

**This is my statement written in December 2002 for an Inquiry into the NHS handling of complaints against a pervert doctor.**

## **WARNING**

**This is very disturbing, and may give you nightmares.**

**It may also harm you in more serious ways.**

Unlike “The Exorcist” (film) this is true, so not so easy to put out of your mind. I used to think until very recently that this should never ever be made available to the general public for two reasons:

**a)** Because it will certainly scare people, especially young girls or women who have not had a child. **DO NOT READ THIS IF YOU HAVEN'T.** My own daughter (now 38) who is a doctor has not had a child. She did not until comparatively recently know all of this (in fact I doubt that even now she has read this) but she did know that her birth was “difficult” and so might possibly have been a contributing factor. It certainly has been indirectly.

**b)** Because there will no doubt be people (probably sadists or possibly just for idle curiosity) who will read it and maybe even “get off” on it. If so then you know what I think of you!

Aged now 61 I am not so easy to embarrass any more, and I have also realised that for other people knowing this might do some greater good than it already has. But this is not for just “anyone” to read. **I really do suggest most people don't.** If you want to read it then first ask yourself why. And if you are satisfied with your answer then ask someone far older whom you respect to look at it first, and advise you not to. If they say “NO” then don't.

**Mechanisms are now in place, thanks to the Inquiry I contributed as much as I could towards, to protect people, in this country.**

I am Ms **ELIZABETH SUSAN PASCOE** (of [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] born on [REDACTED]).

1 I wish to make the statement below for those conducting the **Independent Inquiry into the handling of allegations by the NHS regarding the conduct of Clifford Ayling**, former GP and (obstetric) clinical assistant (termed registrar at the time I had dealings with him).

2 I do this statement for the sole purpose that I hope thereby to assist authorities to identify completely **adequate procedures** for both patients and colleagues of failing doctors (for reporting, logging, and evaluating concerns). And then create and emplaced those procedures, and then utilised them to expose inadequacies of performance. And also that some form of **statistical monitoring** of performance is put in place (besides depending on an individual's report) so that if an abnormal amount of disquiet is apparent then never again will patients find themselves (powerless) victims, at such a scale and for so many years. And by so doing, having these mechanisms, the **general public will be reassured** regarding the statutory bodies responsibilities to them, and have their confidence restored. (If appropriate monitoring is in place it may also stop malicious complaints). I hope that a change of "culture" is encouraged whereby protection of future patients is seen to be as important as protection of colleagues, and the protection of past patients. (Capable and caring doctors understandably do need loyalty to perform a stressful and essential job, and do of course sometimes make mistakes, we all (the general public) know that). Concern is for those who do as they do either deliberately, or due to incompetence, (and I am sure Ayling is not the only, not the worst, not the last). (Incidentally it is not only the profession of medicine that needs such scrutiny). As far as I know, both 30 years ago, and right now, there is no responsive mechanism to take up, or collate / accumulate complaints. In that I both then and now, have repeatedly found myself addressing a "stone wall". My very serious complaint has only tentatively had a "hearing", (this here now), by "luck", see below. Expensive as it may be to do such a thing, it must be beneficial, in the long run, in terms

of a great deal of compensation, suffering, irritation, time, and public confidence.

**3** I have prepared this statement initially without reference to any medical notes, or other documents, (supplied to me by S█████ H█████'s practice) entirely from memory. I also have totally avoided following in the media the "ins and outs" of other allegations against him. After carefully going through the medical notes I will indicate where these are applicable. **I believe it will be helpful if I comment on or bring in items from my notes in a different colour (blue) as will I also if they jog my memory.** I am aware that certain things I will not remember after 32 years, (other things are as clear as if yesterday, particularly if I dwell on them, details return I hadn't thought of for decades). I am also aware that what I remember may not match what was recorded at the time. These are almost entirely my own words. (I could not, I found, approach this painful exercise in any other way. After my experiences I trust almost no-one but myself, which possibly makes me rather hard to "work" with). Except that some items have been brought to my attention to include (eg paragraphs at **4 and 5** by the solicitor. **Where wording is not of my choice (but necessary) I will indicate in another colour, (green) and when commenting on that. Where items in my statement are particularly pertinent to the inquiry I will embolden them.** My statement I am very aware, is rather long (has taken a week to write), and that is because I have probably included too much, most of which I have never voiced before. But I believe that will help everyone understand just how damaging it is for one individual, and I suspect he has many hundreds of victims, some worse than me, some not so bad, so that all of you who are not powerless like me, get this right, now. I do not implore you, I insist.

**4 As far as I am aware at no time (at the North Middlesex Hospital) was it set out or explained to me about how to make a complaint, should the need arise.** (I still now wonder how to make a complaint that would not be dismissed as "not useful"). In fact I had absolutely no idea at all that such a situation could be possible, having total faith in doctors, my GP being my

father's friend since before my birth. As above, I still don't know how to be "taken seriously" after 2 years of trying.

**5 I now have a copy of some obstetric notes for the above delivery and I attach them to this statement. (DOCUMENTS 1 to 3. 1 antenatal notes twelve pages, 2 delivery notes twelve pages, 3 lying in notes 17 pages, plus two for baby). Some of what they contain I think obviously wrong eg male child, but several other things.** I know my notes were "missing" 6 weeks after the birth, and still missing a year later, and Roger Clements said "oh what a surprise", as though it was deliberate. I was also **told by the hospital that my notes were long ago "destroyed"** when I tried to make inquiries 2 years ago, when the GMC told me I needed proof my injuries were caused by Ayling. I was obviously told totally incorrectly, I very much wonder if that was intentional. The police eventually got them. And so I **anticipate are there many other of Ayling's patient's notes available that might be useful.**

**6** I encountered Reginald Clifford Ayling (known to me later, when I decided to find out his name, as Dr Ayling) in his capacity of clinical assistant at the maternity department of North Middlesex Hospital in 1970/1971. I was then Mrs Elizabeth [REDACTED] (from 1968 to 1996) and expecting my first baby. I remember seeing him 3 times in all. The first was December 1970 at the antenatal clinic, North Middlesex Hospital when I was in late pregnancy (due date end of January). I was then just 23 years old. (I later saw him 11th February, and then mid March).

**7** Dr Nubar Derounian, my family GP, had been responsible for almost all of my antenatal care. He was the same age as my mother (born 1918). **My consultant at the North Middlesex Hospital was Mr Brace, I have been reminded.** Ayling saw me for the first time in a cubicle in December 1970 in the hospital for the "usual" hospital late pregnancy examination. I waited in a large room with many other pregnant women, and then took my turn. I got undressed in one small cubicle, and put on a gown, then went through a door into another in which was a high couch. A fairly young nurse said "this is our

new Registrar" as he walked in behind her. (The word registrar meant nothing to me at that time, I didn't know it meant doctor, or fairly senior doctor) and then she went out. I struggled to get onto the couch holding the gown, which could not do up properly. He said to take it off, then watched me do so quite openly and climb up. I felt most embarrassed, I think my face must have been very red. He said (I think his exact words) that he was "looking me over", seemingly with approval. I knew I was "carrying the baby well" and had no stretch marks. But I felt very uncomfortable, I had never been examined by a young doctor before (I thought Ayling was younger than he turned out to be, partly the giggling, and partly the acne). My GP had always been so discrete, I supposed "old fashioned". I can recall Ayling saying to me words to the effect **"We are having a bit of a Christmas rush, we particularly wanted to see you as your GP has done all the care. These days we prefer to see a bit more of our patients"**. I felt disturbed, and like something on display, that I hadn't been seen enough of, that they were so busy. He had given a plausible explanation. I assumed the nurse was in the next compartment or another in the row, with the others in the Christmas rush (the hospital was very busy). She did not return.

8 I then lay down on my back and he then started the examination by "palpating" my "bump". I looked towards the right where the nurse had gone (it wasn't a doorway, just a gap). He seemed to be not only feeling the bump but me, particularly across my hips, just above the pubic bone, (I knew to check the head "engagement", from classes, which had recently happened), and then "at the top" (rib cage level). That hurt, that was the first pain. My GP never hurt. He asked me how many weeks pregnant I thought I was. I said the baby was due on my father's birthday, 25th January. And he started saying hmm, and looking worried. (I was first told Jan 16th, then Jan 25th, then told they would "let me go a bit longer" Feb 1st, because I remember (now) I had a 32 not a 28 day cycle, supposedly the reason).

9 He said that there must have been some mistake. (As though it was my fault I had been seeing an old fashioned GP). And that the baby was already **"term, and it was unlikely that I would make Christmas"**, hence I

thought it is all up to him to do all this now, for safety, as I was not going to have another chance before the birth. (I was worried as I knew my husband had been a very big baby and the doubts sown in my mind from this "interview" stayed with me for many years). I knew I could not be mistaken re my dates, as I had been "on the pill" until Easter, since getting married, to ensure I did not become pregnant before my finals (in architecture July 1970). He apparently sent me for an (unnecessary) X-ray, which I do not remember, I suppose to "back up" his "concern". Yet he said on my notes everything was normal. And I was never told the X-ray said all was normal. **As he trained with Clements he must have known X-rays of foetus and ovaries are a bad idea.** As much later when he asks for a full pelvimetry (to try to blame me for the birth) he is using a procedure from the 1920's before X-rays were known to be so harmful. **I believe all this was a clever smoke screen, to cause confusion and anxiety, his technique.** He then told me he needed to **"check my pelvis aperture"** and I was asked to relax as much as I could as it would be uncomfortable, and take deep breaths (which I had learned in relaxation classes). Ayling then carried out an internal examination. He said he never wore what he termed "rubbers" (he meant surgical gloves, but it was an ambiguous word) and smirked, telling me that like most men it made it difficult for him **"to feel "** (he giggled). I didn't at that time actually know condoms were called rubbers by some. I had always used the contraceptive pill. During the 'examination' he said I was **"very muscular...how did I build up such muscles down there?"** to which I replied that I had done a lot of ballet. I recall wondering if he realised everything he said seemed dirty, but I was aware that I was rather too "proper". When I told him that I had done a lot of ballet, he said **"oh dear, that isn't very good, we will have to loosen you up, or the baby could have a hard time. Anyway don't worry, I can do that while I am checking your pelvis"**. My husband did say I remember much later that another young doctor after the delivery said I was very muscular, and that was part of the problem of the delivery, maybe to do with ballet. Maybe that is what Ayling had said to that young doctor to "cover himself". And I did try to find out about that, with a view to my daughter not doing ballet (that I loved).

**10** As he "started work", adding more and more lubricant, on the loosening up he asked me if my husband was a big man, I said he was 6' 2" (Ayling was small) and he smirked, as though I was very silly. Then he pushed more of his hand into my vagina (up to where his thumb joint was I soon realised). I had never had anything like that happen to me in my life. I still don't know if that is to be "expected". It really hurt and it made me cry out. He said "**just a touch of retained hymen, that saves it going later**". I didn't know what hymen was and looked it up when I got home. He then said "**Do you want me to continue?**" At which point I particularly noticed his eyes, so intense. I thought what he was doing was absolutely necessary for the baby's safe delivery, and that he realised it was very painful, and I tried not to cry out any more, and did the deep breathing. He shoved his hand this way and that, as though he was indeed trying to establish my "total pelvic aperture", and as though something was wrong, and most certainly seemed to be trying to loosen me up. It was dreadfully painful, and I wanted him to stop, but thought it was for the good of the baby, somehow felt without this "loosening" the baby would be at risk, and this was my last chance. Whilst Ayling was turning his hand inside me, quite fast, he asked me "**hasn't your husband ever done this?**" When I said NO! Ayling shocked me with his reply, he said "**well he should**". I felt very old fashioned and very silly, almost absurd, quite guilty I was not properly prepared for birth. I then began to wonder if I was indeed big enough or "mature" enough to have a baby after what Ayling had said to me. I knew I was sexually very inexperienced. Ayling had his hand inside me for some considerable time, until a different "older" nurse came in and asked him if he had finished. (I recall her seeming quite annoyed, she may have said "Have you quite finished" but I can't be sure the "quite" was there). I felt rather guilty that I had taken so much time. But he hadn't finished. He seemed in no hurry, I was reassured. He then stopped the "internal". I was confused about the Christmas rush, yet nevertheless he was not rushing. I thought for my benefit.

**11** Ayling then asked me to kneel up on the couch. As I did so I noticed that Ayling's penis was erect, sticking straight out horizontally, it seemed rather large. I noticed he had on very baggy trousers (tight ones were then in

fashion) and his white coat wasn't done up, nor was it very clean, nor was his shirt collar, I think I even went as far as wondering if he had pants on, and if not maybe that he had been up all night (working). I wondered if he was colour blind, and if doctors could be colour blind. Nothing matched. He saw that I had noticed the erection, was not at all embarrassed, and said **“it was unavoidable with his job”**, actually I think he said it was an occupational hazard, and I thought "I suppose that may well be the case". There was a patch of watery blood on the half-sheet, I had "made quite a mess", (I thought it would go through to the main sheet, they were not paper in those days). Some was on my legs, and I was very high off the ground to be kneeling (on all fours as instructed) so breasts hanging down. Ayling then told me he needed to check my breasts. He took off his thick horn-rimmed glasses and polished them on his coat. His eyes were very "searching" although he didn't seem very bright, or mature. I thought he must be not much more than 30, but only recently realised he was far older. He was very unattractive. He went round one side of the couch then the other. Then he told me to kneel up. As I knelt up I felt rather shaky. He then started swinging my breasts from side to side, lifting them and dropping them, more or less at his eye level. As they were quite rigid it really hurt. It also seemed a very strange thing to do. I noticed he didn't have clean fingernails, I wondered if it was just my blood. I noticed he fingered a boil on the back of his neck. I noticed he had very badly kept teeth, and bad breath. He kept chatting as he examined me, all the time, was sort of giggly. He must have seen me looking at him, maybe I looked confused. I had been trying to "put my mind somewhere else". I had taken psychoprophylaxis relaxation antenatal classes with the National Childbirth Trust. He told me that was how to check how much of breast tissue was just fat, and how much was useful. He asked if I had always had big breasts, I said yes, and I had had a very early puberty. It became increasingly painful, again it went on for a very long time. When he stopped doing that he then started to 'milk me' saying that he needed to see if the ducts were free. He had big hands for his size I thought. That also hurt a great deal. He then said, as my milk seemed rather slow to flow he suggested that it would be a good idea if immediately started to **“breast feed my husband”**. He then said he had done all he could. I said thank you, and started to climb down. As I did



so he then smacked me quite lightly on my bottom, which "caught" the tissue around the vulva (that he had bruised during the "internal" I found out later) and I cried out slightly, maybe that sounded as though I liked it. I was shocked how much it hurt for so slight a tap (until I later saw why), and he walked out very jauntily, white coat "flapping" before I was safely down. But I was pleased to get off without being watched. I then went back through the door and got dressed. I was trembling, shocked, in pain, embarrassed, felt stupid, felt a nuisance, felt very worried. I wiped off the blood now on my lower leg onto my handkerchief using saliva. **I was sent off for an X-ray (see tenth page DOCUMENT I)** I have no memory of that, nor was I ever told that on the X-ray the baby was apparently found to be quite normal (size) as was my pelvis perfectly normal. I do see in my notes several midwives say "pelvis normal". I would have liked to know that (all these years). I remained disturbed, and wanted to discuss things with my GP. He was not at all amused that I was critical of this "examination", or confused in general, see later. I also have no recollection of antenatal visits it seemed I had later in December, or in January, or even on 8th February, the evening of which I believe I went into labour (though at first didn't realise). I see from my notes on 8th February the head remained not engaged. My notes seem to say I went into hospital either the morning or the evening of 10th February. I have no explanation for this discrepancy compared to my memory. I know I saw my GP again before the birth.

**12** The next day I had finger prints of bruising all around my nipples, particularly the first one he had examined, (on my left) and his thumb mark bruises at the top of my legs, and what must have been a thumb nail cut. I was also uncomfortable internally, and the baby seemed to "stick out" so much more. I had some slight loss of blood for quite some time. **I spoke to my Health Visitor about it, Miss Marriott, and she said talk to my doctor.** I didn't know what to make of it, I was fairly sure it wasn't "normal", and that what had been done to me was brutal, and had disturbed the baby, but maybe I wasn't normal. I was confused.

**13** I was anxious about what had happened, and about what was going to happen. I tried to talk to my GP when next I saw him I think after Christmas, certainly by whenever it was the bruising had gone, and the bleeding had stopped. Mainly that the baby had had its head engaged before this, but had come out, that I had been told my dates were wrong, and that I was very uncomfortable. I had wanted to go on to what had happened, and to ask advice about the loosening (as in was I too tight) the milk flow, as in should I do as had been suggested, but I did not get that far. **The GP did not want to discuss anything at all, seemed angry with me, exasperated, asked me how I knew the head was no longer engaged, and generally “put me in my place”.** He also called his wife, who was always his "chaperone" and used to busy herself in the room outside (with the door open) to stay close by. She (Kitty, I had played as a child with their daughter, my age, Catherine, but nick named Pussy) spoke to him quietly, and I got the impression that he thought I was going to try and start accusing him of something, or that I was criticising his care. The baby's head never did re-engage, as far as I know, even in labour.

**14** I believe I was admitted into hospital on the evening of Tuesday 9<sup>th</sup> February 1971 (my mother always visited on Tuesday, and she said I should go), as I had gone into labour the previous evening. (The baby was overdue, and I was booked to be induced anyway the next day). **DOCUMENT 2, labour notes 12 pages** (This does not tally with my notes, I have no explanation, I do see that in July 1971 I tell Mr Brace I was in labour 2.5 days, so it is not a recent confusion). I remember many things very clearly about being admitted, eg having an enema, (which caused me to be up all the first night visiting the toilet, as in every half hour, and feeling sick, I seemed to over react to it, blue stuff, and refused to ever have enemas subsequently). I had to have another bath. (I had had one at home immediately before coming to hospital). I had to be shaved again (my husband had done it a week before). I remember that my husband was sent home to sleep, and that I was left in a room alone, (I remember that room) without anyone either examining me, or checking on my contractions. Of that I am certain ie no examination. I also remember that the second night I was there I insisted my husband stayed, (as

I thought the birth must be imminent) so I had to "sleep" on the delivery bed in the delivery suite, as he wasn't allowed in the other part. (My friend's husband had missed their baby's birth as he had been sent home). I had to stay on that bed, was not allowed to sit up or get off even to go to the loo (had to use a bedpan). I later knew, lying flat on your back, obediently, was not a good idea to assist an effective labour. I felt insisting on my husband's presence had been the cause if that. Fault was mine therefore. That mishandling was certainly not Ayling's fault. After about a day in hospital my waters were broken for me, (by a small black nursing sister of about 35, who seemed very competent, but not very kind). She told me she had done it to "help things along" without asking first. She also said the membranes were exceptionally tough I clearly remember. [That doesn't tie in at all with my notes.](#) Soon after that I was told they could then feel that not only was the baby still "not engaged" but that she was facing the wrong way (forwards). And that I could expect a long slow delivery as it would need to turn. I had at that time already been in labour for almost 2 days. The first day being at home, and not "strong", the first 6 hours of which I didn't even realise I was in labour (daft! I was very young). I eventually got ketosis (hadn't eaten at all), my contractions eventually virtually subsided. I was then put on a drip, which I always thought was oxytocin, [I see from my notes it was a similar hormone,](#) to increase the contractions, and something else to solve the ketosis. (They tested my blood by pricking my heel, and I had a small black mark there for years). My husband stayed with me from the second evening, sitting all night on a chair beside me. A man came into the delivery room to clean the windows around lunchtime on 11th. I was told I was then "getting on" and before it got dark I was told the baby had now "crowned" and it had a great deal of black hair (as I had had). But then nothing happened. I was told the baby was stuck, and I would need a forceps delivery. I was put in "stirrups" my husband was sent out, and Ayling walked in.

**15** I recognised him immediately from the "examination" 2 months before, (but not knowing then I think that his name was Ayling). And was so terribly afraid. I called out for my husband as loud as I could "J [REDACTED]", and to the nurses I implored "Oh please not him, oh please let me have someone else".

A nurse, standing on my left, (Ayling was at a washbasin on the right, towards the door) said my consultant needed to rest, he had just been on duty for a long time, was on his way home, and was an old man. This was the registrar, the next best, everything would be alright soon. And that both the baby and I could not be left any longer, everything had been done to help me. I now needed "intervention". I was so exhausted by the very prolonged labour, and had no fight left in me. He started talking to the midwife, and I continued calling for my husband, I was so afraid. I started to get cramp in my right leg. Ayling walked over and between my knees he said **"Oh you remember me do you"** and smirked. I thought if my baby is dying, and so am I, then what can be so funny. Again I called for my husband, thinking I would be safer if he was there. The same nurse said "We do not allow husbands in for forceps, it is not good for them". Ayling said I could not have a general anaesthetic for the delivery as he would need my help (to get the baby out, ie I needed to push). I had been having gas and a drug in my drip I think. Then he started working on me. I did not trust him, but I also knew I had no choice at all.

**16** What he then proceeded to do was dreadful. I think he decided to push the baby back up again, (all the way up that it had taken so long to push her down) as she was stuck, then turn her. [In fact I have see from my notes which confirm he several times tried to apply the forceps and rotate her, and that he tried manually, but failed.](#) I think he then found as he couldn't after all turn her, he decided to "just get her out". My husband was outside sitting in the corridor for most of this. When we once talked about it (and only ever did I try to talk to him once, as it seemed it was something he could not face remembering) he said I never screamed, I growled like a bear. (Afterwards I couldn't speak properly for days, or sing for some weeks, (to the baby) I had strained my voice). Many people were running along the corridor into the room, putting on white coats and masks as they ran, even tucking shirts in their trousers he told me. He said he could hear me calling his name, and decided it would be better to be inside with all the others, than outside listening. He saw too much as he passed Ayling and sat beside me. He said there was too much blood, everywhere. And it still all went on a lot longer.

**17** I knew there were many people in the room all watching. I saw so many seemingly disembodied faces, in a sea of grey / white coats, but they were all in shadow, some whispering to each other. I was barely aware that my husband was by then there. I remember Ayling had said "The more the merrier", and nothing made sense, how could it be merry if my baby and I were dying? I imagined as I went in and out of consciousness that it must have been like this for the women who were tortured in Auschwitz and such places. A very bright light was shining on me. I thought at one time he had both arms inside me, and in fact my husband said the one time we ever spoke about it that he thought so too. But I have recently been told that was impossible, he certainly had one arm inside, but I know that is quite normal. (In fact I have done it since myself delivering badly presented lambs). At one time I could see him smiling at me, but it frightened me, it gave me no confidence at all, more like he was enjoying it, sometimes he had his mouth partly open and I could see his tongue (lolling). Many years later I saw a man playing a Spanish guitar with the same expression, (and was repulsed) but at this time I thought it looked like Ayling was enjoying it.

**18** As all this was happening part of my mind remained "conscious" and it seemed to that part that he was showing off in front of such a big audience, including my husband. I wanted to scream "you are doing this on purpose" but I couldn't, only growl it seems. Some of the time he seemed to be twitching his hand very fast inside me, I am absolutely sure of that, but I know I now only remember remembering. I tried to speak, he smiled. Something he did repeatedly drove me into sub-consciousness, and then was so bad it brought me back out of it. To say it was agony was so far from how bad it was that there is no word that can describe it. I believe I was suffering the absolute limit of human pain. Part of my mind was saying "nothing could be worse than this, my insides are being torn lose, I am being torn apart, torn to shreds, and no-one can see". I could feel my flesh tearing, it is hard to describe that. I was powerless, could not escape, could not even scream, never mind speak. And they were all watching me. No-one was watching him, nor could anyone see what he was doing inside me. He seemed very calm. I can describe one sensation. If you have a bad tooth, (I did once) and

the dentist puts his instrument on the nerve, it is excruciating. Well this nerve was not a tooth, but seemingly ran from my vagina to my toes, up my back and into my head. And he was plucking it, at about waste level, at the back, inside. I believe he was experimenting to see how I reacted. He seemed so sure he could stop me speaking and drive me in and out of consciousness. All this I was thinking in another part of my mind, as it went on and on. I was no longer worried about the baby dying, I was aware the baby was probably already dead, he had been at it for a very long time, or even myself dying. I just wanted it over, and if death would stop it I was grateful for death. Yet the agony was so strong I thought I must be a very long way from death. It felt there was so much power inside me I should be able to "blow" all the watchers right away into the sky. Yet I couldn't even scream. Later I once thought I was about to turn inside out as I "heaved" in response to something he did. I think already in one of my many back arching feats I had put both hips out of joint, I know once I thought I had broken my neck, in some part of my mind, yet thought again "if that were so surely the pain would stop". This time I sprayed blood all over the people, some standing I guess more than 2 metres back, in about three rows, seemed like 50 or more, all aghast, but I was told I remember I think by my husband there were 33 of them. As a nurse wiped my blood off his glasses and face (at this time I thought both arms were inside me) I shut my eyes, it seemed so disgusting, and I could never open them again. I later tried hard to see the baby once she was out, but somehow could not.

**19 DOCUMENT 3, lying in record 17 pages, and two pages of infant notes.** The baby was virtually born dead, and was taken away immediately. I was later told she was about 8 pounds, although she wasn't weighed at birth. And I thought vaguely "Why then all this for months about it being so big, why all this trouble?" Shocking to say I also remember being disappointed that it was a girl, I had not realised I was sexist. All along I had wanted a girl I thought. But at this time I was past worrying whether she was alive or dead. At that point I had no feelings of any sort left. I remember nothing about being stitched back together. The next I remember was being in the ward, and being told off for being "dirty" because I had wet myself. There was no

sensation of the birth being over either. The agony continued, and took days to subside. The first night was the worst. I think I was out of my mind with pain. The night after she was born I kept calling to say I was sure I was still having a baby. The nurses got rather cross. Because the pain didn't stop. I must have been delirious, as I thought maybe even if I had a baby, I am going to have another one, so it was twins after all. I know I was sure it was not over. I was not sure even if I had had a baby. That night was often in my nightmares, in that part of my mind wanted to get to my dying baby, but I couldn't move. And also that I was crawling around bleeding, lost in a hospital, trying to hide from everyone, looking for my baby, before it was buried. That nightmare came back when I lost the last baby, as though it had been déjà vu and it came back recently when my daughter had an operation, and didn't want me there. I have had it in between, at times of stress. If any of you want to really understand how this was, see a black and white film called "Sybil", if you can't imagine from what I have said. I think nothing could be worse.

**20** Fortunately my baby was not a "vegetable" as one (callous) nurse warned me to expect. Another nurse who found me crying told me she was jealous because the baby was the most beautiful she had ever seen, just like Snow White in her coffin, and that made me shudder. (My daughter is a paediatrician who particularly specialises in the care of babies who are born "flat" as she was. Years ago I suggested she did obstetrics, as women need women. She said no, too many perverts in obstetrics. She is outspoken, and she doesn't like suggestions). Now I have my notes I hope to go through the part that describes the baby with her. I have not looked at it yet, just enough to know it is there. I will be seeing her soon. It is something that might draw us together. I have seen her only once since my divorce in 1996, after a long unhappy marriage that ground me down, yet I also don't want to see her again when I am ground down again. The degree I have just taken was supposed to "bring me out". The night after she was born an Irish nurse kept on coming and asking me what I wanted to call her. I said I needed to see her first. I realised this must be a Catholic nurse, who must be expecting her to die, and that un-baptised she could not go to heaven. I said to my God, out loud I

think, "Take her if you must, before I see her, but I trust you to take her into heaven, baptised or not. And if it is best that she dies, then I let her go". I know my daughter has said we differ totally about forcing very damaged children to stay alive. That is a big problem we have between us. I think life is hard enough if everything is OK.

**21** Apparently in the notes it is recorded Ayling said the baby was "unhealthy". The baby has been remarkably healthy and strong her whole life, like me. [It says she was delivered by Keilland's forceps. It says I had a third degree tear, or actually "treat as a third degree tear", I guess he knew it was much worse.](#) None of these statements compares even faintly with what happened. I think the North Middlesex notes are the only ones available, and they only indicate as an aside, from one letter regarding the repair surgery what my injuries are. That either of us lived I think is a miracle. I know I am peculiarly strong, and I think probably so is she. That she did in fact survive, and is normal, despite everything, I must say thank you to Ayling for, I have always been aware of that. Probably that helped me not to hate him, which would have been bad for me. Because certainly in the event, I would have died trying on my own to get her out. That it was his fault she was in the wrong position, that it was the fault of the hospital that I was not examined before the waters were broken (so making everything worse), and allowed so prolonged a labour, and that I was not given a Caesarean as she was in so bad a position, is another issue again. But the fact that she was OK after all, has been the redeeming factor in allowing me to cope mentally with all the suffering at the time, and since, because of the "birth". If she had not lived, or was not normal, I would have gone under. Yet the pregnancy and birth were the opportunity to damage me. I did hear the summer after she was born, from a colleague of his, my next door neighbour, that other patients of his were not so lucky. Three in particular I clearly remember her telling me. I will refer to that later.

**22** I must next try to describe the injuries, and what they "mean" but there again I really don't want to, and I am getting exhausted by this statement, and my mind is going rather numb. I was officially "torn". It doesn't say, torn lose,



torn apart, torn to shreds. If any of you have "cleaned out" ie disembowelled a chicken, maybe you could have a clue, a butcher or slaughter-man would understand. It takes a certain skill. Maybe what is in the documents is enough to indicate them. I believe they were entirely caused initially by the baby being pushed out of position. Then by the decision once she was being born to push her back up and turn her, but mainly due to a mixture of incompetence and I remain believing both sadism and sexual perversion by Ayling. There was no reason for a normal healthy girl to have had such a delivery, or even for such a delivery to cause such damage. Clements would be able to say how many others if any he has ever come across as injured as I am. I guess very few, certainly from a hospital delivery. Even with a forceps delivery the amount of damage was absolutely horrific, and inexplicable even by incompetence, it must have been intentional. In fact the man who repaired me said that in different circumstances I would have had no problems at all. **(See letter 24th Feb 1986, re my concerns for my daughter Document 4).** As it is I have never known what it is to give birth, and a great deal of other things possibly more intimate that I do not have to mention, that other people take for granted as a normal part of life. But unlike some other women I am a mother, and they were all beautiful normal babies, and I think that overrides the other disappointments. As does it override what happened to my marriage and my life (including my career as an architect) because of my injuries. Until my RTA when they were older, my children were all my joy. I tried hard not to "live through them" (as my own life was ruined) but they felt it nevertheless. They were all beautiful, healthy, strong, intelligent, and I know I am lucky. But looking back on my young life, because of these injuries, it was hard, unbelievably hard, made worse because my husband was no support at all. Yet all three of our parents were so supportive. Only now (that I am a grandparent) do I realise just how much, and how much they never said, (which I find hard, I say too much) and never asked.

**23** In short I believe I was tortured, and badly tortured up to the point of death, and even more likely the death or damage to my baby. If it was my face not my insides, the amount of damage would be apparent, I would make the elephant man look pretty. I believe just like an alcoholic who cannot stop

himself, Ayling actually could not stop himself when he was damaging me at the "birth", even through the fear of being found out, maybe that added to his excitement. The pain, and the powerlessness, the fear, and the betrayal, have never left me. The nightmares have never fully left me. He must have known the damage to me was extensive, and I think if he did, if he was "normal" he would have looked worried during the delivery, would have come to see me in the ward afterwards, and he would have not tried to "talk dirty" to me afterwards. All of those things make me believe then and now he was not incompetent but both a sadist and a pervert. And that my allegations seemed beyond belief I could also understand, both then and now. Only for those of you who will read other statements (unlike Clements) are you likely to be able to agree with me, this was an intentional act, of perversion. Besides the memories which I can put to one side almost all of the time, (except when I go to the toilet, or am choosing what to eat) the feeling of claustrophobia, not being able to run or scream or trust or hope or have any self esteem or expectations, and not much joy either, has had a devastating effect on my life. "When you laugh the world laughs with you, when you cry you cry alone", is completely true, except even laughter is a problem. So it also effected the lives of my children, and I believe even my grandchildren. I had to cope as a very young woman, with the fact that my young husband couldn't cope with the change in me. That was a tragedy in itself. I should have had a good full useful life, as an architect, wife, and mother. All I virtually became was a partially but doubly incontinent victim. I still try hard to be more than that. It is easier to be more than that away from my family (now that my parents are dead). I have learned to "manage" certain things, over the years, and one is less coy at 55 than 23, which helps, and others "catch up". I am no worse now than 32 years ago, I compare with my aunts at 90.

**24** As I said before the pain didn't stop once the "birth" was over. The next morning a tall slim dark kind young doctor manipulated one hip back into place. (The other one went back spontaneously). I found that underneath I was horrifically swollen, like having a rugby ball between my legs (compared to a "mouth"). I was told to take salt baths to keep clean, "as many as possible". I was very anxious to see my baby, I gathered she was still alive,

even though during the night I had various awareness she had died, I used to think she died 12 times, and that was what the monitors on her were for. I wonder what is in her notes. She says she can get them. I suppose I was delirious. But she was in intensive care. I was told I would only be allowed to see her in a wheel chair. I wanted to be sure she was alive, that they weren't lying. But that meant I would have to sit on the "rugby ball". I nearly fainted. I held myself on my forearms and one heel, "tying" the other foot round it. But see her I did, at lunch time. She looked as I expected, Snow White fitting end to end in her glass case. She was black and white, and still. The others were all tiny and pink and moving. She had all sorts of tubes, and apparatus, and I was told she was sedated. I just got a glimpse because the nurse was busy and had to get back to the ward. She was over the back, about 15 feet away, behind other incubators, next to the desk. As soon as she took me back, now that I knew where the baby was, I "crawled" on my toes and finger tips (as I couldn't use my legs) about 15 degrees off vertical, feet well apart, along what seemed miles of wall, straight back to her. Getting across three doorways was a big problem. I used to lean against the wall and watch her all the time I wasn't taking baths. She was somehow exactly as I expected. I learned to manage to fit in 6 salt baths a day, by getting up before all the other mothers, going to bed after them, and going during meal times. (As there were hardly any facilities, as were there a tremendous number of cockroaches after dark, hundreds, I learned to keep my slippers on the soap rack).

**25** I was put on a "low residue diet" and given liquid paraffin, because of my third degree tear. I had quite a bit of difficulty learning to urinate for a couple of days as there was nerve damage. I also the first day had a urinary tract / bladder infection, as did everyone else, (see later re showing off), we were told it was common, and the "urine" was like wallpaper paste, but just for a day. It took very much longer, in fact I never have completely recovered, from the nerve damage (as well as "displacement". A doctor when I was 31 at a cervical smear once said I had some urethral prolapse, but as with some other things it is more evident when I stand than lie down, in fact this isn't so bad now I am very fat). My injuries are extensive and complicated, and I don't think it will do me or you any good to elaborate too much, I say some things,

otherwise I know you can't imagine. I did not need to open my bowels for several days, maybe five. Eventually I had to, and when I did the extra pressure to the wound "past the anal margin" as it was called, caused the contused tissue there to explode, leaving a crater on my buttocks. That had to be regularly dressed, and about a cup full of cotton wool swabs were inserted several times a day. After a couple of weeks, or more, I forget, I was told it had started to granulate (at the time I didn't know the word, I thought it was a bad thing). I was also told by a tall slim I suppose half black half white nurse, with lots of freckles, **"Promise me that you will never ever let anyone try to tell you that this wound was caused by an abscess"**. Another time she congratulated me on how clean I kept myself (below). I said "Well wouldn't you!" She said that I would be surprised, some don't. Which isn't a big thing, but it was very kind of her. A little kindness helps.

**26** I finally was allowed to hold my baby 5 days after the birth, but again they said I must sit, which made me dizzy with pain so I was afraid I would drop her, so just had her for a minute or less. Because she had been tube fed (with my milk) from birth she had not established the reflexes needed to feed (which have to be in the first few hours). I was told early on, before I held her, that she would be brain damaged, but no-one could be sure to what extent. I know they were anxious to see if she could feed alone. I said I was sure I could do it, but not sitting there, in intensive care. They let me take her to the ward, where I used to lie on my side to feed her. Later my father brought me a car tyre inner tube to sit on, my Aunt told him to, (she had had a big breech baby, delivered at home). The sister said it wasn't hygienic, and the others would want one, but she was "overruled", and I kept it. The baby was extremely slow to feed, [I see in the notes "fed well" that may be because some nurses were on my side, ie to help me to keep her, she never took liquid feed well, at least not until much later, I started her on solids early, with which she coped better.](#) I knew if I was not successful they would take her away. Possibly part of her not feeding well was that because I was in so much pain that I may not have had the "let down reflex" that I was far more aware of with subsequent birth. (A subsequent baby was 9lb 5 oz and his head did engage in late pregnancy, like hers 15" circumference, which thinking about it proves

her presentation was the problem, caused by Ayling, not my pelvis. I never thought of this before now). To make sure she had enough I used to also express the milk, and "tip it" into her mouth, I was warned by one nurse who saw me that if it went the wrong way I would damage her lungs, I said I would make sure it didn't. One or two of the nurses had great respect for me. Her weight did continue to go down, from 7lbs 14oz on the fifth day (when I got her) to 7lbs 9oz after about another 5 days. [I do not understand the notes re her weight. That discrepancy might be solved, if it matters, by seeing her baby notes, which are not here.](#) But they let me keep her with me nevertheless. In the first few days, before I got her, I used to ask her weight (so I could tell people) one nurse said emphatically "It doesn't matter". I used to watch her all the time, and I was fairly sure she wasn't badly brain damaged as she turned her head to my voice. One young doctor once (when I got back from a bath) was holding her, and he said she was "fine", and really meant it, that felt like the sun coming out in my heart. It made me so happy. She did not like to be held, which again was a reason not to hold her "properly" while feeding her. She hated lights, (we got a special light that came on slowly) sounds, and later I found out water terrified her. (I gradually got her to have a bath, months later by having her on my lap in the bath, and just getting her feet wet. I used to clean her all over with baby lotion. She was not bathed in hospital as her cord didn't come off. I licked her head clean in hospital, as her hair was full of dried blood). I knew it would be better if I could get her home. The other mothers in the ward were so noisy and clumsy. The sister from intensive care had warned me when she let me take her "never let this baby cry". And it seemed as though if she did she might die, or so I thought. I didn't ask too much, but my baby wasn't going to cry anyway. They reduced her sedation and she used to stare around as though she could see and wanted to ask questions. She had enormous very dark eyes, and a little "cap" of black hair.

**27** After a couple of weeks ([I thought it was nearer three](#)) they let me go home, and a nurse used to come and dress my "wound", I think 3 times a day at first. The first time she saw it (very Irish older tall lady, a bit ginger) she said "What have you done my girl, sat on a bomb or what?" I said it was birth

injuries, (the baby was in another room) and she said my girl no wonder they have sent me, you need to keep yourself clean, these are serious abscesses. I insisted it was a wound, and the nurse in hospital had told me never to let anyone say it was an abscess. She said "Have it your own way". She also once said "I don't know why you little girls go for the big men, well I do, but there's almost always a problem". Once I had got home and looked in the mirror (almost three weeks later) I saw that the bruising from my undercarriage had dissipated but was still very much visible. It was right up my back to between my shoulder blades, and down to my knees. I knew the first week it had been down to my ankles. Because of my injuries once we got home, I could never sit and hold her normally, or take her out and show her off, or have visitors, other than my aunt or mother. We had a bidet put in the bathroom. I could not enjoy her in the usual way. But I was nevertheless so happy with her. I thought maybe the six times long labour had caused six times as much love. She never ever was a very demonstrative affectionate or cuddly sort of child. My mother said that was normal for girls. She strove to be very independent, always, and very soon was obviously not brain damaged, in fact very forward, she could talk quite well by a year. She once made the Health Visitor almost fall over with shock at 14 months by saying with a frown, when told to "put on her glove" (to keep her occupied while she looked at the new baby) "A's mutschoo diffitult". (That is much too difficult).

**28** I had to return to the hospital about a month later, before the sixth week (normal post natal). Ayling was there. He asked me quite abruptly and with a smile "**how is your sex life?**" I told him that I did not think I was allowed to participate in such activities until after my postnatal. He said he wanted to know how sex was for me before the postnatal. He was again jocular. I was dumbfounded. If that was all this visit was about (being told to have sex) why not just tell me. The journey had been so painful and difficult. He then examined my external wound and attempted to 'tidy up a bit that was left over'. Ayling told me that he would make sure that it would be him who would carry out my postnatal examination. I then decided that there was no way that I would let Ayling anywhere near me again. That he could suggest having sex with all this damage even if it was "granulating" but still obviously

far from healed proved to me he had no sense at all. I couldn't sit down, still had an open wound! I also was aware once the swelling went down substantially that what was, or should have been inside was terribly different. I couldn't recognise "myself" even after all the swelling subsided. I had not been bleeding much after the first few weeks after the birth, and with the open wound, I had decided it would be better to use Tampax. Besides being painful to try, it could not go in, I knew something was very wrong, anyway from the outside, besides the wound and swelling, things were very different inside.

**29** When I returned home, I told my mother what Ayling had said to me. She insisted she saw the wound. She then contacted my doctor and told him, not asked him, so unlike my Mum, to arrange that I should have someone else carry out my postnatal examination. My GP arranged for me to see Roger Clements someone he knew, about 7 weeks after the birth, he would do my postnatal. I was very confident as soon as I met him. He made no pretence that everything was OK. (My GP had been very off hand when I tried to tell him it had been an unusually difficult delivery, and that it was the same doctor I had already complained to him about, when on my way home from the hospital, I took him the courtesy letter). But he said he was sure he could improve things for me. He said I could come off the liquid paraffin, and start eating normally. He said that besides the bruising and the scarring he suspected the base of my spine was fractured, which it was. My husband's uncle told me he himself had fractured coccyx's at births, (he was a doctor), and that was nothing to make a fuss about. The scar near my anus felt as though I was being stabbed with a blunt knife, he said he would excise that. He said that I seemed not to have vagina any more was due to adhesions. He also said he could reform a cervix, (which had gone I honestly don't know if he said that then, or later as he waited another 4 months to do the repair) and do several other things. I told him the name of the doctor, and that I thought he had done it on purpose. He said **"No one could make a mess like this on purpose, he is just an incompetent oaf"**. He then went on to say he knew him, "He was no good as a mechanic so they decided to let him have a go with people". I understood they had studied together, and that he

knew him, and didn't like him. **DOCUMENT 5 letter to H [REDACTED]'s Feb 2002 from Clements.** I this week saw from my documents that he sent a letter to S [REDACTED] H [REDACTED] saying that Ayling was considered a joke in the late 1950's and early 1960's, and that mine was a long and dismal story, both of which made me exceedingly angry, actually dizzy. On the receiving end it is no joke. And much of my life is not dismal, and I realise only another victim can understand that these "scars" are not all that we are. And that if other doctors knew from the outset that he was a "joke" why was he allowed to continue for 40 years performing "jokes" on women. Maybe we the patients don't matter. Maybe we are all "interesting cases" (not people) until it gets really bad, then we become dismal stories. I have great respect for Roger Clements, as a surgeon and a man, and great gratitude for the capable care he gave me, and for my two sons he delivered. But the attitude is there in medicine nevertheless. And I think this needs to be said, and thoroughly understood and "assimilated" by all, including medical students. In the Bible it says "and the greatest of all is charity", I think "empathy" was what was meant. I think it is another dimension that not everyone is born with.

**30** I tried coming off the paraffin, and then discovered another problem. I never actually have gone into detail with anyone about this. I find I had some anal dysfunction, (I had thought it had been caused by the paraffin). I already knew my urinary system was damaged. I don't think I need to explain too much for this purpose. But the summary is I dare not get constipated, nor dare I get at all loose. Over the years I have developed a strict regime to cope with this. Obviously I cannot be too active, or sneeze or laugh, or lose concentration during sex. I also realised there was something wrong within my rectum, (I also because of the three later abdominal operations, because of Ayling, have problems behind that scarring, both in terms of hernia, and colon adhesions) and I had intermittent pain in my vagina (to this day), not often, but seemingly for no reason, ie not while having sex. (Quite honestly sex has not been a big part of my life. Once I gave up on the marriage I did find, given the chance, I was normal. But that is private. But knowing I was normal did do a great deal for my self-esteem). A third degree tear means there is nothing between the rectum and vagina, it is that that tears. The two



sides of me were no longer in alignment, and other details I do not think anyone needs to know. Besides the main tear there are all sorts of other scars in a random fashion, and pieces stuck here and there as my body had managed to heal itself. From extensive RTA injuries I know I heal exceptionally well. (You may appreciate there are times when I have felt cursed). There are also strange pleats and pockets, as well as something called a vault missing one side. There are I found out much later still webs, (which grow back if I am not careful) and constrictions. I have a prolapsed urethra and my cervix was torn and damaged. I was in a mess. All because of having a baby! I was very disturbed so much was wrong, but hopeful it could be put right. I was still healing, and I think Roger Clements wasn't sure how much better I would get on my own. He waited until 5 months after the birth to perform the operation. I am aware I may be saying things twice, it is difficult doing this statement. In Clement's letter he says I was suffering from dyspareunia, painful intercourse. I am certain before the operation neither I nor my husband had an inclination to try intercourse. (In fact other than the attempt to keep me from sticking back together immediately after the operation, see below, which made me pregnant, he didn't attempt intercourse until October 25th 1972, against my wishes, which again made me pregnant. I swear this is true, I remember absolutely clearly. I was not "cursed" by infertility).

**31** In early July 1971 I underwent an operation at the Samaritan Hospital for Women. I attach to this statement some details of my operation. **(DOCUMENT 6)**. I was still breastfeeding my baby, and I intended for her to be in hospital with me, but when I got inside some other women were having abortions, or were having hysterectomies, and I didn't want her there. So I sent her home. She was able to use a bottle. I didn't want strangers, some of whom smoked, to touch her. [There was luckily a copy of a letter from Clements giving some description of what he did to repair me, either with my GP notes or from the North Middlesex Hospital. I think notes from the Samaritan where I was repaired, St Mary's Paddington where I had my first son, or The Avenue Nursing Home where I had my second son, and the baby I lost are all unavailable. The repair entailed](#)

- Division of vaginal adhesions
- Trachelorrhaphy
- Fenton's operation
- Excision of peri-anal scar

He did the operation with an epidural, very new at the time, because he said it would give me confidence (for next time I had a baby). I had both sons with epidurals. I was in for several days, but anxious to get back to my baby. I was expressing my milk and throwing it away, as there was no way to get it back to her. "Plastic surgery" can repair, say a damaged face, but it does not put it back as it was. The operation did a lot, but could not do all, and some of what was wrong was irreparable. I was told I could have later had more done, but have never wanted to. Actually it took quite some time for me to realise how long term things would be, and I certainly did not appreciate the consequences at the time, which was just as well, as if I had known all that was to come I couldn't have faced it.

**32** After the repair he explained I needed to be "packed" to keep the raw edges from sticking back together. It was very strange lying with no feeling being stuffed with dressing with all his might. But on about the third day when I went to the loo that started to come out. It dangled down into the water and I thought I had better get it off. It was two inch wide gauze bandage, so I pulled enough out so that I could bite off the end that had got soiled. I went back to bed with it between my legs and told the staff nurse. She said best to take the lot out, and pulled "miles" of it. The last bit was stuck, and she yanked very hard and I then lost an awful lot of blood. She brought an incontinence pad, and changed the sheets. There were some quite big clots, bigger than my fist. I guess I lost at least a pint initially. (Medics will tell you blood looks worse than it is and can be overestimated by patients. I have seen enough blood to be confident in my estimation). It was a pool about an inch deep in the dent in the bed, but it also dripped both sides onto the floor. She hurriedly got the mop and bucket, told me to sit still, then changed the bed herself. The next day I was told I could go home, as long as I returned I think twice daily at first, to have a metal thing put in (for a few minutes) to make sure everything didn't

stick back together again. Travelling in the car was very difficult, it was quite a long journey, with my still painful fractured coccyx, and the wound open again, whilst trying to hold the baby. I was also very weak, I guess the blood loss, but also quite a bit of surgery. I was weaker than I was after the later Caesareans, both of which I was only hospitalised for 4 days, in the days when that wasn't the practice (it is now). After a few days I asked could my husband do the same thing as the metal. I was told yes.

**33** Because of my injuries, I had not had sexual intercourse with my husband since the birth. Unfortunately when he first did what the metal thing had been for he immediately ejaculated (unexpectedly). He didn't tell me at first, I thought he just couldn't do what I asked. I don't remember what happened after the first time, I don't think I reverted to the metal thing. Anyway that made me pregnant (the baby was born 9 months after the operation) and from that day onwards he always ejaculated almost immediately (with me) when we attempted intercourse, (for the next 20 years). We read books about it, told Roger about it, eventually tried therapy about it (in 1991 / 92). Certainly at first (because my scars were very painful) I didn't mind. But after a few years I began to be resentful, I don't think I ever got as far as being frustrated.

**34** That summer I had a new next door neighbour, midwifery sister Brenda Bennett who transferred to the North Middlesex hospital (from the Whittington where she had trained) just about the time I was repaired. She knew I had to have a repair following birth, and I told her all about it, including that I thought he did it on purpose. She said no way, but was sorry I had suffered so badly. (I obviously couldn't sit down comfortably, not for over a year). But then she soon changed. She told me **she had spoken to people who were there at the delivery. It obviously was "outstanding" in their minds.** Presumably none of them complained about what they saw. She soon told me that Ayling had a bad reputation amongst the nurses for saying dirty things (like "Were they cold as he could see their nipples through their uniforms?"). And soon after that he was a "butcher" and I should complain. I remember this because my dad was a butcher, and I knew butchers would have done better. She told

me three particular stories that summer I remember about him injuring babies. One of which was that a baby had its arm torn from its socket, and that Ayling did have remorse for that baby, she was told by a colleague (on the day shift) and went to watch him in the nursery more than once. She said that I was lucky Catherine was OK. She also said "Too many babies die" when he was responsible, too many risks were taken. (In that Caesarean sections were not done when they obviously should be). He was detested by the other staff. He must have been a lonely man. She said he used to show off during deliveries, by having one hand on the forceps, and bending over backwards with his other hand on the floor to pull, then even worse, stand up and put the hand from the floor back onto the mother. Almost all his patients got infections. And he typically didn't wear gloves. (She also said these days she hated to wear gloves to "receive" an infant because of AIDS, it seemed to insult the majesty of birth. But to wear them in other circumstances was normal, but not compulsory in the 70's). I knew she wanted me to complain. I again spoke about it at my last (of these visits) to Clements. He again said it would do no good, and would "cause me a lot more grief", I think were his exact words.

**35** About that time I received a form asking why I had not attended the full pelvimetry X-ray that Ayling had requested. In response, on 29<sup>th</sup> July 1971, I drafted a letter as near as I could to a complaint to Mr Brace, the obstetric consultant (**DOCUMENT 7**). I explained in my letter about all the injuries I had received because of the brutal way Ayling handled my birth. I wanted to know **"what went wrong because I would like to get to the bottom of things"** (rather unfortunate choice of words I see now). In other words, what were the hospital / authorities doing about Ayling and his appalling and brutal conduct? I was very angry that Ayling was trying to make out there was something very wrong with me (as Roger Clements had repeatedly assured me there was not). But I knew I had no back up from him or my GP, and I would have to "go it alone". At about this time I realised my period had not come as it should at the end of July, and that was the time my husband said he had ejaculated. I see from this letter that I admit realising immediately I might possibly be pregnant. (I did not remember that I knew so quickly, I thought I didn't know until November), I did want another baby and soon, before I lost my nerve, but

not in the way that it happened. The "bravado" of my letter hides very well what was going on in my mind. I got through a great deal when young with "bravado". But I was pleased I could still conceive, and that my baby would not be an only child. I had completely forgotten that letter to Mr Brace. I can remember now, and see I went "as far as I could" without directly saying Ayling was a pervert, a sadist, incompetent, or that I thought he did this to me on purpose, as Roger Clements advised against it. I suppose I was hoping Brace would draw his own conclusions, and look into matters. He obviously didn't as Ayling continued until Clements became a consultant at the North Middlesex some time later. I know, whenever it was, that I was pleased about the possibility of a new baby, although scared, as I was worried that if I lost my nerve "nerves" could stop me getting pregnant, and I certainly did not want Catherine to be an only child. **I felt I could thoroughly trust Clements.** But I said nothing to anyone about that, least of all my mother, or husband. But I did see it was on the letter to Brace, as a further reason I didn't want lots of X-rays, which I knew by then that Clements was against. I do remember that, my husband was party to the "getting pregnant again" issue, as he said later first to his girlfriend, and then to me, the next baby was "the worst mistake of his life". That stuck as I had hoped his worst mistake might be having an affair with his secretary when I so needed him, or beating me, or repeatedly getting into financial crises, so that over years, despite high earnings, we became worse off. Even years later, when my skills enabled our collateral to multiply, (by getting planning permission for the conversion of redundant farm outbuildings to dwellings) all that we had always vanished, and he never had time for me the home or the family. He always needed to be "too important". That was very hard to cope with, I guess also for him.

**36** I see I received a reply from Dr Brace's secretary suggesting that I come and see him and talk things over with him. **(DOCUMENT 8)**. I cannot recall if I attended this meeting. Maybe I did. In fact I don't think I ever saw my consultant, yet I do have some idea of an old short fat man and a potted rubber plant. I know I hoped someone would take notice of what I had said. I had again told my Health Visitor, and she then seemed to stop coming to see me until the next baby. Also my GP suggested that now I had a baby I should

get a doctor nearer to where I lived (he was 2 miles away), that is the GP ditched me! Which hurt. Sadly I was overtaken by other events, especially being beaten, and dropped the complaint efforts.

**37** I suffered mentally and physically (and certainly financially) until now from Ayling's brutal delivery, and its aftermath (particularly that my husband simply couldn't cope, apparently that is quite common after such traumas. Yet finance like sex have not been a high priority for me. Doing something useful with my life has been a priority, and I have done some extraordinary things, of which I am very proud. I feel I owe back what was given to me). Unfortunately my husband was too affected, and once the new pregnancy was confirmed he could not face another birth, and went off with his secretary, (an affair). My injuries repelled him, even though I did not elaborate on them, I think I never even showed sex hurt, for years (bit more psychoprophylaxis). He virtually became virtually impotent (with me), and I knew I should not have insisted he attended the forceps birth. He also felt guilty, which made him violent. (In fact he beat me badly for five years, with each pregnancy, in all about 15 times, usually when drunk, but not always, until my father eventually found out from a neighbour. He was an ex public school boy, actually I went to the [REDACTED] [REDACTED] and I had no experience or expectation of abuse and I was so very ashamed of that). He also was not interested in the baby (or subsequent babies) other than in the most half hearted way. My mother said lots of men are not very interested in babies, "wait until they grow". I know he is now interested in his daughter, but only since our marriage ended, which was about the time she graduated as a doctor. I guess it suits him to have a successful child, like the yacht and Mercedes it makes up for what he must know inside, although I am told he is so different now he has a new wife. I know my strength used to frighten him. I wonder if he is so different, as he is also now barely interested in his grandchildren. He was "put off" I think by the birth, his father was certainly interested in his grandchildren. I was also realising I would remain partially doubly incontinent. It was just so distressing, isolating, depressing, degrading, not what I had expected from life. I had never heard the word incontinent. I had intended to "build a better world". I was aware my parents were devastated, even though they knew very little,

and said not a lot. Yet the baby was absolutely fine, and absolutely beautiful. I wasn't unhappy, just dreadfully changed. I did not want to tell anyone anything, not about incontinence, his impotence, that he beat me, or had an affair with his secretary. Such things didn't happen in our family, or our friends. The friends I have told since being involved with these recent issues, have said at the time they had almost no idea. I hid it very well. But I must have seemed very different. My mother was horrified when I told her I was pregnant again, especially as that was about the same time he left. I think she thought I was to blame, as I was too wrapped up with the baby, and "no fun". I didn't even like to admit to myself how much was wrong. After the second baby was born, 13.5 months after the first, 9 months after the operation, I knew I was "going under" and I phoned a lady from Yellow Pages, a Consultant Psychiatrist, who used to come to my house as it was so difficult to get out. I told her about some of the problems. I didn't see her much as she seemed to be sure it was to do with sex mainly, and she said many people do not have sexual intercourse (like her, but she was much older, and very fat). I liked her even though she was weird, and she said, "Make sure that you never ever need him" (as he was a weak man, and being needed made him violent). I didn't feel she could really help me, she also had what I thought were very strange ideas. I decided it was best I got divorced as he seemed to hate me, and was not in the slightest interested in the babies. I saw a solicitor in White Hart Lane. He had even been rather violent to both the babies, (shook Catherine at 7 weeks, "thrown" Nathan in his cot at 4 months) and I began to be afraid he might hurt them. I was very careful not to demand anything from him, or ask for help. The baby boy used to cry a great deal, unlike the girl, but then I had had an enormous amount of sorrow whilst expecting him (to do with the affair). Anyway with all that was going on in my life, or rather going wrong with my life, I made no more attempt to complain to anyone about Ayling. **Maybe all this detail is irrelevant, I just want everyone, particularly the many who were victims after me, to understand why I gave up trying to complain.** And that the family situation disintegrated is quite typical of what happens after such a catastrophe. In fact even this last two years it has been incredibly difficult to "get anything done", and has repeatedly distracted me from more positive occupations. I have had

to hassle people, police, other authorities, Clements and so on, against my "desires", but because of my responsibilities. I expect the directly involved professionals found me a nuisance. Most hid it well, most of the time, Sean Beautridge, the policeman, tries to be a "gent". This "timing" is particularly bad for me. I have just "crawled" back to where I was 32 years ago. And doing what I have had to do to expose this, for 2 years, has been disruptive, and counter productive for me. I didn't expect Ayling to be back on my agenda. I thought he had been disposed of for malpractice in 1975. I have no choice. It reminds me of the "If" poem.

**38** Some years after her birth, I again wrote to Mr Roger Clements about my concerns in respect of my pelvis and whether or not this might be inheritable and so affect my daughter and her ability to bare children. He again reiterated that **in different circumstances I would have had a perfectly normal delivery. (DOCUMENT 4 again).**

**39** So you see what Ayling did to me destroyed my confidence in myself, my confidence in what my daughter might inherit from me, my confidence in life, (was I cursed) in doctors, in other people. I was very well educated, with a degree in architecture, one of only 3 women amongst 150 students (in 3 years) in my school of architecture, in the days when far fewer people especially women went to university anyway. And although I went on to design a few properties, it was impossible in the circumstances to pursue any life other than being the best mother I could. Ayling mutilated me in so many ways, all of them intimate, some of them psychological. And in damaging me, he damaged my family, and also damaged society, directly, and by all the good that has never been done. He will of course have damaged his own family. I did have another yet another little boy after another year, in July 1993, the result of marital rape on October 25th 1972, the day of my father's first heart attack, (not violent, but at a time when I was getting divorced, and just 6 months after the Caesarean Section). I could not face the abortion I was offered. Because of that pregnancy I decided to stay married (or look a total fool) and J [REDACTED] made some effort at first, but not much, to do the same. The premature ejaculation continued, as did the violence, and it may seem



unbelievable, but three years later I decided to have yet another baby and then be sterilised, I hoped that would help (the impotence etc). My willpower I have been told by people is my greatest weakness! (I suppose hell for others with more sense). Also I had always wanted a baby since a little girl. I had been in too much physical pain to enjoy the first. I was in too much mental pain to enjoy the second, and just too tired and too busy to enjoy the third (3 babies in less than 2.5 years, with 4 drastic surgical procedures, and an affair all during that period to additionally cope with). Sadly, the placenta for that baby implanted on the uterine scars, and after a lot of bleeding for months I lost it, and as the placenta was so peculiarly attached to scarring I had to have an emergency hysterectomy. Roger said if he performed one immediately I had a 50:50 chance of survival. If he didn't I would die as I was losing blood faster than they could replace it. I had a peculiarly scarred uterus only because of Ayling. **At the time of this pregnancy (1976) Clements told me he had "got rid" of Ayling in 1975 soon after he became consultant at the North Middlesex. He said he wouldn't be "touching anyone" again.** Unfortunately for so many, Clements was wrong. Ayling found a way. Once I had no worries about pregnancy I was free to move away from Clements, London to Devon, for a better quality of life for my children, and ran a smallholding. After RTA injuries in 1985 my husband was just as uncaring as after Catherine's birth. We were no longer young and immature, he simply didn't care about me. And seemingly my children followed his example. I struggled on with the marriage until my youngest was 21 years old (and my parents dead). I soon after came to Liverpool to try to get back something of a life, with most of my share of what remained of my money, as I didn't want him to have to sell the family home, two sons were still there. Of course he did so almost immediately anyway. (My husband had repeatedly supported his business by borrowing on the home, although he always earned a great deal).

**40** I was horrified when, almost 30 years after seeing Ayling last, on 20th December 2000, I saw him on the television. A doctor had been convicted of sexually assaulting many of his female patients. My knees went weak before I knew quite why, then I heard his name. And I heard them saying "and the

Health Secretary wants a full inquiry into how it was this man was allowed to continue for 10 years repeatedly sexually assaulting patients". My body reacted to him before my mind focused on what was being said. And I knew I had to come forward, and say "No, not 10 years, at least 30 years", and that no-one realises the extent of his crimes. And I have been trying to expose that ever since. And many doors have been shut in my face and bolted. So the problem wasn't just "long ago" it remains now, maybe worse, because now it is known he was a pervert, and still no-one really wants to thoroughly look at it all. At the end of this I say more of what I think needs to be done. It is probably inappropriate for me so to do, but this is my only chance. And I feel I should, as I am probably more acquainted with the issues than anybody. And have had more time to think and understand than anybody, 32 years now, so I have to contribute all I can, even if that looks makes me look absurd, and to say such a thing "so ridiculous". I am also as educated as anybody, so that I "ought" to be able to do it (now 8 years worth of university education). And even though seemingly unemployable, having been "on the back burner" most of my life, I know that I am as intelligent as almost anybody, well 99.75 % of the population (I perform as an alpha plus in psychometric tests), as experienced as anybody, (of life). I have to say what I believe, as there may be no-one else to say it. Maybe you all can see it, but I am not going to take that chance. I find "successful" people often lack in imagination, as well as compassion, but not always. I find successful people normally assume they are so because they should be, not realise they are so because they have been lucky. The very topmost guys also seem to lack conscience, seen from where we, the ordinary people stand.

**41** The night that I saw Ayling on TV, I stayed up and wrote a letter to Alan Milburn, the first of five over several months. I did not have a direct response, he passed the letters to the NHS. In one of the later letters the NHS said, when I questioned them that they were in fact responding on Alan Milburn's behalf. **(DOCUMENT 9 letter to Alan Milburn)** They referred me at about the fourth attempt to the GMC, they eventually said my information was not useful. I was also told by both bodies (NHS and GMC) I needed proof. The hospital said my notes were destroyed, when I tried to find the proof. I then

found Clements, who remembered. I was also referred to the AVMA who referred me to S██████ H██████, I wrote to her 28th February 2001. March 12th I had a reply to say she couldn't help. I tried the local police, later the Folkestone police, and eventually tracked the right officer. After two years I still don't know if the CPS see any value in a further prosecution. No-one really wants to know, and the "usefulness" of my case at various levels is "doubtful". In many ways I understand that. But that I know this is not a ten, but a forty year problem, and that there are so many of us, for decades, I think it is "useful" to have fully exposed, **for the purposes of seeing the extent of the problem adequately**. This focal point seems the best place, the only place to "shove in" my contribution, welcome or not. This is not attention seeking. I could so very much have done better without all this, almost as much so as originally, because time is running out for me, and I have much, very useful, to do with my life and my particular talents, (not writing quasi medical/legal statements) that has been "postponed".

**42** I have spent so much time writing so many letters and E-mails re Ayling. I informed the police, then CPS directly (I met a guy by purest chance, on a train, and we started to talk, who knew Elizabeth Howe. After that the police did seem to decide to go ahead), I informed the NHS, Health Secretary, GMC, BMA on the phone, but I have no record of that, AVMA, the solicitor, many of them more than once, and got nowhere. I have attached a copy of one such letter to my statement. I tried to get in touch with anybody, when all else failed in desperation even the Times and the Sun, at those times when he was "in the news" and it might have been "worth" it, just to say not ten, thirty years. They didn't want to know, one guy was very helpful though, and said he was not at all surprised, his job had taught him just how much rot is covered up by "the system". The only positive thing was that Clements remembered me, my Sir Gallahad again. That was as far as I got in many months and many letters, phone calls, E-mails. (All whilst being at university taking a degree, caring for my grandchildren, doing community work, to do with urban regeneration, and acquiring an income through running a house for overseas students). I have deadlines now, that I have had to put to one side,

like sending my Christmas cards, and designing a community centre, as all this paperwork has to be correlated.

**43** Probably the only "exposure" (unless the CPS decides to go ahead, and they have been deciding for a very long time now, seven months) my complaint will have, is this Inquiry. And I am only included on this because S█████ H█████ changed her mind between I think March 12th 2001 when she said she couldn't help me, and January 2002 when she decided my case might after all be useful, and unexpectedly approached me re going to the High Court. That seems too dreadfully tenuous. In other words, for all my personal efforts, and they were considerable, (I try damned hard, and do not give up), I was if not totally ignored, then disposed of. That is just as much now as 30 years ago, except eventually by the police probably solely as I met a colleague of Elizabeth Howe on the train, who happened to be reading about it in the newspaper, and that may not be used anyway.

**44** The police didn't really want to know at first. But I have been insistent, particularly once every other door was shut and bolted. That was demoralising, I felt like Mr Bean popping up saying "Only me". I realise they have limited resources, to tackle events happening now, including social breakdown in inner cities, my own subject area, (not solely architectural issues). Yet I had to expose that this is not a ten but a forty year problem. It is not a past, but a present problem, that dreadful things go wrong, repeatedly, and there is **no way of picking up on that, and no one wants to address that issue. I have said I will do this if it kills me.** Friends have said "Don't put yourself through it". Friends have helped me drag myself back to life this last 8 years, and I have determined not to be too much burden on them. One has supported me at a time when I realised I had to have someone. And once or twice this last week, and before over this two years, through anger, I believe I have come pretty close to it killing me. That sounds melodramatic I know. I don't mean through suicide, I have no inclinations that way any more, too much to live for. One "scar" is that when I am angry my blood pressure goes up to 240 / 190. (Usually it is 140 / 90, high, but I am obviously seriously obese, I think probably for obvious reasons you may now

understand). I believe an intrinsic part of the social breakdown we are experiencing is due to an increasing lack of trust by ordinary people of those authorities that assume it is up to them to orchestrate our lives. And that this Inquiry must then have that problem as possibly an unmentioned but integral part of its terms of reference. What point else in seeing how it was the NHS failed to react, 40 years ago, 30 years ago, for the last 10 years, and now? Why was he not weeded out in the fifties, before he was ever employed by the NHS? Who screens medical students?

**45** To reiterate (ad nauseam) the police referred me at first to the GMC. The Health Secretary referred me to the NHS who referred me to the GMC. And you will see the final reply. (**DOCUMENT 10,...08/ 03/ 01 GMC**). I hope that this Inquiry finds that me exposing my experiences both of the assault, and trying to report it then and now, **"SERVES A USEFUL PURPOSE AT THIS STAGE"**. Whether it does or it doesn't, I want to get on with what is left of my life. I put this ball in your court now, as I have gone as far as I can. I have had stood in the highest court in this land, (well court 3) in the best land in the world, and I believe with all my heart, **that we can do better than this**. I have done my best, and need to "move on". As you can see basically they told me that they had undertaken their own investigations, (GMC) following Ayling's conviction and that there was to be a Professional Conduct Committee Hearing, which I also wrote to. I was then informed that they had closed my case because **" ..in view of the strength of the case against Dr Ayling, that it would serve no useful purpose at this stage, to consider any additional complaints against him. In view of this we have closed your case"**.

**46** In desperation I insisted the police took me seriously, as this "full inquiry" was going to be so superficial, (just 10 years of 40). S█████ H█████, using me, managed to get it to 30 years, I was informed some weeks later. Why should that all be in the hands of lawyers, gatekeepers to justice? Just as birth is now all in the hands of medics? Why should ordinary people never be heard without orchestration? Are we not articulate enough? These professions were created to help, not hinder people. I felt it was my

responsibility to make sure it was realised how long he had been abusing patients, and that he had done far worse than anyone knew about, in that there were deaths and serious injuries (besides mine, from what my neighbour had told me). And I had to do that despite finding I was unable to do it "through the proper channels". Once I found the right policeman he then arranged for me to make a statement some time later, summer 2001. A policewoman came to my house and took it. It had to be altered somewhat, and was very similar to what I had sent the GMC. Ayling was then finally interviewed about that May 2002, another year later, and I am still now waiting to see if the CPS has decided to go ahead, I have been told the decision should be by March.

**47** I was then unexpectedly later approached in January 2002 by S [REDACTED] H [REDACTED] to say that my input would be very useful in the event that there was an independent Inquiry. Although I participated in Ms H [REDACTED]'s action (along with many other victims) at the High Court Hearing for the full public Inquiry the Health Minister had promised, that for some reason the Home Secretary overturned, I gladly agreed to participate in a private Inquiry, hence my statement. If she had not told me, then I would not even know about this. True I do not follow it in the media, too busy, also don't want to think about it.

**48** There is some hollow satisfaction, dreadful as it is, that Ayling was more than just incompetent, he is a proven pervert just as I thought in 1970 the first time I met him. That is satisfaction for me, that my judgement is not impaired. His incompetence was good camouflage for his sadistic sexual perversion. I have had many self-doubts over the years, (due to isolation) including that I am "different" in various ways, or mistaken, and my opinion on anything isn't worth having. I needed to be more sure of myself when I had three teenage children, they needed that. With age and redoing a degree these self doubts are diminishing, despite this last two years of frustration on this matter. I am hoping that others similar to me will still come forward, painful as it may be for them, as they may not be as lucky as me, my child survived, and was not physically damaged, although there are certainly secondary effects on her life. My solicitor, Ms H [REDACTED], has used her best

endeavours to obtain some of my medical records, (from the police mainly I assume). This week I have properly looked since December 10th 2002 at the copies she has sent me (when I took the last of my finals exams, to get me back to where I was just before Ayling so damaged me. It is incredibly distressing to see how hard I tried when I was so young, believing as I did then that if I tried hard enough I could make everything right. That young strong girl became so diminished over time). I can see she, S [REDACTED] H [REDACTED] has acquired some of North Middlesex notes, (there should also be baby notes) and some GP notes but I do not think my Samaritan notes, St Mary's Paddington notes, or The Avenue Clinic notes are available. Ms H [REDACTED] has also contacted Mr Roger Clements, the physician who treated me for my perineum repair operations, back in 1971. I attach to this statement a copy of Mr Clements' reply to her, dated 11<sup>th</sup> March 2002.

**(DOCUMENT 5 again).**

**49** I reiterate that in Mr Clements' letter, he confirms that when he knew Ayling in the late 50's and 60's, Ayling was '**regarded as something of a joke**' and that he was largely tolerated because he was older, (5 years) making him slower. I am an "older" student, (by 35 years, that is I am almost three times the age of the others) but I am not slower. I think if he had been on the receiving end, he would not find it so much of a joke, lying powerless on your back with a baby stuck inside you, needing skill to have it removed before it dies. I believe I was tortured, for fun, which almost killed my baby, and almost totally destroyed my life. At no moment did he look concerned, or sympathetic, just smiling, as though he was having a good time. No-one but me could see his face. Nor after did he show any sympathy whatsoever for the extensive injuries. I said at the time he was a pervert, 30 years later I was proven right, he is a pervert. Roger Clements letter goes on to say that although my injuries were '**suggestive of incompetence**' it would be difficult for me to prove (had I brought about a civil claim against Ayling, at that time, you get three years, I was too devastated for three years or more to try, and would probably not have succeeded, so it is as well I didn't). **In other words, there was nothing anyone could do to stop him.** What the letter does do, is confirm to me that **there were others who did indeed think Ayling was**

**"not a very good doctor", over forty years ago, yet he continued, without anyone ever checking on his performance.** What many must also have known, besides my next door neighbour, was that there were a string of damaged or dead babies almost on a weekly basis, at least in summer 1971, and that no-one did anything about. My neighbour was a very responsible woman. Her husband is my daughter's Godfather. I am still in touch with her, but she is retired now, in Trinidad. I wonder if Roger Clements would reassess his opinion if he spoke to Sean Beautridge, who has interviewed his many victims. He sees him as I do, as an opportunistic predator, with no conscience, preying on the vulnerable. I believe he is not as stupid as many think. He has got away with it for decades. **I also believe Clements was dismayed enough about him to get him out of obstetrics in 1975, about which he is keeping quiet.** At the time, when I was so brutally and humiliatingly subject to Ayling's treatment, I had no idea how I could directly bring a complaint against him. I tried my best in the circumstances, just as I have now. It was like shouting in a padded cell, as has it been now. I reiterate, thirty years later it was not a great deal different. I have not been following things in the media, I do not know how this Inquiry is supposed to be "reaching" people. When other things go wrong, like wrong medication, patients are contacted. I only know about this Inquiry because I happened to approach S██████ H██████ 22 months ago, and she happens to have decided to inform me, even though I am not her client as such. It seemed inappropriate for any "party" to pick up on what I was saying and take it further, then and now. **Mechanisms are missing.** Although I complained to my doctors at the time, because I knew that my treatment was not right, I feel very let down that nothing further was done on my behalf, and also on behalf of the very many who followed me expecting to receive **medical care under the NHS. There must surely be a "duty of care" in those responsible for what is called a caring profession. There is in building and in environmental issues.** Brace should have watched. Consultants should make themselves aware of the capabilities of their staff. I know I was overwhelmed by events, but tried hard, until events drove me under. If I could have tried, why not others not so loaded down by pain and grief? That it was improper to expose colleagues I do not excuse. When proper doesn't work, then we need to use improper,



**Unless we are moral cowards.** I excuse myself for not having stopped him then. And I personally apologise to the many victims after me, even though I really did believe he had been stopped. That I so much later found he continued for years devastated me, then motivated me. I have wept for his other victims, because I know what the likely suffering is, and how much is difficult to attribute directly. Maybe I was destined to be obese, unemployed, and rejected by my children, but I doubt it! I thought for 25 years he had been stopped, and he was not on my agenda. Making the best of what was left of my life was, that effort being hampered by a trashed marriage I eventually conceded. I may have forgiven my husband for not coping, but I think he never forgave himself, nor could he break out of his coping mechanism, indifference. My injuries were so self explanatory that I truly believed that Ayling would have been dealt with accordingly in the early 70's, if anyone had had the slightest inclination, even if he was "only" incompetent, in that he would be prevented from practising on anyone else. My injuries in addition to those I was told about by my neighbour would easily have indicated the efficacy of his "healthcare". And if he wasn't dealt with then WHY NOT? Is this culture of silence all pervasive? Why did no one bother to put two and two together, or start watching carefully? I believe some did, the midwives, but had absolutely no way of acting, and maybe still don't. Just how much proof is needed?

**50** Even at this late stage, I feel that the Health Authority should prepare to facilitate Ayling's victims with some kind of support. I have several times nearly "gone under" because of this (recently). I gave up on marriage because I needed some "peace" to "get a life", and this turns up again! Other victims may find it every bit as hard, or worse, especially if they have spent 30 years looking after a damaged "child". I didn't have to do that, I did lose a child because of him, in 1976, but tending a damaged child year in and year out is more heartbreaking. I have done it for friends to give them a break. Maybe there are many who cannot face the exposure I now do, and I promise them I fully understand, and you may well be right. There should be a help line, or a web page, or something obvious people can readily contact (not just for him, but other medical disasters, the AVMA is not immediate enough) with

real help at the end of it, not an asaphone. I have gone round and round in circles, which has added to my distress, and fury. Aside from the physical damage, the mental anguish and pain that I (and I am sure many others) have had to endure is indescribable. Still at this moment I am anguished by doing this statement. I am also exhausted by it, it has taken 60 hours, I started immediately after the last of my finals, which was supposed to be a time of great celebration. I am aware of all aspects. If women come forward with brain damaged babies, who would be around 30 years old now, or blind babies (he put forceps through one baby's eye into the brain I was told), or no baby, (a headmistress' child died) or a baby whose arm was ripped out of its socket, after this, my experience is exposed, then I know they will need support. Both the women, and their damaged "children", maybe their partners, if they bothered to stay, will need support as this tidal wave hits them again on the way back. I know many partners don't cope. I have found out that it is such catastrophes that split families, with consequences for generations. Like me they probably thought they had put it behind them "accepted the change and moved on" as a therapist will tell you. They may not know his name. They may not know he was either incompetent or a pervert. That is a very dreadful thing to cope with, worse than my case, my "baby" is OK. This has been bad enough for me. Since trying to expose this it has had a very damaging effect on me. But I dared not ignore my responsibility, or it would have been worse (for me). Scarred I am used to. Coward I have never been. I suggest that many victims have no idea that what happened to them or their babies, was unnecessary, other women from other hospitals may begin to doubt their own experiences. Hence I suppose the excuse it is not in the public interest for it to be public. But every woman would rather go through this backlash, whatever the cost, than let it continue. Giving our lives for the future is what women do. Men don't. We live in a man's world, still. It can be better than this.

**51** I am sure no-one chooses to be born a pervert. That he could not empathise with his patients was part of the character flaw. Maybe he is just "slap happy" (I remember the slap) and doesn't realise other doctors do not leave trails of devastation. Maybe like some architects he never goes back to

find out if what he did was acceptable. He is obviously not all bad as he has a daughter who has not rejected her parent, (so he is luckier than I am). And I, and I am sure the rest of us, wish her well, much as we wish we didn't have to see her, as she unwillingly joins us, the victims (at a pre Inquiry meeting). **But many must have chosen not to do anything about it, as they must have realised, if not that he was a pervert, then that he was incompetent. Maybe some chose to try, and found like me there was no way.** And by getting away with it for so long, no doubt he became of the opinion that what he did was normal, "part of the perks", certainly normal for him, and he must have believed others did not think it was "so bad" as no-one blew the whistle.

**52** This section next is an account / summary of the multiple efforts I made in 1971, and then again in 2001, to make my complaint. I got nowhere in repeated attempts. Politely disposed of, I still wait to see if the CPS will go ahead. And I only by some chance I do not understand was brought into this Inquiry. I think because S [REDACTED] H [REDACTED] changed her mind. That is hardly a satisfactory mechanism for my input.

**Summary of my steps**, but not all of them, (in context) in attempt to complain about Ayling's indecent assault December 1970, and February 1971 ie baby pushed out of good position, and birth turned into a blood bath.

**The nurse who later came in knew**, she said "have you finished doctor".

**Complained to GP** Nubar Derounian soon after, he "called his wife" (to be chaperone) for the first time, was very uneasy, and extremely dismissive.

**Complained to Health Visitor** Miss Marriott the baby was no longer "engaged". She said not to worry, of course doctors sometimes were rough, discuss with my GP.

February 11th, he came into the delivery room for forceps delivery. I pleaded with everyone present **"please not him", those present knew I thought he was dangerous. Those present did not then complain, even though I was told it was "the worst spectacle ever". Or if they did, nothing was then done.** Told consultant unavailable, no time to be wasted. During "difficult forceps" believed he was enjoying his "work".

After the birth **advised by one midwife** "Never let anyone try to tell you this wound was caused by an abscess". She knew.

I **complained to my GP** about the birth, he said I was "making a fuss", and put that on my notes, so when my baby had bacterial meningitis 4 years later, no-one acted, for 3 days (they die in 12 hours) and again she survived. Soon after he suggested I change doctors as I now (for 3 years) lived further away (1 mile). He did arrange with my mother I should see **Roger Clements**.

March 1971. He examined me, turned down the offer of a chaperone. I told him I thought Ayling had done it on purpose. He said "no-one could do a thing like this on purpose, **not even an incompetent oaf like him**". He knew him from medical school.

June 1971 a new neighbour moved next door who started to work with Ayling. **He was well known** as being "disgusting" to the young nurses, then she began telling me what he had done to other mothers and babies. I again tried to complain, Roger said it would do no good and make life harder for me.

**End July complained to Mr Brace (N Mid, consultant over Ayling)**

Meanwhile I had become pregnant immediately after the repair operation (in July) and as soon as that was confirmed my husband left me. So I had other things to worry about. I had not wanted my daughter to be an only child.

I refused to have baby at the North Mid, in case by some fluke he ever examined me, I had him in St Mary's Paddington, very inconvenient.

Next baby 1973 ("accident") Roger had gone to North Mid as consultant. Ayling still there, so I had baby at private nursing home.

Next baby was intentional "to enjoy" and then be sterilised, I lost 1976. At that time **Roger said that Ayling would no longer be touching women**. I am sure he knew, and sure he got rid of him somehow. But what he could not do for some reason was get him out of medicine altogether. He became a GP.

I didn't see Mr Clements again. I tried hard not ever to think about Ayling.

Life went on the children grew up, I gave up entirely on my marriage (following injuries in an RTA) when the youngest was 21.

Tried to make a new life as from 1994. Retook 2 years of the degree in architecture I had just completed in 1970. Now I am just finishing another degree in environmental science, to start MSc in environmental architecture

March, then PhD Urban Regeneration, (for which I already have done much work).

## **THEN RECENTLY**

**December 2000 saw Ayling on TV.** Reacted by going dizzy before I knew why. Listened, realised, remembered. Tried to tell "people" it was not 10 years, 30 or more. INTO SECOND ROUND

**Knew I had to make sure I am heard so that it could never happen again.**

Tried **Health Secretary**, 5 times 21st December 2000, 21st January 2001, 3rd February 2001, 9th March 2001, 10th July 2001. I did have answers, but they "couldn't help", from NHS, I didn't realise on his behalf at first

Police first locals they said to **go to the GMC, also AVMA, and victim support**

Tried **GMC** sent complaint 25th January

**The GMC** told me March 8th 2001 they couldn't help me, **no useful purpose**

I got in touch with the **hospital**, was told my notes destroyed (not true).

Tried AVMA 27th first time January 2001, replied 16th Feb told S H [REDACTED]

Feb 2001 AVMA told me re S [REDACTED] H [REDACTED]. Said **she couldn't help**.

AVMA again 30th March

Victim Support May 16th letter from

Response from **NHS** 26th Feb, I didn't know passed on from Alan Milburn

Again **NHS** 12th March, nothing more to add can't intervene, **told apply GMC**

12th March wrote to professional conduct committee, no response

Again **NHS** 29th March confirmed re Alan Milburn, no date yet to see if struck off, **I need proof of allegations**

30 March **NHS** a local, asks more info

**Tried Judge** Croft to ask what could I do March 2001, he said could not help

Then found Beautridge I wrote 26th Feb

Wrote 2nd April, got response 3rd April, I found "the right one",

2nd July 2001 wrote **Clements**, replied 9th July, **remembered**, said try AVMA

5th July 2001 from S Beautridge, I gave permission to get my medical notes

Have finally interviewed him this May 2002, still waiting for **CPS to decide** if "worth" pursuing).

July 2001 Police told me Ayling now struck off, (like its all over).  
Jan 2002 tried my **MP Jane Kennedy**, nothing, just before S [redacted] got in touch  
Then end January 2002 SH got in touch with me, to go to the High Court this  
February, to try to get the **Public Inquiry Alan Milburn promised** on TV that  
the **Home Secretary later overturned**.

Spoke to police about Inquiry, was warned if I took part it might spoil the  
criminal case. But I feel I have to take that risk, as the CPS still have not  
decided to go ahead.

I want to it to be understood why he was not stopped, so that it cannot happen  
again. **That it has been so difficult to get "heard" makes me extremely  
uncertain that we have changed in the way this is tackled**, even though  
we now know this happens (and presumably didn't then).

**STATEMENT OF TRUTH**

**I believe that the facts in this statement are true.**

**I am willing for my statement and any documents referred to within it to  
be circulated to those parties involved for the purposes of the inquiry,  
solely on the understanding that at all times this must be treated as  
completely confidential. I need some privacy to live. I have had to  
expose myself to a few to try to prevent this happening in future,  
because it is my responsibility to do that, and I cannot in all conscience  
abdicate from that.**

**Signature .....**

**ELIZABETH PASCOE**

**Dated .....**

## **POST SCRIPT TO STATEMENT**

There is more I could have said, more detail I could give, but I think this has been enough, for the statement. What is below could arguably be said to be superfluous, or already covered. Yet as I am so close to this and so may have insight others do not, I chose to add it, I suppose as a postscript.

At 23 years, and in a sorry state, I both thought and said that this doctor was a pervert. Those in a better position than I, and older, and undamaged, said this could not be the case. Thirty years later it has proven to be the case that I was right and they were wrong. Hence I trust my judgement above almost anyone else's. I was prepared to believe I was wrong. I remain convinced that the authorities who fed him his victims, and ignored both complaints and many tragedies, would much rather I had given up, than face what I have exposed. One could say that it was "different years ago" but this is now. And I have had almost every door shut in my face. That matters as much as what he did. I have also had some abuse, plenty of irritation, and much innuendo. I remain waiting to see if the CPS decides it is worth bothering with me. I have heard "they don't want to put me through too much unnecessarily". There is that, because I know (both as a juror and a witness) as I have seen, that barristers behave abominably to witnesses, publicly abuse them to the break them, for the sake of "justice". I have seen them enjoy the sport, and even congratulate each other, and opponents afterwards for their performances. I saw that our High Court Hearing to have this fully public, as promised, was a complete waste of time, and a terrible waste of money, and distress. Some of that distress was the "show" put on before us, banter about the political correctness of terms like transparency, which is normal. Top lawyers are often (but not always) more arrogant than doctors (and "top" architects). Maybe it comes with the job, some sort of defence mechanism, to keep suffering at arms length. It is something I cannot understand.

I hope this exposure actually does some good, as this needs to be addressed, not least as I am told (by doctors, of whom I know quite a few) that this problem with both incompetent as well as perverted doctors remains. That the general public are best not informed I can understand. I do believe these

bad ones are in a minority, but they exist. A decent person, (but incompetent) who found they repeatedly damaged patients would decide to do a different job. He was in all of this, caused all of this, for his own benefit. Whether he has ever faced the truth about himself I doubt. He certainly isn't all bad as his daughter loves him. I believe the side of him I met to be despicable, and I believe at least in hospital, many people must have known, and did nothing. We need to know why not. I believe my neighbour, his colleague, wanted me to complain as she could not. It must be possible to monitor the "product" of individuals as well as establishments, to prevent so much of this, which might even in fact act as a preventative.

I think if the NHS are going to say to us "We are sorry" then part of the expression of that regret is to do what I indicate, otherwise the words are empty, and us exposing ourselves serves no purpose except as Public Relations Exercise, which could not be avoided. I, like others, wait to see, until we see, we are not reassured. I can understand that anyone other than the victims will find this process very wearing, so do we, and something they want to get away from, we can't. It has damaged me this last two years that I have been trying to constructively do to remove myself from the back water I was pushed into 32 years ago. I didn't want this at all. Not the anger, not the time, not the memory, not even the responsibility, and certainly not the "exposure". My colleagues at university now know about it, they didn't before. I didn't need to hear I was a long dismal story. I want no judgement of me. No-one has the right to judge me, as fat, useless, "sad", disgusting, or even brave. Nor do I want to be thanked. I do this as I have to. I understand this Inquiry has terms of reference for valid reasons. Yet as any answer can only be as good as the question asked, so any Inquiry can only be as useful as the terms of reference. I beg those of you present who are able to carry forward issues raised that cannot be here addressed, please do so in future, do not turn a blind eye, not even for the sake of your careers. We cannot create a safe or perfect world, but we can do better than this, if people care. I advertised for other victims to come forward from "my time", as I was told by the police that they were not funded to do "fishing exercises", but could only respond to complaints as they arose. I believe this loophole is also within



medicine. I believe there must be proactive mechanisms put in place to monitor performance. Perverts will always arise "spontaneously" and if they are intelligent enough, will always get into positions that suit them, medicine being one obvious attraction, child care another, for even worse perverts.

We do have as part of our culture "innocent until proven guilty", which we must be grateful for. And there is the problem of attention seeking individuals accusing good doctors and others of indecent assault, those who jump on band wagons, have a "blood lust", go on a witch hunt, have another agenda entirely, or those who seek money (compensation). That is so regrettable, and despicable, and I know confuses everything. I am none of those, and assume the other victims taking part are not either. I have felt that some of my efforts to expose my damage have been seen as all of those, which I suspect others have also had to cope with. I am also aware I cannot "perform" within the boundaries I am supposed to. My experiences have isolated me from "normal" life just as much, although differently, than as if I had been institutionalised. Plus I trust almost no-one.

I do not want the suicide of Ayling or any of his family on my conscience. And I am aware of the enormous burden on his children, and one day his grandchildren, of living with this. That for now they may believe him innocent may be helping them to adjust. Once they realise the inevitable, I pity them more. No doubt they will not want my pity. But I have to do this anyway. And I am sorry for all of them, and I wish there was another way.

I remain worried that he might go abroad or to the third world, and continue to damage women, as he has been stopped here. I have worked myself in West Africa, and know how easy that would be. He is 70, and not an "old" man. Possibly a very angry man, possibly without the full support of his wife and family. Certainly it seems his appetite wasn't dwindling by December 2000, even though he was being investigated.

If this is a thorough inquiry I think it must address how it was that Ayling was taken out of obstetrics in 1975. I believe someone fully realised, (probably

Roger Clements) the danger to patients, as a pervert would not choose willingly to leave obstetrics for general practice. I also think records of the hospital (which are available as mine have turned up) for that period need to be investigated, so that they might be used to design a monitoring mechanism.

I have been told that he moved to Folkestone and into contact with another pervert / sadist Rodney Ledward, with whom he worked, together mutilating women in unnecessary surgical procedures for their own amusement. I suspect there is a way of these people contacting each other that needs to be investigated. The police think not. I am usually right, unfortunately. How it was that such men could get away with such practices, doing needless operations, without any accounting to any body, seemingly completely autonomously, unanswerable to anyone, needs to be addressed. Not wishing to upset anyone, I also must say that various professionals will be doing very well out of this Inquiry, both financially and to further their careers. I beseech all of you empowered to do something about this (unlike we the ordinary people) to go as far as you can with this now. Don't leave loose ends for "next time". Let this be the last at this scale. My career and life were "spent" because of this. I would otherwise have had a damned good, useful life and career, in the service of others (as a good and rare woman architect).

**Elizabeth Pascoe**, on behalf of victims, the public, and the future, which we all have a duty to risk our lives to "give birth" to, as did our grandparents, of many generations, in far harder times.

**January 2009:** I never sought (or received) compensation. The CPS decided not to prosecute him for rather more than "indecent assault". There is still a website denying his guilt. I am sure he was not the only, not the first, or the worst, or the last of such "doctors". My (doctor) daughter says there are now mechanisms in place to try better to eliminate them, and I am "famous" (without people knowing my name) for my contribution to those mechanisms, which also protect whistleblowers (who used to lose their jobs / careers). I encourage all of you, against whatever wrongs there are, to do your part, for the future. We can only do better than this if we all "pull our weight".