

The following content contains references to sexual assault. If you or someone you know may be experiencing a mental-health crisis, call or text 988. In emergencies, call 911, or seek care from a local hospital or mental health provider.

Victim Impact Statement 2: Kate Evans*

The Honorable Richard M. Berman
United States District Judge
500 Pearl Street
New York, New York 10007

Dear Judge Berman,

I am grateful for this opportunity to share the horror which has been inflicted on me and so many other women as a result of being sexually assaulted and sexually violated by Robert Hadden. In the Hippocratic Oath it is laid down: "Into whatever houses I enter, I will go into them for the benefit of the sick, and will abstain from every voluntary act of mischief and corruption; and, further from the seduction of females or males, of freemen and slaves." Robert Hadden swore to this oath which is significant in the medical field and swore that he would do no harm, let alone sexually assault hundreds of women to satisfy himself.

I had been raised to trust doctors and institutions that are designed to provide medical care. As a woman who has worked for over 30 years providing counseling, emotional support and advocacy to those who had been victimized or had experienced a trauma, I never believed I would find myself in that position. I had a difficult time believing that the man in the white coat, whom I and my family had trusted, some of whom were also patients, could be capable of such heinous crimes.

When Robert Hadden assaulted me, I was shocked and paralyzed with fear like I had never been before in my life. I wanted to run and get out of the office and Columbia Presbyterian as quickly as possible. I felt dirty and went immediately home and got into the shower. Standing in the shower I sobbed, unsure of what to do, uncertain if anyone would believe me, frightened about the effect of my assault on my family. I was so paralyzed by fear I made a decision to keep the assault to myself and never mentioned a word of it to anyone including my beloved husband for many years.

The trauma of sexual assault is one which has a multitude of negative impacts. I grappled for many years with the idea of blame, was this my fault? Could I have done something to have prevented the attacks? How can I ever trust a doctor again? I became fearful of being attacked again and maintaining my safety. I became negligent regarding my own physical health. My self-esteem was impacted and I questioned my body image and felt dirty. I had an increased level of anxiety and could barely enter a doctor's office without my blood pressure going through the roof.

On a personal level, I worked daily to combat the demons caused by being sexually assaulted and violated by Robert Hadden. For me the demons became greater when I had to come forward

and reveal to my husband, children and siblings what had happened to their wife, mother and sister. For me the time had finally come to step forward not only for myself but also for my daughters, granddaughters and nieces to set an example for them that it is NOT OK. I wanted to show them that I had a responsibility to not let Robert Hadden run free for his inflicted sexual violence but also to help the world begin to understand the horrors of sexual violence and understand the importance of women's rights and health being protected by the legal system.

And, by sharing my own trauma, I now felt as if I was causing tremendous pain and traumatizing my children. The last thing a mother ever wants to do is to cause pain and trauma for her offspring. Again, even though I know that this doesn't make sense, I felt that, as a victim, I had in some way failed as a mother. I had somehow failed to protect myself, and, as a result, I had to burden my family with my trauma.

Being sexually assaulted, being a part of this trial and revealing Robert Hadden's sexual assault on me has been the single most difficult life experience I have ever encountered. I truly came to understand the meaning of the word victim. It has truly taken every ounce of courage I have to stand up for justice. But in doing so, I come to truly understand (or, am beginning to understand) that the demons are not in me, the failure is not mine, but the demon is Robert Hadden, and it has taken so much strength to do my part to hold this demon of a human being accountable.

I implore the Court to understand that sexual violence is a trauma which for me becomes a part of my legacy which should absolutely never have occurred. For me this crime will never be reconciled with a prison term which will set a man free at the end of it. Instead, I am forever defined by this tragic sexual violence which was inflicted upon me by a man in a white coat, Robert Hadden.

Respectfully,

A solid black rectangular box used to redact the signature of the author.

a/k/a Kate Evans

Victim Impact Statement 9: Victim-62

U. S. Attorney's Office
Southern District of New York
One St. Andrew's Plaza New York, NY 10007
ATTN: Lara Pomerantz, AUSA
USANYS.HaddenSentencing@usdoj.gov
Please email or mail all statements by June 1, 2023

May 31, 2023

The Honorable Richard M. Berman
United States District Judge
Southern District of New York
500 Pearl Street
New York, NY 10007

Dear Honorable Richard M. Berman.,

Thank you for allowing us, the victims, the opportunity to have our voices heard.

In [REDACTED] I graduated from college and moved to New York City as a young 21-year-old woman. After months of waitressing, I began a full-time job, where I asked colleagues for gynecologist recommendations. As I was new to the city and had no previous experience selecting a doctor of this kind, I relied on referrals.

Dr. Robert Hadden was a name provided, accompanied by assurance that his association with Columbia Presbyterian, "one of the best ob-gyn departments in NYC", made him an in-demand "top doctor". I was able to make an appointment and thus began a decade's worth of grooming, physical, emotional, and psychological abuse.

I have since battled extreme depression, anxiety, panic attacks and continue with trauma therapy.

The grooming first began by giving me free birth control pills as "I was young" and "he wanted to help me save money." That was followed by offering to be my dermatologist, again, under the guise of helping me "save money and time." Triggered almost daily, I can see the images of him bending me over, naked, to conduct 'mole checks' or 'spine checks' while tracing my body with his bare hands or sometimes with a pen-like device. I remember the extremely painful and intrusive vaginal and anal exams due to a "backward-tipped uterus" or "wanting to be thorough."

During every appointment, there were moments when I would be left alone in the room with Dr. Robert Hadden. I remember the countless, prolonged, and unnecessary breast examinations while asking me questions about my life, attempting to normalize his behavior. Afterward, he would always ask me to follow him into his office, where he would comment on my body or ask intrusive questions regarding my private sexual life, all while writing the prescriptions I needed from him before I could leave.

And most clearly, I will never forget the day he assaulted me in his closed-door office. After commenting on my body "getting back to normal" and "looking good," he jumped up, pulled me into an embrace, put my back against the closed door, and kissed me.

I question every moment of "care" received during those years, including everything to do with my two pregnancies. Living in survivor mode has not only taken a toll on my physical and mental health but also on those I love most. My son overheard me speaking about my experience; when I walked into the room he was crying, got up, and hugged me saying he was so sorry that happened. I am having difficulty putting into words how terrible that moment was for both of us.

I have felt many emotions of the years- anger, disgust, shame, stupid, confused, self-loathing, naïve, numb, the list goes on. With Robert Hadden's sentencing I am hoping, just maybe, I start to feel closure.

Sincerely,

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

Victim Impact Statement 14: Victim-74

From: [REDACTED]
To: [USANYS-HaddenSentencing](#)
Cc: [REDACTED]
Subject: [EXTERNAL] Robert Hadden Sentencing/Impact Statement
Date: Sunday, June 4, 2023 10:48:35 PM

6/4/23

The Honorable Richard M. Berman
United States District Judge

Dear Judge Berman,

I am one of Robert Hadden's victims. Thank you for letting my voice be heard in regards to Hadden's sentencing. I was about [REDACTED] years old when I became a patient of Dr. Hadden's. He knew I was fairly naive and inexperienced with going to gynecologists as well as with men, (from filling out the medical paperwork, and the questions I was asked). He preyed on my inexperience to assault me on the very first visit. He didn't use gloves, (and even apologized if his hands were cold). I even told my mother about how he didn't use gloves, and she said I must be mistaken, because they have to wear gloves. When he did breast exams they were for an extended period of time, (and more like groping). He would put his fingers deep inside of me and ask me if I could feel it, (it hurt and made me feel uncomfortable). Dr. Hadden also performed rectal exams on me without my permission, (I thought he was being thorough). I trusted this man with my health and when I became pregnant with the health of my unborn child. Judge Berman, I worked at Columbia University the same as Dr. Hadden, and he was brazen enough to abuse me. He would engage patients in small talk during exams to distract them and to gain trust. When my son was due, if I went home and had sex with my husband it probably put me into labor sooner. Shortly after my oldest son was born I knew something wasn't right, and switched to Dr. DeMarco.

The trauma I have endured since then has forever changed my life. I was diagnosed with anxiety, panic attacks, depression, and PTSD. I have been on several medications since [REDACTED] when I last went to Hadden. It directly affected my marriage which ended in divorce. Additionally, I ended up leaving Columbia University after working there for nine years. The fact that Columbia knew about this and let it continue has also traumatized me. I used to tell people it was the best place to work. Anyone who had a medical problem, I told them Columbia was the place to go for treatment. I can't even watch a commercial for Columbia without getting upset. Eventually, I had to sell my home in a short sale. What he did affected me emotionally, physically, financially, as well as my career at Columbia. Every time I go to a doctor I'm anxious, (I have trust issues).

Judge Berman, there are hundreds of us that he abused. Some were minors at the time. We don't get a second chance, we don't get time served, or a light sentence. We have to think about what was done to us every day. There is no getting away from it. Hadden is 64 years of age now. There is no rehabilitating him and letting him back into society. I am convinced if someone prominent didn't come forward about her abuse, he would still be abusing women. I am so grateful to her.

I would like my name and contact information redacted from any public filing.

Again, thank you for giving me a voice with my impact statement.

Sincerely,

A solid black rectangular box used to redact a signature.

To: **The Honorable Richard M. Berman, United States District Judge**

From: [REDACTED]

Dear Your Honor,

Thank you for allowing me the opportunity to write this letter. I was able to write a letter to you advocating that Hadden be sent directly to jail after his hearing and the writing process ultimately offered a lot of healing for me. I got my first good night's sleep in months after writing that letter. I can only hope that this victim's impact statement will provide me another opportunity to heal a piece of my soul. These letters and opportunities are so important for victims. I didn't truly realize until I became one, the importance of being able to speak my truth. Thank you for listening and letting us have a voice and be heard. It means much more than I can put into words. As difficult as writing this letter has been for me, I know that it's an important part of my healing journey.

I was fresh out of college, in my early 20's and living in New York City when I first met Robert Hadden. A work colleague referred me to someone who I thought was a prestigious OBGYN Dr. affiliated with Columbia University. Everyone seemed to have nice things to say about him and at the time I felt so fortunate to have found him.

Little did I know that I would make an ideal patient for him to victimize. I had next to zero experience of what an OBGYN exam would entail. I was young and incredibly innocent and just barely pulling in enough money to survive on my own in NYC. Free birth control pills were appealing, and this is what he would use to lure me back to his office time and again for what I later would find out were unnecessary and not normal visits.

It's incredibly painful to know that Hadden saw all of that and chose to exploit me for his own sexual gratification. He abused the Dr./Patient relationship through manipulation, lies and sexual assault. He knew that I didn't know any better and most likely would not have the courage to stand up for myself. He also knew he had a prestigious institution backing him up that didn't even care to acknowledge all the atrocities he was committing. They were allowing him to carry on with his abuse of patients by continually looking the other way and failing to investigate allegations.

As an adult I would later come to see the harsh truth, that I had been groomed by Hadden during those OBGYN visits. All those little red flags that had set off questions and emotions in my body and brain had laid etched in

my memories and would eventually flood back to to haunt me once I was a grown adult woman with young children of my own.

The manipulation and grooming took place in his private office where he would share intimate details about his family and life with me. In turn he would often ask me inappropriate sexual questions about my sex life. Taken a back at these questions, I remember thinking that I should just answer because he probably asked these questions to all his patients and everyone else probably answered them. I didn't want to be difficult or non-compliant and maybe this was just part of what a visit to the OBGYN entailed? So as squirmy and uncomfortable as I felt and after a long pause, I proceeded to answer him. I know now that he was just seeing how far he could push me and how much he could get away with. Coercing me into thinking that that these types of questions were normal and a routine part of an exam.

The grooming led up to the gross atrocities that took place in the exam room. I would think to myself that I must be imagining things or must be mistaking things or even wondering if this was just part of what happens in a normal exam and that I probably shouldn't question it. I mean after all he was so nice and caring to me in his private office – there is just no way that what I thought was happening could be happening.

I had my nipples twisted and pinched during lengthy breast exams while he stepped back and stood there and watched them erect. I remember wanting to throw my own hand over my chest and feeling so embarrassed at what was happening. I was examined twice during most exams - first with a pair of gloves and then a gropy lengthy one without gloves. Which I now know was sexual in nature and not for the benefit of my health in anyway shape or form.

Hadden would perform full body exams on me where he checked my entire body over for moles. I am embarrassed now to think that I was even grateful at the time for those exams because I thought he was so generous to do this as he was saving me money and time, so I didn't have to see a dermatologist. He was so invested in my health I thought at the time. Little did I know that he was never thinking about my health during my medical exam – only how he could exploit me for his own sick needs. Here I was walking into a Dr's office to make sure I was healthy and well and all I was doing was walking into a sick sexual abuser's office so that he could manipulate me and sexually assault me all while I told myself I was wrong and imagining things.

The worst of all of it, that haunts me on a deeper darker level is when he licked my vulva in the exam room. I remember lying there freezing like a

deer in headlights and thinking – no, there is no way that just happened, you must be imagining things he was just in his private office telling you how much he loves his wife. I remember sitting up to look around the room for a nurse so that I could look at her and be like – did this just happen? But, as usual – there was no one else in the room. Just me and him with a smirk on his face. I told myself that I must have imagined it and that there was no way a Dr. would do that. I told myself I was wrong, and I pushed it from my mind. The truth was there, and many years later everything would come to light.

The young and naïve girl that I was had no clue that I had been groomed and that all of this in fact was NOT a normal part of an OBGYN exam. Mostly because I told myself, oh maybe it just feels like he doesn't have a glove on, but he must have a glove on – you are just imagining things. Or maybe that is a necessary part of the exam since they can't feel for certain things with gloves on? It's so hard to even write this and not get upset with that young girl. How could she dismiss her instincts? Did the grooming have that powerful of an effect that I truly told myself I must be imagining this? This is a piece that I continue to work on, and I believe will work on for the rest of my life. While there is sympathy that is there for that girl, there is also something in me that wants to slap her awake and tell her to wake up and see what was happening and get the hell out of there. It's hard to let all that go, those images and memories will always be seared into me. It doesn't matter how much work I do. It's still painful.

I feel so sad for that young girl who ignored her gut instincts and who told herself she was wrong. I would like to think if it wasn't a Dr. I sure as heck would know it was wrong but being in his office made it all so confusing. He was an authority figure and at the time, I can't imagine myself having a voice in that exam room. As an adult it's easier for me to know the woman I am today would know what he was doing was wrong, but that little girl in the room – she just didn't have the life experience at the time to be able to understand and call him out for the sexual assaults he was committing. Instead, she silenced herself and told herself she was wrong and imagining things. That there was no way a Dr. would do something like this.

Thankfully for me – the universe happened to save me when my fiancé got a job in [REDACTED] not long after that very worst incident in the exam room and we decided to move. I remember being nervous to tell Hadden I was leaving his practice and then asking myself why was I so nervous? I think my body was starting to figure out that there was something weird and not normal going on – why would a Dr. even care if I was leaving – after all he had so many patients.

I headed to his office to pick up the birth control pills and as usual he was out in the waiting room waiting for me. He handed them to me directly and I let him know that I would be moving in another few months. The anger and steam that came across his face was something I had never seen or felt before. He turned mad red, and I could literally feel the seething anger and hateful energy off him – I felt as if he wanted to rip the pills right out of my hands or scream at me that I couldn't go.

He knew I felt his energy change because my face and body language immediately changed to become defensive as if it was clicking for me that our relationship had not been right. However, he noticed that I was taken a back and he just as quickly turned on his "other" personality and became his charming self. That was when I knew something was not right and I walked away with a gut feeling that day that I had just been saved. I wasn't sure exactly of what, but I knew deep in my soul.

In the coming years I really didn't let my brain dig too deep or question further what might have happened in Hadden's office. There was no need – I was in another state now I thought, and I had moved on with my life. My mind pushed it aside however, my body kept score. I made mental notes as I had exams in my new state things like. 1. That was a quick exam, or 2. That seemed impersonal. Or, 3. my nipples were not pinched or twisted – I wonder why not – is that not part of an exam – did they skip a part? 4. Most of all I wondered why there was always a nurse in the room when exams were done. Is this a normal thing – there were never nurses with Hadden in the exam room. 5. The exams were drastically far less invasive, and gloves were always used. For many years I wondered if I was receiving a proper exam since they were so vastly different from what I had been receiving in NYC.

I was conditioned by an early age to think that OBGYN exams were something that they in fact were NOT at all. I realize now that I was undergoing a sexualized exam that included so much sick behavior it's hard to comprehend. As a young kid, I thought that I had to lie there and endure whatever they needed or wanted to do to me for medically necessary reasons that were not in fact necessary at all. I think I carried this compliancy with Dr's all through my 20's and 30's until I uncovered deeply what was done to me and my behavior of disassociating from my body around anything medical or anything having to do with authority figures.

Some 20 something years later in my 40's I happened upon an article in People magazine about Robert Hadden being convicted for sexual crimes on his patients. This is the day that changed everything for me, and it felt like walls were caving in around me. I read the headline, saw the picture and I

knew! I began shaking – it was if everything that my brain had somehow knew became valid and true – it wasn't all in my head after all. I wasn't alone. This was also the first time in my life that I would experience a panic attack. It was a dreadful night and there were only going to be more of those nights as I began to sift through the truth of what had been done to me and what had been buried deep for so many years.

It's sad to think that sometimes I wish I did not even read that article or had any idea all the awful things he has done to patients over the years because I could have gone on living my blissfully naïve life. I haven't been the same since reading that article and while I know I needed to read this and find out the truth, it's still hard to feel like the rug has been pulled out from underneath you and with the snap of a finger the entire way you viewed the world has change. I also realized all the ways I was disassociating from my body over the years were a reaction to what had been done to me so many years ago. It had changed my way of being in the world on a subconscious level.

If you haven't been the victim of abuse, it might be easy to think how can something that happened over 20 years ago have such a grip over you? One might be inclined to think – just get over it and move on, it happened so long ago. I probably would have thought that myself, but unfortunately for me, I can tell you know that it's not the way it works.

These memories live inside us and are stored there – especially when things were unusual that you might have questioned. That article put me back in his office as if I had been there yesterday. Gradually over weeks and months I would have vivid flashbacks of being back in that exam room and the things he had done to me and the look on his face after he did them. I know all those memories were there the entire time – hidden away (the brain is a marvel and I realized this more than ever after experiencing this), because at the time there were little questions going off in my brain which I was too young to act on and instead ignored. It's almost like going into a filing cabinet and pulling out the exact file with all the memories from those days that my brain had been storing - and I was now having to relive these graphic memories repeatedly. Because I had never properly processed the trauma, each day brought more vivid memories and opened more pain. I had to figure out how I was going to move forward with all this built-up emotion and pain that had been ignored for so many years.

Since coming to terms with the abuse I suffered in Hadden's office, I have developed insomnia. These very vivid flashbacks and memories have led to so much anxiety for me that I couldn't sleep and for several months I was only able to sleep 2-3 hours a night – lying in bed for endless hours anxiety

ridden and tormented. I was literally starting to lose my mind and that's when I sought out help through a therapist. Thousands of dollars later I was able to work through some of that pain, but I hit a wall with talk therapy and it just stopped working for me at a certain point. I still suffer insomnia from time to time- it's an ongoing battle.

It's been difficult to trust the medical system and Dr's. I recently had to go for an exam, and it brought up so much pain and anxiety for me. Going to the Dr's is now an entirely different experience – it's hard to not relive the trauma over when I am in an OBGYN's office.

I have also been working on learning to love that 20 something year old girl and stop wishing she would have done something different – something I would have done at the age I am now – which is know it was abuse and report it. She did what she could at the time with the knowledge that she had, and I know that it's not her fault. It's been a hard road to stop hating myself for not knowing better at the time. I pride myself on being strong and tough and I thought I always was but looking back at what happened and seeing it for what it was – that I was his victim to manipulate and abuse at his will – it's just emotionally a lot to handle and try and recover from.

I am a work in progress now trying to move forward. It's hard when you think your world was one way, but something was being played out in front of your eyes that you were completely oblivious to. That's painful and hurtful and hard to come to terms with.

My relationship with my husband changed from the moment I read the article. Honestly, for months I just didn't want to be touched at all. Not even by my own children. I didn't want anyone near me. I sat alone in silence and in depression and could barely function as a human or get my work done. Having the insomnia from the situation made it all the worse and I was just spiraling. I could no longer perform my job my normal hours because I was running on so few hours of sleep. I just felt like my world was caving in around me.

I have lost all faith in the medical system. It's been hard to feel trustworthy towards any Dr. and to not question if anything else in my life may not have been what I initially perceived it. A huge mind trip to say the least. The hardest thing to come to terms with which I honestly don't think I will ever be able to reconcile with – is how a prestigious institution like Columbia could let this monster continue abusing patients after knowing incidents had been happening since the 90's. They covered him up and moved him around so he could abuse other patients. It just absolutely disgusts me and makes me have zero faith in our entire medical system. I have so much to say

about this cover up by Columbia I could write a book, but I won't since this is about Hadden and the sexual assaults he committed on his patients. But know this, by covering up Hadden, Columbia is just as complicit in having committed every one of these crimes. This institution essentially sat back and watched the abuse unfold while Hadden committed sexual crimes on women for over 20 years. I hope the sentence that Hadden receives for his crimes sends a proper message to Columbia to never let this happen again. I also hope that it lets all his victims have some peace and closure in their lives while he sits behind bars where he deserved to be so long ago. Far away from where he will be able to hurt anyone ever again.

Thank you for the generosity of your time in reading this letter and thank you for your service to our justice system.

Sincerely,

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Victim Impact Statement 34: Victim-257

I was a patient of Dr. Robert Hadden for over ten years.

On [REDACTED], I went to my appointment at his offices in Washington Heights. I was two weeks away from my due date of [REDACTED]. Hadden gave me an exam (with no one else present) that was so rough that I could hardly walk to my car, and when I arrived at my home in [REDACTED], I could barely get out of the car. I also experienced contractions, and after phoning his office, I was advised to go back to the hospital. My son was born later that evening, two weeks early. He had a pneumothorax and an infection, and was confined to the NICU on a CPAP for a week before he was able to go home with us. I also was hospitalized for five days with an infection. When I saw Hadden for a follow up visit, I asked him how I got the infection, and he said it was likely from the exam. I now know, based on the testimony of his other patients, that he induced my labor. I always knew that he had a part in my son being born early, but I didn't think it could be proved until I heard testimonies from other women.

Hadden also expressed my breast milk at an exam, and had inappropriate comments about my body and asked questions regarding my sex life.

It sickens me that he was allowed to practice for as long as he did after numerous complaints were issued against him. Columbia allowed a known sexual predator to practice freely and did nothing to stop him. I ask that he is given the maximum sentence. [REDACTED], is my son's birthday, but it's also the day that I was sexually molested by a doctor I trusted.

(Please keep my name anonymous. I would actually like to put my name to this but since it involves my son, I never want him to know this fact about his birthday.)

Thank you.
Jane Doe