

Opposition to Georgetown University Campus Plan 2010

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Case # 10-32

My name is Patricia Novak and I lived in East Georgetown on Dent Place.NW.

I am a proud former resident of a lovely home on Dent Place on the East side of Georgetown, Washington, D.C. I resided in this home from 2006 to 2010. Prior to that, I had been a Georgetown resident for more than twelve years on the West side of Georgetown. Living on the East side of Georgetown was an enthusiastic choice I made because of the convenience of grocery and fresh food markets, specialty shops, restaurants, public transportation and most importantly living near friends. What began as the most enjoyable and wonderful living experience deteriorated into my being very uncomfortable and anxious about leaving my home unattended when I traveled which was frequently with numerous long overseas trips. Dent Place is a pretty street, leafy with small and some good sized homes – I thought my home was the prettiest on the street. All the neighbors knew each other – it was a good group of folks and a good feeling because Dent Place actually had block parties – we had good snacks and drinks and sat out in the evening until very late just talking – I loved it – then – the students began to rent!!! Across the street, a few houses down the block, then in back of my home. The students across the street began by partying and leaving garbage EVERY day on the street – we woke up to beer bottles, all sorts of paper wrappings and FOOD left on the street in torn plastic bags – then students began stuffing the stuff into the one metal trash receptacle we had near our corner grocery store and piling it up as it sat there for days – after a few knocks on the door to these students across the street from me asking them to clean things up, a big surprise – they did nothing and continued the same course of behavior. The students down the street with a regular party/social schedule beginning on Friday evenings and continuing through Sunday morning added to the din of loud noise at midnight, ONE AM, TWO AM, into the morning. No words of warning, pleading, begging changed their behavior. Then the ultimate driving force happened – in fact, a key reason I sold my home on lovely Dent Place, the students in the back of my home arrived – all four or five or six or seven – too numerous to count arrived and began their life of good times. The partying would begin on Friday evenings – Saturday was the big night though – in this smallish backyard young people would arrive around 5PM begin a boisterous night early on and continue until 3or 4AM. The coup de grace were the poorly made, balsa wood, cheap, dangerous and terrifying flame lit TIKI lights that they would light all around the perimeter of a leaf strewn, filthy garden where the regular partying would go on weekend after weekend. Feeling sure about the pity these students would take on me, their neighbor, with a greenhouse and wooden fence backing up into this Tiki lit mess, I walked myself over to this disaster area on Saturday morning pleading for an end to Tiki lights, noise, trash (beer bottles lined up on my fence after EVERY party), garbage being thrown into my garden –

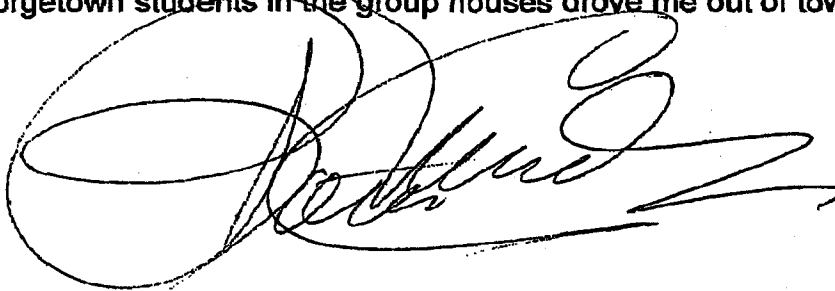
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District of Columbia

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kindly asked the students to please STOP the torture – I just could not take this any longer. I got a hangover nod and nothing more. The final appeal went to the firemen across the street. They tried too – it didn't change. I tried calling the Georgetown Students Complaint Hot Line – left a message – too many times to count – nothing happened and I got no answer. I tried the Washington, D.C. police. They actually went to this house of pain and talked to the students – empty promises to behave. A really big Saturday night party was in full swing that following weekend. I tried calling the owner – I was told the brother handles the property. Called the brother – said he doesn't "police" his renters. I tried getting neighbors to join me in the complaint reconnaissance mission. They told me they had been at war with student problems for years. Theft, noise, garbage, destruction of property, ranting noise late at night, fear – nothing could be done. We were being held hostage to these students – non-tax paying Georgetown renters. It was bigger than the rat problem in Georgetown. We had human rodents we could not control. Just when we thought we were dealing with a few of them – there were more. I sold my lovely home with the pretty greenhouse in 2010 – I was sad – defeated – I raised the white flag on the East side of Georgetown. I'm living elsewhere now – I would love to return to Georgetown – it fits my life, my work, my habits. I'm more afraid of the students than the rats or even the taxes! I am writing this because I love the village of Georgetown and humbly beg all those who have the power to restrict student living among people who choose to live in Georgetown, are willing to pay the cost of living in Georgetown but cannot and should not put up with comes with the student population. I thought I would be victorious – I'm pretty tough – I was not. The Georgetown students in the group houses drove me out of town

A large, stylized handwritten signature in black ink, featuring a large loop at the beginning and a long, sweeping tail.