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**Black Ice** Trixie Publishing, Inc.  
RITA Award-winner Anne Stuart kicks off The Ice Series with the story of a young woman swept up into a world of deadly criminals and reckless attraction. Living paycheck to paycheck in Paris, American book translator Chloe Underwood would give anything for some excitement and passion—even a little danger. But when she’s offered a lucrative weekend gig translating at a business conference in a remote chateau, she jumps at the chance to shake things up. When Chloe stumbles onto the discovery that her employers are anything but the entrepreneurs they appeared to be, suddenly she knows far too much. Her clients are illegal arms dealers, and one of them is ordered to kill her. But instead, Bastien Toussaint drags Chloe away, and the next thing she knows she’s on the run with the most terrifying and seductive man she’s ever met. Previously published.

**Ritual Sins** Verso Books  
As cooking advanced from simply placing wild grains, seeds, or meat in or near a fire to following some vague notion of food as a pleasing experience, soup—the world’s first prepared dish—became the unpretentious comfort food for all of civilization. This book provides a comprehensive and worldwide culinary history of soup from ancient times. Appendices detail vegetables and herbs used in centuries-old soup traditions and offer dozens of recipes from the medieval era through World War II.

*The Stand Off* Univ of California Press  
An in-depth study of the nineteenth-century London ballad-singer, a central figure in British cultural, social and political life.

**Road to Desire** Univ of Wisconsin Press  
The quintessential biography of Eve Babitz (1943-2021), the brilliant chronicler of 1960s and 70s Hollywood hedonism and one of the most original American voices of her time. “ I practically snorted this book, stayed up all night with it. Anolik decodes, ruptures, and ultimately intensifies Eve ’ s singular irresistible glitz. ” —Jia Tolentino, The New Yorker “ The Eve Babitz book I ’ ve been waiting for. What emerges isn ’ t just a portrait of a writer, but also of Los Angeles: sprawling, melancholic, and glamorous. ” —Stephanie Danler, author of Sweetbitter Los Angeles

in the 1960s and 70s was the pop culture capital of the world—a movie factory, a music factory, a dream factory. Eve Babitz was the ultimate factory girl, a pure product of LA. The goddaughter of Igor Stravinsky and a graduate of Hollywood High, Babitz, age twenty, posed for a photograph with French artist Marcel Duchamp in 1963. They were seated at a chess board, deep in a game. She was naked; he was not. The picture, cheesecake with a Dadaist twist, made her an instant icon of art and sex. She spent the rest of the decade on the Sunset Strip, rocking and rolling, and honing her notoriety. There were the album covers she designed: for Buffalo Springfield and the Byrds, to name but a few. There were the men she seduced: Jim Morrison, Ed Ruscha, Harrison Ford, to name but a very few. Then, at nearly thirty, her It girl days numbered, Babitz was discovered—as a writer—by Joan Didion. She would

go on to produce seven books, usually billed as novels or short story collections, always autobiographies and confessionals. Her prose achieved that American ideal: art that stayed loose, maintained its cool; art so sheerly enjoyable as to be mistaken for simple entertainment. Yet somehow the world wasn ’ t paying attention. Babitz languished. It was almost twenty years after her last book was published, and only a few years before her death in 2021 that Babitz became a literary star, recognized as not just an essential L.A. writer, but the essential. This late-blooming vogue bloomed, in large part, because of a magazine profile by Lili Anolik, who, in 2010, began obsessively pursuing Babitz, a recluse since burning herself up in a fire in the 90s. Anolik ’ s elegant and provocative book is equal parts biography and detective story. It is also on dangerously intimate terms with its subject: artist, writer, muse, and one-woman zeitgeist, Eve Babitz. “ A dazzling, gossip-filled biography of the wayward genius who knew everyone in Seventies LA. ” —The Telegraph (UK)

**Brilliant, Brilliant, Brilliant Brilliant Brilliant** HarperCollins  
WINNER OF THE 2023 IACP COOKBOOK AWARD (FOOD ISSUES AND MATTERS) In the spirit of books like Salt, Fat, Acid, Heat and Food Lab, an informative, entertaining, and essential guide to taking your kitchen smarts to a higher level—from two food world professionals (a chef and a writer). A Publishers Weekly bestseller and one of the top cookbooks of 2022 (Food & Wine, The Sporkful, CBS Saturday Morning, Today Show). When food writer Matt Rodbard met chef Daniel Holzman while covering the opening of his restaurant, The Meatball Shop, on New York’s Lower East Side, it was a match made in questions. More than a decade later, the pair have remained steadfast friends—they write a popular column together, and talk, text, and DM about food constantly. Now, in Food IQ, they’re sharing their passion and deep curiosity for home cooking, and the food world zeitgeist, with everyone. Featuring 100 essential cooking questions and answers, Food IQ includes recipes and instructions for a variety of dishes that utilize a wide range of ingredients and methods. Holzman and Rodbard provide essential information every

home cook needs on a variety of cooking fundamentals, including: Why does pasta always taste better in a restaurant? (The key to a perfect sauce is not pasta water, but a critical step involving . . . emulsification.) When is it okay to cook with frozen vegetables? (Deep breath. It's very much OK, but only with certain types.) What is baker's math, and why is it the secret to perfect pastry every time? (It uses the weight of flour as the constant and . . . we have a handy chart for you.) Rodbard and Holzman also offer dozens of delicious recipes, such as Oyakodon--Chicken and Eggs Poached in Sweet Soy Sauce Dashi, The Cast Iron Quesadilla That Will Change the Way You Quesadilla, and 40 Minute Red Sauce. Throughout this culinary reference guide and cookbook readers can expect to find both wisdom and wit, as well as stunning photos and illustrations, and illuminating conversations with notable chefs, writers, and food professionals such as Ina Garten, Roy Choi, Eric Ripert, Helen Rosner, Th é r è se Nelson, Priya Krishna, and Claire Saffitz. From grilling to sous vide, handmade pasta to canned fish, and deconstructing everything from salt and olive oil to organic produce and natural wine, Food IQ is a one-stop shop for foodies and home cooks, from novices to the most-adventurous culinarians. You don't know what you don't know.

**Comparative Criminal Procedure** Phaidon  
Annie Sutherland has come in search of her late father ’ s prot é g é , James McKinley. Only he could know the answers to her father ’ s death, just as he held the secrets of the dangerous work both of them did. McKinley has always been a dangerous man, a killing machine, one with no human weaknesses except for the innocent daughter of his mentor. She ’ s the last person he wants invading his bolt hole, but after all the years of fighting off his attraction, right now he wants nothing more than to drop all the lies and take her. Annie thought her crush on McKinley was long gone, but the moment she sees him, everything comes flooding back. He ’ s the man who holds the secrets, and he ’ s not about to share them. He ’ s the man who holds her heart, and he ’ s not a man to trust. There were too many people out to kill them, but if one man could keep her safe, McKinley is that man. He could save her life--even if he breaks her heart in the process.

**Deadly Injustice** Cambridge University Press  
"Berkley Sensation contemporary romance"--Spine.  
The Christian and Rock Music Impeccably Demure Press  
An irreverent and charming collection of deeply personal essays about the joys of low pop culture and bad taste, exploring coming of age in the 2000s in the age of Hot Topic, Creed, and frosted lip gloss—from the James Beard Award-nominated writer of the Catapult column "Store-Bought Is Fine ” Tacky is about the power of pop culture—like any art—to imprint itself on our lives and shape our experiences, no matter one’s commitment to "good" taste. These fourteen essays are a nostalgia-soaked antidote to the millennial generation’s obsession with irony, putting the aesthetics we hate to love—snakeskin pants, Sex and the City, Cheesecake Factory’s gargantuan menu—into kinder and sharper perspective. Each essay revolves around a different maligned (and yet, Rax would argue, vital) cultural artifact, providing thoughtful, even romantic meditations on desire, love, and the power of nostalgia. An essay about the gym-tan-laundry exuberance of Jersey Shore morphs into an excavation of grief over the death of her father; in "You Wanna Be On Top," Rax writes about friendship and early aughts girlhood; in another, Guy Fieri helps her heal from an abusive relationship. The result is a collection that captures the personal and generational experience of finding joy in caring just a little too much with clarity, heartfelt honesty, and Rax King’s trademark humor. A VINTAGE ORIGINAL

**In Her Defense** Rizzoli Publications  
NEVER BE ALONE AGAIN: How Bloghouse United the Internet and the Dancefloor is the first book dedicated to the music and Internet culture in the early 2000s known as bloghouse. With a foreword by DJ/producer A-Trak the book includes over 50 original interviews with musicians, bloggers, music industry professionals, and party people from around the world including Steve Aoki, The Bloody Beetroots, Girl Talk, The Cobra Snake, Chromeo, Flosstradamus, The Cool Kids, MySpace Music, MSTRKRFT, and Simian Mobile Disco. NEVER BE ALONE AGAIN chronicles the rise of the DJ-slash-It Girl, roaming party photography, illegal Mp3 file sharing, canonical scene reports of bloghouse capitals Los Angeles and Paris, the overlooked impact of suburban Latino communities on nightlife, Kanye West's contribution to the movement, and the slow death of the blog itself.

**Rule’s Obsession** Two Palms Publishing  
Follow the thrilling Ice Series across the pacific with Ice Blue by of RITA Award-winner Anne Stuart Museum curator Summer Hawthorne considered the exquisite ice-blue ceramic bowl given to her by her beloved Japanese nanny a treasure of sentimental value—until somebody tried to kill her for it. The priceless relic is about to ignite a global power struggle that must be stopped at all costs. It’s a desperate situation, and international operative Takashi O’Brien has received his directive: everybody is expendable. Everybody. Especially the woman who is getting dangerously under his skin as the lethal game crosses the Pacific to the remote and beautiful mountains of Japan, where the truth can be as seductive as it is deadly.... Previously published.

**Recipes for Disaster** Impeccably Demure Press  
Caitlin Dufresne has never loved anyone as much as she loves winning. A ruthless fifth-year associate at an elite Chicago firm, she ’ s on the fast track to partner...until a stupid, serious error enrages her bosses. Caitlin’s continued refusal to share work—or credit—lands her a forced two-week vacation. She needs to "regroup" and "learn to be part of a team, not just the star." When she meets Eli Grant, head of the firm ’ s IT department, Caitlin knows the overgrown frat boy isn’t her type. But too much alcohol and a very public game of Truth or Dare turn into a dirty, breathless one-night stand. Which turns into a (mostly naked) two-week fling. Which turns into something that makes Caitlin incredibly nervous, despite the great sex. Eli shows her the many upsides to sleeping in, and for the first time ever, Caitlin has more than the law waiting for her at home. But when she returns to the office and the relentless demands of a high-profile case, Caitlin must decide if winning this one is worth losing Eli forever. Book two of Time Served Originally published in 2015 90,000 words

**Soup Through the Ages** Ten Speed Press  
\*National Bestseller\* "This is a funny and beautiful book. What a little bastard." --Russell Brand "Every paragraph is like doing a shot with a friend. A double." --Caitlin Moran Joel Golby's writing for Vice and The Guardian, with its wry observation and naked self-reflection, has brought him a wide and devoted following. Now, in his first book, he presents a blistering collection of new and newly expanded essays--including the achingly funny viral hit "Things You Only Know When Both Your Parents Are Dead." In these pages, he travels to Saudi Arabia, where he acts as a perplexed bystander at a camel pageant; offers a survival guide for the modern dinner party (i.e. how to tactfully escape at the first sign of an adult board game); and gets pitted head-to-head, again and again, with an unpredictable, unpitying subspecies of Londoner: the landlord. Through it all, he shows that no matter how cruel the misfortune, how absurd the circumstance, there's always the soft punch of a lesson tucked within. This is a book for anyone who overshares, overthinks, has ever felt lost or confused--and who wants to have a good laugh about it.

**The Ballad-Singer in Georgian and Victorian London** Harlequin

Rachel Connery has come to the Foundation of Being to find the truth about her mother ’ s death--what has happened to all her money, and what secrets lie behind the smiling, placid members of what Rachel considers a cult? Luke Bardell is as bad as a man can be--a liar, swindler, convicted murderer and cult leader. So why is she so attracted to him? There ’ s evil at the Foundation, but Rachel can ’ t tell where it ’ s coming from--the holier than thou members, or Luke Bardell himself. Luke is involved in something very wrong...but is he the real source of evil? And is she a total fool to believe that he ’ s someone worth loving?

Good Drinks Createspace Independent Publishing Platform

It was customary for the wife of a nobleman in eighteenth-century Spain to be courted fervently and seemingly forever, by a man who was not her husband. This liaison, accepted and even encouraged by the husband, was presumably platonic, though that may not always have been the case. It was carried on according to a complex, if ambiguous, code of companionship and whispered conversation. With the help of a lively blend of archival documents and literary sources, Carmen Mart í n Gaite admits us to the intricacies of the code and unravels its significance for the women who enjoyed the attention of a cortejo, or escort. Why was the cortejo tolerated, by society and by the woman's aristocratic family, even though it infringed traditional religious precepts? What did woman and her friend talk about at such length? Was their flirtation intellectual, reflecting the effects of Enlightenment rationalism on Spanish culture? Letters, memoirs, and travel journals as well as dramatic works of the period offer invaluable clues to the nature of these relationships, in which the woman was almost ritually adored and placed on a pedestal. The conversation, we learn, was generally frivolous, focusing on possessions and luxuries in a way that clearly signals economic change and the dawn of a material age. At the same time, the cortejo did represent a taste of symbolic liberation for women whose social lives were rigidly constrained. Clarifying details from a great variety of historical sources are presented with the urgency and fluidity of a novel in this excellent English translation -- Book jacket.

The World From Up Here Simon and Schuster

Three brothers. . . One Empire. . . The House of Rule Damian Rule is an ultra-staid businessman who likes his life just so. He wears his hair cut short; he demands his business affairs be organized, and he insists that his women be impeccably groomed and conservative in both speech and appearance. When he meets Angie Ross for the first time, he sees a hot, beautiful, gothic mess. With her fishnet stockings and spiked leather cuffs, she's wildly inappropriate for his long term needs. But for the short term? She'll do just fine. Excerpt: Angie followed Damian's secretary across what seemed like miles of plush carpet and walked into the office when indicated. She was still in a state of shock; she'd found out in the reception area that he didn't merely work in the downtown high-rise, he owned the building. She heard the door snap closed behind her, and with her heart catching, she faltered just inside the large room. Her gaze was caught and held by dark eyes as Damian leaned against a desk of solid mahogany while standing completely still, obviously awaiting her arrival. His eyes were both sharp and hooded, his body held in a pose of relaxation that seemed inconsistent with the almost tangible electricity that radiated from him in waves. Her pulse pounding, her footsteps stalled completely. Before she could get a word out, he pushed off the desk and began to track her across the office, his muscles corded and his eyes reflecting a sheen of purpose. The space between them narrowed rapidly as his eyes fell to her throat and then scanned her body quickly before lifting to her face again. Any semblance of a smile dissolved as his expression hardened imperceptibly; a raw sizzle filled the air as his brooding features reflected a harsh, atavistic hunger that almost brought Angie to her knees as he stood not six inches away in all his tall, masculine glory. He stood almost indolently for the beat of three seconds before reaching out and seizing her with a dominant force that gave her not an ounce of choice in the matter.

Tacky NYU Press

Beautifully designed A-Z of the totality of revolutionary politics. This brand new Crimethinc book is the action guide - the direct action guide. From affinity groups to wheatpasting, coalition building, hijacking events, mental health, pie-throwing, shoplifting, stenciling, supporting survivors of domestic violence, surviving a felony trial, torches, and whole bunch more. Incredible design, and lots of graphics give it that hip situ feel. Loads to read, to think about, and to do. At 650 pages, you could always throw the damn book at a suitable target. What are you waiting for?

It Never Ends Lynda Chance Books

Greek Prostitutes in the Ancient Mediterranean, 800 BCE – 200 CE challenges the often-romanticized view of the prostitute as an urbane and liberated courtesan by examining the social and economic realities of the sex industry in Greco-Roman culture. Departing from the conventional focus on elite society, these essays consider the Greek prostitute as displaced foreigner, slave, and member of an urban underclass. The contributors draw on a wide range of material and textual evidence to discuss portrayals of prostitutes on painted vases and in the literary tradition, their roles at symposia (Greek drinking parties), and their place in the everyday life of the polis. Reassessing many assumptions about the people who provided and purchased sexual services, this volume yields a new look at gender, sexuality, urbanism, and economy in the ancient Mediterranean world.

Fuccboi McFarland

Mousy little Heidi is a wanna-be designer who works as nothing more than a glorified go-fer for one of the largest and most well-known companies in the world of fashion. When she accidentally stains CEO Mr. Kaiser's pants, she gets two things she didn't expect—a spanking...and a job. Kaiser hires her as his assistant, and her “ training ” proves to be quite a test of surrender.-----Warning: This title contains erotic situations, graphic language, spanking, domination, submission, and an office romance hot enough to leave handprints!.-----\*~\*~2011 EPIC AWARD FINALIST~\*~\*-----EXCERPT:Heidi took a deep breath, glancing around the office. "I've never been anyone's secretary."He shook his head, smiling. "Irrelevant. You have what I need.""I... do?" She met his eyes, her breath coming a little faster as she squirmed in her seat. His eyes were dark, moving over her, and she couldn't help remembering the incident in the bathroom."I need someone who can follow orders." He leaned back in his chair again and she could see the memory of yesterday in his eyes. "Who would be willing to do whatever I asked. You showed me yesterday that you are... quite willing."Heidi swallowed, pressing her damp palms to her shorts. "I'm not sure I know what you mean?""Yes, you do." His eyes were smiling. "I compensate very well. You would be my assistant, answering my calls, handing my correspondence and taking care of my professional and personal needs during the day. Would you be interested in such an arrangement?"It wasn't the promise of money or the poshness of his office, or even the fact that he was the head of one of the richest fashion companies in the world -- it was the way he looked at her, with nothing concealed or disguised. His eyes saw directly through her, and there was no smugness in the way it appeared as if he had her figured out, because he had. They both knew it, and there was only one answer she could give him:"Yes." She squeezed her hands together, her legs, too. "Sir."He gave her a nod. "Good. I think we'll both be satisfied with the arrangement."Opening the top drawer of his desk, he withdrew a large white envelope and slid it across the blotter. Heidi didn't know if she should take it or not, so she kept her hands clasped, just looking from him to the envelope."This contains general information about Kaiser, which you have already, of course, since you are essentially already in my employ," he explained. "There is also a contract and information about duties as well as your salary and benefits."She nodded, looking at his hand, the buffed, square nails, resting on the stark envelope. Her bottom tingled, remembering how red his palm had been after he spanked her. Shifting in her seat, she crossed one knee over the other, trying to make herself more comfortable with the yearning ache between her legs."If, for some reason, you read those over and change your mind..." He nodded toward the envelope. "You simply need to tell me, and you will consequently stay in your current position.""I can't imagine why I would object.""No." He smiled. "I don't imagine you will. In spite of the apparent haste of my offer, I actually choose my assistants quite carefully."Standing, he leaned his palms on the desk blotter, his eyes moving down the front of her t-shirt, looking at her hands in her lap. "Now, there is just the matter of your tardiness."Her heart leapt and she met his eyes, feeling faint. "My... tardiness?"Mr. Kaiser reached underneath the desk and Heidi heard the door behind her lock. The sound made her mouth go dry."One of the things that I cannot abide is lateness." He reached down and unbuckled his belt. She felt faint as she watched it slipping through the loops of his pants.

Sweet Restraint Abrams

From cult comedy icon and beloved radio host Tom Scharpling, an inspiring, funny, and thoughtful memoir It Never Ends is Tom Scharpling ’ s harrowing memoir of his

coming of age, a story he has never told before. It ’ s the heartbreaking account of his attempt at suicide, two stays in a mental hospital, and the memory-wiping electroshock therapy that saved his life. After his rehabilitation, Scharpling committed himself to reinvention through the world of comedy. In this book he will lift the curtain on the turmoil that still follows him, despite all of his accolades and achievements. In the vein of candid memoirs from comedians like Mike Birbiglia's Sleepwalk with Me and Norm Macdonald's Based on a True Story, It Never Ends is a revealing book by a beloved comedy icon.

Moonrise Scholastic Inc.

USA Today's bestselling author of Rule's Obsession and Rule's Property, Lynda Chance brings you a contemporary romance filled with steamy, alpha-male heat: Marco's Redemption: Blurb: Marco Donati is rich, ruthless--and more often than not--indiscriminate. Interested only in satisfying his sexual needs casually and frequently, he has no intention of changing a thing about his life. Natalie Lambert is alone, broke, and new to the city when a chance encounter leaves her under the power and control of Marco Donati. Excerpt: Natalie took refuge in the upstairs powder room of the mansion in River Oaks and held her tube of lip-gloss with hands that shook. She desperately tried to control the trembling in her fingers so she could reapply the color to her lips. As she looked at herself in the mirror, she knew her inner turmoil was well hidden behind a fa ç ade of soft silky hair, a sleek designer dress, and perfect make-up that lacked only the gloss she sought to repair. The door began to open with not even a hint of warning and her eyes flew to the knob that she ’ d sworn she'd locked. Her breath lodged in her throat as Marco slipped inside, secured the door that she had failed to lock only minutes before, and came to stand behind her in the tiny room. He pressed his chest against her back, propelling her forward a few inches until she was crowded against the vanity. Her nerves shifted restlessly, and the impact of his body against hers made the lipstick fall from her fingers and land in the sink in front of her. He caught and held her eyes in the mirror. The furious look on his face jolted her heart and her pulse skittered alarmingly and began pounding in her chest. He towered over her, the muscles beneath his designer suit corded and strained. His eyes were narrowed and he held his lips tightly closed over teeth she knew were gritted in anger. She struggled to control her features, to keep all expression from her face. She would be damned if she let him see how badly she was hurting. She refused to take responsibility for the scene that had just taken place downstairs; she was innocent of all wrong-doing. She began to open her mouth to tell him so. Before she could get one word out, his hand snaked out and covered her mouth and suppressed her words in a grip so ruthless that it made her nostrils flare and her eyes widen in barely controlled panic. He lowered his mouth to her ear and held her eyes with his while he hissed out his fury. "I told you not to wear this dress." He held her silent and immobilized with one steely arm while his other hand reached in front of her and encapsulated her flesh. He captured her between his finger and thumb and held tightly, just short of pain, in a display of ownership and control. Natalie sucked in oxygen through her nose and closed her eyes against him and the erotic picture they made in the mirror. His hands tightened as he continued, "I told you how Kennedy would react if you wore it. He can't keep his eyes off you. . . but when he tried to touch you--" He dropped his hand inside her neckline and delved inside her lace-edged bra until he was holding her breast in a possessive grip. "I knew I shouldn't have let you buy the dress. I'm burning it when we get home." Natalie held her eyes closed and tried not to be controlled by his intimate touch on her naked flesh. It was almost impossible to fight against. It had been this way since the day she'd met him, and she very much feared it would be this way until the day she died. "Open your eyes," he growled in her ear. She didn't comply quickly enough to suit him and his hand dropped from her mouth to land on the pulse beating rapidly in her throat, in a sexually intimidating move. Her eyes flew open at the demanding touch and tangled with his in the mirror as his hands caressed her neck with firm, possessive strokes. She licked her dry lips and tried to get her throat to work. "It's not the dress," she argued softly. "No, it's not the dress. It's you--" Marcos's Redemption; keywords, contemporary romance, alpha-male romance, billionaire romance