

## **Letter to the Media** **From David Goldman**

Israeli media of pompous, arrogant poodles and rabbits. Radio station managers, musical editors, etc... etc... For years you have played with me back and forth. That's right! I didn't give you envelopes with cash! I didn't provide you trips abroad! I didn't give send you out for weekends. I don't meet you in cocktail parties... You're all so arrogant... and mischievous. You're like a big balloon with nothing but air; you don't make the dawn break. You are impartial and hypocrites! You think you've got the power? You are poor souls and your heart knows no joy. You only know how to discriminate. A hooker on the street is better than you. All you do is upset artists. You don't worth the scum, my little cowards. Dried stuffed animals, soft rabbits, poodles who stick the tongue into the asses of politicians. You piss and shit just like me, and sometimes laugh with hypocrisy. You just live to live and not die. Your world is lost...

## **Letter to the Polica and Advocacy** **From David Goldman**

The Israeli police and the advocacy are two clumsy and incompetent entities that can't give justice to the citizen. I suffered from the abuse of Jaffa police department, headed by chief superintendent Moti Levi. Other cops also sat idly, including cruel, inhuman and rude detectives. I was handcuffed and shackled before my neighbors and company for doing nothing wrong. And only because I wouldn't submit to the evil and stupidity surrounding me. The police tried to steal my freedom and my human quality! The corrupt and loathsome advocacy, commanded by Ruth David, the advocate of Tel Aviv criminal section, a cold-hearted woman, who waves the Israeli flag above her head in a way that is against nature. Ruth David arbitrarily closed the case of abuse against me in Abarbanel asylum. Nava Or from the advocacy is a dark woman with a cold heart and conscience. Read my story in my autobiography "Magic. Suffer. Sex".

## **Letter to the Court** **From David Goldman**

The court... the court... Eyeing you with disgrace. Years have gone by since you judged me illegally... You, judges, never took me seriously... Your throne will not get you far. You, judges (not all of you) know how to make decision based on rumors and unfounded stories, you are influenced by the government. The day hasn't dawned on you yet, judges; you have no anthem of justice. You judge by stigmas and not by flawless judgment. You put through hell and high water without end... I despise you and loathe your self importance and bloated ego. How do you send human beings to prison in a blink of an eye? You are the judges! You're the puppies of the police, the advocacy and the psychiatrists. You hardly have a moral compass to judge according to the matter at hand, you are nothing but puppets! Read my autobiography "Magic. Suffer. Sex".

## **Letter to the Psychiatrists** **From David Goldman**

Psychiatrists... For many years you have stolen my freedom... my thoughts... my soul. You poisoned me with dozen of pills every day for years. You teased! Threatened! Tied me! You stole my mental liberty. You assigned to me dozen of disorders from your book that were pure nonsense and utterly senseless. You tried to darken my life and dreams. You didn't give me an opportunity to feel human, until I finally realized that your patients are hostages of your multi-billion of dollars and benefits! Your entity is rotten and run by corrupt, heartless and inhuman people! You stuff patients with pills every day and turn them into robots and zombies for your own benefit and gains. Your science is unfounded and unreliable. You have no feelings or zest. I haven't needed you for years! You find it hard to believe?! Read my autobiography "Magic. Suffer. Sex".