

Infinity Special

THE APOTHEOSIS
of
RADICAL BANALITY







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Infinity Special The Apotheosis of Radical Banality
David Smith

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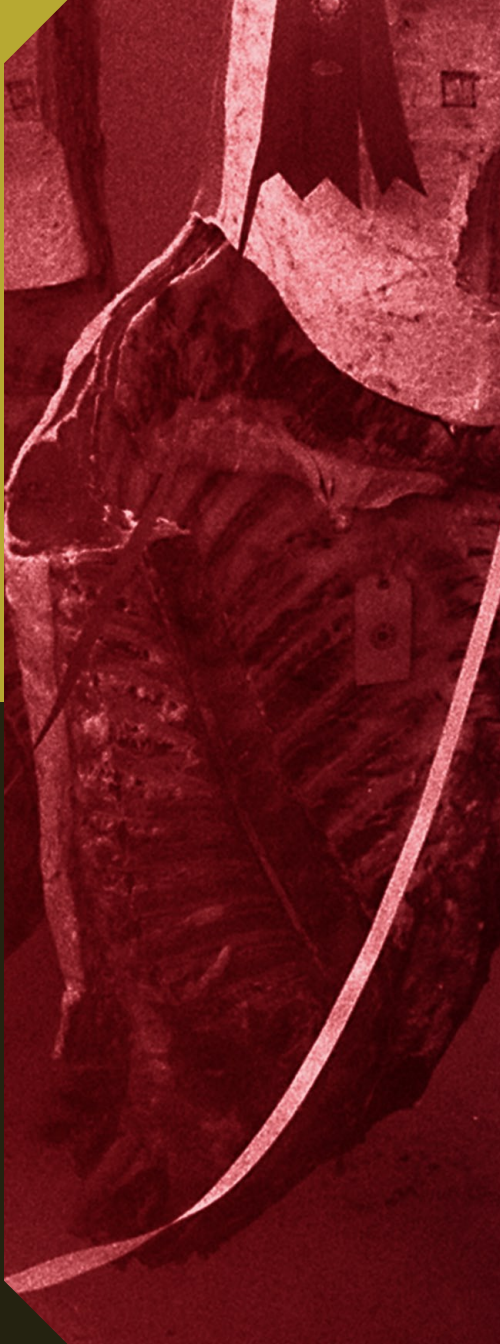
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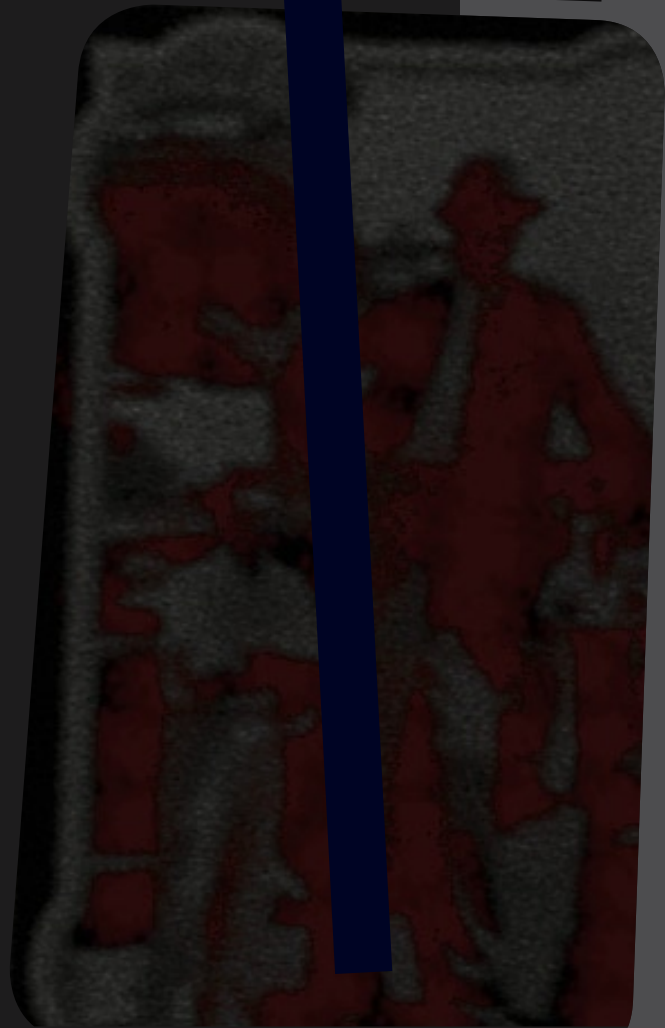
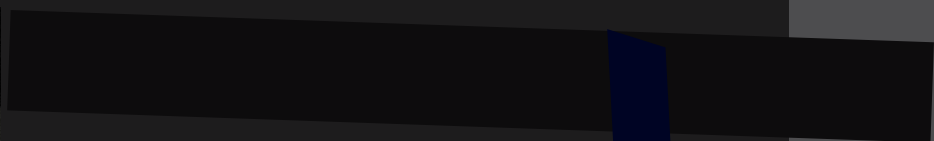
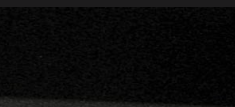






































“Poshlost,” or in a better transliteration *poshlost*, has many nuances, and evidently I have not described them clearly enough [...], if you think one can ask anybody if he is tempted by *poshlost*. Corny trash, vulgar clichés, Philistinism in all its phases, imitations of imitations, bogus profundities, crude, moronic, and dishonest pseudo-literature—these are obvious examples [...].

One of poshlost’s favorite breeding places has always been the Art Exhibition [...]. There we admire the gabinetti wall patterns of so-called abstract artists, Freudian surrealism, roric smudges, and Rorschach blots—all of it as corny in its own right as the academic “September Morns” and “Florentine Flowergirls” of half a century ago. The list is long, and, of course, everybody has his *bête noire*, his black pet, in the series. Mine is that airline ad: the snack served by an obsequious wench to a young couple—she eyeing ecstatically the cucumber canapé, he admiring wistfully the hostess.”

— Vladimir Nabokov, *Strong Opinions* [edited excerpts]



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