

# Sad, Sad, Sad, Sad, Sad

written by Holly

December 8, 2004

By Holly Lisle

A group of science fiction writers has written a manifesto\* ([mundanesf.com/default.asp?id=2&mnu=2](http://mundanesf.com/default.asp?id=2&mnu=2) \*\*) that in essence declares envisioning something better than what we have right now to be both off-limits and actively bad for us. **Science fiction writers**. A group that once staked out the realm of the mind and the future and progress as their very own. And this is what they've come to.

You know what? Screw 'em.

The only people who accomplish anything in life are those who dare to dream, and then who have the nuts to act on what they've dreamed. Declaring some dreams off limits is the coward's path. If these pathetic creatures want to keep their feet nailed to the ground and their noses firmly mired in despair, fine by me – but don't declare a determination to wallow in shit to be some sort of virtue. Humanity has every right to claim the stars as our destination, and to dream of lives and futures better than those we live today.

I've written two articles that speak to the approach these writers are choosing to take. [How to Write Sucktudinous Fiction](#) and [Carlin, OSHA, Class Guilt, Vonnegut, and the Lowest Common Denominator](#). If these folks want to take the role of Diana Moon Glampers, the bitch with the shotgun, in **Harrison Bergeron**, I will forgive myself for not joining them, and continue in the somewhat riskier role of Harrison – and I hope you will, too.

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\*Manifesto link found via Paperback Writer.\*\*I decided I

didn't want to give these weenies a Google search engine vote,  
so the link is no longer live.

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