I had a bizarre existential joke as a kid: think of something that you can’t say anything about. You can’t do it. And you can’t even say that you can’t do it, because that’s something you can’t say about it. And you can’t even say that you can’t say that you can’t do it. And you can’t say that either…

If you can think of something like that, I salute you. You have solved the mystery of mysteries, and we will all hate you forever.