

## *Introduction*

It was the best of times; it was the most mediocre of times. It was the age of leisure suits; it was the age of disco jeans. It was the epoch of Led Zeppelin; it was the epoch of the Bee Gees. It was the season of runaway inflation; it was the season of malaise. It was the spring training of optimism; it was the winter of playoff elimination. Or, so Dickens may have said if he grew up in the 1970s. And, minus the guillotines.

At first blush, writing a book that celebrates life in the 1970s may seem like quite a stretch, an enormous undertaking requiring some heavy lifting indeed. However, if there is a bias in my presenting a theory that the 1970s was a great decade, I suspect it is mine and specifically personal. For me, a teenager navigating my formative years through the seventies, I am not pretending that in the history of mankind, or the world, or even the United States, that the seventies occupy some Mount Olympus of historical and cultural prominence in the hearts and minds of the American people. For me, however, it was a fabulous time.

This book is more eulogy than elegy. A requiem as opposed to a dirge. It is a celebration of an otherwise lamentable era. My family history and interactions with friends put forth in these pages are presented in order to better define and give the proper perspective for what is the ultimate thesis of this book—that my experiences as a sports fan from the era surpass those of any other fan from any other place and any other time. Buttressing this argument is the fact that from October of 1970 to January of 1980, my teams appeared in nine Major League Baseball (MLB) League championship series that resulted in four World Series rings and six National Football League (NFL) championship games that culminated in four Super Bowl victories.

To further the Dickensian analogy from above, this book is also a tale of two cities. It is a story of New York and Pittsburgh. The Big Apple and the Steel City. The City That Never Sleeps and the City of Champions. Gotham and the Burgh.