

A sign hangs in Buz Fawcett's office: *Cogito ergo non ferio*. "I think, therefore I miss."

For Fawcett, who calls himself a "master gunner," being in tune with his environment and his quarry means tuning out the conscious mind. In the field, he tries to tap into something deeper, primal even—he calls it "the Predator"—that allows him to bypass the processes of reason, anxiety and fear that threaten to short-circuit his shooting.

He's driven to hunt pheasants in the fields around his Idaho home by a craving for "the attack response," the adrenaline rush in which the Predator takes over his body and turns it into a graceful, organic attack machine, and by

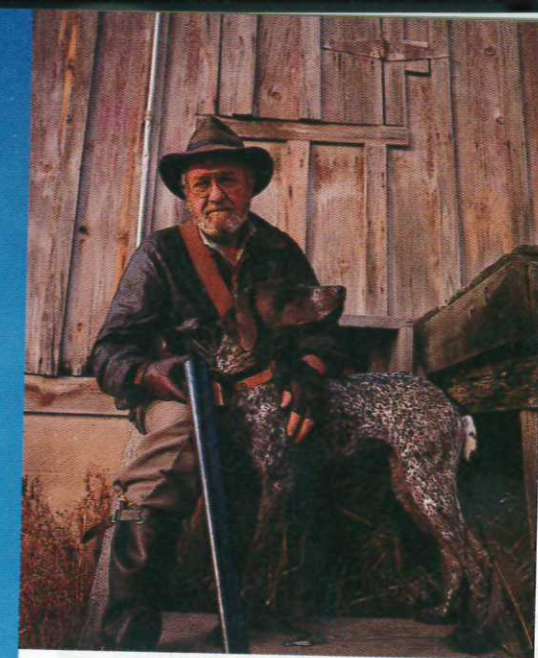
primal shot

Hunting pheasants by instinct with

heightened sense of readiness
accompanies the rush: "The
pation is almost better than
attack itself and is definitely
r than the kill."

While this concept of instinctual
shooting is not unique, Fawcett has
refined and transformed it into a
complete philosophy of shooting,
living...and life. The idea is
rooted in history and aesthetics, on
looking back for inspiration to a
time when hunting meant survival
and when side-by-side shotguns
and waxed cotton field jackets were
tools of the trade.

Renowned outdoor photographer
Timothy Anderson captured Fawcett
in action last fall, chasing ring-
necked pheasants on public lands in south-
eastern Idaho.



The grandson of a member of the 1924 U.S. Olympic trap team, Fawcett has been shooting all his life and has spent the past 30 years refining his shotgunning method. Instinctual shooting is based on the premise that a gun should never be aimed; it should be *pointed* at the target. Notice the way Fawcett doesn't put his cheek on the comb or even look down the barrel (left). Instead, he looks at the leading edge of the target: the bird's beak.

