

New Republic  
Nov 30, 1977  
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*Gladiators*

For Hemingway

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Not all who die are dead.  
Some die in one's arms.  
One acquires a glimpse  
of the beyond.  
All hail fucking.  
Some even die in one's arms  
in such a way  
that you acquire  
a glimpse of the beyond  
which may be  
beyond  
all hail fucking.