

34. Who Wants To Be Secretary General?

The Greatest Quiz Show on Earth

Quite some time ago, Isaac Asimov proclaimed: “There are no nations!” Lauded as the greatest science fiction writer of all time, he was, and is, considered by many as a kind of fortune teller, that his novels often turned out to be predictions of the future of society and human kind. His claim that there are no nations was, of course, a statement of his own moral position that all peoples are equal, or at least ought to be equal. At the same time, though, he, and many who have followed in his footsteps (Star Trek and Star Wars for example) also heralded the idea of diversity, speculating on the enormous range of humans and humanoids and whatever living creatures that might exist throughout the universe, as yet unexplored. There appears to be no difficulty in adopting these two contrasting, actually, contradictory moralities of the future, often confused or blended into the present. If there is diversity — that is, each individual is different, unique — is not all such differentiation eradicated by the word equality? Ah, you say, I am playing with words. Indeed, I am, because I want to prepare you for the greatest quiz show on earth, maybe the universe, who knows?

The show is called, “Who Wants to be Secretary General?” and is aired every night at 6.00 pm and On Demand for people around the world on Australia’s amazingly diverse TV channel SBS, that caters to viewers in all of one hundred and sixty-three languages. If you are a seasoned TV viewer of quiz shows, you will recognize that this show is a take-off from the blockbuster “Who wants to be a millionaire?” And in general, it does follow the format, offering contestants the chance to “call a friend” for help in answering a question, or to “ask the audience” for help. But the similarity ends there. For, as the promotional videos show, this is a real life quiz with real life outcomes. The final winner actually takes up the position of Secretary General of the United Nations. How, you may well ask, is this possible?

Until now, the position of Secretary General was selected by the U.N. General Assembly, subject to the approval of the

Security Council. But over the years, after the appointment of nine Secretaries General, those countries not represented on the Security Council got together and complained that it was unfair that their choice of candidate was always rebuffed by the security council, dominated as it always has been, by the most powerful nations, generally those with an imperialist past, who have fought and won great wars both foreign and domestic. Why should such warmongers dominate the United Nations, an organization that is supposed to be the icon of peace and goodwill to all?

All past attempts to appoint a Secretary General who was brave enough to thumb his nose at the Security Council had been thwarted. It was time for a change, and this change was brought about by none other than Australia, a country not without its warlike blemishes, having also dabbled in imperialism with its close neighbor Papua New Guinea, (the destruction of its own indigenous peoples blamed on its imperialist mother England), but by and large had a tradition of towing the line with the big powers, especially its pacific neighbor, the United States.

It all came about in a raucous meeting of the Security Council, Australia at the time occupying one of the rotating chairs. But the man behind the scenes was none other than Australia's gruff, ulcerous media mogul, the father of one-day cricket matches, Perry Smacker, and his U.N. Representative (well, Australia's U.N. Representative) Bevan Mudd, a former Prime Minister, much admired by the Chinese. In fact, Mudd spoke only Chinese in the meeting, refusing to speak one word of English. The very large Smacker, sat immediately behind him, prodding him in the rear constantly, when he thought it necessary.

"Esteemed Members of the Security Council," began Mr. Smacker. "We are all well aware of the recent impossibilities of electing a new Secretary General. Some five nominees have been rejected, and the last meeting of the General Assembly was in an uproar, verging on bedlam. A number of members were carried off to hospital. Australia proposes an entirely new way of electing the Secretary General. We propose a contest, and the winner of the contest to be automatically appointed to the position, no vetoes allowed. We could argue about the merits of this solution, but we must face up to the fact that all regular methods of making the appointment have failed. We think that a contest, in the form of a quiz show be adopted. It would run for some six months or

more, weeding out losers, and end up with a single winner who would be well qualified for the position. The questions would, of course, be asked specifically on the core attributes of the United Nations and its policies and practices. We have already begun to compile the lists of questions, and members of the Security Council as well as the General Assembly will be canvassed for questions. We will distribute the format for questions and answers at the end of this meeting. I thank you for your attention, and now declare this meeting closed.”

Of course, the show was not open to just anyone. We could not have unsavory sorts participating. We must have individuals of high moral standing and who are comfortable working in a setting that is devoted to diversity in its extreme, which defines the United Nations, an amazing organization that seeks to understand, promote, and develop the ethnicities, cultures and economies of all nations, the ultimate aim being that all the nations of the world, all the ethnicities, come together as one. That one day there will be no super power or a few nations with huge economies. That all nations, ethnicities and cultures are unified into one nation, that no nation monopolizes military might, economy, or politic.

Finally, and perhaps the most pressing, is that no person who works or has worked in the employ of the United Nations is eligible for the position. This also includes the many consultants used by the United Nations. We are of the opinion that we need a fresh mind to steer the United Nations on a clear course, one that is not sullied by the deadening bureaucracy that the United Nations has become. We therefore have developed a check list of attributes that we seek from quiz contestants.

Of course, the obvious attribute that any candidate must have to be successful in our quiz show, is that they must be proven quiz show performers. Thus we have made a list of all those who became finalists in the world wide quiz show *Who wants to be a Millionaire?* and will use these obviously successful quiz contestants as the basic pool from which we will draw our candidates. That show is aired in over one hundred countries and many more languages. Indeed, the show is a wonderful example of bringing nations and languages together into one format, shared, and diverse. Every single version of that

show features the now well-known final question, “Is this your final answer?” though, of course, each language has its own way of expressing this question. Each of these finalists was invited to try out for our quiz, the initial screening done by a check list of attributes, that the contestant had to answer, truthfully, of course. The check list is as follows:

1. Are you any of LGBTQA? Yes= 1 point
2. Are you white? No= 1 point
3. Are you fat? Yes= 1 point
4. Are you a gang member? Yes= 1 point
5. Are you or have you ever been a terrorist? Yes=1 point
6. Are you a rape victim? Yes= 1 point
7. Is your primary language English? No= 1 point
8. Is your primary language European? No=1 point
9. Is your primary language African ? No= 1 point
10. Are you or have you ever been an illegal immigrant or refugee? Yes=1 point
11. Are you married? No=1 point
12. Are you a university graduate? No=1 point

Candidates scoring above 8 are automatically accepted as quiz contestants.

The obvious choice for host of the first episode of *Who Wants To Be Secretary General?* was Eddie Squire, famed former president of the much loved and hated Collingwood Football Club, and perennial host of the Australian TV hit, *Who Wants To Be a Millionaire?*.

After many preliminary rounds conducted by hosts in the different countries in which qualifying candidates competed, the grand final was at last scheduled in Melbourne, Australia. The show opens with a door on which is inscribed a large old fashioned clock, the hands racing round and around to the dramatic sound of Beethoven’s 5th, the ominous door knock. The door opens and out of the mist emerges Eddie Squire. He walks to the center of the stage and with his devilish smile in his most resonating voice says:

“We are excited to announce our grand finalist, multi-sexual, Francois Malkovsky II, from the Euronat permanent

nudist community of France. If he answers the final question correctly, he will be appointed Secretary General of the United Nations, a position he will retain for the standard period of seven years, or less should he choose to retire, or be fired if he says or does anything that violates the equity and inclusiveness policies of the United Nations. We apologize in advance that Mr. Malkovsky is not black. He is, however, classifiable as “brown” all over, a result of his sun tanning regimen at the Eurostat resort. Also, I give those of you watching at home fair warning that because Mr. Malkovsky is from a famous and most respected nudist community, he will be appearing naked. Squire would have appeared naked himself out of respect for nudists everywhere, but our diversity and inclusion consultant advised us that it might be misinterpreted as his mocking nudists, cultural appropriation, as they say. After all, if Mr. Malkovsky were black, it would be shocking for him to color himself “black.”

The music repeatedly blasts the first two measures of Beethoven, and Mr. Malkovsky steps through the door, all smiles. There are gasps from the studio audience as it gapes at the rather ugly naked overly tanned body of a middle aged man, somewhat over weight, his breasts somewhat enlarged, and his hips covered with a roll of fat.

“Welcome, Francois Malkovsky, may I call you Francois?” says Eddie as he offers his hand and Malkovsky shakes it.

“Thank you! I am very excited to be here.”

“And Francois, I understand that you had a great deal of difficulty getting down here to Australia to participate in this first ever quiz grand final that furthers the spirit of One Nation World Government.”

“Yes, it is difficult for we nudists to travel. We are forced to cover ourselves which is very intimidating. People gawk at us, you know, and some even make insulting remarks about our bodies.”

“Well I’m sorry to hear that,” says Eddie with his mischievous grin, “but let’s look on the bright side. If you win and become Secretary General of the United Nations, you will be able to oversee world legislation that will allow nudists to go naked wherever they like.”

“I look forward to that very much,” says Malkovsky.

Eddie leads the way to the two seats suspended as though in

mid air. He ushers Malkovsky into his seat, then steps up to his own, suspended a little higher than Malkovsky's. "Are you ready to play, *Who Wants To Be Secretary General?*?"

"I am."

"We have four questions. You will have thirty seconds to answer. You have two life lines in which you may ask for help either from a friend or from the audience. Is that clear?"

"Yes, perfectly clear."

"All right then. Here is the first question. U.N. General Assembly Resolution A/RES/217 A (III) Human rights addresses what issue:

- A. Disabled people
- B. Gender conversion
- C. LGBTQA name tags
- D. None of the above"

Malkovsky wriggles a little in his seat. For reasons of hygiene, the seat is hard and shiny. Certainly no cushion. "None of those," he answers.

"That was a quick response, Francois. Are you sure you want to go with that?"

"I am sure."

Eddie grins and frowns. "Is that your final answer?"

Malkovsky looks Squire in the eye. "It is my final answer."

Eddie leans back in his nicely cushioned seat. "You are right! D, None of the above was the correct answer!"

The audience cheers and claps. Eddie continues. "You can stop now, if you want, and take up the lower position of deputy under secretary general of the U.N. Food and Agricultural Organization."

"No, thank you Mr. Squire. I want to be Secretary General."

"All right then. Let's go to the next question, this one for you to qualify as clerical assistant grade one, to the secretary of the current deputy under secretary general of the International Court of Justice. Here is the question: The General Assembly Declaration of Imperialism Erasure is addressed in what document?

- A. 1514 (XV) A/4494, Supplement No. 2.
- B. A/RES/9 (1) of 9 Feb. 1946
- C. A/RES/1514 (XV) of Dec. 1960.
- D. All the above."

Malkovsky nervously crosses his legs and replies immediately, “all of the above.”

“Now take your time, Francois, you have all of thirty seconds, you know.”

“Thank you. But I spent a lot of time researching U.N. Documents. I know the answer is all of the above.”

“You’re quite sure about that?”

“Quite sure.”

“Then it’s your final answer?”

“It is.”

Eddie looks around to the audience. He then looks back slowly to Malkovsky. “The answer is... D, all the above! You are right once again, Francois. You are on your way to Secretary General.”

Malkovsky uncrosses his legs. “Let’s get on with it,” he grins.

“You can stop now, if you want,” says Eddie, looking serious. “A position at the U.N. F.A.O. Is quite a good appointment. And it would be for life, so I am told.”

“No, Mr. Squire. I want to be Secretary General. No good settling for less.”

“All right. Then let’s proceed. You are now two questions away from becoming U.N. Secretary General. Are you ready, Mr. Malkovsky?”

“I am ready.”

“One Nation World Government is addressed in which of the following documents:

A. Secretary-General’s remarks at the World Government Summit with Q&A.2017.

B. Eichelberger: World government via the United Nations. 1948.

C. World Government Summit hosted by Sheikh Mohammed bin Rashid Al Maktoum. 2017.

D. All of the above.

Malkovsky takes his hands from his lap, where they had been most of the time, and runs them through his greying hair.

“Thirty seconds starts now!” says Squire.

“I think I would like to ask my partner,” says Malkovsky.

“Are they in the audience or do you want to phone?” asks Squire.

“My partner could not join the audience because they would not let them sit in the audience naked. I would like to phone The U.N. Vienna, where Sheehee is sitting hidden in the U.N. Archives kept there.”

“As you wish!” says Eddie. He presses a button, an image of a phone is projected on a screen behind them, then someone answers. We do not see an image of the recipient of the call. Just a shadow.

“Oui allo ?”

“Is this SheeHee?” asks Squire.

“Qui appelle s'il vous plait Yes, it is. Who is this, please?”

“This is Eddie Squire from *Who Wants to be Secretary General*. Your partner would like your help.”

“Allo? Sheehee?” asks Malkovsky. “Are you watching?”

“Oui. sur mon téléphone.”

“I think the answer is D All the above,” says Malkovsky. “The trouble is I can remember no official U.N. Documents that refer to these topics. They must be speeches or other unofficial documents,” says Malkovsky with a frown, clearly worried.

“Mr. Squire. Must the answers be in official UN documents?” asks Sheehee.

“I am sorry, but I am not allowed to add or answer any questions directly bearing on the various answers,” says Squire in a most formal manner.

“I am inclined to D,” says Malkovsky, “because ABC are all similar.”

“But it might be none of them,” says Sheehee, in highly accented English.

“If it were, then that would be an option, wouldn't it?” muses Malkovsky.

“Je m'excuse. Je ne sais tout simplement pas quelle est la meilleure réponse,” says Sheehee.

“Five seconds to go!” interjects Squire.

“Then D, all the above,” says Malkovsky, head in hands.

“That's your final answer?” asks Squire, grinning and frowning.

“Yes. That's my final answer.”

Squire looks down, the smile on his face gone. Silence intensifies. The audience shuffles. He looks up, then announces:

“The answer is D. You are right, and you are now qualified

to be appointed personal secretary to the under secretary's deputy assistant of the UN representative to the World Trade Organization."

Relieved, Malkovsky leans back in his hard seat, the surface sticking uncomfortably on to his naked bottom. Eddie Squire continues.

"You may stop now and enjoy a wonderful career as the United Nations representative dealing with the World Trade Organization, or you may go on to the final question."

"Let's go for it!" says Malkovsky, shaking his fist, and jumping up and down on his seat.

Squire turns to the audience. "Audience, are you ready?"

The audience cheers and claps in response.

"All right, then. Here we go. Are you ready, Mr. Malkovsky?"

"I am ready!"

"Which of the following policy topics is NOT essential to world governance by One Nation?"

- A. Inclusion
- B. Diversity
- C. Happiness
- D. Inequality

"Mon Dieu! What is this One Nation? Did you not mean United Nations?" cried Malkovsky.

Eddie Squire remains silent. He looks down, then out to the audience. Then he says, "You have one help left. You could ask the audience. You have thirty seconds, starting..."

"OK. Ok. I will ask the audience, please," says Malkovsky running his hands through his hair, and crossing his legs.

Squire looks out to the audience. "Mr. Malkovsky, the next secretary general of the United Nations needs your help. Audience, your remote answer box is activated. When I say 'Answer' press A, B, C, or D button to send your answer to Mr. Malkovsky."

The audience stirs excitedly, and loud thumping music plays as the lights flash on the big board hanging above the heads of Malkovsky and Squire. The results were not helpful. Twenty five percent for A, same for B, Twenty eight percent for C, and twenty two percent for D.

Eddie Squire looks at the audience and then to Malkovsky.

“You have thirty seconds starting now!”

Malkovsky uncrosses and crosses his legs nervously, “I don’t know, it could be D inequality, but I’m sure that the U.N. favors equality. I’m going to have to guess. Happiness. What is that? Maybe the audience knows better than do I. OK. Happiness it is.”

“Is that your final answer, Mr. Malkovsky?” asks Squire, a serious frown, and still that small grin.

“Yes, C, happiness. My final answer!” Malkovsky pushes back on his chair and uncrosses his legs. The audience titters as it gawks at the contestant’s nudity. He appeared at that moment, incredibly vulnerable.

Eddie Squire, enjoying the suspense, surveys the audience and tries not to look at Malkovsky’s male body. “Would you like to change your mind?” He asks with his devilish grin.

“No! No! I have made my decision!” cries Malkovsky. The audience titters once more.

“The answer is...” Squire hesitates for effect, “...C, Happiness! You have won the grand prize and will become immediately we close this session tonight, the tenth Secretary General of the United Nations!”

The audience erupts into cheers and applause, Malkovsky jumps up and raises both fists, and dances around the stage, prancing full on to the audience. Fortunately, the show was not aired live, so there would be time to insert a warning to the viewing audience that the show included partial and complete nudity.

France hailed Francois Malkovsky as their greatest international achievement ever. Statues were erected in many towns, and an outsized one in Paris right next to the grand Egyptian Obelisk on the Place de la Concorde. This turned out to be a mistake, and probably marked the beginning of an underground movement to remove Malkovsky from office. The huge nude statue of Malkovsky was placed in such a way that, viewing it from the East the obelisk appeared as Malkovsky’s giant erection. This was, of course, not by design, but either way, came to represent all that Malkovsky’s administration stood for. Besides, the U.K., still bruised from its crazy Brexit, blaming especially France for making it so difficult, began a not so secret

campaign to replace Malkovsky with Boris Johnson, as soon as he stepped down as Prime Minister.

Nor was the third world happy with yet another imperialist in the top U.N. job. However, those rising and emerging nations continued to squabble among themselves, so were unable to mount a successful campaign to unseat Malkovsky. Besides, they had never had a Secretary general who was stark naked, just like many of the third world's ordinary, oppressed citizens. The Russians and the Chinese also made feeble attempts to make Malkovsky's life difficult, beginning a campaign to move the United Nations Headquarters to a much colder climate in Mongolia. As it was, people everywhere marveled at how this new Secretary General tolerated the cold winters of New York. It was rumored that he in fact, during the entire winter in New York, never stepped out of his office. This was not true, of course. But what was true, and struck a chord with the many developing nations that happened to inhabit areas of the world that were temperate and hot, was that Malkovsky had begun an immediate effort to move the U.N. H.Q. to Fiji somewhere in the Pacific. Besides, Malkovsky argued, he wanted the United Nations to reside in peace, thus his choice of the Pacific Ocean.

But what Malkovsky failed to sense was that, even though he had made great efforts to promote inclusiveness and diversity in the United Nations, it was not enough. On his first day in office he proudly announced that his administration would be completely open and transparent, and ruled that from that day on, all workers and consultants to the United Nations (which meant just about everyone, since it was by consultants that the U.N. conducted most of its everyday activities), would be naked, the only dress allowed was tattoos and painted nails. Many hailed this as a brave and exciting edict. But it soon became apparent that those who embraced this policy were those with beautiful bodies, or so they thought. When this awkward fact was brought to Secretary General's attention, he quickly announced that the words "fat" and "ugly" were never to be used and must be replaced with "shapely" and "gorgeous." Many other difficult, really just small details, but for some reason seemed overwhelming, bothered and annoyed his administration. All the seats in the meeting rooms and the general assembly had to be redone, so that people's bottoms did not stick to the shiny

surfaces. They also had to be heated, because many complained that the hard shiny seats were cold. But by far the most difficult problem for Malkovsky's administration lay more deeply in the subconscious of his staff and consultants.

Meetings mark the manner in which the life of the United Nations had always gone forward. Meetings, large and small, assemblies, all of these require lots of people in one place, all drafting policies and statements, all arranging further meetings to consider the accomplishments of previous meetings. It was the small meetings, however, that marked the eventual downfall of the 10th Secretary General. These meetings occurred in small rooms, all seated around tables arranged usually in a rectangle, sometimes in a circle.

The U.N. Security Council had been quietly taken over by the gender dis-advocates, as they called themselves. And while the Security Council still held a veto power over the General Assembly, it was in fact through that council's manipulations and sheer brutality of language, that the important decisions of the United Nations were made. The important fact was — and this is an amazing eventuality that is completely in line with the grand ideals of the United Nations, that all nations put aside their differences and be united into One Nation — that gender differences be eradicated, or if not possible, be treated as small and inconsequential matters. People in the U.N. therefore were no longer to refer to each other by gender. Because English was the only language that had the flexibility of using pronouns in reference to people of gender — but that did not imply their gender — it was ordained by the Secretary General, that English was the only official language of the United Nations, and the languages of all other nations unacceptable until they had erased all gendered pronouns, nouns and matching adjectives, from their languages. A new United Nations Language Board of Control was set up to receive applications of languages that had been revised according to the U.N. Guidelines. In most cases, however, the Language Board strongly recommended that the easiest and simplest way to solve the gendered language problems was to simply adopt English as the national language.

You can imagine how outraged the French were when they heard of this new edict, coming from one of their own, no less! He had to be dealt with, and severely. They may not be able to

cut off his head according to tradition, but maybe there was another way, given the modern techniques of personal destruction now available to all.

As is usual in clandestine operations, various competing, indeed, infighting, factions arose among the gender dis-advocates. In the name of transparency, many meetings passed motions of diversity and inclusiveness that required surveillance cameras to be installed in every nook and cranny, wherever there were meetings, formal and informal. The French undercover agents saw this as a perfect opportunity to take down yet another corrupt French sovereign, to whom they referred as King (yes, the strongest gendered term in the English language) Malkovsky II. To think that one of their own would destroy their country by blithely abolishing its language!

The opportunity inevitably arose in a small meeting chaired by Malkovsky, in the anteroom next to his office on the 38th floor of the United Nations building that offered a stunning view of the East river. He had called the meeting of his immediate staff, planning to inform them that he was so pleased by their performance that they would be receiving a ten percent increase in their salaries. There were twelve staff, including his personal driver, the only one who had complained directly to him, that he caught a very bad cold having to get out of the warm limousine to open the door for him when there was a blizzard. Malkovsky had ignored him.

Yet the first move was not made by the driver. Instead it came from one of his secretaries, Philomena, a sweet little thing, by Malkovsky's standard, with a most inviting body, and a wonderful sweet smile. He liked it especially when she spoke, which was constant, she was a real talker, from Rome after all, wagging her head from side to side, a bright smile on her face. Always happy. Or so it seemed. He should have known, however. She was Italian, that much he knew. And the Italians were incensed at him also, because their language was thoroughly debased by his edict that there were to be no gender pronouns or nouns. All were to be abolished. It left the Italians without any names or basically any nouns, unless all agreed on a word ending that was neuter. Already several governments had fallen in Italy because no agreement could be found as to the neuter endings of nouns.

Malkovsky sat at his seat at the middle of the oblong table. He surveyed his staff, all of them of course naked as was his edict. And on this day, his eyes briefly settled on Philomena as she lowered herself, chatting away to her friend next to her, smiling and happy. As she sat, she leaned forward a little and her smoothly shaven breasts seemed to stand out, the nipples he was sure were calling to him. He quickly sat down and tried to focus on the bodies of others around the table. But it did not help. His eyes came to rest on Philomena. He looked down at his notes, hoping that it would go away. His driver coughed a throaty cough, he was still getting over his cold. The pandemic was not quite over. All stared at him. Malkovsky gave his boss a disapproving look, and took his leave.

The meeting proceeded as planned, and all staff were most pleased at the promise of an increase in their salaries.

No sooner had Malkovsky returned to his office, than the computer screens of all those whose position in the U.N. qualified them to have their own computer in their office, were lit up by a surveillance video. Immediately he saw it, he knew he was done for. Right there, on the screen was the image of his very own penis, gradually raising its beautiful head. The surveillance cameras installed under the table had caught him in his moment of weakness. And immediately his very own engendered undercover agents entered his office, unannounced, followed by his favorite little secretary Philomena. And even then, he felt a little twinge between his legs.

Philomena stood just inside the door. “That’s him! She shouted! He raped me! It happened in our meeting just minutes ago! You can see the evidence for yourselves. Look at his disgusting erection! I saw him looking at me. It was awful! I felt like a piece a meat! And I just had to sit there while he looked at me and raped me!”

Malkovsky was read his rights of which there none, as the U.N. had legislated that there was no defense against an accusation of rape. Besides the evidence was all there on the video.

However, the story does have a happy ending, of sorts. Malkovsky was not tried in a criminal court. He had insisted that all infractions were to be dealt with as mundane administrative

infractions, the punishments to be appropriate to the “crime.” In his case, once the U.N. had settled down into its old routine, his “punishment” was that he was never again to appear in public (defined broadly) naked. He must be fully clothed for the rest of his life. And as a side-effect of this scandalous behavior, all surveillance cameras were removed throughout the United Nations offices. The arguments about official languages and the degenderization of languages did not go away, however. All U.N. meetings everywhere and every minute of the day were taken up with this vexing and most complicated problem.

The hit quiz show *Who Wants to be Secretary General?* continued, and became an annual hit. However the guidelines for its format were rewritten forbidding nudity of the slightest amount of any contestants and show host, though the studio audience and those viewing at home were excepted from this regulation.

Moral: It's the thought that counts.