

their widely acclaimed work appear in Fremantle's anthology. So do selections by many young Latin American poets, novelists, and short-story writers who are talented enough to survive in the shadows of their elders but are often overlooked by translators. Some of the 38 authors are women, frequently brushed aside by critics in the male-dominated Latin culture. Their work seldom if ever reaches North America. Who, for instance, is familiar with Brazilian novelist Clarice Lispector's jaunty Rio de Janeiro housewives or has read *Office of Tenebrae* by Mexico's Rosario Castellanos? Both these writers display a fine talent for evocative prose.

RICH NEWS, POOR NEWS. By Marvin Barrett. Crowell, 1978. 244 pp. \$5.95 (cloth, \$12.95)

In this sixth annual Alfred I. DuPont-Columbia University report on the status of broadcast journalism, Marvin Barrett and 80 regional correspondents focus again on television evening news programs. They discuss the economics of network news and the coverage of business, particularly the question of whether TV news is "antibusiness." (It is, and it isn't.) Walter Cronkite's unfulfilled dream of an hour-long news format gets a chapter, as does Barbara Walter's departure from the *Today* show. Other topics include the Frost-Nixon interviews, political reporting (a perennial), and "live-action" electronic news-gathering. This computerized technology is given a once-over-lightly with passing reference to claims by some critics that it is responsible for the current world epidemic of terrorism, hijacking, and hostage-taking. The books in this series provide the best available summary of the year in TV. Unfortunately, like television itself, they also include much material that seems uncritically selected.

SAUL STEINBERG. By Harold Rosenberg. Knopf (with the Whitney Museum of American Art), 1978. 256 pp. \$10.95 (cloth, \$25)

Long known to *New Yorker* readers as the wry perpetrator of visual tricks and clichés, illegible documents with official-looking seals, and strange, uncannily accurate grotesques of everyday life, Rumanian-born illustrator Saul Steinberg came to the United States (with a faked passport) in 1942 via Italy, Portugal, and the Dominican Republic. His talents were immediately recognized by the U.S. Army, which sent him to China because of his ability to communicate through pictures. This catalog of his recent Whitney Museum retrospective, with 64 pages in color, demonstrates anew his extraordinary profundity as well as his outrageous sense of the artificial: "When I admire a scene in the country," Steinberg explains, "I always look for a signature in the lower right-hand corner." Even his



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self-portraits are less character studies than visual puns on the "eptness and ertness" of drawing itself: "My line wants to remind constantly that it is made of ink."