

to adopt both a bizarre supra-history and a very dubious logic—*analogic*—in order to give me the 'epistemic right' to ignore my epistemic status in this world. In this world, pumpkins don't rise over pumpkin patches. And you're right, Lucy; the line of reasoning I was using has no way to distinguish a Great Pumpkin from a Great Squash or even the Tooth Fairy. I can now travel so much lighter. I recommend it, Charlie!"

Then Charlie Brown said, "But we *still* have to presuppose things! For example we have to presuppose the truth of Harold's statement that we have been epistemically suited to the environment we inhabit. And can you really mean that we can *never* know that we know? If that's true, it's too sad for words!"

"Concerning your first comment," said Linus, "that's right; we *do* have to presuppose Harold's maxim. But in so doing we are *not* securing a second-order (or ultimate-order) guarantee; nor is there a special logic—*analogic*, let's say—to guarantee argumentative success. Once we lay down the needless and confused conceptual baggage of presuppositionalism we leave behind esoteric structural guarantees and find ourselves, 'alas,' in the land of mere good reasons. Presupposing cannot buy you apodicticity; what it does buy you is, at best, rational elbow room. That's what any good hypothesis buys you.

"And concerning the question whether I really mean that we can never know that we know, I really mean it, but don't get too hung up on the wording. All I mean by that expression is that we are *finite* knowers. If 'knowing that you know' is dear to you, try substituting: You can't ever know that you know that you know. I'm not fussy as long as it's recognized that both the finitude of partial perspective and hermeneutic finitude place an absolute limit on constructing proofs for factual claims."

"Oh." And then there was light for Charlie too.

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