

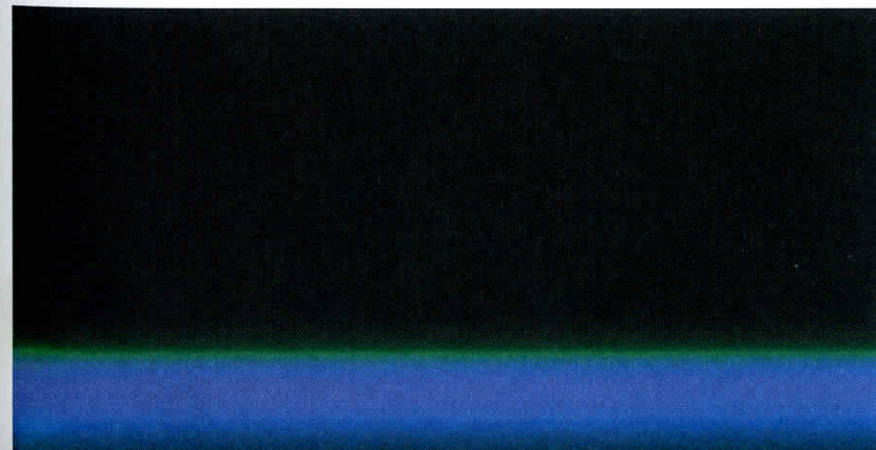
LOYAL

MUTANT POP





KENNY SCHARF, *CHUNKARINA*, 2010
OIL ON LINEN
16 X 26 INCHES
COURTESY THE ARTIST AND PAUL KASMIN GALLERY, NEW YORK



Who could help but be seduced by this new mythos? Certainly not me. Why would anyone resist? Just as previous ages backed their beliefs on the authority of gods great and small, the industrial age guarantees the quality of its toilet paper on the testimony of these new, balloon-like deities, so powerful is their charisma. Children watch cartoons *religiously*, in every sense of the term. Cartoon cosmogony filters into our understanding of the world; reappearing in the background of our thoughts, like the hallucinated comparisons in those old Betty Boops.

Oddly enough, living as we do, in a fairly secular age, we are constantly told by decriers that these are disenchanted times. Meanwhile, a child of eight can get to know his godlings on an intimate basis with the flick of a button. He sees them strolling through themeparks like Yahweh cooling himself in the Garden of Eden.

This child is absolutely bombarded by stories and thirty-minute fables every day of his life. His world is laden with meaning; cranked and running on nearly messianic energies. Despite all this, though, he's supposed to swallow the Weberian contention that the world has lost its magic.

Well, the contradiction is not lost on everybody. Sensitive minds— people a little more in touch with their electric historicity— understand what these forms truly offer us: a chance at mythologization, at re-enchantment. Only, this time around, we'll get a mythos that is perfectly compatible with widgetry, worldliness, recent history, and everyday life. A mythos that happily entertains equality and