

# Exhibit 11



What's your activism?

[Home](#) / [Africa](#) / [Morocco](#) / [Your Stories](#)

Hate crimes based on sexual orientation considered an aggravating circumstance

Hate crimes based on sexual orientation considered an aggravating circumstance



search for a country..

**MOROCCO****Male to Male relationships:**

Not Legal

**Punishments for male to male relationships:**

Imprisonment of less than 10 years

**Female to Female Relationships:**

Not Legal

**Marriage and Substitutes for Marriage:**

No law

**Adoption:**

No

**Your Views**

Are you LGBTI? We want to hear from you! Help us inform other users of the site with your views on this country. Below is a random question about this country. If it is relevant to you please answer it.

Has your LGBTI family been affected by your sexual orientation in MOROCCO?

No (0 %)

Yes, my partner and I have been

discriminated against (0 %)

Yes, my children have been

discriminated against (0 %)

Yes, we have all been discriminated

against (0 %)

News

Law

Mood

Movement

Campaign

Your Stories



The Your Stories section is all about you! Please take a minute to tell visitors of the ILGA website about what LGBTI life is like in reality. Please submit your personal story and share your experience!

**YOUR STORIES**

[Post a new story to this section](#)

**Readers Experiences**

This is what people are saying about life for LGBTI people in MOROCCO...

**Mark Simpson** (user currently living in **FRANCE**) posted for **gay lesbian straight** readers on 30/10/2012 tagged with **tourism, at the work place, hate crime and violence prevention, human rights, laws and leadership, sexual orientation** +10

My name is Dr. Mark S. Simpson. I am a living example that homophobia is alive and well. I was a career educator at some of the finest institutions in the United States, including Director of the Upper School at Windward in Los Angeles and Trinity in New York. A very sad event occurred in 2008. The head of Trinity School, a friend, mentor and amazing leader passed away. I decided to ease my pain by moving on. I was offered a job as the headmaster at a school in Morocco. It seemed like destiny – to serve a school in an area of the world where so many were denied education. To lead an institution towards that most honorable goal – educating the young and giving them hope for a better future. This choice would ultimately lead to the devastation of my stunning career, the shattering of my personal well being and the destruction of my life.

When I arrived at the school, it was instantly apparent that it was infiltrated with shady, dishonest and criminal characters. Not a safe environment for children, and come to find out, not a safe environment for a person like me (while I had a genius IQ), unfortunately, I went through life without ever learning (what my partner calls) street smarts. So many horrible things happened; I did not even survive the first year. The major event that occurred; and for which I had no participation - a dual national (American and Moroccan) person was fired by the Board of Directors. Sadly for me, this religious fanatic and true homophobe, decided to focus his intense revenge on me - for three years now. He sent communications to schools I applied to; contacted the agency that represented me and put out terrible lies; most notably that I was a pedophile. Needless to say, in the world of education, even a lie about that issue ends your career. He didn't stop there. He stalked me on email, Facebook and my blogs; he had infiltrated my computer in Morocco and obtained my contact lists and has also written 30 page diatribes about me; or in some cases pretended to be me – writing to former students saying I was sexually interested in them. I have continuously relocated around the world, concerned about my personal safety.

All of this has more than devastated me. I am being treated for PTSD, and in my mental state, I am unable even to search for or hold a basic (non-education) job. As if destroying my professional career and my personal life is not sufficient, he has now taken to filing suit against me for slandering him (what a joke that is).

Homophobia is alive and well. The one thing I have remaining is my ability to write. Truth be told, I am a good writer and it brings me some semblance of satisfaction. I write this story, not because I am looking for empathy but to tell gays and lesbians that not only is homophobia alive and well, but that it takes on many different faces. I have a strong and loving partner who gets me through each day. However, by sharing this story I hope I can give some support to others who share life altering experiences because of who they are.

I invite anyone that wants to read my blog (<http://www.whitmanandrimbaudkissing.com/>) and to join me as I continue to battle this deep rooted hatred and bigotry because of who I love.

[add response to story](#)

# Exhibit 12

# [If Kerouac and Rimbaud were lovers: The modern gay man's blog](#)

A smoking-smart blog for gay men, full of daily tips, books, news, happenings and insight, featuring the male form as art.

Coming Out of the Closet – A Second Time

First, let me say "Thank You" Google+ for enforcing your policy of using real names on blogs – thereby encouraging me to come out a second time.

Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Dr. Mark S. Simpson.

I came out as being gay to my mother when I was 14 years old. Unlike many, my mother who was a psychologist could not have been more supportive. Truth be told, my entire family was both supportive and loving. No different than if I had said I was becoming a vegan. Which is exactly how it should have been, and I wish it would be for others during that soul searching period of one's life (whether at 14 or 64). This may sound odd, but I have only ever had two long-term partners in my life. The first one, a refined English guy that I was together with for almost 20 years before our paths took us in separate directions; and my current partner whom I have been with for the past 16 years and is the love of my life. I am very lucky in love. Though I did not get to "play the field" much, I always wanted a simple home life and someone to share it with. Again, I have been very lucky.

I was always a bit of a braniac. Accepted at the top universities around the country; choosing to begin my studies in England (where I fell in love with my first partner at the age of 18), transferring back to the University of California system, where I was one of only two people to obtain a Ph.D. in Comparative Literature with distinction from my institution in decades. Later awarded a prestigious Fellowship at the Library of Congress, I chose to devote myself to education. I worked at independent schools all of my life. Starting as an English teacher, then department head, and finally as the upper school director, serving at the finest institutions this great country has to offer: Windward School in Los Angeles and Trinity School in New York. I never hid my sexual orientation. In fact, I always felt it was imperative that I be a role model for those young adults that, for someone like me when I was 14, were trying to navigate through the magnitude of emotions one feels at that age. My partner and I made a point to attend school functions to help kids understand that love can come in many forms. I was bound and determined that I was going to be there for all kids, straight and gay, to make sure their coming of age was supported by an adult that understood and was there as a source of safety, compassion and leadership.

But Dr. Simpson – What does this have to do with "coming out" for a second time?

Patience, I am getting there.

A very sad event occurred in 2008. The head of Trinity School, a friend, mentor and amazing leader passed away. I had never really lost someone who was so significant in my life. It was very troubling. I decided to ease the pain by moving on. Looking back, honestly, probably not the most compassionate thing to do – since children that cared deeply for the head of school, and deeply for me, were going to have to deal with a double loss. I wish I had figured that out sooner. I was offered a job as the headmaster at a school in Morocco. It seemed like destiny – to serve a school in an area of the world where so many were denied education. To lead an institution towards that most honorable goal – educating the young and giving them hope for a better future. This choice would ultimately lead to the devastation of my stunning career, the shattering of my personal well being and the destruction of my life.

When I arrived at the school, it was instantly apparent that it was infiltrated with shady, dishonest and criminal characters. Not a safe environment for children, and come to find out, not a safe environment for a person like me (while I had a genius IQ), unfortunately, I went through life without ever learning (what my partner calls) street smarts. So many horrible things happened, that I did not even make it through the first

year. Unfortunately, one thing that occurred; and for which I had no participation - a person was fired by the Board of Directors. Sadly for me, this person focused his homophobic revenge on me. He sent communications to schools I applied to; contacted the agency that represented me and put out terrible lies; most notably that I was a pedophile. Needless to say, in the world of education, even a lie about that issue ends your career. He didn't stop there. He stalked me on facebook and my blogs; he had infiltrated my computer in Morocco and obtained my contact lists and has written 30 page diatribes about me; or in some cases pretended to be me - writing to former students saying I was sexually interested in them. I have continuously relocated around the world in order for him not to find me, as I am concerned about my personal safety.

All of this has more than devastated me. I am being treated for PTSD, and in my mental state, I am unable even to search for or hold a basic (non-education) job. As if destroying my professional career and my personal life is not sufficient, he has now taken to filing suit against me for persecuting him (what a joke that is). The Complaint is a matter of public record, and if you really want to understand evil and read what it looks like, here is the link to the complaint:

<http://dockets.justia.com/docket/delaware/dedce/1:2012cv01322/49921/>

Yes, I have even tried to change my name to get away from this disturbed person.

HOWEVER, ENOUGH IS ENOUGH.

My name is Dr. Mark S. Simpson. I am a distinguished educator, a self-published author, a loving brother and son, an Episcopalian, a Francophile, a lover of animals and completely in love with my partner of 16 years.

NO MORE WILL I RUN AND HIDE - I HAVE COME OUT OF THE CLOSET (A SECOND TIME). NO MORE WILL I GIVE INTO LIES, BE SHAMED OR EMBARRASSED. INTIMIDATION AND FEAR NO LONGER HAVE A PLACE IN MY LIFE.

Finally, to any former student, colleague or friend who has been either directly or indirectly harmed by this homophobic villain who has stalked me these past three years - you have my most sincere and heartfelt apology. The pain I have felt; the suffering I have endured; and the toll I have paid for this person's incredibly subversive and cruel acts should never have burdened your lives. I miss staying in touch with all of you - however, your well being is paramount to me. Each of you is in my thoughts everyday, held close in my heart and in my prayers.

With the above thoughts as my guiding principles, welcome to my blog about literature, men, and the world in which we live. I am very proud of it and proud of you for supporting it.

## Readers' favorite Posts (last 7 days)

- [What is literary criticism and how do you trust it?](#)  
Literary scholars are in universal agreement that finding useful literary criticism is challenging. The modern world has allowed ...
- [France delays gay marriage law](#)  
Well, really, promises to gay people are almost always broken, aren't they? I know that sounds cynical ... it is ... and it's true: Clun...
- [A French Family's Sexual Awakening](#)  
Jean-Marc Barr and Pascal Arnold's tender film, "Sexual Chronicles of a French Family," is now available on DVD. This sexy comedy,...
- [The cult book every gay man seems to quote](#)  
I've noted that with increasing frequency references to Antoine de Saint-Exupery's The Little Prince. Of course, being a true Fra...
- [Are gay men usually popular in high school? If not, then why not?](#)  
Many of you, like me, will have read this on Yahoo. "Being popular in high school has perks that last

long after graduation." But the s...

## Blogger Oglers

### Why I chose to self publish ...

With a Ph.D. in Comparative Literature, and a career as an English teacher, I've spent my life reading like a rat chewing through wires ...relentlessly. Several years ago I began to detect changes in the publishing world, changes that pleased me. Amazon's capacity to allow me to read the first 10-20 pages of a novel, plus a "surprise me" button that took me into several pages of the book's interior, made me begin choosing what one might call off-beat novels (like the utterly brilliant *Shuck*, by Daniel Allen Cox) . They weren't published by the old publishing houses, but often by upstarts or by the author himself/herself. Thankfully, Jeff Bezos introduced streamlined self-publishing processes. They are amazing. Mind, you have to do your own writing of the novel and any marketing ... or not, as you wish. Readers (just like me) find their books online now, by typing in keywords and then browsing. I often start with a city as a keyword, and end up with something like Berlin gay historical. Don't be surprised when 10 books appear. I don't care a hoot about the publisher anymore. With respect to the older publishing houses, I have read some absolutely terrible writing published in the mainstream. I began a recent bestseller and had to stop, because the simplistic plot and atrocious English was killing my literary sensitivities. Now, I go to Amazon, keyword my choices, then I read the first 10-20 pages, take my mystery tour on "surprise me" and buy it if I like it. In this fashion, I have read more good books in the last several years than ever in my life. For me, self-publishing was a choice, and a great one. I have made enough money to live, and although I have a stalker (read above) who calls himself Samantha, gives me one star and calls my books "pure garbage," it hasn't slowed sales one iota. Why? Because people can read the beginnings of the novels for themselves, and see that they are ... modesty aside ... superb. So ...welcome to the twenty-first century! It's nice here.

## Thursday, November 1, 2012

### Dan Fingerman's wonderful gay play, "The Austerity of Hope

According to David Kennerly, who reviewed Dan Fingerman's "The Austerity of Hope," for *Gay City Magazine*, the play is, "A vibrant drama about a group of gay friends set against the hubbub of the first Obama campaign — a big hit at last year's Fresh Fruit Festival — is having an encore staging just in time for peak election season. From the get-go, we are immersed in the stuff that made that election so legendary, via a frenetic audio montage of iconic sound bites like "Yes We Can," "lipstick on a pig," and "I can see Russia from my house." This unique era, rife with Obama promises of taming the mortgage crisis and battles over Proposition 8, is a compelling backdrop for Fingerman's main agenda, exploring the erratic dynamics of gay relationships. This band of friends in their late 20s, who live in Astoria, Queens (pointedly not the more glamorous Chelsea or Williamsburg), is coping with so many vicissitudes that "The Austerity of Hope" feels like a soap opera — a sort of queer hybrid of "The Young and The Restless" and "Sex and the

City." As the title suggests, hope is in short supply, despite what audacious Obama says. "The Austerity of Hope" boasts some terrific elements. Dinero employs overlapped scenes to maximum effect. The uproarious scene of the gang meeting at a local bar to watch the election results is smartly juxtaposed with Simon and Kurt going at it on a living room couch. The pace is enlivened with a soundtrack of bouncy period tunes by the likes of Mika, Lady Gaga, and Madonna. The most impressive by far is Rhyser, whose brash, opinionated Simon is devilishly alluring. The hairy-chested actor cuts quite a figure as the unshowered stud, sprawled languidly on a trick's couch wearing only black briefs, chatting on his cell phone with Claire, and fibbing about his sexcapade. Simon arguably undergoes the most abrupt metamorphosis of the bunch, and Rhyser makes it wholly believable. By play's end, characters come to realize that perhaps they should not look to a president to cure their inertia, but rather search deep within themselves. | Abingdon Theatre Arts Complex | 312 W. 36th St. | Oct. 26-27; Nov. 1-3 at 8 p.m.; Oct. 29-30 at 7 p.m.; Oct. 27-28; Nov. 3 at 2 p.m. | \$18 |

Posted by [Mark S. Simpson](#) at [1:53 PM](#)

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# Exhibit 13



## [If Rimbaud and Kerouac Were Lovers](#)

Imagínesse Kerouac y Rimbaud como amantes / Imagineu Kerouac i Rimbaud com amants! / Imagineu Kerouac i Rimbaud com amants! / Imagineu Kerouac i Rimbaud com amants! / Imagineu Kerouac i Rimbaud com amants! / Imaginez Kerouac et Rimbaud comme des amants! / Stellen Sie sich Kerouac und Rimbaud als Liebhaber! / Immaginate di Kerouac e Rimbaud come amanti! / Представъте себе, Керуак и Рембо, как любовники! / תאר לעצמכם קרואק ורמבו כאוהבים! / Kerouac Rimbaud!

I'm Mark Simpson, and this is my blog. It's a New Yorker / Parisian view of the world, but from someone who is at heart a simple sort of guy. My favorite color is blue, I love nearly all animals (reptiles, like Donald Trump or my Uncle, are somewhat harder to love). I cherish kindness, and I was raised by parents who believed in magic, fairy tales, and dreaming your dreams into reality. Life has treated me harshly the last couple of years, albeit I grew up in a big old house with an affluent loving family, went to great schools and earned a Ph.D. in Comparative Literature with Distinction. I was an English Teacher and Principal at two of the most prestigious schools in the country. However, in the course of my last job, I was targeted by a sociopathic IT technician who, after being dismissed from the school for very, very good reasons, became my stalker, harasser and career-destroyer. So, I changed my profession and became a guy who writes books (they are pictured below), translates things like screenplays, writes his blog and goes for long walks. My blog has rapidly become my favorite thing. So ... I invite you to my blog ... and please enjoy! All comments are welcome, indeed encouraged.

I designed my blog for the modern gay man, who rejoices in his sexuality, and loves men; that said, the blog aims to provide advice, tips, international news, funny anecdotes, and generally smoking-hot cool gay stuff. If you're not gay, please enjoy ... we're embracing and loving people. So, come on in ... the water's warm, the pictures of men are hunky, cute and sexy, and the posts are pertinent. That said, homophobia has destroyed so many lives ... one can hardly hold the number in one's imagination. Millions? Billions? Stop homophobia now. If homosexuality offends your religion, then too bad ... perhaps you should get a NICE religion or else just shut up. Your religion is only that: YOUR religion, not mine and without my values. So many idiots, so little time!

Initialement, je voulais faire mon blog bilingue, en français et aussi en anglais. Toutefois, il m'est avéré trop difficile et il prendrait trop long. Aussi, mon français ... qu'est praticable dans les gens de bonne compagnie... n'est pas le français de Bernadette Chirac (*heureusement?*). En tout cas, j'aime la France, la langue et des français (très beau et très masculin, je crois). S'il vous plaît savoir que dans mon cœur je sois un Français. En ce moment, je sois très heureux d'accepter les demandes pour un copain français ... S'il vous plaît, faites votre demande !

This is my author page on Amazon, of which I am also proud. My stalker/harasser posts the bad reviews, and I am sorry about that. They are embarrassingly transparent, grammatically flawed and clearly harassment (they've been documented). It's just another attempt to intimidate me. But take a look, please. I'm really proud and pleased of my writing:

[www.amazon.com/author/marksutherlandsimpson](http://www.amazon.com/author/marksutherlandsimpson)

**vendredi 9 novembre 2012**

## **Caveat Emptor when it comes to helping stalkers**

As you know (or don't), I recently posted a warning here that my stalker / harasser (for three years) had purchased a bulk mass of internet domains in my name: marksutherlandsimpson.com, for example. My warning asked that you not be deceived by him into visiting these sites, and I offered the link to the lawsuit he has brought against me (!! for slander and libel. Yes, NOW I understand what Alice Through the Looking Glass was about. In any event, after I posted my warning, these dormant addresses came to life with (I must say) an unflattering photo of me and the offer of a \$1000 bounty for anyone willing to give him my address. Of course, I want him to have my address like I want warts, bubonic plague or the legions of darkness in the park nearby. Should you be so inclined to provide my address and you think it's worth giving it to someone who has been stalking me and harassing me for three years, then do so ... and live with your conscience with whatever happens. Personally, I should think my information worth far more than a \$1000. I mean ... really? He's suing me for \$7 million so he obviously thinks in terms of large amounts. I think he thinks I slandered him through my various police reports (In France you have to write things down, beginning with "J'atteste sur mon honneur) or on my blog, but since he was inside my blog (he is a hacker, as well, a former IT Technician) I'm not sure who could believe anything from my previous blogs. This one is safe ... and well monitored. Anyway ... final word, be careful about playing with matches.

To any former student, colleague or friend that was either directly or indirectly harmed by this homophobic villain– you have my most sincere and heartfelt apology. The pain I have felt; the suffering I have endured; and the toll I have paid for this person's incredibly cruel acts should never have burdened your lives. I miss staying in touch with all of you – however, your well-being is paramount to me. I think of each of you everyday, and I hold you close in my heart and in my prayers. As my Episcopalian unbringing taught me, "Help us, O Lord, to finish the good work here begun. Strengthen our efforts to abolish poverty and crime," and, "Look with pity, O heavenly Father, upon those who live in injustice, terror, and death as their companions. Have mercy on us. Help us to eliminate cruelty ... and remember before you those who suffer anxiety .... Direct, in our time, we pray, those who speak where many listen and write what many read; that they may do their part in making its will righteous."

Ce post a affiché par Mark Simpson

[Envoyer par e-mail](#)[BlogThis!](#)[Partager sur Twitter](#)[Partager sur Facebook](#)

**Aucun commentaire:**

[Enregistrer un commentaire](#)

[Message plus récent](#) [Message plus ancien](#) [Accueil](#)

Inscription à : [Publier les commentaires \(Atom\)](#)

# Exhibit 14

[If Rimbaud and Kerouac Were Lovers](#)

**samedi 17 novembre 2012**

**Okay ... a Re-Introduction to you**

I thought I should introduce myself to you properly. You can find out most on my Amazon page, [www.amazon.com/author/marksutherlandsimpson](http://www.amazon.com/author/marksutherlandsimpson) ... which provides you a list of my books, and assorted bits and pieces like my biography: Mark S. Simpson is a fifth-generation Californian, an Episcopalian, distinguished academic, fluent in French and literate in German and Russian, a member of Phi Beta Kappa, a Fellow of the Library of Congress, Lecturer at University College Swansea, and former Principal at two prestigious independent schools in the United States. His love for literature is life long and bone deep, reflected in his extremely rare Ph.D. with distinction (second one at his institution since 1868), at which time the committee signed a special letter for the archives that said, "We unanimously agree that his performance on both the written and oral examinations merits this unusual commendation." Mark lives in New York and Paris, "Cities that know how to be a city." The victim of a stalker and having endured years of harassment and invasions of his privacy, he gets on with his life; His motto is Virginia Woolf: "You cannot find peace by avoiding Life." What it doesn't tell you is why I'm now a blogger. Unfortunately, in the course of my career I ran foul of a sociopathic individual who, after being dismissed from school employment, destroyed my career and my life. He invaded every inch of my privacy: email accounts private AND professional, bank accounts, Facebook, every single account I had, and he even invaded the Trinity School server, without their knowledge. From my contact lists and his infiltration into the website of Carney, Sandoe, a placement agency, he sent out the most disgusting and repugnant long (VERY long) emails, about me being a pedophile (HARDLY, since I've never glanced at a man younger than thirty-five and hairy chested ... well, okay, an exception or two on the hairy chest), a member of some sort of boy-love organization and he concocted love notes between me and a former student through Facebook. Poof! There went my career. I was, as my shrink said, "blackballed." Can you even begin to imagine it? I spent days, weeks, months, just lying around crying. After I began receiving treatment for post-traumatic stress disorder when I simply broke down and went delirious ... I turned to writing and, now, blogging. I do all right, I must say; I am well taken care of medically, though still profoundly troubled by the ignorant duplicity of people, and my writing has been most successful. SO ... when I send out my MANY blog posts, know that they mean something important to me. After all, this is a large part of my life now! Bear with me?

All the best, Mark

Ce post a affiché par Mark Simpson

[Envoyer par e-mail](#)[BlogThis!](#)[Partager sur Twitter](#)[Partager sur Facebook](#)

**Aucun commentaire:**

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# Exhibit 15

**DIMANCHE 18 NOVEMBRE 2012**

### Testing our own limits of forgiveness and tolerance ...

There is only one person in the world for whom I might use the word hate, though I would more accurately say detest. This is a person who willfully and with full knowledge of his actions, violated my private email, banking, Facebook, and other accounts, wrote long letters filled with lies as well as with information he obtained through violation of my privacy ... and who has harassed and stalked me for three years. However, I am not at ease with feelings such as I have for this scoundrel, amoral and criminal though he is. So, as I am prone to do, though I'm not religious as a rule, I often ruffle through my Episcopal Book of Common Prayer, to see if I can find something helpful. I am an Episcopalian, even if not a very dutiful one! Well, I found a wonderful Collect, or prayer, for social justice that fits this situation perfectly: "Almighty God, who hast created us in thine own image: Grant us peace fearlessly to contend against evil and to make no peace with oppression." I shall fearlessly contend against evil and, trust me, I shall make no peace with oppression. To have violated my privacy, something everyone holds sacred, then to manipulate and use it to interfere with my employment is a criminal offense in the United States. I pray for the strength to see this criminal face justice here or upstairs, when he comes face-to-face with the big guy.

Ce post a été affiché par Mark Simpson  
[Envoyer par e-mail](#)[BlogThis!](#)[Partager sur Twitter](#)[Partager sur Facebook](#)

#### Aucun commentaire:

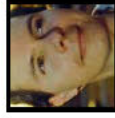
[Enregistrer un commentaire](#)

[Message plus récent](#) [Message plus ancien](#) [Accueil](#)

Inscription à : [Publier les commentaires \(Atom\)](#)

# Exhibit 16

## QUI ÊTES-VOUS ?



 Mark Simpson

My favorite color is blue, I like strong and masculine men who are also kind; I'm a family-oriented person, and definitely a one-man dog! / Ma couleur préférée est le bleu, j'aime les hommes forts et masculins qui sont aussi gentils ; Je suis une personne axée sur la famille et certainement quelqu'un que sois fidèle et dévotement à un homme

[Afficher mon profil complet](#)

**JEUDI 22 NOVEMBRE 2012**

## On being a writer ... a few reflections



Of course, even on Thanksgiving, I find myself working on my new novel ... with the working title of Dresden. I won't say more about it yet, since it's about a year away from being finished. I've switched publishers and agents several times, and am now representing myself ... in every way. Which has a kind of irony attached to it. Because, at the moment, my bestselling novel is *Breakwater's End* and not *Shirtless in Iceland*. That's a first. For perhaps two years, *Shirtless in Iceland* has been the proudest of my literary icebreaker ... the novel making the most money and fame. Then, after my Amazon page was infiltrated and my reviews tainted by my stalker / harasser, I lost out on a film option ... the friend working with me on that got scared away by my stalker / harasser's apparent religion and the photos I'd shown her. SO ... no film option at the moment, which is too bad, because we were talking big



bucks. But people are afraid of my stalker / harasser. As my shrink said, "You've been blackballed." No one wants to touch the "thing" connected to a particular religion. I'm a relatively unknown Salman Rushdie. Really. I should be on Katie Couric's show, which was also my shrink's advice ... to go public in every way about being stalked and harassed, TV and newspaper, the works. However, I've moved on ... trust me, after the Hell of the last three years, caused by an internet stalker / harasser who was fired for good reason from the school of which I was Headmaster, invaded all of my accounts, email and otherwise, including Facebook, and then having violated my privacy *used* some of that information to interfere with my employment (he also had access to my referees and the my site on the placement agency web), well ... I can weather storms (and illegal criminal mischief). To my



surprise, here I am using my blog to talk about my writing ... and suddenly *Breakwater's End* takes off like a bolt of lightning. It's ... well, it's amazing. I used my own feelings about suffering from PTSD (I was diagnosed with it and have been treated for it for over two years now, first in France then in the USA and France ... try living with two gendarmes stationed at either end of your street) and I channeled them into a novel. To a large extent, I AM Luke. This is the first time I can say that I *am* the main character in my novel. It's perhaps not my finest writing. I wrote it faster than any other book, in about a year and a half. My other works, published in various forms from about 2005 onward took longer to write. Anyway ... I guess this is my way of saying, please consider purchasing *Breakwater's End*. I'd like to have people read it. I lowered the price so much that I make about a quarter per book on royalties. But ... have a look, see what you think? And now ... yes ... back to work on my new novel! Writers. Really, clearly I need a hairy-chested hunk to come flying here from Ireland (why not, I love the accent), and spin me round, round, baby, right round ... aren't those the words of the song?

Ce post a été affiché par Mark Simpson



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# Exhibit 17

[If Rimbaud and Kerouac Were Lovers](#)

## 06 décembre 2012

### Advice from my desk ..

The world is full of crazy people (as in full-blown psychiatric headcases) and they are no longer automatically locked up ... they are wandering around out there causing all manner of havoc. Trust me, I know this from personal experience, and it grows quite, quite tiresome and ... well, dispiriting, after a while to have some wack job telling crazy psychotic tales about you and posting want ads for you (WHAT?!?) and all of it because of nothing more than a cyclone in his head ... before it explodes. So, my word for everyone is please, please be careful. In trying to be nice and in trying to be gentle, I became a magnet for one SERIOUS psychiatric headcase and many, many minor ones. My life is haunted by them now and always will be. I wish someone had given me this advice: BE CAREFUL. Don't share too many stories up front, guard your privacy (I used the same code for most accounts, making it easier my nutter to rape my privacy), steer clear of someone when you read, hear or see the warning signs, which again I didn't do. I'm truly serious here. Gay people have targets on their backs that only the psychiatric cases can see clearly. Again ... trust me. You will end up being pursued by someone who has been in and out of psychiatric care. Please be careful. PLEASE. Thanks, Mark

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# Exhibit 18

If Rimbaud and Kerouac Were Lovers: Most homophobic or anti-gay people are gay ... true.

## [If Rimbaud and Kerouac Were Lovers](#)

All of my novels are available through Amazon and Barnes & Noble, as well as quality bookstores everywhere. My publishing house in my native Nova Scotia, is Simpson Family Publishers, L.L.C. and their website is <http://www.novasimpsonscotia.com>.

NOW, I must as an author (and the son of an attorney) apologize for the intrusion into my semi-sacred literary world of someone uncouth and unpleasant. A man with a vengeance against me has been harassing me for months now on Amazon, through ugly reviews and such antics as the posting of bogus wanted posters. The matter he refers to in that so-called wanted poster has long ago been turned over to attorneys and is well in hand, so the only excuse for its presence on Yahoo is pure harassment. As he continues to harass me, and thus you, we all simply have to remember that some people never learn because of broken ethics or other problems even the most basic rules of a civilized society.

Below are my present works and I would appreciate it if you had a look. I'm quite proud of them ! Just click on any of the blog titles and you can go to my Amazon author page to purchase one or just to read more about my books and me. Thanks!

## 07 décembre 2012

### **Most homophobic or anti-gay people are gay ... true.**

Research by US psychologist Professor Adams of the University of Georgia suggests that 80 percent of men who are homophobic have secret homosexual feelings. In Dr. Adams's test, homophobic men who said they were exclusively heterosexual were shown gay sex videos. Four out of five became sexually aroused by the homoerotic imagery, as recorded by a penile circumference measuring device (a plethysmograph). Dr. Adams's research was published in the prestigious US Journal of Abnormal Psychology in 1996, with the backing of the American Psychological Association. Professor Adams says his research shows that most homophobes "demonstrate significant sexual arousal to homosexual erotic stimuli", suggesting that homophobia is a form of "latent homosexuality where persons are either unaware of or deny their homosexual urges". These findings support the theories that homophobia (fear and hatred of gayness and support for antigay discrimination) is often indicative of repressed, self-loathing homosexual feelings; and that many homophobes subconsciously use anti-gay attitudes as a smokescreen to disguise their own homosexuality. This makes complete sense to me. Within the context of my own life ... I have seen this. The more virulently (and weirdly) anti-gay someone is, the more likely they are to turn out to be gay themselves.

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# Exhibit 19

[If Rimbaud and Kerouac Were Lovers](#)

**08 décembre 2012**

## **I dedicate this to the nurse who took her life in London ...**

I understand the power of shame and humiliation. From a position of immense power and prestige, I made the mistake of taking a job in the wrong place at the wrong time with the wrong people. I was lucky to escape alive. But I was followed ... in the form of internet torture that shamed me, humiliated me and brought me thrice to the brink of suicide. Someone, having co-opted my email accounts, sent out scurrilous, defamatory, filthy, untrue and hideous materials about me ... imagine my horror, when people started saying how they had received a strange rambling, nearly incoherent letter saying that I was ... well, dirty, disgusting, and utterly untrue and defamatory, libelous things, the stuff of lawsuits or prison. The problem was compounded by the fact that these letters reached everywhere. They went viral ... once someone had my accounts and names, there was no stopping him/her. Suddenly from acclaimed and praised, I became unemployable in education ... because no one could take the gamble that this demented individual wouldn't write scandalous, libelous, defamatory letters to entire school communities. Like the nurse in London, I felt as if I couldn't even leave my house ... I was so deeply embarrassed and humiliated, depressed beyond all human reckoning that I truly considered suicide in three occasions, even though I had done NOTHING wrong at all, simply been a good soldier. That this individual had a lengthy criminal record (which he/she has attempted to hide) and a mentally troubled background was left out of his/her letters ... of course. I was terrified for my life, given that this individual was Muslim, also suing the President, the FBI and various agents, and all other manner of ... well, strange things. The very fact that he/she had served time in prison and been incarcerated in mental institutions was enough to make me to stay away from windows for months on end. He/she has continued to harass me and interfere with my employment, by defaming me and making scurrilous remarks about my writing (without having read a word) ... and putting up fake "Wanted Posters," as if I were somehow evading service for some sort of lawsuit he/she has. I live in New York. I am not in the least bit hard to find, nor I have I ever been, even when I move between various residences. What pure garbage. This same person, who has tortured me for three years, is now suing me for saying things about him (as well as President Obama, whom he/she had threatened to kill and the FBI) ... indeed. So ... if I could have managed to speak to that poor nurse in London, I would have told her to hang in there. It doesn't get better ... honestly, it doesn't. It never heals and you are NEVER the same. You live with the embarrassment forever ... but you DO come to grips with it all, and that's the good news.. Also, there are legal remedies. Yes, they take time and you have to give people enough rope to hang themselves well and truly, but your turn comes. My heart goes out to her and to her family, because I do TRULY understand. I am under treatment for post-traumatic stress (with the best team in the country, in Beverly Hills, trained with Iraq veterans), brought on by the constant hounding and incessant, ever-present threats of this possible deranged individual ... but the treatment is good, and as I said: You come to grips, you really do.

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# Exhibit 20



[If Rimbaud and Kerouac Were Lovers](#)

**08 décembre 2012**

## **The world beyond our control ...**

Many of you have responded with your own stories to my post about the nurse who took her life because of shame and embarrassment. You responded particularly to the modern internet harassment and stalking theme, and what has happened to me since I ran into the buffoonery of a possibly demented individual. Thanks! For the record, because I note that the wanted posters are still up, for a suit that is ongoing ... and which is certainly not in the service stage ... I have lived in New York and Paris since 2003, always updating my papers and credit cards like a good boy. I did purchase property in Portland, Oregon, and I lived there for about a year, before returning to New York. It was a good change of pace, but it certainly had nothing to do with a potential lawsuit that wasn't even filed until long after I returned from Portland (?!?!). So, it's all quite frankly crackers, this whole humiliating nonsense about "evading service," along with all of the other rambling, sometimes incoherent slander. Considering that the same individual is suing President Obama (yes), the FBI and perhaps the Pope, and fails to mention anywhere her/his problems of a psychiatric nature (hospitalized against his/her will) and the time she/he served behind bars, I wonder if he/she thought that President Obama's campaign tours were attempts to evade service of this character's lawsuit? Anyway, I've been in New York since August and not, to my knowledge, in hiding or in some sort of evasion ... honestly, it's all so embarrassing, humiliating, and strangely degrading. It's why I know EXACTLY how that nurse felt. To be defamed, libeled, harassed and the subject of scurrilous, dishonest mailings is enough to make anyone depressed !

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