THE ENCHANTMENTS OF MAMMON

THE
ENCHANTMENTS
OF MAMMON

*How Capitalism Became
the Religion of Modernity*

Eugene McCarraher

THE BELKNAP PRESS OF
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Cambridge, Massachusetts, and London, England · 2019

Copyright © 2019 by Eugene McCarraher
All rights reserved
Printed in the United States of America

First printing

Jacket art: Evelyn De Morgan, *The Worship of Mammon*, 1909. De Morgan Collection,
courtesy of the De Morgan Foundation / Bridgeman Images

Jacket design: Annamarie McMahon Why

9780674242777 (EPUB)

9780674242784 (MOBI)

9780674242760 (PDF)

The Library of Congress has cataloged the printed edition as follows:

Names: McCarraher, Eugene, author.

Title: The enchantments of Mammon : how capitalism became the religion of modernity /
Eugene McCarraher.

Description: Cambridge, Massachusetts : The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press,
2019. | Includes bibliographical references and index.

Identifiers: LCCN 2019015075 | ISBN 9780674984615 (hardcover)

Subjects: LCSH: Capitalism—Religious aspects—History. | Economics—Religious
aspects—History. | Romanticism.

Classification: LCC HB501 .M443 2019 | DDC 261.8/5—dc23

LC record available at <https://lccn.loc.gov/2019015075>

To Alecia, Alexandra, and Gabrielle,
and to the memory of my father, Eugene Thorne McCarraher

This Desert soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, Gems and Gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can Heav'n show more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our Elements, those piercing Fires
As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain.

—MAMMON, speaking to his fellow fallen angels, in Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book II, 270–278

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil
Crushed. Why do men then now not reck his rod?
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;
And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;
And wears man's smudge and share's man's smell; the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And, for all this, nature is never spent;
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;
And though the last lights off the black West went
Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastwards, springs—
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.

—GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS, "God's Grandeur"