

## **INQUIRY INTO WINDSOR BRIDGE REPLACEMENT PROJECT**

**Name:** Ms Libby Hyett

**Date received:** 28 January 2018

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Dear Sirs and Madams

I am writing to submit a request for you to please reconsider the Windsor Bridge Replacement Project, and approve instead that a bypass around Windsor be made.

I am a Winzda resident.... more correctly I am a Hawkesbury resident. I am 34 and three quarters years old (although I look much younger) and I run a successful appearing business in Windsor Mall. I am an artist and have rented a shop space for eighteen months. I complete portraits (often commissioned from clients online) in the shop, which is named Libby Hyett Studio Gallery. I'm currently typing with my wrists in splints so this procedure is labourious which will basically be of benefit to you because I will be forced to be less long winded than typical. Sometimes I wear the splints when working in the shop (I have de Quervain's tenosynovitis in both my wrists from RSI). Sometimes I also lie down to work (I've painted a mural in the shop which looks like the view from the Macquarie Arms Hotel, out across the Hawkesbury River, as seen from a window seat. There was already a solid display shelf installed which I simply turned into my window seat to lie down on. I do this because I have a bad back and not because I love to 'lie down on the job.' You can't really deliver great customer service when you're scowling from too many people popping their heads in the door and sniggering "lying down on the job hey?"

I'm telling you this stuff because I want to share an image of what the Hawkesbury is like with you. We are simple people: unsophisticated; middle class; ignorant; volunteering; bogan; jet skiing on weekends. We squabble amongst ourselves because we have never known real want. English is our first and only language. We go on an overseas holiday once a year and have 2.2 kids and a 4WD.

Oh, well, that's the social class my unchristian sister belongs to (my christian sister also, come to think about it), and the lady who runs the Richmond farmer's markets and thought it was totally OK to pressure me to stop at her markets and keep paying her blind for a market stall space although I'd rented a shop space because the market stall fees weren't returning.

I'm really not explaining myself well here and my wrists are hurting badly and it's 4:30 pm and I don't know if submissions will be accepted after 5pm. If I babble more maybe you'll love me and hear the person behind the plea.

The point I can now make is that we, the Hawkesbury community, cannot fight for ourselves. We need a third route across the river because we need access in an emergency and during normal traffic flow. We need the current noisy smelly traffic (trucks) diverted away from the town so we can return to our sweet slow country appeal. The tourist trade is a proper goldmine, particularly in the future as urbanisation takes root and humans are tired.

Tourism is essential to our economy. It will keep house prices happy and keep the community squabbling amongst ourselves like the middle class self entitled over privileged squatters we are.

I'm saying this with the objectivity of a lonely artist who sincerely loves and satirises her community. There are minus two degrees of separation in the Hawkesbury. If ever I meet someone new, after we've been talking a while we'll discover my dad was her maths teacher and I'm in the fire brigade with her husband.

This is my home. My fear for the 'knock down rebuild' mentality is that it will spread like a virus. It needs to be nipped in the bud before it turns into greenscape development and National Park development. When we live together like battery hens we won't want to be around each other any more.

My hand hurt.

I see for the future the Hawkesbury becoming an international 'bucket list' destination, one point of the triangle with the Sydney Harbour Bridge and the Three Sisters. You would of course be geographically aware that Bells Line of Road (which runs across the North Richmond bridge, the Hawkesbury's other river crossing) connects to Lithgow west of Sydney, running parallel with the Great Western Highway (which touches the Blue Mountains, the Three Sisters and so on). Sydneysiders travel west on weekends and the Great Western Highway is glutted eastbound on Sunday afternoon. Bells Line of Road is the thirsty vacuum to take the overspill.

How better could we be set up for our prosperous beautiful future?

I don't know if there's much more I can say which is of value to yourselves. I don't have a whole lot of experience writing submissions and approaching people who make decisions about other people.

Libby Hyett

Libby Hyett Studio Gallery