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I'M OFFICIALLY OBSESSED WITH TRUFFLE TREMOR—

Twenty-fifth anniversaries are supposed to be celebrated with silver. Lucky for me, Mary Keehn, founder and owner of Cypress Grove Chevre in Arcata, California, has commemorated hers with truffles. (Or so I'd like to think.) A quarter century after establishing the Northern California goat creamery that revolutionized artisanal cheese making (prior to Keehn, it was virtually impossible to find American goat cheese), she introduced Truffle Tremor, a bloomy, soft-ripened chèvre flavored with the world's most expensive mushrooms. And there's no better time to enjoy it than now. Truffles—along with apples, butternut squash and hot cider—are currently at their seasonal peak. The fall months are when truffle collectors commence the ultimate culinary treasure hunt, rooting through mud and leaves for the elusive, knobby gems. Never really one for the woods, I simply stroll to the cheese counter at Blue Apron Foods (814 Union St between Seventh and Eighth Aves, Park Slope, Brooklyn; 718-230-3180), where Truffle Tremor runs for a pricey but oh-so-worth-it \$24.95 a pound. Much like Humboldt Fog (Cypress Grove's top seller), Truffle Tremor has a gooey outer edge, a featherlight interior and an earthy aroma reminiscent of damp grass. But instead of Humboldt's vein of edible ash, Truffle Tremor is studded with specks of grated Italian black truffle. Forget lesser varieties that contain truffle "flavor"—this is the real, sniffed-out-by-a-pig deal. A wedge looks like premium vanilla ice cream in fromage form: a creamy canvas showered with tiny dots. Some might balk at the idea of pairing cheese with seafood, but I say why not go for broke and enjoy a sliver with that other autumn extravagance, oysters?