

A Tale of ~~two~~ three Females lives The seductions of a Research Fellow ~~and~~ a Pallid harrier and a Collared dove

Pauliina Pautio

University of Oulu, Finland, pauliina.rautio@oulu.fi, <https://orcid.org/0000-0002-1847-6221>

Edinburgh, UK, December 2011. I wake up in my hotel room to the news: “The Scottish government issued a red alert warning for much of central Scotland. Strong winds are expected across the region throughout the day, escalating to speeds up to 100mph”. I have travelled from Finland to attend Sensory Worlds, an “interdisciplinary, interrogative and explorative” conference. Nature seems to be on board.

We get through the first sessions of the day before the University buildings are emptied and people evacuated. Just before we move to a pub in the next building, to continue discussions, I write in my notebook something Michael Gallagher has said during his talk: “The feeling of doing something superficial is a sign of doing something that contests prevailing structures of power”. I think I write it down because the following day I am to present a work in progress, a paper called “Children who carry stones in their pockets”. And it feels superficial.

The pub next door has prevailed 200 years of stormy winds. It does not feel superficial. I sit next to David Abram and I guess appropriating the confidence of the stone-walled pub behind my back, I open my mouth and thank him for his keynote. He asks whether I have read his newest book “Becoming Animal” (Abram 2011). I wish I had, but have to reply “No, unfortunately not.” And quickly add “Yet” (but I still haven’t). The next day he comes to listen to my presentation about kids and stones. And we continue discussing agency and matter. He disagrees with me on that agency does not reside within an intentional individual (human). A year later I meet Peter Kraftl in Warwick – I have asked to meet up as we happen to be in the same place at the same time and because I am a huge fan of his work. And I suspect that he will disagree with me less than Abrams.

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This turns out to be the case. Another six months later my paper is published in *Children's Geographies* (Rautio 2013).

The breeding grounds for (post)qualitative thought are located, claimed and fertilised by seducing and being seduced. These human to human seductions of theories and ideas are all but abstract and ideal: they are personified, fleshy and filled with desires. *Who do you want to be seen with? Who do you want to keep seeing? Who do you fly to?*

The objective of this paper is to bring into the open some of the often implicit and/or improper forces of various kinds of seductions in doing (post)qualitative inquiry. To ask how we view and understand ourselves as professionals *and* animals with a desire to breed. Whether we are seduced by our own reflections or by the phenomena calling to be transformed – or always both.

This is done by parallel reading of the seasonal movements of two individuals driven by seductions of recognition, of other animals and of places. The animality of the human researcher in search for academic breeding grounds is highlighted with the help of a satellite-tracked female Pallid Harrier. These multi-species seductions are mapped with personal notes of the author from three years of attending conferences and other academic events, and the logging information of one satellite tracked Pallid Harrier (*Circus macrourus*) with breeding grounds in the Circumpolar North (both sets of materials from 2015-2017). *Nota bene*, a third tale¹.

Potku the Pallid harrier

This is a tale of two females, and a mapping of two seasonal movements. Both airborne, both driven by seductions and a will to live. It is a mapping of ordinary movements of two individuals for two years. The objective is to locate and trace movements between breeding and rest, and to

¹ These footnotes are a site of a third tale, inserted in the Covid-ridden fall of 2020 when human flying has become a global threat and almost all academics, among others, stay grounded. This third tale is prompted by two occurrences: the peer review comments by the editors of the special issue, and the arrival of a young flightless Collared dove (*Streptopelia decaocto*) in my care. Both arrived in late September.

I named the dove Loru (Collared doves are not sexually dimorphic so I cannot tell from her looks whether she's a female or a male. I use the pronoun 'her' only in this paper. In daily life I use the Finnish pronoun "hän" which is not gender specific as Finnish does not have gendered pronouns. Her name isn't gender specific either). I strike through the word female in the title of this paper because I cannot tell if we all are. My son asked me just this morning, when we were at the stables with our horse, a mare, "I wonder what it would feel like to be a woman, or a girl". I replied that I think much of his experiences or the "feel" of existing would be the same regardless of sex. But that of course some things would feel different. I don't know whether I am right or wrong in any of these things. But in this paper I choose to focus on the experience of being a living being and caring for life.

In the case of Loru the dove, my time with her has been filled with two perfectly conflicting desires: to succeed in helping her fly, and to fail in my attempt so that I could keep her as a companion bird. I identify seductions at work in both desired outcomes: things, happenings, thoughts, memories that work as seductions to propel both polar end desires.

This third tale is about my navigation in the pull of the two desires, materializing in a diversity of seductions. The purpose of the third tale, in relation to the first two – me as a research fellow and Potku as a harrier – is to dialogue with the reviewer's comments and further argue that seductions are not only or even mostly benign, wonderful, productive instances of getting lost but as mainly ego-centered can have real and unfortunate consequences for others.

account for seductions on the way.

The parallel and diffractive reading of my seasonal movements with and against those of a harrier reveals my academic animality, self-deception and self-indulgence. The virtues of the (post)qualitative inquirer – openness, intuitiveness and wit – appear central in seducing other academics, and being seduced by them, by theories, by words, by modes of inquiry – by things not necessarily related to the phenomena I claim to study.

The first ever satellite transmitter on a pallid harrier in Finland was fitted on a female harrier breeding in the North of Finland in June 2015 by my ex partner Ari-Pekka Auvinen (see Auvinen, 2019). The tagged bird was named Potku (Engl. “a kick”). Potku spent the first two winters migrated in southern Mauretania in West Africa. She flew there and back from Finland through an almost identical route. In the summer of 2016, she attempted to breed in northern Finnish Lapland and the following year just before breeding time she disappeared somewhere southeast of Arkhangelsk in northwestern Russia.

Simultaneously to Potku’s movements I flew on estimate for over 70 000 kilometres, to all kinds of directions from Finland and never the same route twice. I consider myself a sharp, analytical, critical thinker, but in comparison Potku’s ventures during our parallel years were more attuned and balanced with her surroundings.

2015

As soon as her fledglings became independent in the late summer of 2015 Potku began her solo migration southward, stopping to sleep for a few hours for the darkest times of night. After crossing the Gulf of Finland in two hours she settled for the night in a forest near the Estonia–Russia border. She then flew across the Baltic countries, turned west in Belarus and headed towards Poland.

After two nights in Poland she took off again. Her route was dead straight and apparently, she flew quite high (The GPS-tag does not measure altitude yet there was a sharp ten degree drop in temperature when she took off, indicating a high flying altitude). On Saturday August 22 Potku crossed the border between Poland and Germany. She stayed for two nights, roosting only 55km from the Brandenburg Gate in Berlin. She rested and hunted in the protected wetland areas of Central Germany for a week. Potku then passed Paris, flying just past the Versaille gardens, and settled to hunt again for a few days in a village in the Loire valley.

As she was over Paris, I flew to Helsinki to attend a doctoral defense and party of a colleague. Dressed appropriately I took part in an orchestrated tradition, was seated between two senior academics at dinner and discussed research of human-animal relations. The man to my left was a representative of a major research funding body in Finland. I flew back home and finished a funding application, hoping that I’d left an impression.

We could read this first set of events as both of us staying true to the kinds of species we are: knowing where to rest and to feed ourselves, knowing which places to avoid and where to stay.

Somehow Potku's journey feels more independent and simultaneously of the world. And mine in comparison seems like participating in a game set in motion by someone else.

Potku crossed the border between Morocco and Western Sahara in the evening of September 27. The way in which Potku crossed Morocco is interesting. Earlier when she flew around the Pyrenees she took a route that allowed her to avoid all the highest peaks. Now she did just the opposite at the Atlas Mountains: the pallid harrier crossed the highest mountain range of northern Africa at its highest point. She flew over a 3,600-metre-high terrain just a couple of kilometers off the highest peak of the Atlas Mountains at 4,167 metres. The whole stretch over Morocco, a distance of over 1,200 kilometers, took her just four days. Potku arrived at the semi desert area south of the small town of Aleg on October 6 and did not leave there until January 5 of the next year, 2016.

I land on Henri Bergson in November 2015. I would like to think I picked him up for the right reasons, but if I am brutally honest, it is more likely that I chose to read him because maybe dropping his name will make me stand out in the midst of the St. Pierre-Manning-Lenz Taguchi-Barad citations – the established canon. I do admire Bergson's (e.g., 1999) idea of *knowing something from the inside*, however.

The same autumn I stand in a dark forest with colleagues in an attempt to rethink qualitative methodology and try to appear clever when we talk about it afterwards. I write down in my notebook that evening: "Bergson's influence on imagist poetry of the modernist movement (e.g., William Carlos Williams) away from mimetic representation and toward the immediate presentation or evocation of lived experience through the arresting juxtaposition of verbal images."

I feel like flying when I read and think with text. The plane of words is my flight, lifting my feet off the ground. But do I ever land, or where do I land, or do I have any control of where I land – where and what my words impact and transform, if anything?² And unlike William Carlos Williams, do I manage to evoke lived experience (of anyone else than myself)?

² The editors seem to resist my portrayal of seductions as negative, something that leads astray, is narcissistic and even self-delusional at times. They point out that my anxiety might arise from the (human) need to control and master situations, to know beforehand what will happen: "...the impossibility of being in control of the directions the seduction takes us". I don't think it is quite this simple. Let me explain, by continuing the tale of Loru the dove.

On arrival I notice that Loru is a young dove who has only recently left her nest. She was found lying flat on the ground, unable to move, but on inspection I find no injuries. Her legs are limp and powerless, and her tail feathers are still inside the protective sheets that should've crumbled away a long time ago.

I know that people keep individuals of the exact same species as pet doves, and that when reared from young they bond with humans easily and strongly, making wonderful companions. Her eyes seduce me, the colour of her plumage, the memories of a companion dove I used to have (Rautio 2017a; Rautio 2017b). The way she feels on my hand. The anticipation of a companionship we could build, experience and turn into images and stories (yes, also academic journal articles) seriously seduces me. I find myself hoping that she wouldn't recover fully. That I could apply for a special permit to keep her.

All the while I know that a wildlife rehabilitator's merit, success and reputation are measured by the number of animals they can release back into the wild. This is: when things go as planned, intended and as they should (wildlife belongs to the wild), when no detours or unexpected seductions happen. I am seduced by the idea that I could care for the dove so well and so skillfully that she would recover, and I could release her. I would post a story on our social media platforms, with perhaps a release video.

As you might be able to read from both scenarios the seductions and the "thrilling anticipation" of not knowing,

2016

Potku began to be ready to return to her breeding grounds on the 23rd of March. Three days later she passed over a 200 km stretch of West Africa in seven hours. From there she flew across Morocco so that on the morning of the 29th Potku was approaching Gibraltar. On that day Potku flew 1,200 km nonstop in 24 hours! She had passed the whole of the Iberian Peninsula before the sun rose again. Her average speed was exactly 50 km/h.

Potku didn't stop flying even after she had crossed the Pyrenees. The bird flew until the next evening, March 31, when she finally settled for the night at a patch of woodland northeast of Poitiers in western France. Her continuous flight had been more than 1,500 km long.

This was a busy stretch for me as well. I conclude in my notes in the notebook I keep at conferences: "It's all made up. It's all thought of, invented. It can be RE-invented" And I add a sidenote: "I need to get to know Mindy Blaise and Affrica Taylor". And one more: "Ethics of conviviality!" I had underlined the word 'conviviality' because as a non-native English speaker I was not sure what it meant, yet it intrigued me, seemed like an impressive word. I seem to have been seduced by not only the new word but the air and flair of the onto-epistemologies conceptualized and presented. I remember thinking how wonderfully messy, entangled, complex, embedded, relational, diffractive, unpredictable, non-linear and rhizomatic everything is – a whole list of words to describe the opposite of linear directions. And I surely remember learning that coding is a SIN!

Whereas Potku was picking up speed to reach what she desired, I had little idea what it was that I desired or where I was headed. In retrospect our movements at this time seem like the harrier is the one with clear goals and plans, intentions and motivations, and I am the animal driven by instinct and intuition. Of course, neither of us are just either or, and both of us are animals; and instinct and intuition are modes of planning and intending. But this simplified comparison seems like a healthy checkpoint, nevertheless. In flying adamantly, tenaciously and dead straight for hundreds of kilometers it's not as if the harrier didn't expect or face any surprises or seductions. She had to have been balancing and adjusting weather, geological formations, other birds of prey, human settlements (e.g., electric wires, wind turbines), but she did this AND had a clear plan, a desire to breed. I, on the other hand, had been thinking that because everything is non-linear and complex there cannot be room for planning (explicit goals or hypotheses to test) or organizing (coding); that as a post-qualitative academic I just need to float.

I have since thought that to be able to breed – to bring something new and worthwhile to the word, I need to be more like the harrier. I need strong goals to strive towards, to evaluate the

leading to the "joys of academia" and into "rewarding research work" (quotes from the feedback I received) have to do with me. I will most likely fare well with either end result: the dove as a companion or the dove as a free wild bird. But the consequences of either direction will be felt directly and more heavily by the dove, and the two are not equally ideal for her. I need to weigh the seductions and intend to let her go.

What I initially hesitated with, in the original two tales of this paper, was that even if the consequences of seductions might bear fruit for me as an academic, what would the ripples be for others – other humans, other animals, other life? The worry remains. Seductions play with your ego, they can blind you. They wouldn't be called seductions if they didn't.

seductions against, to stray when appropriate but to also know how to stay on course for long distances, regardless of the seductions (of other people, of other readings, of prestigious travels). I need to focus *and* float (see also Rautio 2020).

*

Potku carried on and crossed the Gulf of Finland on April 28th and reached her breeding ground from the previous summer on May 3rd. But then, contrary to our hopes and expectations, she continued to fly north into central Lapland.

One can only guess if Potku had already found a partner in Kolari and flew together with him to Tarvantovaara wilderness area in Lapland. In any case, she seems to have started to lay eggs very soon after arriving there. Based on the GPS data Potku may have laid her first egg already around May 16th. A couple of days after this she started to stay put. The incubation continued until June 5th or 6th. Then something went wrong. She lost all of her eggs. Nest predation is a common threat to harriers that breed on the ground and Potku's anticipated offspring most likely became nutrition for other lives. The summer of 2016 was very bad for pallid harriers in Finland in general. There were almost no voles at all in the best-known breeding area around Oulu. To the knowledge of ornithologists and researchers, only one successful brood took place in Finland that year.

Potku's autumn migration started on July 18 when she seems to have risen to her cruising altitude and taken a bearing southeast. She flew over the Chernobyl reactor on July 28th.

I have begun to work with Karen Malone who suggested I read Deborah Bird Rose who writes about learning to synchronize ourselves across many temporal horizons. I write in my notebook after talking to Karen: "Nonhuman methodologies: How do dogs or birds study their worlds, how do they create knowledge and abstractions?" Then at another event someone suggests I read Isabel Stengers, Jamie Lorimer and Anna Tsing. I write their names down while frowning: I have not even begun to understand Henri Bergson yet. I feel so slow.

I turn the page of my conference notebook and there's a list titled "Need to read". The list includes Deborah Bird Rose, Isabella Stengers, Jamie Lorimer, Myra Hird, Ian Bogos, Leslie Instone, Thom van Dooren, Anna Tsing and many others. I have bought books by half of these people by now, but have not finished reading a single one. Simultaneously Potku has migrated back and forth between Scandinavia and West Africa, nested and lost her eggs, and is heading towards Africa again.

*

On September 23rd Potku had just crossed over to Africa and was getting ready to fly over the Atlas Mountains in Morocco the same way she did a year before: high and fast. Potku's wintering grounds and timing southwest of Aleg in southern Mauretania was nearly identical with that of the previous year.

She was letting data accumulate; she had a plan without a plan, she flew out of desire. And it was anything but messy and non-linearly ungraspable. She had a route. It was an unfolding of a "non-predetermined something else" (that's a quote from my notebook from Fikile Nxumalo at the

American Educational Research Association annual meeting in 2016). I, on the other hand, was flying back and forth in search of direction. Being seduced and pulled to too many directions.

In late 2016 I got to hear Rosi Braidotti give a keynote in Sydney, Australia. I held my keynote lecture there the following day. The first keynote I've ever given. The one in which I rode on the lives of two birds – a pigeon and a rook – who had lived and died alongside me. It was the one that made every other person in the audience cry. I felt like an impostor – inappropriately appropriating other lives and deaths in order to gain ground. Breeding ground. Impact.³

In her keynote Rosi had talked about the breeding grounds of posthumanist or post-qualitative inquiry. I understood her to be talking about the fleshiness, the human to human encounters and seductions, of theories. Of ideas not as abstract but as personified and filled with desires. Who do you want to be seen with? Who do you want to keep seeing? Who do you fly to?

2017

In early March Potku the pallid harrier arrived at the National Park of Khenifiss, right north of Morocco's disputed border with Western Sahara. Potku spent only a couple of days in Khenifiss. First, she continued east, but soon turned north towards Europe. Her crossing of the Gibraltar begun over Tangier just as it had done one year before – this time she reached Europe on March 28th whereas the previous year the date had been March 29th.

She arrived to Finland at the end of May, only to find that spring was very late and there was no food about. Potku turned around and headed East to Russia.⁴ Her transmitter fell silent for good

³ The editors take up the notion of recognition in their comments. I do connect it with how I think about seductions – in life and in the academy – and will explain further, with the tale of Loru. The editors engage Judith Butler (1987, 58) who writes about reciprocal recognition and the acknowledging look of the other as confirming us, as the sources of flourishing for subjectivities. I am pretty sure Butler did not think about non-human others when she wrote about subjectivities. If she did, she might have paused at “reciprocal”. But let's not dwell on that.

I receive recognition from my human peers with either unfolding trajectory (in reality, of course, there are many more trajectories, lines of flight, but for the sake of these arguments I will keep entertaining only the polar opposites: either Loru becomes my companion or she flies away into the wild with her kind). I am acknowledged and confirmed the moment Loru arrives at my care. I am special. I am seen. I belong. I have gained and keep gaining this recognition through my volunteer work. But the truly Other who can confirm me is Loru. The seduction of this connection is incredibly strong. To be seen by a bird. To become special to another being. The seduction is even stronger, to me, than human-to-human recognition.

But reciprocal? I hesitate to impose this need for recognition from me, a human being, on Loru's life. What I would steal from her in keeping her, is recognition by her own kind. Especially since she's still a very young dove who has yet to socialize and to connect with other doves. I play her the song of Collared doves from the Internet. She becomes alert and starts to extend her neck as if searching.

Captive animals, be they injured wild ones or long-term zoo residents, react strongly to human gaze (e.g., Berger, 2009). The reaction is negative if they have no means to escape being seen. It can be less stressful if they retain control of when they can be seen, when they can hide, and when, if they want, they can even reach out across species lines. The seduction of recognition is, again, in this tale, all about me. But the consequences of it are felt by others than me.

⁴ Here in the original story Potku makes a detour. As if to please the editors who comment “How might we/you/harrier be seduced in/to and by the mundane; in and from the patterned and programmatic flights of (re)production's call; in and from the instinctual/learned flights (of fancy) that set us off and take us to known destinations? [...] What might happen?” We know that something did happen when Potku didn't continue on her migration path but diverged to Russia. We never heard from her again.

on the 24th of May southeast of Arkhangelsk in northwestern Russia. We have no data or sightings of her since and can only guess whether the transmitter stopped working or whether something fatal happened to her.

At ICQI (International Congress of Qualitative Inquiry) in Illinois (US) that spring I am in a panel together with Norman Denzin and Bronwyn Davies. I give my two cents and seem to have written essential notes about the panel in my conference notebook: "Norman has the exact same wristwatch than my granddad did". I flew over the Atlantic to make this observation.

Potku is the one of us often seen as moving only because of her instincts, because of earth's magnetic field, because her raw animality commands her. She is viewed as the one of us whose life is determined and knowable. Traceable. Yet in comparison to me, she is free. Determined and coordinated, yes, but free and essentially untraceable. Flying solo she can choose where to stop over, where to roost, and how to vary her route. She expresses, balances and navigates her desires eloquently – albeit it all transmits to us human onlookers in a clumsy and utterly inadequate way via a GPS box on her back.

She knows how to be a harrier, she is good enough at living her life. In comparison I find that I am becoming poorer at being a human being – an animal immersed in the world. I realise that flying with great human inventions like the jet plane, and sharing abstract ideas over pints in a bar with other humans across the globe are all part of being a human. But I envy her desire, determination and balance in life. Realising that I know next to nothing about how she experiences or perceives her life, I have nevertheless learned from her.

The editors, still adamant that seductions are good (they write "Seduction brings energy, seduction brings life"), ask me to consider whether seductions could be thought of as ethical enactments, following Jane Bennett (2001, 3) who writes about being responsive to surprises that punctuate our daily lives. It is here, in relation to "surprise", that I can explain, what I understand as characteristic to seduction. Seductions invite us to actively steer our lives towards something appealing. Seductions, unlike surprises, don't just happen, they are enduring processes of invitations. Or one standing invitation without an expiry date. In responding to a seduction, you begin to work your way towards it – you make decisions, choices, take steps, say things, do things that will lead you towards whatever is appealing. In responding to a surprise, you are called to act on the spot, in the moment. There is hardly any time to think about or to plan steps. Both responses, of course, can be ethical or unethical.

When we think about it more: are seductions really the untrodden path? Are they surprising? Don't they seduce (allure, appeal) precisely because we do anticipate, or partly know, what is to come? Seductions require curiosity towards something – an active disposition. Surprises take place regardless of one's disposition.

The seduction that caring for Loru poses is in my perfect knowledge of the steps that would lead us to the point where Loru becomes my companion animal and cannot be released back into the wild. I know what moves to make, there are little surprises. I know it because I have been there already, and it was wonderful. Exquisitely special. The year I shared my life with a pigeon, unable to be released in the wild because too strongly bonded to humans, to me, was the year that changed my life. But at what cost and to whom?

With Loru I am acutely aware of the steps to avoid – the seductions to adamantly choose not to follow – to be able to rehabilitate her. I go online and start searching for clues and information about her condition. I soon find out that Collared doves born late in the summer (or too early in the spring) suffer from calcium deficiency due to lack of sunlight, and that this manifests as tail feathers often stuck in sheets and legs too weak to carry the weight of the bird, making the dove unable to fly. The combination of calcium, vitamins D3 and B2 as well as uv-light will correct the situation and completely remove the symptoms, making the doves releasable in just a week or two. *This* is a genuine surprise to me. Arrived at through paths well trodden.

Conclusion

The interrelated and diffractive readings of the selected material traces of two female lives have shown the relevance of egomorphic (cf anthropomorphic) thinking: focus on what individuals share beyond species constructs. Furthermore, it has made at least me question the default animality with which I had viewed the Harrier and the default humanity with which I had learned to view myself, also as a post-qualitative inquirer.

I find that I am easily seduced by words that make me sound interesting. Make what I have to say, sound interesting. At the stage of my career where I have just been awarded tenure, I find myself lost in seduction. Wondering whether post-qualitative inquiry – or at least the kind that I am doing – is anything else than an endless process of self-indulgent seductions? Inappropriate appropriation of other lives. I fear that I am seduced by my own reflection – call me Narcissus – and not by the phenomena calling to be transformed. But insistent cross reading of my notes and the GPS-tracked story of Potku makes me think it will always be about both. My own reflection, my image of myself as a scholar, is a built construct. An artwork with careful brushstrokes and accidental spills that then fit in retrospect. This construction on one hand keeps my research focused but on the other hand poses a seduction of staying with the mere surface shine.

Qualitative inquiry at large has undergone “seismic upheavals” (MacLure, 2017, xvii), and educational research “a potential ‘break’ or a palpable ‘turn’” (Fenwick, Edwards, Sawchuck, 2011, 165) during the first two decades of the 21st Century. This shows as a move from simple mining of meanings from the minds of human participants towards co-producing and mapping significant relations with creative and often less human-centric means, aiming to uncover how human interests, desires and intentions are “but a part of agency that locates in multiple and messy relations between humans and all that surrounds them” (Rautio, 2014, 9).

Key challenges in this line of research, for me, have to do with the balancing of self-indulgent and proliferating theorising of the world (the endless marvelling of sensuous entanglements of humans and of researcher’s self) and keeping the focus also on actual pressing issues, developing our abilities to contribute concrete relief. Be this through collaborating with scientists from diverse other fields or joining forces with community and voluntary sectors, even activists and most definitely artists (and perhaps even developmental psychologists) (see also Kraftl 2020).

I did also write down something in my notebook in 2016 that has since, and through knowing Potku, directed my thinking:

”If we regurgitate or recycle only human stories we miss the opportunity to know other stories. Other ways of being present in the world”

This does not mean being less human and for instance more harrier. Or adopting or imitating harrier like modes of being in the world. Or romantically (naively) adoring the soaring freedom and apparent authenticity of a bird. It quite simply means sitting down on your human behind and learning about harriers – any animals of fellow species – following them, individuals at best, and

sharing stories about them. Surprising stories, regular stories, amazing stories, *respectful* stories.⁵

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⁵ The editors urge me one more time to “be open to seduction, it can only be beneficial to research”. I call for caution, one more time. Seductions pull our self-centered, or ego-centered strings. What might make for good research – appealing insights, applause from colleagues, money from funders – might not translate to an ethical impact. It can. But it automatically doesn't. And for reasons I have briefly discussed in this paper, I suggest we stay wary, rather than optimistic, about the possibilities of seduction in ethically sound research.

Finally, the editors also ask me to think about legacy. Whether it is about “a name” or to be known as productive, reproductive, or in any other way – to be known. Risking a sentimental and self-glorifying ending I conclude that the legacy that seduces me in this world is on the wings of the Collared dove when I release her next week. I gave her a second chance in life. She does not pass on my name. She just lives. (Adding this as the third tale in this paper, however, inevitably adds to my ego-building as a researcher. There's no escape if you choose to tell stories of others. Just make sure they are respectful stories.)