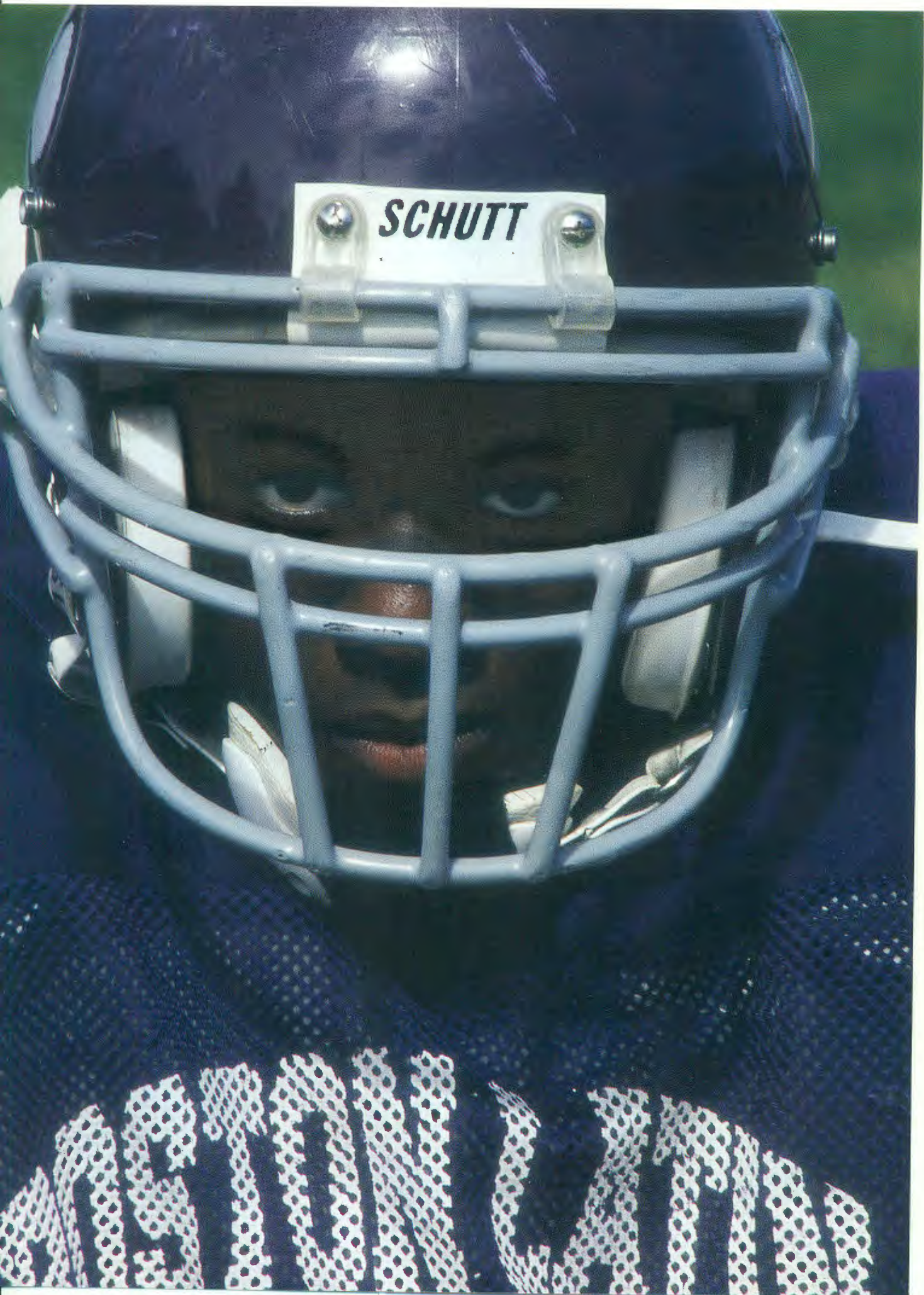


FALL 2003 BULLETIN

BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

A DAY IN THE LIFE page 16

A Documentary Look at Senior Marvin Cine



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK MORELLI

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF SENIOR MARVIN CINE

BY ELAINE McARDLE

It's a glorious September afternoon, the kind that sings with highest praise of New England autumn: bright sun, cooling breeze, a thin smear of clouds across an azure sky. On a balding field four blocks from Boston Latin School, six rows of purple-jerseyed boys kick up red dust as they march, then skip, to the football coach's insistent whistle.

"Heels up! Heels up!" the coach barks, and 48 players fueled by adolescent energy

lift their legs higher. Some are tall and heavily muscled; some have skinny little bandy legs peeking from beneath their spandex pants; some are so short you wince as they charge another player. Some peach-faced boys don't look old enough to be on the field.

Passersby are lured to the uniquely American spectacle. An elderly couple out walking with a grandchild stop to take a seat in the bleachers; a Rastafarian leans

against a tree. A hundred yards away, neighborhood kids engage in a game of pickup basketball, their shouts providing background music for the scene.

Oh, to be 17 again, to be amongst your friends on a perfect New England afternoon, to be out in the sun and the air with not a care in the world but to lift those legs higher, to tackle harder, to respond to the next command from your coach.

Not a care in the world.

For senior Marvin Cine, team co-captain and a top scholar whose sights are set on Harvard or Duke or Columbia, part two of his day has just begun.

"Good clock!" yells the coach as Marvin collides loudly with another player. "Finally, some noise coming out of these helmets!"

He knocks his partner down again, hard. At six feet and 205 pounds, Marvin is one of the largest players on the team, and the other boy thuds heavily to the ground. Marvin reaches down to help him up.

By the time he hit the field today, Marvin had been charging hard for nine hours — nine hours of AP French and AP Latin and AP English, of reading "The Iliad" aloud and computing statistics, of dashing through the crowded corridors from one classroom to the next. Now, for the next three hours, he scrimmages and runs sprints and catches pass after pass after pass. Most importantly, he exhorts his teammates to work harder. There's a game Saturday, and BLS has endured a dismal football record in recent years.

Marvin wants that to change. Over the summer, he packed on 20 pounds of muscle, working up to bench-pressing 300 pounds as his biceps moved toward NFL proportions. "It's the first thing I noticed about him this year," offers April Nieves, a senior on the Pep Squad.

Just before practice ends, the sun at its warmest and brightest in a final stab through the sky before fading behind clouds, Marvin races down the field and reaches up, up, up, fingers splayed, to catch a perfect spiral. In the wind sprints, he's the fastest in his line, pulling ahead of the other boys, competing not with them but with himself, answering to some challenge only he can hear.

"Do not stop with three yards to go!" an angry coach shouts to the exhausted team. "I got people pulling up three yards short!"

The message grabs at Marvin. In the final sprint, he charges even faster, leaving his line far, far behind.

A SENIOR MORNING

"In everything that I've done, I've never failed. Knowing that there is someone better than me, someone smarter than me, someone faster than me, only makes me work harder."

It's 6:15 a.m. on a Tuesday morning, this second week of the new school year, and there's no sign of life on this quiet residential street in Hyde Park. Inside a two-story brick home with a neatly mowed yard, Marvin is already in the shower, scrubbing off residual sleepiness. After grinding through three hours of homework last night, he indulged in reruns of "Seinfeld" and "The Simpsons," which

kept him awake until 12:30 a.m. There's a whole slate of interests competing for his time: in the spring, Marvin pitches for the BLS baseball team; he boxes in the winter at Marciano's in Brockton; and he works out three times a week at a local gym. A member of the French club, he tutored French in ninth and tenth grade, and will do so again this year.

Now, on less than six hours of sleep, he faces a long day.

Marvin enjoys a private enclave in the basement of his family's home, a bedroom, bathroom and library with a computer all to himself. Upstairs are his father, Jacques, a radio-technologist at Boston Medical Center, his mother, Anne, a homemaker, and his sister Farrah, 13, a student at Boston Latin Academy. Down here in the cool air, Marvin keeps a tidy space. The walls of his bedroom host predictable teen posters: Gretzky and Jordan, J. Lo and Christina and Britney. An Evanescence CD sits on the dresser next to a Red Sox cap, an orderly row of sneakers lines the closet floor. His T-shirts are organized on hangers, and his bed is neatly made, although he later reveals that his mother, concerned about the presence of visitors, deserves that credit.

His hair is very close-cropped, and he sports four diamond earrings: two large gems per lobe, and smaller diamonds above them. Today, he dresses in a white T-shirt beneath a crisp, red-and-white checked shirt, baggy blue jeans and white sneakers. He grabs two Nutribars and an apple from his mom, tosses them into his red Jansport backpack and heads out the door.

It's 6:45 a.m.

"In everything that I've done, I've never failed. Knowing that there is someone better than me, someone smarter than me, someone faster than me, only makes me work harder."





Marvin's '92 GMC Jimmy, purchased this summer, is as spotless as his room. He's making the \$236 monthly payments himself, from money saved from a summer job as a dairy clerk at Shaw's Supermarket in West Roxbury. Driving to school is an honor reserved for senior athletes; locating parking is a challenge reserved for the brave of heart.

"School doesn't start 'til 7:45," Marvin explains as the aging Jimmy bounces roughly along the road. "But it takes at least half an hour to find a place to park."

First stop: The nearby home of Jo-Nathan Charles, 18, tackle and guard on the football team. The friends crank the radio to the local hip-hop station and scoff at a news report of lawsuits against people who download music off the Net. As they tool along Huntington Avenue, they pass a classmate waiting for the bus. Marvin would offer her a ride, but today there's no room in his car. They pass a second student. "There's another person who missed

a ride this morning," Marvin says ruefully.

About a quarter-mile from school, Marvin turns hopefully down a street lined by apartment complexes. To his complete surprise, he spies an empty parking space and pulls a fast U-turn.

"I'm very content with this spot," Marvin says. "We were late on the first day of school, because of parking. We had to pay some guy 10 dollars. Ten dollars! For one day of parking!"

Is the spot legal? The boys shrug their shoulders. "If it gets towed, it just gets towed down there," Jo-Nathan says, pointing down the block, "which is actually a closer walk."

Due to this good fortune, today is the earliest Marvin's ever gotten to school. At 7:18, the halls of BLS are clear but for a few teachers, and he and Jo-Nathan head to the trainer's room in the basement to pick up their football helmets, which have been emblazoned with the number 40 to honor John Yessayan, a teammate who

died on the practice field two years ago. Next, it's outside to the food vendor, where Marvin's daily ritual involves buying a Twix bar and a bottle of Aquafina water.

"Marvin's a great kid. He's always, always in a good mood," says Jimmy Bennett, whose coffee truck has fed BLS students for 16 years, and who gives out a \$300 college scholarship each year. "Very polite."

It's 7:55, and first class of the day: Statistics, a senior elective course. There are 29 students, and Marvin, in the front row, unpacks his book, a calculator and his Aquafina. Statistics has enormous soporific potential, but the teacher, John Bunker, is enthusiastic and tries to get the kids excited.

"The text book we use here is used at Harvard and BU, except we have an older edition," says Bunker, who's also the school registrar. "So if the alumni want to fund a new version for us, it would be appreciated."

Rob Winikates Class of 2003

Neighborhood: West Roxbury



"I want to do well, and I always want to do my best. If I feel I'm not doing my best, I work to fix that."

BLS activities: Chair, Senior Class Committee; plays alto and baritone saxophone for the concert and jazz bands; co-president of the Pep Band; student coordinator for the Seevak Website Competition (2002-03); member, *learntoquestion.com* website team; *Argo* staff writer; *Register* layout editor

Academics: Rob is taking four Advanced Placement classes this year, in English Literature, Computer Science, Music Theory and Calculus.

Other activities: An Eagle Scout, Rob's project to achieve this high Boy Scout distinction was the creation of a first aid box for Millenium Park in West Roxbury.

College: Plans to apply to Harvard, Dartmouth, Brown, Tufts and Boston University.

Planned Major: He is leaning toward a major in either political science or government, and may consider either a double major or a minor in computer science or music.

Career Plans: After spending last summer working for Boston City Councilor Michael P. Ross as a BLS Ward Fellow, Rob may pursue a career in public service or politics. "The experience," he said, "was very positive."

The class bursts into laughter.

Bunker shows the class an educational video, and for the most part, the students are attentive. Marvin, his eyes fixed on the TV screen, fidgets with the diamond in his left earlobe. He takes notes as the film progresses, his handwriting as neat as his clothes and bedroom. Homework is assigned; Marvin estimates it will take 45 minutes to complete.

The bell rings, and as Marvin hustles through the halls, his head bobs above the masses. The other kids part around him naturally, like a stream around a boulder. It's his size, true, but it's also the charisma thing: Marvin just has it, of the quiet, self-contained variety. He's quick to smile, and when he does, his huge eyes smile, too. He's quick to notice everyone around him, quick to open a door for a student struggling with books. He draws people.

"He definitely is a leader," says Cristina Cucchiara, a senior hoping to study architecture at Brown. "Definitely very friendly and open."

This polite and caring aspect contrasts starkly with his fierce determination on the football field. "With Marvin, it's unique

the first, Woodward notes, "There's no sex in this one, so you'll just have to wait." Then she asks, "Who was at Fenway lately besides the Red Sox? Springsteen!" She fingers an air guitar and belts out, "Born in the USA!" When the class giggles, Woodward notes, "As Springsteen writes about his country, so did this guy 500 years ago."

Marvin's been studying French since eighth grade and will take the AP exam this year. But there are benefits besides the academic: of the 24 students here, he's one of two males. Marvin chats with Cucchiara, who sits next to him, and banters with Genevieve Klim, a talkative blonde a few rows ahead. The class, Woodward admits later, "is a chick magnet." Tonight's homework is more translations. Estimated time: half an hour.

It's 9:48, and AP English with Lillian McCourt, at BLS since the '70s and a student favorite. The 28 students read a Kate Chopin short story, "The Story of an Hour," and eagerly offer opinions on the status of women in the 19th century. They talk about irony, symbolism and "O'Henry-esque" endings. Of the central character, Marvin notes, "She's filled with joy, but

"You never see him in a bad mood," says senior Chris Warren. "His reputation is that he's smart and a great student. He always gets his work done."

because it's a controlled aggression," explains Jo-Nathan. "And that makes a good football player."

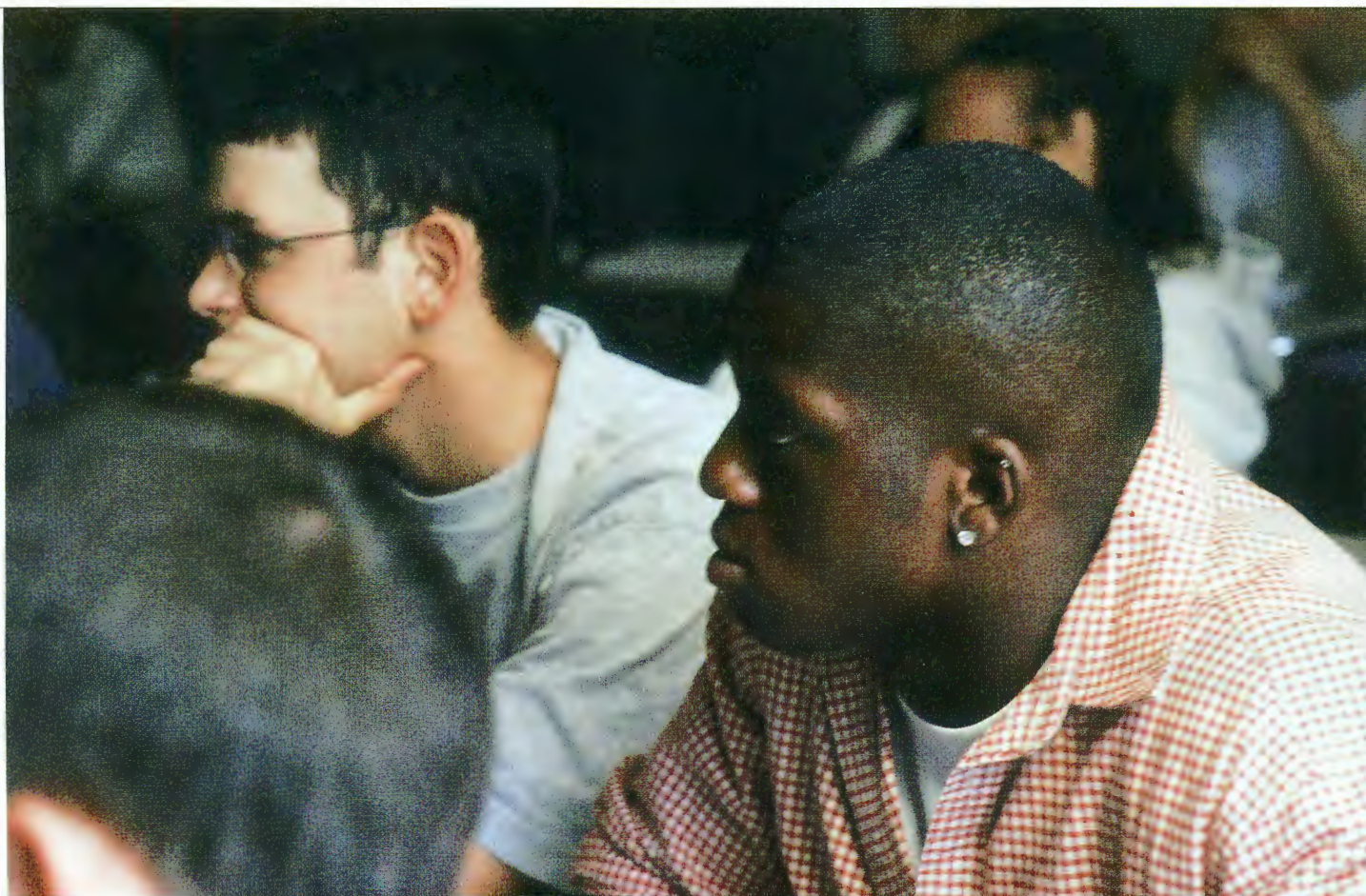
Now it's 8:59: AP French. At this hour of the morning, teacher Elaine Woodward is like a shot of strong French coffee. Woodward, who sports a wild tumble of red hair, dark purple toenail polish and a jumble of keys on a ribbon around her neck, has the class loud with laughter.

"Second period — she's the reason I'm awake," admits Marvin.

The next 50 minutes zip by as the class translates 16th-century love poems. Of

then it all comes crashing down." McCourt encourages the free flow. "That's an insightful observation," she says to one student; to another, she says, "Excellent point." Tonight's homework: read and answer questions on Faulkner's "A Rose for Emily," as Southern gothic as it comes. Estimated time to complete: one hour.

By 10:40 a.m., Marvin's immersed in his fourth class, Greek traditions. Today, the students begin reading *The Iliad* aloud, and Marvin offers to play Achilles. In contrast to some of the shyer students, his strong voice rings through the classroom.



Finally, 11:22 and a break. Lunchtime. Marvin heads to the dining hall, plops his backpack at a table near the back, and gets in line to purchase a Nutty Buddy ice cream and a small bag of Doritos. His friends fill the seven other seats at the table and spend the next 25 minutes joking, with Marvin the center of attention.

"You never see him in a bad mood," says senior Chris Warren, a Matt Damon look-alike. "He's fun to be around." But Marvin's known more for his focus on academics, Warren notes. "His reputation is that he's smart and a great student. He always gets his work done."

MIDDAY MOTION

Classes after lunchtime are always tough. In Environmental Science with Richard Izzo, Marvin sits next to Anthony Poulas, a close friend since second grade, with a fresh bottle of Aquafina perched before him. As a film drones on about archaeological digs in Tanzania, Marvin takes out

a pen with green ink and passes a note to Anthony. Even his illicit notes are neatly written.

A girl with large silver hoop earrings giggles as an anthropologist building a clay model of a human intones, "Placing the eyes is often an exciting moment." A kid in the back row is fast asleep, head in hand. Another girl places her head on her desk and shuts her eyes. When they tire of passing notes, Anthony lays his head on the desk while Marvin stretches his arms and yawns. He taps his pen against his little finger. At 12:37, the students begin to pack up; then the bell rings.

Next, it's study hall, where Marvin plans to get his Statistics homework out of the way. But he's in for a surprise. George Carroll — "The human dictionary," as Marvin describes him — is lying in wait. In front of the entire class, he cross-examines Marvin about his college choices. Marvin's on the hot seat.

"Sir, if you apply to Harvard, remember

it has an 'R.' Otherwise, they'll think you're from Quincy," Carroll says. The class laughs. Then he asks, "What are the advantages you bring to these schools based on the fact you come from Boston Latin?"

"I'm well-rounded. I can excel in different areas," Marvin answers in a quietly confident tone.

"What else do you bring?"

"I'm open-minded. I'm accepting of other people."

"I agree. I think that's one of the advantages of this school. You experience a wide range of people," the teacher says.

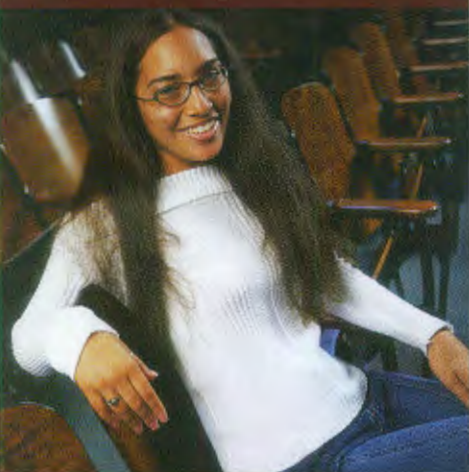
Carroll is toying with Marvin, having fun. But at the same time, his purpose is serious. "This fellow is very well-grounded, very ambitious," Carroll says later. "He's typical of a successful Latin School person. He's going to be a roaring success in life."

Carroll continues. "What is the best course you've had at Latin?" he asks.

"AP History with Mrs. Kirkpatrick," Marvin replies. Last year, Marvin took

April Nieves Class of 2003

Neighborhood: Mattapan



"I like how people react when they see how well you do. I've been keeping up with my academics since the 7th grade, and if you really want to go somewhere and be somebody, you've got to do it."

BLS activities: Senior Class Treasurer; co-captain of the Step Squad; member of the Show and Gospel Choirs; member of the Fashion/Talent Club; Main Office volunteer

Academics: April is taking three Advanced Placement classes this year, in Statistics, Computer and Latin.

Other activities: Among her many other commitments, April is one of the primary caretakers of her 12-year-old sister, Christina, who is legally blind and severely disabled. She also takes Tap, Jazz and Ballet classes twice a week at The Dance Shop in Holbrook and has been dancing since the age of 5.

College: Among others, April will apply to Columbia, New York University, the University of Connecticut and the University of Massachusetts-Amherst.

Planned Major: Pre-medicine and dance

Career Plans: As a result of the multitude of challenges she has watched her younger sister face, April plans to pursue pediatric medicine.

the AP History exam and was disappointed with his 4 score; he wanted a perfect 5. This year, Marvin will take AP exams in Latin, English and French.

Marvin tells his teacher that he studies four to five hours each Sunday. ("Since he was a little boy, he was very focused on school work," Marvin's mother says later. "Because we come from Haiti, where the first priority for us is education for our children. We focus on that, and we do our best to give them the best.")

"Count on it," Carroll says. "The next six or seven months are integrally important, so when people are looking at your credentials, they see you are an athlete and a scholar."

Marvin reveals that he hopes to become a lawyer, and then, at age 40 or so, to open his own gym. "Why don't you open up a franchise of gyms?" Carroll challenges him. "Why don't you look into an M.B.A. as well as a law degree?"

day, Marvin picks up his backpack and heads to the boys' locker room.

"One day down," he murmurs. "A second day to go."

HOMEWARD BOUND

It's almost 6 o'clock, and football practice is over. For the first time all day, Marvin looks downcast.

"Awful practice," he says.

His broad smile is gone, his eyes are troubled. As he removes his cleats in favor of sneakers for the walk back to school, he keeps to himself. When he stands up, he yells to the team, angrily, "Hey, let's go!"

He starts off toward BLS, flanked by four friends, all sweaty and dirty and tired. They walk back in silence. When Marvin emerges from the locker room, he's still downhearted.

"The players who are sophomores and juniors, they're thinking they have two years to do well," Marvin says. "But this is my

"This fellow is very well-grounded, very ambitious," Carroll says later. "He's typical of a successful Latin School person. He's going to be a roaring success in life."

Next, a tricky question is posed. "How would you change Latin School?" Carroll asks.

"It's too strict," Marvin answers.

"How have you suffered from the fact it is 'too strict?'"

"When I was young, I thought high school would be a blast," Marvin says.

"As a result of realizing that high school has not been a blast, you are in a position to blast off to some of the finest institutions in the world," Carroll counters.

It's 1:30, and at last, the final class: AP Latin. The 28 students spend the hour doing declensions, sentence by sentence, of Pyramus and Thisbe. Marvin takes his turn at the board; his work is perfect. Homework for tonight will take about 45 minutes.

When the bell rings to end the school

senior year." He pauses. "I have to motivate them," he adds quietly. What is it about football that he likes? "The intensity," he says. "You have to be driven all the time."

The walk back to the car reveals a miracle: The Jimmy wasn't towed. Marvin and Jo-Nathan jump in, crank the radio, and head into Boston traffic. It's 6:32 p.m. When Marvin gets home, he faces a quick meal and then at least three hours of homework. Tonight he'll skip the gym.

He's been up and at it for more than 12 hours, without a break save for a brief snack of chips and ice cream. Is he tired?

"Me? No," he says. "I have my second wind now." A few minutes later, he opens his front door to the beckoning aroma of dinner and the warm smile of his mother.

His night has just begun.