PEGASUS V Presents:

Bronx Community College's

'83 YEARBOOK
I extend my congratulations to you, the members of the Twenty-third Graduating Class of Bronx Community College, on the occasion of your entrance into the community of the college graduates.

Many of you will undoubtedly become leaders in your chosen professions and in your communities. The Bronx Community college community - the administration, faculty and staff - has done its part by providing you with those skills essential to leadership. What you elect to do with those skills you have acquired is your choice; it is our hope that you choose to contribute in ways that make this world a better place in which to live.

I am proud of your accomplishments thus far, and urge you on to even greater things. Best of Luck!

Roscoe C. Brown, Jr. President
STUDENT LIFE
TILL THE END OF TIME

Last night we kissed good-night,
In the soft pale glow of the moonlight,
Holding hands we spoke of love,
I was the raven,
You were the dove,
Two foolish birds lost in love,
We'll spread our wings and soar on high,
Flying high we'll reach the sky,
We'll fly together,
Till the day we die, forever, till the end of time.
Last night amid the tears of pain,
We saw the love we had was not in vain,
Holding tight we found the strength,
To clear the cobwebbs of our souls, and in the darkness,
We saw the flames of love begin to glow,
And I was the raven.
You were the dove,
Two foolish birds lost in love,
We made a vow to always be, no more alone,
There will always be a we, spreading our wings,
Soaring on high, flying high we reached the sky,
We'll fly together till the day we die,
Forever, till the end of time,
Until the end of time.

by Tracey M. Brown
and Emmanuel M. Vazquez Jr.
"Are you sure of that, sir?"

"A wise man doubts everything. Only a fool is positive."

"Positive."
# BIOLGY AND MEDICAL LABORATORY TECHNOLOGY

## THE FACULTY—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>H. Balter</th>
<th>T. Gladden</th>
<th>K. Prestwidge</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>B. Bates</td>
<td>B. Goodwin</td>
<td>c. Ramos</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. Calabria</td>
<td>F. Haase</td>
<td>L. Rice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. Caruso</td>
<td>J. Hayde</td>
<td>L. Rinaldi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. Costello</td>
<td>R. Heller</td>
<td>A. Ruiz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Davis</td>
<td>H. Hermo</td>
<td>S. Saddler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. Farley</td>
<td>K. Howard</td>
<td>A. Scimia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. Fein</td>
<td>M. Kanuck</td>
<td>A. Sobieraj</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P. Fisher</td>
<td>V. Kissel</td>
<td>L. Squitieri</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. Ford</td>
<td>B. Kostroff</td>
<td>V. Sykes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. Fuld</td>
<td>E. Levitan</td>
<td>R. Thomas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>L. Mills</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The Biology and Med. Laboratory Technology
Department to the Class of '83
BUSINESS AND COMMENCE
THE FACULTY

A. Hirshfield (Chairman)
V. Anderson
J. Bernard
B. Cutler
J. Gorham
M. Horn
W. Hynes
M. May
M. O'Reiordan
M. Pollack
B. Reschen
S. Res
M. Shopkow
H. Sirotta
J. Suarez
P. Tucker
M. Walwyn
H. Weiman

The Business and Commerce Dept.
to the Class of
'83
THE FACULTY

S. Atlas
J. Buckley
R. Clarke
D. Gracian
R. Leinaeng

R. Miller
E. Passer
M. Pulver
H. Stein
I. Zimmerman

J. Riley (Chairman)

The Chemistry Dept. to the Class of '83
COMMUNICATION ARTS AND SCIENCES

THE FACULTY

A. Cosentino  G. Greenfield
M. Diehl  R. King
W. Duncan  A. Lande
N. Gilroy  L. Powell
J. Graham  I. Ronson

M. Stergianopoulos

The Communication Arts and Sciences Department to the Class of '83
THE FACULTY

J. Gutwirth
G. Lankevich
S. Miranda
J. Ryan
W. Sokolsky
J. Wiczerzak

The History Department to the Class of '83
# Health and Physical Education

## The Faculty

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>M. Wenzel</th>
<th>R. Salgado</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>G. Constantine</td>
<td>S. Schwartz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I. DeCicco</td>
<td>H. Skinner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. Genova</td>
<td>C. Smith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Juechter</td>
<td>M. Stern</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Katz</td>
<td>M. Steuerman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. Kelemen</td>
<td>J. Whelan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. Kor</td>
<td>F. Wong</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The Health and Physical Education Department to the Class of '83
SOCIAL SCIENCES

THE FACULTY

K. Berger  
M. Chang  
C. Daley  
A. Galub  
H. Harris  
L. Kovar  
T. Krainovich

P. Morrill  
H. Robbins  
E. Rolnick  
A. Schwartz  
R. Strieby  
W. Wahlin  
A. Wolk

The Social Sciences
Department to the Class of '83
PHYSICS

THE FACULTY

L. DeAcetis (Chairman)
R. Arroyo
P. Bullock
K. Pomeranz
J. Prince
D. Sacher
M. Todorovich

The Physics Department
to the Class of '83
MATHMATICS

THE FACULTY

L. Alpern
M. Bates
M. Bennett
M. Berman
G. Bhalla
S. Birnbaum
R. Buianoukcas
T. Finnegan
K. Foparty
S. Forman

S. Friedlander
H. Frisz
J. Furst
M. Glass
G. Gifer
N. Gore
S. Greenspan
H. Jick
E. Just

B. Kabak
P. Klarreich
G. Liebiich
R. Miller
J. O'Sullivan
A. Paulay
J. Rothschild
N. Schaumberger
B. Stein
J. Trent

The Mathematics Departments
to the Class of '83
MODERN LANGUAGE

THE FACULTY

J. D'Andrea
F. Deluca
L. Gorycki
R. Gourin
P. Lalli
A. Lessard
D. McCulloch

L. Pinto
A. Pomerantz
A. Resto
F. Stabile
J. Taylor
S. Wilkofsky
H. Winterfieldt

The Modern Language Department
to the Class of '83
LIBRARY AND LEARNING RESOURCES

THE FACULTY

D. Anaman-Lumley
M. Bishop
J. Comacho
D. Canton
A. De Matteo
V. Di Salvo
R. Donner
M. Eisenhemid
R. Fucci
V. Gerowski

D. Hadgis
E. Jeffers
J. Kim
O. Klymowycz
J. Kolliner
E. Leahy
P. Lonon
H. Mazur
M. Messinger
C. Mullen

L. Ossenkopp
W. Osterbach
A. Peretz
A. Perino
J. Rackovsky
J. Richards
M. Rosenstock
P. Schwartz
L. Silverman
R. Silverman

J. Skurdenis
E. Terry
U. Trentin
J. Valerio
E. Walker
C. Wanger
R. Wentzak
V. Zarkin

The Library and Learning Resources Department of the Class of '83
NURSING

THE FACULTY

A. Fuller
F. Anderson
L. Augustus
P. Baskett
D. Blois
J. Brand
D. Darby
V. Foster
D. Frank
J. Gardinier

A. Gotta
W. Huang
A. Jackson
B. Katz
A. Levey
C. Lofstedt

M. Meenan
J. Patterson
A. Sclafani
A. Smith
C. Sorge
C. Tarpey
J. Tarsney
R. Tate
M. Walsh
M. Yuen

The Nursing Department
to the Class of '83
MUSIC AND ART

THE FACULTY

R. Bass                      E. Kissel
N. Canion                   J. Magaziner
V. Cupers                   P. Rosenfeld
J. D'Angelo                 M. Sätzberg
S. Eversole                 P. Schira
J. Hamell                   L. Simon
E. Kissel

F. Sharpe

The Music and Art Department
to the Class of '83
ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGIES

THE FACULTY

H. Tyson (Chairman)
P. Berger
J. Bossone
C. Gean
S. Lawrence
N. McLaughlin

S. Ritterman
O. Rodzianko
M. Stillerman
N. Lopuchin
N. Trotman
M. Topaz

The Engineering Technologies Department to the Class of '83
ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

The Faculty

C. Ausar
I. Berger
A. Beringause
M. Cummins
J. DeMetro
R. Donovan
R. Gosselin
L. Gottesman
N. Grill
N. Sandrow
A. Schwartz
J. Spielberger
B. Witlieb
Z. William
S. Zimmerman
J. Hall
T. Kubis
G. Lebowitz
L. Lieberman
D. Lowenthal
B. Mandelbaum
M. Matthew
G. Motola
P. Read

The English Department to
the Class of '83
I WONDER HOW TO DIE

I WONDER HOW TO BLOW MY MIND
TO BE AWARE OF ALL
TO KNOW WHAT MOTIVATES MANKIND
TO KNOW HOW IT WILL FALL
TO LOOK FOR WHAT I WANT AND FIND
MY MIND NOT BLOWN AT ALL
I WONDER HOW TO CHANGE MY WAYS
TO KNOW I HAVE DONE WRONG
TO TRY TO PUT LIFE IN DEATHS PHASE
TO KNOW LIFE IS NOT LONG
TO LEAVE THE WORLD IN TROUBLED DAYS
MY WAYS NOT WEAK BUT STRONG
I WONDER HOW TO MEET MY NEEDS
TO SATISFY MYSELF

TO FEEL NOTHING WHEN SOMEONE BLEEDS
TO KNOW I NEED NOT HELP
TO REAP FROM FORMERLY SOWN SEEDS
THE FRUITS FORBIDDEN STILL
I WONDER HOW TO BEAT MY FATE
TO PULL MY ESSENCE THROUGH TO BE AHEAD AND NEVER LATE
TO KNOW JUST WHAT TO DO
TO LEARN WHEN TO INVESTIGATE
THE THINGS THAT OTHERS DO
I WONDER WHY I WONDER SO
WHY I MUST SEE ALL
WHY OTHER PEOPLE ARE SO SLOW
WHY THEY ALWAYS STALL
TO KNOW ALL THATS MEANT TO KNOW
AND NEVER HAVE TO FALL
CONGRATULATION TO THE CLASS OF 1983

BRONX COMMUNITY ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

181 ST AND UNIVERSITY AVENUE
BRONX, NEW YORK 10953

Ms. Janet Frazier (REP)
call (212) 220-6292 for more information.
Dear Graduates,

This brief message of congratulations is sent to you at this very important time in your life and mine. Commencement for you means a beginning — a change, and retirement for me has the same significance.

During our years at Bronx Community College, we have shared many experiences which should have made us wiser and more resourceful. I hope that your future educational pursuits will be rewarding, that your dreams and goals will be realized, and that your life will be filled with health, peace, happiness and prosperity.

CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES ALWAYS!

Dr. Gloria L. Hobbs
Dean Emeritus
Bronx Community College
IN HONOR OF WORLD WAR II

ONE OF THE FIRST ALL BLACK FLYING SQUADRONS, WE DEDICATE THIS PAGE TO THEM. WE ARE ALSO PROUD OF THE FACT THAT OUR OWN ROSCOE C. BROWN JR. FLEW WITH THEM AND FOUGHT WITH THEM. BLACK EAGLES WE SALUTE YOU!

Roscoe C. Brown
Bronx Community College
Theatre Workshop
presents
IN WHITE AMERICA
HECTOR CARVAJAL

IN MEMORIE OF A FALLEN STUDENT
I'LL BE HERE WHERE THE HEART IS . . .

Whenever your lonely,
Whenever there's no happiness to wipe away your tears,
No matter how dark your days become,
I'll be here where the heart is . . .
I'll be there during the dark times and sad,
I'll be there when your times are good and bad,
Whenever you need a friend,
Whenever you need a kind word,
No matter who your new love has become,
I'll be here where the heart is . . .
I'll be there in your memories,
I'll be there in your deepest dreams,
I'll always love you; even though you hurt me this bad,
I'll be here where the heart is . . .
No matter where you are,
I'll be here inside your heart,
As your conscience, and your guiding light,
I'll be here where the heart is . . .

Emmanuel Vazquez
TO ACHIEVE ALL THAT IS POSSIBLE

WE MUST ACCEPT THE IMPOSSIBLE.

-M-
WE DO NOT REMEMBER DAYS,
WE REMEMBER MOMENTS
CESARE PAVESE
SPECIAL GUESTS
LA FAMILIA
MS. DAVIS
DANCE
DANCE
DANCE
WORDS . . .
As the Nova explodes,
A new horizon begins to emerge,
Thus the image of the Nova is magnified,
And the opulent splendor is breathtaking.

Our lives can be reflected by the Nova,
We must discover our potential and develop,
Our abilities,
The perception we have of ourselves,
And our achievements will make us glow,
As the Nova does.

Keep a clear perspective of your goals,
And you will rise like the NOVA.

by Laura Sanchez,
and Keith Kerr.
GRADUATION

The time has finally come to pass
When you can say at last,
Goodbye to the halls
So long to the walls
You can forget about the paper and pen
That were a part of it then
No more sitting in the lunchroom
Waiting to see if you've passed or your doomed
No more chalk,
No more teacher's talk,
No more term papers to write,
No more staying up cramming at night,
No more buses, No more trains,
No more hustling out in the snow and the rain.
No more deans aid,
To barter for your rightful grade.
And for heaven's sake,
No more test to take,
Everybody lift your voice,
It's a time to rejoice,
Show your elation,
Because it's time for graduation.

by Mark Roberts
DARKNESS FOREVER

Here I wander,
Time to ponder,
No place to go,
No rest for a poor tormented soul,
Now that you've gone,
I'm trapped in a land of Never, Never,
In a land of Darkness Forever,
You lit my world with your love,
I was blinded by the light,
Now here I am,
Just a victim of the night,
I've known of no love like yours,
No, no never,
Here I am without you,
In a land called Darkness Forever
Only you can unlock me from this hell,
It doesn't take any special type of magic spell
Only you can make my sadness disappear,
With just three words,
You can dry my tears
And bring me the happiness I once lost,
In a place called Darkness Forever

Emmanuel Vazquez
FEELINGS

If I were cheerful and gay,
Strong, brave, and fearless in facing each day,
Couragous, ambitious,
Not subject to fear,
Anxieties, tension, and false-flooding tears.
If I were all the things mentioned above,
I'd more deserve,
But less need your love . . . . . . .

Derek Maximilian Hill 3rd.
Footprints

As I walk over fallen city snow,
I leave foot prints that seem to be leading somewhere.
And yet, I don't know where I'm going.

by Ruth Acevedo
THE WANDERER

The face of the wanderer was deadly and chill,
His body mighty and stood forever still,
The moon stood so wide with its gleam of pride,
The winds blew alone in the gold of the moon,
The trees wailed with the laughter of the mighty waves,
That rolled in a tune of a harmony bliss,
The wanderer drew his sword and with a swift thrust,
Plunged it deep into his heart,
The moon stood there smiling and mocking the fool,
Yet said not a word!

By Ruth Acevedo '83
To The Class Of 83

Time will have no end, no beginning for us,
In our lives we will encounter many obstacles,
Some we will wrestle with much vigor,
And others we will carelessly step over.
In order to continue our journey,
Our trail of happiness will have no length,
Our ocean of sorrow will have no depth,
But we will survive.

And thus we shall emerge as
The final triumph of destiny.

by Ruth Acevedo '83"
A MAN & A WOMAN

A Man and A Woman,
Coming together,
In the middle of a vast, empty desert,
Looking for love that will last forever,

Two innocent dreamers,
Facing each other by chance,
They search for Romance,
In the Well of each others souls,

Just a Man and a Woman,
Lost in each others embrace,
In her ear He whispers,
"Nothing else matters, only us!"

Two people lost in the Desert of Destiny,
Where the Winds of Fate blow,
And the Sands of Time Whirl,
Innocent dreamers looking for a perfect dream,

Two victims of love,
And it's sad little game,
Naked as the day they were born,
Just a Man and A Woman in love!

Damien Blackthorn III
3/5/83
NO WORDS NEEDED

A man and a woman
Well past their prime.
All alone on a porch
Sit rocking in their chairs.
Filled with the memories of what once was,
They turn to each other and smile,
No word's are needed,
They are in love.

by Tracey M. Brown
IT'S DIFFICULT - BUT REWARDING . . . .

. . . . . TO BELIEVE WHEN OTHERS ARE DOUBTING
TO WORK WHEN OTHERS ARE DREAMING
TO CARE WHEN OTHERS ARE NEGLECTING
TO GIVE WHEN OTHERS ARE GRASPING
TO FORGIVE WHEN OTHERS ARE CONDEMNING
TO SMILE WHEN OTHERS ARE COMPLAINING
TO PRAISE WHEN OTHERS ARE CRITICIZING
TO BUILD WHEN OTHERS ARE DESTROYING
TO RISK WHEN OTHERS ARE HESITATING
TO SERVE WHEN OTHERS ARE DEMANDING
TO PERSIST WHEN OTHERS ARE QUITTING.

BY WILLIAM WARD
STEPS TO SUCCESS

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKED AT THE DOOR;
COURAGE ANSWERED AND LET HIM IN.
INSTERESE INQUIRED ABOUT THE NATURE OF HIS BUSINESS;
HOPE AND AMBITION CONFERRED APART.
CAUTION ASKED TO SEE HIS CREDENTIALS;
LOGIC DEBATIED WHERE AND WHEN SUCH A THING COULD
BE DONE, AND WHO COULD DO IT.
BUT FAITH SAID, "WHEN DO WE START?"
OPPORTUNITY AWAITS


NO CHANCE? WHY, THE WORLD IS JUST EAGER FOR THINGS THAT YOU OUGHT TO CREATE IT'S STROKE OF TRUE WEALTH IS STILL MEAGER, IT'S NEEDS ARE INCESSANT AND GREAT; DON'T WORRY AND FRET, FAINT HEARTED, THE CHANCES HAVE JUST BEGUN. FOR THE BEST JOBS HAVEN'T BEEN STATED THE BEST WORK HASN'T BEEN DONE.

BY BERTON BRALEY
THE WAKING DREAM

I WAKE UP IN THE MORNING,
EMERGING FROM A WORLD OF CARE FREE DREAMS,
to find the sun aglow,
I HEAR THE BIRDS HUMMING,
WHAT SONG I DO NOT KNOW,
AND AS I RISE UP OFF MY PILLOW,
AND RUB MY SLEEPY EYES,
it is to find a world,
OF REALITY AND LIES.

BY TRACEY M. BROWN
ALONE

There is nothing here,
Only silence,
And my tears,
There is no joy,
No love to show,
Here I am Rejected like some broken toy,
Waiting by the phone,
Wanting you to call,
Wishing you were here,
So I wouldn't be all alone.

Emmanuel M. Vazquez Jr.
TO BRONX COMMUNITY COLLEGE

Friendship defies age
And ignores distance.
It weathers the hard times
And shares the good.
Together we have found this
Our friendship has provided
Acceptance and understanding in a world
That pushes people apart.
But it will always remain
With the memories of the times we
Have shared knowing how fortunate
I am to be able to tell you this.

(No signature provided.)
IN SOLITUDE

The sun shines
Brightly out of doors.
While the wind,
Rustles gently through the trees
But I in solitude.
Sit behinds closed doors,
With nothing but old Memories.

by Tracey M. Brown
WE DREAM OF THE FUTURE
REMINisce ON THE PAST
AND HOPE THAT THE PRESENT
WILL FOREVER LAST.
WE START OFF AT THE BOTTOM
AND WORK OUR WAY UP
AND FINALLY WE END UP AS
SENIORS!
WE LEARN TO GROW AND MATURE
IN WAYS
WHICH MAKE US STAND TALL AND
PROUD TO SAY!
"WE'RE STUDENTS OF BRONX COMMUNITY COLLEGE
AND PROUD TO BE JUST THAT
WE'RE READY FOR THE FUTURE
'CAUSE THE FUTURE IS FOR NO ONE BUT US!"

BY WILMA VASQUEZ
YOU

As the days and months go by
I miss you
I am waiting for that day,
so I can caress and kiss you
This world of mine
does not exist without you
I can't wait 'till I see you.
Whenever I get that chance
I will propose to you
I cannot survive a week
without you communicating with me
You are exotic, wonderful, and sweet
I will always remember, remember
You!

By Rex B. Nelson
There is a darkness,
I know not where.
There is a darkness
That is full of despair.

There is a blackness
Which comes out at night.
There is a blackness
That has no light.

There is hatred
That has no name.
There is hatred
That walks with shame.

There is evil
That lurks in my mind.
There is evil
That's older than all of time

There is an imagination
That is deep with crime.
There is an imagination
That which all I have
Said is just in your mind.

By Saul Sanchez
MOMENTS . . .

There are things
Like the way she smiles.
That makes your heart sing
And I know you hope it stays in style.

When the night is dark
She’s there by your side.
Walking in the park
Holding hands side by side.

Life is funny that way.
It’s the moments that mean alot.
Not today or tomorrow, but yesterday.
You want to go back but you, today and
Tomorrow, are all you’ve got.

I look back on the good things I’ve done
And it brings a grin to my face.
It was so easy then, so much fun
Yet, those days are gone and I feel no
Disgrace.

From the past
I’ve learned what I can do
That will last
And that can’t be said by quite a few.

That’s why I can say today.
I know where I’m going and where I’ve been.
And though yesterday is a place I can’t stay,
I know the special moments will happen again.

By Mark Roberts
MEMORIES
LIKE LEAVES FALLING FROM DORMANT TREES,
LIKE CHALK-DUST DISPERSED BY A GENTLE BREEZE,
SO THOSE MOMENTS OF LAUGHTER,
AND GOOD TIMES WILL SOON TURN INTO MEMORIES,
THEY WILL SINK DEEP IN MY MIND,
MEMORIES OF HAPPINESS,
THAT I WILL NEVER FORGET,

BY LAURA SANCHEZ '83
BITTER ARE THE TEARS OF A CHILD:
SWEETEN THEM.
DEEP ARE THE THOUGHTS OF A CHILD:
QUEST THEM.
SHARP IS THE GRIEF OF A CHILD:
TAKE IT FROM HIM.
SOFT IS THE HEART OF A CHILD:
DO NOT HARDEN IT.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN
SUBMITTED BY GISLAINE AUGUSTINE
THE BEAST

The Beast was a prisoner,
Caged within a prison of cold steel,
Shut out from the world around him,
Cursed never to know love,

The Beast was an ugly and vile creature,
Whose deformed and huge bulky shape,
Moved about sluggishly in its cage,
As a tormented animal,

Just beyond the Beast's cage,
There grew a rose,
A rose like no other rose,
A rose unspoiled, untouched, like no other,
And the Beast knew it must have the rose,
If it were ever to know love.

The Beast stretched its huge, deformed arm out,
Between the cold, steel bars of its cage.
But, alas, the Beast could not reach the rose,
For it was beyond his reach.

Yet, the Beast refused to give up.
It reached out for the rose again and again,
But each time,
The rose evaded the Beast's grasp,
Every now and then, the Beast would just touch the rose,
It would just graze the rose with its fingernail,
And for that moment,
The Beast felt the love of the rose course through,
His body,

As the years rolled by,
The Beast grew older and weaker,
Soon, the burden of reaching the rose,
Became too great a task for the Beast,
So he sat there and stared at the rose,

As it watched,
Others of the animals in the jungle,
Came forth and touched the rose,
And discovered the love within it.

"This is not fair", thought the Beast, "Why should they
Touch the rose and not I!"

Soon, the pain in the Beast's heart was too great,
And the Beast killed himself,
Slowly as the life slipped from his body,
A strong summer breeze came forth,
And tore the rose from the ground,

Where it floated gently into the Beast's cage,
And rested near the Beast's body,
A tear formed in the Beast's eye,
And raced down its cheek,

It was not a tear of happiness,
But one of sadness,
For now the Beast had love,
But now it would be no more!

Emmanuel Vazquez
DEVOTIONS

IF LIFE WERE DEVOTED FOR HAPPINESS
WHY THE SORRY, GUILT, AND LIES.
IF LOVE WERE DEVOTED FOR HAPPINESS
WHY THE JEALOUSY, ADULTERY, AND PAIN.
IF TIME WERE DEVOTED FOR TOGETHERNESS
WHY MISUNDERSTANDINGS, MISINTERPRETATIONS,
AND BREAKUPS.
IF WE WERE DEVOTED FOR EACH OTHER
WHERE IS OUR MUTUAL AGREEMENTS, AND PLANS
NO ONE CAN UNDERSTAND, OUR
LIFE, LOVE.

THE INNERMAN
BY REX B. NELSON
THE GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT IS

TO GO WHERE YOU WANT TO GO
TO BE WHAT YOU WANT TO BE
TO DO WHAT YOU WANT TO DO
TO LIVE YOUR LIFE AS YOU SEE FIT
TO BE FREE AND TO TRY YOUR BEST
TO MAKE NOTHING INTO SOMETHING YOU ALWAYS DREAM OF
BUT THE MOST IMPORTANT PART TO REMEMBER IS
THAT NO ONE IS GREATER THAN YOU
ALL OF YOU HAVE A GIFT
THAT GIFT IS LIFE
ALL OF THIS MY FRIENDS
IT JUST PART OF YOU

BY WILMA VASQUEZ
THE WORLD'S GREATEST FOOL

SOMEBEERE THERE SHOULD BE
FOR ALL THE WORLD TO SEE
A STATUE OF A FOOL MADE OF STONE
THE VISION OF A MAN
WHO LET LOVE SLIP THROUGH HIS HAND
NOW HE'S LEFT ALL ALONE
SO BUILD A STATUE
BUILD IT OH SO HIGH SO THE WORLD CAN SEE
AND INSCRIBE "THE WORLD'S GREATEST FOOL"
AND NAME IT AFTER ME.

BY PANDA 83
Love is...
like the ocean waves.

Love is...
caring & understanding,
the other person.

Love is...
like the heaven's above,
for everlasting.

Love is...
something that only one,
could make it happen.

Love is...
dreams come true,
about you & me.

Maria Isabelle Colon
THE COIN

God gave us two ends:
One to sit on and
One to think with.
Success depends upon
Which one we use most.
Head we win:
Tails we lose!

Author Unknown
Submitted by Gislaine Augustine
WORDS . . .
NIGHTMARES

They're after me.
I'm tired, but I must keep moving and try to find a way out of the Maze. The Siren is almost deafening. My head feels like it's about to swell up and burst. It is hard to think. I have no idea of my whereabouts or of where I am headed. I must keep running. I hear them coming. I can hear their mouths munching and crunching as they move along the Maze after me. They are closing in on me, I must find a way to escape.

The Maze is endless. It is like being in the pit of Hell itself, a land of eternal darkness. And I am beginning to think that there is no escape, no way out of the Maze. I am trapped. My legs feel like Jell-o, ready to collapse under me at any moment. I must not allow that. Any mistakes and they will have me. I do not wish to die. I must keep moving.

The Siren is getting louder and louder. I know the Monsters are near now. It is only a matter of time. My entire body is covered in sweat and my lungs want to explode. There is a sharp jabbing pain below my left lung, by my diaphragm. I want to stop but I know I can't. They are too close now. I can hear them munching their way towards me. I am going to die. I know it.

"Why did you have to be so stupid!" I tell myself. Why did you have to get sore at the old gypsy and break his machine off? Why! So what, so what if you lost five dollars worth of credits in his Pac-Man machine. So what if he refused to give you your money back. So what? Do you remember what you said to the old man? "What you gonna do old timer? Put me in the Pac-Man
machine and let the monsters get me?" Remember how you laughed?
Why ain't you laughing now?
Don't you find this funny? Har-Har!
I get a cramp in my leg and fall. "This is it" I know it. What a way to die. I
lie on the floor of the Maze, holding my leg as the Pac-Man approaches me.
It's eyes are fixed on me with hateful vengeance and it's teeth yearn to taste
my blood. I cry out! but, it is too late.
It is upon me.

Steve Harris awoke from his dream with a sudden fright. A cold sweat
covered his huskey, well-bulit body. He shivered with fear.
"God! What a weird dream!" he said to himself.
Putting on his terri robe, he gets out of bed and makes his way to the
bathroom. Turning on the flourescent light, Steve was temporarily blinded
by the brightness of it. He rubbed his eyes till they felt better. Steve looked
into the mirror which was hanging over the sink and examined his face.
"What a dream!" he thought, fully unaware of the sound of the Siren in
the distance. Steve let out a chuckle and filled up a glass of water. He drank
it, suddenly, the glass fell out of Steve's hand and crashed on the hard tile
floor. The Siren." It was the siren!!
But he had heard his warning much too late.
The munching sound came from behind him . . . . . . .
PRESIDENTIAL SENIOR AWARDS 1983

Dr. Roscoe C. Brown Jr.
MY LOVE SONG

MY LOVE SONG,
WILL BE A BLACK LOVE SONG
FULL OF MEMORIES,
RICH WITH SPICES
OF EBONY FACES
STARING OUT WITH EYES
BLOODSHOT WITH FEVER;
FEVER OF BLACK MOMMA’S PAIN
RISING FROM HER GUT
SAVING HER BLACK SON (CHILD)
FOR BLACKER DAYS.
BLACK MOMMA’S
PAIN, MISERY AND SACRIFICE
WERE NOT MADE
FOR WHITEWASHED TODAYS.
MOMMA PAINED
SO HER BLACK SON
COULD SING
BLACK SONGS,
AND WRITE BLACK POEMS,
OF BLACK LOVE,
TO BLACK QUEENS.

BY BOB BRYAN 1973
Here it is, finally, your 1983 yearbook!

We started on it late, so naturally, the yearbook came out late. Yet, I and my staff believe this is THE BEST yearbook put out. In this yearbook we have assembled some of the greatest talents this campus has to offer.

As you flip through the pages of Pegasus V, you'll find some very impressive photography, beautiful art work, and poetry to make you cry, smile and reminisce.

I am very proud of this yearbook, as well as any staff. We, together, have poured all our blood, sweat, and tears in this book which you're holding. We hope you will enjoy it and cherish it through the years to come.

EMMANUEL M. VASQUEZ
EDITOR OF PEGASUS V
PEGASUS
V
STAFF
UNSUNG HEROES

THEY care for the buildings and grounds, they try to make sure everything is nice to look at, when we walk around.

while inside the buildings, you have the people who try and keep the paper work down.

Everywhere else and in between you have the gals and guys in blue, who try to keep us all safe and sound.

mimi
What you are is God's gift to you . . . what you become is your gift to God!

-Unknown-
I WOULD CELEBRATE

If people could see the truth
before the twilight of their lives
See that we're all the same
with their very own eyes

No matter
your color or religion
or beliefs or morals
we're all human

To see every race & creed
Walking hand in hand
Knowing there's no difference
once we reach the promise land.

If these things could happen
the end of wars, anger, and hate.
I'd be so happy
That I would Celebrate.

Mark Roberts
MORE
STUDENT
LIFE
BRONX COMMUNITY
COLLEGE CAMPUS
NO TRESPASSING

And they wonder why some people never go to class.
Look a roach! Kill it! Kill it!

NAAAAH!
The Mary Jane Girls.

Shhii!
Oh, Michael stop!

Yeah, he's dead.
“Gee, he looks so cool. I wish I knew what his name was.”

“He did what with you? Where!”
Yes, she really thinks she's Carol Burnett.

Ooh! I asked to see your I.D Not That!
Yeah! Wow! Gee!
Look it this! Look it this!

Gee, I wonder where everyone went?
SENIORS
SENIORS
THE GLASS

There you are,
Glistening in the dark,
Like someone I know,
Winking at me.

Come to me,
You seem to say,
And I mesmerized by your glow,
Answer your call,

In you I find,
Escape from all my old flars,
An unreal escape,
From my painful reality,
Thank you my so called friend,
For being there,
When I needed you,
My buddy, The Glass.

Mark Roberts
GRADUATION DAY
MY PERSONAL GRADUATION PHOTO'S
Pop's Deli wishes to thank the class of 1983 for their patronage.

Pop's Deli has been a member of the community for 18 years.

We cater parties, social events, weddings, and school events. We make all pies on premise and all hot meals also made on the premises.

FROM THE PEOPLE WHO CARE --
- POP'S DELI
69 West Burnside Ave.
Bronx, New York

Best wishes class 1983

From Manny and the staff of Automatique
GOOD FRIENDS

MEMORIES