILIVRI PRISON." Professional drawing materials are prohibited.

Fevzi Yazici summarizes the conditions constituting the exhibition as follows: "When I was the Design Director of *Zaman* newspaper, I used to draw pictures with a ballpoint pen at meetings to bring an artistic perspective to my busy life. I didn't have time then, but I had freedom; now I have time, but my freedom has been taken from me. How ironic, isn't it?"

Today, despite everything, Fevzi Yazici is appearing before journalists and art lovers, by adding 20 new works to this version of his first exhibition held at the Yeh Art Gallery, St. John's University in New York in 2020.

Fevzi Yazici



Fevzi Yazici

***Chandelier***, 2021

White paper and prison pen, 11 <sup>13</sup>/<sub>16</sub> x 8 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> inches

There was a man who sold stars. That's the story, and there are a lot of buyers in the market. I have designed the statue of the story's hero in this drawing. Perhaps a sculpture, perhaps installation, I am still writing this story. Maybe it will be written as a long "novella." Writing and drawing always support each other in my life. I've been doing "triads" for a long time. I draw pictures, write poems, and generate ideas through essays about the same subject. We can call it a personal project.

## CURATOR'S STATEMENT

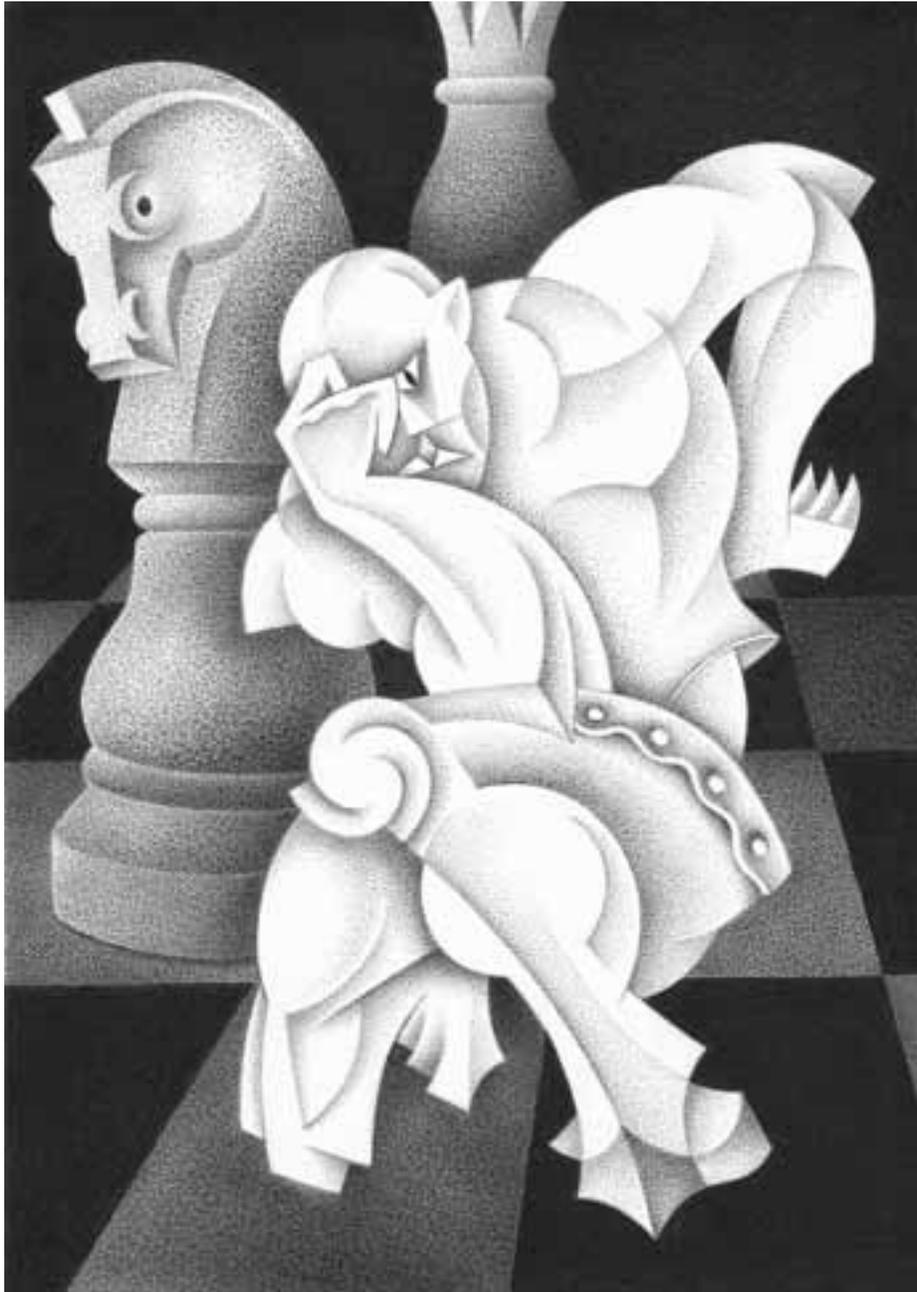
Fevzi Yazici's story cannot yet be told in its entirety. Doing so would be too risky and could imperil his life. Fevzi was arrested in 2016 and sent to the Silivri Prison in Istanbul, as part of an intensified persecution of Turkish media by the then and current President Recep Tayyip Erdogan's government. We cannot speak easily of his crime, or better said, the crimes for which he is accused, because doing so could still jeopardize further his situation and the welfare of those closest to him. The works in this exhibition do not reveal the reasons or circumstances that have brought such fate to Fevzi, nor are they a defense against accusations. It is fair to say that this exhibition, as with all artworks, can be seen as a statement that helps define the creator, and the creator only.

In Fevzi's work we find meditations on the highest ideals that could emanate from a person and a citizen. Adopting the most basic of artistic mediums—drawing—and employing the simplest materials—a ballpoint pen and paper—Fevzi welcomes us into his tiny cell and expands it infinitely: he confronts our sense of justice and injustice, questions our ideas of freedom and democracy, weighs the individual self against the collective identity, challenges the limitations of space and time, cracks the confinement of physical existence, and proves that creativity and love and can never be contained.

This exhibition presents a series of drawings, most of which have been done recently while in prison. Accompanying the drawings, we find further insights into Fevzi's mind through excerpts from his personal diaries. Included are pages from his sketchbooks, and also displayed are some of his award-winning editorial designs from the pages of the *Zaman* newspaper. And, for the first time, we see the birth of a new typeface, *Firdevs I*, which Fevzi created in honor of his wife and from the solitude and confinement of his cell.

Fevzi might be at this moment locked in a dark chamber, but he is not an obscure figure. He is a world-class designer. His work as a visual journalist has changed and set the standard for print media in Turkey. As Design Director for *Zaman*, the newspaper became the recipient of the Society of News Design awards for 13 years in a row. His contributions as a writer/columnist and educator in the prestigious Marmara University has made him an influential force in the art and design culture of Turkey. Fevzi's journalistic work and his commitment to truth and art have undoubtedly been recognized worldwide. Regardless of these recognitions, Fevzi's full story is still being held at ransom. Today, only his drawings can illuminate his truth.

Alex Morel  
Professor of Photography  
St. John's University, Queens, New York



Fevzi Yazici

***Chess in the Metropolis*, 2021**

White paper and prison pen, 11 <sup>13</sup>/<sub>16</sub> x 8 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> inches

A brief essay on principles. "The Thinker" character I draw has gone through various phases and has come to this day. A metropolis is the place of the future, and the people are always the same. The rules of the game, that is, a monstrous atmosphere that breathes in line with personal interests, rather than principles. Each piece on the chessboard has only one square, and the other player does not encroach on another. He should play his game openly within the framework of the rules and should not have different intentions. This is the necessity of living together on the same ground. Now the metropolis is more irregular and chaotic than ever before.



Fevzi Yazici

***Dark White 2022 Poster***, 2021

White paper and prison pencil, 11 1/8 x 8 1/4 inches

In the beginning there was “LOGOS.” Logos, just a word. The Qur’an calls the Prophet Jesus the “Word” of Allah. Jesus is a common word among people. He is the symbol of rebirth. In concrete wombs, there are people of thought waiting to be reborn with their words, patiently accumulating words.

The fetal symbol in the quotation marks is the one-letter word of the universal language of Earth. This little fetus of “dark white” spaces wants to be born again and forever as a sentence. That sentence is, “I Have an Idea.” Each picture consists of hundreds of thousands of black dots. I have never used lines, especially in my recent works. I have the palette of light, patience, and darkness.

Each of the dots almost represents the artist’s brushstrokes. Colors and form are hidden within them. Light is always the deciding factor, even though I can only use mid-tones. In the scarcity of light, I seek the picture’s multiplicity. “Dark White” is a petition written (in other words drawn) to all humanity in ballpoint pen and in the language of painting.

“In the beginning there was the word; promise, namely LOGOS.” LOGOS, a symbol of rebirth. A big hello to those who opened their eyes to witness the birth of this lonely “fetus” called LOGOS!

I have an abundant amount of time. I am currently in a state of excitement that I am planning to assemble my five and a half years of reading, writing, and drawing knowledge. I am writing a novel. It is a philosophical and archaeological novel of civilization. It’s called “ALDUN.” I plan to design it with the font called “FIRDEVIS” that I designed while I was in prison. A work that belongs to me with its poems and pictures. While living alone, one inevitably learns to be self-sufficient. This book will also reveal a philosophical background. “Little things get bigger as I write,” I say. In this life, I breathe through writing, poetry, and drawing.

## MY GLASSES IN THE BOX

I've been wearing glasses since I was little. My glasses, which were framed pink when I was little, were traded for green when I got older. In short, my glasses always had a colored frame.

I wonder if my frames were colored because my world was pink, or was it because I saw the world in color? I was able to answer this question by turning my fairy tale life into a drama overnight.

Before that night, when the colors of our lives suddenly changed, we had a beautiful home. My home, where the summer and the winter was obvious. My home, which smelled of vanilla cookies and warm clove tea, and where my husband and I with our children all lived together.

If we call my life a fairy tale, it became a tragedy overnight. After that we had two options. We could continue the tale, which was difficult, but the fairy tale shouldn't have faded under the tragedy's gloomy weight.

We can no longer use colored glasses to turn the world into a colorful allegory, even for a moment. Unfortunately, all the enthusiasm of life has been transformed into two colors: Dark and White.

My husband has been in jail for a crime he didn't commit. Before we got used to this situation, he was taken into a solitary confinement for 18 months, and what we were going through only started to get worse.

Even if all the threads of life are broken for an artist, I think there is no other way but to continue with life by holding on to art, somehow. Fevzi Yazici started to draw after he was imprisoned in a cell. It was an outlet, a way of struggling against injustice. While in prison he always used a dot technique in his drawings. "Point" or "Dot," although they suggest the end, they represent the first chain of a new beginning for us.

My husband started this project where life, it was said, "is over," and at every point he revealed the life, his life and our lives, and that gave meaning to our lives. And we fed from him, we got stronger. He never lost hope and never gave up because he was an inspiration to us.

We held onto life with the power and inspiration that art gave to the artist, and Fevzi to us. And so, I have a scenario in front of me; I do not know "how" and "when" it will end, but I believe it will end well.

Therefore, when my children and I went to visit my husband, my little boy was "Joshua" in my eyes, who in the joy of reuniting with his father, thought that even the fearful glances of the guards were part of a game. Because "Life is Beautiful," when all our assets were confiscated and while we were devastated, my eldest son was "The Pianist" in my eyes, when he played his piano for the last time in the middle of the hallway. Because, although he seemed to be in a dark and bottomless well, becoming stronger was his motive for continuing life and staying in the process of life. When Fevzi was sentenced to aggravated life sentence, I said to him, "They will unjustly keep you in prison for life!" And he answered me, "Would it be better if it was justified, true?" In my eyes, my husband was "Socrates" with his strong and confident stance, because the power he took from his innocence liberated him.

I, on the other hand, have become an actor who aspires for an Oscar award. While crying, I cried with a burning heart, light reflected in my eyes when I laughed. I have always found a way for our children to have a happy and strong future, to feel love, to fall in love with the good, despite the bad things they have experienced. The magic word for this miraculous solution was "art." Sometimes, when I felt too heavy to lift the load on my shoulders, I took a box of chocolate and said, "Life is a box of chocolate!" and ran nonstop to avoid falling. Sometimes I was Socrates' wife, and sometimes I was Joshua's mother.

We have always attached meaning to what we have been through and all this has made today's Fevzi and Firdevs strong. I am trying to fight this struggle as an actress who took part in the movie of her own life, and Fevzi by drawing and writing non-stop. We both found hope in clinging to art. And I know that now we have to see life in the darkest shades of Dark and White, but my colored glasses are still waiting, like me, in the most accessible place of our house to take them back.

We hope that you will share our hope in our story.

Firdevs Yazici



Fevzi Yazici

***Dream Instrument***, 2021

White paper and prison pen, 11 <sup>13</sup>/<sub>16</sub> x 8 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> inches

This is a dream, one of the most meaningful and inspiring I've ever experienced. The last time I saw my dear friend was in that dream. Even there, he had lit a light in my mind and left me. Dear Yusuf Çağlar: Now you are one of those who see the truth. I ask God to cheer up your soul with music composed in Heaven.

It was a month or two before you died of the Coronavirus. We were guests in his house. We ate and drank and had good conversations for old times' sake. Then all the members of the Çağlar family took their places around a single instrument, and presented a musical feast to the guests. The instrument combined many different musical instruments, almost an orchestra. The Çağlar family is around that elusive instrument. I call it "FAMILY INSTRUMENT," one that plays the same composition in harmony.

When I woke up, I made a note of painting this interesting idea. Yusuf Çağlar was still alive and I was in no hurry to put the final point on the white paper. But one day, my dear wife gave the shocking news of his death on the phone. That's when I understood the meaning of my dream: after Yusuf Çağlar, "What survives under the heavens is but a pleasant word (or, what survives under this dome is a pleasant word)." I immediately got to work and this picture came out. It took two weeks to sketch. It's not exactly a reflection of my dream, of course, of course. I added some additional thoughts. We, the living, are pictured blindfolded.

Whoever plays the piano discards the blindfold and leads the orchestra. Because Yusuf Çağlar has reached "Truth," he is now free from blindfolds. The rest are still dealing with the world. However, the efforts of the members of this orchestra to take part in the composition of Truth is admirable. Farewell Yusuf Çağlar. You will always remain in my memories with the way you played the ney!

## MY FRIEND FEVZI YAZICI

My friend Fevzi Yazici should be helping tell the stories of the people of Turkey instead of being held for the last five and a half years at Silivri prison.

I met Fevzi through the Society for News Design (SND) and was even his guest in Istanbul as part of his +1T Design Days. At a conference in San Francisco in 2016, we had a breakfast together and talked at length about design, our countries, and our families.

But, just a few months later, the coup in Turkey changed everything for Fevzi. "This cannot be real," he told me. "I cannot recognize my country."

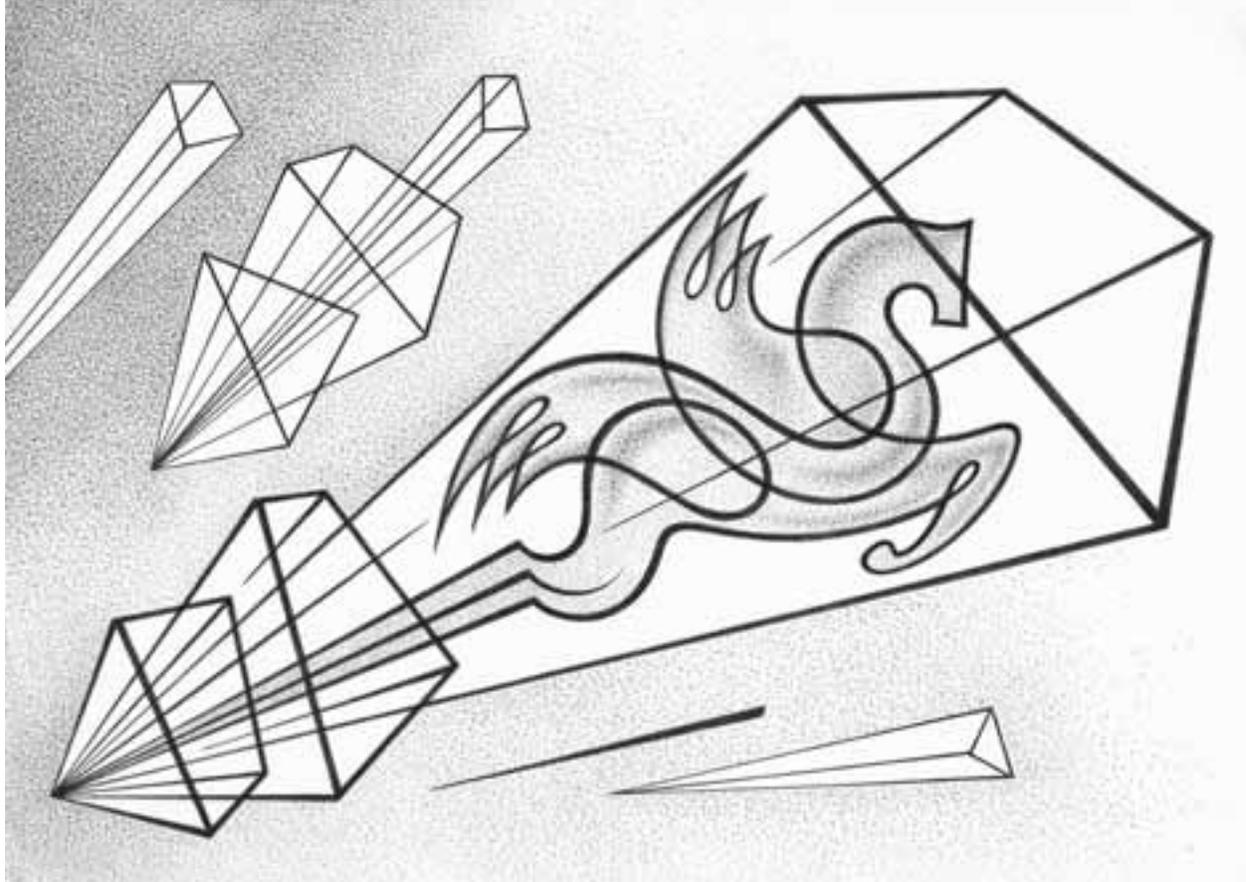
In 2020, after visiting Fevzi's exhibition at the Yeh Art Gallery at St. John's University, Queens, New York, I was able to share Fevzi's story and his work with *The Washington Post's* global audience in an opinion essay titled "Art of Darkness." The story showcased his work before his imprisonment and then the astounding art he's been able to create with limited supplies while in solitary confinement the past four years. Fevzi's contributions to that story earned him two more awards from SND, an organization that regularly recognized his work before his arrest.

It's clear to me, Fevzi was born to be a visual artist. He's unafraid, passionate, and a wonderful storyteller. It's uplifting to see that his time in solitary confinement hasn't defeated this spirit, but at the same time, agonizing to think of the conditions he's living in daily.

I remain filled with hope for Fevzi's freedom and for his family to be reunited outside of prison walls. I have that belief because I have the honor of working alongside Jason Rezaian, who was imprisoned as journalist in Iran and also served time in solitary confinement. The fact that Jason is free gives me hope that one day, Fevzi will be free too.

Greg Manifold  
Creative Director  
*The Washington Post*

"Art of Darkness" can be found on *The Washington Post website* at:  
<https://www.washingtonpost.com/opinions/2020/05/15/hes-spent-over-800-days-solitary-turkey-his-art-offers-glimpse-prisons-darkness/>."



Fevzi Yazici

*Light Cage*, 2021

White paper and prison pen, 8 ¼ x 11 ⅞ inches

Who doesn't love horses? I like them, and it would be nice if they ran freely; but what if they could fly? This is the sequel to my drawing "NIGHT FLIGHT." This horse, which I drew with a single, continuous line without stopping and represents a single beam of sun rays. More rays of different character, in motion in space advance with it.



Fevzi Yazici

*Night Flight*, 2021

White paper and prison pen, 8 ¼ x 11 ⅝ inches

When the sky is empty of free birds, the fastest on Earth try to fill this void. For some reason (why is unknown), there are those who prefer to play intrigue on the ground instead of flying (when there is a way to fly) through the society. They can't stand the free space they leave to be filled by others. They trap those who attempt such an endeavor in the light, so that they may be visible and not lost. This image relates to the works *Arrest Socrates* and *Auto Portrait*. Their common characteristic is that the figures are all trapped in light.



Fevzi Yazici

***Paperman***, 2021

White paper and prison pen, 8 ¼ x 11 ⅝ inches

The paper man is the person whose small spaces can be expanded with “LOGOS.” It’s the statue of thinking men in a cramped room. Not I, not you, not him; but all. A slightly chubby and rather thick piece of paper so that it won’t be overturned by strong winds.

I have LOGOS in mind, while my hands are drawing the picture. LOGOS, our *raison d’être*: It is an order that brings word and everything into existence. I rest my head on the book and pose like that to the rest of the world. I thought a lot, wrote a lot, and drew a lot. I am PAPER MAN. My work is with both empty and full papers. Just as people become more like their friends as time goes by, I am paper for now, and for most others exist on paper.

Now PAPER MAN is very busy. He continues on his way to publish a novel from his savings in five years. What is written and drawn, that is, everything will meet there in that book.



Fevzi Yazici

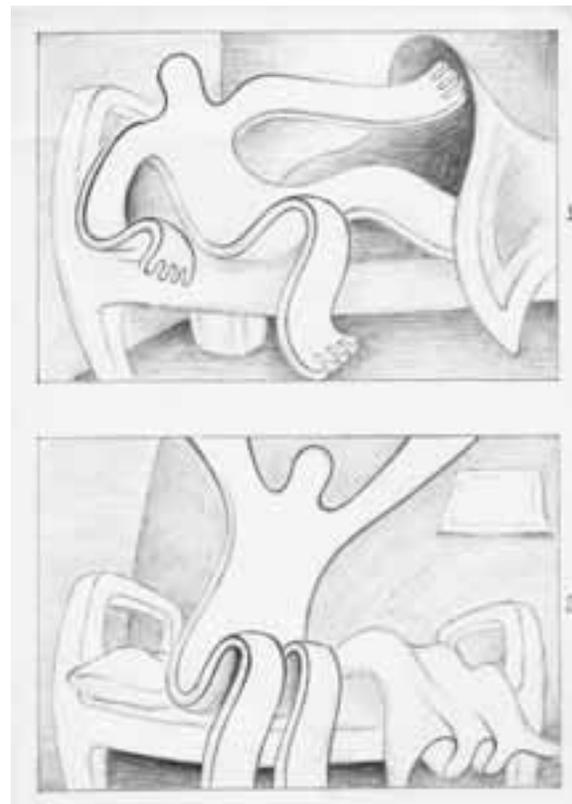
***Paperman 2***, 2021

White paper and prison pen, 11 <sup>13</sup>/<sub>16</sub> x 8 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> inches

I drew this picture for my article and poem “We are being shaped”. This is one of my “trilogies,” consisting of poetry, an essay, and painting. The little boy asked Michelangelo, “How did you know you had such a beautiful statue in the stone?” Yes, this is how our story begins.

Purifying a rough marble mass by chipping away at it can reveal the statue of “David”. What an amazing view! It is the same with people of flesh and blood. Even if we don’t like it, pain blows to our body and soul, shaping us. The effects of trauma reduce our excesses and actually carry us to our ideal form. When we realize this, our view towards those meaningful hits that once hurt us also changes.

Wouldn’t it be sad to leave this world, unformed?



Fevzi Yazici

TOP TO BOTTOM, LEFT TO RIGHT:

***Paperman Series 1***, 2021

White paper and prison pencil, 11 <sup>13</sup>/<sub>16</sub> x 8 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> inches

***Paperman Series 2***, 2021

White paper and prison pencil, 11 <sup>13</sup>/<sub>16</sub> x 8 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> inches

***Paperman Series 3***, 2021

White paper and prison pencil, 11 <sup>13</sup>/<sub>16</sub> x 8 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> inches

***Paperman Series 4***, 2021

White paper and prison pencil, 11 <sup>13</sup>/<sub>16</sub> x 8 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> inches

***Paperman Series 5***, 2021

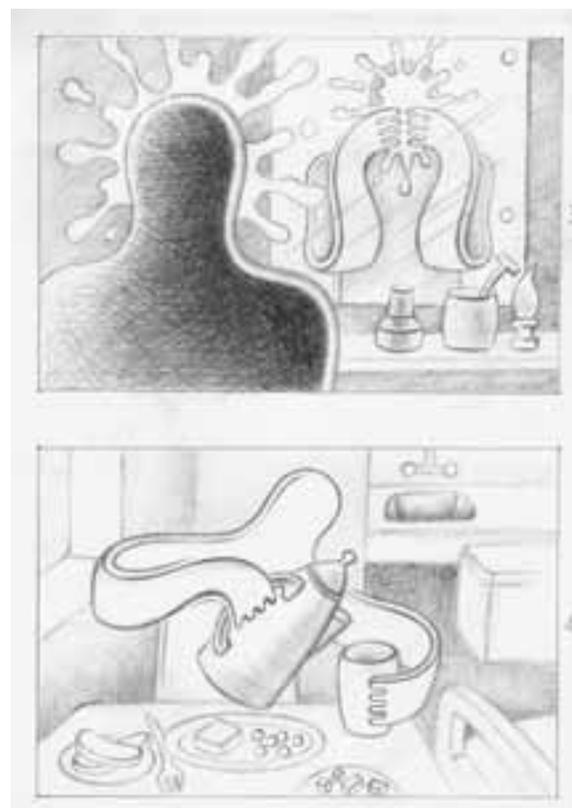
White paper and prison pencil, 11 <sup>13</sup>/<sub>16</sub> x 8 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> inches

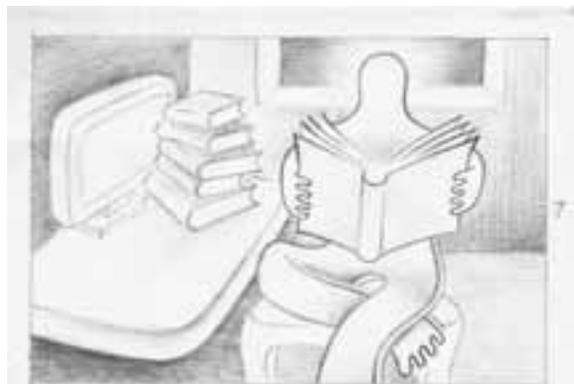
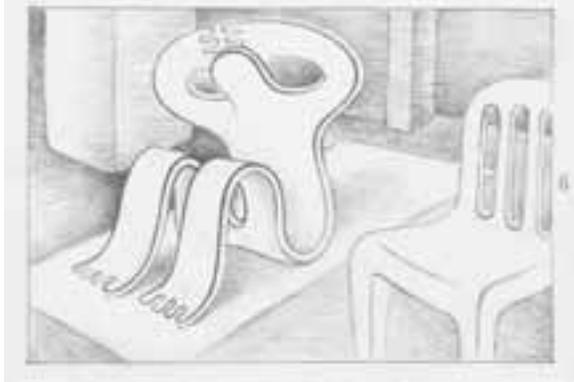
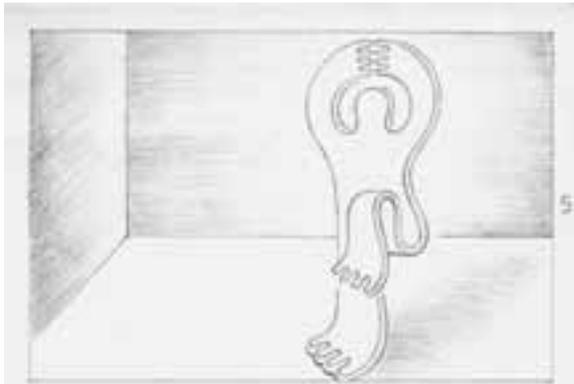
***Paperman Series 6***, 2021

White paper and prison pencil, 11 <sup>13</sup>/<sub>16</sub> x 8 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> inches

***Paperman Series 7***, 2021

White paper and prison pencil, 11 <sup>13</sup>/<sub>16</sub> x 8 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> inches







Fevzi Yazici

**Poet: *Pearl Hunter*, 2021**

White paper and prison pen, 8 ¼ x 11 ⅞ inches

Words are created by stringing pearls. The poet, on the other hand, is responsible for finding the most beautiful words and enchanting crowds. Like a pearl hunt in the depths of the ocean or an archaeological excavation in the lower layers of the earth, unique and poetic verses come to light, one by one.

In the drawing, the poet collects pearls from the darkened speech and thought bubbles, letting light shine on them with the meticulousness of an archaeologist.



Fevzi Yazici

*Time, Balance, and Prisoner, 2021*

White paper and prison pen, 11 <sup>13</sup>/<sub>16</sub> x 8 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> inches

This is the second drawing I made with the bicycle metaphor. In this version, I added the balancing effect of additional elements, history, and a sense of inner world to the composition with an umbrella. Again, in my eyes, this is the generation of "LOGOS." The road is brighter thanks to it. Who said that the blind are in darkness? The top reason people do not see the size of the universe is a city's lights. Generations have been growing up unaware of the beauty of the stars for a long time. Photos can never replace real stars that we can touch with our eyes. "The stars were not created in vain," and everything is interconnected in this vast universe.



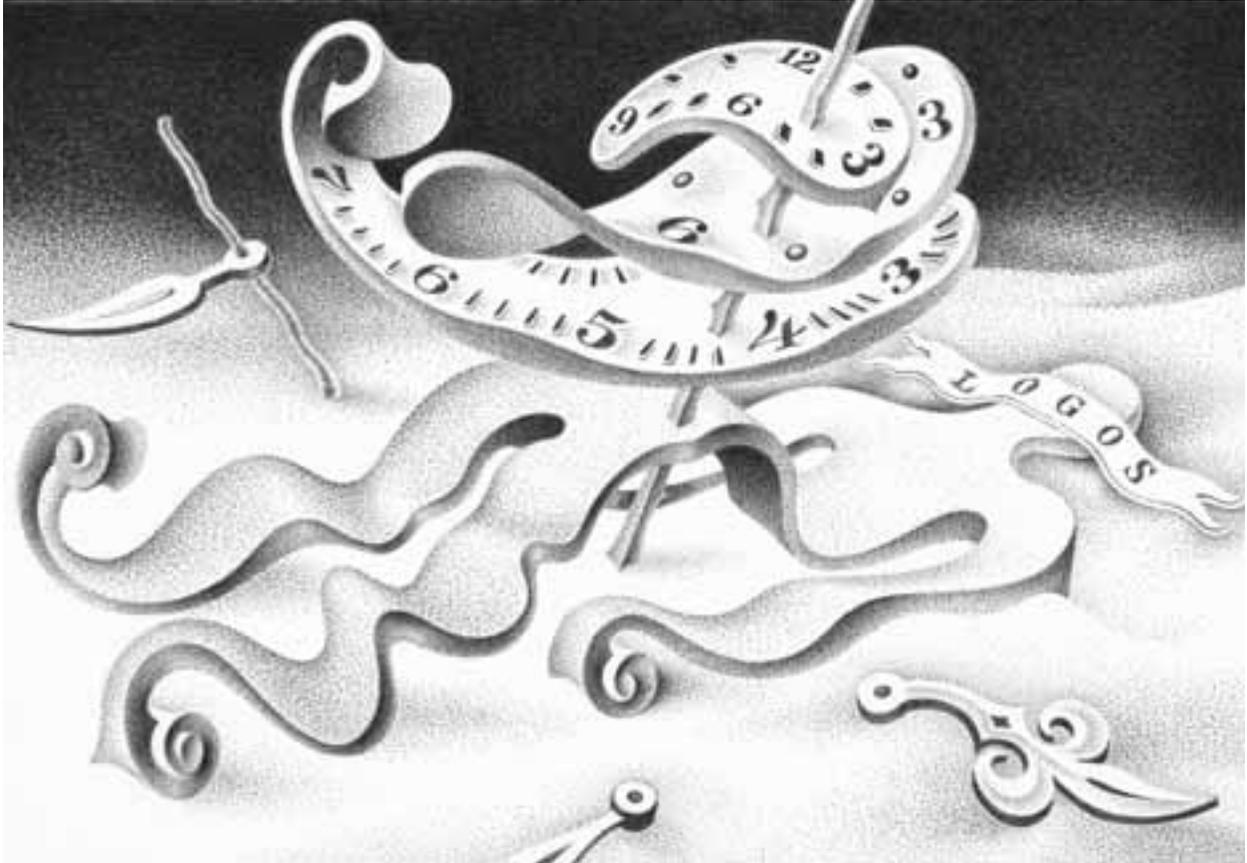
Fevzi Yazici

*Auto Portrait, Son of Roads, 2020*

White paper and prison pen, 8 ¼ x 11 ⅝ inches

I used the bicycle metaphor to describe the continuity of life in prison. If you don't keep pedaling, you will fall. To keep the pedals spinning, you read a book on the first go-round, you write on the second, you draw on the third, and finally you think about the future cycles. With the momentum gained by these four cycles, a fifth or even a sixth or perhaps a seventh will follow. In prison, you read, you write, and you think.

The fetus in the picture represents me. A fetus "trapped in the light" advancing towards the day it will be reborn, like the "Dark White" in the mother's womb.



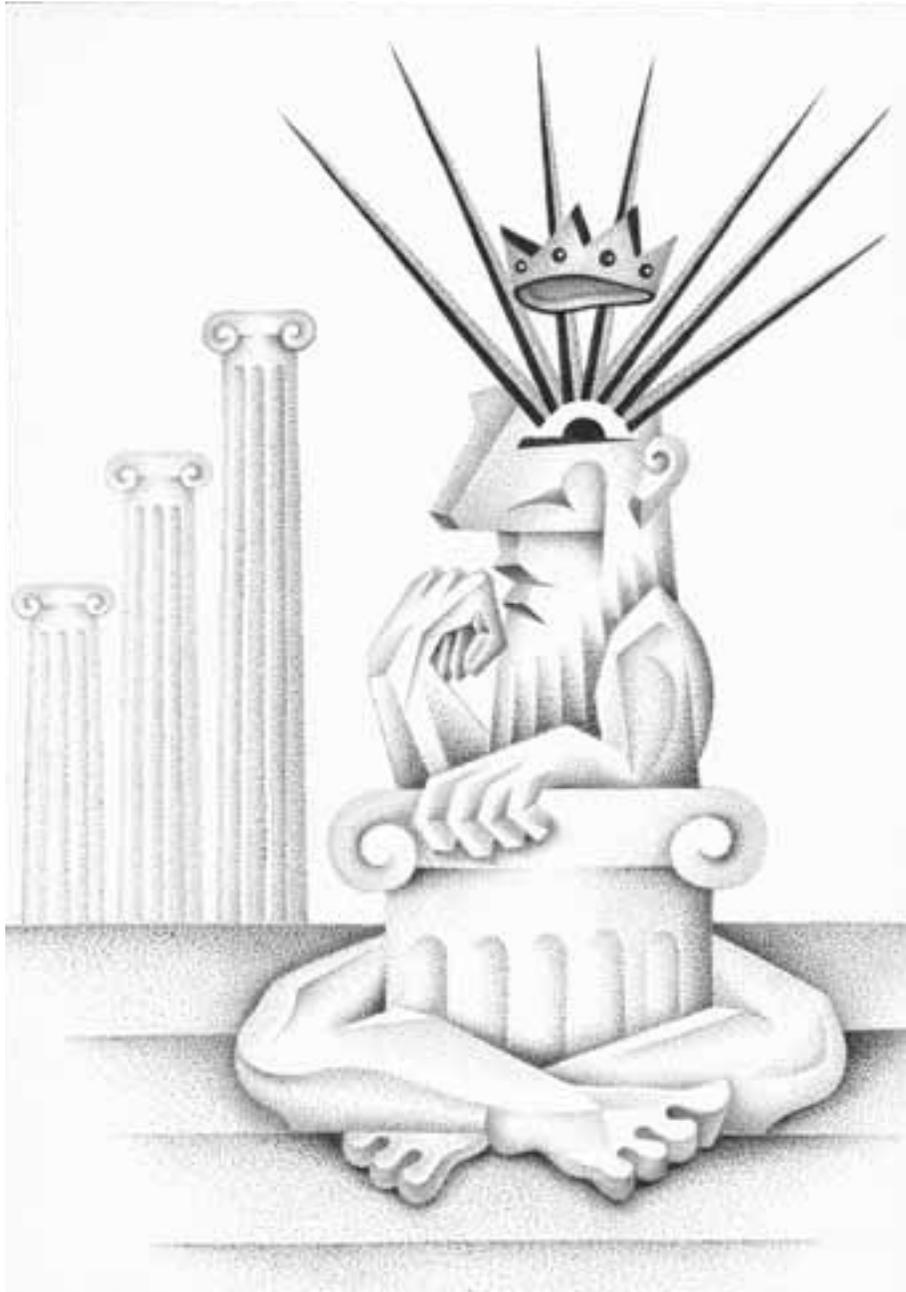
Fevzi Yazici

***Logos & Time***, 2020

White paper and prison pen, 8 ¼ x 11 ⅝ inches

In the beginning there was LOGOS. Logos is perhaps the most mysterious word in philosophy. As our bodies grind between the wheels of time, logos never stands still and continues to function. Even though people think they can't hear our conversations, we continue to produce thoughts in all dimensions. Logos is the language of our minds. These words will one day be the "cause" of completely different things. Logos equals "cause." One way or another, time passes, and everything that is coming will arrive.

Although life ends, Logos continues to resonate behind us.



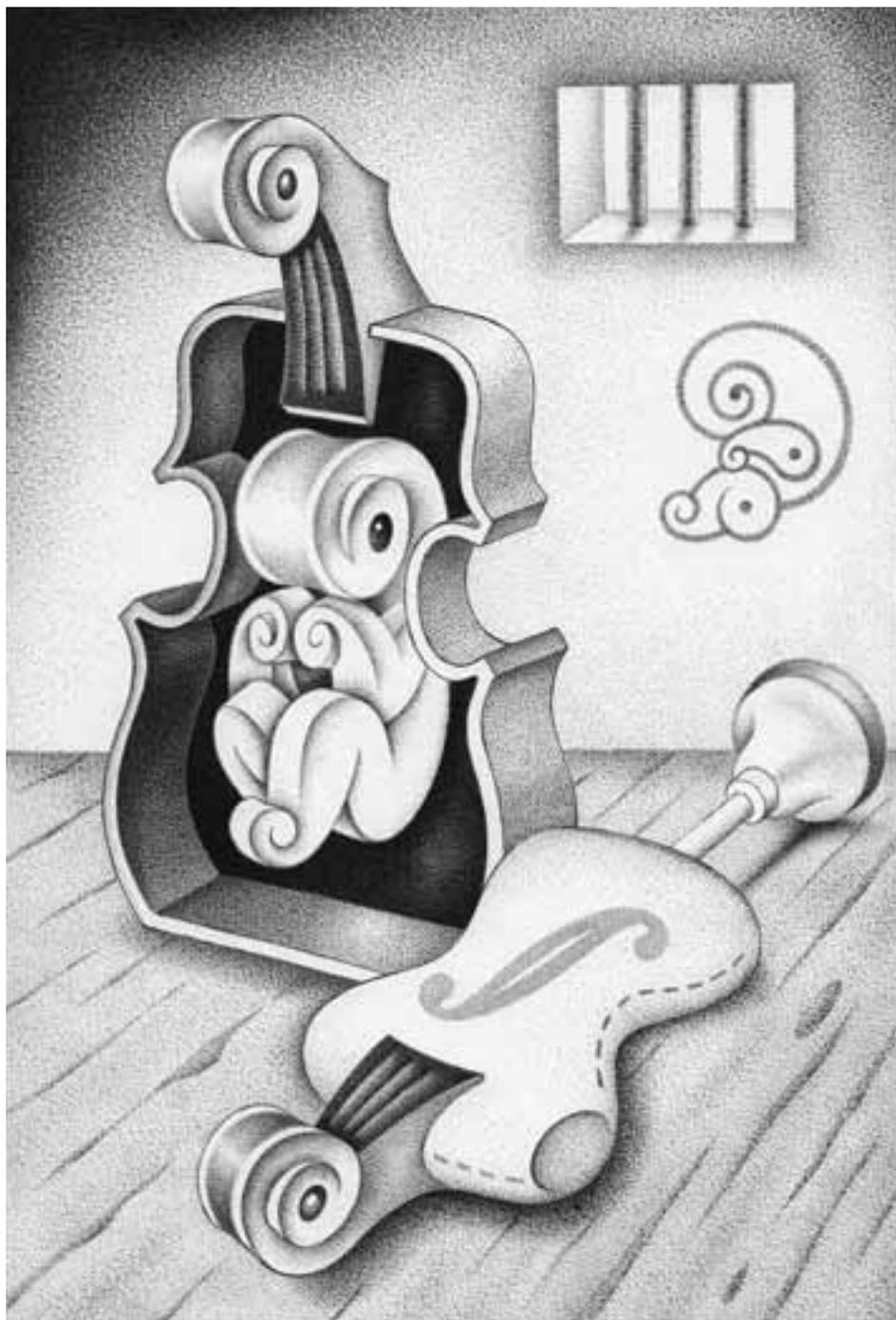
Fevzi Yazici

***Philosopher King***, 2020

White paper and prison pen, 11 <sup>13</sup>/<sub>16</sub> x 8 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> inches

It was Socrates' biggest dream for philosophers to be kings and for kings to be philosophers. While reading Plato's "Republic," I wanted to draw this picture. I also wrote a poem and said: "Socrates is called the one whose pen is Plato."

The great philosopher explains this thought with a long dialogue so that "Glaucou" can understand it in his unique work. Perhaps the first utopia of history. Has there ever been a philosopher king or ruler as big as the fingers of a hand? I know of one.



Fevzi Yazici

*Cell and the Fetus*, 2019

White paper and prison pen, 11 <sup>13</sup>/<sub>16</sub> x 8 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> inches

The fetus represents Fevzi Yazici, who is waiting to be reborn. Therefore, the cell in which he is imprisoned is nothing but the womb. There is not much left to be born as a song...

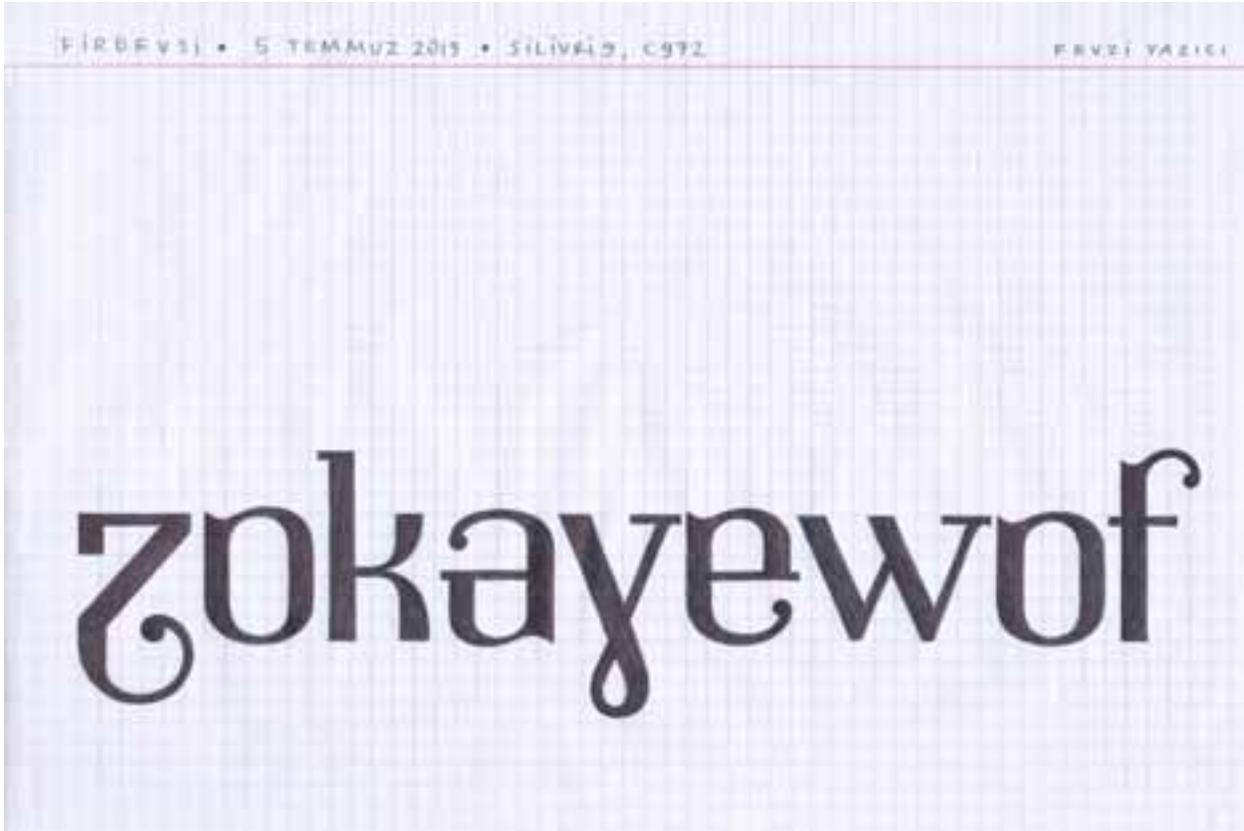


Fevzi Yazici

**California**, 2019

Prison graph notebook and prison pen, 7 <sup>7</sup>/<sub>8</sub> x 11 <sup>13</sup>/<sub>16</sub> inches

I had a difficult dream of designing fonts since I was a student. Until I went to jail, the intensity of my work prevented this dream from happening. And one day the writer Ahmet Turan Alkan told me that it would be very meaningful to design a brand new font while I was in prison. Previously, I would tell myself, why not and let it go. About a year later, while I was scribbling on paper, I drew an “a,” and I liked it. Later, I made a “b.” I thought I would stop breathing while drawing “c” but then “d” came out. In fact, my fears increased as I progressed, but I did not give up. I was afraid of something ugly and incompatible, and I was even ashamed. Very strange, why am I ashamed? I’m the only one in a small cell; so I have no one to be ashamed of. I continued on my way and perhaps I designed the first font in history which



Fevzi Yazici

***Zokayewof***, 2019

Prison graph notebook and prison pen, 7 <sup>7</sup>/<sub>8</sub> x 11 <sup>13</sup>/<sub>16</sub> inches

was designed in a prison cell. I had a lot of trouble because the technical infrastructure and the paper didn't get past the pen. This adventure lasted about six months. If I had a computer at hand, it would have been much shorter, but it wouldn't have been that meaningful. I need a lot of retouching to finish my work. At this stage, I think I put an idea out there. The general feature of the font is asymmetrical, half serif, elegant and modern anatomy. I wanted the character to be effective both in the headlines and in the long texts, so it doesn't lose its legibility. In the end, I named this font in honor of my wife, my greatest source of inspiration: Firdevs-i Silivri; surname comes from where I am: Silivri.

Thank you very much to my wife and Ahmet Turan Alkan. My biggest wish is for this font to be used when books are written in prison.



Fevzi Yazici

*Inspiration X*, 2019

White paper and prison pen, 11 <sup>13</sup>/<sub>16</sub> x 8 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> inches

I designed this picture during the creation of the “FIRDEVSI SILIVRI” font. My aim was to restore the mystery of inspiration. How and when this inspiration will come is uncertain, it will find you even if you’re trapped inside a box. But that doesn’t mean you’ve solved its secret. For a while breathing an atmosphere of unknowns, which were created by the Xs, a font appeared: “Firdevs-i Silivri.” The X I used in the picture is the letter X of Firdevs-i Silivri itself. This picture is the fruit of a six-month dance with the letters.



Fevzi Yazici

**Arrest Socrates, 2018**

White paper and prison pen, 11 <sup>13</sup>/<sub>16</sub> x 8 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> inches

This picture says that thoughts cannot be imprisoned. Because, if you try to imprison the thoughts, the ideas turn from light to a prism and begin to shine. So much so that no one is left without seeing this source of beautiful light. But the intention of those who wanted to capture "SOCRATES" was different. They were holding the lights on their faces to see the person they wanted to arrest in the darkness that took over. But it was a wasteful effort. With the effect of the dark being torn by the light, everyone saw what was going on. It stood out as unfairness!

Everyone must respect and tolerate those who struggle with their ideas. It is a fundamental human right to speak freely, even if a person likes it or not. While I was judged in the same case as the rest of the journalists like Ahmet Altan, I thought about this. In Turkey and everywhere in the world the human thoughts are on trial. I have witnessed firsthand that Ahmet Altan will not bend under any circumstances regarding what he believes. That's why I'm dedicating this picture to those people who are judged for their thoughts like Altan, who will not back down from saying that they know what is true. Socrates or whatever his name...



Fevzi Yazici

*Crying Thinker*, 2018

White paper and prison pen, 8 ¼ x 11 ⅞ inches

One should think with his heart and only drop of tear should come from his eyes. If not, we will freak out. Reason and logic are not always enough. People trust reason and logic way too much; I compare these to the machines that produce screws and springs for misuse. The most important part of the machine is the heart.



Fevzi Yazici  
*Injustice*, 2018

White paper and prison pen, 8 ¼ x 11 ½ inches

Justice is easy and injustice is complicated. Everything is losing its place in this chaos. Once the balance has lost its balance, the consequences of violations of the law, such as the inability to recover again, embrace every chain. This work depicts a legal system that has lost its function.



Fevzi Yazici

*The King*, 2018

White paper and prison pen, 11 <sup>15</sup>/<sub>16</sub> x 8 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> inches

This work was the result of a dance performed by my paper and pen with a free technique. He's a pessimist and a dark king. Although it does not belong to this world physically, there are some aspects of our world. I think the kings are lonely in every realm.

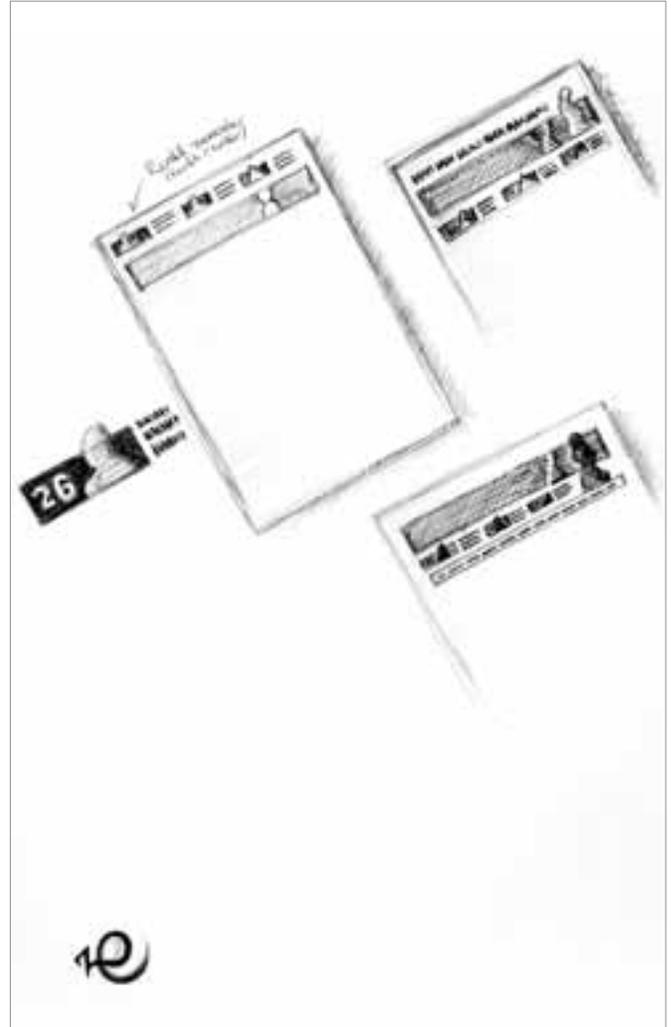


Fevzi Yazici

*The Paradise Bird*, 2018

White paper and prison pen, 8 ¼ x 11 ⅞ inches

Suffering pain changes a person from time to time. It changes your mind, your ideas, and even your soul. Maybe even the human anatomy can change as we pray. Like me as well as others, I compare the bird in this picture to those who come and visit us every week, especially my wife.



Fevzi Yazici

***Newspaper Design III***, 2016

White paper and drawing pen, 11 <sup>7</sup>/<sub>16</sub> X 7 <sup>7</sup>/<sub>8</sub> inches

***Newspaper Design III***, 2016

White paper and drawing pen, 11 <sup>7</sup>/<sub>16</sub> X 7 <sup>7</sup>/<sub>8</sub> inches

I can't think of anything more effective in design than newspaper pages. It is a great opportunity to design something that reaches hundreds of thousands of people every day. So many things can be done on those pages to improve the aesthetic taste of society that I cannot even begin to tell you. During my 15 years as an art director of the pages of *Zaman* we were so elaborate and we were continuously creating art and photograph exhibitions, even untouched it would have its own nature. Through this artwork it allowed the work of dozens of artists and designers to continuously win hundreds of international awards for Turkey.



Fevzi Yazici

ABOVE

***Magical Lamp Series I, 2015***

White paper and drawing pen, 7  $\frac{7}{8}$  x 11  $\frac{15}{16}$  inches

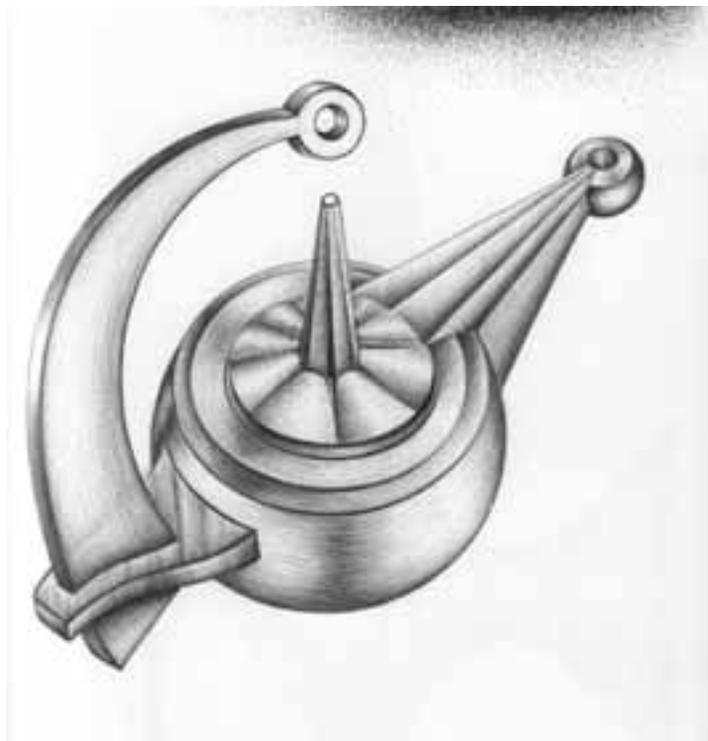
RIGHT

***Magical Lamp Series III, 2015***

White paper and drawing pen, 11  $\frac{7}{16}$  X 7  $\frac{7}{8}$  inches

Today, when it comes to designing industrial products, everyone is designing new things. The direction of art and design is to design the future. What about re-taking the past and making new designs according to it? I don't think it's too much. I have always liked the form and aesthetics of magic lamps. Despite the fact that I do not like the current designs, the question of how I would do it always lingered on my mind. Inevitably I have made a lot of sketches. Later I ask myself, "why am I unable to finalize this Magic Lamp Series?" and then this series appeared.

I have never been concerned about producing useful and logical things. On the contrary, I have tried things that will never be, like seashells. In some of my sketches it is possible to see magic lamps that were left in the corners. Because the lamp is magical, it encompasses the picture it wants, I can't stop it.





Fevzi Yazici

*Cosmic Ride*, 2015

Straw paper and drawing pen, 11 <sup>15</sup>/<sub>16</sub> x 8 <sup>11</sup>/<sub>16</sub> inches

This is a merry-go-round at a cosmic amusement park. Like planets, the room freezes in its own depth. It goes through wormholes and goes into black holes. Sometimes it can even come across planets in the form of seashells when switching between dimensions. Why not?



Fevzi Yazici

***Treasure***, 2015

Straw paper and drawing pen, 8  $\frac{1}{4}$  x 6  $\frac{5}{16}$  inches

Thousands of treasures in the world are fantastic for everyone. No matter how exaggerated, this wealth is not irrational. But today there are no treasures, so I wanted to draw a picture that the mind is the greatest treasure. Of course, an enriched mind is good. You should stay away from those minds that don't enrich. The man in the cave looks like the cubes around it.

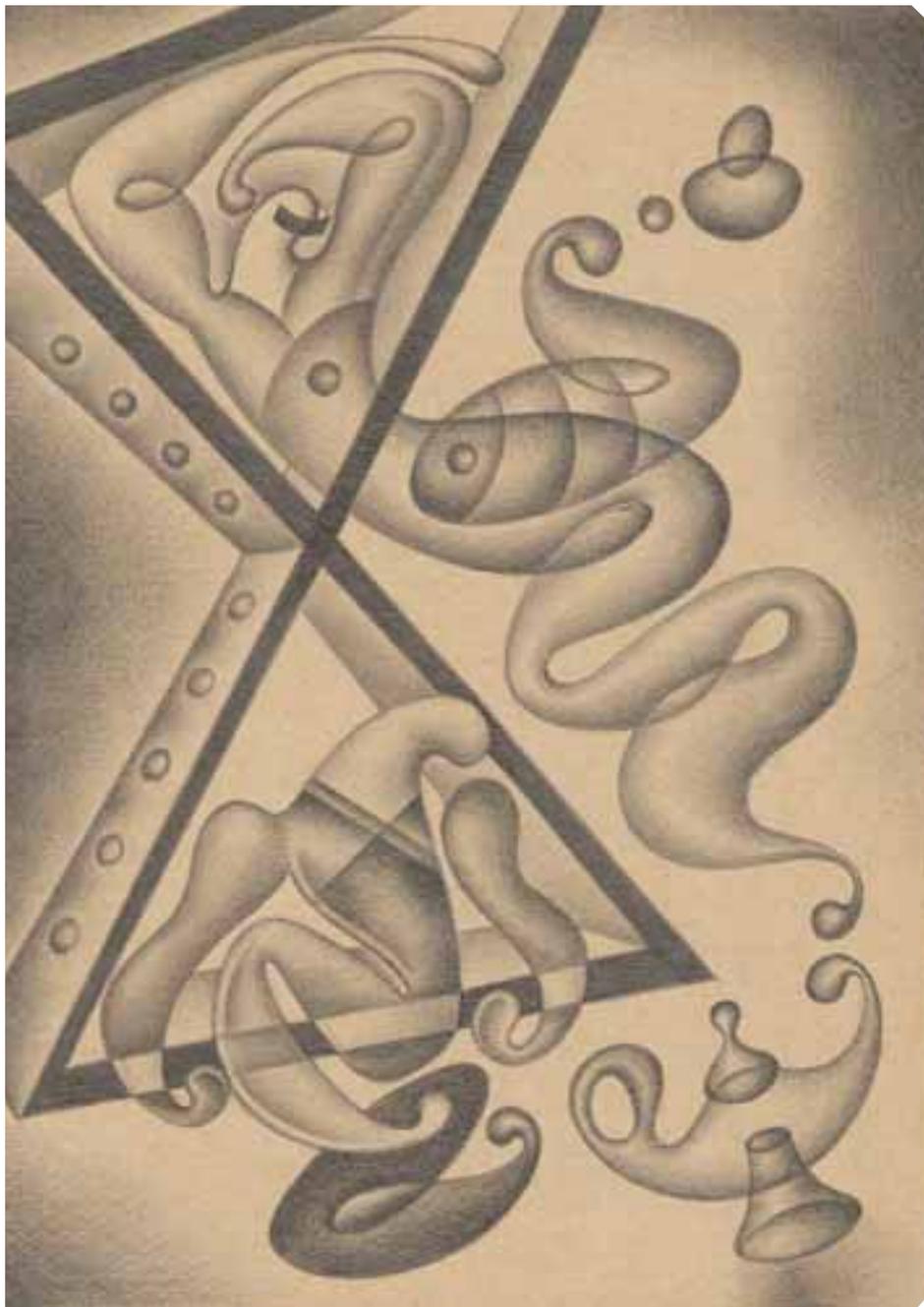


Fevzi Yazici

*Help Me!*, 2014

Straw paper and drawing pen, 8 ¼ x 6 ⅝ inches

Now everyone is talking about artificial intelligence. We go back and forth between the humanization of robots and the robots humanizing. Our greatest hope is not to be at the mercy of robots while humanity is dying. The light of hope is not in the light bulb above our heads, but in the hearts. I didn't put a magic lamp in this picture because there are enough modern lamps.

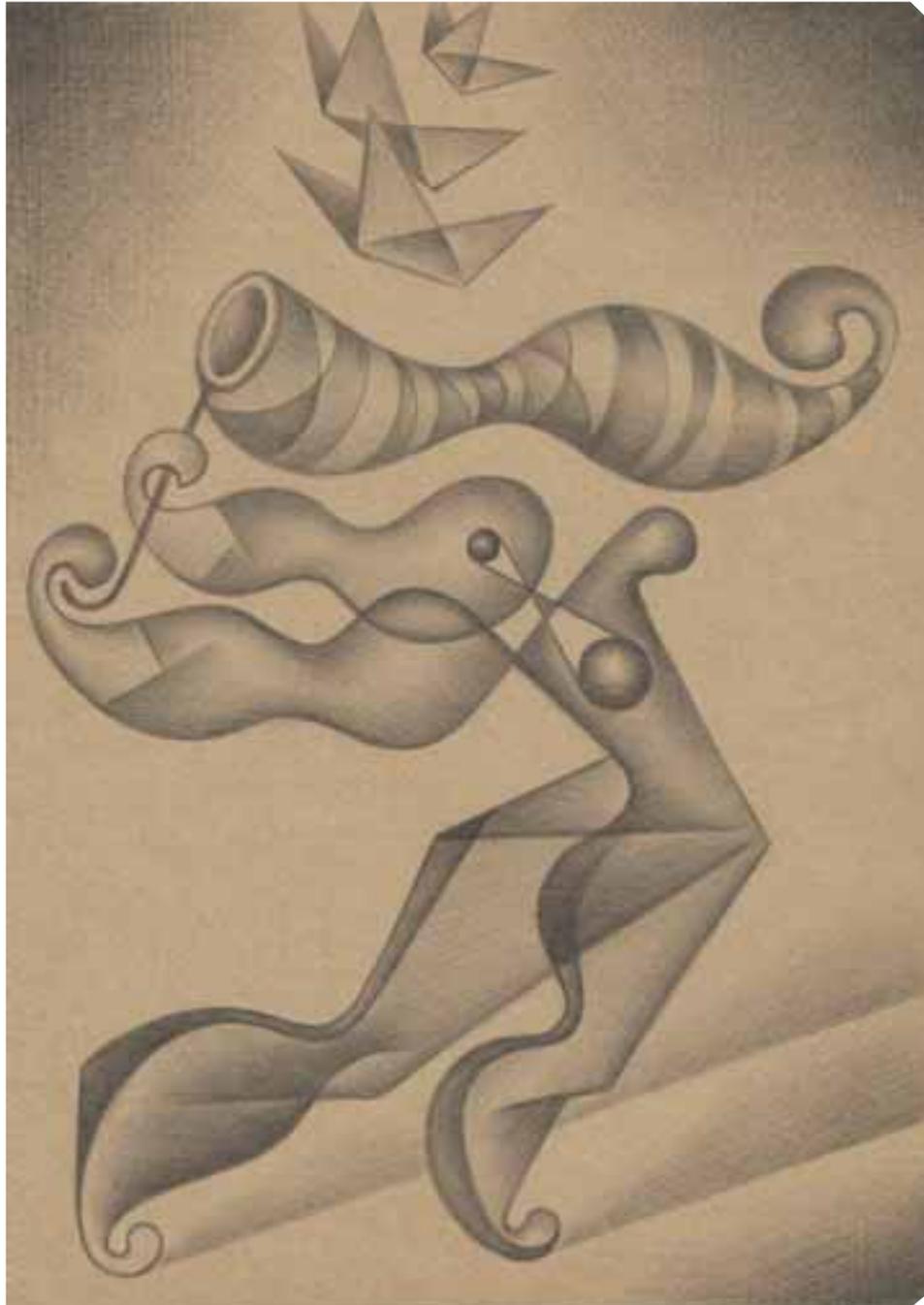


Fevzi Yazici

***Sand Glass***, 2013

Straw paper and drawing pen, 8 ¼ x 6 ⅝ inches

The magic lamp is in many of my paintings. However, in this work, the lamp is not ornamental and performs its function. The genie of the lamp probably asks the man who carries the hourglass three wishes. The first wish is to re-set the sand-finished time and set a sand-finished time again to travel toward the future.



Fevzi Yazici

***Butterfly Effect***, 2012

Straw paper and drawing pen, 8  $\frac{1}{4}$  x 6  $\frac{5}{16}$  inches

The wind of the butterfly leaves the hunter incapable. One of the most delicate and fragile creatures in the world, the butterfly has stretched the hunter's body thoroughly with its underestimated power. It's not clear who's catching who. It is not clear whether the human is above the world, or the world is in the human's heart.



Fevzi Yazici

*I Have a Dream*, 2012

White paper and drawing pen, 8 ¼ x 11 ⅝ inches

A crazy play scene. But it is true and believable enough to be part of a dreamer. It is not a point that our technology is still available to ride a bicycle in bubbles. The big players and minor ones are spread all around and make a lot of noise. The sound of the engine and the horn mixed with the music that comes out of the speakers and makes us deaf. So, what is this all about? To hunt butterflies. This picture is also part of the "BUTTERFLY EFFECT" series. But the butterfly on the target is already gone. In the meantime, I think he did not escape the attention of this picture in a corner of the magic lamp.



Fevzi Yazici

***Courthouse***, 2010

White paper and drawing pen, 8 ¼ x 6 ⅝ inches

This is a courtroom design. Just like the mountains that are ancient and rooted; like granite blocks very firm and unshakable. Its heart is deep in the earth, and its face is in the sun. Its eyes are closed because it is the statue of neutrality at the same time. Like the famous statue of Justice, holding the scales and with its eyes closed, why must it be imprisoned in a corner of the court buildings? Why not build an entire building like a statue? Such a building where the peace of spreading justice can be seen on its face. We want them to come and find justice and happiness. Why not? Maybe a COURTHOUSE can be built this way.



Fevzi Yazici

*Don't Speak*, 2010

White paper and drawing pen, 8 ¼ x 11 ½ inches

Trials on the eye; much can be said and drawn about the eye. No matter how much I try, I don't think I can tell you the importance of an eye. I tried, there's a mix of mind in the picture, letters, buildings, and clouds all over the place and they all want to be seen. Even the lips are eye-shaped, there's no need to talk.



Fevzi Yazici

**Chairman**, 2009

White paper and drawing pen, 8 ¼ x 11 ½ inches

CHAIR + MAN. The idea of making an armchair in the shape of a man, was born when I separated the word chair-man. Why not? Just like people, the chair also has arms and legs. Already the chair is designed according to the human anatomy. Then I put the table and the chairman together and took it one step further. In conclusion, a more powerful position took over the "CHAIRMAN" and emerged onto other figures and has been accepted through authority. Long live the CHAIRTABLEMAN!



Fevzi Yazici

**Chess**, 2009

White paper and drawing pen, 8 ¼ x 11 ½ inches

The human body is like a chess set alone. Most of the time, we must break up into pieces in this wise game of necessity. It won't be easy. The pain surrounds our entire body. The larger part of the pain remains on the pawn with the highest volume. The feet are the fate of the pawns. Life is a game of chess.



Fevzi Yazici

*Egg*, 2009

White paper and drawing pen, 11  $\frac{5}{8}$  x 8  $\frac{1}{4}$  inches

I really like the structure of the dome. The structure on top is the same structure of an umbrella. The easiest way to feel the sky in a closed area is to take refuge in a domed structure. The dome, like the egg, makes you feel solid as you push it from the top. In this work, I created a silky egg consisting of two domes from above. It has twins inside.





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