

Dear Jared Taylor and the staff of the New Century Foundation,

I have been reading *American Renaissance* since spring of 2025. That was the same year I was first red-pilled on human biodiversity.

How I saw the light

I had been interested in conspiracy theories since autumn of 2024. In my deep dive into conspiracy theories, I found one excellent website run by a Dutchman. I'm not going to link to it here, because the webmaster is paranoid that any conspiracy theorist who promotes conspiracy theories that are false are controlled opposition, and that includes, in his terminology, the "Nazi network" faction of "conservative CIA." This includes, according to him, FAIR, CIS, NumbersUSA, Social Contract Press, the National Policy Institute, the Charles Martel Society, and the Liberty Lobby, all of which are directly or indirectly linked to the New Century Foundation. I like the Dutchman in question, although he probably doesn't like me back. I assume he would be upset about a massive flood of internet traffic from a website he likely considers "controlled opposition." So I have chosen not to link to him in this letter.

When one reads this website, the article is in the center, with large margins containing thumbnails to other "classic" articles, each thumbnail containing an image and a caption or title. As I read articles on this website, one thumbnail always came back to haunt me: "Global Race IQ Numbers." He also had an article titled "Black Crime: 2.5 to 86x Higher." This one did not trouble me so much. I was already well aware of race differences in crime, but I always explained them from a traditionalist conservative point-of-view. In retrospect, these were, ironically, much fluffier ways of saying "socioeconomic factors," the exact same things that progressivists and empiricists say. To blame black crime on "fatherlessness" or "rap music" or "freebase cocaine" is to, in the end, blame "socioeconomic factors." To blame anything but genetics and evolution.

The article on race differences in *IQ* did trouble me. I suppose that, in my mind at that point, which had not been educated on heredity, race, genetics, evolution, biology, and science, intelligence was innate and criminality was not. Such a notion may have been intuitive. Or perhaps it was because my father had always told me that intelligence is innate (he is not a race realist). That was the way I thought of things. And every time I scrolled past that website, I thought to myself, "[Name], that's horrendous, don't click it, just ignore it." I even considered ignoring that website altogether because of it.

But then another voice rose up. "[Name], you're only here in the first place because you chose to seek truth in spite of what authorities say is truth. Snopes told you that Hunter Biden is a good boy. And that's horseshit, even if it's Snopes saying it. So call off your fear of truth and go and find out if it's true or not."

I'd had that voice as long as I had been interacting with information on the internet. I heard that voice when I learned of every conspiracy theory I had ever heard of for the first time. And I felt it when I first heard the notion of race differences in intelligence.

And so I clicked the thumbnail. I read the article. I Googled its sources. And I read the sources. I was fascinated. Still fearful of being wrong, I Googled if there were counter-arguments, and, naturally, I was

met with the "socioeconomic factors" nonsense. Fortunately, by the summer of that same year, I stumbled upon an *excellent* website, which I *will* link to in this letter: human-intelligence.org. The webmaster, a Frenchman, has composed a 246 page PDF, compiling data on race differences in IQ and how genetics influence intelligence. When I read the evidence that IQ was mostly genetic, my reflexive response was "maybe personal differences in IQ are genetic but not race differences." This in turn was smashed on pages 117-26. Every doubt I had was vaporized that summer.

Since then, I have, on *American Renaissance*, on various archives of books about race, on X, on Telegram, and on other websites, consumed a lot more information regarding race. I know a *lot* about race, about heredity, about evolution, about genetics, about behavior, and about science. All of this information completely changed how I saw the world. When I was reading the "First Person Accounts" section of your archive, I remember thinking *I have stories a bit like this, maybe I should write them down and send them to AmRen!* This I did.

A Few Stories

I live in a small town with a population of over 50,000. It's in a blue state on the East Coast of the United States, and it is less than five miles from a port city with a population of over half of a million. Most of my in-the-flesh encounters with race happen when I leave my home, especially at my high school.

I remember last year, when I was a freshman, I was constantly irritated by the black kids blasting their rap music, and recording TikToks of themselves dancing to it. It disrupted my attempts to have some quiet peaceful moments, and, in one instance, disrupted my attempt to drink water. It was constant. Near the end of the year, to see how they would react, I whipped out my computer and played classical music. Many of the white kids around me appreciated it and asked me to play it louder, to my shock, as, in my opinion, whites are predisposed to ethnomasochism. The black kids, not so much. The black kids at my high school are some of the most vulgar people I have ever met. Whenever I walk past a group of black kids in the hallway, I will always hear a bellowing "fuck" or "shit" or even "nigga" emanate from them, or at the very least, a "damn." This is within earshot of school faculty, who, naturally, choose to do nothing. I have also observed (perhaps I will amateurly turn this into data) that whenever I hear a car belting down the road blasting music, it is mostly rap music, sometimes Hispanic music, never pop music or classical music.

One episode I remember was when I was talking to one black kid my age, a stone's throw from a large group of black kids. I'm not sure how it came up, but I remember telling him, "White people have a culture," but more likely "White people aren't uncultured," to which he responded "Those guys are gonna beat you up if they hear that."

Here is a longer story, although a more troubling one: my social studies class in 9th grade was called "World History, Identity, Status, and Power," or "WHISP" for short. In our unit on China, we were assigned into groups of four, and each had to create a short comic strip to illustrate the dynastic cycle. I was with a black kid, a white kid, and an Indian kid. Right off the bat, the black kid starts talking about having the king being caught in a homosexual orgy, from which he contracts AIDS. Initially thinking he's joking, I tell him we shouldn't do that and I attempt to brush it off. Apparently, he was not joking, because

I spent *three days* struggling to prevent him from making the story about that. To this day, I'm not sure if he was serious or not. One day, he even loudly considered having the story end with Sub-Saharan Africans invading East Asia and subjecting the native population to sexual slavery, giving *everybody* AIDS. In his words: "Once you go black, you never go back." Every single day, the white kid would back up the black kid, and the Indian kid would be completely silent. One day, the teacher comes up to us and asks us why we haven't got any work done. I blurted out what had happened. The teacher told me I should have told him sooner, and he probably spoke to the others at the end of class. When it was time to present the assignment, it was lack-luster, and the white kid said, "The meteor impact causes over-taxation." The next time we were in groups of four for an assignment, I begged the teacher to let me instead go to a nearby table where two white progressivist kids sat. One of them, an attractive girl, was friendly to me, the other not so much. I had gone to middle school with him, and had been mean to me, sometimes violently, for a long time.

The black kid, by the way, was a fan of Kanye West and once asked me out of the blue "Who controls America?" or "Who runs the World?" or something like that. The white kid seemed obsessed with Freemasonry and Bohemian Grove.

Another story involving this same kid: I was once sitting near him on a day when there was a sub. I overheard him say something about "snow bunnies," which I had learned was a derogatory African-American slang for an attractive white woman, often associated with the "BNWO" alternate reality fetish (Google "BNWO" at your own risk). I chewed him out for this, his response being "You really don't like snowbunnies?" He then showed me a TikTok of a young white woman in a PlayBoy bunny outfit. All the while, the white kid was using ChatGPT for his English homework. There was another black kid involved, who, after getting to know him, actually seemed quite nice, and he seems to have changed his ways, so I have forgiven him. The other black kid, not so much.

Am I using the phrase "Not so much" too much? I don't use it at all in other things I write.

Here's a small story from eighth grade: I was in a choir class with a large black kid a year older than me. He was quite disruptive, although, admittedly, I was as well. Once, he called a Jew sitting next to him (one year *younger* than me) a "nigger," to which the Jew responded "I'm whiter than *you*!" The same black kid also yelled during an argument I had with him, "Why did you call me a nigger?" This seems to be a favorite tactic among blacks. This has been tried on me a few times, although I can only remember one other specific incident. When our choir class was learning "Dancing Queen" by ABBA, we were assigned to make up dance moves or gestures for each lyric, which was something we did for some songs. This black kid, with some of his white friends in the corner, were coming up with some of these moves, and they were all ridiculous and goofy. His idea for "only 17" was him pulling his hands, in C-shapes, towards his groin, while thrusting his groin forward, *i.e.*, a humping motion.

Last year, for our "Humanities" class, in our "Mystery" unit, we went to a local movie theater to see "Knives Out," which, in my opinion, was anti-white. During the movie, the left flank of the movie theater was annoyingly loud. Everybody in there was chatting, sometimes shouting. I recognized the voice of one white kid playing the "penis game." However, most of the voices were black or their white friends. When there was a plot twist or a jump scare, they, and only they, screamed. I joked to an Asian libertarian

anti-immigration friend of mine (I'm not sure if he's a race realist) that half of the shouting was coming from 13% of the seats. After the movie ended, I was chewing out one of the shouters in question, a black girl, and she shouted, "Why did you call me a nigger?" As one can discover one the "Bizarre Racism Charges" and "Hate Crimes and Hoaxes" sections of the archives of AmRen, false accusations of racism can ruin one's life, so, naturally, this made my blood run cold with terror.

There was one less disruptive blacks, with whom I was acquainted for a while in middle school, and still greet in the hallways. He's actually quite shy indoors. He was quite the potty-mouth, however, He was from the inner city. He once disclosed to me that his father was in jail for killing somebody with a Desert Eagle. In eighth grade health class, while we discussed not vaping, he disclosed to me that he did marijuana, and begged me to not be a "snitch."

The following story happened this week (as I write this, early October). I was sitting by the windows of the bottom floor of my high school, minding my own business, against my better judgement, as blacks frequently hung out here. To my left were a gang of blacks, of mixed sex. One of the boys was loudly discussing masturbating to VR pornography and his new Oculus. He then remarked to one of the black girls that he was "minding his business." I stood up and told him to shut up, and that he was not minding his own business. He started swearing at me, which I responded to by walking away. The next day, I was sitting in the same spot, and some of the blacks from the gang from the day before were there again. They were blasting rap music, which had been banned at the start of the year. I responded by playing classical music, and then asking them to "pretty please" turn the music off. One of the girls, who was supine, responded by laughing. Her laughter was like the bellowing of a bull.

This story happened last year, in my WHISP class. We were learning about the history of Islam. I had blurted, while the teacher was out of the room, that Muhammad had married a six-year-old girl, to which one Dutch kid responded (who, by the way, also mocked the assassination of Charlie Kirk), "game is game." "Game" is African-American slang for dating prowess. Somebody informed my teacher (a different teacher by this point) of this remark, and I had to meet with my teacher *and* the dean *and* apologize in front of the class. When I emailed her after this incident about the behavior of the "snowbunny" enjoyer, I emailed her that perhaps he should apologize as well, but quickly deleted it. I forgot that you can't unsend emails, so my teacher saw it and forwarded it to both my parents. All three were upset, and I had to explain why what I did and what the black kid didn't weren't comparable. Later on in that unit, we learned about how Islam spread across North Africa, Arabia, and Iberia "peacefully," about how West Asia was a "center of learning" at the time. We watched a PBS documentary about the history of Islam called "the Empire of Faith" that was *dripping* with contempt for European Christendom. Then, once this unit was over, we skipped over *the entirety of Medieval European history* with a simple "not much happened," going directly to the Renaissance and the Age of Exploration.

In contrast to what I read on AmRen, the Indians and Hispanics and Arabs are perfectly reasonable folks. This comes with the exception of the son of a Mexican diplomat in my algebra class. He is slightly disruptive, and even showed some of the kids a fake ID he uses to go to bars in Mexico City. Other than that, I can't really think of any similar incidents involving Arab, Hispanic, or Indian kids. In fact, the shy black kid who smokes marijuana I mentioned earlier is partially Dominican. I'm good friends with a kid with ancestry from across the Middle East, part of that being Afghan and Pakistani. He is the only person

on planet Earth who knows that I am a race realist. I remember in spring of 2025, after learning in Social Studies that race is a “social construct,” walking with this friend of mine, and talking about the nonsense that is the sentiment that “race is a social construct.” I think that most laypeople, without being spoken to by either race realists or race denialists, will intuitively think that race is real and not a social construct, but not that whites are “superior” to blacks. So when I was talking to my friend about these things, I was not implying I was a white nationalist. I then stupidly blurted out what I had learned recently about race differences in intelligence. That was a massive breach of judgement, and had Providence not had me in His good graces, I probably would have been suspended. But, thank the Lord, this friend told nobody. A while later, when I told him about cold winters theory, he said that his ancestors lived in the *northern, mountainous* regions of Pakistan and Afghanistan, and so that could be why *he* was so smart. Sure enough, when I checked the works of Lynn, the national IQs of those two countries were about 85. Conceivably, in the northern mountainous regions, that could reach 90.

That’s all the stories I can think of regarding my in-the-flesh encounters with race.

Reflection

Most of the stories in the “First-Hand Accounts” section of your archives tell the stories of people who became race-realists after interacting with blacks. I became a race-realist because I saw the data that proved it. I’m not sure if, without the IQ and crime data, I would have become a race realist. I’m not sure if I would have become a race realist on interacting with blacks alone. I don’t think I had any awful experiences with blacks like the ones listed above before high school. The stories in the “First-Hand Accounts” section of your archives suggest I would have. I’m not sure I would have. Whites are the least ethno-narcissistic race on Earth. I hope that, since this a white advocacy digital magazine, the following remarks will not be taken with offense, but whites have no spine. Why is it that making ethnic jokes about blacks and Indians is taboo, but making ethnic jokes about Frenchmen or Englishmen isn’t taboo? Why are there more blacks in Ireland than whites in Africa? It’s not because of the machinations of some distant, anti-white, globalist elite, at least, not wholly. It’s also because whites simply have no backbone. I used to think that this was related to the evolutionary pressures of cold, Ice Age Europe. In order to survive the winters and the Ice Age, we had to become smarter, true, but we also had to learn to work in teams. This is why there is a north-south gradient in altruism as well as intelligence. And so we did, to our own detriment. Our genes haven’t found out the Ice Age ended yet, so we’re still enthusiastic to work with people unlike ourselves. Even if those people wish us harm.

This explanation is not a full explanation, because Mongolids faced even harsher pressures than Caucasids, and yet, they are quite ethnonationalist. But it is the only explanation I have so far.

But maybe I’m wrong. Maybe, somewhere, deep down, whites have a self-preservation instinct. Jared Taylor’s recent article “Our Time Is Coming” blew my mind and made my heart swell with hope. Spengler predicted that in the final two centuries of the West, there will be a swell in “Caesarism,” before the West finally collapses. When he witnessed the Second World War, he thought those predictions were confirmed. So perhaps this recent swell in ethnonationalism is temporary. I hope it isn’t.

I hope I’m wrong.

I hope the readers of *American Renaissance* and whites around the world will prove me wrong.

Yours truly,
Anonymous High Schooler

(P.S.: It would be a dream come true to write more articles for you).