From Chu's oeuvre: a 2019 comic book tied to KISS's "End of the Road" tour and a comics imprint created by rapper DMC, with a graffiti-artist heroine.

"mind-blowing" happened: the instructor loved it. "A little light bulb went off," she recalls. "I could actually be semi-decent at this. People are having a reaction to something I made up."

Lee and Chu launched Alpha Girl Comics in 2011, but Chu kept writing. The following year she self-published her own book, *Girls Night Out and Other Stories*, a collection of short comics, and started promoting it at conventions and comics stores around the country, which eventually led to professional writing jobs. Soon she was being entrusted with legacy characters at the two biggest comics publishers, DC and Marvel—characters like Ant-Man, Deadpool, even KISS. (Yes, the band. Yes, they have a comic book.) No matter what character she's writing, Chu's comics are marked by a focus on human quirks and diversity. In her Red Sonja holiday special, for example, the Hyrkanian warrior takes a whirlwind tour of the many holiday traditions represented in New York City.

Her work is not all heavy metal and superheroes. Chu's first full-length graphic novel, *Sea Sirens*, drawn by Janet K. Lee and being published this June by Random House, is the story of a Vietnamese-American girl who tangles with an undersea world of mermaids and sea serpents.

It's an unusual thing to start a new career at 45, let alone one as talent-driven and difficult as comics writing, *let alone* to thrive at it. But Chu says every twist and turn in her own story has contributed to her current career; on her LinkedIn page, her bio says simply: "I tell stories."

"I don't think I could have done this when I was 23," she says, heading out the door of Midtown Comics with a stack of fresh books in her hand. "I wouldn't have been good at it."

A New Story of Suffrage

Fresh portraits of foot soldiers for women's right to vote

by MARINA N. BOLOTNIKOVA

Why They Marched: Untold Stories of the Women Who Fought for the Right to Vote, by Susan Ware (Harvard, $26.95)

If the women's suffrage movement took place today, what would it look like? Radically different, surely, from the way it did in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, when its organizers rode through the country on horseback, shouted through town squares, dropped leaflets from airplanes, and marched in neatly choreographed pageants to spread the word about their cause. Today's world of online activism can feel deprived of that vitality—which makes Susan Ware's *Why They Marched: Untold Stories of the Women Who Fought for the Right to Vote*, all the more of a delight for a modern reader. Ware tells a new history of women's suffrage through portraits of 21 women (and one man) both famous and obscure, from the 1848 Seneca Falls Convention through the ratification of the Nineteenth Amendment in 1920.

National Women's Party members picket the White House, 1917. In the years leading up to the Nineteenth Amendment's passage, the protesters were a regular presence in Lafayette Square.

"How can someone demand the vote without having that basic political right in the first place?" asks Ware, Ph.D. '78, an independent scholar of women's history and associate of Harvard's history department. Part of the answer is that the suffragists were intrepid and relentless. They were the first political pro-

Photograph courtesy of the Library of Congress

testers to picket the White House (and to burn President Woodrow Wilson in effigy), for which nearly 500 were arrested and 170 went to prison between 1917 and 1919. Authorities were cracking down on dissent during World War I—and the activists were considered disloyal to the war effort. In the summer of 1918, after a group of suffragists were arrested and released on bail, they resumed their protests immediately and were arrested again and again.

One of them, Hazel Hunkins, cabled her anxious family in Montana: "TWENTY SIX OF AMERICAS FINEST WOMEN ARE ACCOMPANYING ME TO JAIL ITS SPLENDID DONT WORRY LOVE HAZEL." Their experiences provided the women a sense of camaraderie resembling that of men in war; both suffering and exhilaration were entangled in the horrid and humiliating conditions in prison. Hunkins returned home in an ambulance and, one friend wrote, "violently ill." They were honored by the National Women's Party, one of the two major organizations orchestrating the suffrage fight, with brooches in the shape of a prison cell.

For the centennial of the Nineteenth Amendment, Ware wanted to tell a broader, more inclusive story about "woman suffrage," as it was known then. A common narrative about the suffragists, she said in an interview, is that they were racist, wealthy white women—and many of them were. They mirrored the racism of American society, organizing segregated parades and disparagingly objecting that black men had been granted the vote before them. And it was largely only the wealthy who had the ability to volunteer their time. But this narrative, Ware argues, erases the history of both black suffragists who sought to integrate race and gender into the movement and working-class suffragists who saw the vote as an important tool for the urban poor, many of whom were women. As its portraits encompass women from different class, race, and religious backgrounds, *Why They Marched* provides glimpses of the movement's connections to many questions about the fabric of society: the rights of factory workers, the relationship between patriarchy and white supremacy, and what it means to be female.

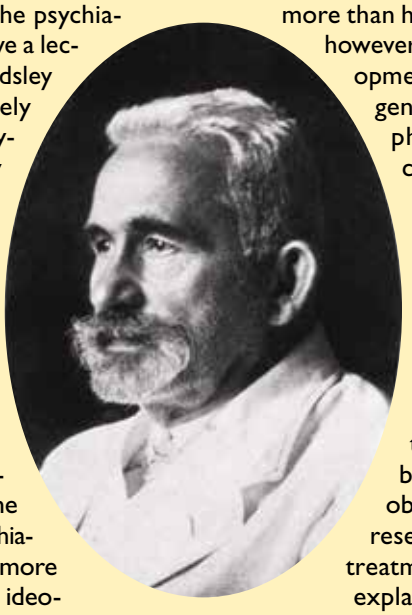
At the dawn of the modern period, it was not just received ideas about the role of women, but also new anxieties about the social shifts under way in an industrializing

OPEN BOOK

Misguided Mind Fixers

The rapid rise of biological psychiatry assured that, eventually, the field was bound to overreach. It did so spectacularly, argues Ford professor of the history of science Anne Harrington, as psychiatrists from the 1980s onward sought purely biological explanations for mental illness, and corresponding pharmacological cures. She delves into these often disturbing efforts in *Mind Fixers: Psychiatry's Troubled Search for the Biology of Mental Illness* (W.W. Norton, $27.95). From the introduction:

By 1988…psychiatry's transformation into a biological discipline seemed complete. That fall the psychiatrist Samuel Guze gave a lecture at London's Maudsley Hospital provocatively titled: "Biological Psychiatry: Is There Any Other Kind?" His answer was implied in the title: of course not. Psychiatry was a branch of medicine, and all medicine was "applied biology," end of story. "I believe," he concluded, "that continuing debate about the biological basis of psychiatry is derived much more from philosophical, ideological and political concerns than from scientific ones."



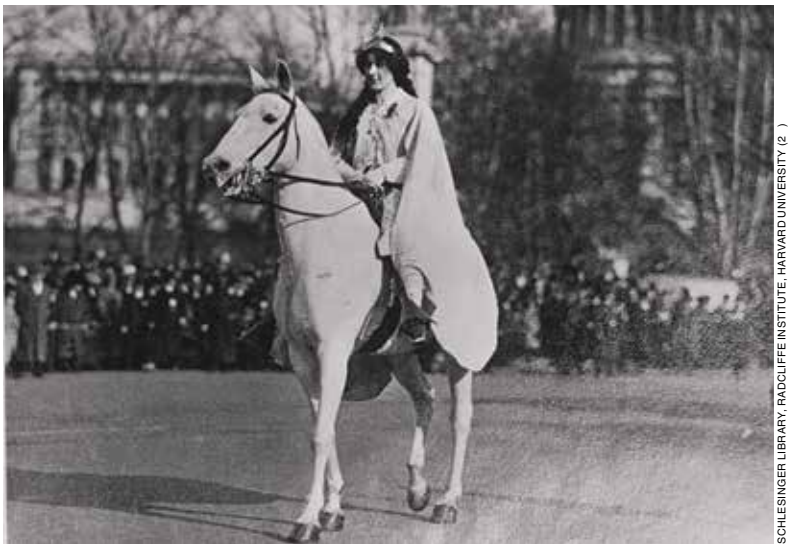
WIKIPEDIA/PUBLIC DOMAIN

Modern psychiatrists revived the effort to link mental illness to biology, begun in the 1840s by scientists like Emil Kraepelin.

All this added up to nothing less than a palace revolution in American psychiatry, an astonishingly rapid, 180-degree turnaround in understanding and approaches to ailments of the mind. Why did it happen? What caused an entire profession to reorient itself so quickly and so completely?

For the psychiatrists who heralded these developments in the 1980s, the answers seemed clear. In the late nineteenth century, they believed, the field of psychiatry—especially in German-speaking Europe—had actually been on the right track. Under the leadership of Theodor Meynert and Emil Kraepelin, it had pursued a robust biological research program. Unfortunately, the Freudians had come along, turned everyone's heads, and led the field into a scientific wasteland for more than half a century. Finally, however, exciting new developments in neuroscience, genetics, and psychopharmacology had changed things. Irrefutable evidence that mental disorders were brain diseases had emboldened a new generation of biological psychiatrists to overthrow the Freudians and to bring back the brain as the primary object of psychiatric research, diagnosis, and treatment. It was a simple explanatory story, one with clear heroes and villains, and above all a satisfyingly happy ending.

The only trouble with this story is that it is wrong—not just slightly wrong but wrong in every particular. The nineteenth-century brain psychiatrists were not early versions of the 1980s biological revolutionaries, save perhaps for the fact that they wore longer waistcoats and had more facial hair. Their project did not fall victim to the siren call of psychoanalysis. It failed on its own terms. The Freudian psychiatrists came into positions of significant power only after World War II (not before), and they did so not because they were briefly able to persuade enough people to buy into their nonsense, but because they appeared to have grasped the mental health challenges of the postwar era better than the biologists had….



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Left: The banner of a men's group that supported women's right to vote. Right: Inez Milholland leads the 1913 suffrage parade in Washington, D.C.

America that shaped the public's fear of woman suffrage. Rose Schneiderman, a famous socialist and union organizer, had an answer to the popular claim that participating in politics would "unsex" women: "Surely...women won't lose any more of their beauty and charm by putting a ballot in a ballot box once a year than they are likely to lose standing in foundries and laundries all year round."

It was largely only white women, Ware says, who won the vote in 1920: black women (like black men) remained mostly disenfranchised until the Voting Rights Act of 1965. One of the most remarkable women Ware profiles, Mary Church Terrell, was the daughter of former slaves who eventually became wealthy members of Memphis's black elite. She urged the leadership of the National American Woman Suffrage Association (NAWSA) to include the interests of black women on its agenda (often to little effect), and was active in women's rights movements in Europe, where she informed international audiences about the status of African Americans. Terrell spoke about race, gender, and power with a piercing clarity that rings true a century later. At a convention of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom in Zurich, where it was reported that there were women from all over the world, she remarked: "On sober, second thought, it is more truthful to say that women from all over the white world were present."

The United States that deprived women of the vote might seem unrecognizably distant to contemporary readers. But it was only 100 years ago that suffragists were camping out in Washington, lobbying Congressmen to pass the constitutional amendment that guaranteed them this foundational right. In the Senate, it squeaked by with only a narrow margin. How can we comprehend the radical transformation of many women's social and political status in such a short period?

Here, *Why They Marched* falls short. Ware explains that the suffrage movement was closely connected to Reconstruction and the Fifteenth Amendment that granted the vote to African-American men: "The Civil War and its aftermath put questions of citizenship and human rights firmly on the national agenda," she writes. "In this fraught but pregnant political moment, women activists believed they might have a fighting chance to win those rights for women as well." These important points lay the groundwork for Ware's recurring discussion of the relationship between race and gender in the suffrage movement. But as an explanation for the emergence of suffrage

Chapter & Verse

Correspondence on not-so-famous lost words

Diana Amsden writes, "Years ago, I believe I saw a silent-film scene of a woman, seen from behind, desperately pounding her fists on a huge city gate, and finally collapsing to her knees. Can anyone identify the movie?"

Jerry Kelley hopes that someone can identify a couplet he heard 50 years ago: "And he died as he lived, in a rich man's garret,/In a borrowed shirt, and drinking claret." He has searched for a source in vain ever since; his only clue—"likely a red herring"—is that the person who quoted the couplet also quoted lines he identified as written by Vachel Lindsay.

"The Game" (January-February 2011). Jonas Peter Akins, who asked eight years ago, to no avail, about a poem suggesting that "The Game releases us, changed and changeless, into the November evening," possibly written by David T.W. McCord '21, A.M. '22, L.H.D. '56, has now answered his own question: "In the coverage of the fiftieth anniversary of Harvard's triumph over Yale, by that now familiar score, I found that the line was actually written by Roger Angell '42, in a remembrance for the *Harvard Football News* of November 18, 1978. Angell was better, unsurprisingly, than my memory. 'The Game picks us up each November and holds us for two hours and then releases us into the early darkness of winter, and all of us, homeward bound, sense that we are different yet still the same. It is magic.' And so it is."

Send inquiries and answers to Chapter and Verse, Harvard Magazine, 7 Ware Street, Cambridge 02138, or via email to chapterandverse@harvardmag.com.

and the larger feminist movement, they feel incomplete. Women had been talking about their political rights long *before* the Civil War, alongside discussions about the abolition of slavery and other movements that eventually transformed society. A broader sketch of the economic history of the United States and Europe during this period, including industrialization and the rise of wage labor, might provide a richer explanation for the conditions that shaped the minds of suffragists, and made women's liberation possible.

But the book does not attempt to be a definitive or intellectual history of suffragism. It is a focused, slim volume that allows Ware to zoom in on the lives of her suffragists; within their vivid stories are many surprises about what kinds of women were demanding the vote, and why. The earliest states to grant women suffrage were not on the East Coast, but those on the Western frontier: Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, and Idaho. Emmeline B. Wells, a prominent, early Mormon suffragist, was nevertheless excluded from leadership roles in the movement because she was the seventh wife of a polygamous husband; Mormon women's activism, Ware writes, "was quickly forgotten."

Ware's analysis recognizes that gender is so complex, so entangled with the structure of society, that it's impossible to exclude women who participate in patriarchy from an honest feminist history. Her effort to dust off these stories provides a messier, sometimes troubling, and more convincing picture of some of the women who changed the world.

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Min Jin Lee on Her New Novel and Writing about the Korean Diaspora

ELLA RINALDO

"I worry a great deal about how Koreans are perceived," the author and current Radcliffe fellow says.

harvardmag.com/min-jin-lee-19

ALUMNI

"Doctor Bugs"

Naturalist Mark W. Moffett investigates insects—and now, evolving human societies.

by NELL PORTER BROWN

TROMPING THROUGH a Peruvian rainforest looking for ants, Mark W. Moffett, Ph.D. '87, accidentally sat on a deadly fer-de-lance pit viper. In Sri Lanka, Kenya, and India, he barely escaped stampeding elephants. Then there was the time in Colombia, while tracking the world's most toxic frog (*Phyllobates terribilis*), that Moffett ended up armed with a poisonous tribal blow gun in a stand-off against drug smugglers. "Well, it's a long story," he says, nearly chuckling at the memory. "Eventually, a military escort pulled us out and got us to the airport."

By rights, the enterprising tropical biologist, a former graduate student of Pellegrino University Professor emeritus E. O. Wilson, should be dead. Many times over. Instead, his energy and oddly wide-eyed innocence have backstopped an eclectic career as an award-winning explorer, speaker, writer, and photojournalist. He travels at a moment's notice, beholden to no one and nothing except his own desire to get up close to the creatures he loves—primarily insects and amphibians.

Moffett—who has trekked across the globe in search of unusual creatures—with an ant's nest in Australia

"The thing that one misses most from growing up," he says from his modest house on Long Island, "is the experience of discovery. As a child, everything is new—all the time. I think people run out of steam for life because they lose this. But if you're in a jungle, or someplace you've never been or heard of....?" He stares off dreamily. "Like the time I was in Sri Lanka and something fell on me from the tree above, and I had no idea what this thing was. It was marching along my arm, with long legs. Its body was nearly spherical with a little turret on top, onto which all its eyes were aggregated. Some people might have reacted with fear. But I'm going, 'Wow!'"

He eventually learned it was a type of parasitic fly that lives on bats. "But," he

Photographs courtesy of Mark W. Moffett