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trying to take care of it. Thank you, Madam President.

SENATOR SCHIMEK: Thank you, Senator Louden. Senator Chambers, you're recognized to speak. And I believe this is your third time, Senator.

SENATOR CHAMBERS: Yes, it is. Thank you, Madam President. I feel cranky this morning. So to calm me down, I'm going to read a rhyme. It's called, cloture: food for thought. If they vote for cloture, what have I lost? Nothing. But what to them may be the cost? Have they not reckoned that one single bill much of the rest of the session may kill? Getting that instant rush makes them feel glad. Like methamphetamine, it may drive them mad. Not actually drive them mad, for you see, I'm merely speaking by analogy. "Frustrated" and "vexed" are more to the point, much like a foot or a nose out of joint. Let them vote cloture. Then may we see whether they deliver the session to me. Clumping together makes frightened folk brave. Clumping together's the only way to save each and every bill that's left to be debated. Every sponsor's vote with 32 must be mated. Does that need explaining? I can't say. And so, since it is uncertain, I'll explain it, whether or no. If they vote cloture, assisting Senator A, they must be prepared to so vote the rest of the way. If I should decide to push them to the wall, can all senators look for a successful cloture call? Cloture they may ask for today; tomorrow they'll be daunted. They'll have what they asked for, but it won't be what they wanted. When they cross that fateful line which cannot be uncrossed, they perhaps may win a little, while a lot is lost. Am I saying every bill will need a cloture vote? Maybe so and maybe no. Still, it's wise to note, over every bill there hangs the sword of Damocles, prompting wise folk to walk light, and also not to sneeze. Delicately things be balanced in these latter days of the session. Exercising prudence always pays. Always pays, if exercised before a hasty act. One cannot the sword of Damocles stay after the fact. Let the heedless vote for cloture. Let them take that chance. Hence I've offered, but I'll not disclose all in advance. When they are alone at night, with time to brood and think, they can second-guess their choice to tumble over the brink. Lobbyists, and no one else, will dry night perspiration as they face a nervous life of quiet