

Since I did not know the names of the people involved, for this testimony, their names shall be

Rose, Todd, Ted, and Tucker.

It was Friday, November 22nd. I had gone out with a couple of friends. After that, we met Tucker, a 27-year-old medical student at the University of Cincinnati. He invited us to an after-party on the 6th floor of the Verge apartment building. We agreed to go, as that is the very apartment building I live in.

Upon arriving at 2:30 in the morning, I bumped into a girl, Rose. She was Muslim and wore a Hijab and everything. While speaking with her, I kept eye contact, as I did not want her to think I had any problem with her, and I honestly didn't. However, she noticed the Star of David I wore around my neck. She said, "We probably have very different opinions on certain political issues." I said, "We do not need to treat each other with hostility because of it. We were having such a lovely conversation before." She mentioned that her family was from Iran.

I mentioned that mine came from Poland, Russia, and the UK. She asked me where my family started. I told her, "They started in Egypt, Lithuania, and Israel. At the time, it was most likely referred to as Palestine. But my family had been there for over a century." She asked how my family ended up in Europe. So I told her the truth. "The Islamic regime happened. It wasn't safe for them any longer. The Lithuanians and Israelis fled to Poland, the Egyptians to the U.K. and Russia." She told me it was exciting and that she was sorry that her people had caused so much harm to my own. I returned her sentiment. We parted ways around 2:50 when I removed my Star of David and placed it safely in my coat pocket.

I was soon summoned to Tucker, the man who invited my friend and me to the party. We were having a lighthearted conversation about his workload as a medical student when his two friends, Todd and Ted, joined. After a while, I noticed Todd staring at me with a rather intense look. Suddenly, he blurted out, "You have very Arab facial features," to which Ted replied, "Bro, she's white." Todd quickly turned back to me and said, "Oh my god, you're a Jew." To which I had no response. I was shocked by his comment. Upon seeing my look of discomfort, he followed it up with a rather aggressive "and a fucking Zionist too, I bet." I was in shock. For the past two weeks, my mother had been telling me to tell others I was Greek or Italian out of fear for my safety. I didn't respond right away, but when I did, I did not give a response these men were interested in hearing. I said, "Correct me if I'm wrong, Gentleman, but is it not true that to be a Jew is to be a Zionist? I feel any Jew who says differently is not only ignoring their history but lying to themselves and others about it." Not yet had I confirmed whether I was a Jew or a Zionist.

Todd was livid with this response and told Tucker to grab me. He did. He stood behind me and held my wrists behind my back. Todd and Ted then started their verbal assault. In their own words, I was nothing more than “a filthy Jew. Aiding and abetting a mass genocide.” I was a “supporter of colonization,” an “active bystander to the murders of innocents,” and a “nazi Zionist.” I couldn’t even get a word out due to my shock. What stuck with me was not when I was being called an accomplice to murder but when they started it off by saying I was a “filthy Jew.” I could not get a word in to save my life. The verbal assault continued for what felt like hours, Tucker holding me in place the entire time, leaving slight bruises around my wrists. It wasn’t until Todd got incredibly close to my face, lowered himself to my eye level, and said, “This household is no place for Kikes to roam around,” that I was officially distraught and angry. I stomped on Tucker's foot and ran, screaming my friend's name. She looked at my face and knew we had to leave; unfortunately, the guys followed us out of the apartment.

We were on the 6th floor. I live on the 1st. I didn’t want them to know where I lived. So, my friend and I bolted for the staircase. We were quiet and cautious, making sure the doors were silent as we entered the stairs, exited the 3rd floor, and made our way to the elevator. I got home at 3:45. Their verbal assault lasted 30 minutes. I reported the incident to the apartment building the next day and to the University of Cincinnati the following Tuesday. I have yet to hear back from either of them. As the Verge no longer classifies as University housing, I will likely not hear back from the university. As I reported anonymously, I will likely not hear back from the university. As I could not name any of my attackers, I will most likely not hear back from the university.

This was not a case of anti-Zionism. This was a case of primal antisemitism. I was identified, targeted, and attacked on account of being a Jew. My Zionism was what they used to justify their antisemitic actions even before I had confirmed that I was a Zionist. The disguising of antisemitism as anti-Zionism is what allows people to target Jewish students and allows their attackers to face zero repercussions. I am not complicit in any of the crimes my assailants accused me of. However, college campuses are complicit in the horrendous acts of verbal and physical abuse that their Jewish students face daily. My people are screaming for help, and we have been screaming, yet nobody hears us. In the current day, Jews are attacked for believing in their ancestral homeland. However, we are just getting attacked for being Jewish. If they could not identify us as Jewish people, they would never even try to identify us as Zionists. The Jewish people will now and forever remain a remarkable light, whether the antisemitism in this world is addressed or not.