

To THE MINISTER OF HOUSING...

MR DYANTY; MY NAME IS BAHYA CLAASEN
I AM ONE OF THE EVICTED PEOPLE OF
DELFT SYMPHONY, IT TOOK A LONG TIME
AND A LOT OF COURAGE FOR ME TO WRITE
THIS LETTER TO YOU. I AM STAYING ON
THE PAVEMENT, AND I THOUGHT TO MYSELF
WHY MUST I BE ASHAMED OF WHO I AM
AND WHO I AM RELATED TO, AND I'VE
BEEN IN THIS STRUGGLE SINCE LAST YEAR.
SIR! MY BROTHER IS WORKING IN ONE
OF YOUR OFFICES, HE IS A VERY RESPECTABLE,
WELL LOVED AND A VERY HONEST PERSON,
I DON'T NEED TO TELL YOU BECAUSE YOU
KNOW HIM SO WELL! HIS NAME IS
MICHAEL BELL.

I'M WRITING THIS LETTER ON BEHALF
OF EVERYONE WHO ARE STAYING ON
THE PAVEMENT. SIR, WE ARE SO SICK
AND TIRED OF EVERYBODY WHO HOLDS
POWER IN THEIR HANDS, PEOPLE WHO
HAVE DEPRIVED US OF OUR RIGHTS,
PEOPLE WHO THINK THEY CAN THROW US
AROUND AND JUST WALK OVER US, MAINLY
THE PEOPLE WHO SITS ON THEIR HIGH
PEDESTALS THAT THINKS NOTHING OF
OUR POOR CHILDREN, AND THEY ARE
THE ONES WHO SUFFER THE MOST.
THEN I THINK TO MYSELF, IS THIS OUR
NEW GENERATION? OR OUR FORGOTTEN GENERATION?

AT NIGHT WHILE YOUR CHILDREN ENJOY
A NICE HEALTHY MEAL, OUR CHILDREN
MUST EAT SAND IN THEIR FOOD, WHILE
YOUR CHILDREN ENJOY A NICE HOT BATH
WE MUST WAIT FOR OUR WATER TO BOIL
ON A FIRE. WHAT I ADMIRE THE
MOST OF OUR CHILDREN IS THAT THEY
NEVER COMPLAIN. OUR CHILDREN THINK
THAT LIFE MUST BE LIKE THIS, AND
I THINK HOW WRONG OF YOU AND
EVERYBODY IN GOVERNMENT TO DO THIS
TO OUR CHILDREN. I'M WRITING THIS
LETTER WITH TEARS IN MY EYES
AND A BROKEN HEART THINKING WHAT
IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO OUR NEW
GENERATION? OR SHOULD I SAY
OUR FORGOTTEN GENERATION?

IF SIR! YOU DO NOT WANT
TO THINK OF US! THEN PLEASE,
PLEASE THINK OF OUR
CHILDREN!!!

Sir! MY MOST CONCERN IS THAT
WINTER IS ON ITS WAY. AND LIKE
A LOT OF US, I AM ON THE HOUSING
WAITING^{LIST} FOR MORE THAN 13 YEARS...

Yours Sincerely

BAHIYA CLAASEN.