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CUTS IN NLRB BAD FOR MANAGEMENT AND LABOR

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from California [Mr. MARTINEZ] is recognized for 5 minutes.

Mr. MARTINEZ. Mr. Speaker, it never ceases to amaze me how this Republican juggernaut continues on its way, not thinking and unconcerned about the consequences of its actions. A case in point is found in the labor appropriations bill we are considering this week.

The Appropriations Committee proposes reducing the funding of the National Labor Relations Board by 30 percent. They also, of course, propose to change certain statutory rules—rules that have stood the test of time, and which used to be the province of authorizing committees.

Why? So that the employers of this country will be freed from the yoke of labor—and can return to being productive and profitable in this highly competitive world economy. If anyone really believes this, I have some oceanside property in Arizona I will sell you—what's been happening for years is that those employers who aren't capable of changing their business operations to keep up with the times, and who only look on labor as a tool, not a partner, and who can't force lower wages and benefits on their workers have been moving to Mexico and the Far East with impunity. And those that can't move will now work with impunity to eliminate workers' right to organize and to force down wages and benefits. Since the NLRB will no longer be able to carry out its responsibilities.

Lost in their zeal to unlevel the playing field is the real reason we have the NLRB in the first place—to bring balance to the management-union-employee situation, to protect each of the three elements from the others.

So, cutting the NLRB will mean less protection for the employers and employees who have had to go to the Board for redress against unreasonable actions by unions.

When the Portland Local of the United Food and Commercial Workers attempted to force grocery store owners into firing employees because of failure to pay union dues, the Board stepped in to prevent the union from doing something clearly in violation of the law.

The fact that these workers were not represented under a union contract was central to the decision.

This bill would prevent the NLRB from prosecuting employers who find union organizers taking jobs in a non-union firm solely to organize the workers, a practice called salting.

I know that employers who find themselves the subject of salting think they will be assisted by this bill, because it allegedly makes such action il-

legal—but, cut 650 full-time-equivalent positions and see how many of these employers are going to be able to secure the assistance of the NLRB to bring a cease-and-desist order against the union that continues to use these tactics and disrupt the workplace.

What I really want to ask is: How will causing inordinate delays in processing complaints—including disposing of frivolous or unsupportable complaints—be beneficial to employers?

Employers, employees, or unions who go to the NLRB sometimes do so because that is the only way to avoid escalating a disagreement to the level of confrontation or violence.

That is why the Board was created in the first place.

If you take away the capability of the Board to deal efficiently and quickly with those disagreements, you are ensuring that there will be confrontations and battles.

This proposal is, like the rest of this appropriation bill, a perfect example of shortsightedness.

Because well over 90 percent of all Labor disputes are settled before they become the subject of a formal NLRB action, because the staff of the Board is now available to resolve disputes before they grow.

Cut this budget by 30 percent and employers, employees, and unions will wait months instead of days for resolution of complaints. And the number of complaints is unlikely to drop—the NLRB does not bring the complaints—unions, workers, and employers bring the complaints.

So, how can reducing the budget of this agency get Government off the backs of workers and employers?

It cannot.

Vote against this bill.

□ 1745

DEADHEADS

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. METCALF). Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from Tennessee [Mr. DUNCAN] is recognized for 5 minutes.

Mr. DUNCAN. Mr. Speaker, as some people here know, I spent 7½ years as a criminal court judge in Tennessee trying felony criminal cases, the burglaries, the rapes, the armed robberies, the murder cases, the drug cases, the most serious cases. As everyone can imagine, I saw many very sad things during those years. However, one of the saddest cases involved what was then, and may still be, the biggest drug case every to hit the city of Knoxville.

Four young people brought 72,000 hits of LSD from California and were arrested in a raid at the Hilton Hotel. One of the four was a very beautiful young woman, just 1 month past her 18th birthday. She testified that she started with marijuana in the 7th grade, and because she handled that with no problem, she went on to cocaine in the 9th grade and heroin in the

10th grade. She then left home and started following a band called the Grateful Dead. She became part of a subculture called the Deadheads.

They used her for a couple of years or so until she ran out of money in California and started living on the beach and having to beg for money and beg for food.

Then she got involved in selling drugs. She came to Knoxville, got caught and had to spend 12 years of a nonprobable sentence in the Tennessee Penitentiary for Women.

After she was arrested, she found out she was pregnant, and she had twins which were delivered while she was incarcerated and had to be turned over to the State of Connecticut where she was originally from.

I became horrified from what I heard from those young people about how their lives were ruined when they became attracted to this band, the Grateful Dead, and became part of this horrible subculture called the Deadheads. So you can imagine how interested I was when I picked up Sunday's Washington Post and read on the front page of the Outlook section of a column, an article, a lengthy article entitled "Un-Grateful Deadheads, My Long, Strange Trip Through a Tie-Dyed Hell," by Carolyn Ruff.

I wanted to read just a portion of this article because there may be some people here tonight or some parents who are listening whose young people are attracted to things like this. I do this sort of as hopefully a warning for these young people to get some help. Carolyn Ruff wrote this:

She jumped from a window of a seedy motel on Market Street in San Francisco. From a room full of Deadheads she considered to be her family, she climbed out onto the ledge and then took one more step forward. No one made any attempt to stop her. I was on the street below and to this day remain thankful I was looking the other way. I don't even remember her name anymore. I suspect few remember her at all.

We met at a Grateful Dead show in North Carolina. It was the end of the Dead's fall tour of 1989. I had just completed my first full tour and she had finished what would be her last. She was a bright, beautiful runaway from a loveless home in Pittsburgh. Like many of the hundreds on the tour, she was attracted to the scene around the Grateful Dead as much as the band itself. In the Deadheads, she thought she saw family.

When we saw each other again a few months later in Miami, I was shocked by her mental deterioration. She rambled gravely about how her closest friends had stolen her clothes and her money. She shamefully recounted having sex with men in exchange for food and drugs. She had lice in her hair. She was hungry, lonely, miserable. Another Deadhead suggested that she medicate with acid to cleanse the dark thoughts from her head, and then swim in the ocean to rinse the black film on her soul. This home remedy failed and a young life was lost within months of our meeting.

I continue to read from this column from the Washington Post, as Carolyn Ruff put it this past Sunday:

Contrary to the image laid out by the Deadheads themselves, life on tour these

days is far from peace, love and smiles. Capitalism, greed and betrayal would be more apt descriptions.

In my seven years as a devoted Deadhead including two spent touring the country, I came to take for granted that people would steal from a friend's backpack and rationalize their actions. I saw friends sleep with other friends' partners. I saw young women sexually assaulted after being unwittingly dosed with acid. I saw someone give a friend's dog acid just to watch it lose its mind. I saw people stranded in a strange city because their friends were impatient to hit the road. I saw people trash their friends' motel rooms, knowing that they would not be held responsible for the damage.

With no legal system within the Deadhead culture, these injustices go unchallenged.

I do not have time, tonight, Mr. Speaker, to read this entire article. But I do commend the Washington Post for writing this and Carolyn Ruff for bringing this horrible subculture of the Deadheads to the attention of so many people.

Mr. Speaker, I include for the RECORD the article to which I referred.

[From the Washington Post, July 30, 1995]

THE UNGRATEFUL DEADHEADS

MY LONG, STRANGE TRIP THROUGH A TIE-DYED
HELL

(By Carolyn Ruff)

She jumped from a window of a seedy motel on Market Street in San Francisco. From a room full of Deadheads she considered to be her family, she climbed out onto the ledge and then took one more step forward. No one made any attempt to stop her. I was on the street below and to this day remain thankful I was looking the other way. I don't even remember her name anymore. I suspect few remember her at all.

We met at a Grateful Dead show in North Carolina. It was the end of the Dead's fall tour in 1989. I had just completed my first full tour and she had finished what would be her last. She was a bright, beautiful runaway from a loveless home in Pittsburgh. Like many of the hundreds on the tour, she was attracted to the scene around the Grateful Dead as much as the band itself. In the Deadheads, she thought she saw family.

When we saw each other again a few months later in Miami, I was shocked by her mental deterioration. She rambled gravely about how her closest friends had stolen her clothes and her money. She shamefully recounted having sex with men in exchange for food and drugs. She had lice in her hair. She was hungry, lonely, miserable. Another Deadhead suggested that she medicate with acid to cleanse the dark thoughts from her head, and then swim in the ocean to rinse the black film on her soul. This home remedy failed and a young life was lost within months of our meeting.

That indecent occurred five years ago, but recent headlines surrounding the Grateful Dead have taken me back to that time and to my own days on tour. As the itinerant band celebrates an astonishing 30 years on tour, it has been dogged by misfortune—lightning struck fans earlier this summer at RFK Stadium in Washington, several dozen people were arrested outside a Dead concert in Albany and for the first time in three decades, a scheduled concert was canceled in Indiana for fear of crowd violence. None of this can be directly attributed to the band itself, but the incidents are nonetheless beginning to expose a darker, more malevolent side of the Grateful Dead milieu. Contrary to the image laid out by the Deadheads themselves, life on tour these days is far from peace, love

and smiles. Capitalism, greed and betrayal would be more apt descriptions.

Today's Deadheads wear the tie-dyed costumes of a past generation but aren't propelled by the same sense of moral rebellion. If bygone Deadheads were protesting war and social strife, today's seem only to be dissenters from real-world monotony. Unfortunately, like many of my generation's discontents, they are cynical, savvy and unhappy with their lives.

In my seven years as a devoted Deadhead—including two spent touring the country—I came to take for granted that people would steal from a friend's backpack and rationalize their actions. I saw friends sleep with other friends' partners. I saw young women sexually assaulted after being unwittingly dosed with acid. I saw someone give a friend's dog acid just to watch it lose its mind. I saw people stranded in a strange city because their friends were impatient to hit the road. I saw people trash their friends' motel rooms, knowing that they would not be held responsible for the damage.

With no legal system within the Deadhead culture, these injustices go unchallenged. Thankfully, violent acts of retribution have been few, but who knows if it will someday come to that? The common reaction when this sort of incident occurs is to get a bit meaner, shrewder and make a plan to do it back to someone else. Eventually, I came to dislike the music of the Dead because of the association I made between the band and its followers.

It would be unfair to imply that all of those on tour engage in such loathsome behavior. There are many who revel in the shows and demonstrate respect not just for their fellow Tourheads but for the cities they visit. Their sole desire is to immerse themselves in the music and peacefully co-exist with others who feel the same. But the dominant culture is not so sanguine.

In an attempt to escape the society they so disdain, the Deadheads have created a world underpinned by the same materialism and greed. Whether it be overpricing their wares or selling crack and ecstasy, the looming specter of capitalism rules supreme, and it is every bit as ruthless as that of the American mainstream.

Newcomers naive enough to think otherwise quickly have their misconceptions dispelled. I met quite a few 14- and 15-year-old kids who came to tour without a penny and thought they could turn to other Deadheads for support. Somehow, they thought money didn't hold the same relevance that it does elsewhere. But unless you're a Trustfund Deadhead, sustained by the family fortune, everyone needs a scheme. Selling veggie sandwiches is one option, as is hawking jewelry or clothing. To make these business go, some Deadheads trek to Central America between tours to buy the Guatemalan jewelry and garb so popular among Dead followers. Others make their own products to sell. And with a steady flow of suburban kids who have the cash to spend on a \$5 tofu burger and a \$20 T-shirt, these entrepreneurs have an ideal location at Dead shows.

But these business ventures take a level of initiative and planning beyond what most Tourheads are willing to expend. More typically, people make just enough money to cover food, lodging, their concert ticket and enough gas to get to the next city. If you are not good at selling or at least scamming, you will not make it on tour. Many Deadheads, while professing distrust and disdain for the government, make it by accepting food stamps and other public hand-outs. A walk down the streets of Berkeley or San Francisco, a popular hub of between-tour activity, is evidence enough that many Tourheads

are also adept at panhandling, although this is not a profitable choice for survival.

The drug trade is also an easy and rather lucrative route to sustenance. With perseverance, one can usually find suppliers of acid, mushrooms or ecstasy to resell, and the rising popularity of crack and heroin on tour is opening up new markets. There is the nuisance of undercover agents from the Drug Enforcement Administration, to say nothing of fellow Deadhead narcs, but this can add an element of excitement to a new career—which for today's Deadheads is a tonic in itself.

My initiation to the Grateful Dead came in 1986 and coincided with the band's resurgence back then. I was in college and had been more interested in the Clash and Flipper than wearing bells on my shoes and tie-dyeing every white shirt I owned. But after going to a few shows I grew enchanted, with the band and with the hordes of colorfully attired people who seemed like happy children at recess. I worked every conceivable retail job to finance my indulgence, choosing positions where there was little commitment. With the money I had saved and the cushion of a few credit cards, I was able to traverse the country with relative financial security. It also helped that I had family that, though preferring I settle down and get a job, made clear that I could rely on them if things got desperate.

It might have been different had I joined the tour earlier. One retired Tourhead who requests anonymity for fear of losing a respectable job says the late 1980s ushered in a more amoral environment. "The demise of the Dead scene began in 1987 when going to shows became like going to some sort of pop scene," says this ex-Deadhead who himself was eventually scared away by the violence. He blames alcohol abuse for what he sees as an increased incidence of fighting, show-crashing and other disruptive behavior.

Today's version of tour is a mockery of what the original Dead followers created. There is an attempt to form family units, but too often they aren't bound together by loyalty and trust. The members travel together, bunk together and, theoretically, provide the love and support that one might bestow on a relative. And, to a degree, there is a sense of sharing: In spurts of generosity, one person or a few will support the others by buying the gas or paying for the motel room. But typically this generosity is born of necessity—everybody else is broke.

Rarely do the relationships that develop transcend each person's own selfishness. Usually, the break occurs over money—someone feels they've been cut out of a drug deal, or grows tired of supporting a parasitic family member.

To survive on tour, it helps to have emotions encased in steel. Courtesy is not mandatory and verbal assaults, rude comments and sexist remarks are common in the course of a motel room conversation. People refer to each other freely as "sister" or "brother" but there was rarely the accompanying intimacy. Practically everyone goes by a nickname—Woodstock, Scooter, Zeus, Rainbow, Jinx. Often, I never knew people's real first names, and rarely did I know their last. There was a degree of secrecy which supposedly stemmed from a paranoia of the law, but sometimes I wondered whether going by a fake name among friends was just a way of preventing anyone from getting too close.

So what's the beauty of it all? The question for many on tour is probably: What's the alternative?

"There is this core group of Tourheads who have dropped out of society and their only alternative is to follow the Dead," says Jill, another former Deadhead. These people live

for tour to resume each season, but quickly grow disgusted. They boast of making enough money from the present tour to buy that land in Oregon and settle down. But more typically their money is blown on lavish hotel rooms, expensive meals, beer and drugs. Strung out and broke, they're left scrambling for someone to support them until tour begins again.

And so a cycle evolves: Many may want to try a new life but have become ensnared in the tour culture. Financially, they know no other way to make money other than selling wares on tour. Socially, whether they truly like them or not, the people on tour are the only friends they have. Alienated and fearful of what the real world is about, they settle into what they know best: The Dead.

Every time there is a scare that the Dead may stop touring, I find myself worrying about the lost souls who know nothing else but the parallel world of the Grateful Dead. Many are talented and have skills adaptable to the mainstream. It's those who use the Dead simply as an escape who will have difficulty adjusting to life without tour. Sadly, I cannot picture their future.

They will surely endure the loss of the Dead's live performances, but can they handle the end of tour? That possibility seems even more zeal with the current malaise surrounding the band. As the amount of violence and police confrontation has grown, so have concerns about how to curtail it. A group calling itself Save Our Scene has formed in an attempt to quash disruptive behavior. And through newsletters and the Internet, band members have practically begged their fans to clean up their act. If they don't, the Dead will stop touring' or so they threaten.

In an open letter passed out to Deadheads at a recent St. Louis show and later posted on the Internet, the Dead told fans that "over the past 30 years we've come up with the fewest possible rules to make the difficult act of bringing tons of people together work well—and a few thousand so-called Dead Heads ignore these simple rules and screw it up for you, us and everybody."

Arguably, it is not the Tourheads who are responsible for the bad behavior, but local kids who view the parking lot at a Dead show as an invitation to party with complete abandon. Tourheads can blame the less devoted concert-goers, but it is these "outsiders" who buy the goods that sustain the Tourheads lifestyle. And it is the Tourheads who have created the atmosphere that is so appealing to revelers in the first place.

The Dead went on to say, "If you don't have a ticket, don't come. This is real. This is a music concert, not a free-for-all party."

To me, the issue of blame isn't really relevant. The real question is: How long did anyone think the party could last?

IN OPPOSITION TO THE LABOR-HHS-EDUCATION APPROPRIATIONS BILL

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from New York [Mr. ENGEL] is recognized for 5 minutes.

Mr. ENGEL. Mr. Speaker, I want to speak about the proposed cuts in the Labor-HHS-Education appropriations bill because in the 7 years I have been fortunate enough to serve in Congress, this bill is truly the worst bill I have ever seen. This bill is nothing less than a frontal assault on the working men and women of this country. The cuts will only serve to decrease productivity, increase costs and cost lives.

I am a member of what used to be called the Education and Labor Committee, which is now called the Economic and Educational Opportunities Committee. And the minute the new Republican majority took control, they changed the name of the Committee. They purged the word labor out of the Committee and purged the word labor out of all the subcommittees. That, to me, sums it all up. They want to just purge labor, purge labor unions and purge the working men and women of this country.

The cuts in OSHA in this bill, and OSHA takes care of the health and safety of American workers, they slash OSHA enforcement programs by 33 percent, a third. This would decimate the agency's enforcement program, leaving millions of working Americans with no where to turn for safety and health protections. With 17 workers dying on the job each day, these shortsighted cuts will increase this carnage sharply.

OSHA laws did not just happen overnight. They came in gradually. And we have now had OSHA protection for 50 or 60 years. And we have seen that as long as we have had the OSHA protection, American workers, less and less American workers have been injured, maimed or killed on the job so the OSHA laws are working. Why would we want to turn the clock back to before the time there were these protections? Why would we want to endanger the health and safety and welfare of America's workers?

In this bill, the National Labor Relations Board is also cut by 30 percent. Currently the National Labor Relations Board has the power to prevent and fix unfair labor practices committed by employers and safeguard employees' rights to organize. The cuts will result in severely weakened workers' rights to fair and decent conditions on the job.

Now, as rationale in all the hearings we have held in the committee, people who want to eliminate OSHA and want to eliminate the NLRB say, you know, these impose very big hardships on employees and most employers are good. I agree, most employers are good and they are responsible. Those are not the employers that we are worried about. To those employers who do what is right and do what they are supposed to be doing and protect the health and safety of their workers, OSHA ought not to affect them. It is those few employers who do not care about the health and safety of their workers which is the reason why OSHA laws were put into effect in the first place.

So now we are going to throw the baby out with the bathwater. Instead of trying to fix what is broken, we want to gut the whole program and throw the baby out with the bathwater and leave American workers exposed.

To me worker safety is not a Democratic issue or a Republican issue. It is an American issue. I do not know why my Republican friends want to gut the program.

Now, in this bill, also there is a 34-percent cut planned for the dislocated workers program. That means that 140,000 fewer workers will be helped finding new jobs, workers who need help in getting the skills for jobs in our changing economy due to increased corporate and defense downsizing. We talk about welfare reform. We want to keep people off the welfare rolls. We want to get people off the welfare rolls. How do you do that, by cutting the dislocated workers program which helps people get jobs, train jobs and find jobs?

It makes no sense whatsoever. So we must stop punishing the workers of this country in order to fund initiatives like tax cuts for the wealthy. The American workers deserve better from us.

My father was an iron worker. I remember walking the picket lines with him during a strike when I was a boy. Workers do not want to strike. They do not want to lose pay. They do a strike only as a last resort. The attitude that we see in some quarters in this new Congress, making workers a pariah, is just unbelievable. Davis-Bacon reform, Davis-Bacon protects prevailing wages so people in my area of the country, New York City, where there is a very, very high cost of living can get a decent wage. We do not want to depress people's wages and have cheap labor coming in from elsewhere, but that is exactly what happens if Davis-Bacon is repealed, and the Republicans are again assaulting Davis-Bacon. Some of us believe that \$4.25 is not enough for anybody to live. That is the minimum wage. We think it should be raised. Our Republican friends do not want to raise the minimum wage; they want to eliminate the minimum wage.

This is backsliding. This is not what ought to be done. That is only the labor part of this bill. What we see later on in education is even worse.

I urge my colleagues to look at this legislation, to vote against it. We hear the votes still are not there. We ought to defeat this bill, if it comes up this week, and hopefully reason will prevail.

□ 1800

WE MUST KEEP MEDICARE AFLOAT

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. METCALF). Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from Minnesota [Mr. GUTKNECHT] is recognized for 5 minutes.

Mr. GUTKNECHT. Mr. Speaker, author Stephen Covey likes to tell a story about the Navy captain of a ship who is adrift in a rather stormy sea one night and he saw a light coming at him. He orders his signalman to contact the oncoming vessel and ask him to change course 20 degrees. So the message is sent out, and very quickly a message comes back, "You change course 20 degrees." The captain is a little upset by this message coming back,