



Liquor law enquiry

LM

Lucy Murr [REDACTED]

To: Liquor Law Review; ▾



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2:41 PM

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Action Items



To whom it may concern (if anyone at all),

Please reconsider these restrictive and arbitrary laws. More and more it feels like Sydney, the city where I grew up and honesty felt was the best place in the world to live, is on track to becoming a soul-less ghost town of apartment buildings, motorways, and motorway extensions. While vested interests have been well looked after by the NSW government for as long as I remember, never has it been so apparent to my generation.

I am a 30 year old woman with postgraduate qualifications in a high paying professional field who is currently between jobs. I'm not married, I don't have children, and I love to go out at night - not primarily to get drunk, as the NSW government would have you believe, but simply to socialise, eat, listen to music and feel alive. In the current climate in Sydney, something as simple and common as wanting to go out and enjoy what night life a supposed world city has to offer has for some reason become a convoluted and un-enjoyable feat involving heavy handed security measures, ID scanners, and military time and logistics management to avoid being locked out on the street past certain arbitrarily decided times. The days of my early 20s when I could make a last minute decision to go out after finishing a late shift in my hospitality job, arriving at a venue at 2am without being made to feel like a criminal, seem so long ago

Despite having lived my whole life in Sydney, I now feel no compelling reason to stay here and am looking for any professional opportunity to leave, even if it means a paycut or a step back in my career. If Sydney can't offer my generation even the financial security of being able to own our own houses, it needs to offer something else in the form of intrigue, vibrance and culture - something to make it worthwhile for us while we're not killing ourselves to pay for the extraordinary cost of living. At the moment it offers very little, and it's tragic.

Regards,

Lucy