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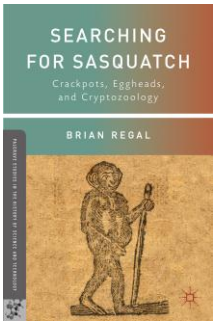
Book Review

Searching For Sasquatch: Crackpots, Eggheads, and Cryptozoology. By Brian Regal. New York: Palgrave McMillan, 2011. 249 pp. ISBN-978-0-230-11147-9. $85.00 (hardcover).



Searching for Sasquatch is an important, entertaining, but at times confusing new book by Brian Regal, an Associate Professor of the History of Science at Kean University. The book essentially deals with the hunt for Sasquatch – more specifically, the *hunters* of Sasquatch, scientists and amateurs alike – beginning in the late 1940s. As such, it joins the ranks to some degree of Robert Michael Pyle's elegantly written and surpassingly wise *Where Bigfoot Walks: Crossing the Dark Divide* (1995) and Joshua Blu Buhs's *Bigfoot: The Life and Times of a Legend* (2009) as studies of those seeking to find the creature. Through the use of books, archival materials, private correspondences, and other research sources, Regal is able to provide vivid and insightful depictions of many of the major figures involved in the hunt for Bigfoot and he raises an important cluster of questions regarding science and scientific methodology along the way.

In his Introduction, Regal states that his narrative will concern the "relationship between the academic scientists and amateur naturalists who hunt them [Bigfoot]," and he elaborates this relationship throughout the book by focusing on significant events in Bigfoot (and to a lesser degree, Yeti) lore – the 1954 *Daily Mail* expedition to find the Yeti, Tom Slick's similar expeditions to the Himalayas in the late 1950s, Slick's 1959-1962 Pacific Northwest Expedition to find Bigfoot, the Minnesota Iceman, the Patterson-Gimlin film, the Bossburg tracks – where the two groups frequently engaged each other. The "traditional heroic narrative of monster hunting," he says, "situates mainstream scientists (the eggheads) as the villains rejecting the existence of anomalous primates and cryptozoology as something unworthy of study. The narrative gives a privileged place to untrained, but passionate amateur naturalists (the crackpots) who soldier on against great odds, including the unwarranted obstinacy of the mainstream against bringing knowledge of these creatures to light." He further plots the basic template of the frequently hostile dialogue between the two camps, with the egghead/academics dismissing the claims of the crackpot naturalists as scientifically unacceptable, and the crackpot/naturalists firing back that the egghead/academics are all armchair skeptics who've not bothered to even examine the evidence. But Regal aims to show that this traditional narrative is too simplistic by a considerable degree, arguing that "numerous academically trained scientists in the United States, United Kingdom, India, and Russia not only seriously believed anomalous primates existed, they actually pursued them, examined their physical traces, and worked out theoretical and evolutionary explanations for their existence." Thus, "while the eccentricities of amateurs and the conflict between amateur and professional model dominate the discourse, a record exists of cooperation between them." The nature of this "cooperation," though, will often prove most

rocky, as the subsequent narrative reveals.

Also in his Introduction, Regal asserts that his narrative "exists outside of whether Bigfoot is a biological reality, a piece of indigenous performance art, or a creation of pop culture…this book is unconcerned with whether Bigfoot is real or not. I leave that burden to others. I am concerned with what motivates scientists to look for such creatures." In stating this (and the book's much the better for his neutrality, which leads to thumbnail sketches and descriptions of his characters – major and minor – and significant Bigfoot events that are sharp, detailed, and quite fair), Regal relieves himself of the need to either explain away or accept as true the often ambiguous data as they turn up in his narrative. Rather, his concern is with depicting the personalities and interactions of the various characters that drift in and out of his story, and out of these depictions gradually emerge some important questions: who or what shall mediate the physical world, and whence the authority for this? Which topics are worthy – or ought to be worthy – of scientific examination, and which topics are not? Is science – specifically zoology – primarily a theoretical or empirical endeavor?

In the ensuing pages we meet a very diverse and entertaining *dramatis personae*: the tirelessly peripatetic and always financially strapped Scottish nature writer Ivan Sanderson, the former Nazi POW, French-Belgian zoologist Bernard Heuvelmans, the delightfully irascible Swiss-Canadian Bigfoot hunter Rene Dahinden, the curmudgeonly, long-suffering Washington State University anthropologist Grover Krantz, the suave and worldly Irishman Peter Byrne, and the quietly sagacious Canadian journalist John Green (none of whom, Regal tells us, ever actually saw a Bigfoot). Many other significant figures – scientists and amateurs – play smaller roles to be sure, but Regal concentrates his discussion on the often contentious interplay of these main players.

In the course of the book, Regal presents, with some deviation, a roughly chronological history of the search for Bigfoot (and other cryptid hominid forms as well), commencing (in Chapter Two) with the two "godfathers" of cryptozoology, Sanderson and Heuvelmans, who loom over the later scientists and Bigfoot hunters as Locke and Newton did over the Enlightenment thinkers. The two scientists – though friends and colleagues who influenced each other – could not be more different. Heuvelmans, the author of the ground-breaking *On the Track of the Unknown Animals* (published in the original French in 1955 and translated into English in 1958), is presented as a highly serious scientist whose work is distinguished by his "methodology of eliminating obvious misidentifications and hoaxes in order to find a core of reliable descriptions." Heuvelmans, Regal tells us, believed that the search for cryptids "must be rigorous and scientific, since the object is to look not only for physical animals in the field but also for the folkloric nature of such creatures. Heuvelmans insisted the cryptozoologists must plow through the mountains of artwork and legends that wrapped the animals like cultural camouflage."

But just as significant, Regal argues, is that Heuvelmans injected a note "of intellectual conflict with the [scientific] mainstream" into his writings, and herein we see the beginnings of the eggheads versus crackpots model. According to Heuvelmans, sometime in the nineteenth century science became entrenched in a theoretic/dogmatic stance not unlike a religion's, and beholden to its own theories and truths (what Sanderson called "the whole gamut of orthodoxies"), it remained deaf to alternative possibilities. (Regal devotes a good part of the book to presenting the speculations put forward by such scientists as Krantz and Sanderson as to what Bigfoot/Yeti *could be* [relic *Neanderthal* or *Gigantopithecus*] and the swift rejection of these theories by

mainstream science, since these explanations run counter to theory.) The maverick scientists (who choose to investigate the Bigfoot phenomenon) and amateur Bigfoot hunters are thus confronted with a monolithic, unyielding intellectual community (what Heuvelmans called "the dictators of science") that regards the subject of their pursuit as absurd.

By contrast, Sanderson is presented as a much more complicated figure: brimming with sunny confidence, enthusiasm, and even arrogance on the one hand, while full of deep resentments and insecurities (due to his lack of graduate degrees and academic affiliations, and the fact that many in the mainstream considered him a mere popularizer) on the other. He seemed to be always in a state of near-financial disaster and thus had to frequently take on writing assignments that were somewhat peripheral to his true interests (such as Bigfoot) and which were sometimes published in magazines and journals somewhat lacking in scientific prestige (one of the major and ongoing difficulties for the maverick scientists confronting the monolithic scientific community lay in trying to get work published in respectable venues). He was a tireless campaigner for cryptozoology, always rallying on the troops – it was largely through his efforts that the Patterson-Gimlin film was screened for so many scientists in the months after it was made – and became as such a particularly vocal and bellicose foe to the scientific status quo, taking Heuvelmans "intellectual conflict with the mainstream" to extreme lengths. According to Regal, Sanderson saw mainstream science's rejection of Bigfoot as an abdication of its true role, which was to serve the needs and desires of "The People." "When 'The People' call for something, like investigating manlike monsters," Regal writes, "scientists [according to Sanderson] are supposed to respond to their will." Instead, science rejects this request, and, as Sanderson wrote, "the court [of public opinion] was subjected to a tirade." Motion denied. For Sanderson, this leads to what Regal describes as nothing less than "an erosion of our democratic society."

But the stakes were even greater. In an unpublished tract entitled "The Race for Our Souls" (which Regal characterizes as "apocalyptic vision and shaky logic") Sanderson argues that the Soviets are way ahead of the West in the search for Bigfoot/Yeti – "they appear to be a lot more pragmatic and a lot less squeamish than we are" – and that it is imperative for Western scientists, and the West in general, to stop being close-minded about the subject. The Soviet scientists were backed by their government and had much more funding for their effort than did the brave Western individual scientists, who had to find their own backing. (This argument is essentially the same one made by the American chess player Bobby Fischer throughout the 1960s as he tried to take on the mighty phalanx of Russian Grandmasters alone in his quest for the top position in chess; of course, he eventually succeeded, becoming World Champion in 1972.) The problem for Sanderson lay in the fact that the Soviets could possibly find a manlike creature first, which would "rock the entire religious and ethical pyramid [of the West] to its very foundations." Mainstream science's rejection of relic hominids thus became a matter involving the very groundwork and security of Western Civilization.

Though Heuvelmans and Sanderson figure in throughout the book (especially the latter), Regal's chief protagonist is Krantz, whose dogged effort to legitimize Bigfoot research in the eyes of the scientific community and subsequent professional woes resultant of that effort ("Having lost this battle almost totally, I am reluctant…to pursue this line any further," Krantz wrote toward the end of his life) serve as an overarching structural device for the book, which begins and ends with Krantz. Krantz, Regal argues, "stood at the crossroads

of monster hunting, where the interested public, elite amateur naturalists, and scientists come together."

In the first chapter, Regal depicts Krantz at the site of the famous Bossburg, Washington footprints found in 1969 which purport to show, in a trail of over a thousand individual prints, a creature whose right foot is severely crippled (this specimen is commonly referred to as "Cripplefoot."). For Krantz, who had characterized himself as a doubter up to that point, this was a watershed moment; Regal writes that "bending down to look at the Cripplefoot tracks in the snow, Krantz found himself as much as he found Sasquatch," and in in his own book *Big Footprints* (1992), Krantz wrote that his "analysis of the apparent anatomy of these tracks proved to be the first convincing evidence [for him] that these animals were real." The knowledge of the anatomy of a primate foot necessary to present a pathology such as the prints presented seemed to Krantz well beyond the capabilities of hoaxers. (Regal quotes Krantz as saying that a hoaxer "had to outclass me…and I don't think anyone outclasses me…at least not since Leonardo da Vinci.") The trouble now would be convincing the academic/scientific community, a group with whom Krantz would often lock horns until the end of his life.

Regal presents Krantz as a rebel from the start ("as a teen he already exhibited the tendency to go against the mainstream"), rejecting his immigrant Swedish parents' devoutly held Mormonism in favor of science, telling his mother that "while he tried to follow a basic Christian philosophy of behavior and morality, he favored logic and reason over superstition and dogma." Even as a boy, he seemed driven to find knowledge based on his own authority, rather than that imparted by others, and this trait would serve him well both in his studies and in the classroom, where he was, as Regal points out, exceedingly popular with his students for encouraging and inculcating independent thinking. Regal states that "his students loved him…for engaging [them] with thought provoking questions [and] challenging them to think harder," that they "considered him brilliant and quirky in a charming way" and "banded together and sent petitions to the department chair and the dean, encouraging them to support" Krantz when he'd encountered problems getting promoted, and finally that "his classes often ended in standing ovations."

The picture of Krantz that gradually emerges is that of an uncompromisingly pragmatic man steeled by a righteous sense of the correctness of both his thesis and his interpretation of the data he had collected through the years. He saw his work as a calling "that has to be done" (as he remarks in the documentary *Sasquatch Odyssey*) and felt a high degree of contempt for those of his colleagues who ignored or dismissed his conclusions (in one paper he submitted for publication, he wrote, "Just because others don't think clearly doesn't give me an excuse not to"). His pragmatism carried him in many directions. Having discovered what he determined to be dermal ridges in plaster casts of footprints (one of his major contributions to Bigfoot research), he sent the casts to Scotland Yard for examination, and was told they were "probably real." He also presented casts (purportedly of a Bigfoot hand) to a palm reader for inspection. In another case, he took out ads in newspapers, asking for anyone who may have killed a Bigfoot – by accident or on purpose – to contact him so he could obtain body parts. Pragmatic to the end, when he died, he had arranged to have his body sent to a body farm at the University of Tennessee Anthropological Research Facility so that its gradual decay could be studied for purposes of forensic investigation.

But all, apparently, was for naught, as his work received scant attention from the academic scientists, and rejected by mainstream science, he was forced into an

often contentious alliance with what he sometimes referred to as "the lunatic fringe" – amateur Bigfoot hunters and naturalists, Sasquatch enthusiasts, and marginal types attracted to the mystery – which left him quite uneasy. Like Heuvelmans (who decried the neglect of the academic scientists even as he sought their approval) Krantz wished only for his work to be seriously evaluated by his professional peers, and having little otherwise in common with the amateurs, he regarded them, at times, with scorn. As Regal remarks, an underlying "subtext" to Krantz's work was his desire "to take the study of manlike monsters out of the hands of amateurs…and place it firmly in the hands of anthropologists like himself." But as Regal points out, Krantz also seemed at times indifferent to the work of his peers, and one reason many of his papers were rejected, according to Regal, was because they showed scant familiarity with recent theoretical developments in his field.

Among the non-scientific individuals with whom he gradually became aligned was the man Regal calls his "nemesis" and "the Anti-Krantz," the stubborn, brusque, short-tempered, splenetic, but colorful and highly amusing Rene Dahinden, a self-taught Swiss-born Canadian whose pursuit of Bigfoot took on a single-minded focus and devotion that surpassed even Krantz's. Having first heard about Bigfoot shortly after moving to Canada in 1951 (he'd initially been interested in the Yeti, after reading about the proposed *Daily Mail* expedition, until informed by the owner of the dairy farm on which he worked that there was a similar creature in North America), Dahinden, who referred to Bigfoot as the "big hairy bastard," worked out a way of life whereby, living at a bare minimum level (he earned his living collecting buckshot at a firing range on which the trailer in which he lived sat), he could devote all his time to pursuing the anomalous ape. A huge favorite at conventions and other gatherings, he was as much noted for his salty and profanity-laced observations, spewed out in his trademark heavily-accented English, as he was for his own research. If Krantz didn't suffer fools well (and he didn't), Dahinden didn't suffer them at all. Of Jack "Kewaunee" Lapseritis, a Bigfoot enthusiast who believed Bigfoot to be "one-dimensional…star people" and who published a book entitled *The Psychic Sasquatch and Their UFO Connection* (Blue Water Publishing), Dahinden said:

> We know all about Lapseritis. And oh, he had 235 or 500 by now Sasquatch encounters…IN HIS MIND! I'm not interested in Sasquatch in his goddamned mind. I'm interested in Sasquatch on the ground, in the bush. How many Sasquatch encounters he'd had in his mind – look, I don't want to hear about it! Well, he heard footsteps out [sic] the tent, or whatever. Well, that's just like saying you had 235 sexual encounters but NEVER GOT LAID.

If Heuvelmans and Sanderson were both friends who were very different from one another, then Krantz and Dahinden were enemies (at least Dahinden thought so) who were actually very similar in many significant ways. Both were fiercely independent men driven by a singular mission that held their lives hostage to some degree (Krantz was married four times, while Dahinden left his wife and son so that he could pursue Bigfoot) and which led each to become increasingly frustrated and embittered as the search went on year after year without a find. Dahinden, whom Regal calls "a naturally talented and intellectual man…whose upbringing kept him from the type of career he would have excelled in," hated the scientific community with a vengeance (he called them "deadheads" and referred disparagingly to "them Ph.D.s") and loved to ridicule its presumptions, assumptions, and gullibility. Krantz became representational in his mind for much of the that community, and he thus became

Dahinden's pet target (Dahinden once sent Krantz a plaster footprint he knew to be fake, and was delighted when Krantz dubbed it genuine). In one of their many contentious exchanges, Dahinden wrote to Krantz, "every time you open your mouth to the press you make a bunch of stupid statements…[Roger] Patterson called you an opportunist years ago, and I guess he was right. I will pull you down and blackball you in the Sasquatch research." (For his part, Krantz called Dahinden a "nut case" in a letter to a Canadian law firm involved in suits over the ownership of the Patterson Gimlin film.) They fought over ownership of plaster casts, royalties for showing the Patterson-Gimlin film, and seemingly anything else, despite the fact that they had initially been friendly and did even have "years of relative calm," according to Regal.

Regal's discussion is rounded out by his examination of several other significant events and individuals associated with anomalous apes, wherein the egghead/crackpot model is further elaborated. The 1954 *Daily Mail* expedition to find the Yeti and especially Tom Slick's several similar expeditions to the Himalayas in the late 1950s, both of which are dealt with in Chapter Two, establish a pre-Bigfoot dynamic for the model (since they preceded the hunt for Bigfoot, which really didn't start until the very end of the 1950s). Eric Shipton's 1951 photographs of what are purported to be Yeti footprints and the 1953 ascent of Mount Everest focused the world's attention on the Himalayas in general, and the Yeti in particular. Regal tells us that "many scientists wanted to begin investigating the Yeti immediately after Shipton published his famous photos," and what resulted were several ill-conceived and indecisive pilgrimages to the austere summits of Nepal and Tibet by adventurers, explorers, scientists, and journalists to find the elusive creature.

The fifteen-week long *Daily Mail* expedition found "little more than some inconclusive tracks, a few strands of hair, and animal droppings." But more important, it "aroused the interest of many amateurs," one of whom became a major figure in the Yeti/Bigfoot legacy, the Texas millionaire Tom Slick. Slick financed several expeditions to find the Yeti in the 1950s and also the Pacific Northwest expedition to find Bigfoot in the early 1960s, and Regals's depiction of these expeditions wavers from the tragic to the highly comedic. A strange, curious, and mysterious man who was an alumnus of Yale (and a member of the Skull and Bones fraternity) Slick's interests and passions reflected his eccentric nature. He had an interest in both monsters and the paranormal and was fascinated with Nazi memorabilia (having traveled in Germany and Russia in the late 1930s). He harbored grand political ideals (he published a book entitled *Permanent Peace* (1958) in which he advocated, in Regal's words, "for the United States to join other nations, including those of the Communist bloc, to create a kind of world police force to help ensure peace and stifle war), and, it has been suggested by some, "worked for the CIA in some capacity."

Slick's eccentricities became manifest as the expeditions were planned. Having contacted the guide Peter Byrne (who of course would later become famous as one of the major Bigfoot hunters), he had Byrne vetted by one of his mistresses. As the date of the expedition came closer, Slick suddenly "decided to pare the operation down so that only he and Byrne and a small team of confidants" – none of whom were scientists – would actually participate. The expedition had originally planned to carry several scientists along, including the Harvard trained anthropologist and part-time CIA employee, Carleton Coon, who'd been hired by *Life* magazine to spy on Slick – the magazine was trying to mount its own expedition and may have wanted to "keep an eye on Slick and his efforts" for that reason. However, Regal also notes that *Life*'s founder Henry Luce was "an anti-Communist"

who may have taken exception to Slick's "peace activism" and possible attempt to try "to establish contacts in Communist China" while searching for monsters. But the intrigue ran deeper, and Regal's narrative enters the realm of farce as he notes "The Soviet government in Moscow noted the intelligence connection with Slick's operation [Coon and another scientist, George Agogino, both of whom served as consultants to the expedition, had CIA/OSS connections] and saw it as 'a diabolical anthropological maneuver aimed at the subversion of Communist China.'" Regal wonders "who *was not* working for the CIA," and remarks at one point, "they all seemed to be watching each other."

The real tragedy of the Slick expeditions was that a possible opportunity was botched, largely due to the ill-fated decision to omit scientists from the actual search. Coon, Agogino, and a few other scientist-consultants who remained behind were constantly frustrated and disappointed with the evidence the expedition sent them to examine, and they began to distrust Slick and his motives (Agogino even created "a private file of his dealings with Slick 'in the event that Tom Slick misquotes anyone or breaks away from me [Agogino]'"). Initially the two parties – scientists and amateurs – were to have worked together on these expeditions, but they didn't, and as Regal observes, the experience of the scientists left them wary of the amateurs thereafter. As Sanderson would remark, "all his [Slick's] troubles stem from his pure lack of knowledge" of scientific method, and "most of his money was spent on pure trash research."

These problems became further entrenched in the adventures of the Pacific Northwest Expedition, Slick's 1959-1962 attempt to find Bigfoot which, Regal says, "began with great enthusiasm but deteriorated quickly into name calling and internal squabbles." This expedition first brought together Byrne, Dahinden, and John Green, and the latter two, who worked together for many years, grew to despise Byrne. It was also a crucible of sorts for the search for Bigfoot, and attracted to it, aside from Byrne, Dahinden, and Green, such figures as Sanderson and Agogino (neither of whom actually participated), the tracker Bob Titmus, who would be a major figure in the hunt for Bigfoot, and Ivan Marx and Ray Wallace, who would both years later be accused of faking evidence (the aforementioned Cripplefoot tracks found at Bossburg have never been fully accepted as authentic because it was Marx who discovered them).

Having access to so much archival and personal material, Regal presents a narrative full of quirky and amusing facts and odds and ends. Aside from the exceedingly bizarre and comical CIA connection to the hunt for the Yeti ("The details are murky, but it seems clear that at the very least a Western intelligence element existed alongside the search for the Yeti"), the reader also learns that Bernard Heuvelmans worked as a jazz musician and comedian (!), the Smithsonian scientist John Napier, whose *Bigfoot: The Yeti and Sasquatch in Myth and Reality* (1972) was one of the first book-length scientific examinations of the phenomenon (Napier's quite open-minded about the possibility anomalous apes exist) "loved to perform as a magician," that Peter Byrne once punched Rene Dahinden out in the parking lot of a Macdonalds, that the love of an Irish wolfhound named Clyde actually saved Grover Krantz's life, that Carleton Coon told Krantz that he once "accidentally passed wind in the face of Theodosius Dobzhansky [an evolution theorist] at a dinner," and that so pervasive was the belief that a large dinosaur species still existed in remote areas of Africa (the so-called *Mokele-mbembe* – reports of sightings persevere to this day) that "the governor general of the Congo put out an edict during World War I requiring any dinosaurs traveling at night to carry warning lights" to

ensure public safety.

Sadly, Regal's narrative is not without some relatively minor problems and confusion, much of which is due to the sprawling nature of his topic. There is a degree of repetition at times that can grow wearisome – we are told on three occasions, for example, that Grover Krantz read the respective works of Ralph Von Koenigswald and Franz Weidenrich regarding *Gigantopithecus*, the gigantic prehistoric ape many feel could be the clue to Bigfoot's existence, and Ivan Sanderson's antagonism toward the scientific community is made quite clear early on, but is continually drilled home to the reader throughout, as though the reader might forget this important fact. There is also some degree of confusion as to who it was that first made the *Gigantopithecus*-Bigfoot connection. Credit is given (or seems to be given) at times to Carlton Coon, Bernard Heuvelmans, Ivan Sanderson, and John Green. In a discussion of the Patterson-Gimlin film, we are told that Patterson "dismounted" his horse to film the alleged Bigfoot, whereas Patterson and Gimlin described how Patterson's horse had reared up and thrown him off when it first sighted the creature. There are also some points where the narrative structure becomes a little uncertain, chapters where subjects and topics are yoked together that don't necessarily mesh (a chapter entitled "The Problems of Evidence" begins with an examination of some of Krantz's theories but somehow becomes a discussion on Russian and Mongolian scientists' quest for the Alma and Almasti [two anomalous apes of Mongolia and the Caucasus, respectively] amid pressure from the Soviet government).

Regal doesn't deal much with the actual data concerning Bigfoot (which is not really his concern), but when he does, I am not sure I can agree with him when he says that "what is often forgotten in the 'hoaxers could not do this' argument is that too much emphasis is placed on what hoaxers could and could not do. In the end, hoaxers do not really need to do much at all. That way, someone looking at the artifact will fill in the blanks themselves. *No super cunning or technical expertise is needed by a faker of evidence*" (my emphasis). There are too many examples to deal with here, but suffice to say that much of the physical evidence would require a very high order of technical sophistication and skill to produce. Footprints, for example, are much easier to imagine being faked ("I'll just slip on a pair of carved feet and hop around in the wilderness") than to actually fake. Using many documented footprint trails as examples, we would be forced to envision a hoaxer who would have to be freighted down with enough weight – 100, 200 pounds? More? – to leave an imprint deeper than a human's, who would wear some kind of modified boots or strap-on planks (which would actually diffuse the weight of the wearer), and so encumbered, be nonetheless capable of leaping foot by foot, four to five feet through the air, landing soundly on the ground surface (no slippage, which would blur the print), and all this for sometimes nearly a mile in rough terrain and in very remote areas while leaving no evidence of human activity. (And isn't it strange that although there are hundreds of Bigfoot sightings every year, there are no reported sightings of hoaxers perpetuating their pranks.) Regal's comment here seems to me a bit easy.

Through its depiction of maverick scientists and Bigfoot enthusiasts, Regal's book raises several important questions for consideration. Perhaps the most important has to do with the nature of science itself: is science primarily theoretical or empirical, or is it something that exists between the two? Pertaining to Regal's discussion, the skeptical academic scientists tend to be theorists, while the amateur naturalists and scientists actually working in the field tend to be empiricists. What is implicitly understood in this arrangement is that it has always been the former who have

held power and authority in the scientific community; until they – the academic/ theoretical scientists – deem something to be true, it isn't.

In post-modern terms, theoretical science is a metanarrative, an attempt to unify and totalize a view of the world through a single story or theory (another example might be religion, a comparison several figures – Heuvelmans and the 21st Century English Richard Freeman – make in Regal's book). But metanarratives don't possess a self-critical agent; they derive their power from self-affirmation. As Regal observes, there's a good degree of truth to the complaints of Sanderson, Heuvelmans, Krantz, and others against the scientific establishment. Their works were dismissed *a priori* by people whose research had been conducted in books, rather than in the field, and who were therefore utterly in thrall to theory. "I won't look at your data," these people seem to say, "because my theory already tells me your interpretation of them is wrong." (It should also be noted that some scientific disciplines – physics or astronomy, for example – are perhaps more theoretically driven than others – say, zoology or biology or other organic sciences. In physics, many things can be predicted based on theory, but this doesn't always happen in zoology. An eclipse can be predicted, but not always a new species. Empiricists, many of whom are amateurs and non-scientists, have greatly contributed to our knowledge of the physical world – we owe a good deal of our understanding of the oceans to Jacques Cousteau.)

Academic scientists also don't make many zoological discoveries, whereas the amateur naturalists and monster hunters working with the actual data do. Moreover, the discoveries of the amateurs have not always been accepted by the mainstream: the platypus, for example, was not discovered by a scientist, and when the first specimen was shipped to England by the aptly-named John Hunter, several British academic scientists, including George Shaw and Robert Knox (the latter achieved immense notoriety for his involvement in the infamous Burke and Hare case) were doubtful as to the creature's authenticity. Regal has shown that many scientists have been interested in anomalous apes from the beginning; but there nonetheless has always been a hierarchical structure in science that affirms itself through its theories – Heuvelmans "dictators of science" frozen in Sanderson's "gamut of orthodoxies."

Regal's book brings many of these ideas to the fore, and it will be a valuable contribution to the history of cryptozoology. Sadly, though the big question remains unanswered: *does* it exist?

At the end of all the Sasquatch mystery – when all else is pared away – we are left only with the physical evidence and two equally improbable scenarios to account for it: the presence of apparently *subhuman* relic apes that have survived in sufficient numbers to remain a living species, and the *absolutely superhuman* capabilities requisite for hoaxers to have created so much physical evidence through the years

There is no third.

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