"I Want To Live" Is A Real Gasser

By LOUIS BELL and JIM KUTTLER

The new Susan Hayward vehicle, "I Want to Live," is, snidely, a real "gasser." Propagandists had a field day making this a typical cliff-hanger, and the show is tainted throughout with outright slams at everybody but the persecuted prostitute.

Rare Themes

Whether Barbara Graham was wrongly executed and whether anyone should be subjected to capital punishment are assuredly rare themes for the screen, but they are too forced and unrelentingly bitter for the show to serve as a successful chronicle contesting either.

Heroin—Heroine

Perhaps some minds will be swayed by the character of the heroin-heroine as she is tensely portrayed by Hayward, but the evidence brought out by the show in favor of her innocence is too insufficient, as far as this reviewer is concerned. To merit such telescoping of our "corruptible courts" and "feckless fourth estate." The effect on the audience will certainly be mixed, and not everyone will be happy with it (or properly unhappy, as the case may be).

Better Than Dialogue

The technical effects and experimental production, however, will hardly go unnoticed for ingenuity. The jazz score heightens the impact, but at times it is better than the dialogue and detracts from the realism.

The players have turned in first-rate jobs. Miss Hayward is wholly sympathetic with her character and emerges as a rubber-faced, gutteral-voiced package of dynamite. Her facility in clouding eyes and being the maudlin mother had lots of women grooping for Kleenex. The "Black Saddle" lawyer Culhane of TV makes a brief and motivating appearance as her flower-