OK … the Beer Can Chicken in the previous chicken blog looked pretty good. But why would you really want to eat a chicken that has spent an hour or more with a painted can inserted into its body cavity; do the world’s brewers really design their cans so that the paint should be heated inside food? I mean they expect us to drink the beer, not to let the cans get intimate with the dead animals that become our food.

I upgraded the roasting equipment. I no longer use a simply beer can and now have a Weber Poultry Roaster as a stand for Beer Can Chicken. This is about as as high tech as a roasting stand substitute for simple beer can could possibly be: (1) an easily inserted, easily removed Teflon coated beer can simulator, which supports the chicken and facilitates infusion of beer vapors and (2) a plug, so that the vaporized beer escapes only slowly. This stand is actually pretty remarkable. Unlike the beer can, which can only be removed after a significant wrestling match, the Teflon infuser cover / chicken stand quite literally falls out of the chicken when you are ready to remove it.

And the chickens look great. I was a little more skillful with the timing and the heat control than last week, and the look better than the previous batch. I also prepared four extra thick cut, extra lean pork chops, as part of a backup plan, described below.
The birds do look great. A little creepy, maybe, like they should each be holding an attaché case and reading the Wall Street Journal. But it’s hard to imagine better looking or more aromatic roast chickens.

Yet, sadly, the backup plan is truly needed. The truth is I hate the texture of white meat chicken. With this prep it’s moist from the infused beer, aromatic from the white oak smoke, and well spiced with a rub that has been applied inside and outside the skin of the bird. After the rather bizarre process of rubbing between the skin and the bird, sort of like using the chickens’ skin as mittens, or worse, sharing the skin with them, the fat is loosened and drips out and the skins crisp wonderfully. Who could ask more of a pair of birds that, quite obviously, gave their all for this venture?

And their sacrifices shall not be in vain.

Chili. White meat chicken and grilled smoked lean pork chili.

But that’s the subject of another blog.

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