

## A Word about Stalkers

Unfortunately, times have changed since I was a young girl. These days, most people whose work places them in the public eye attracts stalkers who become obsessed with them and their work. I attracted a stalker who also harasses the subjects of my books on many online forums. All of my book subjects are courageous people whom I have had the honor to write about and none deserve this treatment.

This stalker has many aliases, and here are a few which my attorneys and friends and I have uncovered:

Anushka

Monika al-Amahani

Monika Adsani

Monika Pavik

Monika Al-Adsani

Fredericke Monika Adsani

Sara

Sara Brown

I thought I would notify the readers of my books that anything you read about me, or the subjects of my book which has been signed off by the above (or any new aliases she might have assumed) is false.

While I'm certain that most would prefer a short explanation, it's difficult to make this brief. Here's how it came to be that I have been targeted by a woman I had never heard of over a manuscript I had never read.

In 1978, I applied through HCA in Nashville to work in Administration, in the Medical Affairs Department at a royal hospital in Saudi Arabia. In the beginning I enjoyed a great job being in charge of all the physician's meetings. Within a couple of years, I was promoted to a high-ranking position as Administrative Coordinator of Medical Affairs, working directly for the Saudi head of the hospital, Dr. Nizar Feteih. Dr. Feteih was very highly connected to the royal family, and in fact, was King Khalid's cardiologist. He was also very close personally to the king and to the Crown Prince (Fahd). Dr. Feteih was the brilliant son of a man who was closely attached to the royal family. As such, the royal family sent Dr. Feteih to the UK and later to the USA to obtain his medical degree. The Saudi royals were very proud of Dr. Feteih and his accomplishments and promoted him to run the #1 hospital in the kingdom at that time.

**Yes, I did meet a number of royals:** Almost immediately after arriving at the hospital, I received a number of invitations to attend various functions in Saudi homes, some of whom were members of the royal family. This was common in

the early days when Saudi was in dire need of foreign assistance setting up their schools and hospitals. Sadly, this habit slowly ended as Saudis endured a number of disappointments in their friendships with westerners. I hear these days that few foreigners have the opportunity to socially meet with the royals, or even ordinary Saudis, for that matter. This is a great pity for such meetings created a lot of understanding between different cultures.

After being promoted to Dr. Feteih's personal assistant in the Medical Department, I also began meeting various royals (mainly men) who came to his office for various reasons. These meetings were pleasant and of a friendly nature. Although like most western women working in the Kingdom, I was invited on dates by Saudi men, never once did I date a member of the royal family, nor for that matter, did I ever date a Saudi Arabian, or even a Muslim. I had met Peter Sasson, an Anglo-Italian-Yugoslav within a few weeks after arriving in the Kingdom, and Peter and I dated exclusively until we married four years later.

Although there was a hospital rule that western women could not date Saudis, Dr. Feteih still kept a watchful eye on the female staff at the Faisal. Since Peter and I were in a serious relationship, Dr. Feteih was quite relaxed about my meeting his male royal visitors. He knew that I was not interested in anyone but Peter. Dr. Feteih's trust grew and he introduced me to various members of the royal family who came to the hospital to visit him, or to visit the king or crown prince when they were patients at the institution. Because of Dr. Feteih, I met King Khalid and Crown Prince Fahd, both of whom impressed me with their kindly natures.

After 1982, I resigned from my job at the hospital and lived in a private villa in a Saudi neighborhood with my husband, Peter Sasson. I was lucky not to have to live in a foreign compound, and knew it. I truly enjoyed what opportunities I had to get to know people from various Arab nations.

In 1985, I became close friends with a certain Saudi Princess, a woman the world now knows as Princess Sultana. I did not meet Princess Sultana through Dr. Feteih, but at a social function unrelated to anyone I knew at the time. 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, an unusual situation for most expatriates, but due to a good friendship with a specific female member of the royal family I had a unique situation. The last time I was in Saudi Arabia was April, 1991.

I've been an avid reader and book lover since I was a child (a great love of books runs in my father's family). I always felt that I would one day write books, but during my time of living in Saudi Arabia, and traveling the world, I was too busy to settle down and write, as the writing life is very restrictive. (I had written and published a poetry book, and had written a work of fiction in 1975, but had never bothered seeking a publisher for the book.)

After the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait in August 1990, I traveled to Egypt, Taif, Saudi Arabia and London for the purpose of interviewing Kuwaitis who had fled from the Iraqi army occupying Kuwait. 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 books. Despite this, the book hit the *New York Times* bestseller list and sold many copies. I was lucky with my first book only due to the extreme interest in the situation in Kuwait. Few beginning writers are so fortunate.

After the success of *The Rape of Kuwait*, I agreed with Sultana that the time to write her story had come. It was a book we had been discussing since late 1985, although to tell you the truth, I never really believed that she was serious.

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 to write. 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 three years to write. I then wrote *Building the Road to God’s House*, which took a year. After traveling to Iraq during the summer of 1998, I met Mayada Al-Askari. Mayada’s story, titled: *Mayada, Daughter of Iraq*, took me about eight months to write. After *Mayada*, there was *Love in a Torn Land*, which took 18 months to write. In 2008, I was surprised to hear from a son of Osama BinLadin, asking if I would write his story. That’s when I wrote *Growing up Bin Laden*, which took 15 months to write. Finally, *For the Love of a Son* was most recently completed, a book that took me approximately a year to write. I am currently writing my 11th book. I don’t have a clue how long it will take me to write this book. (I never know for certain how long a book will take to write – seems they have an agenda all their own! But, I can generally estimate the time needed.) At the moment, I have about 4 other books on the drawing board, each very different from the other.

I assumed that many Saudis would be angry at me for writing about a Saudi woman, and I was right. I lost a few Saudi friends, which was sad for me. I was persecuted in various annoying ways, but none of the harassment was life-threatening and none made me sorry that I had written about a Saudi princess. Her story is unique, with nothing like it in the bookstores. It was the first book written with the cooperation of a Saudi female royal, an important story that deals with true life issues that affect women in Saudi Arabia. Princess Sultana’s stories about life for a female royal in Saudi Arabia are books that have changed the lives of many young women. And, readers automatically love her proud spirit. I’m proud to have written the three books. Quite possibly there will be a fourth book within the next few years. Additionally, the Princess and I are looking forward to a movie to be made about her life.

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 the Saudi government had basically forced a Saudi woman to claim to be Princess Sultana as I knew that they were quite upset about the book. But my

agent said “no,” that it was an Austrian woman who claimed that the two books had been stolen from her and that the story of Princess Sultana was HER story. I laughed aloud, saying in disbelief, “an Austrian?”

That’s when 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 abusive sounding 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 woman had previously sent that agent an unpublished manuscript about her life, which was about an Austrian woman married to a Kuwaiti. (The agent in question had not been a good fit for me and my books, and I had left him after only one book deal. Of course, he was unhappy at the time when I said I would seek other representation, but we ended our professional relationship calmly and never had any contact again until *after* the lawsuit was dismissed, at which time we had a brief telephone call about legal fees.) The agent in question never represented me regarding the books I wrote after *Princess*, and in fact, knew nothing of my writing schedule regarding *Princess Sultana’s Daughters* or plans for any other books.)

The woman was claiming that this agent had saved her manuscript from three or four years earlier and then showed it to me, asking me to change it around and then put my name on it! 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.

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. We had no idea what to expect. Her attorneys said she had three versions of the one book but they only submitted two for us to examine. I felt uneasy when I discovered they were withholding a third version of her book. 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 *intentionally* held back.**

When the unpublished manuscripts arrived, I began 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. Sadly for the woman, her story was not very interesting, and truthfully, she came across as an extremely angry person who detested her husband’s family, as well as every Arab she ever met in her life. She’s a true example of an Arab hater, in my opinion. Few people enjoy reading “hate memoirs”, and I could see why her agent had never found a publisher

interested in her story. Therefore, I was truly baffled at the accusation and believed once again that it must be a political motive driving the lawsuit.

My attorney informed me that the legal departments of both William Morrow and Doubleday, my two publishers, were as pleased as I was.

**(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. A person would have to be *completely* ignorant of publishing NOT to know this. )**

For those who know nothing of publishing: There is a clause in all publishing contracts that state if the materials are not original with the author, that the book will be withdrawn and the author has to pay all legal expenses should there be a lawsuit. After comparing the works, the publishers were behind me 100 percent, never once uttering a word of complaint to me, even after spending many thousands of dollars to defend me. Had they not known I was innocent, they would have dropped me like a hot potato! I had no special relationship with anyone at my publishers that would have caused them to support me if they thought for one second I was guilty of all the accusations flying.

We all felt strong and confident after comparing the works, and knew that at the end of the day, we had nothing to worry about. **Several people told me that anyone with a normal IQ would instantly see that my two bestselling books had nothing to do with her one unpublished book.**

My stalker and her attorneys had hired prominent media firms who were calling newspapers and various journalists pressing them to print their client's accusations. **Surprisingly, two or three lazy journalists did just that.** You might be surprised to know that **not one of the journalists** 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 the woman's false accusations that Princess Sultana's story was *HER* story. For the first time in my life I 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 if I didn't know better. Later when I read the court papers I saw where the court stated that such lists were unreliable and that is why judges read the works, and put no faith in lists that are "slanted" in the favor of the list maker.

For example, here are a few examples of their "list."

- 1) Sultana had cancer and this accuser had cancer
- 2) Sultana's son had been set on fire and this accuser's son had been set on fire
- 3) 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
- 4) Sultana had three children and this accuser had three children.

**Shamefully, every journalist and every media outlet was too lax to read and compare the works, to discover the true facts:**

- 1) **The cancer lie:** Princess 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. (Most adult women of a certain age are wary of getting breast cancer.)
- 2) **The fire lie:** Sultana's son's thobe was set on fire by his jealous sister. The accuser (in her book) claimed that her grown son was attacked and burned by a member of the Kuwaiti royal family (an online explanation of the Adsani lawsuit against the Kuwaiti government said this occurred after her son had obtained some sexual videos of a royal prince in a compromising sexual situation. What her son was planning on doing with the videos, I have no idea, but whatever it was, he obviously enraged the Kuwaiti prince. I heard later that my accuser and her son sued the Kuwaiti royal family over this incident. I also heard that that lawsuit was tossed out, as well.) What her son's terrible accident had to do with a jealous child setting her brother's thobe on fire is puzzling to anyone with even average intelligence.
- 3) **The doctor lie:** 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 radiotherapist** and took some medical courses, but he was never on track to be a medical doctor.
- 4) **The children lie:** Sultana did have three children: one son and two daughters. The accuser did have three children: three sons.

Now, the above comparisons were their STRONG points. Imagine how silly the other comparisons were! In fact, EVERYTHING the woman and her attorneys were saying and reporting to newspapers to be printed as fact, were false. There were NO similar stories in the books – they were misleading all journalists – and, most journalists were naïve enough, or lazy enough, to take their word for it. Even today this woman uses those false stories she and her attorneys planted with journalists to quote from and act as though the reports are true. In fact, they were articles written only about accusations. None of the journalists were smart enough to dig and do a little research. They were DUPED, plain and simple. Had they taken only a few hours to compare my published books to her unpublished manuscript, they would have never put their names to the false accusations. Those journalists should be ashamed of themselves, in my opinion. If I was as careless as they were, I'd never get a book published.

In fact, I called one reporter who had been so quick to print their false accusations. This man from a respected London newspaper was unusual from the others in that he agreed to read and compare the two books. Afterward he admitted that the charges appeared to be false. But, he lost all credibility with me when 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. The woman accusing you appears to be a loser, and we like taking up for losers.”** That revealing statement sent a chill down my spine, as it should all people.

The most important fact (as mentioned above) but never revealed by the media: I had completely finished my book before ever meeting or speaking with the agent in question. I didn't even know the man who would become the PRINCESS 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. In fact, all my telephone records were given voluntarily to the court and there was never a single telephone call made to this agent until after my manuscript was completed. After we agreed that he would represent me, he never made the first suggestion about editing. He's not the type. To tell you the truth, I wasn't even certain he had read the manuscript and always had the feeling that one of his reading assistants was given the "duty" to read my book and gave their opinion that my book was worth representing. Just a feeling, mind you, I have no proof that he never read my book. (For those not in the publishing world, you should know that most agents are too busy to read every manuscript submitted to their offices. Often the duty is passed on to some of their staff who are "readers." If a book is recommended by the reader, often the agent just takes their word for it and sends the book out to various editors at various publishing houses.)

**VERY IMPORTANT: Finally my attorney was able to get that very troubling MISSING third manuscript.** On the day I received a copy, I read it. Instantly I realized why the manuscript had been intentionally 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. (That court evidence attached to this file.)

(Another VERY important thought: **IF the attorneys and the woman really believed I had previously seen Adsani's manuscript, then why did they feel it necessary to hide the copy that revealed Adsani accusing someone other than me of stealing her work? IF they really believed I had seen her manuscript previously, surely they knew that my attorneys, publishers, and I would be shouting to the world that I was the second innocent author accused of stealing the same manuscript by this same woman. We didn't know about Adsani's previous accusations against another innocent writer *because I had never seen any of her manuscripts.***)

I was jumping up and down to know who this other accused author might be. Therefore, during the next scheduled conference with the Judge on the case, my attorney requested the name of the other writer accused by my stalker. The Judge ordered the plaintiff's attorneys to give up the name. Those attorneys **VERY RELUCTANTLY** admitted 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 and to act as though it was unimportant that their client was in the habit of accusing innocent authors of stealing her unpublished material.

Once I had the name of the screenplay, I began telephoning publishers in London, desperately trying to find this author. 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 about Monika Adsani and her false accusations. I 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 for details. 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 separate book on a Saudi princess were both stolen from her same unpublished manuscript about a European and a Kuwaiti.** For the first time I had doubts that perhaps the accuser had some mental problem.

Deborah felt so strongly that this dangerous woman should be stopped that she agreed to give a statement to the court, despite the fact she said she was still extremely frightened of the woman. Deborah confided that she had even moved to a different house because she was fearful of a possible physical assault at the hands of the Austrian woman.

**Here is Deborah’s account, given to the court, sworn under oath to be true.**

#### 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

**Wow!** This was a revelation. How sorry I was I had not known this information during the days when Adsani's attorneys were tricking naïve or uncaring journalists into printing their false accusations. How lovely it would have been to have known that Adsani truly believed more than one writer was stealing her unpublished manuscript. By now I firmly believed that the woman was battling serious mental problems, and was paranoid and believed everyone was conspiring to steal her nearly unreadable manuscript.

It was very disquieting to read how Adsani had stalked and harassed Deborah and her children. She became obsessed with me, even calling and threatening my elderly parents! My poor, frail father, who was nearing the end of his life, was so frightened of what she might do (she had made telephone threats to my mother) that he purchased a gun and kept it loaded. So I had a second thing to worry about, which was the welfare of my aging

parents. After reading Deborah's account, I felt my stalker's menacing danger even more strongly. The police were notified and they asked for photographs of the woman, which they kept handy. The police started checking on my parents' home several times a day and night.

The stalker is still harassing Deborah, just as she harasses and stalks me.

Here are some of her recent (intentionally cruel) writings about Deborah Moggach, and I quote the stalker directly so that you can see how vicious and cruel she appears to be:

"I still have to address Deborah Moggach's equally false, self-seeking cover up statement. She, too, prior to Sasson in 1990 had "borrowed" from my Cinderella In Arabia manuscript without my permission for a six-part TV series ironically called STOLEN and the paperback of the same title. Life is stranger than fiction – absolutely true. Deborah Moggach, at the time a little known novelist, was a friend of Silvia Kennedy, the woman I hired to edit my manuscript in London. I met her just the once at Silvia's when I went to see her with a lady friend of mine. Plain looking and horsy, she made no special impact on me and I instantly forgot about her at the time – until much later. Deborah Moggach now calls her friend "Caroline" instead of "Silvia" in her lying statement- serious initial signs of Alzheimers, I would say, unless of course, as I suspect she wants to distance herself from Silvia to erase any association with my editor..... Clever ploy. Well, it won't wash.

At the time of my discovery about Moggach I subsequently went to see a lawyer who initially hired a Professor of English Literature from King's College. He made very impressive comparisons between Moggach's STOLEN novel and the manuscript of my CINDERELLA IN ARABIA. Since both women, Sasson and Moggach, are ganging up on me (birds of a feather flock together) I feel forced to defend myself and to tell the truth as it actually is, or was.".....(Details here about meeting Graham Lord.) "Mr. Lord called to say that he had indeed spoken to Deborah Moggach and that she would be happy to talk with me. I called her straightaway, but as soon as I had halfway introduced myself, she cut me off to pepper me with obscenities, screaming into my ear that I was crazy and I should see a doctor of some kind to have my brain tested. Like all important conversations, this one as well has been recorded and is in safekeeping.

If I had in reality bothered Mrs Moggach, an English novelist of some repute (tarnished, regrettably by the unfortunate murder charge against her ageing mother) would she not at least spoken to Mr. Graham Lord first of all – the very man who had my details?

I was of course innocent of all the mean things that Moggach accused me of. She plays a little girl lost, saying she even had to move home because of me! Who in all honesty on this earth is going to believe such nonsense? Well, I'll tell you who – the American judge who allowed Sasson to use Moggach's cocktail of lies against me, no questions asked. If Jack The Ripper had written derogatory comments about me, this Judge would have accepted it without question."

**This from Jean:** Clearly, this woman is delusional, even accusing a judge of conspiring against her. Sorry, but that is not the way the system works.

I recently read a second newspaper account where the stalker's attorney was again asked by a reporter to point out ONE SENTENCE that I had stolen from the stalker's manuscript. The attorney admitted that there was NOT ONE SENTENCE but went on to say that surely *something* had happened because I had used the same agent who had once represented his client.

HUH???

Actually, I feel very sad for the accuser, for Deborah, and for me. All the wasted energy on two events perceived only in someone's delusional 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 that their client was claiming was true. Had they not taken the frivolous case and tried to destroy Princess Sultana's story, and me in the news, their client would not have latched on to the idea that she would soon be famous, which is something she appears to seek. Surely they had to be suspicious of her behavior. How could they take such a case and not care that they had targeted an innocent person? Even if the woman was of a troubled and delusional mind-set to believe everyone was stealing her unpublished manuscript, how could a lawyer take such a case after reading and comparing the works? (I later read Deborah's books and since I had been required to read Adsani's book for the sake of the lawsuit, I compared her work to Deborah's work, and knew that nothing Deborah had ever written had come from Adsani's book. From the woman I met, nothing the stalker says about Deborah is true. She is lying about Deborah as she is lying about me. And, I'm sure Deborah never screamed at anyone – you would have to meet Deborah in person to appreciate her gentle demeanor. She's a woman who has probably never raised her voice to anyone in anger.)

Thank God for judges that actually read the materials and take long careful looks at the facts. So, 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.

Since my accuser lost her case, she became a stalker. She appears obsessed with me, my life, as well as the people I write about. All of us are innocent. Adsani now writes totally false and damning claims about me and the people I write about on many blogging spots while posing as a reviewer (generally under a variety of fake name-amusingly enough, she has her fake names writing each other, agreeing with one another and carrying on conversations). It is all VERY bizarre. If readers purchase my books and like them, giving a good review, she attacks those poor people, accusing them of being ME or of being my friend, or even more laughable, of being HIRED by me. Needless to say, I do not know these people, although I do often write to them after I read their reviews. Most people who read her rants have written to me, expressing their opinion they believe her to be quite mad. Does she think that an author who has sold millions

of copies of her books will not have many readers who like to write and express their favorable opinion of the books?

Thankfully, very rarely does any reader believe her. The two or three who have seem to be people who are not very intelligent and who believe because something is written online or in the newspaper that it must be true...

The woman has now developed into what I believe is a dangerous stalker. Screeching, shouting, attacking anyone who reads my books and who expresses admiration for the heroines and heroes I write about. Most crazy of all, she even pretends to be Princess Sultana! She writes emails, going so far as to sign off as the princess to blogs and posts that truly sound crazy. She even screeched "BURNED ALIVE! BURNED ALIVE! BURNED ALIVE!" at me over the internet. Is she threatening to burn me alive? I have no idea. I can only believe this is the case and for this reason, once again I have reported her to the police and the authorities are aware that she is out there and possibly dangerous. As mentioned above, she even used to call my parents and threaten them, terrifying two elderly people, in the same manner she used to terrify Deborah Moggach and her two children.

Recently she has begun lying about the judge in the case and even attacking the American military. Some people have written to me saying they are going to report her to Homeland Security, asking that this woman not be allowed into the United States. After all, none of know how far such an angry and seemingly mentally ill person will go. Will her delusions drive her into such anger that she will track me down and try to kill me? I do not know, but everyone who cares about me who reads her rants of hatred is concerned about this possibility.

To be the victim of such a vicious stalker is certainly not pleasant. But at least I don't have small children to worry about as did Deborah Moggach. I am thankful not to have such a worry on my mind.

Here's a very small 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, which I believe verge on psychological terrorism.

(Reproduced exactly as received, misspellings and all.)

20 Jun

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

26 Nov

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

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

**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 CATCH-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 INFLUENTIAL ON YOUR TRAIL!!!**  
Comments: (no date) are you going to tell that YOU wrote ESTERs CHILD???

Name: The JUSTICE-CLAN in GERMANY

Email: Flair [justice@aol.com](mailto:justice@aol.com)

16 Nov

**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.**

Evidently, no publisher in the world would publish the Austrian woman's book. She eventually self-published, but still wrongly believes that Princess Sultana has something to do with her story. Her website is plastered with references to my books about Sultana. I've read on one of her sites where she believes that my publishers, my agents, and even the judge are protecting and assisting me in stealing her works. Her thinking is so off the wall that it is impossible to understand it. If one word of what she is saying was true, my publishers would stop publishing, my agents would stop representing me, and as far as the judge? Well, I never met Judge Cote in my life and I'm sure she did nothing more than compare the books and found Adsani's lawsuit to be wrong and frivolous. That's why my publishers and I won, no other reason.

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 idea came from. While I do admit *Rape* only took six weeks, I have never heard of any writer who can write an entire book in nine days. I don't think anyone could even type that fast. 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, two full years after PRINCESS was published. What does this mean? You be the judge.

My first book about Sultana had been published in 1992, and copyrighted by the publisher at the time of publication, which is routine. (Publishers always handle the copyright paperwork regarding the books they purchase to publish.)

The stalker lies as she breathes.

Recently I've read where she claims I have not written *any* of my books! (Deborah said that Adsani's accusations escalated until Adsani claimed that Deborah had used her unpublished manuscript to write ALL her books, so I guess that is her thinking about my books!) Or, perhaps she thinks I have some secret person who is willing to write all my books yet allow me to take full credit. I don't know of anyone who would do that... The truth of the matter is that I work exceptionally hard putting a book together, spending long hours interviewing my heroines and heroes, and then sitting in front of a computer screen for 12 to 14 hours a day until a book is finished. It's sheer pleasure for me when I finish a book and my agent loves it and my publishers see the value and for readers to look forward to reading it. Would ALL my heroines pretend that I had written their stories when I had not? Would ALL my subjects continue to be close friends to me if nothing I had written was true?

Of course not.

For anyone to say I do not write the books published under my name is beyond ridiculous. No one should be able to take away a moment of pleasure that a finished book gives an author. I've worked hard my entire life, whether in hospital work or in front of a computer, and I can tell you that there's no harder work than pulling a book together.

**All of her lies are slander, pure and simple.** In my opinion my stalker should receive a prison sentence for stalking and harassment. I have seen lately where a number of people have won civil suits regarding internet harassment. So, judges are realizing that there must be laws and enforce those laws against people like my stalker.

I am writing this lengthy explanation for my readers because it is unfair to the Princess, and unfair to all the courageous subjects I have written about for this stalker/accuser to discredit their stories. Someone in her family needs to get her the help she appears to need – to give her some peace in her life, and to give peace to the innocent people she targets. If I had a relative acting in that manner, I would attempt to help them. Wouldn't you? Obviously no one is getting her the help she needs. Her children and other relatives should not allow her to target and harass innocent people, such as Deborah Moggach and Jean Sasson.

The only good thing that came out of this lawsuit is a 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 Jean Sasson or Deborah Moggach stealing someone else's story to write the books about Pakistan Or about Princess Sultana, you are reading slanderous lies. Or perhaps you will read that Mayada or Joanna or Najwa Binladin or Maryam may not exist, despite the fact that three of the four have appeared in public talking about their life story. (Najwa, due to her conservative beliefs, does not make public appearances, although she has talked with a reporter about her children when they were in Iran.) Or her latest slander is to write that Omar Bin Laden is stupid and didn't work with me to write his story. In fact, Omar Bin Laden is a very intelligent young man. Just because his English is not perfect, don't get the wrong idea. I've known Omar for three years now, and he is extremely bright, kind, and undeserving of this woman's cruel attacks. Every incident written about in the Bin Laden book was told to me by Omar, or by his mother.

Nothing this woman says about me, OR about any of the courageous people I have written about is true. But you don't have to take my word for it. Instead you can read the Judge's ruling, MADE 16 YEARS AGO!!!!, and 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 pay our court costs because like the coward she appears to be, she "hid out either in Europe or in the Middle East" so no one could find her and serve her with legal papers so that she would have to pay the hefty legal costs paid by the defendants.)

Bear in mind that Judge Cote's ruling was a landmark decision, penalizing the plaintiff, made because the case was absolutely and totally without merit. I've had readers, people I don't know, to purchase the book and **If you still have any doubts, I encourage you to purchase the woman's book, read it in leisure – then compare her story to the books I wrote about Princess Sultana. You'll be shocked to find nothing in that book similar to my own books.** I've had readers do just that, buy her story to compare to my two about the princess. All have written me afterward, outraged that they had been "suckered" into buying the woman's book because they wanted to make the comparison.

**Everyone should know this fact: For a lawsuit to be dismissed with prejudice means that the courts have ruled that the plaintiff has shown bad faith, misled the court, or persists with frivolous lawsuits. So you see, the courts found her to show bad faith, her suit misled the court, and they assumed she would continue clogging the system with frivolous lawsuits. NOT ONE JUDGE or attorney representing the publisher who read her book(s) and compared them with mine believed her lies had one grain of truth. NOT ONE.**

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. I plead with you, do not believe newspaper or magazine reports that are most likely nothing but a list of accusations made by someone with an agenda – many lazy journalists print such accusations without looking for or asking for proof. Most journalists don't care if they help to destroy the innocent – in fact, I believe that most enjoy destroying innocent people. 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. I did not know this woman prior to her stalking me anymore than you, the reader of this material, knows her.**

**ALSO, bear in mind that this lawsuit was dismissed 16 years ago. For 16 years I have been harassed and stalked for something that I did not do.**

**I guess I can say that the joke is on the stalker, as she is wasting her life with bitterness and hate and can't seem to do anything but obsess about me, my subjects, and my books. I am now of the opinion that she nothing in her life but an obsession for me. She must spend every waking hour in front of the computer or plotting how she might harm me. This is very dangerous and her actions grow more serious every day.**

**This is a pathetic person who has wasted the past 16 years of her life on something that NEVER HAPPENED! Prior to that, she wasted two or three years stalking Deborah Moggach. Who knows who she harmed before she targeted Deborah.**

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

**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 in-laws, 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 a 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

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Interesting article from: 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 of Adsani's accusations) 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."

**FROM JEAN: And, this dear readers, is the true story of two innocent writers targeted by an accuser turned stalker, someone who has given me every impression of being mentally unbalanced. This is what I now believe.**

**Save your sympathies for me, for Deborah Moggach, for the princess, and for the other heroines/heroes I write about (she attacks them all, Mayada, Joanna, Omar & Najwa as well as Maryam, my latest heroine) rather than for a woman who delights in causing terrible harm in the world and against female authors who truly are innocent. If you read her reviews, you will see that she attacks other female authors, saying that we are attacking Islam, when in fact, her book is the only one I have read that viciously attacks all Arabs. She needs to reread her own book to see that this is true.**

**Thank you for taking the time to read this lengthy note. But the truth is important and stalkers, even if they give every reason to believe they are insane, should be stopped and even punished, or forced to receive medical help.**

**I am attaching some interesting documents regarding this stalker and her frivolous lawsuit. You might be interested in glancing at them.**

**If you have further questions, feel free to write to me at [wbbbooks@hotmail.com](mailto:wbbbooks@hotmail.com). I will respond.**

**Thanks so much for taking the time to read this...**

**JEAN SASSON**

**[www.jeansasson.com](http://www.jeansasson.com)**