

## I COULD . . .

Really, you could. We all know the feeling and we might as well admit it. And don't take false comfort in its being a game. Just cross your fingers that you won't be put in the position of having to live with a concentration camp in the next village and pretending to be stupid. Those awkward neighborhoods can creep up on you.

The precious thing in a fiction is that our aspiring energy or suppressed hope may get some release at last. Jack Torrance doesn't really want a winter job, or a novel to his name. (It'll never be as successful as a Stephen King.) He wants his demon set free. You know that urge: if you own an automobile, you can't bear to think of it picking up a scratch, let alone a dent . . . or the hideous threat of a crash. But don't you love those movies where car after car is concertinaed and destroyed before bursting into rapturous fire? Cars get killed in movies as easily as people and give us a thrill of liberated damage.