

asking to regulate anything else. We are just basically saying that the state has a responsibility to ensure these people be certified, be properly educated and, in fact, can do that. They can hold their religious convictions and they can teach them day in and day out. All the requirement is, all the state requirement is is that they be certified. If their argument is that this is a contaminating influence, the certification process, the education process, so it be but frankly everything in our society is contaminating. Every...

SPEAKER MARVEL: Your time is up.

SENATOR NEWELL: ...view that is spoke in this world of ours is contaminating if it differs from our own and that is not a justification to change the laws in this regard. I urge the Legislature not to readvance this bill.

SPEAKER MARVEL: Senator Landis.

SENATOR LANDIS: Mr. Speaker, members of the Legislature, I realize that, in fact, we are going to have to vote on this issue yet tonight and then there will probably be in quick rapid succession I would predict, a motion to adjourn and that motion will be successful and we will have the end of LB 472 today. I would, however, suggest that this charade will continue perhaps Tuesday when the bill gets reported back or perhaps Wednesday and then we will have motions to return again. So in order to prepare you for that eventuality let me just read you a favorite poem of mine from a Russian author named Yevgeny Yevtushenko from a book called, "Seldom Poems." This is written in the late '60s when he came to visit America on a tour and he was aware that the nation had lost its compass and he wrote this poem called, "New York Elegy." By the time this bill gets done, by the way, you are going to be experts in Russian poetry, collectively. I hope you like it.

At night, in New York's Central Park,
chilled to the bone and belonging to no one,
I talked quietly with America:
both of us were weary of speeches.

I talked with my footsteps--
unlike words, they do not lie--
and I was answered with circles
dead leaves uttered, falling onto a pond.

Snow was falling, sliding embarrassed
past bars where noisiness never ceases,
settling tinted on the swollen neon veins
on the city's sleepless brow,