

The Dallas Morning News



Steve Blow writes about bittersweet memories of the News 8 Etc. show. Metro, 1B

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"It's not enough that we succeed. Cats must also fail."

The Big 'New Yorker' **Book of Dogs** Foreword by Malcolm Gladwell

(Random House, \$45)

The New Yorker has long been one of dog's best friends, with frequent cartoons, stories and covers devoted to canine antics. They're gathered in this sumptuous book, which all but requires a warm blanket, hot cocoa and two or three lap dogs to properly enjoy.

Contributors include everyone from Charles Addams to E.B. White, with the likes of James Thurber, T. Coraghessan Boyle, Roald Dahl, Susan Orlean, Anne Sexton, John Updike and many others added to the mix. The droll cartoons are a highlight. One shows a dog on a therapist's couch, weeping into a tissue, while a stoic cat looks on from the doctor's chair. "You haven't a clue what I'm talking about, do you?" moans the dog.

In Virginia Woods Bellamy's poem, "Dog," she ends with, "I see a likeness there, and wince." Joy Tipping

GIFT GUIDE | BOOKS

Season's readings

We've found a collection that'll satisfy nearly anyone on your holiday list

othing makes short work of a December shopping list like a visit to the bookstore, where the shelves are creaking with a fresh crop of oversize and very giftable books. Here's some that caught our eye.

> More gift books, Page 5E Book reviews, Pages 6-7E

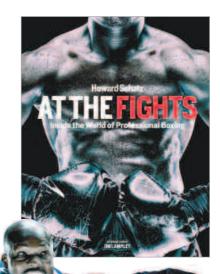
Arts & Life Gift Guides Today in Travel: Gifts on the go Find a week's worth of gift guides plus more holiday stories and recipes at dallasnews.com/holidays.

At the Fights Inside the World of Professional Boxing **Howard Schatz** (Sports Illustrated, \$75)

Nineteen collections into a storied career as the man with the golden lens who makes fighters famous, Howard Schatz's latest offering is a heavyweight champ (literally - the 240-page book weighs a ton). He climbs in the ring with legends (Ali, Tyson, Leonard) and comers (Rios, Malignaggi, Kirkland), managers and promoters, announcers and refs and docs and others buzzing 'round the circled square; spars with men who don't play; and returns with photos that remind you boxing can be as beautiful as it is brutal. Oh, right – this is what we used to love about it.

Some of the photos are time-lapse portraits; others, widescreen shots of epic fights. Still more, close-ups captioned by the inner thoughts of the inner demons. Says Iron Mike, "I'm a predator"; says Sugar Ray, "You've got to be the fighter"; adds Leon Spinks, "I got interested in boxing because it gave me the time to pay back everyone for getting beat up." Poetry in motion, even if it's dripping sweat and spitting blood.

Robert Wilonsky



A photo montage of junior welterweight Tim Bradley, from At the Fights: Inside the World of Professional Boxing

Howard Schatz

Section E



DANCE REVIEW

Eclectic work becomes electric

By MANUEL MENDOZA Special Contributor

Rennie Harris had the audacity to take hip-hop dancing out of the club and put it on the concert stage. Two decades later, the Philadelphia choreographer's masterful mash-up of styles arrived at the Wyly Theatre as Dallas Black Dance Theatre premiered Thinking of You, a commissioned piece built around intricate footwork and house music. Company members have never

looked more joyful than they did

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Brandon Wade/Special Contributor

CONCERT REVIEW

Lamb of God headlines roaring show at Palladium

By MARIO TARRADELL Music Critic mtarradell@dallasnews.com

Lamb of God prides itself in incorporating a variety of styles into its brand of metal - speed, death, thrash, groove and punk.

But ultimately the band's musical gist is pretty simple: The sound of frontman Randy Blythe and his four group mates is not for the faint. Even the strong might be taken aback.

Lamb of God is machine gun

fierce with a bludgeoning bass kick that never lets up. During its nearly 90-minute headlining gig Friday night before a super-packed audience at Palladium Ballroom, Lamb of God rattled the bones. You could feel the vibrations in your chest as you took in two video screens, one on either side of drummer Chris Adler's kit, shooting smoke, manic lighting and the guttural rumble of Blythe's voice.

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