

supper, and confessed he occasionally hit her. He also told the psychiatrist, "I don't want a friend and I don't like to talk to people." When asked if he preferred the company of boys or girls, he responded, "I dislike everybody."

Hartogs's diagnosis was "personality pattern disturbance with schizoid features and passive-aggressive tendencies. Lee has to be seen as an emotionally, quite disturbed youngster who suffers under the impact of really existing emotional isolation and deprivation, lack of affection, absence of family life and rejection by a selfinvolved and conflicted mother."⁶⁵ Although Hartogs thought he "was quite clear" in emphasizing Oswald's potential for violence by "the diagnosis of passive-aggressive," he did not explicitly state it since that would have mandated institutionalization. Instead, he recommended that Oswald be placed on probation so long as he was under guidance, preferably from a psychiatrist.*

The New York Domestic Relations Court considered Hartogs's diagnosis serious enough that it assigned a probation officer to Oswald and tried for the next nine months to find appropriate treatment for the disturbed youngster. Meanwhile, Lee was at his ninth school, P.S. 44. On several occasions, Marguerite refused to bring him to court, claiming he had returned and adapted well to school. Instead, his grades were low, sometimes failing, and comments from his teachers noted he was "quick-tempered," "constantly losing control," and "getting into battles with others."⁶⁶ Oswald refused to do his homework or salute the

*Many of the critics ignore Hartogs's testimony. He is not even listed in books written by Mark Lane, Josiah Thompson, Jim Garrison, John Davis, Robert J. Groden and Harrison Livingstone, Robert Blakey, Henry Hurt, David Scheim, or David Lifton. Among the few who mention the tests, Jim Marrs disingenuously says: "The results were essentially inconclusive. They showed him to be a bright and inquisitive young man who was somewhat tense, withdrawn, and hesitant to talk about himself or his feelings."

Harold Weisberg tells of the tests but does not quote any of Hartogs's conclusions. Sylvia Meagher, in her acclaimed book *Accessories After the Fact*, writes, "There is, then, no basis in any of the available medical or psychiatric histories for allegations that Oswald was psychotic, aberrant, or mentally unsound in any degree." Meagher's conclusion is contradicted not only by Hartogs but also by two Soviet psychiatrists who evaluated Oswald after his failed suicide attempt in Moscow in 1959 (see page 51). *How many*

you list?

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Psychiatrist Guilty Of Sex Inducement Must Pay \$350,000

N.Y. Times 3/20/75
Dr. Renatus S. Hartogs, a 66-year-old psychiatrist, was directed by a jury in State Supreme Court here yesterday to pay \$350,000 in damages to a woman who accused him of inducing her to enter a sexual relationship with him during the course of her therapy.

The jury of four women and two men assessed Dr. Hartogs with \$250,000 in compensatory and \$100,000 in punitive damages to be paid to Julie Roy, a 36-year-old former secretary at Esquire magazine.

Miss Roy had charged in a \$1.25-million malpractice suit that Dr. Hartogs persuaded her to have sexual relations with him while she underwent therapy for 14 months in 1969 and 1970.

Dr. Hartogs, who maintains an office at 39 East 78th Street, denied Miss Roy's charges, saying that a tumor had made sex impossible for him.

Two other women, one an actress and the other a former schoolteacher, testified in the eight-day trial that they had sexual relations with Dr. Hartogs on his advice.

The psychiatrist's lawyer, Samuel Halpern, urged the jury not to award any damages to Miss Roy, declaring that there was no evidence "to show damages—she's not entitled to 5 cents."

However, Miss Roy's lawyer, Robert S. Cohen, pressing for \$1-million in punitive and \$250,000 in compensatory damages, told the jurors that "the scars of Dr. Hartogs' treatment lay heavily upon her."

Acting Justice Allen Murray Myers reserved decision on a motion by Dr. Hartogs's lawyer to set aside the verdict as excessive and contrary to law.

Love Thy Analyst

"I fell in love with him," the pale, soft-spoken woman told a hushed Manhattan courtroom. If it sounded like the familiar tale of the innocent girl and the wily seducer, conditions were different enough to make it the juiciest trial in town: the defendant in the \$1.25 million malpractice suit is a psychiatrist, Renatus Hartogs, 66, who writes an advice column in *Cosmopolitan* magazine. The plaintiff, Julie Roy, 36, alleges that she paid for standard psychiatric help but instead got 14 months of "sex therapy" from her analytic guru.

Roy, now a \$65-a-week book clerk in a San Francisco department store, was a secretary at *Esquire* magazine in

"hundreds of letters." The therapy, she says, continued for almost another year, occasionally at his apartment. Once she received three sex treatments in one day. She says she broke off with Hartogs in September of 1970, then after three or four days begged him to take her back. He refused to give her an appointment or recommend another therapist. The following year she was involuntarily confined to psychiatric wards of Metropolitan Hospital, once for eleven days, another time for five weeks.

Hartogs testified last week that Roy was an "incurable" schizophrenic. "I never had sex with this person. Never!" he insisted. "She does not know the difference between fantasy and reality. She will never know it." He maintained that

tween 5% and 13% of American physicians have had "erotic contact," with patients, sometimes including intercourse, and that 19% believe such contact can be beneficial. According to his study, psychiatrists are less likely to sleep with patients than are obstetrician-gynecologists or general practitioners.

The problem was familiar when Freud addressed it in 1915, decreeing that "the analyst is absolutely debarred from giving way." Aware of the dangers of seductive patients in an emotionally charged therapy, Freud wrote that a love affair "would be a great triumph for the patient, but a complete overthrow for the cure." At the end of his long essay, he tossed in one final argument that still has its point: sex in therapy could help the enemies of psychoanalysis destroy the profession.



JULIE ROY LEAVING COURT; RENATUS HARTOGS IN HIS MANHATTAN OFFICE (1967)
Freud called it a triumph for the patient, an overthrow for the cure.

Manhattan when she went to Hartogs in February of 1969, seeking help for depression. Her story: after a few weeks of twice-weekly talk sessions, Hartogs suggested that they have sex to erase her guilt over an earlier sexual liaison with a woman. Things progressed from holding hands across his desk to kisses on the mouth to lying together on his couch. By May she was partially undressed, and uncomfortable about "his constant reference to sex," but she was told she had to overcome her squeamishness about touching him. Roy says she was so afraid of getting hurt by the therapy that she considered jumping to her death in the Grand Canyon. Finally, after six months of foreplay, she succumbed to Hartogs, she said, and was told this "indicated progress."

In October Hartogs waived his low \$10-per-session fee, hired her as a typist and paid her \$3 a letter for typing

Roy is seeking revenge for his decision to cut off treatment. Hartogs has held a number of psychiatric posts in New York City. In 1953, as psychiatrist at Youth House, he diagnosed a disturbed 13-year-old as "potentially dangerous." The boy was Lee Harvey Oswald, and Hartogs later parlayed the brief experience into a quick book on Oswald and Jack Ruby (*The Two Assassins*, written with Freelancer Lucy Freeman). A patient later got him the job as a *Cosmopolitan* columnist.

The trial is more unusual than the charge. Some therapists argue privately that sex is legitimately useful in treatment, though it is explicitly forbidden by ethical standards of both the medical and psychoanalytic professions. A 1973 survey by Sheldon Kardener, associate professor of psychiatry at the University of California School of Medicine, indicated that somewhere be-

Ah, Sweet Mystery

His successful hair transplants, well-publicized jogging, and recent reconciliation with his wife seem not to have fazed Senator William Proxmire, 59. He is still the master of an underrated art form—the angry press release. Two weeks ago, he blistered the National Science Foundation for funding six dubious studies, including such timely topics as African climate in the last ice age and hitchhiking as a possible addition to the nation's transportation system.

His follow-up two days later caused more of a flap: a thunderous attack on a \$342,000 contract by the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development to study the sex lives of Michigan State College students, mostly to find out why some fail to use birth control devices. Charging a "serious mismanagement of taxpayers' funds," Proxmire pointed out that the contract was awarded noncompetitively last fall to a former official of the institute for nearly \$100,000 more than had been requested. For overkill, the Senator tossed in the argument that the students' privacy might be violated by the project. The institute substantially denied the charges.

Last week Proxmire erupted again in a press release denouncing the "bureaucratic-bungle-of-the-month": an \$84,000 National Science Foundation grant to a University of Minnesota psychologist to study romantic love. "Not even the National Science Foundation can argue that falling in love is a science," he said, adding that the subject should be left to Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Irving Berlin. Said Proxmire: "I believe that 200 million other Americans want to leave some things in life a mystery, and right at the top of things we don't want to know is why a man falls in love with a woman and vice versa. Even if they could give us an answer, we wouldn't want to hear it."

will be answered Friday (10 p.m. E.D.T.) on *IRS: A Question of Power*, this month's edition of *ABC News Closeup*. In the 18 months since *Closeup* presented its first hour-long program, the network's new documentary unit has specialized in asking—and finding answers for—some nasty questions. *Closeup* has asked why the Federal Aviation Administration has been lax in pursuing passenger safety, whether Teamster President Frank Fitzsimmons arranged with the White House to have his predecessor James Hoffa barred from further union activity, why fire-safety standards in the U.S. are not higher, why major coal companies in West Virginia have not paid millions of dollars in government fines for safety violations.

Seldom Profitable. That inquisitiveness has earned *ABC News Closeup*, which does not yet have a regular time slot, 14 journalism awards as well as considerable praise. According to Marvin Barrett, director of the Alfred I. duPont-Columbia University Survey of Broadcast Journalism, *Closeup* "has been consistently courageous and the most outspoken series of TV reports since *See It Now*," Edward R. Murrow's pioneering 1950s series.

ABC's swift rise in the documentary derby is part of a network strategy to fill a partial vacuum in network programming. CBS and NBC mount full-length documentaries from time to time, but not regularly. CBS' excellent *60 Minutes* generally tackles a number of subjects each week in what TV journalists call a magazine format, as does its monthly NBC counterpart *Weekend*.

Documentary programs are seldom profitable for the networks. *ABC News Closeup*, for instance, often appears without a sponsor, despite its respectable monthly audience of from 7 million to 20 million viewers. Yet ABC will pour \$2.4 million into *Closeup* this year, largely for its prestige value. "Every time *Closeup* wins an award or gets a good review, our lobbyists in Washington run to every Congressman they can find with the clips," says a pragmatic ABC executive. "That's so the next time a Congressman starts screaming about sex and violence on TV, we can point out that they provide the money to do all those wonderful documentaries."

Whatever the reason, *ABC News Closeup* has developed an effective style of its own. In addition to the characteristic, pithy questions that open each segment, *Closeup* generally states its objective at the beginning ("In this report we will find out why...") and restates that aim several times throughout the show. Few opportunities are missed to keep viewers from losing the thread of the narrative. Reporters typically show their hand boldly ("Next, we are going to see how..."), and *Closeup* generally

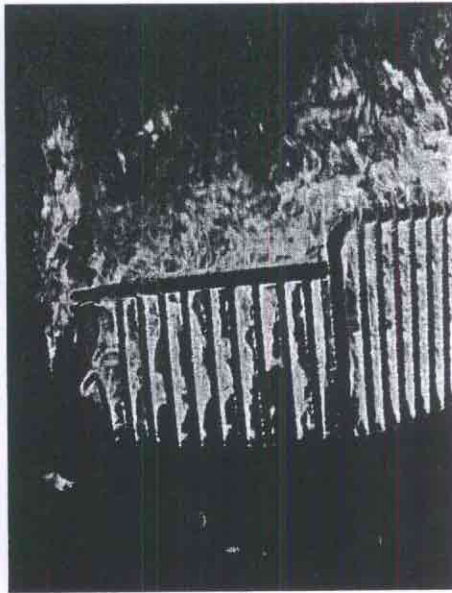


ABC NEWS CLOSEUP'S AV WESTIN & BABY-CRIB SCENE DELETED BY COURT SUIT
A documentary that finds answers for nasty questions.

uses more than one narrator to prevent the audience from being lulled by a familiar voice. Affidavits and other printed records are put directly before the camera, and viewers are encouraged to read from them along with the narrator. Says Producer Stephen Fleischman: "We're putting the documents back into documentaries."

Nor does *Closeup* avoid featuring "talking heads," those eye-glazing shots of the faces of reporters and interviewees. But these talking heads are different: jowls quiver, lips tremble, and eyebrows arch as startled bureaucrats and corporate chieftains suddenly suspect that they are being set up for the kill. Unlike other documentary units, which sometimes bring in a big-name network correspondent only at the last minute to do narration, *Closeup* has its reporters see a project through from beginning to end—a period of from three to nine months—and immerse themselves thoroughly in the subject.

The man most responsible for *Closeup*'s power and tenacity is ABC Vice President Avram Robert Westin, 45, who has been making documentaries since he joined CBS fresh out of New York University in 1949. Av (pronounced Ahv) Westin was hired by ABC in 1969 to help revamp the network's *Evening News* (he spirited away Anchor Man Harry Reasoner from CBS) and got the commission to revive ABC's moribund documentary unit in 1973. Westin acknowledges that the network's commitment may be transitory. "The business has a cyclical nature," he says. "It takes a conscious decision by man-



agement to support an aggressive news organization. For the moment, this corporation has put its money where its mouth is."

Occasionally, the corporation's commitment wavers. A segment showing a baby's crib burning lustily in a laboratory test to demonstrate unsafe materials was deleted from the *Closeup* program *Fire!* after the crib's manufacturer went to court. Some *Closeup* staffers would have preferred to defy the injunction. (The segment later appeared on ABC's *Evening News*). Westin spends much of his time with network lawyers, who are bothered by what he calls "letterhead mail"—complaints from companies and Government agencies gored by *Closeup*.

Personality Cult. Lately, ABC executives have begun developing a kind of personality cult around Westin in an effort to make him their own Fred Friendly, the former CBS News president who became a symbol of network dedication to quality journalism. Last week, for example, ABC broadcast a number of spots in which Westin, seated at a film-editing machine, asked viewers to watch the forthcoming IRS show. Yet Friendly's fame did not prevent him from resigning from CBS in 1966 because he thought the network's dedication to first-rate journalism was waning. (CBS had aired *I Love Lucy* reruns instead of Senate committee hearings on Viet Nam.) If ABC executives want to avoid a similar embarrassment, they will have to continue, as Westin says, to put their money where their mouth is, asking those nasty questions on *Closeup*.