

Chokin' the Chik-Fil-A: My Half-Assed Boycotting Career

Written by Dave Howard

A native Ca



lifornian, I first discovered Chik-Fil-A at a baby's first birthday party (served with champagne bar) sometime last year. I'd never even heard of them but the meat was succulent and crispy but that could have just been the sparkling wine talking. It was an excellent pairing and I ate a ton of it.

The Southerners had rejoiced at the fact that Chik-Fil-A had finally made it to Los Angeles. On the first day, one [Giles Weaver](#) snarfed down three consecutive sandwiches his wife had brought him after auditioning for the X Factor.

My Texan wife often talked about a certain sandwich that was mayo, bread, chicken and came with a pickle slice. But, alas, this was a delicacy that I would never be able to sample at Hollywood's only Chik-Fil-A. But I soon learned it was some southern Baptist weirdo running the joint with a clever albeit kind of annoying advertising campaign. Also, it's located on a hellish corner to get in to – worse than any Trader Joe's parking lot. It was good, but I didn't need to knock myself out there. I can make chicken too.

And up until that time, the Chik-Fil-A folks had kept their opinions to themselves. Though we knew what was going on. Then came the big announcement, Chik-Fil-A is the deep fried poultry sandwich of bigots. So no more Chik-Fil-A at all for us. It isn't that big of a sacrifice, I've eaten it once.

It got the wife and I to thinking, there are long paper trails for every corporation how can we possibly know where we want to vote with our wallets?

In the past there have been a few indiscretions:

Dominos

I quit eating Dominos in the 90s when I learned the owner help fund the terror organization, Operation Rescue. Also, my pizza tastes had evolved in my 20s, along with a Brooklyn roommate we found better alternatives. Especially, the Frankie and Johnnie's mini chain in Brentwood. Again, not a big sacrifice.

The wife and I moved out of the delivery area for our favorite LA pizza, Evo Kitchen. After having a new son and all that involved we found ourselves ordering from the three blocks away Dominos. The new artisan pies are decent enough. I had only thought of the ban in passing when seeing the brilliant *Seinfeld* episode [The Couch](#)

Which made me think "Hey, whatever happened to that whole abortion pizza thing?" I google and learn that the right wing terrorist no longer owns the joint. Whew. He sold it to Bain Capital.

So no more Dominos for us. No matter how little sleep the big man gives us.

Target

The wife and I used to live walking distance for the Target on Santa Monica and LA Brea. We

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were there all the time. When I found out about the \$500k they contributed to an anti-gay candidate, I stopped going. The wife didn't, she claimed that we can't possibly research every single company and their different divisions and who they do business with. I agreed but still told her never to buy anything I would use from them. I'd get it myself.

Target had had a stellar track record on equality. But still this was a big blemish. Once I heard that they had lost a projected \$8 to 10 million, I figured it was okay to go back. They had received a fine for their misdeeds and pledged not to do it again.

Carl's Jr.

Another pro-life zealot. Easy to give up. Plus their food is gross.

Meat

Cargill and Kroeger, I just kind of assume are assholic mega conglomerates. Frankly, outside of seeing *Food, Inc.*, I

know very little about where the beef comes from. The movie made a good argument, by overfeeding and breeding in close quarters, the meat is more susceptible to disease. So scratch them off. So by taking care of myself and only buying meat, poultry and fish from local vendors (Huntington Meats and Puritan Poultry on 3rd

and Fairfax and the fish guy at the La Cienega Farmer's Market) not only am I eating healthier and much more delicious-er, I'm sure that I am not giving to any money.

Nabisco: Nilla Wafers and Cigarettes

Cigarette companies are also some of the most evil on records. Try as I might, I can't boycott them, though I keep trying to. But when that whole

Phillip Morris/RJ Reynolds/Nabisco/Kraft thing was going on, what the hell were you supposed to not buy?

Trader Joe's

Despite the very happy employees, they are union busters, the Quentin Tarantino's of grocery stores. So I try to stay away but hell, the one by the gym is just too damned convenient.

So I guess the general conclusion is, Buy what you want to buy but sooner or later you are giving money to something you don't want to. However when someone like Chik-Fil-A gets in your grill about it, well screw them. You can always make chicken at home.