How People Learn To Be Civic
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A sense of citizenship is passed on from one generation to the next not only in formal education or through intentional efforts but indirectly or collaterally in the small details of everyday life. Lecturing in London a few years ago, I illustrated this point with a homely example. I said: Take, for instance, those moments in your own family where you assert your parental authority and declare to your children, Eat Your Vegetables. ‘No.’ Eat Your Vegetables, Please. ‘No.’ Eat Your Vegetables Or There Will Be No Dessert. ‘No.’ Eat Your Vegetables Or Else! And one of those little wise guys retorts, ‘You can’t make me. It’s a free country.’

In the United States, audiences invariably acknowledge this illustration with knowing chuckles or smiles. In London, I looked out at a roomful of blank faces. Not a soul cracked a smile. They had politely puzzled expressions. Only then did it dawn on me. Only then did I realize that no British child in all of history has ever said, “You can’t make me, it’s a free country.” And suddenly I knew that democracy is not just one thing you have more or less of, it comes in an assortment of flavors. Democratic citizenship is not just something one is more or less socialized into; there are different citizenships in different democracies and each of them is renewed in its own subtle fashion.

But how? How is it American kids learn to say that it’s a free country and British kids learn not to? How do people acquire their sense of civic life and how does that sense become second nature? How do we learn the values we are supposed to learn as members of our national culture? I am not asking how to make people better citizens. Instead, I am asking how people who learn to be citizens learn how to be citizens of the sort they learn how to be. How do they come to know what good citizenship is?

I have no confidence that earnest efforts at teaching U.S. history or turning out the vote or getting more school children to pick up trash on the beach make us good citizens, admirable as these activities may be in their own right.

I believe in the values of liberal education but I am not convinced that liberal education does the trick either. Political theorist Richard Flathman writes that the greatest contribution liberal education can make to continued on page 15
How People Learn to Be Civic continued from page 14

to instill a "disposition... wary of politics and government." That is not what you normally hear in circles of educators devoted to civic education. But I was reminded of it in the aftermath of September 11. One of the most noteworthy and, to my mind, admirable features of the American response in the first weeks was that many of our leaders, from the President on down, waved the flag proudly but at the same time cautioned citizens about the dangers of flag-waving. The only precedent I know for this kind of chastened patriotism in other countries is contemporary Germany where the Nazi past envelopes even the most timid of patriotic demonstrations with a flood of second thoughts. In the United States, I can think of no prior expression of this kind of proud but muted patriotism, a patriotism tempered by its own self-consciousness.

If citizenship is not learned primarily in school or in get-out-the-vote drives and if college is as likely to induce skepticism about politics as fervent devotion to it, where do people learn their sense of civic obligation? This is a question that civic educators themselves need to think about more clearly, deeply, and historically. What I offer here is a briefly sketched framework for doing so.

A citizen is a person who has full membership in a political community, especially a nation-state. In its common legal usage, citizenship means nationality and its mark would be a passport, a birth certificate, or other citizenship papers. In its political usage, citizenship refers to rights of political participation, and its chief sign is that a person is eligible to vote. In its sociocultural sense, citizenship refers to emotional identification with a nation and its flag, history, and culture. Finally, citizenship has a broad moral meaning, as in the phrase "good citizen." It may refer to a person loyal to the state, and in this sense it is related to patriotism. Even more, it suggests a person who is informed about and takes an active role in civic affairs. Although all of these meanings of "citizen" have some relevance to my inquiry here, the broad moral meaning of civic-ness is my primary concern.

"How do people become civic?" is in part the question: how do we come to understand or accept or take for granted what counts as civic? That is, how do people develop a particular sense of the public good, a willingness to participate in its advancement, and a view of what repertoire of acts will engender a better public life? How do we come to understand or accept or take for granted what counts as civic in our own culture? Four different areas need our attention.

First, we become civic if and when the civic penetrates into everyday life. Second, we become civic by what we are called to attend to and what we are called to ignore. Third, we become civic by joining with others in common enterprise. Fourth, we become civic when a civic infrastructure allows, encourages, and supports individual civic engagement. I will say something about each of these points.

Everyday Life
First, we become civic when civic activities become a part of everyday life. Think of the recycling bins that, in many communities today, the city or municipality provides so that each household can separate its own recyclables and get them recycled by putting them out at curbside when the city picks up the weekly trash.

Think of the Pledge of Allegiance that children say in school. More is learned in this act by ritual repetition than by the actual words. I would be skeptical that school children understand the Pledge of Allegiance. Take the word "indis-\(\)visible," for instance. Children learn to pronounce it years before they study John C. Calhoun and the doctrine of nullification, or the Lincoln-Douglas debates, or the Civil War. But the presence of the term "indivisible" in the Pledge is incomprehensible without knowing it to be a reference to the Civil War. In the end, how-

continued on page 16
How People Learn to Be Civic
continued from page 15

ever, that is less the point than that the school day is connected in some vague but unifying way to flag and country.

Think about what kind of education happens in the widespread “red ribbon week” of drug education in our public schools. I remember when my daughter, then in first-grade, came home from Drug-Free School Day and told us happily it was Free Drug Day at school. In a personal memoir, essayist Sarah Vowell recalls watching the Mickey Mouse Club on television and singing along with the theme song—but she never quite got the words of it. When the Mouseketeers sang, “forever let us hold our banner high,” Sarah thought they were saying, “for every little polar bear to hide.”

Much more of education is like that than we would ever want to admit. Still, the ritual of something like saying the Pledge, the activity of it, the collective enterprise of it, leaves a residue.

The activity that enters into ordinary life need not be every day activity. We learn a great deal from ritual moments that come only on rare occasion—like Christmas once a year, or voting every year or two.

We do not really know how deeply these activities teach us until we imagine how they might be different. Think about what lessons eighteenth-century Virginians learned when they voted or nineteenth-century Americans, in contrast to us. An eighteenth-century Virginian, that is to say a white male who owned property, went to the polling place, spoke his vote out loud in front of the sheriff and in front of the candidates, and then went over to the candidate he had favored with his vote and shook hands. The whole activity was one of ritually reaffirming a hierarchical social order in which each person knew his place. The whole experience reinforced an understanding of citizenship as appropriate deference to community leaders.

There was no campaigning, there were no issues, there were no bombastic speeches, the whole point was to invest responsibility for decision-making in trusted senior members of the community.

The nineteenth-century experience of voting taught different civic lessons. In the nineteenth century, political parties controlled the elections. On election day, the parties hired tens of thousands of workers to get out the vote and to stand near the polling place to hand out the “tickets” the parties had printed. The voter approached the polling place, took a ticket from one of these “ticket peddlers” from his own party and went up to the voting station to deposit his ticket in the ballot box. He did not need to look at it. He did not need to mark it in any way. Clearly, he did not have to be literate. He could cast his ballot free of charge, but it would not have been surprising if he received payment for his effort.

In New Jersey, as many as one third of the electorate in the 1880s expected payment for voting on election day, usually in an amount between $1 and $3.

What did a vote express? Not a strong conviction that the party offered better public policies; parties tended to be more devoted to distributing offices than to advocating policies. Party was related more to comradship than to policy, it was more an attachment than a choice, something like a contemporary loyalty to a high school or college and its teams. Voting was not a matter of assent to ideas but a statement of affiliation with people, and the connection of voter to party ticket peddler underscored that. So did the post-election visit to the party’s favorite local tavern.

Drink, dollars, and drama brought people to the polls, and, more than that, social connection, rarely anything more elevated.

Reformers at the end of the 19th century saw little in the parties to recommend them. The Mugwumps sought to make elections “educational” and the Progressives tried to insulate the independent, rational citizen from the distorting enthusiasms of party. It is to them that we owe the ideal of the informed citizen, not to the founding fathers. In the 1880s, political campaigns began to shift from parades to pamphlets, and so put a premium on literacy. In the 1890s, the Australian ballot swept the nation and so for the first time in American history literacy was required to cast a ballot. The novelty of the Australian ballot was that the state took responsibility for printing ballots that listed the candidates from all parties qualifying for the election. This meant that voters received their ballots from state election officials at the polling place, not from party workers en route to the polling place; it meant that the voter had to make a choice of candidates by marking the ballot; and it normally meant that provision was made for the voter to mark the ballot in secret. With this innovation, voting changed from a social and public duty to a private right, from a social obligation to party enforceable by social pressure.

continued on page 17
How People Learn to Be Civic

continued from page 16

to a civic obligation or abstract loyalty, enforceable only by private conscience. In the early 1900s, non-partisan municipal elections, presidential primaries, and the initiative and referendum imposed more challenging cognitive tasks on prospective voters than ever before. These changes enshrined "the informed citizen," incidentally provided a new mechanism and a new rationale for disenfranchising African-Americans and immigrants, and inaugurated an enduring tradition of hand-wringing over popular political ignorance.

Between 1880 and 1910, the most basic understandings of American politics were challenged. Reformers attacked the emotional enthusiasm of political participation, the corruption in campaign financing and campaign practices, and the role of the parties in usurping the direct connection between citizens and their government. They succeeded in inventing the language by which we still judge our politics. It stresses being informed while it dismisses or demeans parties and partisanship. To put this more pointedly, the political party, the single most important agency ever invented for mass political participation, is the institution that current civics talk and current civics education regularly abhor and that is rendered almost invisible in the way we conduct the actual act of voting. Insofar as the way we do vote is a set of enduring instructions to us about the way we should vote and the way we should think about voting, the civic lesson of election day as we have organized it for the past century recommends contempt for parties and partisanship.

We learn a standard of civic practice by practicing civics. We may not live up to it, but we know, at least implicitly and roughly speaking, what it is, what we are supposed to be held accountable for. We learn it in large part by experience—as political theorist Stephen Elkin writes, "Experience...must be the teacher of democratic citizens," and this leads him to an interest in the design of local governments, not the design of school curricula. What we do not know or reflect on is that our present standard is only one of a number of possible standards.

We learn it so well we do not even recognize what alternatives it excludes.

Structures of Attention

Second, we become civic by what the public will be called to attend to and what it is called to ignore. The media but, even more strenuously, political leaders make the decisions about what will be on the public's agenda. In the weeks after September 11, there were many stories in the media about the stifling of dissent as the country unified behind the President's war on terrorism. Why were we called to attend to this? How did we know, as we read these stories, that stifling dissent is a bad thing? We assuredly were expected to get that point.

Consider an important recent example of citizenship talk: "What you do is as important as anything government does. I ask you to seek a common good beyond your comfort, to defend needed reforms against easy attacks, to serve your nation, beginning with your neighbor. I ask you to be citizens. Citizens, not spectators. Citizens, not subjects. Responsible citizens, building communities of service and a nation of character."

At first blush, it is hard to object to the concept of citizenship George W. Bush expressed in these words in his inaugural address. Citizenship, he said, is public-spirited rather than self-centered, neighborly rather than self-seeking, active and participatory rather than passive and spectator-like. And yet, President Bush advanced a subtext here—do not expect too much from your government. "Americans are generous and strong and decent, not because we believe in ourselves but because we hold beliefs beyond ourselves. When this spirit of citizenship is missing, no government program can replace it. When this spirit is present, no wrong can stand against it." Government should not over-reach, government should not over-legislate, government should not over-react. The President favors people who take care of themselves and their neighbors, not those who depend on government for aid and comfort.

continued on page 18
How People Learn to Be Civic
continued from page 17

Note a second subtext: people are citizens insofar as they do not seek their own comfort, insofar as they serve the nation, and insofar as they hold beliefs beyond themselves. True citizens do not ask, to paraphrase a President from a different party, what the country can do for them but what they can do for the country. There is no place in this vision of citizenship for individuals to sue for their rights or to invoke the law on behalf of their liberties or to initiate actions for damages against tobacco companies or tire manufacturers. There is no acknowledgment that democracy has been enlarged in our lifetimes when individuals have been driven not by a desire to serve but by an effort to overcome indignities they themselves have suffered. This is important. The most important extension of citizenship in this century was produced by the civil rights movement. Not Thomas Jefferson so much as people like Thurgood Marshall and Martin Luther King, Jr., made rights a household term and a household experience; the civil rights movement brought on the extraordinary wave of social movements and rights-centered litigation that has opened doors and windows for African-Americans, women, gays and lesbians, people with disabilities, and many others. Why, then, do we cling rhetorically to a vision of civic education and citizenship that excludes the raw power of self-interested action? Why is citizenship reduced to service rather than linked to justice?

There is also an entirely missing text in President Bush’s inaugural: in the idealized world he beckoned his fellow citizens to join, there are citizens, there are neighbors, there are no parties, and in the good citizen no partisanship; there are no interest groups, and in the good citizen no joining with others in organized self-interest; there are no experts, and in the good citizen no considered judgment about when and how judgment should be delegated. Why are the organizations and individual actors that in fact are the most involved on a day-to-day basis with the operation of government omitted from his account of citizenship?

In times of national crisis, the citizen Bush envisions is the soldier, who serves country, ignores personal discomfort, and believes in a patriotic ideal. In ordinary times, Bush’s ideal is the Rotarian, moved by a sense of neighborliness, Christian charity, and social responsibility, but untouched by any sense of having a personal stake in public justice.

Is this the kind of civic-ness we should be instilling in our children? I don’t think so, but that is not my topic here. I am addressing only the question of how people learn to be civic. My point about the President’s speech is that it offers one model of civic-ness, not the only model. It is a powerful model, nonetheless, because the President is the country’s best placed civic pedagogue. As Justice Felix Frankfurter said, “The Presidency is the most important educational system in the country.” The President calls us to attention, and in a particular way, not in the only way.

Shared Enterprise

Third, we become civic by joining with others in common enterprise, common work, common prayer, or common struggle. I will speak about this only briefly because, in this instance, the same President George W. Bush, whom I have just criticized, has offered a very shrewd analysis. In his press conference a month after September 11, he observed that his administration before September 11 was planning an initiative to be called “Communities of Character.” It was, he said, “designed to help parents develop good character in our children and to strengthen the spirit of citizenship and service in our communities.” But, he remarked, “the acts of Sept. 11 have prompted that initiative to occur on its own, in ways far greater than I could have ever imagined.” He was right. He cited the cases of Christian and Jewish women who went shopping with Muslim neighbors when the Muslim women were afraid to leave their homes alone. There was, indeed, a rekindling of communal feelings, a reaching out to friends, neighbors, and strangers, and a joining in common enterprises of blood drives, fund raising, prayer services, and community memorials all across the country.

continued on page 19
How People Learn to Be Civic
continued from page 18

People can feel connections with one another and a sense of public purpose at one remove, through the Internet, or through a novel, a film, or a news story. I do not know anyone who died at the World Trade Centers but, like almost all Americans, I felt intimately linked to what happened there. That lasted, beyond the moment, not because citizens feel an intimate acquaintance with Peter Jennings, Tom Brokaw, and Dan Rather (although they may) but because the information and images the media conveyed in this case touched everyone who has ever visited New York or knows someone there, everyone who has ever traveled by air or who has loved ones who travel by air, everyone who has ever been in a high-rise office building, and the horror and anxiety the news evoked in those millions of people was reaffirmed and reinforced in almost every conversation and in almost every glance from person to person, family member to family member, and co-worker to co-worker in subsequent weeks and months. The experience of September 11 was a national Durkheimian moment, that is, a collective experience where a sense of both power and meaning beyond the personal emerged from face-to-face contact and collective work, collective action embodied, not at a distance.

There is a great deal of attention to that generation, now rapidly aging and dying, that fought World War 2, and it has been lionized in the title of Tom Brokaw’s book, as “the greatest generation.” Brokaw is not modest about his claims for his parents’ generation: “I think this is the greatest generation any society has ever produced.” I am not going to quibble over rankings here; surely this generation accomplished a great deal. And, as Robert Putnam has assiduously documented, this same generation continued doggedly civic in voting in large numbers, attending community meetings, getting to know neighbors, maintaining church membership and attendance, exceeding the marks of the generation before them and the generations that followed them. All of this I acknowledge. What I do not accept is the implication that this generation was unusually endowed with moral virtue or community fer-
vor. What it was endowed with was the Great Depression and World War 2, great collective experiences that forged a generational spirit.

This is not to suggest that the experience of World War 2 was a spontaneous emotional upheaval undirected by government leadership and institutional transformation. On the contrary, the Roosevelt administration mobilized the power of the state in the national defense to—literally—enlist the nation in the war effort. If September 11 seems to be a fading memory already for many Americans, it may be because the federal government chose in the end not to take advantage of the emotional effervescence of the moment to call on Americans for sacrifice or service. An opportunity was lost to enlarge national service programs like Americorps—or even to call attention to them.

Civic Infrastructure

Fourth, we cannot become civic if there is not an infrastructure of civic-ness for people to enroll in. Civic life requires maintenance. It requires staff. It requires investment. It requires access. Democracy does not come cheap. Elections cost money. Effective service programs cost money. Courts cost money. Justice requires dollars. This is not very dramatic stuff. In fact, it is invisible to most of us most of the time. I saw some of it, however, in the 2000 election, as I watched the mounting of the electoral machinery in my home of San Diego, California. Let me just give you a little sense of it.

On November 7, in one sixteen hour period, 100 million people broke from their daily routine and voted. It is a mammoth exercise. In California, there were about 100,000 volunteers spending 15 hour days manning the polling places. In San Diego County, running the election cost $3.5 million in taxpayer dollars to produce 552 separate ballots and 552 separate voter information guides mailed out to registered voters to prepare them to act as informed citizens. There were 100 training sessions for 6000 poll workers at 1500 polling places, 300 of which had special provision for Spanish-speaking voters and all of which were designed to be accessible for the disabled. This is a massive activity, and a great

continued on page 20
How People Learn to Be Civic continued from page 19

deal of meaning is still to be found in it, what Walt Whitman called this “ballot-
shower from East to West, America’s choosing day.”

There are 552 different ballots because there are 120 political jurisdictions in San
Diego County—hospital districts, water districts, community college districts,
school districts, Congressional districts, assembly and state senate districts, etc.
There were some 800 candidates on the ballot in November. Mikel Haas, then the
Registrar of Voters, told me: “It’s like a watch, there are a whole lot of moving
parts. Any one of them can trip you up.” The Registrar’s core staff of 48 employees
was supplemented in the election season by about 300 temporary workers, not to
mention the 6,000 poll workers on election day.

Several weeks before the election, I
attended what the Registrar’s office has
entitled “Midnight Madness.” On the last
day to register to vote in San Diego
County, the Registrar’s office stayed open
till midnight for “drive-through” registration.
I came by around 8 p.m. to take a
look. Cars were lined up for most of a
long block and then in a single-file line
through half the length of the county
building in the dark and the drizzle.
The whole area, though, was flood-lit by a set
of four flood lights illuminating not only
the building and the proceedings outside
it but a newly anchored “Uncle Sam”
roughly 40 feet high, a vast, cheery, red-
white-and-blue inflated Uncle Sam. Regis-
Strator of Voters Haas had seen it displayed
at a Chevrolet dealer. He had driven by
and thought, “I have to have that;” and he
worked out a rental deal to use the inflat-
able for Midnight madness.

There must have been between 15 and 20
Registrar personnel in yellow slickers at
Midnight Madness. A number of them
were directing traffic. In 3 lanes, 3 people
handed registration affidavits on clip-
boards to the driver-voters in their cars,
S.U.V.’s, and pick-ups. The drivers were
then directed to park while they filled out
the form. When completed, they started
up their cars again and another yellow-
slickered official would come over to the
car, take the affidavit, check it to see that it
was filled out properly, and then send the
new registrant on his or her way.

One senior civil servant I spoke to began
her career with court reporting school,
then worked in the DA’s office, then took
the test for the position of Registrar of
Voters senior clerk and took the job in
1977 at age 26. In 1980 she left and went to
work with one of the vendors who mail
the sample ballots. “But I missed it…I
missed the excitement.” “Not many people
leave here. No one will quit.” It’s not just
this office—from email with her counter-
parts in other counties, “it sounds the
same way.” There’s a lot of stress in the job
but people love it. She is married to a
political consultant as interested in poli-
tics as she is. “When our child was born”,
she told me, “our birth announcement
said ‘height’ and ‘weight’ and ‘eligible to
vote in 2007.’”

Despite the high morale of workers at the
registrar’s office, not everyone loves every
part of it. One of the least popular sec-
tions is candidate services, dealing with
candidates and would-be candidates as
they learn how to file their papers, as they
write up their statements for the voter
information guides that in California are
sent out to all registered voters, as they
submit required campaign finance disclo-
sure forms. “The candidates…” my
informant began, and then rolled her
eyes. She talked about the people who
walk in and say, “Here’s where I live. What
can I run for?” “Who are these people?”
she asked. When someone wants to file
who has no chance at all, who has never
even turned up at a meeting of the body
they’re running for, the personnel in can-
didate services try to act on behalf of
democracy without entering improperly
into the process: “We try to politely—
well, not talk them out of it, but explain
what’s involved.”

I attended some training sessions for the
poll workers, as well as the training ses-
sion for the trainers. This session was run
by Registrar staff plus a motivational
speaker. There was a strong emphasis on
getting people to participate and to have a
good time in the training. As one of the
trainers said, “adult learning really can be
fun, it doesn’t have to be toothpicks-in-
the-eyelid time.”

The training sessions for the poll workers
were centered on a “railroad” theme and
the trainers were equipped with train
engineers’ hats, red bandannas, a loud
train whistle, and a small flashing light
that mimicked the lights at a railroad
crossing. The trainers I observed, two vig-
orous women in their sixties, blew their
train whistles together to start the session,
and then they sang a song they themselves
had written: “We’ve been working on the
election all the live long day/We’ve been
working on the election, so the voters
have their say.” Trained to get people talk-
ing and involved from the beginning, they
asked people to talk among themselves
about why they were volunteering their
time. After a few minutes they blew the
train whistles again and asked people to
tell the whole group what they had found
out. Some people talked about the free
tacos poll workers would get from a local
fast food chain, many others spoke of
wanting to do their civic duty. Many vol-
unteered election after election and spoke
of it as a kind of addiction—“Once you
do it, you’re hooked.”

Multiply these stories of one registrar’s
office in one county of one state. Multiply
it by the seventy California counties, mul-
tiply it again by the fifty states, multiply it
by the journalists who write about poli-
tics, the teachers who teach history and
civics, the pre-school teachers and kinder-
garten teachers who instruct children
about sharing, the counselors, clergy;
continued on page 21
How People Learn to Be Civic  
continued from page 20

clerks of court and others who are all civics teachers on a full-time basis, and you can see that the possibility of civic-ness for individuals may have less to do with individual virtue than with social investment and collective maintenance.

Civic-ness requires both volunteers and professionals, both ordinary citizens and experts. The kind of populism one finds in universities that is distrustful of expertise, to the point of self-hatred; that prefers participatory democracy over representation or delegation, to the point of having nothing at all to say about the latter; and that prefers John Dewey to Walter Lippmann or, more generally, romantics to realists, to a degree that refuses engagement with the actual messiness of democratic politics, lies somewhere between dreaminess and irresponsibility.

In thinking through the matter of civic education, I look more to structures, contexts, and institutions within which and through which education happens than to specific psychological processes that succeed or fail to attach individuals to the messages about civic engagement they hear. There are multiple meanings of citizenship afloat in the land and practices of civic life have changed more rapidly and more radically than our public rhetoric has yet figured out. Many people still learn to participate in politics through community-based, faith-based experiences, as was so often the case with the civil rights movement, but many others today come to politics (as is often the case in the environmentalist movement) through what sociologist Paul Lichterman calls "personalist" motivation. Some opportunities for civic engagement fade—like political party rallies—but others arise without social analysts even noticing—if there is a study of the proliferation of charity runs and charity walks, I have not yet seen it. Or consider the enormous changes in women's lives and the movement toward gender equality in the past fifty years and how the feminization of political and civic life, if you will, has altered civic practices—and should have altered what counts as citizenship and civic engagement. Along with the civil rights movement and the many other rights-oriented struggles that borrowed from it, feminism has extended norms of equality and indignation over injustice into the home, the club, the workplace and other domains once far removed from political consciousness.

Citizens learn citizenship (a) in everyday life and especially in participating in common civic exercises (b) in structures of attention shaped by political leaders, the media, the schools, and other voices of authority (c) in experiences of community solidarity that forge attachments to people beyond us (it is a familiar observation that soldiers fight not so much for their flag as for their comrades); and (d) in structures and institutions that are cultivated and cared for by full-time staff whose work is required to make citizenship possible. Meanwhile, the realm of the civic shifts and expands as the legitimate demands of once-excluded groups enter into play and re-shape basic understandings of civic life.

Footnotes

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