

September 20, 2006

ZONING COMMISSION
District of Columbia

Carol Mitten, Chair
District of Columbia Zoning Commission
441-4th Street, NW
Washington, DC 20001

CASE NO. 06-11
EXHIBIT NO. 106

Re: Case # 06-11 and 06-12

Dear Ms. Mitten:

Please file this statement of opposition to GWU's proposal as part of the record.

I am a 33-year full time resident of Foggy Bottom and work as a Healthcare Professional at the Watergate. I therefore come to you as an expert witness as to the changes that have taken place in my community. The unrestricted growth of GWU has almost completely destroyed the nature and fabric of the smallest and oldest community in Washington, DC. I urge you and your fellow Commissioners to have the fortitude to turn down GWU's request for unbridled growth in this small and fragile community?

Let me give the Commission some examples of why GWU's applications should not be granted. GWU is portraying itself as committed to historic preservation by agreeing to a proposed historic district on (carefully selected) parts of the campus. Let's put this in context: Would you consider 33 townhouses built in 1879 historic? Just a few years ago [CH1]GWU was allowed to purchase these properties that were outside of their Campus. This block of townhomes (Sq43) actually was designated by the BZA in the 1985 Campus plan to remain in townhouse form and act as a buffer between the community and the university. GWU bought them and then razed them without going through the proper procedures of community and ANC approvals. They then came to you and presented that they now had an unimproved lot and wanted to develop it to satisfy the Board's and community's concerns about more living quarters for their clients. Their proposal to create a historic district is a farce and not sincere.

Would you consider an applicant sincere, honest and trustworthy if they have reneged on their previous commitments? In previous campus plans they agreed to house their clients well within the campus borders. They not only built dorms on its outer edges, but let them flow over into the residential community.

I would urge the Commission to read the Washington Post Magazine article about GWU destroying Foggy Bottom? GWU has not only has eaten the community, it is acting more like a cancer choking off the life of the community body. Enclosed is a copy for your edification.

Do you think the increased density of use by individuals who have a distinctive lifestyle have an effect on a residential community? Do you think increased density can affect our quality of life? What do you think about an organization that brings in thousands of clients whose lifestyle is to party on weekends starting on Thursday nights? How about clients whose hormones are at the peak of development and are expressed openly? Enclosed are just a few examples [CH2].

Students are using the top of cars as walkways. They damage property. My 1974 Porsche was walked on, kicked in and the mirror ripped off. When the GWU police were called, they challenged me to prove it was students. Let's see, how would I know it was students at 2AM Friday night? Could it be State Department employees walking home late, Kennedy Center goers unhappy with that night's performance, street people coming early to Miriam's Kitchen for breakfast, or tourists who can't remember where they parked their car after visiting the Vietnam Memorial? I saw 4 students vandalizing my car from my bedroom window. I can identify individuals in my environment, just as I can identify a new bird at my bird feeders after 33 years of living here.

Let's consider the effect of an increased number of students on the neighborhood outside the Campus Plan boundaries. An amenity that they bring into the community is a facility such as The Sizzling Express, a cafeteria-style restaurant in Columbia Plaza, which caters to students and also to tour buses. Hundreds of extra visitors, tourists and high school students are bused in.

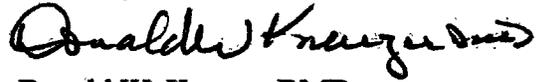
GWU has two gymnasiums that not only service the matriculating students but also are the site for all intercollegiate sports events, flooding our neighborhood with traffic with highly charged emotions. Waves of people and their results. You know what the Mall and the Convention Center looks like after an event. Foggy Bottom is the same after these events.

Would you allow me to park my vehicle in the street, at a meter for days without paying, in a parking zone, half on the sidewalk and half on the street? Did you know the newest and easiest way for GWU customers to move in to the dorms was with the use of PODS? How many individuals move in and out a few times a year? Do you want Foggy Bottom to be a community of transients that don't pay taxes?

The Commission must decide if it is going to give Foggy Bottom to GWU or to preserve what is left of our community. Make GWU satisfy its present Campus Plan obligations, and let's see how well they do that before considering even more development. Do not let this non-profit conglomerate that is masquerading as an educational institution get everything they want, whenever they want, at the expense of our community. We have other universities in this city that are more world class than GW. Do they also have the license to change the zoning and grow unchecked?

Ask yourself, would you want to reside in this environment? Do any of the lawyers or petitioners representing GW live in Foggy Bottom? You don't and they don't. Dr. Trachtenberg, GWU president, when he was personally negotiating with me to buy my property for the university even said, "No normal person would want to live here". Do not let his prediction come true.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Donald W. Kreuzer". The signature is written in a cursive style with a prominent initial "D" and a long, sweeping underline.

Donald W. Kreuzer DMD

Boundaries: North - G, East - 23rd, South - Virginia Ave., West - 24th

Recommendations/Comments

1. Prepare (historic district?) nomination for all 23rd Street rowhouses: 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 610 1/2, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626. High Priority.

600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 610 1/2, 614, 616 23rd St.



618, 620, 622, 624, 626 23rd St.



Boundaries: North - G, East - 23rd, South - Virginia Ave., West - 24th

Recommendations/Comments

2. Prepare (historic district?) nomination for 2300 G St. (corner 23 and G); 2300 G may now incorporate 2302, listed individually on 1982 FB/WE survey. Consult with HPC staff regarding feasibility of preparing nominations for remainder of early buildings on G (2306, 2310, 2312, 2314), several of which have been altered. High Priority.

2300 G



2306, 2310, 2312, 2314 G



Boundaries: North - G; East - 23rd; South - Virginia Ave.; West - 24th

Recommendations/Comments

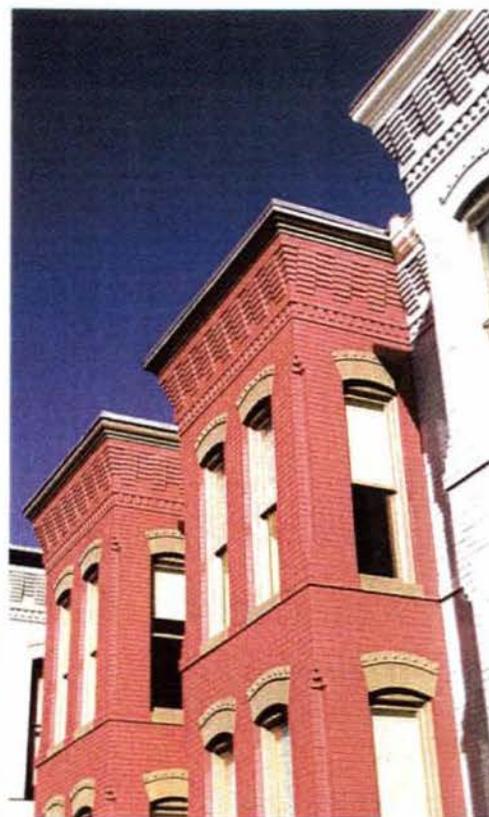
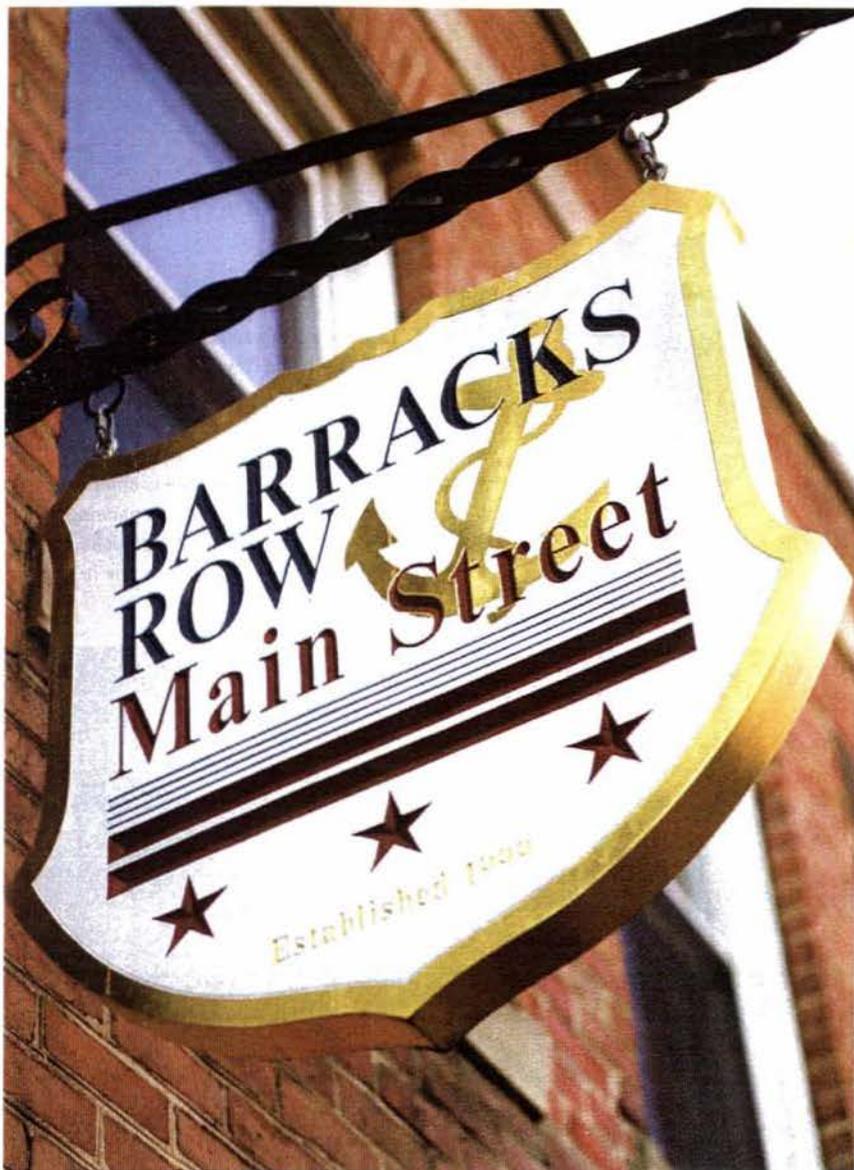
3. Prepare (historic district?) nomination for rowhouses on Virginia Avenue: 2307, 2309, 2311, 2313, 2315, 2317, 2319, 2321, 2323, 2325, 2327, 2329, and 2331 (storefront); 2329 non-contributing in historic district. High Priority.

2315, 2313, 2311, 2309, 2307 Virginia



2331, 2329, 2327, 2325, 2323, 2319, 2317 Virginia





Barracks Row's commercial corridor sits near the Anacostia River. Local catering business World Cuisine, bottom right, recently expanded its operations to include the quaint World Café.

Raising the Bar

Barracks Row shines with new life.

BY MEGHAN MULLAN

They're scenes straight from a Norman Rockwell canvas: diners young and old sharing meals at outdoor cafés, military men and women bantering on the sidewalks near their barracks, families with children in tow carrying shopping bags filled with fresh finds.

This is Eighth Street S.E., the main drag of Washington's Barracks Row neighborhood and a part of D.C. that's cresting at the height of a decade-old revitalization project. The commercial corridor wasn't always so popular, however. The strip of shops near the Anacostia River suffered neglect after World

War II when ammunition production at the Navy Yard stopped and jobs were lost. Many residents moved out of the Romanesque revival homes and the neighborhood was dealt another blow decades later in 1962 when construction of the Southeast Freeway bisected the main street.

Resident John Strylowski says his mother scoffed when he bought an old bay-front row house in the neighborhood decades ago. It was 1983 and the area's crime rate was high; many of the properties were in disrepair. But Strylowski and his wife moved in anyway and took on the large job

APRIL 7, 2002

The Washington Post Magazine

The Education Review

The University That Ate Foggy Bottom

Stephen J. Trachtenberg and the rise of GW By Christopher Shea

Plus: Amy Argetsinger charts the transformation of Trinity College; Annie Gowen bids farewell to the tsar of high school; Karin Chenoweth asks how to close the achievement gap for black students



Building the Imperial University

Years of growth have brought
George Washington more students,
more money and an expanding real estate
empire in Foggy Bottom. But now:
The neighborhood strikes back

By Christopher Shea Photographs by Timothy Bell



A more forlorn piece of property you will not find than Don Kreuzer's patch, on the northwest corner of the intersection of 23rd Street, F Street and Virginia Avenue, in Foggy Bottom. It is right on the edge of the George Washington University campus—and that's not a minor geographic detail: It's the whole explosive problem.

Kreuzer's (rhymes with "cruisers") three row houses are nice enough: a stout, two-story brick structure on the corner, which Kreuzer lives in; and two slightly dingier houses, one green, one white, attached on the north side, which he rents out. The catch is, there's nothing anywhere near them. Almost everything else on the block has been razed, 26 town houses in all. The churned earth of freshly empty lots, flecked with broken bricks and shards of concrete, stretches out all around. A lone telephone pole pokes up woosily out of the wasteland. Given how provisional the scene looks, you half-expect the wrecking ball jockeys to be back tomorrow, to finish the job.

The wrecking ball isn't coming back, but the construction workers are. Kreuzer was the last holdout when GW bought up the block in the '90s. Soon, a 10-floor superdorm, with room for more than 700 students, is going up all but flush against his property—not exactly a homeowner's dream.

Kreuzer, a slim dentist with a round face and boyishly cut gray hair, contends that GW bought the land in an underhanded manner. "They basically isolated me," he recalls. "They turned one neighbor against another. They swore individuals to secrecy." But what really gets him is that the District of Columbia government had ordered the university not to expand onto his block. GW officials "were told, dictated, mandated to keep their hands off it," he says. It's true: In 1988, the city Board of Zoning Adjustment decreed that the block was a crucial buffer between the university and the neighborhood.

University officials are unapologetic about their failure to respect the buffer zone. Any private developer, they argue, could have purchased the houses and torn them down. Besides, they say, the buffer idea was always silly, because it was mostly GW students who lived on the block anyway, paying rent to absentee landlords, who all got good deals when they sold their run-down houses. Kreuzer just set too high a price, GW officials say, so they had to build around him. Welcome to real estate hardball.

Don Kreuzer's three houses will soon be surrounded by a George Washington University dorm housing more than 700 students.



'The record shows that *we were here first*,' says GW's president.

Stephen Joel Trachtenberg has presided over a steady expansion of the university since arriving in 1988.

Now District of Columbia planners and zoners have decided they've heard one too many stories about GW's pushing its neighbors around. The acquisition of land outside the campus boundaries, as in the Kreuzer case, is one touchy issue. Another is the steady flow of GW students into apartment buildings near the campus, where their partying and irregular hours disturb longtime residents. Trying to rein in the university and its expansionist president, Stephen Joel Trachtenberg, the zoning board in December set strict minimums on the proportion of students GW must house within its existing campus boundaries. The order effectively compels GW to start building dorms on land it already owns—not buying up any more property in the neighborhood—or else. If the university balks, it won't be allowed to build so much as a one-room shack anywhere on the campus: no labs, no libraries, no new classrooms.

Under Trachtenberg, GW has been all about growth. Since his arrival in 1988, he has accelerated the university's transformation from a commuter college and graduate-degree resource for government workers into a would-be top-100 research institution. He has done it by bringing in more students paying more money, which has in turn financed more and nicer facilities, which has in turn brought in better students paying more money.

Anyone who has strolled lately through the GW campus can testify to the changes. It once looked like a random collection of buildings; you could cross it without realizing you'd even been on a campus. Now there's a picturesque quad ringed by filigreed iron gates; new buildings left and right; the thrum of student life in all its backpacked, nose-pierced glory.

Growth has been the engine driving the improvement, but now the city has thrown a wrench into it, and GW is fighting back. In January the university sued to block the zoning board's order. The case's outcome could alter not just the landscape of what's left of Foggy Bottom, but the arc of development for an up-and-coming university for years to come.

Christopher Shea writes frequently for the Magazine. He will be fielding questions and comments about this article at 1 p.m. Monday on www.washingtonpost.com/liveonline.

IF GW'S HISTORY over the last decade has been one of rapid growth, its first century was marked by grand designs and hopes all too often deferred or quashed. GW was Columbian College at first, its charter granted by Congress in 1821 and signed by President James Monroe. Its first campus was not in Foggy Bottom, but between 14th and 15th streets NW, north of Florida Avenue. It was a Baptist institution, founded by ministers who first had to convince their colleagues that a college was compatible with virtue: Respectable thought had its doubts about sending impressionable young men away from home to live together.

Small enrollments and a succession of cash crises were the main story for the first century. A medical school opened downtown in 1825, and the college itself moved to 15th and H streets NW in the 1880s. In 1904, the college became the George Washington University, and in 1912 it established a beachhead at 20th and G streets, its first incursion into Foggy Bottom. GW's 15th president, Cloyd Heck Marvin, was a sort of proto-Trachtenberg, holding sway from 1927 to 1959 and adding nine major structures to the campus, that growth fueled by an influx of GI Bill students. Lloyd Elliott, a courtly, shy man who served as president from 1965 to 1988, built up the campus further and laid down some important markers in the quest for academic greatness. Then, in 1988, came Hurricane Steve.

The new president had a mandate. "When Trachtenberg came to GW, he felt, and a lot of people felt, that it was better than its reputation," says Jeffrey Henig, chair of the department of political science and director of the Center for Washington Area Studies. "The trustees strongly supported the idea that we needed someone to toot our horn."

GW's limited renown had hurt student recruitment, among other things. In 1988, the university attracted 5,900 applicants and admitted more than 80 percent of them. Almost all of the applicants came from a thin sliver of the East Coast, and even within that sliver there were gaps: One high school on Long Island would send half a dozen students to GW each year, while the guidance counselor in the school the next town over had never heard of the place. The rare times the phone rang in the public affairs office, it



New Bricks, New Mortar: From top, the \$37 million fitness center, which debuted in August; an addition to the student center; construction of the new home for the Elliott School of International Relations; the \$27 million School of Media and Public Affairs, which opened last spring.

tuition than schools it hoped to rival, such as Northwestern or New York University, and it was top-heavy with graduate students. Grad students are well and good (advancing the state of human knowledge and all that), but, except in the professional schools, they don't help much with the bottom line, because they tend to get scholarships. Tuition is especially important for GW because of its relatively meager endowment (\$713 million, compared with NYU's \$1.1 billion or Northwestern's \$3.3 billion). So from 1988 to 2001, GW raised its tuition and fees from \$9,771 to \$26,140, more than double the rate of inflation. Since 1998 alone, the number of full-time undergraduates has swelled from 6,525 to 8,459. The university, meanwhile, houses only about half of those students in dormitories. That's what has caught the eye of neighbors and, more recently, city planners and the zoning board.

Thanks to aggressive recruitment, a seller's market overall in college admissions and (who knows?) maybe the men's basketball team's 1993 visit to the Sweet 16 in the NCAA tournament, GW now enrolls students from across the country (North Dakota, the last state to fall, first sent someone in 1997). Last year GW attracted 16,000 applicants—a 170 percent increase since 1988—and accepted only 49 percent of them. Despite worries about

what the terrorist attacks would do to high schoolers' appetite for universities in Washington and New York, applications are up once more, and the acceptance rate might drop again. Meanwhile, former students are being hit up as they never have been: GW is in the midst of a \$500 million capital campaign, its largest such endeavor ever, and has raised the proportion of undergraduate alumni who give to the university from a laggardly 16 percent to a Georgetown-rivalling 32 percent.

Trachtenberg used some of the supply of cash to tackle the college-without-a-campus problem. In addition to Kogan Plaza, the somewhat prefabricated-looking campus quad, paved on one end with bricks bearing the names of alumni, there is the spruce \$27 million School of Media and Public Affairs, opened last spring. It's got a television studio (complete with false Washington backdrop) and an interview room from which GW professors' *bons mots* can be beamed directly to news shows. Even more important to today's hard-body collegians, a \$37 million, four-story Taj Mahal of a fitness center debuted in August. A glass-skinned modernist addition to the student center is in the works, as is a new home for the Elliott School of International Relations.

Trachtenberg's critics tag him as a real estate mogul and an empire builder. He scoffs at the name-calling, but it turns out that he does have a philosophy of backhoes and cranes. "You need to have something under construction," he says, in the same patient tone you might use to explain to a child that his pet goldfish needs to stay in the water. "Having something under construction sends a nonverbal signal to people that all is well at the institution. It gives them a sense of promise, and of the future."

Not content with building on his dense urban campus, Trachtenberg went out and bought a more picturesque one. Since 1996 GW has owned the grounds and buildings of Mount Vernon College, the former all-women's school in the tony North-

west Washington neighborhood of Foxhall, near Georgetown University. Immediately, new athletic fields and tennis courts sprouted there, and more than 250 GW students now live on the old Mount Vernon campus. It's not clear whether all this will be a coup (as some Georgetown professors think, since they were eyeing the land for themselves), or, as the president himself has ruefully joked, "Trachtenberg's Folly."

Even faculty critics turned off by Trachtenberg's style are happy their institution is on the move. Professors may roll their eyes upon hearing that CNN's "Crossfire" is going to be broadcasting five nights a week from the new media and public affairs building—another potential PR coup—or upon learning that GW has just unveiled a new corporate-style logo and typeface. But they *are* excited about a new plan to single out, through a competitive process, certain programs and departments and reward them with extra money, as a way of bolstering GW's academic stature.

"When I got here 15 years ago," says Jarol B. Manheim, interim director of the School of Media and Public Affairs, "GW was a sleepy place with run-down facilities, with students who didn't want to be here . . . There wasn't much of a sense of direction." Trachtenberg, he adds, "turned it around."

"I don't think there's a person in the world who could have done a better job in that time period with this university," Manheim says.

Certainly, there have been some false steps. GW's tight finances sometimes force Trachtenberg to do some fancy dancing. In the mid-1990s that included siphoning what the American Bar Association determined was an unseemly amount of money from the GW law school, for the benefit of the rest of the university. Then there was the sordid sexual-assault charge against a basketball player two years ago and some minor NCAA violations, a reminder that big-time sports, which Trachtenberg had hoped would boost school spirit and keep GW's name on TV, can also turn around and bite you, hard. While professors complain that there isn't enough scholarship money to lure top graduate students, undergraduates complain about an array of fees tacked into the tuition bill, from special line items for the media and public affairs building and the fitness center to a \$50 voluntary library charge. "The campus joke," says Russ Rizzo, editor in chief of the GW Hatchet, the student newspaper, "is that they're eventually going to put coin machines on the stalls in the bathrooms."

Undergraduates have also been frustrated over GW's ever-increasing enrollment, and their resentment hit a new high last year. "A lot of students thought the university should be looking to reduce the incoming class so that academic facilities would be enough for the students who are here," says Roger

Kapoor, a senior and president of the GW Student Association. Students also suffer the generalized anxiety that comes from attending a school that's changing so fast: Is my tuition going to help *me*, or the class of 2010?

IT WOULD BE ironic if, after surviving potshots from journalists, professors and carping students over the years, Stephen Joel Trachtenberg were laid low by something so mundane as zoning regulations.

In some corners of Foggy Bottom, GW's president inspires heated language. "A salesman," "ruthless," "uncouth" and "a con artist" are among the terms offered by John Graves, GW class of '51, Foggy Bottom resident and longtime anti-expansion activist. Maria Tyler, an advisory neighborhood commissioner in Foggy Bottom, draws on her childhood experiences in Lithuania. "I have lived through two dictatorships—communism and Nazism," she says. "And now I am in a third dictatorship—and that is GW!"

Trachtenberg, of course, sees the real estate dispute differently. "A small handful of neighbors who are extreme in their views have seized the moment and have gotten hold of the process," he says in his trademark brusque, Brooklynese manner. "They spend a lot of time worrying about the issue and driving the process and using all of its mechanisms, while the rest of the people go about their lives. And because we are like Gulliver we get caught up in the process. We find ourselves bound to the ground. And so we need lawyers to liberate us."

Sara Maddux, a longtime State Department employee and Foggy Bottom activist, thinks the over-the-top rhetoric aimed at Trachtenberg hurts the cause. A diminutive woman with shocks of gray in her dark hair, she offered to provide a "rational view" of GW's effects on the neighborhood during a walking tour of Foggy Bottom, a near-circuit of the campus. In the first couple of blocks alone, she was able to point out a fine art-deco-tinged dorm that had once been an apartment building; a white Greek Revival structure formerly home to a private club, now GW's head-

quarters for entertaining visiting alumni; a string of acquired town houses; two independent apartment buildings that have weathered an influx of students. In the last 17 years, GW has acquired 35 local buildings, not counting the ones taken down on Kreuzer's block.

Maddux had an eye not just for lost structures, but for other departed amenities, like the affordable restaurant once in the first floor of the Francis Scott Key Hotel. "We miss that," she said. "We've lost our small businesses, our restaurants, our grocery stores. There's only one grocery store in the area now—and that's in the Watergate, which is quite a hike, especially for

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38



The quad on the Mount Vernon campus, which GW bought in 1996.

elderly people." There are only about 12,000 registered voters in Foggy Bottom, compared with the nearly 20,000 undergraduate and graduate students at GW.

Maddux put me in touch with Ron Cocome, who has personally felt the effects of GW's expansion. He lived for 14 years in Columbia Plaza, a massive, monolithic apartment complex across Virginia Avenue from Kreuzer's houses. Its scale and utilitarian appearance hint at its origins in an urban-redevelopment project, one designed to attract and keep middle-income residents in Foggy Bottom. There had always been a few students in Columbia Plaza, but in 1997, by Cocome's reckoning, the trickle became a stream. "It wasn't that they were bad kids," he says, "but they acted like the building was a dormitory. Worse than a dormitory: an unregulated dormitory." Packs of guys would return from bars at 2 a.m. and bang on their friends' doors, balcony parties became an all-hours phenomenon. "I didn't care about the physical deterioration of the building. People talked about the ambience of the place, but I didn't care about that. But if you can't come home in peace after a full day's work and read a book and listen to some music without being disturbed, that's a problem.

"By the time we moved out, if you got one good night's sleep in 10, you were lucky." He fled in 2000. Marilyn Rubin, the president of the tenants association, says things have only gotten worse.

WHEN PEOPLE like Sara Maddux talk about the way Foggy Bottom used to be, they tend to refer to the place as it was in the 1950s, when it lured moderate-income workers, mostly government types, through its proximity to downtown. But Foggy Bottom has been through significant changes since the university first arrived in 1912. Then, the neighborhood was an industrial quadrant, anchored by lime kilns, breweries and a gas works. Massive gas tanks dominated the skyline.

Over the next 50 years, the swampland to the south was filled in, creating the entire west end of the Mall, anti-slum legislation cleaned up a network of back-alley shacks, and the State Department was installed (in 1947).

From the 1940s to the '60s, Foggy Bottom flipped from being a majority-black,

working-class neighborhood to an overwhelming white, middle-class precinct. And in the second half of the century, elephantine projects, including the Watergate, the Kennedy Center and the Theodore Roosevelt Bridge sliced up the neighborhood's western end in awkward, pedestrian-unfriendly ways.

"Ironically," says Jeffrey Henig of the GW Center for Washington Area Studies, "when there were periods of disinvestment and crime, and environmental concerns, the university's growth helped Foggy Bottom a lot."

Trachtenberg puts things less diplomatically: "When GW came to Foggy Bottom, it was a collection of breweries and coal chutes. And we took a gamble. We believe we are largely responsible for the condition that the Foggy Bottom area is in today—the very *positive* condition that the residents celebrate."

"One hesitates to sound like a child and say, 'We were here first,'" he adds. "But the record shows that *we were here first*."

If GW was once a stabilizer, is it now a major disrupter? Both sides brandish data to make their case. GW touts the money its students pump into the economy; its scholarships going to D.C. high school students; its status as the city's biggest private employer; the countless soup ladles handled by student volunteers. On the neighborhood activists' side, a retired business professor who lives in the Watergate, Sol Shalit, has been cranking out papers documenting the revenue loss each time a GW purchase takes a building off the D.C. tax rolls.

Interestingly, economic effects aren't something zoning officials can consider when they evaluate a university's use of land. Their mandate is evaluating whether GW's existence has become "objectionable to neighboring property because of noise, traffic, number of students," or other bothersome traits. In 2000, the city planning office concluded that GW had, indeed, become objectionable. It said the neighborhood was at a "tipping point": If something wasn't done, Foggy Bottom would simply disappear. Left behind would be one big campus.

Hence the stringent new rules. By 2006, GW has to house 70 percent of its full-time undergraduates on its core campus. The 70 percent applies to the first 8,000 students; beyond that, every additional student must be housed. There are tough interim requirements, too. By next fall, GW has to house 70 percent of its stu-

dents either on its campus or entirely *outside* Foggy Bottom. "We're not opposed to a university's expansion—that's not even a question," says Andrew Altman, the athletic-looking, sleepy-eyed director of the city's planning office, who came to D.C. in 1999 after a successful tenure in a similar job in Oakland. "The question is, How do you account for the cost of growth?"

"We didn't go out and invent standards" for judging GW, he says. "We applied the existing, established regulatory framework. The difference was that we *did* apply it." Previous campus plans, he suggests, were rubber-stamped, GW's proposals evaluated purely from the perspective of the university's needs.

The legal battle ahead is a complex one. GW argues that the city has no right to keep its students out of apartment buildings in Foggy Bottom; under D.C.'s sweeping human rights law, it is illegal to discriminate against students. The university argues, too, that there is no direct connection between the punishment (a ban on future construction) and the problem (a need for more dorms). And GW says the whole thing is marked by arbitrariness: random percentages, an unfair failure to count several apartment buildings that GW now owns (but that lie outside the campus boundaries) as university-sponsored housing. Local and national educational groups have joined with GW, arguing that the university alone should decide whether to spend its limited resources on dorms or labs or professors' salaries. It's going to be a long haul: Both sides are already looking past the decision in this round of the case, to appeals and beyond.

The easiest way to think about the issue might be as a battle of analogies: Is GW like a sports arena that draws thousands and thousands of people into a neighborhood, but fails to provide parking or to take responsibility for the fans' behavior? Or is this more like a civil rights case: Is limiting the number of GW students in private apartments in Foggy Bottom really very different from hanging up signs reading "No Blacks Allowed"?

THE PEOPLE who are caught in the crossfire seem to grasp the situation's nuances. That is, the students. On an ebulliently sunny February day, three sophomores on GW's new quad talked cynically about Trachtenberg's marketing schemes. "They have to realize it's not about making GW a 'brand name.' It's about us," said Caroline Park.

They tell their stories to tell about clashes with angry residents. "They do *not* like us," said Alicia Stauffer, who lives in an apartment-building-turned-dorm that still has a handful of longtime tenants. One recently refused to let her into the building after she approached the entrance behind him without her key; instead he began shouting at her about GW's evil ways.

The three students, however, could empathize with people who'd lived in Foggy Bottom for decades, watching the university grow like a spreading ink blot. "You can feel for them," said Caitlin Caporale. Still, they had doubts about the city's demands. No one wanted to commute to campus from a satellite dorm in, say, Chinatown. No one wanted to see the price of new residence halls reflected on a tuition bill that is almost as steep as Harvard's.

As they saw it, the interests of residents and students dovetailed: Limiting enrollment would mean smaller classes, more attention from professors—even being able to grab a snack when you wanted one, instead of having to wait in line for 20 minutes. "One thing that counts in the ratings"—like the annual ranking published by U.S. News & World Report—"is selectivity," Caporale said. "They could work on improving *that*. They could also work on improving alumni giving, so we don't have to rely so much on tuition."

"It's just common sense," she said, "that enrolling more people causes problems for the people already *here*," whether students or residents.

Is there a touch of financial naivete in such thoughts? Perhaps, but it was refreshing to hear someone who was at least trying to understand the other side's view, especially after hearing Trachtenberg dismiss local activists' arguments as "emotional," and hearing them denounce him as a quasi-Nazi.

To be fair, Trachtenberg has his empathetic moments. But then he's back barking that "cities change," and offering the following impolitic historical example: "We all know the story," he says, "of Manhattan once being an island full of, presumably, forest primeval."

Don Kreuzer and his fellow residents of Foggy Bottom—the natives in the woods—are hardly likely to be soothed by such talk, preferring to view their neighborhood as something more than virgin land awaiting settlement. And so the animosity hardens. Cities may change, but the relation between GW and some of its neighbors is stuck in a rut. ■

23rd St. Pool Party FRATERNITY ROW



IVORY TOWER DORM

TRASH OUT WINDOWS



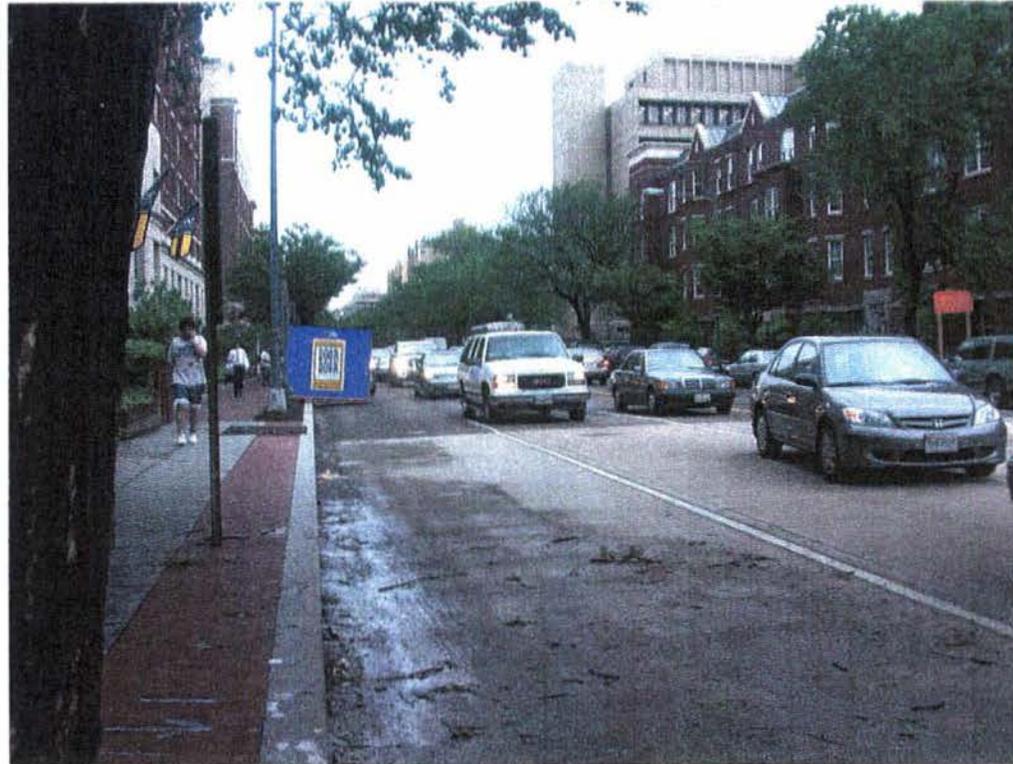
CONDOMS AND FEMININE PERSONAL ITEMS

IVORY TOWER DORM

HUMAN FECES



23rd St. NW PODS DURING Rush Hour



23rd St. NW. 3 PODS outside Front Door



23rd St. NW. PODS AT METERS



23rd St. NW. Stripped POD



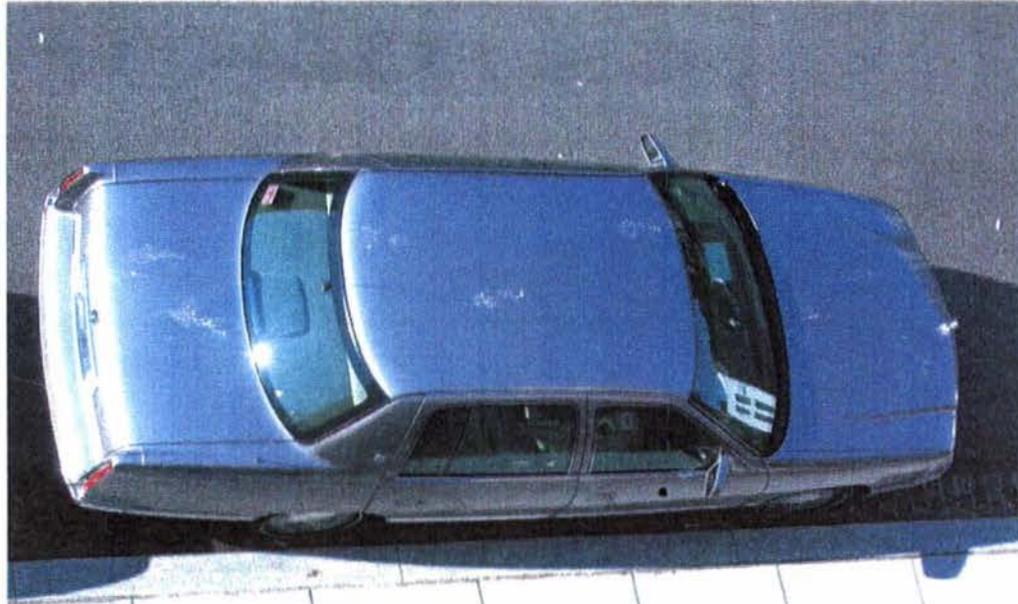
23rd St. TOUR BUSES PARKED / RUSH HOUR



23rd St. NW. TOUR BUSES / Rush Hour



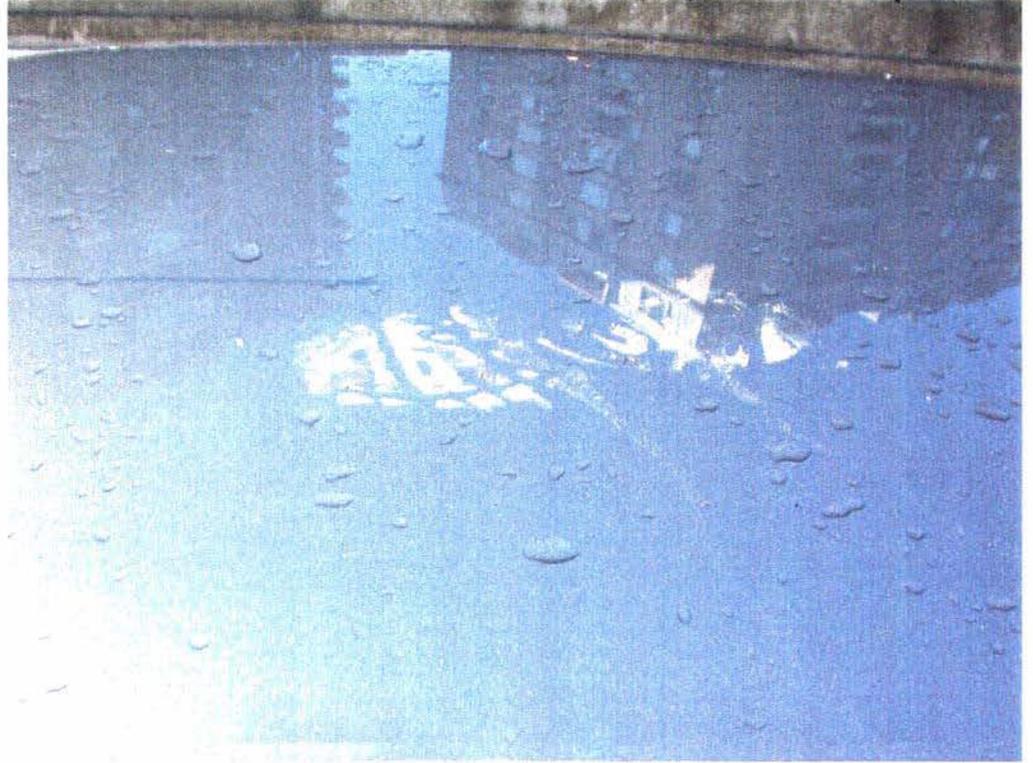
23rd ← VIRG AVE NW. STUDENTS RUNNING ON CARS



IVORY TOWER

VANDALISM

23rd + VIRG. AVE NW. STUDENTS RUNNING ON CARS



IVORY TOWER

VANDALISM

GWU
Smith CENTER

Polluting



GWU
Smith Center

Polluting

