

The following seven articles take a look at some of the people and communities affected.

They are . . .

# THE VICTIMS OF THE POLICY

## *Pageview People*

Eleanor Anderson

I NEVER knew his name but we talked a few times as he sat on his little stoep in the Sunday sunshine. Once I took him a fine brinjal from my garden. And then one Sunday he's gone and the sun shines blandly down on the space where the house has been. The elderly Indian gentleman has been resettled — presumably to Lenasia — because Pageview is now zoned for whites.

The formula for removal is very simple:

- Serve notice.
- Resettle the people, jumping them to the head of the Lenasia waiting-list.
- Return immediately to Pageview to smash the doors and windows of the abandoned house to make sure that if it was habitable before, it certainly isn't now.

Rubbish is inclined to join rubble in the bulldozed area and life for the rats is one long field-day.

The Presbyterian minister in the Pageview area is a caring man who commits his ways unto the Lord. The people who know him, some of whom are his parishioners, try to do the same.

The minister has written many pleading letters to Community Development (every age has its turbulent priest) begging that the habitable houses be spared until the housing waiting-list has been cleared. But it's always no, no, NO. The Indians are being removed:

- To prevent friction.
- Because the area is planned for whites.
- To help the Minister of Community Development sleep better at night.

A small group of us assembles one Saturday afternoon with ladders, buckets of paste, and posters. We are wearing white dust-coats and we do not resemble the followers of Marx and Engels, though a passer-by might think we are off on a painters' picnic.

We set forth quietly in pairs to given addresses where one partner mounts the ladder, is handed the bucket of paste, then smoothes the poster onto the wall.

**'SPARE THIS HOUSE. PEOPLE NEED IT. LAAT DIE HUIS STAAN. MENSE HET DIT NODIG.'**

At first we're not very efficient but, being dedicated workers, we soon improve.

This house now, number 22,

with its flower-potted railing and small children playing in front of it, is it booked for bulldozing? Yes, it is. And this face-brick block of flats? This too. And that really quite solid house halfway down 21st Street? Of course. What a pity. People are living there.

'One thing you must never do to a man is take away his home,' fulminated somebody-or-other. He probably wasn't listening to what he was saying.

Up and down the streets we go. It's quite tiring. Dozens of children follow us.

'Please Auntie, put a poster on our house!' . . . 'Can you save our homes for us?' . . . 'Mummy says won't you come in for some tea?' If this is friction, let there be more of it!

The afternoon is over and we've put up about 90 posters. The residents have gone indoors to the homes they will occupy for another week, or month, or six months.

**LAAT DIE HUIS STAAN. MENSE HET DIT NODIG.**