

at:
<http://www.un.org/icty/transe54/020313ED.htm>

Accessed 27 May 2009

Burton, Richard. 1885-1888. 'When it was the Nine Hundred and Ninety-seventh Night', The Project Gutenberg Etext of The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night, Volume 10 by Richard F. Burton

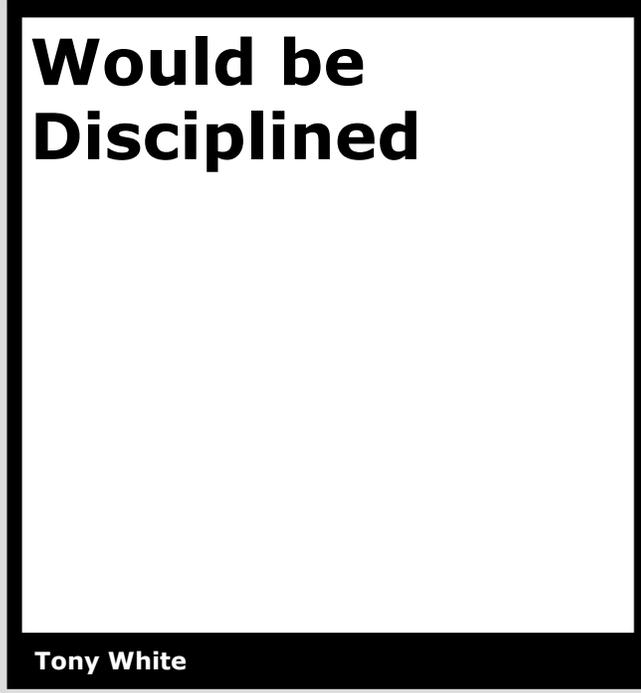
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Thomas Ricks, 'Admiral resigns over Iran discord', Washington Post, Reuters, AFP, Sydney Morning Herald online, March 13 2008.

<http://www.smh.com.au/news/world/admiral-resigns-over-iran-discord/2008/03/1/1205126014170.html>

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the situation. We,' that sounded good, 'We have a duty, you and I, to make an example where necessary.'

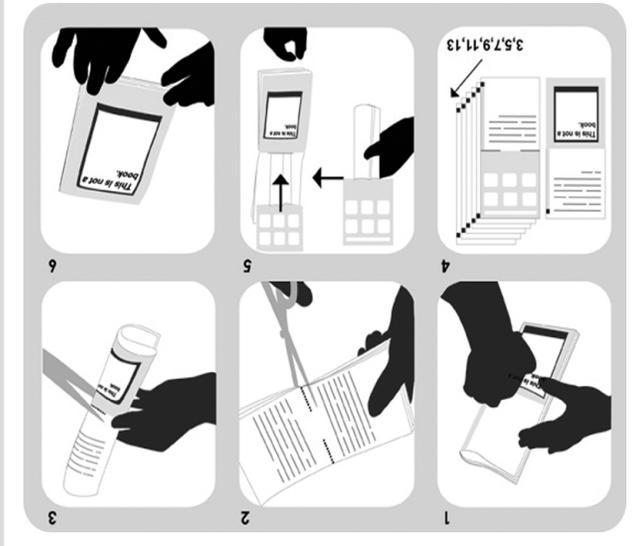
As I was talking I tried to remember who was on the roster that day, the 28th of March. Who was on at 6.15 when the train came through. I lined them up in my mind like an identity parade in some *policier*: the drunkard, the idiot, the card player, the skiver. I would not be sorry to see any one of them go. It was a relief: we could resolve this very quickly. It was clear that someone would be disciplined, but I would be damned if it was going to be me.

'Would be Disciplined' was created by cutting up, remixing and re-narrativising fragments from the following sources to create a completely new story:

ICTY. 2002. Page 2082-2118, 'Milosevic (IT-02-54) "Kosovo, Croatia and Bosnia"; International Criminal Tribunal for the Former Yugoslavia.

A blank page has been inserted to ensure pagination corresponds between the French and English translations.

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Tony White
Would be Disciplined

The officer was obviously not trained to appreciate logic. 'But something happened on the 28th march. Am I right? Could you check up on this matter?'

I told him respectfully that we should simply look in the log, everything was written down there. What trains were going where, which ones stopped. That was the point. That was what the log-books were for, to keep a record.

'May I?' I asked, as I opened the book. I flicked through a few pages and turned it towards him. 'Look, here,' I said. 'On the 24th of March, there were seven trains running: three in one direction, apparently four in the opposite direction. And again on the 25th and,' I flicked forward a few pages further, 'Look, here, the 2nd of April the same. All of this seems to be in order.'

'And there is no indication as to the capacity, the number of passengers? Or if an exceptional train, a non-stopping train, might have passed through this station on its way to..?'

'No. Unfortunately, no, I don't see any records here about the number of passengers. As you can

'Might there be an instance...?' He looked at me hard, searching my face for the briefest flash of complicity, 'where the member of staff on duty during a particular shift might ask another

I started to shake my head, but he lifted a hand to stop me from speaking.

'Might there be a reason for someone to not enter a particular train in the log? Perhaps someone making a... I don't know, a gesture of independence?

He made a slightly dismissive gesture with his hand, then looked at me with some kind of approximation of a 'we're both men of the world' expression on his face. He must have thought I was an idiot if I was going to fall for that. I knew what was coming.

any information that might be held at another office.' I can telephone my superior and file a request for taken down at the departure station. If you'd like passengers, of course this information would be see, there are records only about the number of trains that passed through. As to the number of

member of staff to cover for him in order that he could attend to some personal errand, or perhaps just go home for lunch?'

He looked at the book and pointed at an indistinct squiggle that seemed to confirm the possibility: 'These signatures are illegible. It could be anyone.' He pushed the book towards me. 'Which member of staff was this?'

I shook my head. 'In this instance I would have to consult the duty log. But I can assure you that in future...' I knew it sounded feeble, not what I intended.

'Might there be,' he continued, 'an instance where, I don't know, perhaps in order to finish early one day, or every day, for example, that one might fill in the log book in advance just by looking at the timetable?'

I did not back down here. 'With respect, sir, Article 3.1 of the regulations clearly state that for every train passing this section of the line a log book entry must be made, and the entry timed and dated, by the authorised scrutineer. Such authority being delegated by myself. It is one of

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Perth, Western Australia, 13 March 2008.
Tony White is Leverhulme Trust writer in
residence at the UCL School of Slavonic and East
European Studies.

'Yes I know,' he said, 'you explained that, but you
see my point I think. All I'm doing is asking
whether such an instance might explain why an
exceptional train running an exceptional
timetable, for example on the 28th of March, was
not entered in the log book when you yourself tell
me that it is your responsibility to ensure that
every such movement is recorded in precisely this
log book. And yet, I see no such entry here. I'm
just trying to understand why that might be the
case. You don't need me to explain the
importance of such information.'
I shrugged. It was my turn for a little pantomime,
but the smile was real. I was off the hook at least.
'Of course, of course,' I said, spreading my palms
as if to embrace some kind of mutual accord. 'But
unfortunately I can't remember precisely this
particular time, I'm just telling you what can be
inferred from the log. I can only reiterate that to
the best of my knowledge all of these entries are
correct. If there has been a breach of regulations
then I can assure you that the member of staff
concerned will be dealt with. A suspension,
perhaps. Something to underline the severity of