Southall to Leicester (As it Happens)

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Abstract
On these Southall coaches during the migration they put Indian videos on, the real tacky ones - all singing, all dancing, the kind of movies only India could dare produce, the kind of films that have to be seen to be believed, but it's comfortable, outside the coach windows you can see the ever dwindling countryside going rapidly by, inside you're bombarded by a great big Staniapak Pakattack of insanity and colour and it's horrific- terrific- the movie's on, music's blaring, folks' are babbling in all manner of languages and dialects; Hindi, Punjabi, Tamil, Bengali, Urdu and Gujurati - a coachload of Babel, but sometimes it ain't so great - sometimes the coach stinks and there's bad traffic and some Bengali baby's screaming its little head off in my ear and pissing on my pants, but still, there's a teek taak quality to these coach trips, sometimes when you look out of the window you can see the racists in their white gowns, I can tell what they're all wondering; 'Where the hell are so many Pakis going to? and thank God they're not stopping here to set up shop!'; it's so obvious that in the great scheme of things they're not gonna add anything positive to the sum total of human existence (tee hee hee), besides, when it comes to sums and numbers and such, we outnumber them a hundred to one, we could take over this goddamn country anytime we want because nobody works harder or breeds faster than us (tee hee hee), but I tell you, I used to love them coach journeys, them mini-Mughal diasporas, especially in the mornings, I'd run all the way from Cranford to Southall, slimming down the folds of fat. Get on board the coach and roll.
On these Southall coaches during the migration they put Indian videos on, the real tacky ones — all singing, all dancing, the kind of movies only India could dare produce, the kind of films that have to be seen to be believed, but it's comfortable, outside the coach windows you can see the ever dwindling countryside going rapidly by, inside you're bombarded by a great big Stanipak Pakattack of insanity and colour and it's horrific-terrific — the movie's on, music's blaring, folks' are babbling in all manner of languages and dialects; Hindi, Punjabi, Tamil, Bengali, Urdu and Gujarati — a coachload of Babel, but sometimes it ain't so great — sometimes the coach stinks and there's bad traffic and some Bengali baby's screaming its little head off in my ear and pissing on my pants, but still, there's a teek taak quality to these coach trips, sometimes when you look out of the window you can see the racists in their white gowns, I can tell what they're all wondering: 'Where the hell are so many Pakis going to? and thank God they're not stopping here to set up shop!!', it's so obvious that in the great scheme of things they're not gonna add anything positive to the sum total of human existence (tee hee hee), besides, when it comes to sums and numbers and such, we outnumber them a hundred to one, we could take over this goddamn country anytime we want because nobody works harder or breeds faster than us (tee hee hee), but I tell you, I used to love them coach journeys, them mini-Mughal diasporas, especially in the mornings, I'd run all the way from Cranford to Southall, slimming down the folds of fat. Get on board the coach and roll.