

# Exhibit 05

# [Mark Sutherland Simpson](#)

Best Gay Books: Novels, Stories, Poetry and more / romans, contes, poèmes et plus

**vendredi 6 juillet 2012**

## Location / La localisation des événements

The question of whether to maintain the location of a novel's events or change the locale is a tricky one. If I'm writing a novel about Cambridge, do I keep it as Cambridge or make it into a fictional locale ... even if it's obvious? Many authors, from Upton Sinclair and Theodore Dreiser, to Anton Chekhov and Honore de Balzac, faced the same dilemma. There is no easy answer. At the moment, I am writing a story about the criminality I found at the American School of Marrakesh. Do I change the locale or maintain it? It's not as if people do not know where I have worked? To inherit a school where a known felon is head of maintenance, a man formerly incarcerated for heroin trafficking in the United States is in charge of IT, and the man who "paid" for the building of the school with cash without retaining receipts is the Business Manager, crooked board members (including the head of a major international teacher search agency), is good stuff for a novel. Especially, considering the lengths to which these characters and others ... strangely shaped and weirdly behaved Moroccan "aristocrats" threatened me with photos and emails (of my own) ... went to stop me from revealing anything. Like other authors before me, the question of locale proves crucial ... but only to a point. If what one is writing is true, as my story is (as was Upton Sinclair's, for example), isn't it better to be honest and name names and places? A quandary ... and one resolved differently, whether by D.H. Lawrence in Oaxaca or Evelyn Waugh in Hollywood cemeteries.

La question de maintenir la localisation des événements d'un roman ou modifier les paramètres régionaux est une question délicate. Si j'écris un roman sur Cambridge, je le garde comme Cambridge ou d'en faire un lieu de fiction ... même si c'est évident? Beaucoup des auteurs, d'Upton Sinclair et Theodore Dreiser, à Anton Tchekhov et Honoré de Balzac, face au même dilemme. Il n'y a pas de réponse facile. En ce moment, j'écris une histoire sur la criminalité j'ai trouvé à l'école américaine de Marrakech. Dois-je modifier les paramètres régionaux ou de la maintenir? Ce n'est pas comme si les gens ne savent pas où j'ai travaillé? Pour hériter d'une école où un criminel connu est responsable de la maintenance, un homme autrefois incarcérés pour trafic d'héroïne aux États-Unis est en charge de l'informatique, et l'homme qui «payé» pour la construction de l'école avec de l'argent sans reçu de retenue, est de bonnes choses pour un roman. Surtout, compte tenu des longueurs auxquelles ces caractères et d'autres ... étrangement façonné et étrangement sage marocain "aristocrates" m'ont menacé avec des photos et des e-mails (des miens) ... allé pour m'empêcher de révéler quoi que ce soit. Comme d'autres auteurs qui m'ont précédé, la question de la localisation s'avère cruciale ... mais seulement à un point. Si ce que l'on écrit est vrai, comme mon histoire (comme ce fut d'Upton Sinclair, par exemple), n'est t-il pas préférable d'être honnête et le nom des noms et des lieux? Un dilemme ... et une résolution différente, que ce soit par DH Lawrence à Oaxaca ou Evelyn Waugh dans les cimetières de Hollywood.

Posted by [Mark Sutherland Simpson](#) New York [vendredi, juillet 06, 2012](#)

# Exhibit 06

## [Mark Sutherland Simpson](#)

Best Gay Books: Novels, Stories, Poetry and more / romans, contes, poèmes et plus

**mercredi 8 août 2012**

### **Evil Characters in Fiction / Mal caractères dépeints dans les romans**

In Morocco, as you know, I encountered a horrible man (), a criminal with a felony conviction, an animal who sent me photos (now in the hands of the French authorities) of him and his prison / gang friends with guns, a man who infiltrated all of my email and other private accounts, twisting things to make me look terrible, all with the end of destroying me. As a human being, the experience gave me PTSD (for which someone is going to pay). However, as a writer, it gave me deep perspective. Why? Because amoral, evil, unscrupulous, unethical, mean and valueless characters, such as the Morocco criminal who was the IT Technician at the school where I worked (The American School of Marrakesh), pose the greatest challenge to writers. They are nearly impossible for writers to paint with dimension and accuracy, because ... quite frankly ... most of us don't understand how someone could do such things. Would you read someone else's most private correspondence? Hand it off to others so they could say, "We know about the email to Germany." I finally figured out they meant an email I'd sent to a gay friend who's a tram conductor in Berlin! One of the few writers to set out an excellent example was Balzac, with his recurring character of Vautrin. As a character in fiction, Vautrin has no peer. He is devious, cunning, sly, amoral, unethical, murderous. He appears in the novels [Le Père Goriot](#), [Illusions perdues](#) and [Splendeurs et misères des courtisanes](#). In prison, he got the nickname *Trompe-la-Mort* (*Dodgedeath*), because he manages to avoid the death sentence repeatedly. Vautrin has a strong criminal energy and is ruthless in obtaining his purposes, manipulating people and sometimes resorting to murder. Critics all agree that Vautrin's obvious sexual attraction to Rastignac and Lucien speaks to his repressed homosexuality; he is bound to them by his hunger for power but also his hunger for them, which is precisely the case with my own Moroccan criminal. / Au Maroc, comme vous le savez, j'ai rencontré un homme horrible (), un criminel avec une condamnation pour crime, un animal qui m'a envoyé des photos (maintenant dans les mains des autorités françaises) de lui-même et ses amis avec des fusils, un homme qui s'était infiltré dans tous mes e-mail et d'autres comptes privés, la torsion des choses à me faire passer terrible, tout à la fin de me détruire. En tant qu'être humain, l'expérience a me donné SSPT (pour lesquelles quelqu'un va payer). Cependant, en tant qu'écrivain, il m'a donné la perspective de profondeur. Pourquoi? Parce que l'amoral, le mal, sans scrupules, des personnages contraires à l'éthique, moyenne et sans valeur, tels que le criminel Maroc qui était le technicien informatique à l'école où je travaillais (L'école américaine de Marrakech), le plus grand défi pour les écrivains. Ils sont à peu près impossible pour les écrivains de peindre avec la dimension et la précision, parce que ... franchement ... plupart d'entre nous ne comprennent pas comment quelqu'un pourrait faire de telles choses. Voulez-vous lire quelqu'un d'autre la correspondance la plus intime? La passer à d'autres afin qu'ils puissent dire: «Nous savons que l'e-mail à l'Allemagne." J'ai finalement compris qu'ils voulaient un e-mail j'avais envoyé à un ami gay qui est un conducteur de tramway à Berlin! Un des rares écrivains à énoncés était un excellent exemple de Balzac, avec son personnage récurrent de Vautrin. Comme un personnage de fiction, Vautrin n'a pas d'égal. Il est rusé, malin, rusé, amoral, immoral, meurtrière. Il apparaît dans les romans *Le Père Goriot*, *Illusions perdues* et *Splendeurs et Misères courtisanes* Des. En prison, il a obtenu le surnom de *Trompe-la-Mort*, parce qu'il parvient à éviter la peine de mort à plusieurs reprises. Vautrin a une forte énergie criminelle et est impitoyable dans l'obtention de ses fins, à manipuler les gens et parfois recourir à assassiner. Bien que l'attraction de Vautrin vers Rastignac et Lucien reste apparemment platonique, il est également érotique / sentimentale un caractère, en particulier dans le cas de Lucien. Le fait qu'il n'est pas seulement lié à eux par sa soif de pouvoir, mais aussi par des liens affectifs parle à son homosexualité refoulée, ce qui est précisément le cas avec le mien pénale marocaine.

Posted by [Mark Sutherland Simpson](#) New York [mercredi, août 08, 2012](#)

# Exhibit 07

# Mark Sutherland Simpson

Best Gay Books: Novels, Stories, Poetry and more / romans, contes, poèmes et plus

Please enjoy my blog; but equally, please consider purchasing and reading one of my novels or collections. Artists live on their royalties. I don't think you will regret the purchase. My books are good! / S'il vous plaît profiter bien de mon blog, mais aussi, s'il vous plaît envisager d'acheter et de lire un de mes romans ou des collections. Artistes vivre sur leurs redevances. Je ne pense pas que vous allez regretter l'achat. Mes livres sont bons !

Winner of the Pinnacle Book Achievement Award for 2011, *Shirtless in Iceland* is my personal favorite. "A stylish, urban-hip novel," in the words of a respected critic, it is set in Paris. In fact, Paris serves as the modern backdrop for a group of late-twenties Parisians of various nationalities and domestic situations. Aware of the power of Paris to inspire the imagination, people who don't live there forget that it's a heaving metropolis, in which real people struggle with real problems. The novel covers two weeks in the lives of these friends, who meet every night for drinks at a fashionable cafe. *Shirtless in Iceland* contains a tragedy at its heart, which disrupts the lives of the entire group, and leaves them with no certain place to go / Vainqueur de la Pinnacle Prix Réalisation du livre pour l'année 2011, *Shirtless in Iceland* est mon favori. "Un roman avec un style, urbain-hip," dans les mots d'un critique respecté, il déroule à Paris. En fait, Paris sert de toile de fond moderne pour un groupe de Parisiens de la vingtaine de diverses nationalités et des situations nationales. Conscient de la puissance de Paris pour inspirer l'imagination, tout le monde oublie que Paris est une métropole soulèvement, dans lequel des personnes réelles prises avec des problèmes réels. Le roman couvre deux semaines dans la vie des amis, qui se réunissent tous les soirs pour boire un verre dans un café à la mode. *Shirtless in Iceland* contient une tragédie à son cœur, ce qui perturbe la vie de l'ensemble du groupe, et ne leur laisse pas de place certaine d'y aller.

Taking a page from my idol, Emile Zola, whose novel *L'Assommoir* was long my standard by which to judge my own work, I feel the need to write the truth about Morocco, especially Marrakesh. What did I see during my time living in Morocco? I saw a man literally beaten and kicked to death on the motorway, in front of a cheering crowd, because he had ostensibly stolen the car he was driving. He was forced into a collision, pulled from the car already bloody and then beaten with hands, feet, stones, tire irons, and other objects stone cold dead. Not my driver nor the criminal IT Technician named Younes Kabbaj, whom we were driving to Casablanca for who knows what nefarious activity, cared at all. They shrugged. "He was a thief, Chef," my driver said in French. "Don't you even have police in this country?" I remember crying out. Driving past the bloody scene was ... let's say horrific, body parts ripped off, the works. Every day, I saw bodies lying beside the road; once in the middle of a traffic roundabout, dead traffic victims roasted in 100 degree heat for a full day ... not for forensic examination or any reason other than that they were dead and poor. They had been on Motorcycles and one woman's brains were splattered over the pavement, being eaten by birds by the time I left work. What else? A poor donkey, who literally (and I swear to you) cried like a baby, as it collapsed from pulling a heavy cart ... his pitifully visible ribs showing that he was gasping his last breath, as he was beaten by the driver. I had every possible form of privacy violated: email, general internet, phone, my own home ... in which spying devices were installed. I saw a holiday dedicated solely to the slaughter of sheep, in which my own bodyguard (the Head of Security for Alexander the Great) confessed to being tired after killing so many sheep and cutting them up. Morocco is filthy, backward, disgusting, corrupt (oh, so corrupt). The police demand bribes at every roadblock, the government is full of hideous "Royals," who live the golden life, with jet skies, lavish parties, toy-boys, et al. Do not go to this backward and disgusting country. Do not patronize their hotels and resorts. Avoid Morocco at all costs.

Boycott it. It is NOT gay-friendly (being gay is, in fact illegal, and you will, as a friend of mine was, be beaten either to death or nearly), it is hideously sexist, and quite frankly it makes Tijuana look like Oslo. There ... the truth. As Zola would say, "Do something now."

Prenant une page de mon idole, Émile Zola, dont le roman L'Assommoir a été longtemps mon critère permettant de juger mon propre travail, je ressens le besoin d'écrire la vérité sur le Maroc, en particulier Marrakech. Qu'ai-je vu pendant mon temps à vivre au Maroc? J'ai vu un homme littéralement battu et frappé à mort sur l'autoroute, devant une foule en délire, parce qu'il avait prétendument volé la voiture qu'il conduisait. Il a été contraint à une collision, tiré de la voiture déjà sanglante puis battu avec les mains, pieds, pierres, fers de pneus et autres objets en a tue froide mort. Ce n'est pas mon chauffeur, ni le criminel IT Technicien nommé Younes Kabbaj, que nous étions en voiture à Casablanca pour qui sait ce que l'activité néfaste, soignés du tout. Ils ont haussé. "C'était un voleur, Chef," mon chauffeur dit en français. "Ne vous avez même la police dans ce pays?" Je me souviens de crier. Passant devant la scène était sanglante ... disons horribles parties du corps, arraché, les œuvres. Chaque jour, une fois j'ai vu des corps, victimes de la circulation, couché à côté de la route, au milieu d'un rond-point, morts rôtis à 38 degrés pendant une journée entière ... pas à l'examen médico-légal ou toute autre raison que celle qu'ils étaient morts et pauvres. Ils avaient été Motos et le cerveau d'une femme ont été éclaboussés sur le pavé, d'être mangés par les oiseaux au moment où je quittais le travail. Quoi d'autre? Un pauvre âne, qui a littéralement (et je vous le jure) a pleuré comme un bébé, comme il s'est effondré à partir tirant une charrette lourde ... ses côtes pitoyablement visibles montrant qu'il était à bout son dernier souffle, comme il a été battu par le conducteur. J'avais toutes les formes possibles de la vie privée violée: courrier électronique, Internet en général, le téléphone, ma propre maison ... dans lequel les dispositifs d'espionnage ont été installés. J'ai vu un jour férié dédié uniquement à l'abattage des ovins, dont mon propre garde du corps (le chef de la sécurité pour Alexandre le Grand) a avoué être fatigué après avoir tué autant de moutons et les couper en morceaux. Le Maroc est sale, arriéré, dégoûtant, corrompu (oh, si corrompu). Les pots de vin à la demande de la police à chaque barrage, le gouvernement est plein de hideux "Royaux", qui vivent la vie dorée, avec un ciel jet, fêtes somptueuses, de jouets garçons, et tous. Ne pas aller à ce pays arriéré et dégoûtant. Ne pas fréquenter les hôtels et centres de villégiature. Évitez Maroc à tout prix. Le boycotter. Il n'est pas gay-friendly (l'homosexualité est en fait illégal, et vous, comme un de mes amis était, être battu à la mort ou presque), il est horriblement sexiste, et franchement, il fait Tijuana, de la Mexique ressembler à Oslo. Il ... la vérité. Comme Zola disait: «Faites quelque chose maintenant.»

## Today's Page View Count / Nombre de pages vues pour Aujourd'hui

I treat all comments in response to posts as private communications between the two of us. Should you wish to have it published, please let me know. / Je considère toutes les observations en réponse aux messages du blog car privées entre nous deux. Si vous souhaitez faire le publier, s'il vous plaît faites-moi savoir.

**dimanche 2 septembre 2012**

**Mark Fish, Pretend Headmaster of Kew Forest School**

All of these comments are from Rate my Teachers, a public website ... I merely repeat them. I offer them because they are true; they speak correctly about this man. He is a sham, a fraud, a shopping mall Santa Claus pretending to be something far beyond his intellect and acumen. I had the misfortune to be recruited

by him to go out to the American School of Marrakesh ... and then he was fired for incompetence by the board (not coming to school, behaving erratically, sending contradictory instructions, spending lavishly on his apartment, car, etc.). His departure left me high and dry, with no instructions, no guidelines, no playbook ... nothing but an unaccredited school, with two criminals in its employ, and students who couldn't speak English. Ultimately, the American School of Marrakesh destroyed my career and health, thanks to this total sham Mark Fish:

Pompous, plays favorites, embellishes his accomplishments, easily distracted, changes instructions and then lies about it to parents.

This guy is dishonest and is ruining the school Four admissions directors in three years, that must be some kind of record, Halima, Rene, real great choices. No wonder enrollments are down. Why doesn't he ever come to work? What a phony.

Rules with an iron fist. Accepts absolutely no compromises, nothing. You do things his way or not at all. Does play favorites -- caters to the rich white kids (WASPS), especially if they are children of the Trustees. Not a good guy at all. Most teachers dislike him but can't say anything, because if you disagree with him, you're fired. (That's why so many teachers have been fired since he came.) He can be condescending.

He has no business leading a school of any sort, and Carney, Sandoe placed him there. In some fashion, they must be called to account. In the end, he will destroy Kew Forest and its reputation and get fired ... as he has been from his last two jobs. Does no one check these things?? Do people just flat out lie? I wouldn't trust Carney, Sandoe to place anyone until they clean up their act and behave responsibly.

Posted by [Mark Sutherland Simpson](#) New York [dimanche, septembre 02, 2012](#)

1. [Anonyme4.8.12](#)

Amen. The guy is a complete fake. I worked in Tangier when he was there and we used to call him 'the invisible man,' because you could never find him. I swear he's mentally ill.

[RépondreSupprimer](#)

2. [Anonyme5.8.12](#)

Just got wind of this and all I can say is, "Hallelujah, at last, someone is brave enough to say the truth." I detest this Headmaster of ours, who is Headmaster in name only. He does NOT represent the core values of Kew Forest. How he got his job, I see now clearly. He played a con artist game. Let me repeat: I detest this man. I am a teacher at the school, and there is NO way I will reveal my name. In fact, I've tried to describe my way of talking. The man is without values, spirtless, soulless and self-centered. Please, Board of Trustees, get rid of him!

[RépondreSupprimer](#)

3. [Anonyme5.8.12](#)

All of us at the school want to know what the Board of Trustees was thinking in hiring this guy? No one likes him (no one, except a couple of his cronies). Were they nuts? I've heard a lot of people saying that they don't trust or like Carney, Sandoe, and maybe this is why? They give you people like our Headmaster. And, no way I'm revealing my name. He'd be after me within the hour. He's one vindictive -- Trust us, those who work at the school, and ditch this idiot NOW.

[RépondreSupprimer](#)

4. [Anonyme7.8.12](#)

Just read my emails and knew I had to have my say. Mr. Fish is not operating in the real world. He exists in some figment of his own imagination. Who is he really? He's for sure the worst Headmaster I have ever worked for. He's self-focused and yet dazed, bossy and yet in a melodramatic fashion, as if the way he said something was more important than what he said. He is completely disrespected, by



everyone. That's a fact. The Board knows it. Does he had alzheimers, possibly? He's the worst thing ever to happen to Kew Forest, and we've had some humdingers in our day. Thanks for bringing this subject into the open Final word: triple Amen on Carney, Sandoe. What a bunch of favorite-playing no-nothings. The expression, "Who's on first," comes to my mind.

[RépondreSupprimer](#)

5. [Mark Sutherland Simpson8.8.12](#)

I know you meant know-nothings ... but I agree utterly. Carney, Sandoe does play favorites and they do NOT do their research of candidates properly. It's all a shell-game. The only thing worse is Search Associates and that homophobic dinosaur John Magagna, who owes me ... big time.

[RépondreSupprimer](#)

6. [Mark Sutherland Simpson8.8.12](#)

In answer to questions I've received, John Magagna refused to allow Search Associates to represent me (thus eliminating hundreds of job opportunities) because of gossip about me having an affair with my Head of Security (and chauffeur, and the gardener, and ...). To make matters worse, he repeated the stories, as I have heard directly from others. Yes ... indeed ... he owes me, and big time is an understatement.

[RépondreSupprimer](#)

7. [Anonyme8.8.12](#)

I work in Tangier, and this man, Mark Fish, was mean for me. He was yelling at me once, because it is alleged that I did not clean the stairs, and I did clean the stairs. He is a liar, no one dearer to him in the whole school, including the Eastman Eliza. Everybody hate him.

[RépondreSupprimer](#)

8. [Anonyme2.9.12](#)

Know this loser, hate him, and cannot believe that ANY school would hire him. As to Carney, Sandoe, their reputation is the pits (which I think you know). Everyone knows they're a punch of fakes and windbags, with only end in mind: make money for themselves. God, I can't stand Mark Fish and neither can anyone who ever worked for him.

[RépondreSupprimer](#)

# Exhibit 08

# [Mark Sutherland Simpson](#)

Best Gay Books: Novels, Stories, Poetry and more / romans, contes, poèmes et plus

**dimanche 2 septembre 2012**

## **The American School of Marrakesh**

Many of you write me every day, and most of you wish to remain anonymous. The reason seems to be the Islamic component, and fear of Younes Kabbaj, the former IT technician at the American School in Marrakesh (as well as a former convicted and imprisoned felon in this country for heroin trafficking). Your fear may be well-founded, because he might be able to discern your address. I don't know. You write every day, asking for my story ... and because you worry about me, which I appreciate immensely. The simple truth is this: I was recruited to go out to Morocco as the Headmaster of the American School of Marrakesh by Mark Fish, the newly appointed Director General of the schools in Morocco and Tangier (fired within three or four months for incompetence), and the former head of a small, K-8 Montessori school in the South (now the Headmaster of a school in Queens). I knew there was trouble at the school, and I knew that the board chair, Steve Eastman, had authorized the IT Technician to spy on the emails of the then Headmaster, Josh Shoemake (I have the email communications to prove that, and a dossier of information about the school the size of the Eiffel Tower). Mr. Eastman and Mr. Fish told me all sorts of (utterly untrue as I later discovered) wild, salacious and sordid tales about Mr. Shoemake and affairs he was supposed to be having. (his secretary, with the evidence being that, "Even Mark Fish's children said, 'What's up with those two?'" ... and here I always thought that loyalty to your boss was a good thing). More or less he was accused by those two nutcases as having affairs with all sorts of women. Catch a theme here? I do. Once I arrived at the school, I found a depth and degree of corruption beyond my wildest dreams. Additionally, the school was in the midst of a lawsuit, about which I knew nothing in advance, because the Business Manager had paid for the construction of the school (in 1998-2001) in cash only, without keeping any receipts. Along with Annabella Zeiddar, the superb Head of the Lower School, we set out hiring new teachers and administrators and cleaning the school up. Immediately (and I mean immediately), I was threatened. Most intensely I was threatened, directly to my face, by a board member named Moulay Zine, who claimed Royal credentials he doesn't have (it turns out), a man and woman who were maneuvering to purchase the school (with the permission and encouragement of Steve Eastman) ... a certain board member named Moulay Omar (Bully Omar, behind his back), an elderly board member named Barbara Temsamani, and Younes Kabbaj, the IT man who infiltrated every single aspect of my life.

Ultimately, out of sheer fear, I resigned my position with the agreement that I would not talk about what I had discovered at the school as long as the school didn't talk about me. However, no sooner had I left for Paris, than I was barraged by threats and death-threat emailing's from Younes Kabbaj (including photos of him and his prison chums with guns) and John Faubert, of Carney, Sandoe told me, "Mark, you should know that I've spoken with both Steve Eastman and Mark Fish." Well ... so much for honor among thieves! SO ... I outed myself, in advance of Mr. Kabbaj. I had never hidden the fact that I was gay ... but I had never made it an important aspect of my professional life. Now, ironically, it is my professional life, and I've made more money on my writing than I ever did (or could have) in education. On one point, Younes Kabbaj and Moulay Zine (and others) got it completely and utterly wrong ... laughably wrong. Sure, I'm gay. However, as a gay man, I am attracted to older men, no one under thirty-five would ever ring my bell. That's how my own sexual DNA is hard-wired. People, who know me, know that. So Mr. Kabbaj's assertions in his mails that I am a pedophile were cruel, dishonest, and libelous (to say the least), and frankly stupid ... there is no connection between being gay and being a pedophile, and most pedophiles are heterosexual. Of course, he proceeded to infiltrate my life in every way possible, getting on to my Facebook page and pretending to be me or at one point a woman named Victoria Olemma (who knew me from a university I never attended. Hmmm). He contacted former students, made postings in my name ... and the same with my blog, snipping bits and pieces from my computer (to which he had access in Marrakesh, because he was

literally inside of it), email and other correspondence. At one point they claimed I had affairs with everyone from several of my chaffeurs, my Head of Security, teachers, and anyone who was male and moved. They claimed to have a Flash Drive with my salacious writings on it, which could only be the short stories and manuscripts obtained from my computer ... and altered beyond recognition by now. Again, people who know me, none of that nonsense would never be true. Yes, I am being treated for PTSD; yes, Younes Kabbaj, Mark Fish, Steve Eastman, possibly the head of a major search agency, and the American School of Marrakesh are the cause of it. There ... I'm exhausted, but maybe I won't need to write a version of this every morning!

Posted by [Mark Sutherland Simpson](#) New York [dimanche, septembre 02, 2012](#)

1. [Anonyme8.8.12](#)

You poor guy. That Kabbaj character sounds like other people I've heard about from that part of the world. They have no values at all, and no respect for privacy. I hope to heck you plan to sue him and them, and whoever that Search Agency is. Search Associates? I believe I read about the head of that organization in one of the comments about Mark Fish.

[RépondreSupprimer](#)

2. [Mark Sutherland Simpson9.8.12](#)

Thanks for the support, and thanks especially for asking that you be printed ... even if anonymously. Considering the characters and country we're dealing with here, that's brave of you! Kudos and ... again ... thanks!

[RépondreSupprimer](#)

3. [Anonyme11.8.12](#)

Dude, I'm SO, SO sorry for you! But you should have done year research man, because that place is famous in Marrakesh for being corrupt. My girlfriend and I lived in Marrakesh for about a year, and EVERYONE in the city knows that the American School is fool of crooks and even murderers (or so Cafe de la Poste gossip claims.) My girlfriend is yelling at my to tell you to keep your chin up and count yourself lucky that you got out of that hellhole alive! What a screwed up, f-ed up country. You can watch naked French music videos and listen to the prayer tower things at the same time ?!?!

[RépondreSupprimer](#)

4. [Anonyme2.9.12](#)

Whoa. I just read this and it totally gave me chills. I've heard of people having things stolen in Morocco, and of lots of corruption, so this doesn't surprise me. However, some of these people should be brought before the police, shouldn't they? Isn't that Mark Fish guy a criminal? What about this Eastman character? He gave permission for spying on employees? Holy whatever. I'm with you, Mark, and I'm so sorry this happened to you. But keep the faith. They'll all get their come-uppance. Evil and stupid people always do.

Sean Eastbourne

[RépondreSupprimer](#)

# Exhibit 09

# [Mark Sutherland Simpson](#)

Best Gay Books: Novels, Stories, Poetry and more / romans, contes, poèmes et plus

**dimanche 2 septembre 2012**

## **The cause of my Traumatic Stress / Qu'est-ce créé mon stress post-traumatique**

Over the last couple of years, my life has been nothing short of a living Hell. That is not drama; it is the truth. I went to work in Morocco, as the Head of the American School of Marrakesh. While there, I encountered an individual named Younes Kabbaj, a man who was at the time the School's IT Technician and was spying upon everyone's emails, phone calls, faxes, etc., (teachers, administrators, students, employees), monitoring everyone's computers, installing listening devices in teachers' homes, and intruding directly into our computers via modem. He obtained access to all of my accounts and to all of my contact lists. He managed to intrude into my account at Carney, Sandoe, the Independent School Placement Agency. You imagine, logging into Facebook or your blog and discovering that you are ... already logged on, and that this monster has been falsely pretending to be me. It's Hellishly unbelievable and beyond any ethical boundary I have ever encountered in my life. Rightly or wrongly, I chalk it up to his religion, which seems completely amoral to me, appearance, sham, ritual, pretense and ... nothing behind it; nothing but mumbo jumbo. Religion or not, Mr. Kabbaj is an evil man, a criminal, who spent three years in an American Federal Penitentiary for Heroin trafficking. His goal has been my complete destruction or death, or at best the ruin of my career. He succeeded in the latter. I am no longer in education, inasmuch as he wrote defamatory letters full of sexual innuendoes (pedophilia and other accusations of all sorts of sick and twisted things), and managed to bring down in flames a career that was ... to be honest ... the envy of everyone. He is heartless beyond human reckoning, without conscience, soul or scruples, and he is still out there; he still haunts me.

Toward that end, I have taken the advice of authorities and worked to shake him off. I have turned over to them his emails to me, in which in threatened with me death and included photos of himself and his prison friends with guns, including Kalashnikovs. Think doesn't scare the Hell out of you? Think again, my friends ... you ought to read them or see them. You'd be beyond shocked. Even the French authorities passed them around in horror, shocked that anyone would be so foolish as to send out such incriminating emails, which were ... of course, traced by the French DGSE immediately back to the originating ISP.

Yes, indeed, I have more than enough to sue him, the American Schools of Marrakesh and Tangier, Steve Eastman, the former Board Chair, as well as Mark Fish, the hot-pants wearing weasel who is the present Headmaster of Kew Forest School in Queens, but who was the Director General of the above schools until he was fired for incompetence (Sorbonne? What degree from the Sorbonne? Hello? Who's kidding whom here?), Muolay Omar Al-Ouaia and Barbara Temsamani. But to what end? For years of litigation? For a sum of money in exchange for a ruined career? Bumbling fools continue in education, and I ... well, enough.

No more. I am returning to the name I have used for so many years. He has been after me because, incorrectly, he believes I fired him and then wrote a letter to the parent body about him. I did neither. The Board of Trustees fired him (against my advice, by the way) for gross misbehavior and violation of the school charter, and the letter to parents was written and distributed while I was in New York, and not even in Morocco. So, his entire campaign of destruction of my life has, as has so much in his life, been based on nonsense.

My career in education is over; I can no longer be damaged, defamed or wounded there. So, I pursue my writing ... I am being treated for post-traumatic stress, because in the course of his attacks upon me, I

lost my mother, my brother attempted suicide and failed, leaving him permanently and severely brain-damaged, I moved locations continuously on the advice of French and American authorities, I cut off all contact with anyone from my past, including friends from childhood, and I unfortunately witnessed death and mayhem ... something I had never or could ever have anticipated. Do you think I am ever going to be the same? If so, you're living a dream ... or, in my bed at night, a nightmare with out-loud screams and nightsweats. I am a changed man and shall never again be safe, sane or secure. Never. Just pause and contemplate that a moment. This horrible excuse of a human being succeeded in tearing my life to shreds (with the implicit cooperation of those in independent education who chose to believe him, or at best took the safe path and avoided me ... thanks a whole Hell of a lot to John Faubert at Carney, Sandoe (if he hasn't yet been fired) who told me, "What am I supposed to do when a Headmaster tells me a candidate is toxic?" Let me think ... tell him that I'm not ????? Geez. After we had worked together for twenty years, he takes the words of losers and worms? Jerk.).

I ask your patience as I slowly rebuild my new life ... here, on my blog, and in my writing, Being treated for post-traumatic stress is not easy, and I am medicated and intensively cared for ... and will be for the rest of my life.

I ask Younes Kabbaj, directly, to please leave me the Hell alone. I never fired you, I never sent out a letter about you (Moulay Omar and Madison Cox orchestrated that, using my digital signature, obtained from my office), I never offered you a hint of the calumny, libel and disgrace that you have shoveled upon me. Yes, I am gay. Being gay does not make you a pedophile, a pervert, or any of your other silly, salacious, and defamatory concoctions. In my country, it's an ordinary thing to be gay; it is not ordinary to destroy someone's life in order to achieve some vague personal revenge. That's called criminality, lack of ethics, and abnormal personality type. You're a wingnut on speed, Kabbaj (or is it Cabbage?), a total and complete demon.

To the rest of you here, and the thousands of you who have already started reading this blog, thank you for your support. Thank you for reading my blog. Thank you for buying my books ... it keeps me going in the face of evil.

All the best,

Mark Simpson

Posted by [Mark Sutherland Simpson](#) New York [dimanche, septembre 02, 2012](#)

# Exhibit 10



# Mark Sutherland Simpson

Best Gay Books: Novels, Stories, Poetry and more / romans, contes, poèmes et plus

**A Note from Amanda, Editor at Wordsworth and Coleridge, LLP**

Une note d'Amanda, rédacteur en chef à Wordsworth & Coleridge, Cie.



Mark S. Simpson has survived inconceivable horror, but suffers from and is being treated for Post Traumatic Stress; he has looked fear and wickedness and criminality in the face. He has lived through those experiences and somehow found the strength to go on. He has seen into the soul of a monster, and can only hope that ultimately good shall triumph over evil. Why am I telling you this? Because Mark lives in a world of silence, unable to communicate with more than two or three people. We go to extreme precautions when speaking with him, and security is strong at all events. His life has been completely invaded electronically and in other fashions, by a criminal of Moroccan origin with a profound psychological problem of some religious/sexual sort. He has written letters to Mark's friends and associates, asserting the most astounding nonsense, co-opted Mark's accounts, faked accounts, tricked, deceived, distorted and ultimately threatened him with death. Mark lives in a shadow world and always will. Our hearts go out to him each and every day. We work closely with the Australian, French and American authorities, all of whom are documenting this criminal's violations of laws regarding invasions of privacy, defamation of character, libel, harassment, cyber-bullying, stalking and infliction of mental distress. Toward that end, if you received a note or were yourself harassed in any fashion by Mr. Younes Kabbaj (he sometimes uses the name Jonah, as well as different pseudonyms or anonymity), please bring it forward. In most cases, the authorities already have the letter, having long ago tracked his movements via ISP. Thank you. We support Mark absolutely in any legal action he takes for harassment,

defamation of character, infliction of mental damage, invasion of privacy, and stalking, all of which charges may be filed in France, the United States and now Australia. You should know how Mark S. Simpson suffers and how we support him. That is why I am telling you.

Mark S. Simpson a vécu l'horreur inconcevable et il souffre de stress post-traumatique et il reçoit les médicaments pour ça. Il a regardé la peur et de la méchanceté et de la criminalité dans le visage. Il a vécu ces expériences et en quelque sorte trouvé la force de continuer. Il a vu dans l'âme d'un monstre, et ne peut qu'espérer que finalement la bonne doit triompher sur le mal/ Pourquoi je vous raconte cela ? Parce que Mark vit dans un monde de silence, incapable de communiquer avec plus de deux ou trois personnes. Nous allons précautions extrêmes lorsque l'on parle avec lui, et la sécurité est très forte dans tous les cas où il fait une lecture publique. Sa vie a été complètement envahi par voie électronique et dans d'autres modes , par un criminel Marocain d'origine, avec un problème psychologique et religieux / sexuelle. Cet homme a écrit des lettres malades et sexuellement suggestives à des amis et associés, des références anciennes, potentiels nouveaux employeurs de Mark, affirmant l'absurdité la plus étonnante, coopté les comptes de Mark, truqué les comptes, dupé, trompé, déformé, fait semblant d'être Mark, et finalement menacé Mark avec la mort. Mark vit dans un monde de l'ombre et le sera toujours . Nos pensées vont vers lui chaque jour. Nous fournissons toute l'assistance nécessaire aux autorités australiennes, françaises et américaines, qui sont tous documenter les violations de ce criminel des lois concernant les invasions de la vie privée, la diffamation et la calomnie, le harcèlement, cyber -intimidation, la persécution et l'infliction de souffrances morales. À cette fin, si vous avez reçu une note ou étaient harcelés-vous d'une quelconque manière par M. Younes Kabbaj (il utilise parfois le nom de Jonas, ainsi que différents pseudonymes ou l'anonymat), s'il vous plaît présenter. Dans la plupart des cas, les autorités ont déjà la lettre, après avoir longtemps suivi ses mouvements via FAI. Merci. Nous soutenons notre Mark absolument dans toute action en justice qu'il va prendre de harcèlement, de diffamation, d'infliger des dommages mentaux, l'invasion de la vie privée, et la traque, l'ensemble des charges qui peut être déposée en France, aux États -Unis et maintenant en Australie. Vous devez savoir comment Mark S. Simpson souffre et comment nous le soutenons. Ça c'est pourquoi nous vous le disons.

Please write to Mark at [wordsworthcoleridge@y7mail.com](mailto:wordsworthcoleridge@y7mail.com). We'll make certain he receives it promptly.

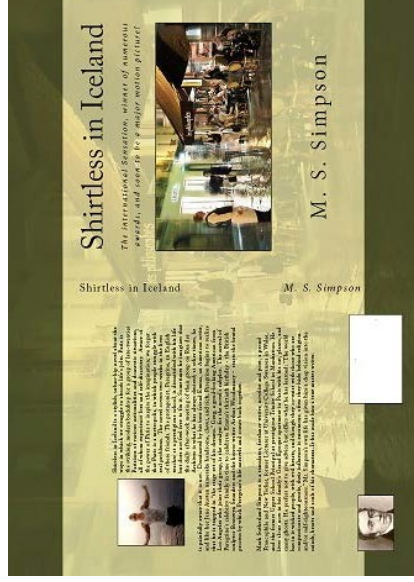
S'il vous plaît écrivez à Mark au [wordsworthcoleridge@y7mail.com](mailto:wordsworthcoleridge@y7mail.com). Nous allons veiller à ce qu'il en reçoive sans tarder.

Mark S. Simpson is a writer with a passion for Literature of all sorts. He has written everything from articles about obscure poets, to reviews of books, a collection of short stories, four major novels and a book of poetry. Mark is a translator, freelance writer, novelist and poet, a proud Francophile and New Yorker, former Lecturer at University College Swansea in Wales, and the former Upper School Principal at prestigious Trinity School in Manhattan. He lives alone now in his family's Grand Époque apartment in Paris with his cat, plants, and many ghosts. He prefers not to give advice but offers what he has learned: "The world has in it wicked people, with evil hearts, and though they co-exist with those who are compassionate and gentle, their influence is enormous; most often they hide behind self-serving religion and/or malicious self-righteousness." Mr. Simpson's eventful life has given him a deep vision into the minds, hearts and souls of his characters. It has made him a true master writer. Mark's love for France is one of the defining aspects of his life. He loves France because, "It has a real, breathing, intellectual and authentic culture ... forged in the fires of Feudalism, during which the Battle of Agincourt saved the entirety of Europe, and reborn during the revolutions of the 18th and 19th centuries that ensured a nation (even during the brief Imperial periods) in which Liberty, Equality and Fraternity were cherished. To speak French allows one access to a most amazing culture, with unique traditions ... Christmas, Easter, summer, winter ... and a literary history that beats every other country. It is an honor to be French, an honor to speak, read and write French, and an honor to be (as I hope I am) an honorary Frenchman. France is and will always be my second home ... and I love it." His writing has been increasingly praised over the last several years, during which time he has sold the rights for two major films (Shirtless in Iceland and Miss Tibbit's Petticoats), and is now lauded on several continents. As Mark put it, "I'm an honorary Aussie now; the best award I've received." Mark's parents reared him with a love for the arts, and he comes from a famous family of writers, musicians, poets and academics. Mark's writing has been described as "Edgy, focused, sharp, incisive," and Mark tells us that, "Albeit I don't count as young, I think I'm part of my generation's angry-young-men movement; sick with the state of the world, the ignorance and corruption, cruelty, hypocrisy and deceit." Mark said recently that, "Writing is my way of holding a personal magnifying glass over the world and, in the manner of Emile Zola, writing what I see; or perhaps sometimes in the fashion of an angry Nancy Mitford or Dorothy Parker. My Ph.D. is in Comparative Literature (Distinction, dissertation on Gender Variance in the Arts), I have had an exemplary life as an educator, known and loved, and met and know many interesting, even famous people; but I enjoy most of all life's simple, unpretentious pleasures, and my interactions with ordinary men and women."

Mark S. Simpson est un écrivain avec une passion pour la littérature de toutes sortes. Il a écrit des articles sur de poètes obscurs, de critiques de livres, une collection d'histoires courtes, quatre romans majeurs et un livre de poésie. Mark est un traducteur, rédacteur indépendant, romancier et poète, un francophile et un fier New Yorkais, l'ancien chargé de cours à l'University College Swansea au Pays de Galles, et l'ancien directeur d'école supérieure à la prestigieuse Trinity School de Manhattan. Il habite seul maintenant à un appartement du Grand Époque à Paris avec son chat, ses plantes et beaucoup de fantômes. Il préfère de ne pas donner les conseils, mais il peut offrir ce qu'il a appris: «Le monde a les méchants, avec un cœur mauvais, et si elles coexistent avec ceux qui sont compatissantset doux, leur influence est énorme ; plus souvent ils se cachent derrière le religion égocentrique et / ou autosatisfaction malveillants. » La vie mouvementée de M. Simpson lui a donné une vision profondément dans les esprits, les cœurs et les âmes de ses personnages. Il a fait de lui un écrivain véritable maître. L'amour de Mark pour la France est l'un des aspects déterminants de sa vie. Il aime la France, "Parce qu'il a une vraie culture, intellectuel et authentique, une culture qui respire ... forgée dans les feux de la féodalité, au cours de laquelle la bataille d'Azincourt sauvé la totalité de l'Europe, et renaît au cours des révolutions des 18 ème et 19 ème siècles qui ont assuré une nation (même pendant les brèves périodes impériales) dans lequel Liberté, Égalité et Fraternité étaient chéri. Pour parler français me permet l'accès à une culture étonnante, avec des traditions jolies ... Noël, Pâques, été, hiver ... et une tradition littéraire qui bat tous les autres pays. C'est un honneur d'être un français ou une française, un honneur de parler, lire et écrire le français, et un honneur d'être (comme je l'espère je sois) un Français honoraire. La France est en ce moment et sera toujours ma deuxième maison ... et je l'aime." Mark a

récemment déclaré que «L'écriture est ma façon de tenir une loupe personnelle sur le monde et, à la manière d'Émile Zola, écrit ce que je vois; Ou peut-être parfois à la manière d'une Nancy Mitford ou Dorothy Parker fâché. Mon doctorat est en Littérature Comparée (Distinction, dissertation sur les écarts entre les sexes dans les arts), j'ai eu une carrière exemplaire en l'éducation, connu et perdu une grande d'Amour, et j'ai rencontré et je connais beaucoup de gens intéressants, même célèbres, bien que j'aime tous les plaisirs le plus de simples de la vie, sans prétention, et mes interactions avec les hommes et les femmes ordinaires " .

At the moment, he is working on a new novel, tentatively titled Dresden. It is a tragi-comic novel, about an apocalyptic catastrophe at the annual summer festival in a small French village. / En ce moment, il écrit un nouveau roman, intitulé provisoirement Dresden. C'est un roman tragi-comique, au sujet d'une catastrophe apocalyptique au festival d'été annuel dans un petit village français.



Winner of the Pinnacle Book Achievement Award for 2011, *Shirtless in Iceland* is Mark's personal favorite. "A stylish, urban-hip novel," in the words of a respected critic, it is set in Paris. / Vainqueur de la Pinnacle Prix Réalisation du livre pour l'année 2011, *Shirtless in Iceland* est le favori. de Mark "Un roman avec sensibilités à la mode urbain-hip," dans les mots d'un critique respecté, il déroule à Paris.



VENDREDI 5 OCTOBRE 2012

## Fake Reviews of my books / Avis faux de mes livres

Please be aware that the stalker referenced on this blog is now posting false reviews about my books. At the moment, he uses the name Samantha. He will surely use other names and write other appalling things. My novels may not be the greatest thing since sliced bread, but they are most certainly not "pure garbage." Methinks thou dost protest too much! / S'il vous plaît être conscient que le harceleur référencé sur ce blog est désormais tous commentaires faux au sujet de mes livres. En ce moment, il utilise le nom de Samantha. Il va sûrement utiliser d'autres noms et d'écrire d'autres choses épouvantables. Mes romans ne peut pas être la meilleure chose depuis le pain tranché, mais ils ne sont certainement pas des «ordures pur." Il me semble protestation-tu trop!

Posted by [Wordsworth Coleridge New York](#) vendredi, octobre 05, 2012

Aucun commentaire: