

T-Rev,

I'm sending my thanks + salutations for the ounce of your Chile sauce you sent to me about a month ago. If you recall, we met on the top of some Key-West hotel, the name escapes me. Anyhow, you were gracious enough to pour me a strong glass of bourbon + diet coke and send me a bag of your powder, so I figured the least I could do is scribble together an appreciative letter.

The powder bode well for me on many fronts. I used it w/ some egg yolk + puréed (sp)? vegetables and let it kinda sink in the meat for a day, before cooking some slamm'n tacos. I admire the refusal to use salt and I appreciate that in a world where almost any grocery store marinade or seasoned rub lists salt as their first ingredient, you found a nice concoction to prove the norm isn't necessary. ~~with that being said~~

I've also used the powder as a prominent season with some fajitas (admittedly ~~and~~ w/ herbs + a little salt) and things worked magically.

And last night I had a filet of char anchard, whatever the fish is, and after rubbing it w/ a half lemon + lime, I mixed in the last of your powder with a garlicky-lemon pesto sauce that sent the gilled creature into flavor city.

Anyhow, ~~you~~ ^{I wish} you masses of success and well-being trying to push your spice to the ~~populus~~ ^{populus}. I've accumulated a few fans for you, but my friends are mostly all stoners and acid heads who most likely forgot we even ate tacos ~~that~~ ^{that} Saturday nights ago w/ some Hungarian Mistress + her ~~underage~~ ^{underage} Asian + blonde ~~all~~ ^{all} of us were certain was wearing a wig. But, if they ever do recall the celestial being that took its form as a flour tortilla, jammed to its capacity w/ meat, cheese, guac, mango salsa + Chullo's hot sauce they may ask me how I did it. And I will reply with 4 letters and 2 syllables, "T-Rev." And then, they will know the legend.

Sincerely,
Ryder Ansell