

The Death Brothers: How the Fulds Broke the Ultimate Boundaries



By Truly Tessenbaum

Meet the newest wunderkinds of Aluminum Valley (the on-ramp to the more infamous Silicon Valley out west), Alexander and Barrett Fuld. No strangers to controversy, these two truly live life like they're dying. Creating and selling companies at breakneck speed, it's a rare moment when an enterprising interviewer can catch a minute of their time — particularly getting both of them to commit to being in the same room.

Alexander and Barrett, identical twins who collectively go by the moniker "AB," sat down with me in the lobby of the luxurious Pendry Hotel, where they often stay during the few

weekends that find them in town. As we lounged on baby-skin soft leather sofas and chatted, AB explained why their hometown visits find them on the other side of town from where they grew up, in the historic Guilford neighborhood. "Our mom's house is nice and quaint, you know, but like, we don't want our fans to, like, descend on her, you know?" says Alexander. (Or is it Barrett?) "So, this is like our satellite office here when we're home."

The twins are descendants of the famous businessman William Fuld, who popularized and commercialized the Ouija board. I wondered if

The Miscellany

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their great-grandfather had had any influence on their latest venture - a startup purportedly focused on allowing clients the potential to pre-plan and curate their afterlife experiences.

“I don’t know about that,” says...Fuld. “We kind of do our own thing, you know?”

“I think we totally are inspired by family, though,” says the other. “Family’s the most important thing.”

“Great grandpa’s definitely proud of us and what we’re about. Boundry is, like, an extension of the work that he was doing with the Ouija boards, trying to connect with the beyond and stuff.”



At this point, the lovely cocktail server came by with our fabulous, house-made “Agua-Aguas” — a cocktail made with mezcal infused with oxygen hand-bottled in the Andes. I couldn’t help but notice the sly winks that she gave AB, totally lost on the brothers as they crunched various numbers on their phones. One has the NYSE app on continual refresh, while the other is constantly checking stats on his fantasy football team.

I confess, I couldn’t blame the server for trying to catch their eye. The AB are 6’4”, in peak physical shape (one is an avid crossfit junkie, while the other prefers to meet his adrenaline needs in

nature via rock-climbing and occasional base-jumping). It almost seems too good to be true, the existence of these tech-wizard Adonises — looks and brains and wealth times two? AB have famously declined to discuss personal relationship details with interviewers — yours Truly included, unfortunately. Naturally, gossip blogs have linked one or both of them to a range of different influencers and starlets (Celeste, Tavia Flyster, and rapper bou.bee trending among them). Any of my attempts to steer the conversation to juicier topics were politely and firmly deflected.

“We’d like to focus on the science, you know?”

“Yeah. We’re more about the metaphysical, not so much the physical.”

I had to try! Back to business. “Why the afterlife? Isn’t that kind of morbid?”

The brothers explain to me that when you’re at the level of wealth and power as some of their prospective clients, just about the only thing you can’t control is death — heretofore the great equalizer. Until now, that is. They have joined forces with controversial scientist Dr. Vera Sadilim, who invoked a series of P.E.T.A. protests with her disappearing hamster trick at the 2021 Afterlife Conference in Nijmegen. They wouldn’t divulge details about how the technology worked exactly, citing trade secrets, though plans are underway to open up the secretive Baltimore-based facilities to focus groups of exclusive clientele. (And yes, yours Truly did score an invite; make sure to subscribe for exclusive updates when available!)

“You’ve got to acknowledge this is quite the jump from your previous businesses, though.”

From caffeine-infused earbuds, and an extreme sports streaming platform, to this? “Is this part of

some kind of religious or spiritual awakening for you?”

“I’d call us more spiritual than religious. I think we’re just trying to be in tune with what people want, which is to feel more secure about their future.”

“For eternity.”

“Yeah, and legacy and all that. That’s something that’s important to a lot of people, you know?”

But is it important to the brothers themselves? Or is this another lucrative venture? “Have you yourself used this service?” AB demurred on that question as well, but then the subject turned to favorite afterlife experiences, which got them to open up a bit more.

“Oh, man. I can’t even choose.”

“There’s this one, like, where you can just surf forever in the best water in the universe. Like Kawaii but way better. You can dial up and down the waves— it’s just like the perfect point break.”

“Yeah, that one’s cool,” says his brother, “but even better still is the one that’s just dogs. And, you can give them, like, treats that never run out. It’s heaven for you, and it’s also basically heaven for the dogs, too.”

“That’s a no for me, man, I’m allergic!”

“That can be like your hell, then.”

They list out a few of the tantalizing possibilities. There’s one that’s an infinite pizza buffet, with an endless rotating conveyor belt of toppings. An underwater ocean world one can swim in without the nuisances of getting the bends or having to mess with oxygen tanks. An afterlife club where you get to party with your favorite



rock stars (provided that they’ve crossed into the beyond, of course). And—speaking of hell—for those bored by the prospect of neverending peaceful bliss after death, that’s also an option.

“The possibilities are endless.”

My time with the brothers, however, was unfortunately not. The two regrettably had to be whisked away to another hotel (the even more exclusive and posh Forager Hills), for an interview with a potential client. I looked down for a second to check that my recording had saved to my phone, and when I looked back up, the brothers and their security entourage had already disappeared. This quick glimpse at the Fuld Brothers — just as with Boundry’s purported services — certainly left me wanting more.