

Schedule "A"

1.	<p>What, now, of the two who at present matter, Ian Shelton and his spouse Tuba, both friends of mine? To cut a rather short story very short indeed, I remark only that we have here human weakness. Ian has a family to feed; <u>and</u> his circumstances have been far from easy. (poorly<u>Poorly</u> though I live, I lost two hundred dollars helping to pay his rent, in one of his times of particular financial stress); and I conjecture, subject to correction on this blog or elsewhere by him, that Karen was able to dangle carrots before him which were unavailable to the conservationists. In particular, I conjecture, albeit subject to correction, that Karen was able to dangle before him the carrot of eventual public outreach work, in some kind of formal position, in some kind of DDO settlement to be thrashed out (so Karen would have hoped) at OMB Mediation. I offer, as my own subjective and personal opinion, the following: <u>it is natural that a person such as Ian Shelton, poor in the financial and political stock-in-trade of cruelly competitive North America, should in a time of stress gravitate to someone, such as Karen Cilevitz, whom he perceives to be blessed with bright prospects.</u></p>
2.	<p>Karen and her team were not under any legal obligation to continue in Mediation once the shocking scope of the concessions demanded, <u>which I consider shocking</u>, became clear to them. Why, then, did they continue? Were there carrots dangled in front of Karen by Metrus-Corsica (promises, perhaps, of a distinguished role in a revived DDO Disney World, in which her team would be continuing public outreach even while constrained by new streetlights to downgrade any hoped-for research)? Or were there, rather, sticks? <u>This is a question I (burdened as I am by Asperger Syndrome in my efforts to probe the mysteries of human motivation) do not pursue here. Others, lacking my particular disadvantages as a writer, may over the coming five or ten years be able to take the question further.</u></p>
3.	<p>What were these tears tears of? In general, the simpler, more banal, explanations are likely to be the closest to the truth. So I form the working hypothesis that Karen was in the early evening of Black Thursday, at her imposingly long restaurant table, in full view of perhaps 20 or 30 people, doing just what she purported to be doing, namely, crying from joy. My working hypothesis is that just as it had not occurred to her in 2011 September that she the organization under her leadership was making a mistake in retaining Ms Daphne Williamson, so it had not occurred to her on the Black Thursday of 2012-04-12 that she was destroying what the Minutes of Settlement signed by her organization were doing to national heritage. That she was crippling the Minutes were compromising the photometry and spectroscopy capabilities of the telescopes through increased light pollution; that in so doing she was destroying the Minutes were reducing an asset needed by the next generation of Canadians, once the inexorably rising price of fossil fuels made it difficult for the public purse to fund aeroplane journeys by graduate students to the telescopes of Chile, South Africa, Australia, and Hawaii; even that she was the Minutes were undermining the potential DDO&P UNESCO World Heritage-List Parks Canada conservation case: none not a single one of these thoughts were was present in her mind, as she let these her happy, self-indulgent tears flow.</p> <p><u>What were these tears tears of? In general, the simpler, more banal, explanations are likely to be the closest to the truth. So I form the working hypothesis that Karen was in the early evening of Black Thursday, at her imposingly long restaurant table, in full view of perhaps 20 or 30 people, doing just what she purported to be doing, namely, crying from joy.</u></p>

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4.	Only scant mention need be made of her unwelcome approach in the hearing room, at break time, to our light-pollution witness (this triggered angry words), and of her alteration <u>what I consider her unhappy conversation</u> in the hearing room, at some different break time, with an officer of the Mississaugas. (Although this latter alteration triggered unpleasantness <u>seemed to involve</u> tense words <u>speech</u> , voices did not get raised to the point where I could follow every single syllable from the other side of the room.)
5.	Acting as best I myself could, I took notes with the noisy Bluetooth keyboard already referred to. Although I am a most nimble typist, my notes were much inferior to Karen's. Was Karen doing something naughty, such as operating a concealed recorder, contrary to what I believe, on the strength of a query I made to OMB in 2011, to be OMB rules? Perhaps she could explain on this present blog how her anomalously, surprisingly high, level of detail was achieved? <u>I believe she pulled off her imposing stenographical achievement by compiling notes from several hands - her own, and probably in addition notes from most or all of Dr Ian Shelton, the DDOD counsel Jason Cherniak, and a student of Mr Cherniak's.</u>
6.	To my astonishment, this civil, although cool, response of mine to Karen triggered not the expected civil, correspondingly cool, response, but a hysterical tirade <u>heated one</u> , which to my mind must be reproduced on the Web in the public interest (showing as it does that Karen lacks the qualities of restraint and judgement which the public would desire in a Town councillor). I perform only light censorship herewith, concealing only the name of a person whom I should shield from the public glare:
7.	Have we here the equivalent of the cold-blooded boy torturing some insects for the sheer sake of torture - betraying, in other words, a public cause for the sheer sake of betrayal? Or have we, rather, the equivalent of the hurried, impatient, worried gardener, too harried to be properly diligent at an anthill? (Have we, perhaps, a person long unloved, craving what Aristotle identifies as the natural recourse of the unloved, namely public attention, or more concretely public admiration? Have we, perhaps, a person who betrays a public cause because this will put her in the centre of things, to a burst of applause from municipal officials and from some of the rank-and-file voters?) Having isolated the key question, I say merely (as I have said elsewhere on this server) that I suspect weakness to have been key. I would suspect the same regarding the degree of culpability of certain other key DDO players, notably the OMB-supporting Sheltons (as I have said elsewhere on this server).
8.	My founding of the DDO Defenders, and my elbowing out by Karen, and Karen's <u>Karen's assuming the leadership of the Defenders from the first half of 2008 onward, and what I consider Karen's</u> undermining of the DDO conservationist cause, from 2011 onward, pertain to the formal record of DDO advocacy.
9.	But the matter was not over. Karen for her part continued by disseminating, <u>at any rate to a small readership</u> , an e-mail recounting the incident. The nature of the dissemination I can

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~~infer from the identities of some number n of recipients, where n is an integer strictly greater than one and strictly less than five. Let me speak here simply of the "People of the Fingers" (since n is an integer that can be used to count various small sets, notably the set of fingers on a human hand).~~

~~Having consulted on the phone with the People of the Fingers, I reasoned that since (as I ascertained in these consultations) they got the e-mail, its dissemination was on the balance of probabilities to what we used in happier days to call "DDO Def Wide". "Def Wide" was a bulk-mail list of fifty or seventy or so individuals, shared rather freely among Karen, the Richmond Hill Naturalists, and me in the first year or so of Karen's involvement.~~

~~But I decline to investigate the possibilities of action for libel. In general, libel actions are to be avoided. They work against the so important free speech provisions of Canada's Charter.~~

~~Although I did not see Karen's e-mail summary of the incident, my conversations with the People of the Fingers made a key point clear. The mail represented me as a threat to public safety, albeit without asserting this in so many words. The mail reported that a member of the meeting-attending public had afterward said to Karen herself, "I was afraid." The unwritten implication was that he had felt himself threatened. The mail explicitly underscored, in a vivid turn of phrase, the strong, burly, physically capable character of this fearful commentator. I additionally believe on the strength of my queries to the People of the Fingers that the mail was silent on the truly frightening part of the proceedings (namely, that Karen had accused me of taunting her with the prospect of her hospital death), choosing instead to represent my loss of nerve as due solely to Karen's accusation that I was taking notes as an eavesdropper.~~
On the afternoon of 2012-04-29 (SUN), Karen communicated with two persons in my innermost circle of half a dozen Canadian friends, and in addition with Dr Ian Shelton and his family in my next-to-innermost circle of Canadian friends, in unsympathetic terms.

One might now think the sorry tale of my relations with Karen complete. In fact, however, there is...