Rushcutters Bay
NSW 2011
17 March 2016

Justice Callinan,
Liquor Law Review
GPO Box 7060
Sydney NSW 2001

Dear Sir,

I have lived in Kings Cross Rd for approximately 13 years. For most of that time Friday and particularly Saturday nights have been bedlam. I understand that sometimes 20,000 visited the Cross on Saturday nights. Many of them were seriously intoxicated before they arrived.

Darlinghurst Rd between Kings Cross Rd and the El Alamein fountain was a 'no go' zone from about 5pm on Saturday until daybreak Sunday with pushing, shoving crowds of largely drunken people milling from pub to bar to club. The streets were strewn with broken glass. Bayswater Rd had to be closed to transport as the crowds spilled across the street making vehicular traffic impossible. People, particularly girls, seemed compelled to communicate by screaming at each other at the top of their lungs, often using extremely ripe language.

Young hoons would drive their cars in an endless loop consisting of Kings Cross Rd, Ward Avenue, Greenknowe Ave, MacLeay St and Darlinghurst Rd. This loop became a carpark with frustrated stranded drivers endlessly honking their horns at the frustrated stranded driver in front of them. This cacophony frequently lasted until 3am on Sunday morning.

Kings Cross after the 'lock-outs' has rapidly become an infinitely nicer place to live. The endless car horns and screaming girls are gone. Some bars, clubs and strip joints have closed but have been replaced by hairdressers, beauty bars, coffee bars and all varieties of food sellers. There are three major developments that I am aware of in the 'Strip' converting pubs to residential or food focused establishments. Residential property values are exploding. I bedroom apartments in our building are now realising over $1million; virtually doubling in value over the last 5 years.

Kings Cross has always had great location. Since the lock-out' laws Kings Cross now has added great resident amenity. The old Cross is hopefully just a bad dream.

Yours truly

Ralf Harding