

Author's Statement

Back in the early Spring of 2000, I was writing for the university press, sitting in a smoke-filled campus pub, handwriting my weekly column on notebook paper when the phrase, “dead wrestlers, broken necks and the women who screwed me over” boomed, catapulted into my mind; a sad, gritty, phrase inferring myriad peccadillo, and one I subsequently used for a short piece on the proliferation of deaths in the world of pro wrestling.

At the very second I scribbled the series of words in the margin, a barfly approached, asked if I was “the guy” who wrote for the paper, shook my hand and told me how much he enjoyed my work. It was a profound moment on various levels, and from that day forward I understood that at some indiscernible point, I'd be revisiting that phrase again...

Revisiting that dismal Spring night in 2000 and along with two years of work and fiction spanning well over a decade, I present: *Dead Wrestlers**, *Broken Necks & The Women Who Screwed Me Over*.

Jake Aurelian

May 16, 2011

*In this contemporaneous setting, the title is, in part, apropos because alas, since the late 1990's, an inordinate number of pro wrestlers I grew up watching have died; these superheroes, these action figures, these human beings tragically passing away at an alarming rate. God bless the fallen; and may God bless their families.