

THE INEVITABLE NAZIS OF VEGANISM

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“It was a Tuesday night,” Ingo said, “in the dead of winter at maybe around ten pm and the bar, which featured a somewhat unique entrance where patrons descended down a spiral staircase,

arriving at a series of tables that looked up toward a full wall window displaying the city street of the entrance—the bar was basically empty. Joe was with me,

and he ordered a chicken parmesan from the ethnically ambiguous gay waiter before I even had a chance to tell him I wasn’t hungry. I wasn’t expecting to eat an entire meal at this bar.

I thought we were just tying another one on. So I ordered an olive plate as a quote-unquote ‘meal’, but the olive plate itself, when it arrived, rather than highlighting the taste of the olives,

instead featured a type of highly processed ‘spicy’ sauce that basically made it unpalatable to eat at a rate faster than a single olive every three to five minutes.

I'd already had two gin martinis at the previous bar, and I personally decided to top myself off with a third gin martini, a third gin martini that would complement

my underwhelming olive plate as well as bolster my two previous martinis, which were both served in unorthodox rounded champagne-like glasses instead of traditional martini glasses.

Joe ordered a gin martini as well, despite the fact he was drinking beer at the previous bar, and as the gay waiter brought the two martinis two us, as he walked away,

Joe questioned whether it was kind of gay that we were now both drinking martinis, sitting together in this quasi-underground bar. 'It's a Tuesday. I don't think it's gay,' I replied.

Neither of us seemed to be homosexuals in my eyes at the time. Joe ate his chicken parmesan. I nibbled on the olive plate in spite of the sauce. 'Eight bucks for this olive plate?' I said,

trailing off. 'Is it good?' Joe replied, genuinely curious, in the process of chewing a chunk of

chicken. ‘Should we hit the strip club?’ I said. In the corner booth to my left,

completely behind Joe, I took note of a guy about our age who, granted after about a decade or so, had clearly put on a bit of weight since the last time I saw him, which,

as I thought about it, as I placed him within the context of my memory, was probably at the strip club?—did my recent digressive reply to Joe emanate from this person,

or was it pure coincidence that I noticed him more or less simultaneously with the comment? Was there a cause and effect here? Or was it just a complete fucking coincidence?

I contemplated bringing the thought up to Joe, of telling Joe that I recognized a guy in the corner of the bar—not exactly Earth shattering news—but I decided against it.

I gave it some thought, bringing up the topic, but ultimately decided against it, figuring it not only a bit trite, but also just fundamentally pointless.

A middle-aged homeless woman paced back and forth in the full wall window, shivering up and down the street in the freezing cold—I recalled that even walking from the car to the entrance,

a maybe two hundred foot distance, was pretty shitty. The homeless woman paced up and down the street, her route at times seeming to begin and end with the window

that displayed her brittle frame to the handful of people in the bar that night. The frigid weather only half concerned her, which seemed appropriate for a number of reasons—

Joe mentioned an event from his past where a homeless person he knew killed their entire family. ‘That’s the only reason why I say fuck the homeless,’ he said,

‘otherwise I don’t mind them.’ ‘I think we should even potentially help them!’ I said. He didn’t disagree but reiterated his previous point.

We should perhaps be inveterately skeptical of the homeless, due to the fact they may, at the drop of a hat basically, choose to murder their entire families in cold blood.

‘One thing I do like about olives,’ I said, ‘is that they’re vegetarian at least? I actually was a strict vegetarian for a period of time, and,

even after I stopped being officially vegetarian I still adhered to a mostly vegetarian diet. I was no longer strictly vegetarian but I was mostly vegetarian,

and I was encouraged by this when I began reading a book detailing some of the practices of the Bektashi Sufis by a certain Baron von Sebottendorff—

the author himself stated that the spiritually inclined person should stick with fruits, vegetables, cheeses, and breads, and avoid for the most part meats.’

‘Oh wow, so you were like practicing that shit without even really knowing it,’ Joe said, still finishing his chicken parmesan. ‘Yeah,’ I said,

‘the only thing about it is that von Sebottendorff was probably a Nazi?’ ‘Oh.’ ‘How much weight should we put in his analysis of the Bektashi Sufi way of life,

despite the fact it seemed as though he spent considerable time with these Sufis in Constantinople—despite the fact he was probably a Nazi intelligence asset,

if not perhaps even more involved with the National Socialists?’ ‘Nazism and Sufism seem so.’ ‘Well, not necessarily,’ I interjected,

‘you would think that based on the new age adjacent interpretations of things like Sufism, but true Sufism, Joe, is generally not liberal in the sense we think of liberalism today,

being basically a zealous, uncompromising pursuit of linear progress—no, Sufism, despite perhaps being averse to progress as a concept, is, more importantly,

generally not involved in contemporary politics.’ ‘But was this Sebottendorff guy, was he like campaigning for concentration camps?’ Joe queried. ‘Fair,’ I said.

‘No, he was, so that’s fair. But should we associate vegetarianism with Nazism as well then?’ ‘I’m not

saying we should even associate Sufism with Nazism!’ ‘Okay,’ I continued,

‘We have Nazism, vegetarianism, and Sufism—according to von Sebottendorff vegetarianism and Sufism are often, if not always, practiced in tandem—

or at least the majority vegetarian diet I practice, as opposed to the more stringent forms often endorsed today—yet von Sebottendorff always associated his Sufi practices,

at least to some extent, with his latent Nazism. Literal Nazism. Not like Nazi vegetarianism where you don’t even touch cheese, Joe—no, we’re talking about National Socialist Adolf Hitler

Nazism—this is the Nazism that von Sebottendorff placed adjacent to the Bektashi Sufi practices he, in all likelihood, was initiated into.’

‘A Sufi—Nazi?’ he said. ‘A Nazi who became a devout Sufi, who believed one of the keys to maintaining a spiritual balance was found in the diet,

and that that diet should be majority vegetarian. It's a small sample size, but I suppose it's possible that I'm following a Nazi-adjacent diet, Joe?

That I should be partaking a large chicken parmesan like you are, that, in fact, by continuing to instead consume potent gin martinis and measly olive plates

I'm spiritually preparing myself for, yes, the esotericism of Sufism, but also unfettered Nazism?" "So," a sentient tic tac shaped UFO named Dave finally replied, "did you?"

"Continue eating the olives?" Ingo said, "Or—you mean like order a chicken parmesan?" "No, I mean—did you hit the strip club?" "Yeah, we obviously went!" Ingo interjected.

"But the stuff with von Sebottendorff. Do you find that intriguing at all? I feel like Joe was only half-interested at best in it, that he was, sure, humoring me to some extent,

but not to the extent that I really needed, you know?" "Oh, of course," Dave said, "Joe humoring you to some extent is like your best case scenario with some shit like

von Sebottendorff! I'm actually shocked he even humored you to some extent—he must have been at least half in the bag if he did.”

“I think I did bring it up toward the latter portion of his gin martini, now that you mention it.” “In any case, yeah,” Dave continued, “I think it’s a valid question,

of how to properly contextualize a Nazi endorsing vegetarianism, and not just vegetarianism, but the exact iteration of vegetarianism that you yourself practice,

and, apparently, so does the median Sufi? How should one contextualize that? Is there perhaps a slight stain on not eating meat, for the most part, and maybe even Sufism,

since this Nazi was so into it, since he endorsed it to the degree that he went to the lengths of writing an entire book about it? Are vegetarians now Nazis? If so, then what are vegans?

I’ve always, in a way, kind of felt like vegans were basically Nazis anyway?” “Well,” Ingo added, “that’s an interesting point, right?

Because I think it's fairly safe to say that vegans do exhibit certain Nazi-like characteristics? There's a certain National Socialist narcissism to idealistic veganism at least,

the type of veganism that purports that your actions can somehow save the animals from suffering, that purely by one's own actions that multinational industries can shift.

But there's also a Nazism even deeper in veganism—namely, his idea that we know what's best for the animal kingdom, that we comprehend suffering. These animals are suffering,

so we need to stop eating them—yet, while I certainly would agree that animals seem to suffer, and that certainly practices like factory farming amplify these states,

I also think there's an interventionist spirit at play here. Humans have hunted animals for, what—millions of years? How long have we even been on this fucking planet, Dave?

And now, as our species has amplified itself these practices have amplified themselves in

correspondence, yet certain sects—and, yes, I will call them sects—

believe that we can stop this by ourselves boycotting meat products.” “And that’s not even getting into the biological need that humans have for B₁₂, which you, realistically,

can only get from animal products—sans supplements of course!” Dave added. “Which is, of course, yet another Nazi-adjacency to veganism,” Ingo replied,

“that we shouldn’t even milk cows? But cows require milking, Dave? So we should boycott milking cows because we don’t like how cows are milked? The milking of cows,

the creation of cheese and dairy products seems to be a rather vanilla, benign, actually quite mutually beneficial process, yet the vegans will tell us that it must be stopped!

This is certainly Nazism, to some extent.” “I’m actually starting to wonder,” Dave interrupted, “like, was von Sebottendorff,

was he maybe behind the curve in Nazism by endorsing this majority vegetarian diet? Was he actually to some extent deficient as a Nazi by not endorsing and practicing

the pure National Socialism of veganism, as opposed to advising on a rather moderate diet of mostly vegetarian meals?

It seems like, if he was truly married to this idea of Nazism, that he would have gone full vegan, that this endorsement of Sufism and vegetarianism actually

is tempering his Nazi tendencies, that perhaps we should be concluding the opposite—namely, that majority vegetarian diets actually deter Nazism,

while veganism is obviously associated with being a ruthless Nazi.” “von Sebottendorff’s vegetarianism is actually indicative of his liberalism?” Ingo replied,

“it’s actually having the opposite effect? I think I like that idea, Dave, that instead of von Sebottendorff’s Nazism shifting the polarity of vegetarianism toward Nazism

it's actually the fact that his vegetarianism is shifting the polarity of his Nazism toward liberalism—and, in turn away from Nazi veganism?"

"In every sphere today," Dave continued, "we associate vegetarianism with veganism as the two truly similar diets,

when in actuality it may be the case that the vegans and the carnivores are the true siblings of, not only diets, but Nazi diets. Yes, while a moderate vegetarianism, sure,

it mitigates animal suffering on an individual basis, but it also—more importantly—fails to succumb to the Nazi megalomania of

believing that itself alone can change the world as we comprehend it. Assuming we comprehend it correctly at all!" "Which, in my mind," Ingo replied, "is something that's also quite up for debate!"