

Hyper Color Retro Glam

"Staged in Hicksville, a "TRAILER PALACE" hidden deep in the desert scrub near Joshua Tree, miles from the paved road ... it was here that we created the set for what was designed to be an all American scene, staged in a "POST APOCALYPTIC" desert setting (think Mercury, Nevada bomb test site), styled as retro-glam in hyper-color.

"The bride is celebrating her perfect day, her perfect husband, her perfect fantasy life"

s the scratchy old radio played Loretta Lynn on repeat, the set echoed an oversaturated, cloying, over-the-top 1957 scene. The bride is celebrating her perfect day, her perfect husband, her perfect fantasy life. Heavy-handed, blown out hues - you can almost taste the saccharine cherry pie and intentionally cliched props setting the stage for our protagonist to celebrate her dream moment.

Oblivious to her surroundings, she poses in exaggerated domesticity while around her time and life has been shattered. It's Mad Max 30 years earlier and she's the last hold out of a forgotten life. She serves and preens, desperate to fulfill the role. Slowly she winds towards emancipation. The fantasy starts to unravel. The idealism fractures, and by the end of our story she casts off the foisted role. Screw him. Screw this. She tears off her chains to the obligations of the past, turns to face the future and realizes it's too late.



"Life is not perfect. We are unapologetically imperfect women in imperfect times still in pursuit of our perfect unions."







