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Tegan J. Gaetano

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## Mapping Moral Landscapes: Cartographies of Ascent and Descent in the Narratives of Pro-Life Activists

Tegan J. Gaetano

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*Abstract:* The Supreme Court ruling of *Roe v. Wade* in 1973 brought to the fore of public consciousness in the United States two dominant stances on the issue of abortion (i.e. pro-life and pro-choice), each organized around a rhetoric of moral vilification. As the sites of abortion practice, abortion clinics have since become theatres of contention, where conflicting imaginings of agency, reproduction, and personhood take shape and are experienced. This paper seeks to explore the relationship between morality, place, and imaginative practice in the narratives of pro-life activists working at the doors of Affiliated Medical Services, a women's health clinic providing abortions in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Discourse about abortion experiences and activism is treated reflexively as landscape talk – talk of how places are culturally recruited to stake out the values, histories, and identities of the individuals who occupy them. This paper argues that to better understand this process, there is a need to investigate how talk temporally and spatially located in the lived landscape is rooted in the imaginative landscape. How is abortion imaginatively rendered in talk? An answer to this question is approached by adopting Randall Lake's (1984) heuristic model of an ascent-descent structure of moral discourse.

**Key words:** landscapes, abortion, moral imagination, narrative, anthropology

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Different, and frequently conflicting, ways of being-in-the-world are the theme of moral geographies (Gunhild Setten 2004:389).

### *Introduction*

Few other issues have so persistently engaged the moral consciousness of the American people as abortion. Although the issue has had a long history of controversy in American politics, with the 1973 rulings of *Roe v. Wade* and *Doe v. Bolton* abortion was transformed from the concern of a relatively small group of physicians, theologians, and social workers to an issue of intense national scrutiny. As the settings of abortion practice, abortion clinics have since become concentrated locations of moral conflict, battlegrounds of identity where the borders of community, the self, and the other are struggled over and given form. It is in the lived landscape of the abortion clinic that the moral identities of abortion actors – pro-life and pro-choice activists, clinic workers, and clinic clientele – are made most clear. Employing the notion of landscape, both as a tool for talking about features of the human moral imagination and as physical terrain encoded with meaning, this paper explores the imaginative practice of moral landscaping within narratives of pro-life activists. The situated activity of speaking is taken as an extension of moral imagining or 'landscaping'. The question, then, is not *what* (i.e. what is the landscape) but *how*; that is, how is the landscape morally rendered in talk? How do people morally dwell?

Just as imagining moral landscapes or *moralscapes* is about placement – placing and being placed – so is writing ethnography. This paper tells four stories of ‘place-making’ against the very condensed backdrop of abortion activism. First, theory is established to stake out the terrain of the ethnography. A metaphor of ascent-descent is applied to the situated activity of speaking in order to imbue abortion narratives with movement (i.e. ascent or descent) and to better connect them with the many ways (including morally) that place is imagined. Second, an ongoing dialogue within ethnography is engaged by exposing the self-reflexive voice of the author (for more on the voice of the ethnographer see Appadurai 1988). The author is physically and imaginatively situated in the moral landscape of abortion experiences and activism and is caught in the act of place-making. Third, a plot of descent taking shape in the ‘foreign past’ is charted to express the downward spiral of the moral character of humanity, and fourth, a story of ascent imagines an alternative landscape of moral restoration, divinely conceived and attitudinally conveyed by ‘hope’. These four stories are united by their shared location at the doors of Affiliated Medical Services, an urban women’s health clinic in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The essay ends speculatively, suggesting that the value of employing the concept of ‘place’ to questions of moralscapes and moral identities may reside ultimately with its ability to attach human feelings to somewhere and sometime in particular.

### *Placing the Theory*

In recent years, anthropologists have become increasingly sensitive to the geographical landscape as a reflexive site of meaning-making, one that is fixed with and that evokes “memories, images, feelings, sentiments, meanings, and the work(s) of imagination” (Walter 1988:21). This growing interest is reflected in the surge of scholarly work being done on such topics as the construction of national, or ‘bordered’, identities (e.g., Chambers 1994; Devine-Wright and Lyons 2002; Malkki 1992; Nash 1993), the conservation and repatriation of native places (e.g., Basso 1996a; Davenport and Anderson 2005; Williams and Stewart 1998), and the mapping of heritage narratives (e.g., Setten 2004; Straub 2004; Tuan 1977). A particularly compelling example of the landscape as a locality of social meaning-making is provided by Keith Basso (1996a, 1996b) in his ethnographic analysis of the historical landscapes and mindscapes of Western Apache place names. He argues that “places provide points from which to look out on life, and grasp one’s position in the order of things, to contemplate events from somewhere in particular” (1996a:109). In other words, landscapes provide a fixed perspective in relation to the many, and frequently conflicting, ways of knowing oneself and the world. However, just as landscapes fix individuals to somewhere in particular, landscapes themselves are continually being located and relocated to reflect the particular world views – or “ways of dwelling” – of the individuals who experience them.

The process by which landscapes take on particular social meanings involves a mapping out of moral space, a cultural outfitting of ‘rights’ and ‘wrongs’ that functions to organize particular ways of dwelling. Thus, awareness of the landscape as a domain of the social that has physical as well as imaginative substance carries with it an awareness of a socially conferred and personally enacted moral orientation to other possible landscapes, that is, other ways of being *morally* located. Landscapes, then, are subject to processes of moral ordering – and moral othering – that function to structure particular social experiences and relationships. This

suggests, to borrow from Marjorie Goodwin (1990), a sort of ‘participation framework’, in which moral talk (e.g. abortion talk) is used to enforce and reinforce a particular social order.

Used in literary criticism and religious studies to describe cardinal dichotomies (e.g., ‘heaven-earth’ [Segal 1980; Terras 1983]; ‘male-female’ [Doherty 2001]; ‘light-darkness’ [McColgan 1991; Syrkin 1988]; ‘pure-impure’ [Lake 1984]), the metaphor of ‘ascent-descent’ can be applied to moralscapes. Through a model of directional movement; that is, movements downwards, towards a moral deterioration and perversion and movements upwards, towards a moral purity, the metaphor of ascent/descent imbues moralscapes with shape and substance. The analytical perspective provided by this metaphor allows for the exploration of two noteworthy features moralscapes. First, the imagining of a particular landscape, constructed against an infinite number of alternative landscapes, reflects what I can best describe as a momentary pause in the ever-changing fabric of cultural experience, a ‘snapshot’ of meaning. Thus, landscapes are quite dynamic – they involve the stringing together of multiple, sometimes conflicting, snapshots. As Randall Lake (1984) puts it, “the descent-ascent pattern reflects a recurrent *rhythm* of life and, for humans, a form of consciousness, a form in which human experience is often symbolized and made meaningful” (426, emphasis added). One example of this pattern can be found in Smith Palmer Bovie’s (1956) examination of ascent-descent imagery in Virgil’s *Georgics*. He writes, “The poet [Virgil] uses his device [ascent-descent imagery]... to convey the appearance of natural phenomena, to delineate contour, to evoke change, progress, and sequence” (342). Palmer Bovie further adds, “He uses it to advantage in transcribing effects from the elusive realm of emotional elevation and depression, of spiritual dismay and uplift” (1956:342). This passage reveals the second feature of the moralscape: its attitudinal quality. One’s spatial location (i.e. downwards or upwards) on the ascent-descent continuum may be conveyed attitudinally by feelings or expressions of despair, disappointment, or frustration on one side, and hope, happiness, or satisfaction on the other. Extending this model, I examine these two features of the ascent-descent metaphor in the construction of moralscapes by pro-life activists as they are contextually situated in abortion space and given form in abortion talk.

### *Placing the Ethnographer*

*March 13, 2010. 6:00 am.* My first encounter with the lived landscape I will examine with the jittery eye of a first-time researcher for the next five weeks takes place on a dull, hazy morning. The previous night’s chill hangs low in the sky, needly pellets of rain stinging the hands and faces of early-morning passersby. However, neither the rain nor the early hour at which I wake can dampen the slightly apprehensive feeling in my gut. I am about to embark into new and contested territory. I am not unaware of the bitter fission the abortion debate has created in the social and political consciousness of American culture. I have watched TV politicians (red and blue ties signaling their relative positions on the issue) clash over the moral impact of abortion on society, rallying their arguments behind words such as “freedom,” “murder,” and “life.” I have seen the photos – butchered mounds of fetal tissue bracketed by phrases such as “Abortion Kills Children” and “What does an Abortion Cost?: One Human Life” – adorning pro-life picket signs, billboards, and bumper stickers. I have even taken part in debates over the issue myself. Yet, as I exit the route 30 bus that regularly passes that mythical place where death and choice happen, it seems alien, dangerous, and exotic. I feel as though I am stepping out onto the

battlefield where the fight for America's conscience is being waged. Indeed, as it is later described to me by Sam<sup>1</sup>, an active member of the Catholic pro-life movement, being there – in that place where conflicting meanings of the procreating female body, the nature of personhood, and the human moral condition are continuously being produced and reproduced – is “like being on the precipice of a volcano, you never know when it’ll blow.”

*7:30 am.* Already, people, some wearing plastic rain hoods and others wielding brightly colored umbrellas, are beginning to assemble in thick clumps on either side of the street, congested at this hour with business types commuting from the East Side residential neighborhoods bordering Lake Michigan to the economic hub of downtown Milwaukee. At the center of the gently buzzing crowd stands Affiliated Medical Services, a handsome building in the Romanesque Revival style, newly outfitted with square, utilitarian windows and red awnings to better match the more modern buildings surrounding it. Framed across the building's top by decorative plaster mouldings of fruit and ivy is the word D.O.R.S.E.Y in red paint. A leering plaster Bacchus gazes down on me as I make my way up the sidewalk towards the clinic's entrance, double checking the address I had scribbled down on an index card earlier that morning. Across the street, a construction crew noisily guts out the neighborhood coffee shop that had once been used as a stomping ground by pro-life and pro-choice activists alike. I will later be told that that particular building is to be converted into an alternative pregnancy center, a sort of counter-landscape where free ultrasounds and literature provided by the Right to Life coalition will be made available to pregnant women considering abortion.

As I near the entrance of the clinic, I find myself suddenly surrounded by a handful of slightly damp and very eager people. Individuals in green aprons, looking very much like Starbucks baristas, hold out their arms, blocking me from others who are doing their best to pass me pamphlets decorated with bold block lettering (“**Pregnant? Worried? We'll Help!**”) under the arms of the faceless green aprons. As I am jostled to the clinic's doors, feeling rather claustrophobic, I hear an unidentifiable voice exclaim, “You don't want to go in there, they kill little babies!” The clinic door closes over the final yell (“Little Babies!”) and the sound is cut off. Somewhat shaken by my first run-in with the internal world of abortion activism, I readily agree to be led on a brief tour of the building by Margot, a long-time pro-choice escort with the clinic. However, instead of taking a peek inside white-walled examining rooms and surgical theatres as I expect, she leads me out a side door from the main clinic and into a narrow, dimly lit hallway. As we walk along the crusty red carpet, it quickly becomes apparent that this wing of the clinic has never been used for the dispensing of healthcare: the walls are grimy with age and disuse and plaster shards litter the carpet, leaving tiny Bacchae without noses. Turning the corner, we pass an ancient ticket booth jutting out from the wall, brown sheets of paper covering its windows. Finally, we climb a short flight of stairs that empties into an open ballroom. The wooden dance floor, soft with a layer of dust, glows in the morning light that filters in from a series of tall, domed windows lining the eastern wall. Plaster scrollwork coils around the naked chandelier fixtures dotting the ceiling, evidence of a grandeur long past. Margot turns to me. “This used to be a flapper club,” she says in her buoyant British trill.

I marvel at the transformation of my surroundings: a physical as well as imaginative ascent from a place of darkness to one of light. Daydreaming, I try to put myself in the mental shoes of the pro-life activists who had ambushed me just minutes before. Like Malinowski

stepping off the boat and onto foreign terrain, I try to familiarize myself to their exoticism. I imagine what meanings they might ascribe to this tucked-away section of the clinic and if any of them might remember this place as it was before becoming an abortion clinic. Distracted with my mental wanderings I almost miss Margot's next statement, "There's a make-shift distillery in the basement; it's said to be from the prohibition era." With a jolt I realize I have been caught in the very act I intended to observe in others. This recognition forces me to acknowledge the power in certain localities to invite imaginings of place. It alerts me to the perhaps universally human practice of constructing mental landscapes, of negotiating the lived landscape to conform to particular social experiences and positionalities. It makes me realize that by imagining places through the focused lens of experience, we are not merely accepting a fixed suite of meanings, we are *inventing* meanings; we are inventing places.

### *Placing a Moralscape of Descent*

*March 19, 2010. 8:30 am.* When I am next able to visit the abortion clinic, it is almost a week later. This time, I feel better prepared to meet the many challenges of fieldwork, including the zealousness of my study subjects. I had taken meticulous care in assembling my ethnographer's toolkit earlier that morning (tape-recorder, notebook and pens, participation consent forms, and a bag of Oreos) and had practiced introducing my study in the mirror several times before departing for the clinic. I am ready. However, after trying unsuccessfully to hand out my consent forms to pro-life interview potentials for over an hour – I am mostly met with mild disinterest and even a little flat-out hostility – my confident attitude begins to dissipate. I step back to rest and regroup against the side of the clinic, munching on a few Oreos as I survey the growing crowd. Beside me stands an elderly gentleman with thick, caterpillar eyebrows and lips that quirk to the left when he smiles. After several minutes of silence, in which I notice him not-so-subtly glancing in my direction with curiosity on his face, he introduces himself as Ernst and asks me about my purpose for being there. Sensing this as the perfect opportunity to try out another potential candidate, I tell him a bit about myself and my research, describing in general terms the aims of my study. He nods in approval and tells me that it is good that I am there, that it is an important place to be, "The door through which 52 million souls has passed is a door worth standing at" he pronounces, referring to the approximate number of legal abortions carried out in the United States since *Roe v. Wade*. His heavy German accent and soft, gruff voice cause me to take a step towards him to better make out his words. We talk for a while about the weather, the traffic, and other polite topics. Then he takes a step back with a sigh, a sure sign that he is about to speak, and leaning against the side of the clinic begins to tell me a story<sup>2</sup>:

If you look back in history, essentially,  
every society that collapsed it was over the i s s u e of the denigration of babies.  
In Roman times –  
they got tired of babies they'd take them beyond the walls for the wolves to eat.  
A n d,  
I guess with the Greeks, they got into  
>>>>  
I don't know,  
homosexuality or whatever.  
>>>>



*Placing a Story of Redemption and Hope*

*March 27, 2010. 10:00 am.* As March comes to a close and Good Friday, the final day of the Catholic spring prayer vigil “40 Days for Life,” fast approaches, the intensity of the anti-abortion demonstrations conducted in front of the clinic picks up. Growing numbers of activists line the sidewalks and spill out onto the street, eager to represent their cause. Passing by the clinic two weeks earlier, one would have seen a meager group of five or ten individuals, some reciting the rosary or reading Bible verses, others pacing back and forth, a fat stack of pamphlets in hand, while others hold signs (“Men Regret Lost Fatherhood”) along the curbside. Now, however, a passerby would see a coordinated assembly of twenty or more individuals crowding the narrow sidewalk, passionately performing prayers and songs in the style of call and response:

Call: **Hail Mary**, full of grace,  
the Lord is with thee.  
Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb J e s u s.  
Response: Holy Mary mother of God, pray for our sins now and at the hour of our death.  
Amen.  
Call: Oh my **Jesus**,  
forgive us our sins,  
save us from the fires of hell –  
Response: lead all souls to heaven especially those most in need of thy mercy.

I stand a few feet away from the action with my notebook and tape recorder as has become my habit over the past few weeks. Spatially, I am not aligned with either side of the physically and ideationally constructed divide which, although I don’t realize it, sets me apart and makes me vulnerable to being singled out. At the end of a final set of “Amen’s” the caller suddenly turns to me and exclaims in his distinctive “call” voice, “Stop writing, come and pray!” Surprised at being addressed and once again reminded that the observed frequently make astute observers, I babble something about “just watching” and remain silent. Undeterred, he calls to me again, “It is the source of all charity, then you could pray for me too, then it would be even better!” Then, without waiting for me to respond he turns back around and resumes his repeating prayer, “The source of all charity, the woman who embraces motherhood. Hail Mary full of grace...”

*10:45 am.* Later that morning, I am approached by Sam, a stately, sixty-four-year-old member of the 40 Days Coalition who had witnessed my earlier encounter with the caller. He asks me if anyone from the coalition has explained to me the basic reasons for their presence at the clinic. I answer “no” and invite him to share. By now, the level of noise around the clinic has reached such a level as to make conversation, and certainly recording, nearly impossible – the pro-choice activists have brought out a portable CD player and are doing their best to drown the “Hail Marys” with the music of 60’s youth subculture tunes from Jefferson Airplane, Jimi Hendrix, and Bob Dylan – so we decide to take our conversation to a coffee and pastry shop a few blocks away. After ordering our coffees we settle into the booth farthest from the door. As Sam fixes his coffee to his liking (two dollops of half/half and a packet of sweetener), I lay my ethnographer’s tools out on the table, physically framing the interview about to take place. He glances at them once but says nothing. Then, with practiced ease, he fashions for my benefit a moral landscape, speaking in the word-as-truth voice of a college lecturer:

So –

If we accept **God**,  
whatever you think him to be, to be out there,  
a n d if we accept p e o p l e,  
human beings,  
to be his sons and his daughters, what does that make them?

>>>>

If God is the k i n g, then his sons and daughters are –

Sensing that Sam expects me to complete his dangling sentence, I nervously answer  
“princes and princesses?”

**Yes!**

>>>>

He gives me a proud smile; by giving him the “correct” answer I have proven that  
I am not a lost cause after all. Then he continues in his rehearsed manner:

If you believe **that**,  
what I just said –  
Well, they’re **killing** princesses and princes.  
They’re not killing a fetus –

Here he both legitimizes his position on the issue of abortion by invoking the  
magisterial voice of Science and appeals to my experiences as an anthropologist:

You know scientists are more and more saying,  
“Hey, this is the **real deal**.  
This is not just some f e t u s; this is a full human being.”

It’s just that they only have,

today,

at this h o u r –

>>>>

4 cells.

He pauses, and then with a look of feigned surprise announces:

Oh, I’m sorry,  
tomorrow morning –

>>>>

120 cells.

and again,

Oh,

sorry,

two days later –

>>>>

1000 cells

He makes a sweeping gesture with his left hand to indicate that some time has  
passed in his tale:

And something,  
two months or something: a beating heart and the little thing is sucking his thumb.

Little thing –  
**that** little princess or prince.  
 >>>>>  
 So –  
 In short, then –  
 >>>>>  
 If,  
 infantile incy wincy baby Tegan is there,

His use of my name startles me; I have been introduced into the story in the role of the to-be-aborted fetus. I recognize this for what it is, a discursive strategy aimed at restructuring my moral and ideological orientation to the un-born. I am amazed at how quickly I lost control of the conversation, how adeptly Sam has changed our encounter from “anthropologist and subject” to “mentor and mentee.”

it’s not the death of a monkey falling from a high branch in a tree,  
 but it is **Tegan**, the **princess**,  
 that is being carried in there.  
 >>>>>

Here he pauses longer than usual to reorient his narrative from one of descent, a story of the carnage of princesses and princes in abortion space, to one of ascent, a story of heavenly salvation of the innocent:

Christianity holds that it’s very **v e r y** possible,  
 most probable, that Tegan will not,  
 after death, if you –  
 if you or I were to be **aborted**,  
 will not have an eternity of sorrow by any means.  
 Most probably this loving God who is **c r a z y** in love with us, um –  
 that nothing bad after death will be allowed to hurt these little ones, innocent as can be –  
 innocent as the driven snow.

In this passage, the depiction of the unborn child as a “pure victim,” evokes an attitudinal regret for lost childhood and posits the existence of a perfect innocence that cannot be conceived of in this imperfect, material world but can remain pure in the symbolic landscape of an eternal heaven. The dyadic nature of abortion moralscaping – despair for the loss of innocence and hope for moral restoration – is mirrored in Richard M. Weaver’s exposition on what he saw as the “dissolution of the West,” *Ideas Have Consequences* (1976). He writes, “We approach a condition in which we shall be amoral without the capacity to perceive it and degraded without means to measure our descent” (10). However, this discouraging take on the moral character of the modern West is countered with the following words, “Hope of restoration depends on recovery of the ‘ceremony of innocence,’ of that clearness of vision and knowledge of form which enable us to sense what is alien or destructive, what does not comport with our moral ambition” (11). In this way, Sam’s story of descent – of abortion and the annihilation of princes and princesses – is given hope of transformation through the divine actions of a benevolent king.

After Sam has finished speaking, we continue to sit in our booth for a while sipping our now cold coffees. Sam swirls the mug against the surface of the table, making a “whhhrrrg” sound with each rotation. He then takes out a stack of right-to-life pamphlets from his laptop case and hands me a few he tells me are especially good, “For your research,” he says with a wink. As we get up to leave he slips several of the pamphlets beside two teenage girls seated next to us.

### *Conclusion*

*April 2, 2010, Good Friday. 9:00 am.* I can see them from several blocks away, drawing nearer with each footfall. What at first appears to be 20 or 30 rapidly turns into 50... 70... 80 pro-life activists marching *en masse* towards the clinic from the south. Their pace is rhythmic and steady. They pause only once for the streetlights to turn before continuing their trek onward. The leaders are garbed in crisp, white, ceremonial robes; one carries a towering wooden cross while the others hold gently swinging rosaries in their open palms. The rest are dressed in street clothes, some with matching church-group t-shirts and pins. They hold aloft signs displaying images of dismembered fetuses, sleeping babies wrapped with red satin ribbons, and the late Pope John Paul II. Small children lag behind or run up ahead of the progressing group, mindful of the busy street to their left. Somewhere a megaphone-enhanced voice proclaims, “**Holy Mary, Mother of god, pray for us sinners!**” The parade finally comes to a halt in front of the clinic. People jostle for a place to stand, some pushing out into the street. Every inch of sidewalk is claimed. The few pro-choice escorts who volunteered to stand in front of the clinic are dwarfed by the mass, their green aprons barely discernable through the forest of protestors before them. Never has the landscape looked more like a battlefield. The two sides face off, practicing a now familiar sidedness. Histories are invoked, meanings are given shape, relationships are defined, and the landscape is being put into action, “placing” the conflicting moral and ideological experiences of these individuals in the lived space of the abortion clinic. My journey has come full circle.

Although ‘setting’ has been a common feature of ethnographic inquiry since the very beginning of the field, only recently has the rich imaginative potential of ‘place’ been fully attended to. Places fix those who experience them to somewhere and somewhen in particular. They encode values, embody memories, and are socially engaged to produce particular expressions and experiences of identity. Whether encountered imaginatively or experienced on the spot, places are enacted as a way of making clear one’s position in relation to all other ways of dwelling. As Basso (1996b) wrote, “Fueled by sentiments of inclusion, belonging, and connectedness to the past, sense of place roots individuals in the social and cultural soils from which they have sprung together, holding them there in the grip of shared identity, a localized version of selfhood” (85). The intensely emotional practice of place-making allows the metaphor of landscape to be easily mapped onto the fabric of moral life. Specifically, moralscapes of abortion given voice in the situated act of speaking reveal how lived places are imaginatively recruited to give physical presence to such artifacts of human experience as feelings, histories, thoughts, and even language. In this paper, abortion stories are overlaid with a metaphor of directional movement (i.e. ascent-descent) to provide the analysis of moralscapes with qualitative as well as attitudinal substance. The primary value of the ascent-descent model in the

analysis of abortion moralscapes lies in its attachment of emotions (e.g., despair, hope, shame) to lived place.

Although this study was first conceived as an examination of different and conflicting imaginations of the setting of abortion practice in pro-life activist narratives, in the end it led me to consider the many ways place enters into the life-worlds of the individuals who experience it. The ease with which place was constituted in stories of morality suggests that the everyday act of place-making may primarily be unselfconscious, a natural symptom of morally dwelling. However, this is not to suggest that the individuals with whom I spoke were completely unaware of the how they imagined and talked about abortion. Rather, I suggest that the act of place-making is a natural extension of being somewhere. “The world comes bedecked in places,” wrote Edward Casey (1996), “it is a place-world to begin with” (43). In other words, wherever you are is somewhere in particular, a place already outfitted with memories, sensations, and expectations; one that is, in the very act of being perceived, made.

### *Notes*

<sup>1</sup>All names printed in this paper with the exception of the author’s are pseudonyms used to protect the identities of the research participants.

<sup>2</sup>Spoken narratives included in this paper are textually rendered as following: short pauses (one-two seconds or less) are marked by line changes and longer pauses (more than two seconds) by arrows. Boldface type indicates loudness of voice while small type is indicative of voice softness. Lack of punctuation at the end of a line indicates a level tone, a dash indicates an incompleteness of thought conveyed by a slight rise, a comma indicates a slight fall, a semicolon indicates a more pronounced fall, and a period indicates the end of the thought or sentence. Spaced-out words indicate a drawing out of the words for effect. For further examples of this particular method of textual adaptation, see Dennis Tedlock, *Breath on the Mirror: Mythic Voices and Visions of the Living Maya* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1993).

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