

NEW ZEALAND

Reserve Bank



Annual
2010


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Dedicated to LESLIE 'TURPS' LEFEAUX,
founding governor,
Reserve Bank of New Zealand.

An Introduction

by *The Honourable Peter Dunne, Minister of Revenue*



WHEN I'M VISITING schools, young people will often ask if I'm "the boss" of the Reserve Bank. I always have a good laugh at this display of childish ignorance. If only they had studied my speeches, or read my books *Home is Where My Heart Is* (ISBN 0-473-08433-3) and *In the Centre of Things* (ISBN 1-877-39903-5)—instead of filling their heads with 'rap' lyrics and 'heavy metal' guitar solos—then they wouldn't ask such silly questions.

I usually answer them by explaining that the relationship between the Ministry of Revenue and the Reserve Bank is rather like a game of netball. The netball court represents the New Zealand economy, and as Minister of Revenue, I play the position of 'Goal Attack'—whereas the Governor of the Reserve Bank, Dr Alan Bollard, plays the position of 'Goal Defence'.

The other players in our team are athletic young women with beautiful strong thighs, well-toned stomachs, taut buttocks, and firm young breasts. The opposing players are, if anything, even more attractive: gorgeous and womanly, with curvaceous hips and plunging cleavages. The spectators are willowy bisexual women, who wear dresses made of gauzy material; and when the arc-lights are behind them you can see right through their clothing, to their skimpy

underwear, and their lithe bisexual bodies.

When the game is over, the bisexual spectators rush forward, and embrace their beautiful feminine netball heroes. They shower them with kisses, and then fall laughing to the floor of the netball court, a tangle of tousled hair and gorgeous long legs, bare flesh pressing against bare flesh—as the smell of fresh female perspiration wafts across the arena. But meanwhile, in the rafters of the building, robots are preparing a little surprise. They open their payload doors, and begin to dump thousands of litres of rice pudding onto the netball court.

At first, the rain of pudding seems to redouble the excitement of the netballers and their bisexual fans. They smear rice pudding over one another, and the wetness makes their clothing semi-transparent. In some cases, you can even catch a glimpse of their nipples.

But then, as the level of rice pudding reaches their beautiful well-toned thighs, they begin to panic. In their struggle to escape, they slip and lose their footing, and are sucked into the morass of pudding. The rice grains enter their lungs, they thresh and scream, but only the robots are there to register their cries—and the robots do nothing, except to blink their lights, and pour the pudding at an ever-increasing rate.

Eventually the screams fall silent. The netballers and their bisexual fans are dead. All movement is extinguished, their gorgeous young bodies lie broken and lifeless beneath a gigantic pile of rice pudding. The robots close their payload doors. There is an electric hum as the robots activate their carapace vocoders. The robots begin to sing *Pōkarekare Ana*.

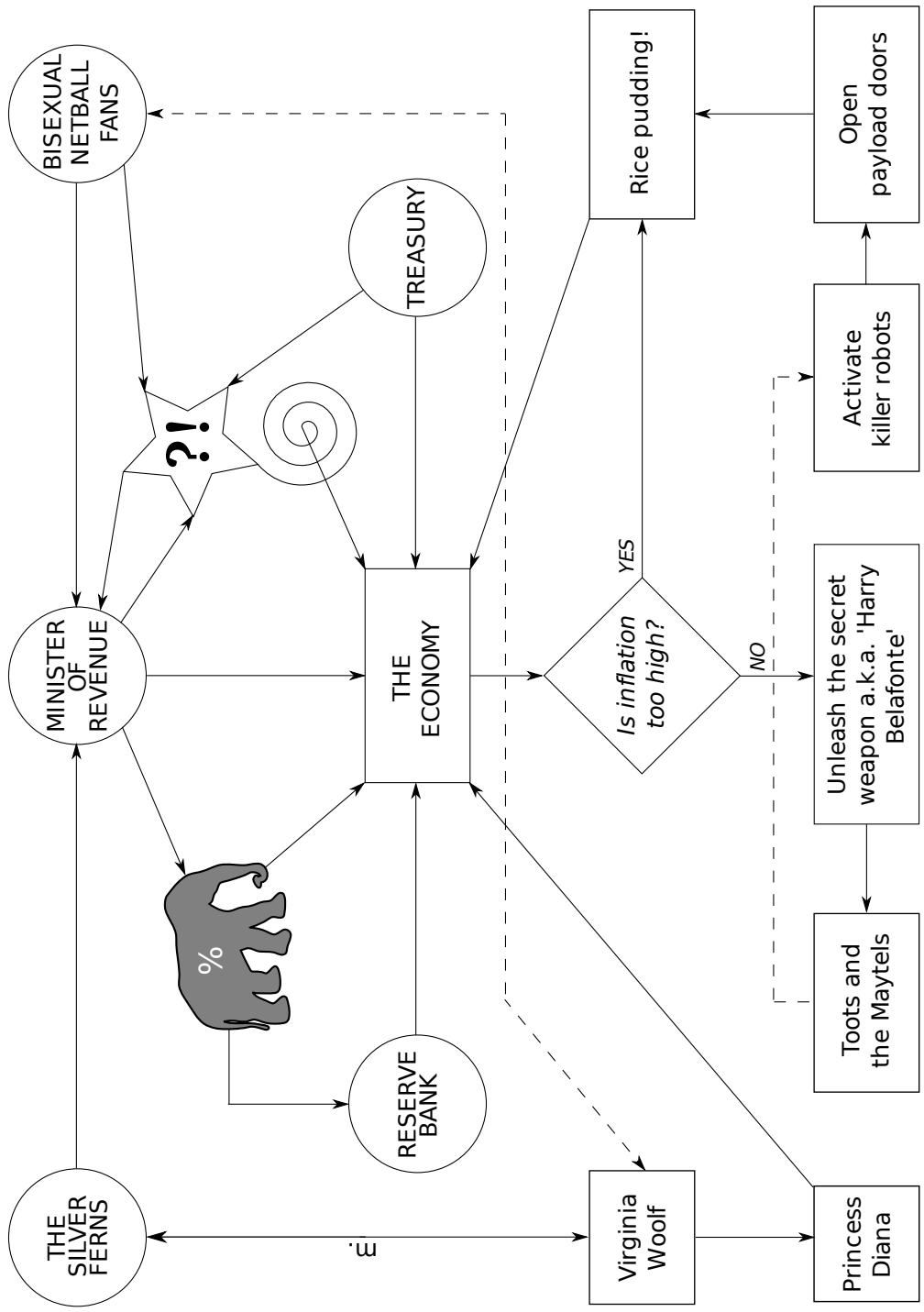
I believe this analogy gives a useful insight into the inner workings of the New Zealand economy—as well as the important role of the Reserve Bank and its governor. And,

by shedding a little light on Dr Bollard’s personal life, I hope that this book will help to demonstrate to children and young people everywhere that economists are not “dull” or “boring” or “a bunch of cunts”, but rather, that they lead an interesting and worthwhile life that brings great benefit to our nation and the wider world.

Enjoy. . .

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Peter Dunne', written in a cursive style.

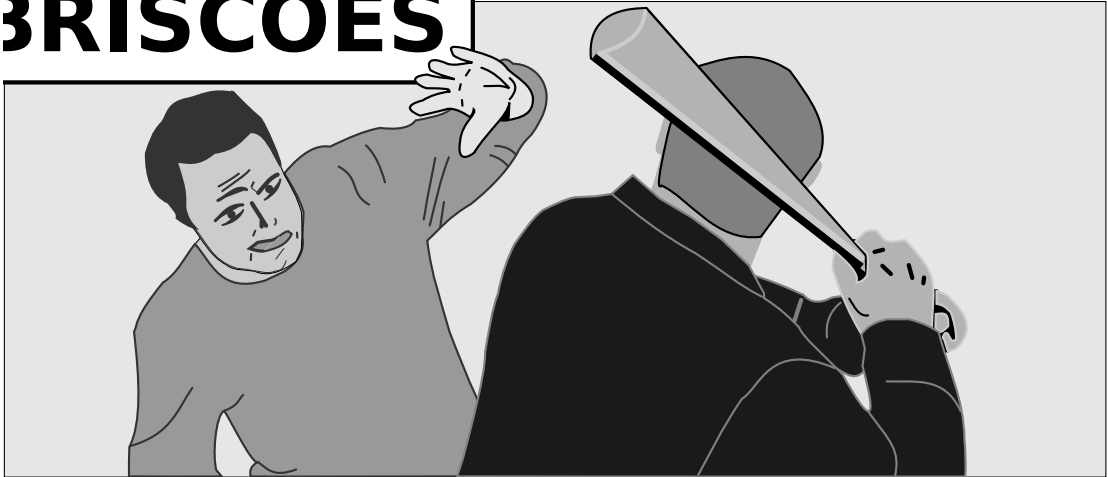
The Honourable Peter Dunne,
Minister of Revenue



Cut here and keep in your wallet   Cut here and keep in your wallet 

Cheatsheet: Know the New Zealand economy and impress your friends!

BRISCOES



A Night to Remember with Alan Bollard

*Dr Bollard's close friend and spiritual advisor
describes an evening spent with the governor*

SO ALAN BOLLARD phones me, and he's like: "I'm totally ready to sort out the Briscoes lady once and for all."

And I'm like: "Too right, mate!" Then I go: "But I'll just have to phone the missus first. Not that I need to ask permission or anything, but just 'cause I like to treat my lady right."

Five minutes later I hear Bollard's ute in the driveway. I get in the passen-

ger seat and he just looks at me, and asks: "Dude, why are you so totally pussy-whipped?"

He floors it, and I'm about to broach the subject of demand-driven fiscal policy, when he tells me that he's just sunk a dozen bottles of *DB Brown*. I'm like: "Dude, should you be running the economy when you're totally wasted?" And he's like: "Fuck off, are you my mother or something?"

So we arrive at Briscoes and Bollard gets out. He lifts the tarp on the back of the ute and takes out a softball bat. I'm like: "Dude, I don't think violence is necessary—and I bet the Briscoes lady doesn't either." And Bollard goes: "She should've thought of that before she got on my fucken nerves."

He marches into Briscoes, and goes up to the counter. "Where is she?" he says. The shop-assistant guy goes: "Who?" And Bollard goes: "That fucken perky bitch from the telly, who else?"

And the shop-assistant guy is like: "Why do you think she'd be here?" And Bollard goes: "She's the fucken Briscoes lady—where else would she fucken live?"

And the shop-assistant goes: "She lives at her own house. She's just an actress, you dick."

And Bollard and I are totally embarrassed because, of course, that hadn't oc-

curred to either of us.

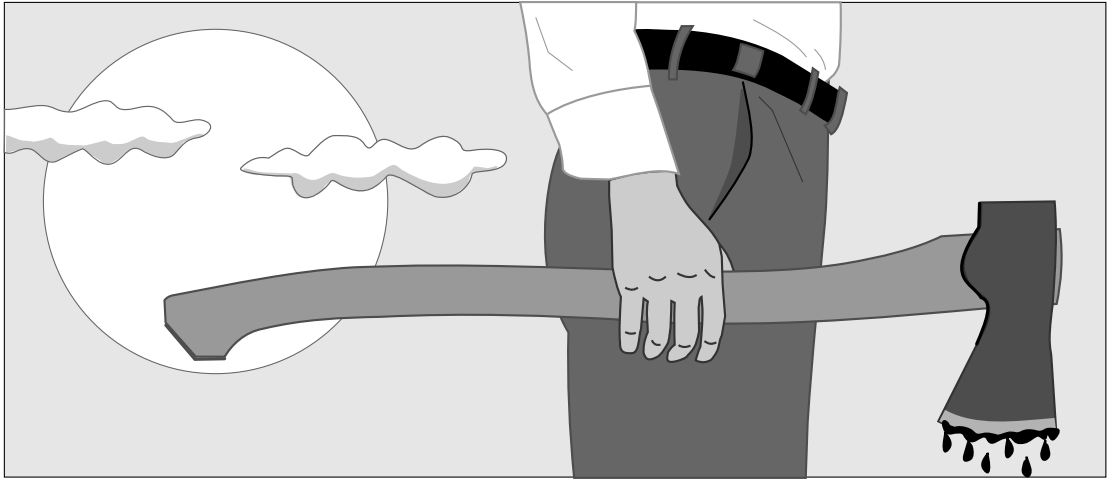
So Bollard thinks about it for a second, and before I can stop him he gets the softball bat, and smacks the shop-assistant guy on the side of the head. I'm like: "Dude, what the fuck did you do that for?" And Bollard yells: "He shouldn't have called me a dick."

Next thing the cops turn up, and Bollard's still yelling. But now he's going: "You can't arrest me! I'm Alan Bollard! I'm the governor of the Reserve Bank!" And the cops are like: "Well govern this, you bitch." And they cuff him, and shove him in the police van.

So I catch the bus home, and as soon as I walk in the missus asks: "Where's Bollard?" And I'm like: "He's in jail."

Then the missus is all: "What is it with you and people called Alan? Didn't you learn anything from that time you went to K-mart with Alan Greenspan?"

And she hardly talks to me for the rest of the night.



Another Night to Remember with Alan Bollard

Dr Bollard's close friend and spiritual advisor attends a barbeque with the governor

SO I'M SITTING on the front steps of my house having a beer with Alan Bollard and his mate Darfield Charlie.

And Bollard is going: "Look, it couldn't be simpler. We're all having a nice barbie. Charlie is cutting a bit of meat. The knife slips, and—whoops-a-daisy—off comes one of his fingers. The finger falls in the barbie, and up it goes in flames. Everyone's happy."

And Darfield Charlie

goes: "Accidents happen all the time, mate. Who's to say my finger wouldn't have got cut off anyway—sooner or later?"

Of course, I remember what happened the last time I got involved in one of Bollard's schemes, and so I'm like: "Well, why can't Charlie cut off his finger at his own house?"

Bollard stares at me like I'm stupid. "Charlie's pregnant girlfriend is a born-

again Christian, you dick. She's not going to let us rip off the ACC at her house."

Then Bollard goes into this long explanation about how accidents are part of Gross Domestic Product, and how Darfield Charlie should be encouraged to contribute to economic activity. And then he's like: "Look, don't be such a pussy!"

I hate it when Bollard calls me a pussy. So we fire up the barbecue, and I get the knife from the kitchen.

Five minutes later, and Bollard's shouting at me: "For fuck's sake, why don't you sharpen your knives?" And I'm like: "Because they might cut someone, dude." Darfield Charlie is groaning with pain—and Bollard still hasn't managed to chop off any of his fingers.

So then Bollard goes: "Okay, change of scenario. What if Charlie has an accident when he's cutting firewood for the barbie?"

I get my axe out of the garage, and Bollard

doesn't waste any time. The next thing blood is spraying all over the place—and Darfield Charlie is running crazily around my backyard and shrieking like a steam-whistle.

I'm wondering if we'll be able to catch him, but after a few circuits around the lawn he falls to the ground and has convulsions. So we pick him up, and lug him down the driveway to Bollard's ute.

Of course with Bollard at the wheel there's no way I'm getting into the back. So I offer to drive, but Bollard goes: "Fuck you, it's my ute." And then I'm like: "Well I'm not coming if I have to sit on the tray." And Bollard goes: "So how am I supposed to get him out at the other end?" And I'm like: "That's your problem, dude."

And then Darfield Charlie starts moaning: "I'll ride in the back." So we tip him over the side of the ute, and he lies on the bottom of the tray and bleeds

over everything.

We get in the ute and Bollard floors the accelerator. Everything's going fine until we're on Woodham road. Then we see a police car coming from the other direction, and of course Bollard can't resist giving them the fingers.

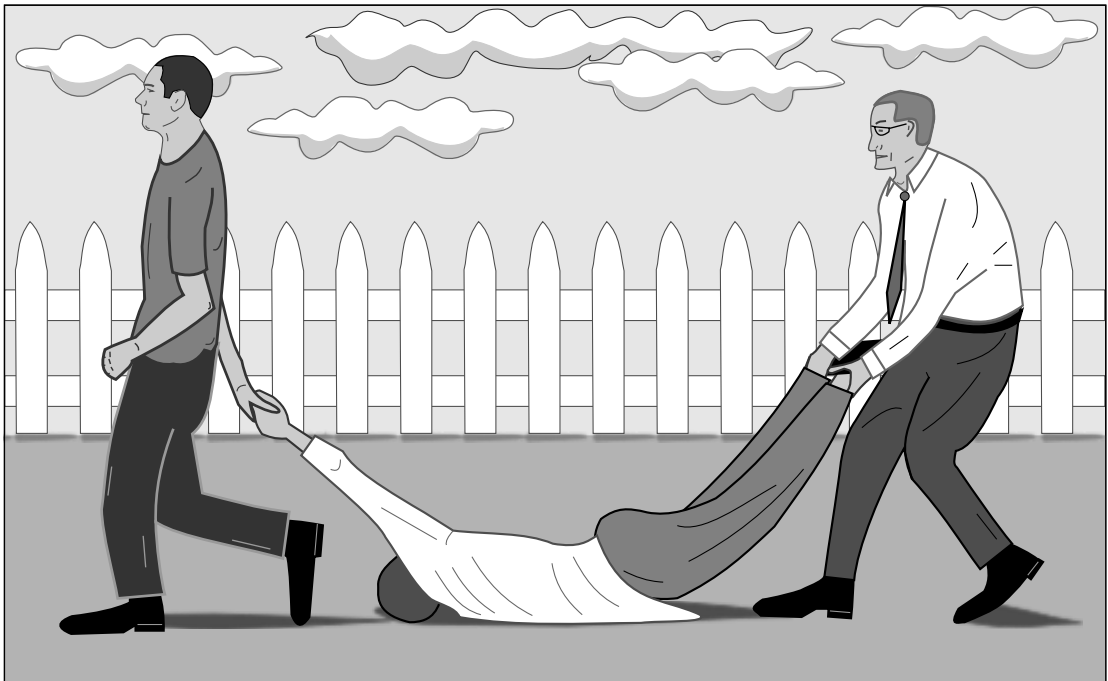
I just have time to go: "Bloody hell, Bollard, don't be such a marnus." And then the cop does a U-turn, and flicks his siren and lights.

So we pull over, and Bol-

lard is like: "I'll handle this." And when the cop comes up to his window, he goes: "Hello officer, I was just pointing at those two ducks perching in the tree. I hope you didn't misinterpret my gesture."

And the cop asks: "Who's the guy bleeding in the back of your ute?"

Two minutes later we're getting a police escort to the hospital. We go down Kilmore street like a bullet. I can hear Darfield Charlie's head hitting the tray as we



go over the judder bars into the hospital parking lot.

Bollard drives the ute right into the ambulance bay. I'm like: "Dude, should you be parking here?" And Bollard goes: "If the hospital can't handle where I park then fuck them."

We open up the tail-gate of the ute, and Darfield Charlie is lying there all white and drowsy because I guess he's got hardly any blood left. So we drag him through the doors to the Accident and Emergency department. Bollard goes up to the counter, and he's like: "Excuse me, I'm a doctor and Darfield Charlie needs urgent medical attention."

The whole waiting room goes very quiet at this, and then someone asks: "Hey, aren't you the dick who keeps putting up our mortgage rates?"

Bollard turns around, and I can tell he's a bit pissed off. But he keeps his cool, and he goes: "Who wants to know?"

And someone points to

this nervous-looking guy with his arm in a sling, and so Bollard grabs a crutch from a kid with a broken leg, and he's like: "You're the dick, you... dick." And he whacks the nervous-looking guy on his bandaged arm and knocks him over.

The next thing the whole waiting room has erupted into a huge brawl. The mother of the kid with the broken leg is trying to strangle Bollard. Bollard is trying to beat the nervous-looking guy to a pulp with the crutch. And a couple of patients have taken advantage of the confusion and are giving one of the registrars a good thumping. I can see that no good will come of this—so I leg it out the door and catch the bus home.

Bollard gets out of jail the next week, and we go down to the pub to celebrate. But I can tell that something's bothering him. He's barely touching his beer, and finally he's like: "Dude, I don't know

about human nature. That thing with Darfield Charlie couldn't have been a bigger success. It turns out that his wounds get infected, and they have to amputate his whole hand. Charlie's absolutely rapt! He's up for this massive compo payout—enough for a holiday on the Gold Coast. He told me it was better than Christmas.”

And I'm like: “Well, that's great, I guess...”

And Bollard goes: “But then Charlie's pregnant girlfriend visits him in hospital. And those born-again Christians, dude, they're so suspicious. She's full of questions: ‘It was a gas bar-

becue, Charles—why were you chopping wood? Is there something you want to tell me? Don't you think it's important that we have honesty in our relationship? I want to know the whole story, Charles. We can't build our relationship on lies.’ And so in the end he comes clean with her.”

And I'm like: “Dude, don't tell me that Darfield Charlie is back in prison.”

And Bollard goes: “It turns out that the ACC offers a reward for dobbing in false claims. She says that God told her to do it.”

And I'm like: “Dude, that like *totally* sucks.”

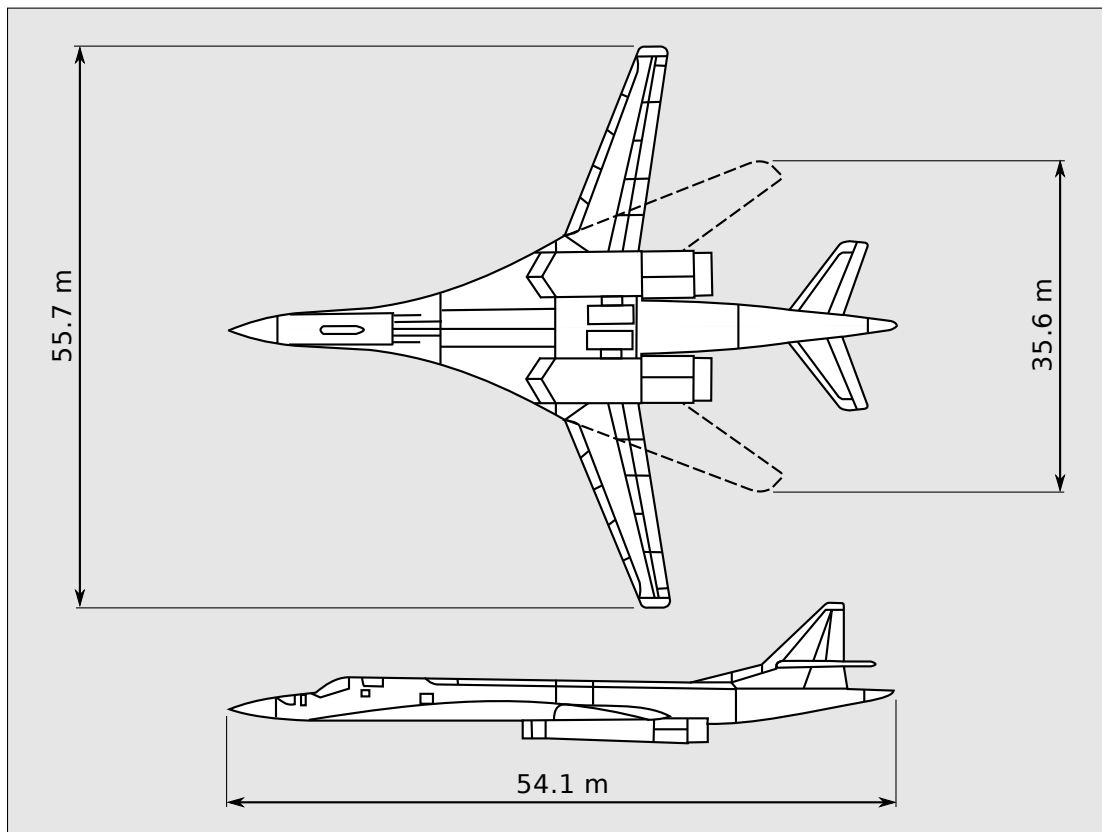
How Page 11 Changed My Life...

A SATISFIED CUSTOMER WRITES: “Before reading Page 11 of this book, I had never been lucky with ladies. Sometimes I wondered if I would die a virgin. But now I have found success with literally thousands of attractive women, and am getting paid big dollars. My new boss has even complimented me on my weight, and constantly tells me I have an intellectual forehead. I no longer fantasize about having plastic surgery, and I'm feeling so confident in myself. Plus I've stopped sweating so much—I even think some of my hair is beginning to grow back. Thank you, Reserve Bank of New Zealand, for changing my life!”



Build Your Own Supersonic Nuclear Bomber!

Hey, Central Bankers! Want to stimulate your economy using a proven solution such as war—but don't have the right tools for the job? With these easy-to-follow instructions you can build your own supersonic nuclear bomber for just a few pennies. . .



Why pay billions for a ‘proper’ nuclear bomber when you can do-it-yourself in just five easy steps?

- ① Gather the materials:
 - Lots of titanium
 - Some glass for windows
 - Assorted avionics
 - 12×Raduga Kh-55 long-range nuclear missiles
 - Other bits and pieces
- ② Bolt and weld the materials according to the engineering drawings shown on the left.
- ③ We won’t give you too many construction details because the most important skill in building a supersonic nuclear bomber is learning how to think for yourself.
- ④ Obtain four Kuznetsov NK-321 afterburning turbofan engines (make sure you get the version with variable intakes) and attach them to the plane.
- ⑤ Bomb a suitable country such as Australia, Canada, or Switzerland.

IS BUILDING A SUPERSONIC NUCLEAR BOMBER REALLY FOR YOU? WE ANSWER THE HARD QUESTIONS:

Q: If it’s so simple why doesn’t everyone do it?

A: Because most central banks don’t realize that there are places where you can obtain supersonic nuclear bomber parts for absolutely free. In fact, the suppliers may even *pay* you to take them away!

Q: Where exactly are these places?

A: Let’s not be coy. You know exactly what we’re talking about. The most obvious location that springs to mind. Yes, that’s right—or don’t you have the *cojones* to go there?

[PREVIEW ENDS. . .]