

Deathcloud for the 20th Century

What does it mean to leave this world seconds, hours, days apart? Strangers in life. Together in death. United because they died apart.

Great love stories arise from individuals born seconds, hours, days apart. Anxious from their unknown separation. Living unbeknownst, down the street, around the corner, never to know until they find their other. United because they lived apart.

These unions of star crossed births make for great love stories. They are clear in their poignancy, each brimming with hope and redemption. Together at last after a life apart.

They, meaning we, can start again.

Only . . . there is no redemption in death. The utter sense of completion opens a void instead of settles, soothes, and satisfies.

We want to start again.

And so stories flourish about those successful in finding their other
Separated from birth by mere chance in time and encounter.
Brought together through ripples in time and encounter.

Yet we hear nothing about those whose fates pass through the world of the dead, through minute degrees of separation and coincidence, who leave the world of the living hand in hand.

They say a person dies every second, or five, depending on age and circumstance.
Surely, their mass exodus must signal something deeper than circumstance?

Everything is a result deeper than circumstance.

There is no official record of an encounter between Dennis Hopper and Louise Bourgeois.

Louise in Manhattan and Dennis in Venice Beach. Separated by the whole of America, they left us one weekend in May.

Longevity would rule both their lives
Though surprisingly, it would be 98 year old Louise who suffered the heart attack
A fate expected for Dennis who freely subjected his mind and body to socially radical experiences while
She emerged from the shadow of Robert Goldwater to redefine the history of modern art.

Louise found inspiration from Fernand Leger. Dennis from James Dean.
He rebelled against American values, and she
Against her father and all that he stood for.

Together, they sum up everything you need to know about the 20th Century.
At least in the West.

Together, they put up a good fight.

130 years before Dennis, Oswald Spengler thought:
*Wenn Ich bin groß, ich will schreiben Der Untergang des Abendlandes*¹

The star crossed fates of Dennis and Louise signal something deeper than circumstance.
There are no coincidences. Only shades of fate.
With time, we can start again.

- Amy Fung, 2011

¹ *When I grow up, I will write The Decline of the West*