

Frivolous Lawsuits harm every American

For anyone who is considering writing a book, you might want to read my personal account of a frivolous lawsuit. Frivolous lawsuits are not only a growing menace to doctors and insurance companies, they are a menace to writers as well. And frivolous lawsuits and out of control lawyers harm every American.

Bear in mind that even if a writer happens to be completely innocent, and the frivolous lawsuit is dismissed by a judge who then penalizes the accuser for even bringing the lawsuit, there's no guarantee the accuser will give up their ridiculous allegations.

This happened to me. Even after the judge dismissed the case brought against me, my former agent, and my publishers, my accuser has continued to harass me. I have now come to the decision that it is time for me to tell this story, from beginning to end, and to post the opinion and decision of the judge, as well as relate the experience of another innocent writer targeted by this same person. I had hoped my accuser would one day realize her worst fears are simply in her own mind and never took place in reality, but I've come to the conclusion now that this will never happen.

But the time has come to fight back because there *is* a real princess out there who risked her life to make her story known, and these baseless allegations are harming the reputation of that princess and her compelling story, loved by so many readers.

This is a long story, but I must start from the beginning and tell you what happened.

In 1978, I traveled to live and work in the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia. I remained in that country for 12 years, working as the Administrative Coordinator of Medical Affairs for 4 years at the King Faisal Specialist Hospital. After 1982, I left my job at the hospital and lived in a private villa in a Saudi neighborhood with my husband, Peter Sasson. In 1985, I became close friends with several Saudi Princesses, one of whom the world now knows as Princess Sultana.

In 1990, I left Saudi Arabia and returned to the United States. But I was fortunate in that I still had a multiple-exit reentry visa into Saudi Arabia, and was allowed to return and visit whenever I pleased. The last time I was in Saudi Arabia was April, 1991.

In 1990, I had traveled back to the Middle East to interview fleeing Kuwaitis from the Iraqi army. My research from those interviews formed the basis of my first published book, *The Rape of Kuwait*. Due to time constraints and the ongoing war, my first book was a “quickie” book, which I wrote in only six weeks, the fastest book I’ve written. The book shows my haste, because it does read like a news report, and is not of the same writing quality as my subsequent 6 books.

After the success of *The Rape of Kuwait*, I agreed to write the true life story of my friend, Princess Sultana. It was a book we had been discussing since 1985.

During the summer of 1991, I lived with my parents and wrote Sultana’s story in four or five months. Later, I wrote *Princess Sultana’s Daughters*, which took me five months. The last book on Sultana is *Princess Sultana’s Circle*, which I wrote in six months. After that, I wrote *Ester’s Child*, which took me a total of three years. Then I wrote *Building the Road to God’s House*, which took a year. Finally, I wrote *Mayada, Daughter of Iraq*, which will be published October 2003. I started compiling facts from Mayada in November of 2002, but didn’t start the actual writing process of *Mayada, Daughter of Iraq*, until January 2003. I completed the book in June, 2003. (You’ll know later why I am giving you these boring details regarding the time it took me to write each book.)

I assumed that many Saudis would be angry at me for writing about a Saudi woman, and I was right. I was persecuted in various ways, but none of the harassment made me sorry that I had written about a Saudi princess. It’s an important story that deals with true life issues that affect women in Saudi Arabia. Readers love the books about Sultana, and the books have changed the lives of many young women. So, the books are worth some persecution!

Since 9/11, readers critical of the books about Sultana began to realize that the people derogatory of my books about Sultana were wrong: A little investigation from other reporters has proven that the Kingdom is not a friendly place for women to live, although I *am* pleased to report that I see slow change coming to the women of Saudi Arabia, and for that I am grateful.

In 1994, my agent and attorney telephoned me to say that he had been informed that I was being sued for my two books on Princess Sultana. I instantly assumed that a Saudi woman was claiming to be my princess. I also assumed that the Saudi government or a private Saudi individual was behind the lawsuit. I was wrong on both assumptions. My agent said “no,” that it was an Austrian woman who claimed the books had been stolen from her. I laughed aloud, saying in disbelief, “an Austrian?”

Then I remembered a telephone call I had received from my German publisher the previous year. My editor, Claudia Vidoni, had called to tell me that an angry woman had called her offices, claiming that the book on Princess Sultana was really *her* life story. I dismissed it at the time, even after Claudia advised me that this woman knew the man who had served as my agent for the first *Princess* book. From what I was told, this Austrian woman had previously sent him an unpublished manuscript about her life, an Austrian woman married to a Kuwaiti, to represent. (This was an agent who was not a good fit for me and my books, and I had left him after only one book deal.) The woman was claiming that this agent had saved her manuscript from years past and then showed it to me, asking me to change it around! This charge was ridiculous beyond words. Not only had the agent never spoken the woman's name to me, he had never even mentioned that he had represented *any* books about the Middle East. I only recall one author and one book he talked about. He was proud of representing a famous attorney, a name I can no longer recall.

Now this woman had appeared once again with her false claims, but this time she was claiming that BOTH *Princess* and *Princess Sultana's Daughters*, the sequel to *Princess*, were based on her unpublished manuscript.

Everyone concerned (publishers and author and attorneys) waited for the woman's lawyer to submit her book for review. Her attorneys said she had three versions of the one book but they only submitted two for us to examine. For some unexplained reason, I was uneasy at not seeing all three versions. I mentioned I'd like to see everything she had, if she was claiming I had stolen information from all of them, but my attorneys had a difficult time getting that third book out of her attorneys. I didn't know why at the time, but it became obvious when we finally got our hands on the third copy of the woman's manuscript why it had been held back.

When the unpublished manuscripts arrived, I sat down immediately and started reading. After finishing the first few chapters, I began to get less concerned. By the time I had finished reading her manuscript, I don't think I've ever been so relieved in my life. These works were *nothing* like my books, *nothing*. I was truly baffled at the accusation and believed at the time that it must be a political motive driving the lawsuit.

Then I heard from the legal departments of both William Morrow and Doubleday, my two publishers, and those attorneys were as pleased as I was. But everyone was sputtering with fury at the filing of the lawsuit, for my books and these manuscripts were completely different. The accusations were so ridiculous that my publishers stood firmly behind me. (Believe me, if *any* publisher examines material that makes them believe an author has stolen material from another author, the publishers will drop that author on

the spot and withdraw the book at the same time.) But I was totally supported by everyone around me, my publishers, my new agent, and my attorney. They all knew the accuser's accusations were not true; not because I said it, but because they had compared my books with the unpublished manuscripts. The charge would have been laughable had a lawsuit not been filed. But I felt strong and confident after comparing the works, and knew that at the end of the day, I had nothing to worry about. No judge or jury would go along with such nonsense.

The Austrian woman's story involved a western woman marrying a womanizer who took her to Kuwait, where she had a miserable life, hating his Kuwaiti family, whom she verbally attacks all through the book, bragging that she even physically attacked them, pouring liquids on their heads! She eventually had three sons, whom she seemed to love, but her life was truly sad. Believe it or not, I felt sorry for this woman while reading her story.

My books, on the other hand, were about a wealthy Saudi princess who had married a royal cousin. And, although my princess had difficulties with her mother-in-law, her life was nothing like the life of the Austrian woman who had married a Kuwaiti.

This woman and her attorneys had hired prominent media firms who were calling newspapers to get her accusations printed. You might be surprised to know that *not one* of the newspapers or magazines telephoned me to check out the story or find out whether I had ever heard of this woman or seen her manuscripts. The media went to press with wild accusations that were absolutely false, untrue stories that surely couldn't make them proud. It was then that I first discovered that all kinds of accusations can be made against an innocent person without any proof of guilt.

In the newspapers, I read a "list" of similarities that would have made me think the books were alike, had I not already read and compared the works. For example: Sultana had cancer and this accuser had cancer; Sultana's son had been set on fire and this accuser's son had been set on fire; Sultana's husband had gone to school in London to become a lawyer and this accuser's husband had gone to school in London to become a doctor; Sultana had three children and this accuser had three children.

Of course, every media outlet was too lax to read and compare the works, so they couldn't know the truth of the matter: When the dust had settled, here were the facts: Sultana did have cancer. Did the accuser have cancer? No. The accuser had never been diagnosed with cancer, but she was *afraid* of getting cancer. Sultana's son's thobe was set on fire by his jealous sister. The accuser claimed that her grown son was attacked and burned by a member of the Kuwaiti royal family after he (her son) obtained some sexual

videos of a royal prince in a compromising situation. What her son was planning on doing with the videos, I have no idea, but it obviously enraged the Kuwaiti prince. (I heard later that the my accuser sued the Kuwaiti royal family, as well. I don't know the outcome.) Sultana's husband had gone to school in London and became a lawyer. Did the accuser's husband really become a doctor? No. The accuser's husband had always *wanted* to be a doctor and took some medical courses, but he never became a doctor. Sultana did have three children: one son and two daughters. The accuser did have three children: three sons.

The lawsuit was becoming more ridiculous by the hour.

Then I received a telephone call from a doctor friend from the King Faisal Hospital. It was Dr. Andy Padmos on the line, calling to warn me that a doctor friend of his, who had recently been to the Saudi Embassy in Washington to renew his visa for Saudi Arabia, had telephoned him saying that he had met an Austrian woman while there and that this woman had been ranting and raving to anyone who would listen about the writer Jean Sasson stealing her book to write *Princess* and she was in Washington to do something about it. The doctor said that the woman appeared obsessed and he thought Andy should warn me to be careful. It was never quite clear to me if he'd met the woman while actually in the Saudi Embassy, in which case I'd be very suspicious that she was there to obtain monetary backing for the Saudis for the lawsuit against me, or if he'd met her at the Watergate Hotel, right across from the Saudi Embassy, in a coincidental way.

The media assault continued. The rush of the media to print accusations without proof was a blow. Not one thing I read about myself in the newspapers was true. *Not one thing*, other than I was the author of the books about Sultana. The person I read about had nothing to do with me. It was as though wild stories were planted by the accuser to fit her false accusations.

Several rather ignorant reporters said, "But you both knew the same agent," as though that one connection surely made me guilty. I tried to explain that agents have many author clients, and that they often handle similar material. Actually some agents specialize in only a few topics. If an agent couldn't handle authors with similar background materials, they would soon be out of business. And, if an agent started passing around material trying to convince other writers to steal it, same thing, out of business in a flash. The charges were ludicrous. Although I didn't bond with the particular agent who represented me with *Princess*, and I left him as quickly as possible after the book came out, he had never struck me as a dishonest person. We simply didn't click. (Besides, anyone who knows me knows that I would have called the police if the agent had suggested I steal a story to write my own.) No one ever stopped to ask the common-sense question why a person who had lived

in Saudi Arabia for 12 years would need to steal material from someone who lived in Kuwait. The countries are more different than alike. The life of a Saudi princess is nothing like a European expatriate. As much as my accuser *wanted* it to be true, it was all nonsense!

One reporter from a respectable London newspaper read a little of the works and then admitted that the charges appeared to be false, but in the next sentence he said, "But love, reporters are in the business of bringing successful people down. You are the successful writer, so you'll be attacked by the media." That revealing statement sent a chill down my spine.

Another fact that was never printed by the media: I had completely finished my book before ever meeting or speaking with the agent in question. I didn't even know this agent until he was recommended by a person I had met during my *Rape of Kuwait* book tour. This agent received a completed manuscript from me before he and I ever met. He never made the first suggestion about editing. He's not the type. I wasn't even certain he had read the manuscript and always had the feeling that someone else in his office was given that "duty" and later told him that my book was worth representing. Just a feeling, mind you, I have no proof that he never read my book.

Finally my attorney was able to get the third manuscript. Flash! We realized why the manuscript had been kept from us. The last pages of the third manuscript revealed the mystery: *the accuser was accusing yet another writer of stealing her manuscript!* She didn't name the person, but from the details given, it was clearly not me. I spent the next few days fretting, wanting to know who this other poor writer might be.

During a conference with the Judge on the case, my attorney requested the name of the other writer accused by my adversary. The Judge ordered the plaintiffs attorneys to give up the name. Those attorneys reluctantly said that a British author had written a television screenplay named "*Stolen*," and that their client believed this writer had gotten the material from her unpublished manuscript, as well. But, I heard they tried to play down the connection.

Once I had the name of the screenplay, I began telephoning publishers in London. I quickly learned that a British writer by the name of Deborah Moggach had written "*Stolen*," as well as a number of novels. I managed to speak with Ms. Moggach's agent and told her my story and asked that Deborah please give me a call.

Within hours Deborah Moggach called me. Words rushed out. She told me that she had been harassed by my same accuser for years, and that her life

had been pure torture. I asked her what exactly she was accused of doing. Deborah told me that her television special, "Stolen," was an account of an Englishwoman married to a Pakistani who had stolen their children and taken them back to Pakistan. Strangely enough, the Austrian woman believed that a television special on Pakistan and a book on a Saudi princess were both stolen from her same unpublished manuscript about a European and a Kuwaiti!

Deborah felt so strongly that this woman should be stopped that she agreed to give a statement to the court, despite the fact she said she was frightened of the woman. Deborah confided that she had even moved to a different house because she was physically fearful of the Austrian woman.

Here is Deborah's account, given to the court.

Declaration of Deborah Moggach

Monika Adsani

It all started about six years ago when "Stolen," a drama I had written, was broadcast on TV. Its story concerned an Englishwoman whose Pakistani husband abducted their two children and took them back to Pakistan. While it was being transmitted I received abusive, anonymous phone calls from a woman who accused me of stealing her own story. At the time I presumed it was some woman who had been driven insane by the loss of her children – while researching the drama I had met several women who had been driven to a state of mental collapse by such a tragedy. (During the past two months I have learned from Jean Sasson, who read Monika's manuscript, that in fact the theme of her book was not child abduction but the culture clash between Islam and the west).

However, the phone calls continued and they were always in the same vein – that I had seen the woman's manuscript of her own novel and that I had copied it to write "Stolen" (an appropriate title, in the circumstances). She said she had high-powered lawyers in Switzerland on the case, that they were going through every word of my book and that she would prosecute me. The phone calls were extremely threatening and abusive; she would ring at all hours of the night – two, three in the morning – and would repeatedly phone me until I either took the phone off the hook or put the answer phone on. If I took the phone off the hook for a couple of hours, the moment I put it back, she would ring again. She said she knew where I lived and that she would come round to my house. Trying to defuse the situation, I suggested we meet, but she always slammed

down the phone at this point. I was starting to get extremely frightened.

At this time I had two other phone calls. One was from Graham Lord, who was then the Literary Editor of the "Daily Express". He said a woman had been to see him – she took him out to lunch at Morton's. "She said Deborah Moggach had been stealing her work and passing it off as her own." He said she had also contacted other literary editors and told them the same thing. He said that he didn't believe a word of it but added: "I don't want to alarm you, but she's highly plausible and, in my opinion, a very dangerous woman. Stay away from her."

The second phone call was from an editor – I think she was called Caroline – who phoned in a state of some distress. She said that some time earlier a woman called Monika Adsani had sent her a manuscript of her novel. It was apparently very poorly written – not publishable at all. The woman had then phoned her up and accused her of showing this manuscript to me, who had copied it. The editor told the woman that was absolute nonsense, that she didn't even know me. Why would an established writer be interested in an unpublishable manuscript?

Things worsened. The woman made repeated threatening phone calls to this editor and finally showed up at her house, accompanied by several Kuwaiti men, and physically threatened her. The editor said that thank God she was off for a year to Tunisia, to write a book about Robert Maxwell, but just wanted to warn me that this woman was dangerous. She told me what she knew about her; she was Austrian, her name was Monika Adsani, that she had been married to a Kuwaiti diplomat and that she had access to a great deal of money. (I've since learnt, again from Jean Sasson who read the manuscript, that Monika claimed she was in fact destitute.)

I also heard from a newsreader friend of mind, Joan Thirkettle, and a novelist friend, Fay Weldon, that they had been contacted by an Austrian woman who claimed I had stolen her work.

By this time I was very frightened indeed. I couldn't sleep; I lost weight. I was living alone with my children in Camden Town and was terrified that this woman was going to come round to my house – she kept threatening that she would. I couldn't trace her – her name wasn't in the phone book and the Kuwaiti Embassy was no help. I felt utterly powerless. It was as if my life was being poisoned. Some weeks I had many, many phone calls; other weeks they ceased.

Usually she put down the phone when I answered it, but at other times she subjected me to torrents of abuse, shouting at me hysterically.

She was now accusing me of stealing her work and using it in *all* my novels (I have written eleven). She said she had lawyers going through them all, page by page. "I'm going to get you," she shouted. Sometimes she phoned ten or more times at night. I made my phone number ex-directory (though it was a bit late for that); I sought advice. I went to the police but they said there was nothing they could do if I couldn't tell them where the woman lived.

I never knew why, but for long periods the phone calls stopped. One time, when my son answered the phone, he thought she said "I'm going into a mental institution." She didn't phone for many months after that and I started to relax. But then the calls started up again. I couldn't understand what the point of it was for her – just to make my life a misery? To drive me to a mental breakdown? She very seldom gave me time to talk, slamming down the phone the moment I started. I wanted to meet her, to defuse the situation because I know that madness feeds on itself, but I never got a chance to fix a meeting and by the end I was really too frightened to contemplate it.

Over the past two years they have pretty well stopped - I now realized she must have been in America a good deal of the time, hounding Jean. Just when I was starting to relax, however, something would happen that showed she had not forgotten me. Once was a year or so ago when my agent, Rochelle Stevens, phoned. She said that a friend of hers was sitting in a beauty salon in Marylebone High Street and the woman next to her, who looked rather mad, started ranting on at her about how a writer called Deborah Moggach had stolen her novels. "She went on and on" she said, "she seemed to be completely obsessed."

Another occasion was in February 1994, when my partner died. He was a cartoonist called Mel Calman and we had been together for ten years. He died suddenly of a heart attack and, because he was well known, the story was in the papers. I was devastated, of course. A week or so after his death I got a phone call from Monika. She said: "I told you so! You stole my manuscript, so God took your boyfriend." That's the sort of woman with whom we are dealing.

I did keep a log of her calls; also the abusive letter she once put through my door, and a note of the name and phone number of the threatened editor. In September this year, however, I moved house.

Hoping that this was behind me, I threw them away. I wish it God it was as easy to get rid of her. Needless to say, I had never read a word of anything this woman had written until a couple of months ago, when Jean Sasson got in touch with me.

I hereby declare under penalty of perjury under the laws of this United States of American that the foregoing is true and correct. Executed on 15 December 1995 in London, England

Signed by: Deborah Moggach

After reading Deborah's account, I realized this woman truly believed that two writers had somehow or another stolen her material. I was very sad for the accuser, for Deborah, and for me. All the wasted energy on two events perceived only in someone's mind, events that had never taken place in reality. I was furious at the lawyers representing my accuser, for surely, they must have known nothing she was claiming was true! Even if the woman was of a mind-set to believe everyone was stealing her unpublished manuscript, how could a lawyer take such a case after reading and comparing the works?

While in New York taking depositions, I told my lawyer that I wanted to take a lie detector test, to prove once and for all I was telling the truth. My lawyer smiled, and said, "Jean, this isn't about truth." Then, I realized that for the lawyers it was all about money and no matter how many lie detector tests I passed, this would carry on until we had beaten it to death in the courts. So I braced myself for a long battle to defeat this outrageous accusation.

To make a very long story shorter: the judge threw out the case, and fined the accuser for bringing this lawsuit to court in the first place, a frivolous lawsuit that had wasted everyone's time and money. The only winners were the lawyers, who at least were paid for their time and trouble.

But the accuser has never stopped attacking me to this day.

Here's a tiny sample of the e-mails I have been receiving. Of course, there is never a return e-mail so I can respond to these cowardly hate mails.

(Reproduced exactly as received, misspellings and all.)\

20 Jun 2002

Comments: bogus writer!!!!liar!!!!!!thief!!!!

26 Nov 2000

Comments: SASSON! THE TRUTH PREVAILS. THE TRUTH WILL BE TOLD. IT IS NEVER TO LATE. QUIET THE CONTRARY! DOESN'T THE TRUTH HAVE A WAY OF A L W A Y S COMING OUT! NOW THERE IS SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TOO!!!

10 Jan 2001

Sasson talentless person, no government and no person has ever beaten a thief, a spineless thief and liar? Are we not a lick to overconfident? With a ripe age such as yours, how come that you do not know the law of the universe yet? GOD HAS THE LAST WORD, poor dear. And trust the law of the universe, HE WILL SOON SPEAK. Lets see where that leaves you and your cronies. One can not build ones happiness on peoples unhappiness and misery. You have especially a lot to answer for as you well know.

13 Jul 2001

SASSON BIOGRAPHY: LIAR, THIEF, 3 times married. Private investigators found a neat NR of skeletons in her cupboards! And all is going to be revealed in a most unusual way. Readers of the Princess-books will not be pleased! OH HOW JUSTICE HAS A WAY TO CUTCH-UP WITH ONE if one is a dishonest moneygrabbing animal. SASSON NOBODY FROM THE SAUDI_ARABIAN RULING_CLAN ASK YOU TO DO A THING IN OUR NAME, HOW COULD YOU DO SOOO MUCH HARM TO SOOO MANNY INNOCENT LIVING CREATURES. A SOUDI INFLUENTAL ON YOUR TRAIL!!!

Comments: (no date) are you going to tell that YOU wrote ESTERs CHILD??? LIAR, LIAR, LIAR.

Name: The JUSTICE-CLAN in GERMANY

Email: Flair justice@aol.com

Date: 16 Nov 2001

Sasson, Your prolific lying IS BOUND to catch-up with YOU!!! ITS natures way, you know. In the meantime keep counting your BIG BUCKS you have made with your cheating ways. You can cheat some of the people some of the time, but you can not cheat all of the people all of the time. THE HIGHER THEY CLIMB, THE LOWER THEY FALL! And we are waiting very, very patiently!!!

Yes, Deborah was right. You can see the sort of person we both had to deal with.

No publisher in the world would publish the Austrian woman's book. She eventually self-published, but still wrongly believes *Princess* has something to do with her story. Her website is plastered with references to my books about Sultana. She says she is writing another book about the lawsuit, and I can only imagine the false claims that will be in that book.

Oh, yes. Here's the reason I told you exactly how long it took me to write my books: On my accuser's website, she claims I said I wrote *Princess* in nine days! I don't know where that wild statement came from. While I do admit *Rape* only took six weeks, I don't know of any writer who can write an entire book in nine days. I wish it was so, but no, *Princess* took me an entire summer to write, and it wouldn't have been that fast had I not lived in Saudi for 12 years, and had not known the Princess for so long, therefore little research was necessary.

Another lie posted on my accuser's website. She claims that her book was copyrighted before my book was published. I am at this moment looking at a copy of her copyrighted documents submitted to the court. Her book was copyrighted only days before her lawsuit was filed in 1994. My first book about Sultana had been published in 1992, and copyrighted by the publisher at the time of publication, which is routine.

All of this used to distress me, but strangely enough, not anymore. I am only writing this lengthy explanation for my readers because it is unfair to the Princess and to the books and to the women I am trying to help, for this accuser to discredit the story of a woman who is fighting to bring good to the world.

The only good thing that came out of this lawsuit is a wonderful friendship between Deborah Moggach and me. Although we spoke over the telephone numerous times, and compared our horror stories when it came to the

Austrian woman, I only met Deborah when I later flew to London for a book tour. Deborah is a lovely person, a talented writer, and someone who would never steal material from anyone. She is as innocent as I am.

In my opinion, the internet is a wonderful achievement of civilization. On the other hand, it is an easy outlet for those who wish to print accusations against others. So, if you read wild tales about my stealing someone else's story to write the books about Sultana, you are reading a lie. Nothing this woman says about me is true. But you don't have to take my word for it. Instead you can read the Judge's ruling, an unbiased officer of the courts who read both books and came back with a decision that the accuser should pay everyone's court costs. (Of course, she didn't, other than a partial bond the Judge had forced her to put up.) It was a landmark decision, penalizing the plaintiff, made because the case was absolutely and totally without merit. Or buy the woman's book and compare her book with *Princess*. I've had readers, people I don't know, do that very thing and then write to me outraged that they had been "suckered" into buying the woman's book because they wanted to make the comparison.

I've learned a lot from this case. Anytime I hear an accusation broadcast in the news, I don't believe it. I wait to hear the facts of the case. Don't believe newspaper or magazine reports that are most likely nothing but a list of accusations, made without a shred of proof. Hold on until the outcome of a Judge's ruling, or a Jury's verdict. People are truly innocent until PROVEN guilty. I'm very pleased to report that I was proven innocent.

Now, here's what the Judge had to say about my accuser's frivolous lawsuit. (I won't bore you with the entire lengthy ruling, only the important parts.)

Judge Cote ruled that:

"In conclusion, the only similarities between these two books stem from the fact that each has a female protagonist living in a Middle Eastern country. Beyond that, they bear almost no relationship to each other. "Princess" and "Daughters" tell the story of a very privileged, wealthy woman from the highest social stratum married to a hard working, decent, enlightened husband. She is principally concerned about the lot of women in Saudi Arabia, a country she describes as having a deeply religious culture. Drawing on her life experiences, she relates anecdotes about the shocking treatment of women in her country.

"In contrast, "Cinderella" is the biography of a European woman who is financially dependent on her abusive, unfaithful, alcoholic husband. She relates her struggle to survive in an alien culture for

which she has little respect. Her struggle centers on the grotesque treatment she receives from her husband and her inlaws, bringing to mind the image of the fairy tale Cinderella's treatment at the hands of her step-mother and step-sisters. To preserve her mental health, she engages in various entrepreneurial projects, including opening a restaurant and a boutique. The country she describes is preoccupied with consumerism and alcohol, rather than religion. Rather than being concerned with issues of feminism and human rights, she is concerned with fashion, table manners, social status, acquisition of wealth, and the way Kuwaitis treat foreigners. It is, in the final analysis, a deeply personal story of one woman's escape from a humiliating and degrading marriage, an escape made possible by her tremendous energy and indomitable spirit. The feminist issues that are at the core of "Princess" and "Daughters", such as female circumcision, are mentioned in passing simply as further examples of the backwardness of Arab culture.

These two stories are not similar in mood, details, sequence, or characterization. Even when viewing the works in a light more favorable to the plaintiff, the conclusion is inescapable that there is no substantial similarity between "Princess" or "Daughters" on the one hand and "Cinderella" on the other.

For the reasons set forth above, defendants' motion for summary judgment is granted.

Finally, if the defendants wish to move for an award of attorney's fees pursuant to 17 U.S.C. & 505, they must do so no later than May 10, 1996

THE GUARDIAN: London Newspaper article:

A New York court has vindicated the author of a best-selling account of the gilded sufferings of Saudi Arabian princesses, rejecting the claims of the former wife of a Kuwaiti diplomat that the material was lifted from her memoirs.

Jean Sasson, who wrote *Princess*, first published in the US and which sold more than 250,000 copies in paperback in Britain, and its sequel, *Daughters of Arabia*, said she was appalled and perplexed when she heard that Monika Adsani, who lives in London, was alleging that both books were lifted from her unpublished manuscript, *Cinderella in Kuwait*. Ms. Sasson, who spent 12 years in

Saudi Arabia and was given diaries a princess had kept from the age of 11 said, "It is very damaging to someone to be accused like this."

But Ms. Adsani, who still has a suit outstanding against the literary agent she claims passed her work (comment from author: that suit against the agent was dismissed, also—thank goodness as I KNOW he was innocent) to Ms. Sasson said: "The truth will come out. The world will know that there is no princess and there are not diaries. I'm not in it for the millions. It is just the injustice, and I have had it all my life and I can't take it anymore."

She (Ms. Adsani) believes her work has been stolen by not one successful author but two. She alleges that Deborah Moggach's drama, *Stolen*, televised 10 years ago, about an Englishwoman whose Pakistani husband kidnapped their children and took them back to Pakistan, was also based on her writings.

Ms. Moggach, author of 11 novels, submitted a statement to the court detailing the distress she was caused following the broadcast. She received constant phone calls and certain literary editors were told that she was a plagiarist.

Ms. Adsani said yesterday that she did meet Graham Lord, literary editor of the Daily Express, to ask him to intervene on her behalf with Ms. Moggach. She also admits phoning Ms. Moggach, although she denies ringing her at night.

Ms. Moggach said: "It was a total nightmare. I have now moved and I hope she won't find me."

Ms. Adsani alleged that a literary agent, Peter Miller, had passed her manuscript, or details from it, to Ms. Sasson.

Yesterday an angry Mr. Miller said: "This is the most frivolous lawsuit in the history of the world. I stopped representing Ms. Adsani in August 1989. Everyone rejected her book because she is not a professional writer. She couldn't write. When Jean Sasson came to me, she came with a completed manuscript set in Saudi Arabia. I sold the book. This woman got jealous and put me through hell."

Judge Cote ruled that "the only similarities between these books stem from the fact that each has a female protagonist living in a Middle Eastern country. Beyond that, they bear almost no relationship to each other.... These two stories are not similar in

mood, details, sequence or characterization...Even when viewing the books in a light most favourable to the plaintiff, the conclusion is inescapable that there is not substantial similarity.

Final note from Jean Sasson:

And that, my friends, is the story of a frivolous lawsuit, totally without merit, bringing nothing but harm to all concerned.