

not make any celebration of joy. How can
about the people of Omelas? They were not
happy children - though their children were
happy. They were mature, intelligent, passionate
whose lives were not wretched. O miracle! but I
I could describe it better. I wish I could convince
Omelas sounds in my words like a city in a fairy
tale, long ago and far away, once upon a time. Perhaps it
would be best if you imagined it as your own fancy bids
assuming it will rise to the occasion, for certainly I cannot
suit you all. For instance, how about technology? I think
that there would be no cars or helicopters in and above
the streets; this follows from the fact that the people of
Omelas are happy people. Happiness is based on a just
discrimination of what is necessary, what is neither nec-
essary nor destructive, and what is destructive. In the nec-
essary category, however - that of the necessary, the nec-
essary, that of comfort, luxury, convenience - what
could perfectly well have central heating - what
washing machines and all kinds of marvelous conveniences
you dreamed here. Having lots of sources. Having lots of

