

HyeBred Magazine

Issue II



Photo: Maria Akopyan



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Letter from the Editor

A Note of Gratitude

It is a huge blessing to finally publish the second issue of HyeBred Magazine. Filled with the art, music, nonfiction, and poetry by some of the most talented Armenians around the world, HyeBred is a platform upon which creative Armenian minds can showcase their brilliant work.

HyeBred Magazine would not be where it is today without you the reader, our contributors, and our magazine's designer Karoun, whose tireless and creative skills have transformed the journal into a work of art itself.

We want HyeBred to connect Armenians from all over the Diaspora to each other and to our Motherland Armenia. The HyeBred team is very grateful for your support in reading the journal and sharing our mission statement with your respective Armenian communities.

We hope to continue to emphasize the importance of creating a strong creative Armenian community.

Thank you

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The HyeBred Team

The HyeBred Team

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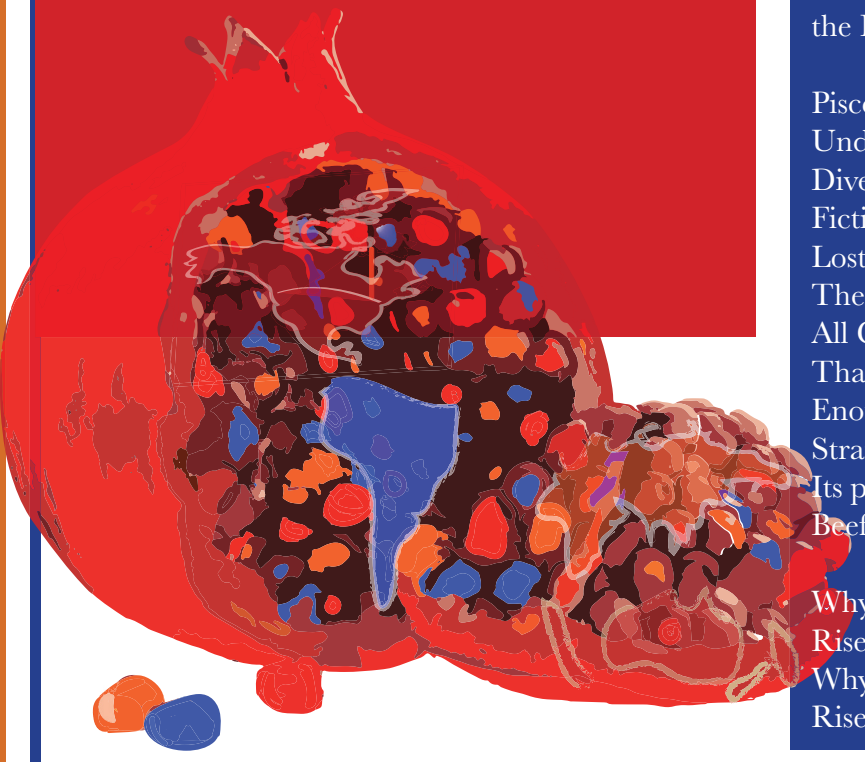
Musicians

Patrick Antonian

From an Old Tale We Come
To The Abyss of the Diaspora We Go,
Spreading Ghettos for Anchor.
Adding Local Colors to the Twisting Braids of
Nostalgia.

From an Old Tale We Come
From Books No Longer Written, Words No
Longer
Created, but Stories ALWAYS told
Do You Remember When?

My Great Aunt Lies in the Syrian Desert, Her
Sister at the Bottom of the Euphrates, Her
Brother in a Ravage Grave in Lebanon, His
Wife in the Rolling Hills of Forrest Lawn.
Where Will Our Children Lie?
How Long A Braid Can Nostalgia Weave? Who
Will Remember Who's Names We Bare?
Who Will Remember Where Our Ghettos Have
Been?
In What Language Will Armenian Be Spoken?



“THE GRAIL”

A Two Piece Poem by Patrick Antonian
& Betty Berberian

April 24th, Power to My People. Take the Streets With
BullHorns, Picket Signs, & Pistols.
Just incase an Ignorant Man is Running up, Wishful to
Uphold Supremacy and Kill My Culture.
Prepare for the Future, but Fly My Fine Line Median
Now.
Later Focusing on Landing and Reaching The Ground.
Cuts Are Still Bleeding, Deleting My Ounces,
Im Constantly Concerned About Freeing Those Down-
sets.

Exposing the Unannounced Deaths of a Genocidal
Outtake.
Feather Mountain in The Middle East, Upon a Great
Lake, Escape from Executioners Hate.
Listen Close to What The Land Sings!
Sand Clings My Ankles, Engulfing my Standing.
My Hands Clinch as They Disappear into the
SandScripts.
Writing is My Natural Way of Freedom Glancing Over
the Hypocritical Given Rights.

Pisces, Yang & Yin. The Most Important Part of My
Understanding
Diverse Versions of Different to Combat The Worlds
Fictional Friction.
Lost Blue Moon Inscriptions Pull The Tides & Crash
The Beach
All Cultures Have A Static With Beasts,
That is Why I Keep My Thoughts Deep, But Close
Enough To Reach, Like Heat.
Straight Faced, A Wise Man Told Me Show No Teeth.
Its peace When It Needs To Be & War If It leads To
Beef.

Why Do you Deny The Genocide, Millions of Cries
Rise From Their Graves Yelling Why.
Why Do You Deny The Genocide, Millions of Cries
Rise From Their Grave

Timeless

By Ruzanna Sukiasyan

Do you hear that?
My clock is ticking slowly
Never ending change
Changing my perspective before me.

Didn't want to close my eyes
Knowing my present would then become my past
How do you hang on to just one moment
Make it last...

I wont let time get to me
I'll get stuck
In a field of gravitational Infinite
Infinitely free
Alone deliberately
Just let me be
Timeless
Moments
Passing
Time is nothing but a Ferris wheel
It goes round and around.

Self Manifesto

By Ruzanna Sukiasyan

In the midst of chaos and destruction
A rose started to bloom
Blood moon
Planet doom
Awaits us
In the midst of chaos and destruction
The cosmos holds the key
The key to change is within consciousness
Are you aw aare of your true self?
You hold the ancient
Wisdom
Is
Within you
Are you aware of your true self?
Love
Thyself
To be able
To create
With
Love

Poetry By David Kherdian

At the Douglas Theatre

We started going to the Douglas Theater after we entered Washington Junior High, because it was there within the confines of our school’s neighborhood, and therefore familiar, and played movies a cut above—or two cuts above—those at the Mainstreet Theatre, where action movies and B Westerns were all that were ever shown.

We went there on weekend afternoons or early evenings to be with our pals, and to meet and mix with girls, who were also eager to learn about us, and together we absorbed the movie messages as best we could, while using our confused lives for comparisons, though they seemed never to fit.

Seated in one of the back rows with Joyce Southwell—I shuddered over the circumstances of Chopin’s life as well as my own, a struggling artist—never dreaming I might also be one some day. There was something in the melodrama of the misunderstood artist that touched something deep within, articulating a destiny I was already unknowingly embarked upon.

And the failure of love to resolve anything at all for Chopin, wasn’t that evident in my own posture and position, wanting to take Joyce Southwell’s hand, but not knowing how such an act of daring and intimacy could possibly be done.

What was his name?

What was his name, the odd boy living next door we thought might be gay, a classmates and neighbor and almost a friend

But forgotten, once he moved away with his family, until one afternoon years later, when I spotted his mother at Petrified Springs

And standing nearby, he was there, too. I thought to shout hello, if only to find out if it was really him but I was playing catch with my uncle and let the moment pass. He of course was too shy and withdrawn to wave at me, while I could have more easily waved over to him. Instead I returned my uncle’s throw and continued our little game of catch.

What are these lessons that ever return, the scene unchanged, with the feeling of loss intact—

Waiting for remorse to rise up into our consciousness, to show us again how we failed a friend.



Chasing Love

By Patrick Antonian

My Heart is Floating in A Motion Thats As Cold as the Ocean
The Treasure Box is Empty & Lost in A Dead Sea
Tired of Chasing Love

The Run-Around
Bury My Treasure Underground
Claim My Throne, Instead of Having a Fake Love, Iv’e Already Died Alone

Resurrected Like a Phoenix
On The Return to Myself, Take The Route Most Scenic
Seasons Change, Unfruitful Land Left Seedless
But Still, The Entire Galaxy is Seamless
Master of Fate

The Club Rats Are All Fake
A Conversation with No Words & All Bass
Stand Face to Face & Tell Lies About Love, Actually Causing it to Turn To Hate

I Am Outta Here
Matter of Fact I In Outer Space
Iv’e Re-Routed The Original Journey
A Path Set in Stone
It Felt Real But I Walked Away Leaving The Jaunt Broken
Still Making A Toast, One Night Acting Like Lovers

Feels Good to Know We Have Loyalty
We Are All Kings & Queens Like Royalty
It Breaks My Heart to Know My Love Has No Buoyancy
It’s Only The Boy In Me.





Photography

By Shushanik Karapetyan

Born in Yerevan, Armenia, Shushanik Karapetyan immigrated to the United States at the age of eleven. As an undergraduate, she majored in Studio Art, Creative Writing, and Psychology. With a master's degree in Mental Health Counseling, she is a psychotherapist by profession and an artist by avocation. In 2013, she participated in a group exhibition at the Irish Art Center, New York, titled Signature of Thought, where she displayed a selection of her meditative line paintings. In 2016, she was part of a group exhibition titled, Art of Intuitive Photography, at Governors Island, New York, where her work portrayed an intuitive snapshot of a moment. She utilizes art as a therapeutic tool with her clients, and her profession as a source of inspiration for self reflection and expression.





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Photography By Maria Akopyan



My name is Maria and I am an ordinary person living in Moscow whose love for photography was awakened by my love for stories of places and people of all possible backgrounds. Photography is an art of storytelling. Main inspiration for me has become to capture the moment and atmosphere of the places where I am, and of course through the prism of my personal vision. My photos are nothing extraordinary despite the fact that they represent part of my soul, my personal story influenced by my heritage and thoughts.







The Identity of an Armenian

By Lucineh Danielian

Identity: such a simple word, yet such a complex concept.

Do we define our own identity? Or does identity define us? Are we masters of our own selves or is our identity predetermined in some way?

I have learned that shaping one's identity is a lifelong journey. A journey that is challenging, thought-provoking, a struggle at times, yet a worthwhile, insightful and valuable lesson of life.

Still I ponder: are we defined by our religion? By our faith? By our culture? By our surroundings? Or do we, as individuals, have the freedom to lead our life journey? And in this respect, how do we define freedom?

Such is the question of identity.

The Armenian genocide has shaped the Armenian culture in so many ways. Ways which seem apparent to the naked eye and secrets that are hidden beneath the depths of the suffering forced upon 1.5 million Armenians in 1915 and passed down through feelings of guilt and sadness. An inner sadness which every Armenian carries each day, an inner guilt which every Armenian learns to live with but is never truly gone.

Identity shaped by guilt and sadness.

This very same identity defined by strength and courage. The strength of the people from the past to fight for a religion, a faith, a culture, an identity, a courage passed down from generation to generation, through prayer, through love, through solidarity and through knowledge.

Identity shaped by strength and courage.

An identity forced into silence. No words to describe the pain felt, no sound to save the fate of many. Yet a silence stronger than words could ever tell, a silence that prevailed in 1915 and remains to this very day.

Identity shaped by silence.



Do we define our own identity? Or does identity define us? Are we masters of our own selves or is our identity predetermined in some way?

An identity that has given so many a voice. A voice that has travelled the world, a voice that marches with the Armenian people and a voice that will never stop echoing until the very day justice is served.

Identity shaped by voice.

An identity strongly encouraged to disappear. A disappearance of approximately 1.5 million Armenian souls, 1915.

A disappearance to occur against one people's will. Yet a disappearance which would later lead to survival, thus that very same voice.

Identity shaped by disappearance.

An identity fighting for life. A life of struggle, a life of pain, a life of tears. Yet a life of strength, a life of solidarity, a life that would and could never truly be taken away.

Identity shaped by life, the most beautiful and wonderful meaning of all. A faith, a culture, a connection and most of all an inner strength which could and would never be taken.

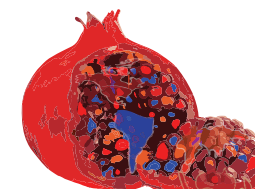
A faith, a culture and a connection celebrated all over the very same world of struggle, pain and commemoration on the traumatic date of the 24th of April.

Identity shaped by life.

An identity shaped by denial, the denial of the Ottoman Empire in 1915, a denial that prevails to this very day.

Identity shaped by denial.

Identity shaped by my beloved grandmother. How gracious and gentle she was, how wonderful and courageous she was and just how full of love she was. An unconditional love shared to this very day. A love that can only make a bond between a grandmother and a granddaughter stronger as each day goes by. An inner and innate strength that cannot be broken. One that cannot be broken even by genocide. Rather, one that is strengthened by genocide.



Identity shaped by my beloved grandmother.

How gracious and gentle she was, how wonderful and courageous she was and just how full of love she was. An unconditional love shared to this very day.

As a child, I was blessed: blessed with the most loving grandmother that one could hope for. A grandmother born only eight years after genocide. A grandmother born into the world during exile with the pain of genocide she would carry growing up. Yet a pain which would not define my grandmother, an Armenian soul descending from this tragedy. My grandmother's warmth was unique, a warmth transferred, shared and conveyed through the art of cooking and food, through sweet sayings and words of wisdom and above all, through the most unique love of a grandmother.

Identity shaped by my grandmother.

As I wonder through the cemetery where my beloved grandmother now rests in peace, I take a journey back to my childhood and remember. As I traverse grave after grave, I remember traversing these very same graves with my grandmother. As I look back, I remember. I remember the many cupboards filled with delicious Armenian treats. I remember walking arm in arm with my grandmother on a warm summer's day and on a cold winter evening. I remember sharing some of the most precious and cherished memories and stories through moments of laughter and moments of tears.

Identity shaped by childhood memories.

Finally, a family descending from a 'forgotten genocide'. Great-grandparents forced to march through deserts, forced to flee the atrocities of 1915, Armenians tortured, killed, starved of food and water, abused and attacked in the most violent ways known to mankind. "They [the Armenians] can live in the desert but nowhere else", declared Talaat Pasha, one of three leaders of the Young Turk movement of the Ottoman Empire. This was to be the fate of 1.5 million Armenian souls.

The Armenian genocide, the very first genocide of the twentieth century: 1915.
Identity shaped by 1915.

The forgotten genocide’ has not been forgotten. In Adolf Hitler’s words: “Who, after all, speaks today of the annihilation of the Armenians?” As I stand and read this oh so powerful and significant statement, I remember. As I write these words, I remember. As I march onto the streets of London, knowing that others are marching all over the world, calling for justice, I remember. As I pray for justice, pray that my dear Armenian ancestors rest in peace, I remember, just as my ancestors, permanently scarred by the pain of 1915 prayed and remembered and just as my descendants will pray and remember in years, decades, centuries and millennia to come.

1915, the year of the Armenian genocide.
Voltaire once wrote: “Writing is the painting of the voice”. As I write, I hope that many around me will hear my voice and use the painting of my voice to remember with me each day: Saturday 24th April 1915.

“Concealing or denying evil is like allowing a wound to keep bleeding without bandaging it!”

—His Holiness Pope Francis, Mass for the Faithful of the Armenian Rite.

Vatican Basilica
Second Sunday of Easter. April 12, 2015.





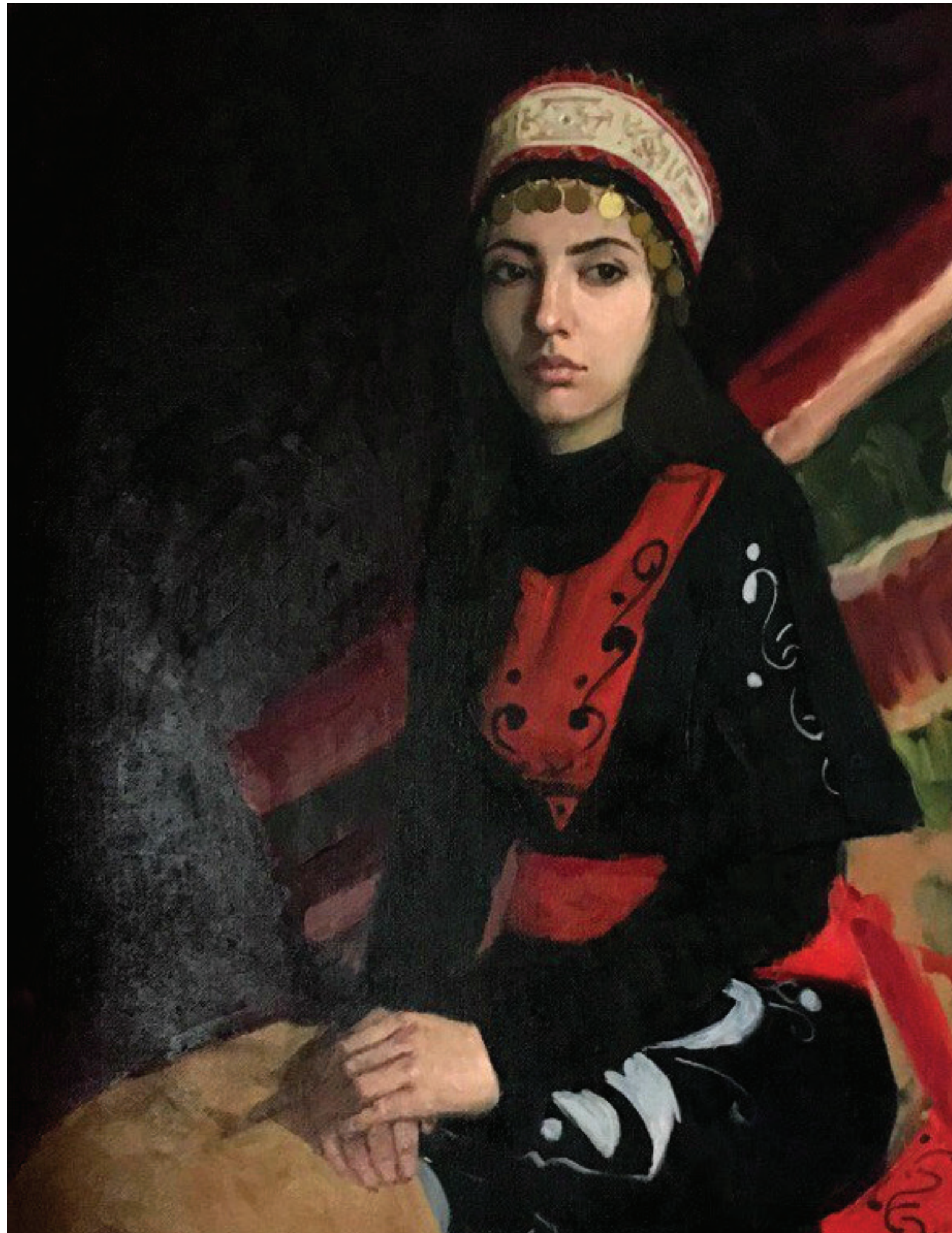
Art by Gamlet Papoyan

My name is Gamlet Papoyan and I am living in Russia since I remember myself, though I was born in Armenia, Vanadzor. I explored my first interest for arts and specifically paintings when my father bought a painting that portrayed Ararat. I took brushes and paint and started to draw Armenia, the way I remembered it. I made a long way to study in the Russian Academy of Painting, Sculpture and Architecture founded by Ilya Glazunov in Moscow. Though, I think it is one of the steps that will bring me closer to interpreting my ideas through my paintings. Drawing for me is not only the technique, it is part of my ideas, my soul and our heritage and our philosophy. My mission as an artist is to explain through the prism of paintings all the importance of history of my nation that has direct influence on our future and how it helps us to become not victims, but overcomers.

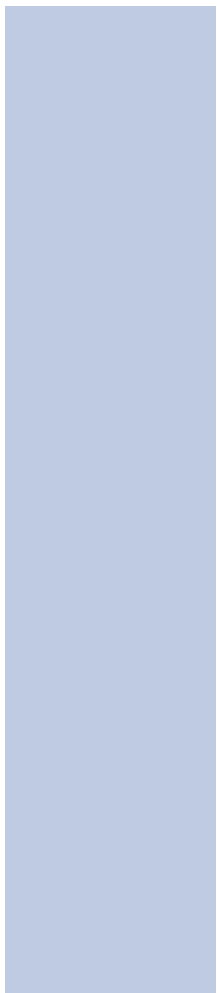




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Original Music By Patrick Antonian

Mytosis



By Myself

By Patrick Antonian

Featuring: Sebu Simonian of Capital Cities

Produced By: Sebu Simonian of Capital Cities

By Myself talks about the turmoil of life and being strong enough to handle things on your own. What role do you play in the world? There is both negative & positive and the question remains: What Side are You On?

[LISTEN HERE](#)

...Let Go of the Heavy Negativity/Hate and Watch Yourself Float...

Patrick Antonian is a Los Angeles based musician. Focusing on music licensing for TV series' with features on FOX, CBS, ABC, TNT, VH1, Spike TV, Netflix, TLC, & more.

Never Afraid

By Patrick Antonian

Featuring: Sebu Simonian of Capital Cities

Produced By: Sebu Simonian of Capital Cities

Never Be Afraid, even in your weakest points. When you are at a life low, the only way to go is up. Let yourself fall apart and put yourself back together the way you envision yourself. After a long period of dark moments, this song just came out. There was no pre-planning or preparing. Sebu Played the beat and the words just came out. I was ready to break out of my negativity and past problems and put myself back together and move on to bigger and better things.

[LISTEN HERE](#)

Biographies

Ruzanna Sukiasyan

Ruzanna Sukiasyan also known as Rooster is an artist of many disciplines, based out of Toronto, Canada. Born in Yerevan, Armenia on April 11, 1993.

I went to school in Armenia until grade 4, and as soon as I learned how to write in Armenian I started writing poetry. I had a calling to continue this path when I later moved to Canada and started writing in English. I graduated from Ryerson University with BFA in Film Studies in 2015 and currently I work as a Videographer, Photographer and enjoy producing music on my free time.

David Kherdian

I have published 23 books of poetry, 74 books in all, that include fiction, memoirs, children's books, biographies, that includes *The Buddha: The Story of an Awakened Life*, also a retelling of the Asian Classic, *Monkey: A Journey To the West*, being a Buddhist allegory, *The Road from Home*, published around the world, finally even in Armenia, and my retelling of David of Sassoun, one of my major achievements that I self-published. I have edited three journals: Ararat, Forkroads: An ethnic American literary journal, and Stopinder: A Gurdjieff Journal for Our Time. I have established three small presses over many years, and I have brought ethnic American literature into the American canon.

Lucineh Danielian

Lucineh Danielian was born in London, England where she grew up and currently resides. She studied Modern Languages at University College London and went on to later complete her Master degree in Child Studies and Child Policy at King's College London. She currently works in education as a language teaching and has a passion for linguistics and writing. Lucineh feels very strongly and passionate about her Armenian roots and has written various articles to raise awareness of the Armenian Genocide.