

At a Glanz...

Sneaking in to Game 7 of the Stanley Cup



Rich Glanzer
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Fuzzy. Fuzzy is a great man. He's sorta like Superman without a cape. Actually, I think

if I ever see Fuzzy again, I'm going to get him a cape. The man deserves one, for he is a hero to me.

Let me introduce Fuzzy to you. On the outside, Fuzzy is a grotesque, smelly man. He looks sorta like an olden day Viking. He is morbidly obese, has a long strangely looking beard, and I don't know if the man has ever showered. But he'll always be a hero to me for getting me into Madison Square Garden for the playoffs during the Rangers magical run to the Cup in 1994.

I used to have partial season tickets to Ranger games. But in 1994 I gave them up because I moved away to college. At some point I was introduced to Fuzzy by my friend Rob. Fuzzy never had a seat, he would just stand on the concourse and watch the games. He was always surrounded by other miscreants, but Fuzzy was clearly their leader. My friend Rob told me that Fuzzy can get people into games. The deal was you'd give him \$10, he'd give you an old ticket stub to a Mets game, an opera or even a movie ticket. You'd go to the ticket taker and he'd rip the ticket and stuff it in his pocket.

From there you were free. We never had a seat and had to fend for ourselves once we got in, but it was never a problem. The deal was, if you ever did get kicked out, you never mention Fuzzy, and there are no refunds once you made it into the Garden.

During the 1994 season I used Fuzzy quite a bit

when I came home from college since he was cheaper than a ticket. While I felt terrible cheating the Rangers and Madison Square Garden out of all that money, I've since learned to live with the guilt.

The playoffs came and I was pumped. I actually quit college partially because I didn't want to miss the Rangers run for the Cup. This could be the year I thought.

I also thought, "Damn I wish I still had my partial season tickets!!" So Fuzzy was my only solution. Fuzzy slightly bumped up his prices to \$20 bucks during the first round against the Islanders. Despite the heroics of the greatest Islander of all time, Ron Hextall, the Rangers swept the Islanders in four games. It was an amazing moment as I was at both games at the Garden and the final game at the Coliseum.

From there the Rangers faced off (sorry for the disgustingly obvious pun) against the Capitals. Fuzzy was once again heroic as he got me into all the home games for the Rangers.

Now came the fun part. The Rangers vs. Devils. Fuzzy once again bumped up his price to a mere \$30. My friend Pete Fiorino and Devil fan Russ all snuck in. But something was different. You can tell the Garden ushers knew there were a lot of people that didn't belong. And there also wasn't too many seats available. For almost every game you could just switch from seat to seat and there would always be a few open. But Game 1 against the Devils there was something bad in the air. So we hung out with my friend Rob and his friends till the puck was about to drop, and then we did our thing. Move around the concourse looking for available seats. The usher stopped us and asked for our stubs. We said something along the lines of, "Uhhhh, welll...ummm, you see what happened was..." and the Usher said, "C'mon lets go." As he was escorting us out of the building I noticed no one was behind me. The usher was standing next to Pete, but Russ and I were behind them both. So though I live by the motto, "Leave no man behind," it conflicted

with my other motto, "Born to Run." So I said to Russ, "Lets go!!" And I just book. I'm sprinting through the concourse and I don't look behind me. Russ is not as brave as I am so he just stood watching me run. I am sprinting and run to the lobby to go downstairs. I know this evil usher must have radioed his fellow evil-doers. So a security guard seated by the escalator says, "Hold on!!" OK, the jig is up. They got me. I give up. Cant fight the law.

He says, "What's going on? Why are you running?" Advantage, Glanzer!! He has no idea why I'm running. Immediately I look to my bag and say, "There's nothing in my bag." He says, "What's in your bag?" I say, "Just a beer." He says, "OK, no problem. Just give me the beer." So I apologize, give him the beer and walk briskly downstairs to freedom!!

I am still impressed to this day how quickly I came up with that plan. Clutch Glanzer, clutch!! I take off my James Patrick jersey because I know that they'll be looking for me. It was funny as Russ told me after, "We know your friend has taken off his jersey by now." They were on to me!!

But I moved from area to area, finally settling on some steps in the top row as I saw another straggler sitting there. The game went to double OT and I ended up finding a seat by the time the Devils scored. All of this and we lost?!?!?

But it was OK, because there was more hockey to be played, and Fuzzy was going to ensure that I was going to see it, from inside the Garden! The story of Game 7 vs. the Devils next month!