

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

O P E N B O O K

Misguided Mind Fixers

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.”

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 post-war era better than the biologists had....



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

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