When Women Venture Out Together

WHY LADIES ONLY HUNTS ARE FAR MORE THAN HUNTING TRIPS FOR WOMEN

AUTHOR AND PHOTO: EVA MARIA SCHRITTWIESER

ROMANIA: WHERE IT BEGAN

Cool morning air settles over the Romanian meadows. Mist still hangs in the hollows between the fields, the grass is heavy with dew, and every step leaves a dark trail behind us. The light is gray, then silver, then slowly gold. Nobody speaks more than necessary. We are on our first morning stalk.

There are three of us. An experienced hunting guide leads the way; one of my guests walks beside me. She carries a great deal of responsibility in her professional life. People wait for her decisions. Her days are measured in meetings, signatures, and expectations. Out here, none of that follows her. She doesn't have to lead, chair, or deliver. She is free simply to watch. To read the field. To decide for herself. And to experience the hunt on her own terms.

I won't tell you her name or show you her picture. That, too, is part of the trust between us.

We settle at the edge of a field and glass the countryside stretching out before us. A doe steps out, then a second. We wait. After a while, she leans over and asks a question, quietly and without the slightest hesitation. It is the kind of question that many hunters—men and women alike—would rather leave unasked in company, for fear of appearing less experienced than they would like. She simply asks. I answer. And we go back to watching.

It sounds like a small thing. It wasn't.



Support instead of competition: a heartfelt embrace in the field after a successful stalk.





First light over the Romanian plains. On a Ladies Only roebuck hunt, the day begins long before the sun is up.

A Ladies Only Hunt can be far more than a hunting trip among women. It creates a protected circle, built on trust and respect, where every woman is free to be entirely herself.

There were five of us on my first Ladies Only Hunt, a roebuck hunt in Romania: four guests and me. The women ranged from their mid-twenties to their late fifties. Some had only recently earned their hunting licenses. One of them had been hunting for decades worldwide. Yet, as she told us on the first evening, she had never once gone hunting without her father or her husband at her side. For all her experience, this was the first hunt she had undertaken independently, entirely in her own right.

Each woman had an experienced hunting guide of her own. I joined a different guest on every outing, which meant that over those days I saw the hunt through four very different pairs of eyes. On paper, it was a hunting trip like many others: good country, good bucks, early mornings, late evenings. At the time, it was not yet a concept. It was an experience. And somewhere between the first morning stalk and the last evening in the field, I realized that something special was taking shape.

Not because women hunt differently. I have never believed that, and I still don't. But because these women gave each other a space in which no one had to pretend to be more experienced than she was, conceal uncertainty, or play a role.

They asked openly about ballistics, about judging a buck's age, about the right moment to take the shot. Nobody had to prove she knew which way the wind was blowing. (For the record: we all checked anyway.) Each woman found her own pace.

And between the hunts—over breakfast, on the drives through the countryside, around the table in the evening—conversations unfolded that might never have happened in an ordinary hunting party. Conversations about doubt and confidence, about the first time we ever held a rifle, about what it means to be the only woman in the room or out in the field. Conversations that had less to do with trophies than with the women behind them.

By the end of those three days, every one of my guests had taken the three roebucks she had hoped for—a result none of them had quite dared to imagine on that first morning. I remember the look on their faces at the last dinner: not triumph, but something quieter and more lasting. A kind of astonishment at themselves.

The bucks were part of the story, of course. But they were not the whole story. What I took home from Romania was a realization:

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That circle has stayed with me ever since. It is where everything that followed began.



The last stalk of the day: Eva Maria Schrittwieser with her rusa stag on Mauritius, taken just before sunset.



Concentration before the shot: all the preparation at home comes down to this one calm moment.



LEARNING TO TRUST MY OWN COMPASS

I was a huntress at heart long before I ever held a rifle. As a little girl, I followed my father into the forest while it was still dark, listening to the soft crack of our steps on the damp ground. He did not say much. But I remember sitting beside him in a high seat, watching a roebuck step out at the edge of the meadow, when he said quietly: "Hunting is more than taking the game, Eva." It took me years to understand everything he meant by that.

My father never treated me as a girl who was allowed to come along. From the very beginning, he saw me as an equal partner in the field. Taking my hunting exam felt less like a decision than a natural next step. After university, I qualified as a game warden and became co-leaseholder of the very hunting ground where I had grown up. Not everyone in the village welcomed that. A young woman helping to run a hunting ground, making decisions? I felt the skepticism, and I did not let it stop me.

Looking back, I know how rare that start was. Many women I meet never had it—like the guest in Romania who had hunted for decades but never once without her father or her husband. What my father gave me as a matter of course is what I now want to make possible for other women.

My first hunt beyond Austria took me to Romania, years before the idea behind my Ladies Only Hunts was born there.

The invitation came from a friend. I had read countless books about hunting in the wild Carpathians, but nothing prepared me for the moment I first stood in that landscape: the endless hills, the cool, clear morning air, the feeling that I was not only a hunter here, but also an adventurer—an explorer drawn to landscapes and worlds beyond my own. Something opened up in me on that trip that has never closed again. Since then, I have had the privilege of hunting across four continents, from the varied landscapes of Europe to the savannas of Africa, from the vast open country of North America to the high mountains of Central Asia.

What I did not find at the beginning was a well-worn path for a woman to follow.

The world of international hunting has long been shaped by men—its conversations, its customs, its unwritten rules. More than once I was the only woman in camp, at the table, or on the guest list. I want to be precise here because this is often misunderstood: I never set out to prove anything as a woman in the field. I was not interested in being treated as the exception, and certainly not in being a token. But I did have to learn something that sounds simple and isn't: to take my place without feeling obliged to justify it. To ask my questions without apologizing for them. To trust my own judgment, even when the room was full of louder voices.

That confidence did not arrive all at once. It grew with every unfamiliar camp, every border crossing, and every decision I had to make for myself.

Trusting my own judgment turned out to matter far beyond hunting.





Unmoved by the spray: a rusa stag at rest while a calf shakes off the water behind him. Photo: Faustin Milville

LOOKING BEYOND THE GLOSS

For fifteen years, I worked at the Austrian Federal Ministry of Finance. Today, I advise major international corporations on risk management and serve on the supervisory board of a leading Austrian bank, where I also chair its risk committee. Those roles may seem worlds away from the savanna. In truth, they have sharpened exactly the skills I rely on before every hunting trip: asking the uncomfortable questions, testing assumptions, and looking beyond polished façades.

A glossy brochure tells you very little. A website filled with record-book trophies may tell you even less. Nor am I reassured by an outfitter whose answer to every question is "no problem." What I want to know is something else entirely. Who actually takes responsibility on the ground? Are promises kept, or merely made? What happens when the weather turns, a vehicle breaks down, a permit is delayed, or a guest falls ill three hours from the nearest town? A trip does not prove its quality when everything goes to plan. It proves it when things don't.

Over the years, I learned to assess offers, outfitters, and hunting areas as my professional life had taught me to assess risk: critically, calmly, and with a clear eye for where the real vulnerabilities are. Who holds the concession, and is it secure? How is the area managed, and is the game there because of good stewardship or despite it? Who are the guides and professional hunters, and how long have they worked together? How are firearms, permits, and border crossings handled? What does the emergency plan look like—not on paper, but in practice?

Some of the most important lessons came from trips where the reality did not match the promise. Those experiences cost me time, money, and, now and then, a bit of patience. But they sharpened my eye. Today I can often tell within a few conversations whether a potential partner is genuinely reliable.



Passing it on: Eva Maria Schrittwieser with her nephew and a red stag in her home hunting ground in Austria. What her father once gave her, she now shares with the next generation.



Eva Maria Schrittwieser with a sable antelope taken in Limpopo between two Ladies Only Hunts.

WHY ARTIO

Over time, friends and acquaintances began to ask me for advice. Where should I go? Whom can I trust? Is this offer as good as it looks? I realized that what I had built up over the years—the network, the knowledge, and the judgment to distinguish substance from presentation—was valuable to others too. And that there was a gap: between mass-market hunting travel and the closed circles accessible only to those who "know someone."

That is why I founded ARTIO WildLifeStyle. Not as a catalog of destinations, but as a curated selection of places I know and partners I have hunted with—people I would trust with my own safety. Every destination and every partner has to pass the same test I would apply to any serious decision: Is it genuine? Is it well managed? Does it stand up when things get difficult?

WHY I ENCOURAGE OTHER WOMEN TO SET OUT

Many women I meet are huntresses at home, often with great passion and considerable skill. But the step into international hunting often feels bigger to them than it needs to be. The questions are real: Whom can I trust? Will I be taken seriously? What if I travel alone? How do I know an offer is sound?

I had to answer these questions for myself, one trip at a time. I gathered that experience—the good and the bad—so that others would not have to begin at zero. Today I want to make this world more accessible for other women. Not by simplifying the hunt, but by opening doors, sharing what I have learned, and walking alongside them until they can move through it with confidence.

Because the most valuable thing I can offer another woman is not a trophy. It is the confidence to set out on her own terms.

WHAT BECOMES POSSIBLE WHEN WOMEN HUNT TOGETHER

Let me be clear about one thing before going any further: I do not believe there is a "female way" of hunting. Women are not inherently more cautious shooters, more patient stalkers, or more considerate hunters. I have hunted with women who are bolder than most men I know, and with men who are more patient than any woman I've met. Hunting does not care about gender. The animal, the wind, and the terrain set the same terms for everyone.

What I have observed is something different. It is not about how women hunt. It is about what becomes possible when women hunt together in a small group built on trust.

QUESTIONS ARE WELCOME

In many hunting parties, questions carry an invisible price. Ask the wrong one and you reveal what you don't know. So people nod, guess, and hope for the best. In the groups I have accompanied, I have watched that price disappear almost entirely. A question about shot placement, about the rifle, or about how to judge an old stag in fading light is simply a question. It is asked, answered, and nobody thinks less of anyone for it. Quite often, the others were wondering the same thing.

NO ONE HAS TO PERFORM

There is a quiet pressure in many hunting circles to display routine: to look as though you've done this a hundred times, even when you haven't. Within these groups, that performance often falls away. The woman with thirty years of experience and the woman on her first hunt abroad sit at the same table, and neither has to pretend to be someone else. Uncertainty can be spoken out loud. "I'm nervous about this shot" is not a confession. It is an honest sentence, and honesty is the foundation of every safe hunt.





Tropical forest and the Indian Ocean beyond: a hunting ground unlike any other.

EVERY WOMAN SETS HER OWN PACE

Some women want to be out from first light to last. Others want a slower morning and a long evening sit. Some are ready to take any ethical opportunity that presents itself; others want to wait for the one animal that feels right. In a group where nobody is keeping score, each woman can hunt the way that suits her, without explaining herself.

SUPPORT INSTEAD OF COMPETITION

This is perhaps what surprised me most. In the groups I accompanied, trophies were not quietly compared; successes were openly celebrated. When one of them returned from the field, the first question at the table was not "How big?" but "How was it?" A success was shared, and so was a disappointment. Every evening, I watched the group grow a little closer.

A SHOT NOT TAKEN IS A DECISION, TOO

In hunting, we talk a lot about success, and too little about restraint. Yet some of the finest acts of judgment I have witnessed were shots that were never fired: a buck that was too young, an angle that wasn't clean, a moment that simply didn't feel right. Within these groups, I have seen such a decision respected just as much as a clean, successful shot. No teasing, no second-guessing. A hunter who knows when not to shoot is a good hunter. It is as simple as that.

TOGETHER, THE FIRST STEP BECOMES POSSIBLE

And then there is the step itself. I have met many skilled women hunters who would never book an international hunt alone. Not for lack of ability, but because the unknown feels too large: the logistics, the language, the question of whom to trust, the fear of being the only woman in camp. Together, that step becomes possible. One woman brings her experience, another her curiosity, a third her courage. And suddenly the trip that seemed out of reach is booked.

None of this is about drawing a line between women and men. I owe a great deal to the men I have hunted with, and so do many of the women who travel with me. A Ladies Only Hunt does not replace the pleasure of hunting in mixed company.

A Ladies Only Hunt is not a retreat from the world of men. It is a space of its own—one in which exacting standards in the field, adventure, elegance, and genuine community come together naturally.

STORIES THAT BRING IT TO LIFE

Every Ladies Only Hunt leaves us with stories of its own. Most of them stay where they belong: in the field, around the fire, among the women who were there. But a few are worth telling—with permission, with names withheld, and with certain identifying details changed where necessary—because they show better than any explanation what these journeys can mean.

THE WOMAN WHO CAME ALONE

She booked on her own. She didn't know a single one of the other women, and she told me later that she almost canceled twice. Would she fit in? Would the others already know each other? Would she spend the evenings sitting politely at the edge of other people's conversations?

She had found her own way into hunting. No father, husband, or partner had led her there; she had chosen it for herself. That independence was part of her strength. But it also meant that she had no ready-made circle of hunting friends to turn to when she wanted to travel.



Spring in Romania, one year before the first Ladies Only Hunt. Eva Maria Schrittwieser hunting the area herself before committing to the partnership.



A quiet moment of respect: a guest with her zebra in the Limpopo bushveld.



On the first evening, she was quiet. She listened more than she spoke, and she went to bed early. By the second morning, someone had saved her a seat in the vehicle. By the second evening, she was the one telling the story that made the whole table laugh. And on the last night, as we sat together long after dinner, she said something I have never forgotten: that she had come for the hunt and was leaving with a circle.

I tell this story often because she represents a growing number of women. More and more women are finding their own way into hunting, guided by their own curiosity, conviction, and love of the natural world. That is something to celebrate. But it also means that they do not automatically inherit a hunting network. They may have the skill and the desire, but they have no one to go with. Their partners may not hunt, their friends may have no interest in traveling to a hunting camp, and setting out alone feels like one step too far. What I want them to know is this: you don't have to arrive as part of a group. The group forms. It almost always does.

THE LONGEST THREE HOURS

Every hunter knows this moment, and nobody likes to talk about it.

Late one afternoon in Limpopo, one of my guests fired at an impala. The animal was hit, but it moved off into the bush, and darkness was falling fast. The professional hunter made the only responsible decision: we would return to the lodge and come back at first light with a tracker.

Anyone who has been in that situation knows what the drive back feels like. The silence in the vehicle. The questions you keep asking yourself. The thought of a wounded animal somewhere out there in the dark. It weighs on every hunter, however experienced.

And then, on the way back, roughly three hours after the shot, we came across her impala. She was able to give the finishing shot herself.

I have rarely seen so much relief and so much joy in a single moment. Her friend, who had traveled with her, shared every second of it, and so did I. But what I remember most is the quiet pride on her face. Not the pride of a trophy, but the pride of a hunter who had taken responsibility for her shot and seen it through to the end.

THE OSTRICH THAT CHANGED THE PLAN

Not every story from the bushveld is a quiet one.

One of my guests was stalking a blue wildebeest with her professional hunter. The sticks were up, and she was just settling in for the shot when an ostrich appeared out of nowhere and came straight at them. Anyone who has seen an agitated ostrich up close knows that this is no laughing matter: it is fast, powerful, and entirely unimpressed by rifles.

What happened next has become one of my favorite stories. In the middle of all that commotion, she remembered something I had mentioned earlier in the trip: how beautiful ostrich leather is for an elegant handbag. So she turned to her professional hunter and asked, perfectly composed, whether she might take the ostrich instead.

She was allowed to. And the story of how she came to choose her ostrich has been told at more than one fire since. As I write this, the skins and trophies are still on their way to Europe. The handbag will have to wait a little longer.

Behind the laughter lies something I have observed again and again. The women who travel with me think very carefully about what becomes of the animals they take. Many want a lasting, personal connection to the hunt: a handbag made from the leather, a hide or a cushion for their home, an object they will use and touch every day rather than simply hang on a wall. For them, honoring an animal does not end with the shot. It continues in what it becomes.

THE MOTHER WHO CHOSE A JOURNEY OF HER OWN

Her husband had taken a trip with his friends every single year for as long as their two children had been alive. Sailing, fishing, a few days in the mountains. Nobody ever questioned it. His leaving had long been part of the family's rhythm. Hers had not. This was the first time she had taken several days entirely for herself. She left with a suitcase full of hunting gear and a small but persistent guilty conscience.

On the first evening, I'm fairly sure she checked her phone more often than she checked the wind. Were the children all right? Had he remembered the dentist appointment, the school bag, the sports kit? The answer to all of it was yes. The children were fine. Her husband managed beautifully. The world kept turning.

Sometime during the second day, I watched her let go. She stopped checking her phone between stalks and started looking at the landscape instead. And at the fire that night, she said, half laughing and half surprised at herself, that she couldn't remember the last time she had done something purely for herself.

She was not the only one at that table who recognized the feeling.



Ten thousand steps through the bush deserve a reward: an afternoon massage in the shade of the acacias.





Evening falls over the bushveld.



Sunrise, a fine rifle and a mature roebuck. Only her hand is in the picture, which is exactly how she wanted it.

Sometimes the clearest sign of trust is a photograph that is never published.

AROUND THE FIRE

Which brings me to the fire itself. Or the long dinner table, or the veranda after dark, depending on where in the world we are.

This is where the talk of hunting gradually gives way to something else. The conversations turn to responsibility, to careers built and careers paused, to families and partnerships, to the freedom we have and the freedom we sometimes forget to take. Women who run companies sit next to women who are just beginning their careers. Some are mothers; some are not. Nobody has to explain her life to anyone. Everybody listens.

These are the hours that stay with my guests long after the trophies have arrived home. They are also the clearest proof I know that the most valuable part of such a journey may be something no one can hang on a wall.

WHY DISCRETION MATTERS

At the beginning of this article, I chose not to name one woman or show her picture. I wrote that this, too, was part of the trust between us. Now it is time to explain why.

Some of the women who travel with me hold positions of considerable responsibility. Some lead companies, others hold public office or sit on boards; a few are simply well known in their communities. They stand by their hunting. But standing by something does not mean surrendering control over where and how it becomes public. Some do not want their names published, and some do not want their faces to be recognizable in photographs.

That is neither secrecy nor shame. It is caution, and unfortunately a well-founded one. The hostility that women hunters face today, especially online, can be astonishingly intense. A single photograph shared in the wrong place can trigger a wave of insults, threats, and attempts to contact a woman's employer or family, or even identify where she lives. Men who hunt are criticized too, of course. But in my experience, attacks on women often become more personal and more vicious. For a woman whose professional reputation is part of her livelihood, that is not an abstract risk.

WHAT LUXURY REALLY PROTECTS

There is a reason I see discretion not as an optional service, but as a standard.

You may notice that these pages show fewer recognizable faces than most hunting reports. That is intentional. A moment does not become less meaningful because it remains unseen. Sometimes the clearest sign of trust is a photograph that is never published.

True luxury, to me, does not mean putting everything on display. It means knowing that what is special will remain protected.

FROM IDEA TO CRAFT

If Romania was the moment of recognition, the Ladies Only Hunts that followed—above all in South Africa—were where I learned to turn that insight into a craft.

The morning begins before sunrise. A cup of coffee in the half-dark, the cool air that won't last, the soft sounds of camp waking up. Then the vehicle, the rifles cased in the back, the professional hunter's quiet briefing. By the time the first light spills over the bushveld, we are already on foot: tracking, glassing, moving slowly into the wind. As the day goes on, the heat rises from the red earth, the dust settles in every fold of your clothing, and every sense narrows to the next few steps, the next track, the next shape between the thorn trees. This is hunting reduced to its essentials: demanding, physical, and utterly absorbing.

And in the evening, when the dust has been washed off and the bush has turned to sound and shadow, there is a beautifully set table, a glass of good South African wine, and the kind of conversation you can only have after a day like that.

Both belong together. The adventure and the elegance. The dust and the linen. In that contrast lies the essence of a Ladies Only Hunt in South Africa.

What began in Romania has grown, hunt by hunt, into something deliberate. Not a formula, but a handful of convictions I no longer compromise on.

The groups stay small, because the circle I described earlier only forms when it has room to breathe: large enough for shared stories, small enough that every woman is seen and heard. And I am there myself, every time, from the first conversation months before departure to the last dinner. Over the days, I join each guest in turn in the field, so that I know how her hunt is going and where I can help. That is also why there are only three or four Ladies Only Hunts a year. I could not be fully present at more.

The hunt begins long before the flight. We talk through the terrain, the game, the distances, and the way of hunting. We train together at the range, above all shooting off sticks and placing a shot on African game, which differs from what most European and American hunters are used to. None of this is about perfection. It is about arriving calm enough to make a good decision when it counts.

The most convincing confirmation came from someone with no reason to flatter us. After one of our hunts in Limpopo, the owner of the hunting farm told me how impressed he was by my guests. Several of them were taking their very first steps as hunters, yet they arrived knowing exactly where to place a shot on African game and how to shoot steadily off sticks. Coming from a man who has watched countless hunters arrive in the bushveld, that meant more to me than any compliment I could pay myself.

The professional hunters and lodges I work with were not found in a catalog. I have hunted with them, stayed under their roofs, and seen how they work when things do not go to plan. I do not invite my clients into a world I have not entered first. And yes, the beds are good, the food is excellent, and the evenings are unhurried. Not as decoration, but because after a long day in the heat, rest is part of a good hunt.

Then there are the moments no itinerary can promise: a sundowner on a koppie as the light turns gold, a night under the southern sky, a conversation by the fire that runs long past the hour anyone intended. They are what allows a group of individual women to become a circle. And every time, they remind me that what I sensed on that cool morning in Romania was more than a lucky coincidence.



Rest is part of a good hunt: the lodge terrace above the river.



Moments no itinerary can promise: an African sunset, captured between two stalks.

WHAT LUXURY REALLY MEANS TO ME

Earlier, I wrote that true luxury means knowing that what is special remains protected. I want to take that thought one step further, because the word "luxury" is used so often in the world of travel that it has almost lost its meaning.

For many, luxury means abundance. The biggest suite, the most courses at dinner, the most impressive photographs. I have stayed in places like that, and some of them were wonderful. But they are not what I mean.

To me, luxury is not excess. Luxury is knowing that every detail has been considered.

It is the quiet certainty that someone has asked the right questions before you even knew they needed to be asked. It rarely shows itself in grand gestures.

THE JOURNEY CONTINUES

Some places you visit once. Others you return to. South Africa is becoming one of the latter: an annual fixture, a place where the circle can form again—with new faces and familiar standards. Each year, the bushveld will welcome another small group of women, and new stories will begin.

But the journey does not end there.

The next chapter leads to the Indian Ocean. Mauritius is a fascinating contrast to everything that came before. Here, we stalk rusa stags—stately, wary animals—across tropical hillsides and through dense green forest, with the scent of the ocean never far away. I still remember my own second stag there: a last stalk at the end of the day, after my client had already taken his. We spotted a herd lit by the setting sun, waded across a river, and climbed the hillside beyond it. From the edge of the forest, the stag stood just under 150 meters away, and I took him with my rifle rested on a rock. The hunt unfolds across a landscape that looks nothing like a classic hunting ground, and the evenings belong to the island: warm air, the sound of the waves, and a table that invites you to linger. Here, too, it is not about the hunt alone. It is about extraordinary landscapes, new experiences, and that particular bond that forms when women set out together.

And 2027 will add two more chapters: a return to the roebuck, the species at the heart of my own hunting passion, most likely in the Romanian meadows where this story began; and a journey to Croatia, into rugged karst and mountain country, in pursuit of aoudad, Balkan chamois, and mouflon. The Croatian hunt will be demanding, set in dramatic terrain, and designed for women who love the mountains and the challenge they bring.

Each of these destinations is different. The landscapes change, the game changes, the climate and the pace change. What stays the same is the framework: small groups, carefully chosen partners, thorough preparation, my personal presence, and a space in which every woman can be fully herself, both in the field and beyond it.

Women don't need a simplified version of the hunt. They need access to exceptional hunting grounds, guidance they can rely on, and a setting in which they have nothing to prove to anyone.

AN INVITATION TO SET OUT

Perhaps the name of the woman from that morning in Romania will never appear beneath a photograph. Perhaps the public will never learn what she experienced at the edge of that field, in the cool light, with the mist slowly lifting.

But she will never forget it.

And perhaps that is the greatest luxury of such a journey: that it does not need an audience. It belongs entirely to the women who share it.

Why do I do this? Because I know what a single open door can change. My father opened the first one for me, simply by never doubting that I belonged in the field. Many women never had anyone to do that for them. They have the passion, often the skill, but no one who says: Come along. You are ready. I will be there.

I want to be that person for as many women as I can. Not to lead them by the hand forever, but to walk beside them until they trust their own judgment in this world, and then to watch them set out on their own. If, one day, a woman who first traveled with me plans her next hunt without me, I will know I have done my part.

I do not see myself as a role model because I have done everything right. I see myself as someone who went first, made her share of mistakes, and is willing to share what she learned so that others can go further, faster, and with more confidence than I did.

And I believe hunting itself needs this. Every woman who hunts with knowledge, respect, and conviction changes how hunting is seen: by the public, by the next generation, and within our own ranks. The more women find their place in this world, the richer, more honest, and more credible it becomes.

My Ladies Only Hunts are for women who want to discover extraordinary hunting worlds, whether they are already experienced internationally or joining an international hunting journey without a familiar companion for the first time. What matters is not status, nor the number of trophies on the wall. What matters is a genuine commitment to ethical hunting, an open mind, and an appetite for real adventure.

Women don't need a simplified version of the hunt. They need access to exceptional hunting grounds, guidance they can rely on, and a setting in which they have nothing to prove to anyone.

That is what I set out to create in Romania. And it begins, every time, with a few women willing to set out together.

Eva Maria Schrittwieser

Author · Member of the Supervisory Board · President of SCI Austria · Member of the SCI International Board · Speaker



Set out together.

Ladies Only Hunts · New destinations every year

Small groups. Personally hosted by Eva Maria Schrittwieser.

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Europe +43 664 8161571
United States +1 406 303-0287
eva@artio.style
www.artio.style