

(Almost a) Conclusion

Facing a shortfall of up to \$2 billion, the Louisiana legislature began in 2015 to seriously reevaluate the policy that had engineered Hollywood South. The state had approved over \$220 million in film tax credits in the previous year. Meanwhile, the state's higher-education and health-care systems stood to declare bankruptcy in the face of massive cuts. For the first time, a key economic adviser stated, "we are in a situation today, with the size of this [film funding] program relative to the challenges you are facing with the state budget, that it is now in direct competition with some other state priorities."¹ In addition to the sense that film now competed directly with other key spending priorities, critics came to the table armed with the state's own economic development study, which estimated the film program's cost at four times the revenue it generated, as well as a list of recent fraud cases that suggested the program had become a leaky corporate-entitlement scheme. For perhaps the first time since the passage of the 2002 incentive program, there was a flurry of public discussion in popular media.²

Driving home from work, I pulled over to listen to the afternoon disc jockeys on B97 (an Entercom FM pop station) "debate" film policy in late April 2015. Suddenly, the conversation that I heard so often among friends and acquaintances around Hollywood South was now in the public sphere. Beginning with the high costs of the policy to the state budget, the disc jockeys quickly cut to the chase:

Stevie: But I can also see the counterargument.

T-pot: Which is?

Stevie: We get to see celebrities on the street. How cool is that?!

T-pot: Yeah when else will we get to see [stars] Brad Pitt and Matthew McConaughey and [football star] Drew Brees together on a balcony in the French Quarter?

Weighing costs and benefits, the disc jockeys concluded that the aura of Hollywood has been well worth the price of productions. Down the street, they reasoned, New Orleans could be made up to look like Wall Street or anywhere else. People were earning good money making films. More people came and, ergo, more money rolled in.

Stevie: Of course the argument is pretty strong that we could use the money those tax credits bring. If the tax credits go, that money goes away.

T-pot: Yeah.

Stevie: And of course we could use the money. But I'm not convinced we'd use the money right. [. . .] So if we could start using the tax money for other than, oh I don't know, *corruption* [. . .] then maybe we could consider it. But for now, how about you let the tax credits stay so we can have the coolness of having Brad Pitt walk down the street?

T-pot: I don't know if that's a good trade-off but whatever.

Stevie: Either it's in the corrupt people's pockets or in Hollywood's pockets. And they're like here shooting movies.³

In balancing the emotional perks and the rational calculus, national recognition and local jobs, the disc jockeys finally rested their decision on their faith in the film economy over those elected to manage it. Ironically, state representatives across the country would be making the same arguments that the disc jockeys did in the months just preceding and proceeding from this staged debate.

After two decades of competition to be the low-cost leader for location shooting, Louisiana became one of a handful of states to suddenly question the script that film-industry lobbyists and their local boosters had authored together since the silent era. Yet the battle lines in the public sphere during 2015 were drawn between two elite factions of crony capitalists, leaving the aura of Hollywood South and its underlying financial logic relatively unscathed. With both sides leveraging local land and labor as both their alibi and their prize, the crisis in Louisiana, especially in light of many regions facing the same dilemmas, should be instructive in preparing for future battles between voodoo economics practiced by all monsters of the public till and creating a more local variation of "hoodoo economics" for the home team.

THE KING OF THE ZOMBIES VERSUS VAMPIRES

To understand the sudden about-face on the film tax incentive policy after such a long and dedicated romance requires a screenplay. The backstory dates to the

era when Hollywood dominated locations and labor. Recalling the movie *King of the Zombies* (as presented in the Introduction), the current conjuncture might be called a sequel with vampires added. In it, the multinational Koch Industries has conjured a band of neoliberal vampires that try to suck the blood from all public investments in a common good. Led principally by the libertarian lobby Americans for Prosperity (AFP), together with other neoconservative groups, including the Tea Party and the Heritage Foundation, the vampires have fought for the repeal of any dedicated state funding for all creative industries, but especially for film and entertainment. In the true fashion of a cult horror flick, the new drama has featured a death match between these two dark forces.

In the months leading to the climactic clash, Louisiana Film Entertainment Association (LFEA) had been mobilizing to “speak with one voice regarding the positive economic impact the entertainment industry provides to Louisiana.” Using social media and website advocacy campaigns to collect personal stories of the positive impacts of the film industry on individuals, the trade association adopted a grassroots-style populist defense of the policy, which, budget experts had charged, enriched very few at the expense of all Louisiana taxpayers.⁴ To counter the winks, in September 2014, LFEA’s “Two Bucks Campaign” raised over \$45,000 on the Kickstarter crowdfunding platform for a “landmark economic study” that would prove the value of the industry to government representatives.⁵ Campaign supporters could post their uplifting stories on a Facebook site. Those people included several background actors (aka extras), a cupcake baker who caters, a television reporter who covers Hollywood South, a number of hotel and restaurant workers, and a bevy of film and communications college students. By January 2015, LFEA’s efforts were in full swing. They organized their supporters to write personal letters to state House and Senate members, and then to don red t-shirts at the Capitol in protest of any policy changes that would eliminate their jobs or their lifelong dreams. At least some of those dreams involved winning the Kickstarter campaign itself, according to a script supervisor who donated \$10,002 in return for LFEA producing her short film. “It baffles me whether anyone could wonder whether the tax incentives bring money into our state, because I see it every day,” said the lucky winner to a local news crew.⁶

Given the budgetary shortfall, most lawmakers were convinced they had to at least appear to fix the program’s most egregious violations of public trust. Under the banner of “mending without ending,” the most conciliatory legislators proposed closing loopholes for auditor fraud, banning credit brokers with felony records, and prohibiting investors from taking their insurance premiums and airfare from the state till. The most vocal LFEA hero, Democratic State Senator Jean-Paul Morrell of New Orleans, balked at limiting incentives overall, preferring to target cuts to actors and producers making more than \$3 million per production. He suggested a symbolic cap of certifying \$300 million in film projects per year, a figure well above the current high watermark, and actually expanding credits

to capture more locally generated and independent productions. “The film and movie production industry made possible by these credits has brought a new sense of innovation to Louisiana,” Morrell argued. “The problems that have arisen are correctable and I will do everything in my power to ensure the future viability of this valuable program.”⁷

Morrell’s critics were unmoved. Likening the state tithes to “a 40-year-old son who won’t get out of the house,” one state representative authored a bill to cap the amount the state would reimburse tax credit buyers in a given year.⁸ His metaphor of a deadbeat dependent was thematically consonant with the AFP’s coordinated attacks, in 2014 and 2015, on regional film-industry incentives in North Carolina, New Jersey, Michigan, and Florida as “handouts” and “corporate welfare.” The lineup of socially conservative Republicans behind the cap in Louisiana also fit the AFP’s national efforts to blame Hollywood stars, for both their financial and their moral support of U.S. President Barack Obama’s policy positions, including the 2010 Affordable Care Act (aka Obamacare), and challenges to “religious freedom” laws aimed at discriminating against LGBT citizens.⁹ With both sides pitting creative enterprise against good governance and the inherent value of a private workforce over public regulations to protect workers, the King of the Zombies and the vampires waged war, each on the basis that only their side protects local workers.

With political clout and riches on par with Hollywood, the Kochs’ campaigners took credit for killing film-industry tax incentives in North Carolina in 2014, along with Florida and Michigan in 2015; but Louisiana opted for another outcome.¹⁰ The governor signed House Bill 829 into state law ninety minutes before the end of the 2015 session. Accepted by margins of eight to one in the House and two to one in the Senate, the bill severed the seeming elite ideological consensus for Hollywood South. Through the anger and tears, no one claimed the measure was a win for their side.¹¹

The final law neither fed nor starved the film tax-credit program in any clear or unilateral way. It followed the admonishments of local labor defenders by increasing the residency period to be considered a Louisiana worker and lowering the minimum budget to allow indie filmmakers to earn film tax credits. It even added another 15 percent credit for screenplays optioned from Louisiana authors and recordings sampled from Louisiana musicians. The new expansions, for example, meant the state could offset up to 60 percent of a film budget that used a Louisiana resident’s screenplay or music. From this, one might argue that Hollywood South would finally get an organic advantage by seeding the cluster of workers in its backyard.

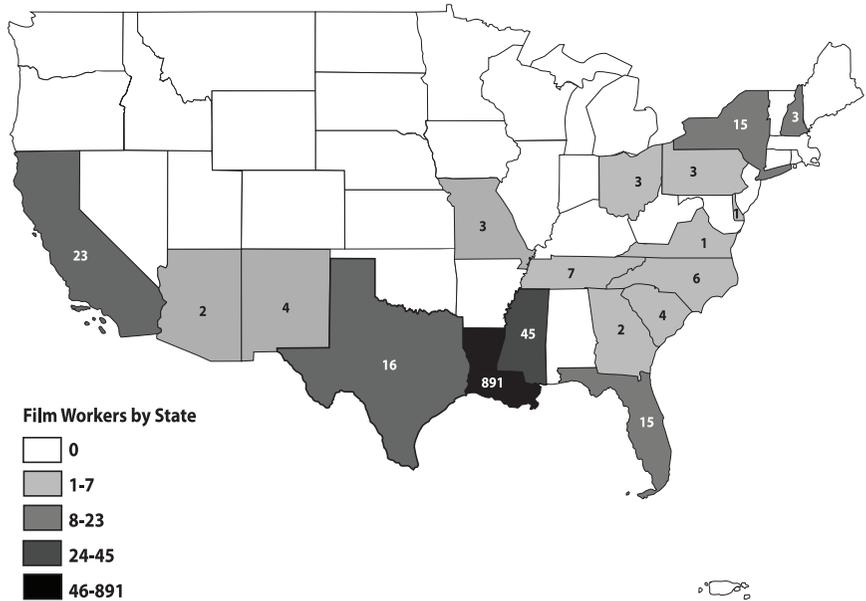
At the same time, the law temporarily capped the ability of the state to pay the debts it had incurred in previous years, reserving \$180 million per year until 2018. While the reimbursement cap was set at the amount the state had certified in 2011, the rule meant that productions that were certified as finished would be

in line to see if the expenditures could be recouped in a given year. Although the productions hand off their tax credits to others through their brokers, the move likely would reduce the credits' overall market value in the coming years, so the move elicited howls from LFEA supporters and fiscal hawks alike.¹² In the *deus ex machina* to the budget drama, lawmakers decided to continue the romance of the film industry while draining some of its lifeblood, namely the guarantee of free money. Amid the uncertainty, the number of major Hollywood productions that were shot in the state plummeted in 2016.¹³

What the 2015 budget showdown in Louisiana ultimately demonstrated was the resiliency of Hollywood South as an ideal, despite its Gothic impacts on state coffers. While the King of the Zombies was wounded, the overall regime remained strong. Production companies turned, on a dime, to "Yallywood" in Georgia and back to California, where legislatures in both states increased their subsidies to wear the mantle of film capital.¹⁴ After two failed bids to repeal the cap, LFEA has held out hope that the political climate will change; because if the cap is repealed, then the policy in place actually *increases* the total state spending on filming. If not, Louisiana will likely face a backlog of over \$200 million in unredeemed credits by 2019. Meanwhile, the vampires also won, continuing their assault on health and human services, public education, housing, and transportation, not to mention the arts and cultural programs that the film economy was supposed to uplift. They continued to deliver public lands and goods to the cold embrace of a privatized market. The national safety nets and protections all workers depend on have been so eviscerated by these undead overlords in recent years that the people living in states deciding whether to expand or repeal their film incentives have a limited horizon of alternative possibilities. In the process, new, expedient definitions of the "local" have changed what it means to live and work in New Orleans.

THE LACUNAE OF THE LOCAL IN LITTLE HOLLYWOODS

Through the various iterations of film and entertainment incentive policies, New Orleans's self-image as a unique and exceptional place has adopted new codes for understanding the worth of local culture and labor. In the lingo of the policy, "local" denotes simply a physical position, based on residency alone. Thus, the gaffer who arrives for six months supplies the same financial boon to the film project as the homegrown one, and both are considered more worthy to the local economy than a host of other electrical workers employed in other industries in the city. At the same time, the "local" association for the gaffers, IATSE 478, has its own geographic codes of meanings. Affiliation requires a presence on local job sites, but not necessarily residency. In order to better serve the studios, the most skilled tradespeople in the film industry live on the move, following nomadic production



MAP 3. State residencies of film workers who were members of the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees (IATSE), New Orleans local 478, 2007–2012.

crews dispatched from Southern California. Together with the other trade professionals, Louisiana film laborers are designated “Third District” to signify their local base, regardless of where they might crew in the day or sleep at night.

Meanwhile the vernacular meanings of New Orleans as a place and of New Orleanians as a people function in response to their expedient appropriation and exploitation by business and government leaders. Like the roving crews sent in search of filming and studio locations a century ago, film producers visit with a host of cultural assumptions and expectations. They find the city today, as then, a palimpsest defined by decades of successive land and development schemes, the concentration of wealth, and the marketing of authenticity. These perceptions reinforce the liminal status of New Orleanians as alternately cosmopolitan but provincial, loyal but untrustworthy, creative but unproductive, hard-working but unprofessional. One field producer who had relocated to New Orleans a decade ago told me that incoming Hollywood producers more frequently passed over qualified, homegrown talent simply because their local credentials were a stigma. “Out-of-towners love to complain that New Orleanians don’t get this or that,” she explained, reasoning that no tax benefit offsets the fear of the unknown. “No production wants to get screwed by bad crew; because you’re going to end up paying for that in the long run.” In sum, the lure of New Orleans

as a film place has shortchanged the city's local film workers, treating them as separate and unequal.

Cultural otherness, combined with abysmal political and economic conditions, fuels the aura of Hollywood: an ephemeral and affective sense that a film economy will resolve long-standing social ills and economic disparities. New Orleans in 2014 posted the second-worst income disparity in the United States, putting it on par with the nation of Zambia.¹⁵ The city's privatization strategies, put in place to manage disaster recovery, helped those who already owned homes with more equity, even as wages persistently remained stagnant and decreased in relation to other costs of living. The logic of Disneyomatics has continued to disrupt residents' sense of place by allowing tourism and media industries to identify what is authentic local culture, and who can live sustainably from its marketability. Against these tides that are excavating the stable grounds for a more equal and socially just society, Hollywood South maintains an optimistic front, a fortification based on the fantasy that hardworking individuals, wielding their local pride as a brand, can overcome, in the words of one of the *Treme* fans, "all the things that still need to be fixed."

What has been striking about LFEA's campaigns to retain, if not expand, tax incentives that direct the greatest benefits upward to the richest few is not the absence of these benefactors' faces in campaign representations, but the excess of profiles belonging to the most precarious workers in the regional economy. The biographies of university students and service workers form the basis for the film economy's need for unpaid assistants and underpaid extras in an overall economy of freelancing, temp work, and tip-based gigs. Among them, Susie Labry has personified the "everywoman" in LFEA's efforts. On her website "Louisiana Sunshine," she portrays herself as a background actress with years of short-term gigs as a casting assistant, a typist, a data-entry worker, and a political fund-raiser. Labry came to the foreground on the eve of the 2015 legislative budget debate, creating the "Keep Louisiana Film Industry" Facebook page "to show continued support for Louisiana Film Industry Tax Incentives." Pictures of her at the Capitol and at industry networking sessions—often dressed like a office temp, standing next to a celebrity—have attracted over two thousand followers to her populist and passionate pleas.¹⁶ Like other extras, Labry's performance of herself has been a full-time occupation to maintain the litany of low-to-no-wage gigs that compose her work history.

It's not that Labry and others' hyper-visible politics have amounted to just acting on another stage. These performances are central to film workers' and aspirants' investments in their own career portfolios. To find work, build a network, and then leverage those into the next contract requires film workers to act as entrepreneurs of the self, a disposition of perpetually trading one's image and building one's brand in all spheres of social life. The first rule of becoming a



FIGURE 21. A homeless woman uses the back of a film sign to panhandle near the highway. Photo by Vicki Mayer.

“power player” in the film industry, assures a manual for entry-level Hollywood assistants, is to closet your fantasies and remember that the most important person to you is the one you work for.¹⁷ Personalities must be sublimated to this axiom of career mobility to survive, perhaps forever or until the experience just feels like being oneself. In a cutthroat industry based on social relationships, the cruel optimism for little Hollywoods everywhere is not a delusion but a compelled strategy for future achievement. The journalist Barbara Ehrenreich notes: “As the economy brought more layoffs and financial turbulence to the middle class, the promoters of positive thinking have increasingly emphasized this negative judgment: to be disappointed, resentful, or downcast is to be a ‘victim’ and a ‘whiner.’”¹⁸ This lesson is particularly geared to those who live most precariously in film economies. While positive thinking creates the mantra for those at the top—they are the most meritorious—it disciplines those at the bottom to fight harder for their dreams.

The effectiveness of LFEA, and of all film-economy boosterism, lies precisely in the ways that these populist appeals—to keep sunny-yet-servile attitudes despite economic insecurity—resonate with so much of the U.S. workforce. Once outliers in the pantheon of labor classifications, the Hollywood model—with its

reliance on the internal competition for short-term, team-based projects—has become the norm throughout much of the post-factory economy. As such, the work routines of the film economy—stressing self-discipline, cooperation, and, above all, communication—are interwoven into the livelihoods of most middle-class Americans.¹⁹ Framed by dismantled and remodeled collective safeguard systems that place more burdens on individuals to fend for themselves, “Precariousness is not an exception; it is rather the rule.”²⁰ To summarize the political theorist Isabell Lorey, precariousness is both an abstract and a concrete form of governance. It demands that workers secure their own education, skills, and training through private debt and negotiate their own contracts for hire, without collective bargaining rights. It places responsibility on individuals to protect themselves from ill or aging bodies, and against harassment or discrimination. The state of insecurity, maintained through passive forms of surveillance and direct policing of the poor, requires that citizens “must perform their exploitable self in multiple social relations before the eyes of others.”²¹ In this economic context and political climate, Hollywood South becomes an excellent hedge bet because its aura pays so many dividends that the actual labor market does not.

Every time I hear the extraordinary jobs statistics connected to film economies, I am reminded of the security of Hollywood’s aura. For the 108 films released by the eleven Hollywood majors in 2013, one study calculated that 84,000 jobs were directly created globally, with more than 13,500 located in Louisiana.²² Add to that the production projects for television, advertising, special events, and digital media, and the industry touts creating another 11,000 jobs annually in the state.²³ These are the fruits of the film economy, the ones that justify starving other state spending priorities. They are temporary. Many film jobs last only a day. They are unstable. Film jobs flourish where they receive the most subsidy, often in right-to-work states that erode the power of the industry’s own labor unions and professional guilds. Few people make their sole living in the role of a film and television worker. Yet film jobs are also aspirational. For LFEA’s claim that one in ten Louisianans are employed or know someone who is employed by the film industry to be correct, it would *have* to include the multitudes of workers who are only vicariously connected to Hollywood. Technocrats call these people the “multiplier effects” of film economies, but they are actually the middle-class people in my own social milieu who are struggling to make ends meet.

From the college student who bags groceries to pay for film classes in the hopes of being a director, to the professor incentivized to teach less film theory and more production skills, so powerful is the aura of Hollywood that any political critique becomes impossibly personalized through the network of people connecting themselves to it. After fifteen years, the dream of Hollywood South has deep roots in my own community of friends, neighbors, and colleagues. Even my boyfriend, a highly educated scientist, counted our mutual friend as

a “film industry worker” despite the fact that this person worked full-time as a legal secretary, and only occasionally as an extra. By the same token, this contingent film worker, an otherwise-critical thinker, promotes the film economy unquestioningly—and for good reason. He can pay his mortgage only by renting half his house to a stream of visiting film professionals. The feelings of precariousness, the real danger of slipping into poverty, and the sense that we willingly participate in this political economy make it hard not to cheer on the film industry or become a foot soldier to its craven needs. Those who question the policy’s means or ends, including myself, must defend against charges of rudeness, elitism, or even callousness to the plight of fellow citizens. To parallel film financing to the subsequent cuts to education and health services becomes heretical. Therein lies the rub for eliminating policies that underwrite Hollywood South and all of its competitors elsewhere.

WHY ZOMBIES CAN DISSENT

To resist the mandatory optimism, many New Orleanians have resorted to either ambivalence or cynicism toward the film economy. Annual Mardi Gras parade floats have lampooned the eye-popping corruption scandals, and the fawning reverence for celebrities, and the absurd marketing of everything shot in New Orleans, regardless of whether or not it is any good. These tactics do little to assuage our discomfort, the sense of the *unheimlich*, on the other, less eventful days of the year, such as when the fleet of Hollywood trucks blocks the streets, the parks, and our passage. Much less do these carnivalesque critiques form, on their own, a coherent politics for a creative economy in the future.

What is the mojo against the zombie kings, vampires, and all other lords of the underworld that shroud their black magic in the promises of creative freedoms, job creation, and local returns on investment? Interestingly, LFEA’s own research—the study promised as the reward of the Two Bucks Campaign—perhaps contains the antidote to the bad economic policies the industry peddles. Released with great fanfare during the legislative budgeting process, the study combined the findings of two telephone surveys asking residents and tourists, respectively, how they *feel* about Hollywood South. Among the former sample, 80 percent of Louisianans wanted a film economy, but only half wanted the tax incentive policy. Among the latter group of some 1,400 recent tourists to Louisiana, only about 200 of them said that a film made in Louisiana was one of the reasons they came to visit. Many more could name a film or television show located in the state. They include, prominently, *A Streetcar Named Desire* (1951), *The Big Easy* (1986), *Interview with the Vampire* (1994), and *Steel Magnolias* (1989). Most of these are set in New Orleans, but all of them were produced well before the political institutionalization of Hollywood South.²⁴ What the two studies together

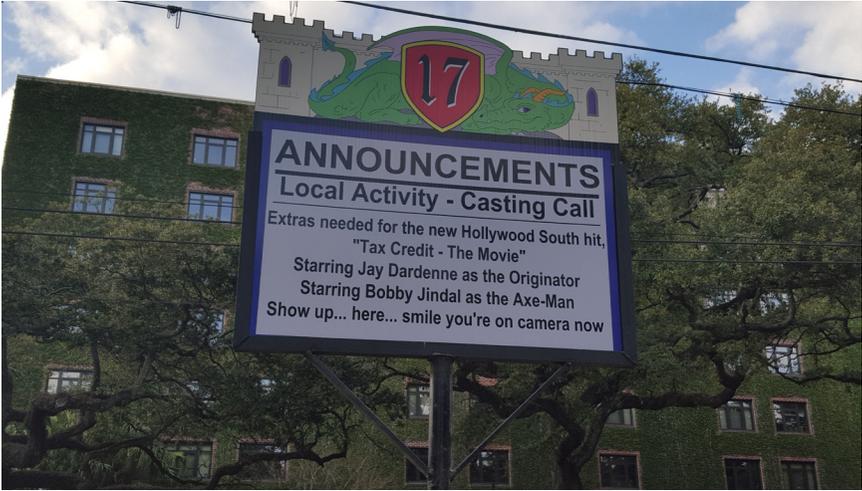


FIGURE 22. A sign on a 2016 Mardi Gras float lampoons the political characters in the budgetary drama surrounding the state's film tax-credit policy. Photo by Vicki Mayer.

reveal are not the resounding cheers of the masses for the current policies, but a more complex swirl of feelings supporting the people and places that have created New Orleans as a place of creative people.

Those feelings of identification and solidarity need to be captured in a public sphere that presents the current film incentive policies for what they are and who they are designed to serve. Writing against the financialization of all values in the postindustrial society, social theorist Franco Berardi has advocated a collective intelligence that imagines "a place we do not know" based on mutual connections and empathy.²⁵ He cites the autonomous and horizontal social movements that have brought together artists, journalists, programmers, and computer technicians to subvert market logics with irony, an act that exposes the fault lines in the law. These groups, such as Wikileaks, Anonymous, the Debt Collective, and Occupy, among others, use irony as a way to reveal the opaque circulation of capital and power among those who act above the laws they enforce on others. They refuse to play by all the rules of the game or to obey legal directives that try to control people through sustained relations of precarity. Rather than opting for cynicism, however, "Ironic interpretations of events presuppose a common understanding between the speakers and the listeners; a sympathy among those who, engaged in the ironic act, arrive at a common autonomy from the dictatorship of the signified."²⁶ In other words, this new place that Berardi imagines is a temporal one, based on open dialogue, transparent information access, and the possibility of as many interpretations as there are discussants. This seems like an excellent place to

begin a more open and sustained discussion about the multitude of relationships between creativity and economy.

Berardi's vision reminds me of the homemade signs after Katrina that called on us to "Think You Might Be Wrong" without disclosing the original sin. The fact that most New Orleanians have no idea where the money for film incentives comes from in the budget, or into whose pockets it goes, signifies a deep chasm to cross if anyone is to have faith in a well-governed creative economy that benefits everyone. The policy propping up Hollywood South has diverted attention away from the real beneficiaries of film and other entertainment incentive policies: from the project investors who offload their risks onto precarious workers, to developer magnates who use public monies to turn blighted properties into private gold, to the small cabal of legal and financial professionals who both oversee and profit from the tradable-tax-credit market that few know exists and even fewer enter. New solutions need to overcome the false binary of the deserving creative worker and the undeserving ordinary citizen, and to avoid recreating a trickle-down economy between the direct beneficiaries of the subsidies and those relegated to the minimum-wage margins as a result of the policy's multiplier effects. If this book contributes anything to the possibility of seeing film economies through their obscurantist language and false dichotomies, then at least we can begin again.

From there, we can collectively restore the senses of the local that everyone—from the affluent visitor in the LFEA survey to the struggling extras trying to make the skyrocketing rents and even the die-hard media fans in between—articulates in their visions of a local place with local laborers. What might be done with the collected tax moneys that have been sheltered in film-studio investments or redistributed via the credit brokers? Could we imagine a city in which workers are not dependent on unreliable tips, substandard wages, or the largesse of elite patrons? The organizing efforts to double the base floor of the minimum wages and provide basic services for all workers, including restaurant servers, musicians, and street performers, helps everyone rise in the struggles for economic justice.²⁷ Health and education need to respond not only to private industry's needs, but also to crazy work schedules and locational mobility without incurring unsustainable debt loads. In Louisiana, Medicaid is still out of reach for most people working full-time. The local public university system has shrunk to a shadow of its former self, declaring financial exigency in the face of the population returning to its pre-Katrina size.²⁸ Rent controls and free access to expanded transportation or equipment rentals can offset the excesses of the marketplace and restore the small social contracts that residents have with public space, their neighborhoods, and their neighbors. Those goods could become fully embedded in the community with credit waivers for subsidized housing, fairer pricing for flood insurance, and access to nearby public spaces for work studios, community resource centers, and media

making. This final idea would reinforce that a creative economy policy needs to be transparent, multivoiced, and subject to public scrutiny, irony, and a dynamic circuit for responses.²⁹

Some regional and city governments have begun thinking about their local creative economies in ways that bring together constituencies' concerns for complex solidarities. Minnesota in 2008 passed a constitutional amendment that dedicated tax funding to arts, clean water, and parks. The yoking of arts and environment (as a shared public investment) with protection of public spaces and infrastructure in the creation of art is one path forward. Another avenue is to think through possible ways to redistribute wealth downward. Missouri in 2015 collected \$42 million in income taxes on their nonresident Hollywood entertainers and pro athletes to support the state arts council. Finally, there are local policies to tie education and creative arts funding. In Portland, Oregon, the citywide Arts Education and Access Fund overrides unequal education policies based on property values and fosters funding to make creative arts a universal right for youth. While the measure that supports the fund since 2012 has had multiple opponents and revisions, the overall focus on grassroots efforts to stimulate *all* people's creative potentials is a step in the right direction.³⁰

Rather than wishing for a superhero to fight the lords of zombies and the scions of vampires, the tragic outcomes of Hollywood South might be countered with a Hall of Justice for all people as creative and as workers. This would involve extending local film-labor advantages to all local workers, regardless of industry or trade, status or documentation. It would require reinvesting in the educational, health, and retirement programs that would uplift all workers. It would allow employers to capitalize on the full range of local expertise and create a secure resource in a time of continuing crisis elsewhere. Most importantly, it would put the public back in the dyad of the public-private partnerships that were supposed to build a more creative, if not a more just, society.

