

1-

‘She’s got an indiscreet voice,’ I remarked. It’s full of – I hesitated.

‘Her voice is full of money,’ he said suddenly.

That was it. I’d never understood before. It was full of money – that was the inexhaustible charm that rose and fell in it, the jingle of it, the cymbals’ song of it . . . High in a white palace the king’s daughter, the golden girl. . .



2-

Michael T. Gilmore, *American Romanticism and the Marketplace*

Walter Benn Michaels, *The Gold Standard and the logic of Naturalism*

Marc Shell, *Money, Language, and Thought*

3-

Joachim Schacht, *Anthropologie culturelle de l'argent*, Payot, Paris 1973.

J.-Michel Servet, *Nomismata*, Presses Universitaires de Lyon, 1984.

4-

Call me Ishmael. Some years ago – never mind how long precisely – having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen, and regulating the circulation.

5-

I wanted to depart from politics before I was separated from myself forever by the distance between my public appearance which had become vital on television, indeed robust, and my secret frightened romance with the phases of the moon. (P.14)

6-

I met Jack Kennedy in November, 1946. We were both war heroes, and both of us had just been elected to congress. We went out one night on a double date and it turned out to be a fair evening for me. I seduced a girl who would have been bored by a diamond as big as the Ritz.

She was Deborah Caughlin Mngaravididi Kelly, of the Caughlins first, English-Irish bankers, financiers and priests; the Mangaravidis, a Sicilian issue from the Bourbons and the Hapsburgs; Kelly's family was just Kelly; but he had made a million two hundred times. So there was a vision of treasure, far-off blood, and fear. . . . Forgive me.

I thought the road to President might begin at the entrance to her Irish heart.

7-

“Once you’re located where I am, there’s nothing left but to agitate the web. At my worst, I am a spider – Have strings in everywhere from the Muslims to the New York Times. Just ask me. I’ve got it.”

8-

Meanwhile, she (Deborah) hopped from one fine suite to another; there was always a friend leaving for Europe, and no one was ready to remind Deborah she was very behind on the rent...I would get the bill finally, it would be a knockout, \$2700 for three months rent – I would hold it, no question of paying. Part of the attrition on my military reserves had been the expenses. Deborah got four hundred dollars a week – it was senseless to give her less, she would merely run up her bills, and I had been scuffling and humping, taking three hundred dollars for a spot appearance on a television show, and seven hundred and fifty for a spiced-up lecture...Yes, debt was grinding me bad. I was something like \$16000 in the hole already and probably worse.

9-

Deborah “smells like a bank”.

Ruta is “money ... she cost money, she would make money”.

Cherry is compared to a “money counter” and her big toe to a quarter.

10-

Stayed at the dice table, I was part of the new the new breed. Cherry had left a gift. Just as Oswald Kelly once went to sleep knowing which stocks would be on the rise by morning, so I knew the luck in the hands of each man who came to the table, I knew when to go down on the pass-line and when to bet the Don't Come. I was flat with the dice on my own, I dropped them quick as I could, but I kept an eye for the losers and worked up the fortune there. In four weeks I made twenty-four, paid my debts, all sixteen plus the loan for the car, and got ready to go on.