

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 "it

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

Dr. Renatus S. Hartogs, a 66-year-old psychiatrist, was directed by a jury in State Supreme Court here yesterday

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ing 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 \$84,000. 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 fall Myers reserved decision on a motion by Dr. Hartogs's lawyer to set aside the verdict as excessive and contrary to law.

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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-