

Paradise lost in beauty spots

I WENT down the D'Entrecasteaux Channel the other day for the first time in a decade. What I saw put lead in my heart.

It's become all spotty — large, festering spots. Eyesores, each hill, cleft and patch of waterfront has a little pile of someone's affluence/effluence on it — all shapes and (mostly huge) sizes — the ugliness that springs forth from “dreams” combined with architects. And you know who has weakened Tasmania's immunity to this infestation? The planning regulators and real estate agents selling our state like a streetwalker.

The people who have bought their “little patch of paradise” and cut down all the trees around them so we all have to suffer the sight of them ... those people also have to look at everyone else's “paradises”, which are spreading virulently. Well done politicians, estate agents, developers — can you find a spot that doesn't look out on everyone else's ugliness? If you do, someone will probably come and build a monstrosity right in front of you, thanks to shoddy planning regulation.

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LOVED TO BITS: The D'Entrecasteaux Channel.