muses + mavericks™

THE EXPERIENTIAL ATELIER™

by invitation and referral only

SARAH FARAGALLA

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Company Overview

SARAH FARAGALLA | FOUNDER AND EXPERIENTIAL AUTEUR™
MUSES AND MAVERICKS™, EXPERIENTIAL ATELIER™

I am the Experiential Auteur to iconic global brands ready to be as deeply felt as they are widely known, building worlds so true to who they are that audiences are seduced into choosing them again and again.

The Experiential Atelier

Like a fashion atelier, which makes one-of-a-kind couture pieces by hand, Muses and Mavericks creates one-of-a-kind experiential worlds through an entirely bespoke process.

The Experiential Auteur

Like a film auteur, whose work is unmistakably theirs, my worlds are unmistakably mine, because they are unmistakably yours.

The Muses

For 2027, I am choosing no more than four iconic global brands to become my Muses. Each one will be a brand I am deeply passionate about and endlessly inspired by, from one of eight industries: luxury fashion, luxury beauty, luxury wellness, luxury automotive, innovative technology, innovative entertainment, premium beverage, and heritage toys.

The Mavericks

For each world, I curate a team of Mavericks: independent, international, neuroexquisite™ talent, minds of such elite brilliance that they have no equal, at the apex of their art. One world might come to life with a renowned large-scale installation artist in London, an award-winning creative technologist in Seoul, and a visionary, undiscovered choreographer in Miami.

Truth

THE HEART

Every world begins with your brand's core truth. Through an extensive exploration, I distill that truth from everything you share with me, then translate its essence cohesively and beautifully into every facet of our world. Audiences, like all of us, recognize truth viscerally, and that instinctive recognition builds trust.

Trust

THE KALEIDOSCOPE

The atelier works like a kaleidoscope, with your brand's truth at its center. You and I develop the vision intimately and iteratively, with no layers in between. Once the vision is approved, I curate our Mavericks, the rare jewels who bring each facet of our world to life. I work closely with them so every creation reflects the spirit of the others and every detail is exquisite. With no shareholders, I answer only to you. Our fee is stated openly, every other cost is a line item with no markups, and every contract and invoice is shared with you. Every world is designed against the success metrics we set together, and our final report reveals how the world performed against each one.

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Seduction

THE MANDALA

When the jewels fall into place, a Mandala appears: a one-of-a-kind world where every element radiates from your brand's truth to form a perfect whole. For over a decade, my philosophy has been proven with iconic global brands, from Goop and Zoom to Netflix and AB InBev. Each environment is envisioned as a film set or an art installation, saturated in your brand's essence and identity, yet purposefully underbranded. Audiences are drawn in, unguarded, instead of bracing against being sold to. The story casts every guest in the lead and your brand in the supporting role, so they will always remember that you made them the star. Embraced so sincerely, they are seduced into choosing you again and again.

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Origin Story

"Had I not created my whole world, I would certainly have died in other people's."

Anaïs Nin

In 2014, an executive producer saw a world I had created, Apocalyptic Wonderland, on television and called. "We think you're just what corporate America needs." I had never heard the word "experiential," yet I was invited to begin my career in it with a Fortune Global 500 client and a multimillion-dollar project.

My background was in film and fashion. I had a degree in film and video, focused on avant-garde film and video installation. My inspirations included Maya Deren, Marina Abramović, Bill Viola, and Nam June Paik. The cinematographer who shot my thesis described working with me as "sex without touching."

I had worked with known and unknown artists and iconic and global brands. My work included art directing music videos for Beyoncé, Justin Timberlake, Rihanna, and Eminem, years of promos for VH1, and commercials for brands such as L'Oréal Paris. I also directed multidisciplinary art events for an international arts organization, and fashion shows for phenomenal emerging talent in collaboration with Caleres and Paul Mitchell. Fern Mallis and Iris Apfel were in attendance.

Then, in one season, I lost nearly everything. I had given up my last name when I got married, and my request to get it back was denied. With a baby in my arms, I could no longer continue my career as I had before. I sold my home in an attempt to purchase my freedom. After living and working in Los Angeles and New York, I was now landlocked in the center of the country, in a place I did not want to be.

On the surface, it was the worst possible time to pursue a passion project, and those who knew what I was going through didn't hold back from telling me so. Repeatedly. Instead of accepting my circumstances and settling into the life I found myself in, I turned to art to explore my loss and invited others to do the same in an event that fused visual and performing art, film, theater, fashion, and music. Apocalyptic Wonderland.

Initially, the consensus was that the concept was too bizarre for St. Louis. Even the museum I rented to host the event insisted I cover its name with mine, so it wouldn't appear in a single photo. I didn't care. It was my truth. Almost everything I thought defined me had died or was dying, and while I didn't know exactly where it would take me, I knew creating this world was my way back to life.

Extraordinary artists built it with me through work that answered the question I was living, and one they had each lived too: What is left when all is lost?

Every artist had creative freedom within the frame: the transformation from feral to regal, visualized with horns, headdresses, fur, feathers, crowns, and jewels, in a color palette moving through the three acts from black, to gray and red, to gold and white.

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Almost 200 images, gathered on a single board, painted the essence of the world we were creating. My version of brand guidelines before I knew the term. Guests were invited to dress in the theme too, and they did. Over 600 of them. The line between artist and audience, art and life, disappeared.

The night began with a wedding, Bluebeard to his nameless seventh bride. Her gown spoke of royalty, but her crown and jewels were already gone. Black swan ballerinas in place of bridesmaids. As she waved to the audience, he lowered her arm as if clipping a wing, and her loss of self continued. From there, the journey took guests through darkness and limbo to light. The first fashion show featured a collection born of 9/11. Look by look, couture fell away to its metal frame, until only a few bare posts remained on the bride. She closed every collection, her story woven into every act. The musicians hinted at the way forward, each lyric a clue. In the end, all 43 artists, their stories now one, parted like the Red Sea, revealing our heroine, dripping in jewels, crown restored, victorious and free.

The artists, to whom I felt indebted, insisted I join them at the front of the stage, where they showered me with gifts. The response from the audience was tremendous. Even before it aired on television, it seemed the whole city was talking about it. The museum's executive director wanted to discuss a partnership. I declined.

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The executive producer was right. From that first Fortune Global 500 client onward, the seven- and eight-figure projects I led for global brands saw success after success.

A year and a half into my new career, I moved back to Los Angeles, to the most beautiful community, where the mountains met the sea, and created the most idyllic life I could for my daughter, Mia, and me. Later that year, my divorce was finalized and my name was restored. Still, my life didn't fully reflect who I was and what I knew was possible. I spent over a decade being the person experiential agencies and technology and production studios called to win, grow, and retain high-value business. All the while, the industry's best-kept secret, by design.

My gift was clear. I could understand and articulate a brand's core truth, often remarkably quickly. Valerie Toothman, VP of Innovation at AB InBev, wrote that I "cracked the code literally overnight" for Oculto, a new brand in their portfolio. Before I learned that Eric Yuan, Founder and CEO of Zoom, developed his technology to remove the distance between him and the woman he loved, my virtual Pangea for Zoomtopia, where the most epic environments on Earth stood side by side, already held the same spirit. When Gwyneth Paltrow saw my design for In Goop Health, she said, "It's like you're in my mind."

The brand's truth was the foundation of every world I conceived. I also brought a different lens to the design and narrative, envisioning each world as a film set or an art installation, purposefully underbranded, and casting the audience in the lead role, giving the brand the supporting one. The choices seemed counterintuitive to others at first. However, my approach proved itself over and over. The worlds I created exceeded expectations and left the brands deeply felt and long remembered.

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As I watched the rough cut of Beyoncé's Homecoming at Netflix, the heart of the film was clear to me: preparing for Coachella had been the college she never attended. Right after the screening, I pitched the concept for the VIP premiere after-party from the notes on my phone. No deck needed. The party was set in the BAK sorority house, a place never mentioned in the film, yet the next chapter of its story. It was saturated in the colors and iconography of the costumes, with quotes from the film framed as art. The words Beyoncé, Homecoming, and Netflix appeared only at the bar and the DJ booth. Her family, closest friends, and select press were pinned in as members on arrival. The premiere was a huge celebration on its own, but being made part of her journey made it that much sweeter.

However strong the results, I knew my greatest work was still ahead. Clients kept asking for more. "How do we access you directly?" "I want as much of you as I can afford." I couldn't give any brand that access while working through agencies and studios, and what I could give was limited by their structures and processes. Every success came despite these limitations. I envisioned a radically different way of working: each year, true devotion to a select few brands that inspired me, a curated team of the world's most brilliant minds, and a process that was direct, intimate, and fully transparent. Yet for years, I held that vision privately and carried on, knowing I was out of alignment with my truth.

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Then, on January 7, 2025, overnight, the Palisades fire erased everything. Our home, our community, my work, from films shot on 16mm to projects saved only on external hard drives. Every piece of physical evidence of our lives before that day was gone. No birth certificates, no baby books, no printed photos, none of the treasures Mia had made. We weren't ready to take down the Christmas tree. It was covered in ornaments I had gathered over a lifetime, many from around the world. It was the prettiest tree we'd ever seen, and it was ours. A dress, liquid copper on one side, liquid gold on the other. Salma Hayek's before it was mine, Natalie Wood's before it was hers. My first splurge, bought in college. For over 20 years, it hung in every closet I had, unworn, waiting for an occasion special enough to wear it. A china cabinet filled with dishes I had inherited and collected, yet never used. A bottle of wine that had been in the fridge for weeks, waiting for a meal special enough to open it. My grandmother's painting of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. She had always watched over us. Samantha, my American Girl doll. I had given her to Mia, and she was going to give her to her own daughter. I had nothing that had been passed down to me. Mia had nothing that had been passed down to her. The story stopped with us. There was no proof we had ever been here. We were left untethered, our life a phantom limb. Once again, this time with nothing but the ash-covered clothes on our bodies, I was faced with the question: What is left when all is lost?

The woman who wears the dress, uses the china, drinks the wine, and gives birth to her magic, codified: Muses and Mavericks.

"Why are you putting on makeup?"
"Because it's a special occasion."
"Oh, Mama, don't you know? Every day is a special occasion."

Mia, age four, our first summer in the Palisades, 2016

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