

One
of the
best up
and coming
wingsuiters in
the world, Hunt
made his home near
Yosemite, took odd jobs,
flew regularly. By fly I mean
jump off the cliff face into the
void and then sail miles, an exhilarating
and, admittedly, extreme sport.
On sixteen May, with his mentor Potter,
who called the sport base jumping, Hunt
stepped to the edge of Taft Point, thirty
five hundred feet above Yosemite
Valley, jumped, fell free, veered
hard left to hit the notch they
were aiming for, then hard
right, then hit the mountain
face hard, I say:
what other kind of
impact could
there be?

First
Hunt, then
Potter. The
spotter, below
in the meadow,
hearing two loud
slams (parachutes
opening? bodies exploding?),
tried vainly to establish radio
contact, then moved to the pre
determined meeting place. The
refreshing thing about Potter, friends
said, was how unabashedly himself he
was – even when pissing off the National
Park Service because jumping into the
void was strictly illegal, however long
men have longed to fly like birds,
with or without feathers, and
when he slammed into the
mountain – until he was
not himself anymore,
neither shout nor
whisper.