



## MEASLES— Watch Out for the Danger Signs!

This highly infectious disease of childhood is on the warpath again. If your child has what looks like a dose of influenza—nose-running, often a sore throat, coughing and sneezing bouts, reddened eyes—immediately suspect measles and act—particularly if there are reports of measles in your locality.

That means bed at once—in a warm, well ventilated room—AND COMPLETE ISOLATION. Then call the doctor.

In the "influenza" stage—before the rash appears—measles is highly infectious. This stage usually lasts for three days, and on the fourth day the tell-tale rash shows up.

By putting the child to bed you ensure his timely treatment, and you keep him from infecting others.

● **Treatment in bed involves:** A warm sponge down daily, avoidance of constipation, and keeping the patient from facing the light. If the eyes become sore bathe with boracic acid lotion two or three times daily. If temperature runs high, give four-hourly tepid sponges. Relieve an irritating cough by steam inhalation with Friar's Balsam (one teaspoon to a pint of water). Serve a very light diet with plenty of orange, lemon or rose hip syrup drinks.

And don't let the patient out of bed too soon—at least Ten Days in bed is necessary from the onset. This will mean a quick and safe convalescence.

**THE REAL DANGER OF MEASLES  
LIES IN POSSIBLE COMPLICATIONS**

KEEP THIS ANNOUNCEMENT FOR FUTURE REFERENCE

FOR A HEALTHIER NATION



Speaking Candidly, by G.M.

## SIN ON THE SCREEN

### THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

(M-G-M)

ONE of the minor compensations of being a film critic is that you are compelled every now and then to read, in a hurry, some book that you should have read and have wanted to read for years but would probably never have got round to reading without this special obligation to do so. So, fresh from a week-end with Oscar Wilde in the original, I am now in a position to say that M-G-M's version of his most famous book is, all things considered, by no means a bad translation, though there are probably parts of it that would make Oscar wild, if I may pun so outrageously.

One of the things to be considered, of course, is the impossibility of transferring to the screen the curious literary flavour of the novel, so scented, so "precious," so contrived and yet so powerful; and of capturing also the subtle tensions, the psychological nuances, that underlie the outright blood-and-damnation melodrama of the weird tale. On straight shock-tactics the film is fairly strong. I find it quite easy to credit the report that on the evening I was there a woman fainted at the moment when we first saw the transformed portrait of Dorian Gray, loathsome with corruption, crawling with evil, and presented in technicolour to heighten the effect. There are three or four such moments when the film delivers a real punch in the emotional bread-basket, and they lose little of their impact by repetition.

But *The Picture of Dorian Gray* is, or should be, a good deal more than just a cultured shocker, a horror story for grown-ups. And to give the director, Albert Lewin, his due, the film very often is a good deal more than that. Whether or not Oscar Wilde intended it as such, the novel is a rather remarkable morality play, or more precisely a moral fable, about a young man, so enamoured of Youth and his own beauty that he prayed that he might remain always young and beautiful while the portrait of himself which a friend had just painted should grow old instead. His prayer was answered; he embarked on a deliberate career of vice and sensual indulgence, but, though he apparently gained the whole world, he lost his own soul. This theme, though obscured in the film by the emphasis placed on more superficial aspects, is by no means lost sight of. There is a sense in which this is a genuinely religious picture—much more genuinely so than, say, *The Keys of the Kingdom* or *The Song of Bernadette*. I certainly do not agree with those few overseas critics who have contended that the picture is namby-pamby in its treatment of spiritual rottenness, being afraid to look the Devil in the face. It is perhaps true that sin does not rear its ugly head quite high enough; that there is too much talk about vice and not enough showing of it; but one has to recognise the difficulty of being explicit in these matters, especially with the Hays Office looking on. And even Oscar himself was very

discreet in describing his rake's progress: he left it mostly to our imaginations. I would agree, however, that the director missed one great opportunity of exploiting his cinematic medium: when Dorian went out to wallow in his nameless orgies, we in the audience should have been conducted up to the attic to watch the portrait growing in vileness and obscenity before our eyes.

CONSIDERING everything, as I say,

I don't think Albert Lewin has made such a bad job of *Dorian Gray*. He has given us a very convincing *fin de siècle* period atmosphere; he has left the broad outline of the story very much as it was written and included a surprising number of the details; he has even given us large portions of the actual text, spoken by an off-screen narrator (a rather annoying device this is in some ways because it slows up the action, but it certainly adds to the literary quality of the film); and what is more he gives us every one of Oscar Wilde's epigrams that is worth repeating. As uttered by George Sanders in the character of Lord Henry Wotton, that dissolute but highly-intelligent dilettante who is Dorian's evil genius, these epigrams simple rattle off the screen, like handfuls of peas thrown at a windowpane, and sometimes they have the same tinkling sound. All the same, I think they are even more effective spoken than read, and it is worth recording that the audience appreciates them.

George Sanders probably takes more of the camera's attention than anybody else—he certainly dominates the sound track—and while I can think of one or two others who might have done the part better, and given it greater depth, it is a reasonably satisfactory performance. I would say the same of Hurd Hatfield's work as Dorian. It was, I suspect, a comparatively easy role to play: what Hatfield mostly has to do is to look superbly handsome and boyishly innocent, and Nature did that for him when she gave him his face. The really difficult acting in Dorian's role is left to the portrait\*, which has to show the evidence of debauchery, while Hatfield himself goes through the film with a virtually expressionless countenance which ultimately becomes monotonous. The best piece of casting in the whole film is Lowell Gilmore as Basil Hallward and he also, I think, gives the most satisfying performance of all as the artist who paints Dorian with so much affection and is later murdered by his model. Hallward represents the principle of light in this chronicle of darkness, and, while the film fails to bring out fully the ethical antagonism which this implies, Gilmore makes the artist a man you can believe in as well as like.

ALBERT LEWIN was the director who made that remarkably adult picture *The Moon and Sixpence*, and I want to give him full credit for the way he has wrestled with even more difficult material here. But the man I should

\*A series of canvases were painted for M.G.M. by the "terrible twins," Ivan and Malvin Albright, who visited insane asylums, alcoholic wards, and hospitals for the incurably diseased in order to get local colour.