

Misalliance (George Bernard Shaw)

Hypatia:

Nobody else ever called me a glorious young beast. I like that. Glorious young beast expresses exactly what I like to be.

Oh I daresay it's vulgar; but there's no other word for it. I'm fed up with nice things: with respectability, with propriety! When a woman has nothing to do, money and respectability mean that nothing is ever allowed to happen to her. I don't want to be good; and I don't want to be bad: I just don't want to be bothered about either good or bad: I want to be an active verb.

I want to be; I want to do; and I'm game to suffer if it costs that. But stick here doing nothing but being good and nice and ladylike I simply won't. Stay down here with us for a week; and I'll shew you what it means: shew it to you going on day after day, year after year, lifetime after lifetime.

Girls withering into ladies. Ladies withering into old maids. Nursing old women. Running errands for old men. Good for nothing else at last. Oh, you can't imagine the fiendish selfishness of the old people and the maudlin sacrifice of the young. It's more unbearable than any poverty: more horrible than any regular-right-down wickedness. Oh, home! Home! Parents! Family! Duty! How I loathe them! How I'd like to see them blown to bits! The poor escape. The wicked escape. Well, I can't be poor: we're rolling in money: it's no use pretending we're not. But I can be wicked; and I'm quite prepared to be.