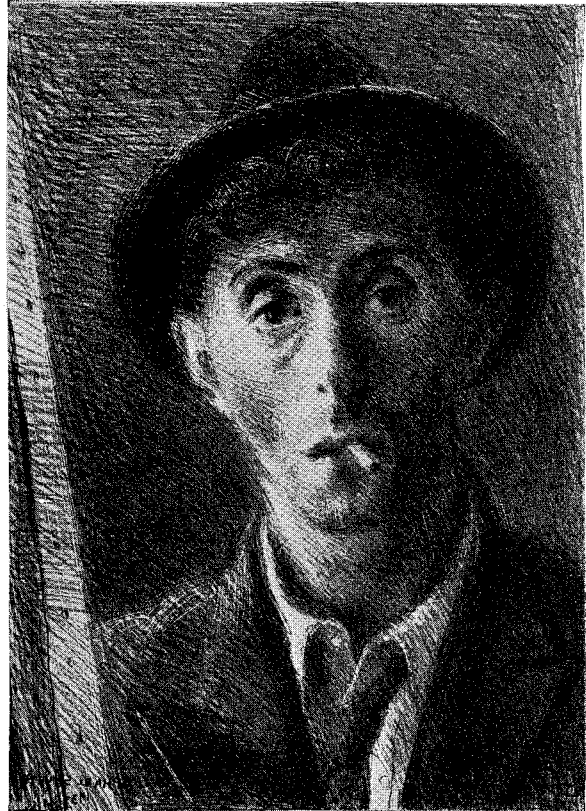


Backstage

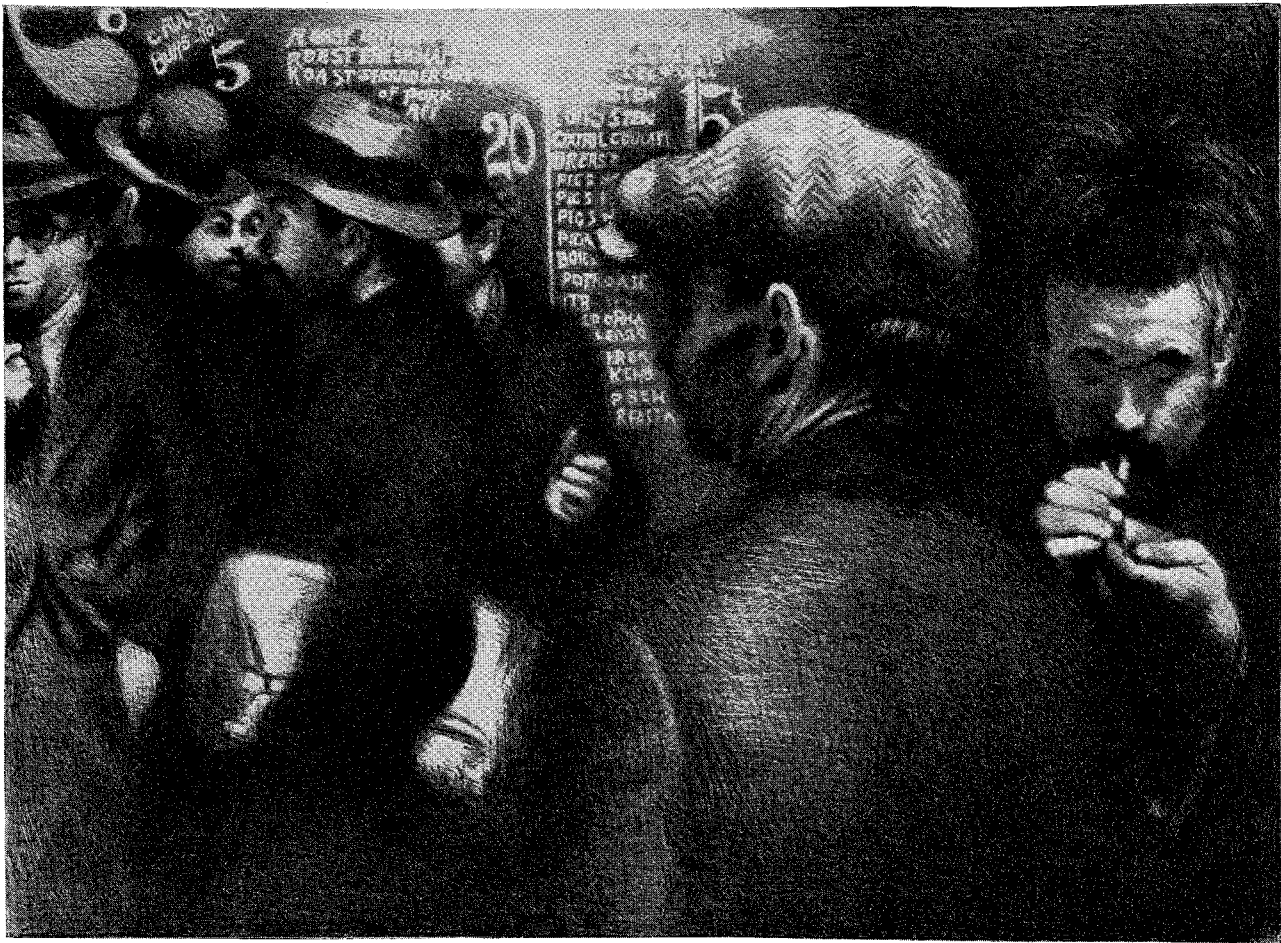
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Scribner's Presents RAPHAEL SOYER

Born in Russia thirty-seven years ago, Raphael Soyer came to New York with his family at the age of ten, and grew up in poverty among the scenes and people he portrays with such rare understanding. He studied at night at the Art Students League, and in the daytime eked out a living by distributing newspapers and by working in shops and factories. When the Whitney Studio bought two of his paintings, he decided to devote all his time to being an artist. Since then he has sold paintings to some of the leading art galleries in the country. Soyer's paintings and his lithographs are distinguished by a warm feeling of humanity and by a vibrant suggestion of atmosphere. There is nothing posed about them; he tries to capture the feeling of a casual, spontaneous moment in the lives of his characters and makes of them intimate presences, caught among the lights and shadows of their surroundings.



Self-portrait



Bowery Nocturne

Maybe the Sun Will Shine

WILLIAM MARCH

THE NURSE came into the room where Bill sat and glanced around to assure herself that everything was in readiness for the doctor. They weren't used to such famous men in hospitals of this sort, and she was afraid each time he came to see Bill that he would ask some question which she could not answer, some technical thing which she had learned in her probationary days and had promptly forgotten, such as, "Define lymph, Miss Connors, and state briefly the purpose it serves in the economy of the body."

She dragged her forefinger over the table, examined it critically for smudges, and looked briskly about her for a dustcloth. Since there was none, she lifted her uniform above her knees and held it away from her body while she wiped the table clean with her underskirt. She was conscious of the exposure of her thighs, and she turned her head slowly and looked at Bill. He was a strong, thick-set man with a muscular neck and a chest so solid that it seemed molded from the metals with which he had once worked. He was, she judged, about twenty-five. The fact that such a young, full-blooded man could neither see the charms that she exhibited, nor react to them, because of his blindness, as a man should, excited her, and she began to talk nervously:

"Well, I guess you'll be glad to get this over with. I guess you'll be glad to know for certain, one way or the other."

"I know now," said Bill. "I'm not worrying. There's no doubt in my mind now, and there never was."

"I must say you've been a good patient. You haven't been upset like most of them are."

"Why should I worry?" asked Bill. "I got the breaks this time, if ever a man did. If there ever was a lucky man it's me, if you know what I mean. I was lucky to have that big-time doctor operate on me for nothing just because my wife wrote and asked him to." He laughed contentedly. "Christ! Christ, but I got the breaks! . . . From the way he's treated me, you'd think I was a millionaire or the President of the United States or something."

"That's a fact," said Miss Connors thoughtfully. "He's a fine man." She noticed that she still held her uniform above her knees, and she dropped it suddenly, smoothing her skirt with her palms.

"What's he like?" asked Bill.

"Wait!" she said. "You've waited a long time now, and if you wait a little longer maybe you'll be able to see what he looks like for yourself."

