

## **MARVIN ALONE; FOR 6 WEEKS, HE'S IMPRISONED HIMSELF ON THE CAPE, DOING WHAT A BOXER; MUST DO. IT'S THE LIFE OF A TIBETAN MONK.**

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### **Document Text**

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"It's lonely," said Marvin Hagler, the hooded ascetic, walking the shadowy, unheated corridors of a summer resort in winter, running frozen streets that crunch at dawn, chatting politely with the seagulls who listen.

The only noise is the incessant wind and rattle of the windows. The play of shadows across a gray seascape is solemn and beautiful.

It's lonely.

"The point of the training camp," said Hagler, "is to get away. It's like putting yourself in jail. It's not a question of liking it. It's a question of having to do it."

So, for the past six weeks, Hagler has imprisoned himself at the Provincetown Inn, doing what a boxer must do.

It's a life fit for a Tibetan monk. No family, friends, parties, restaurants, dancing. No sex. No pastries. Lots of situps.

Training camps are Spartan by definition. Hagler takes his a step farther. It is more isolated, more desolate, more single-minded than most.

Four sparring partners have packed up and returned to civilization, unnerved. The fifth and sixth are sticking it out.

"I've been to a lot of training camps," said Willie Monroe, the Philadelphia cop who fought Hagler three times before retiring in 1979, "but I've never been to one as lonely and out of the way. There's nothin' to do here except sleep. I never slept so much."

"I don't mind it," said Al Styles, a cheerful 21-year-old with a 23-3 pro record. "I'm learning a lot. I'm learning what it takes to be a champion."

The Provincetown Inn, whose \$27.95 winter rates include heat if you get one of the old-wing rooms, is deserted, save for the sparring partners, who fortunately are in the old wing. Hagler and Goody Petronelli, his trainer, occupy a new-wing corner suite of two bedrooms, a kitchen and living room, with views to the ocean. Heat is not included, so Hagler and Petronelli keep a wood-burning furnace stoked in the living room. Space heaters take care of the bedrooms.

"I been coming here for four years," said Hagler. "They give me everything I need and treat me good. I don't need my own training camp because I've got everything I need here."

The links to the local community are Brook Evans, owner of the Provincetown Inn; Wayne Perry, a former recreation director who does the filming of Hagler's workouts; and Anna Calve-Tucker, the Swedish woman who prepares dinner for the camp. Calve-Tucker has written a novel and has asked Petronelli to review her manuscript.

"She told me she was an opera singer in her youth," said Petronelli. "But she hasn't sung any opera around us."

Rather than opera, there is the disco sound Hagler favors emanating from his cassette player. Petronelli, whose taste runs to Tony Bennett, tunes it out. Trainer and boxer are used to the other's quirks.

"We get on each other's nerves a little," said Petronelli. "Married people do the same thing."

"I belong with the guy. Sure, I'd rather be home with my old lady, but I can't. We're a team. It's a grind for both of us. When people see all the money we make for a fight, this is what they don't see. The months of preparation."

"The idea of a training camp is to build up a fighter's discipline, control, determination and concentration. The body is important and so is the mind. A fighter builds up his confidence, and, to do that, he's constantly psyching himself up."

Thursday, at 7 a.m., the temperature was 11 degrees, and when the wind gusted it drove like cold steel into warm, unsuspecting lungs. Willie Monroe and Al Styles took a step out the glass doors of the lobby and hopped back inside.

"I don't know why I'm doing this," said Monroe. "I ain't training for a fight." He and Styles, who has a fight on the undercard, took a deep breath and dashed out the door a second time, running stiffly.

A moment later, out the door of the corner suite across the parking lot came Hagler, wearing a green nylon running suit, leather hiking boots, a towel around his neck and a stocking cap, and Petronelli, faceless behind a ski mask. Breath billowing in giant plumes, sun rising behind them, boxer and trainer clicked into running gear, two metronomes, inured to the cold.

The wind precluded the usual beach route. They ran through the middle of the sleeping town, past an occasional child trudging to school, coming up on Monroe and Styles. At two miles, Monroe and Styles turned around and headed back, but Hagler and Petronelli ran two miles farther before turning around. Stride for stride, the boxer, not yet 30, was matched by his trainer, over 30 but under 60. Not until the last half-mile did Hagler explode his pace and leave Petronelli behind. In the parking lot, Hagler removed fat globules of ice that had formed over his eyebrows. Inside again, Hagler stripped off his running suit, lay down in front of the wood furnace, and started doing situps.

"This was a fast run," said Petronelli, toweling off. "But it was a dangerous run, really, with the roads so icy. Normally we would run the beach, but the wind was too bad today."

Breakfast follows the run, and for Hagler breakfast might be cold cereal and fruit, maybe a mixture of Corn Flakes and Sugar Pops, a pear and a glass of grapefruit juice. Until 6 p.m. his time is his own, and he might spend it listening to music, reading, eating, writing letters, talking on the telephone, watching television or sleeping. The bedroom door may close for three hours, or its occupant may emerge to greet his public.

"Sometimes I go out back and talk to my birds," said Hagler. "I gave them names so I can tell them apart. We have some good talks."

Better the birds than the sparring partners, who stay in the old wing, in their own rooms.

"I don't let them get too close," said Hagler. "I might have to fight them someday."

During the day Hagler is likely to stop at the video recorder and pop in one of two cassettes of Fully Obelmejias dispatching two of his 27 knockout victims. Or he might watch himself beat Alan Minter in London. Then again, he might read about Vito Antuofermo saying that he, Vito, gave Marvin the advice that helped him beat Minter.

"He didn't help me with nothing," said Hagler, not amused at Antuofermo's gall. "He's just trying to get himself another title fight. We offered Vito one after the Minter fight, but he didn't want it."

The afternoon sky has darkened to a bluish purple when Hagler and Petronelli leave for the gym, an eerie journey through corridors dimly outlined. Right turn, left, right, light fading to total darkness, and suddenly a voice says, 'Watch your step.' It is Hagler, holding open a door for visitors who otherwise would have walked into it. Around another corner is the indoor pool area of the inn, where Hagler's ring, speed and heavy bags, and mirrors are set up.

There is life here, lights and the sound of human voices. Monroe and Styles are here, shadow boxing, loosening their muscles. Some locals, 12 at the most, sit ringside and clap after each round. A couple of reporters, photographers, a television crew.

It's not lonely now.

Hagler gets down to business. Situps to begin with, three insidious variations to harden the abs into granite slabs.

Into the ring then, with Monroe for two rounds, Styles for two rounds. No holding back, Petronelli shouting instructions, the oversized 16-ounce gloves pounding out combinations. Petronelli next, gloved hands as targets, calling for combinations, Hagler whipping the big gloves into the targets. Three rounds of this, jump rope, speed bag, mirror boxing, more exercises.

Not a second of waste.

"I'm pushing myself this fight," said Hagler. "It's my first defense. I feel some pressure because it's the first defense."

The two hours pass quickly. They are the two hours spent boxing, while the rest of the hours are spent thinking about boxing. Hagler seems happiest, most relaxed, after his evening workout. His day will end with the walk through the dark corridors and a dinner cooked by Anna, the novelist.

"It's not a bad life," said Hagler.

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### **Abstract** (Document Summary)

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Hagler] and Goody Petronelli, his trainer, occupy a new-wing corner suite of two bedrooms, a kitchen and living room, with views to the ocean. Heat is not included, so Hagler and Petronelli keep a wood-burning furnace stoked in the living room. Space heaters take care of the bedrooms.

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