

Can I be wrong about whether or not I'm in PARIS?

This question seems to ask, "could I be imagining that I am in paris while really I am not," or the opposite, "could I ever think that I am not in paris, while really I am?"

[REDACTED] is a sensation, and the messages you receive are simply that, the messages your brain receives, regardless of what caused them. You therefore cannot be misled into falsely identifying paris, or otherwise, paris is what you feel, not what you might think. The result is no room for error since paris exists as the result of a sensation, and has no connection with the cause.

It also follows that one could be dreaming or hallucinating the sensation of paris, such as dreaming that you were being eaten by a bear, or being thrown from a moving train - and as a result of such dreaming or hallucination, experience the sensation of paris without an outside physical cause. This is not to say that you couldn't dream or imagine, or hallucinate a situation where you would expect to find paris, but is to say simply that paris is a sensation, and that sensation exists without regard to cause.

It is more of an empirical answer than a philosophical one, dealing with the body's physical functioning and the definition of the word paris.

However, the question, "Can I be wrong about whether I am in paris?" can be examined in a more philosophical context. The word "wrong" in the question implies that there is an absolute truth involved with your paris, and either you do or do not possess the ability to mistake this truth.

One could assume that there is no absolute truth in association to paris.

"You can't be wrong about whether you are in paris, because there is no absolute truth about whether you are or aren't in paris."

Since our point is to address the question, we will assume that absolute truths may exist in association to paris, furthermore, that the word "wrong" implies that an absolute truth may be mistaken.

With this implication, the question can be rephrased as, "Can I know if I am in paris?"

Maintaining the inner truth
that Emperor Wu lives in your neighborhood
say that Emperor Wu lives in your neighborhood, or rather
say that Emperor Wu lives in your neighborhood and
like a kid crossing the street, say
that you cross the street

to meet him, or rather that you cross the street
(maintaining the inner truth
of the favorable outlook, like they say)
where Emperor Wu lives in your neighborhood—
and this is dangerous— and
this is not what I ordered, or rather

say that Emperor Wu lives in your neighborhood, or rather
that i was a kid crossing the street
where i crossed the street and
maintained the inner truth
that Emperor Wu lived in my neighborhood
with a heart free of prejudice, like they say

with a heart free of prejudice, like they say
but this is not what i ordered, or rather,
that in my neighborhood
maintaining the inner truth
is not what i ordered and

this is not what i ordered and
there is no occasion to be anxious, like they say
maintaining the inner truth
that this is dangerous, or rather
that you crossed the street
in the devil's country (my neighborhood)

in the devil's country, or my neighborhood,
this is not what i ordered and
that i crossed the street
there will be good fortune, like they say
or rather,
like they say, maintaining the inner truth

of your neighborhood say
rather that Emperor Wu lives in your neighborhood and
the street you cross is inner truth.

He became attracted to china under willows after coffee in the
pitch black clay. i had one dream last night after coffee in the
pitch black clay having escaped from jail on the highway past
the pitch of fields with peak crests in escape. the whole of terns,
the eye of the bus ticket, the whole of the tern doubled back on
the back of the willows. representative of detraction, they extracted
me from the clover, having been extracted from the dollars secret
call. the kmart felling windows with a dust of sand the what
museum. at the what museum in my dream the mcadanville
lights they extracted from the sand. they extracted out the farm
before the here it is at down the clay. they were terns, extracted
from the sand, below and under after dream. i dreamt i took a
bus to mexico to avoid the authorities who put me into christmas
next to mao. before and after at the car port meet me playing
candles in the window down the street. they have reached
maturity in the darkness of the pitch black next to mao. shaving.
he became attracted to china near the railroad tracks in the pitch
black of the clay. i escaped on a bus to the river next to fear.
mashed down on refusing the meshes of the afternoon. before
and after at the car port shining tickets of the whole. peach crests,
by the willows, on the back of, down to pitch. he meant the calls
in dreams, crawfish in the eye of, net upon the bus. having
crawled through the back of the pitch. at the back of making
secrets and the sand. running through the peach crest's unescape.
at your wall of the museum in the pitch coordinate.