

# STOLEN SPOONS

*Stolen Spoons*, David Horvitz

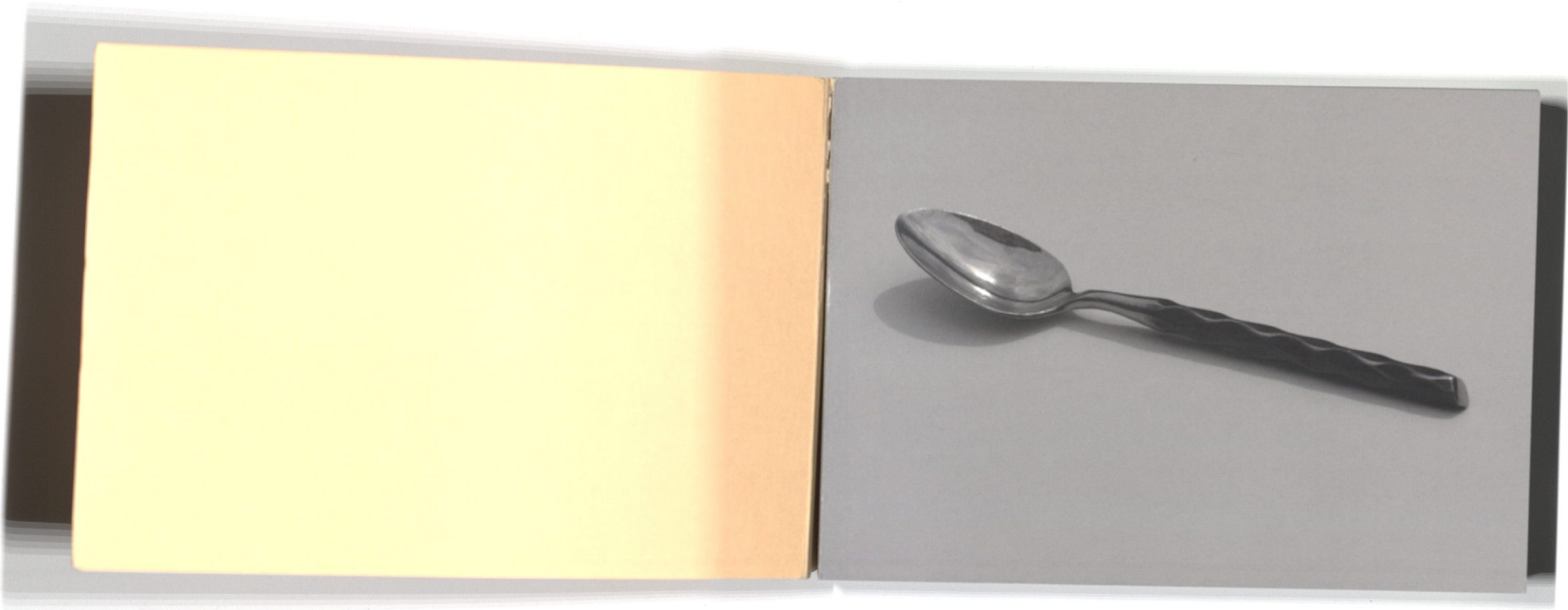


*Stolen Spoons*, David Horvitz  
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Special edition with spoon stolen from Noma restaurant / Edition of 3



Steven Spielberg David Horvitz

2015 Park Station Press



Modern Spooners David Horvitz

2015 Park Street Press





Steven Ignoffo David Horvitz

2015 Park Street Press



British Museum, London, England

Fig. 1. Dark Metal Spoon



Tenets Spooner David Horvitz

2015 Park Street Press



Stolen Spoons: David Horvitz

2015 Perth School Press



Steven Johnson David Horvitz

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Stolen Spoons, David Horvitz

2015 Park Salad Press



Stolen Spoon: David Horvitz

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Steven Apstein David Horvitz

2015 Park Street Press



Section: Synthesis: Cultural Materials

2017 Perth School Press



James Spence Thru the House

2015 Perth Social Press





Unknown Spooner David Harvey

2013 Park School Press



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2013 Port Saint Pierre



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Modern Spoon by David Horvitz

2015 Port Salad Press



Steven Soderbergh David Horvitz

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Steven Ignoffo David Horvitz

2017 Park Street Press



British Museum, London, England

2011. Photographed by





Second Symposium: Liberal Theology

2015 First Annual Prayer



James Spence: Spread the Word

2017 Park Street Press



Second Spring: Ethical Theory

2015 First Spring: Ethics



James Spence Threlkeld

2017 Park Street Press



THE SPOON

2015 PEEK NAKED PRESS





James Joyce: *Ulysses*

2014 Peck Small Press



James Spence: The Last Dinner

2015 Park Lane Press



*Modern Spoon:* David Horvitz

For I have known them all already, known them all  
Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,  
I have measured out my life with coffee spoons,  
I know the voices dying with a dying fall  
Beneath the music from a farther room  
So how should I presume?

2015 Poet Salad Press

from T. S. Eliot: *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*



Source: Spooner David Horvitz

2015 Port Saint-Pierre



THE SPOON

THE SPOON





THE SPOON

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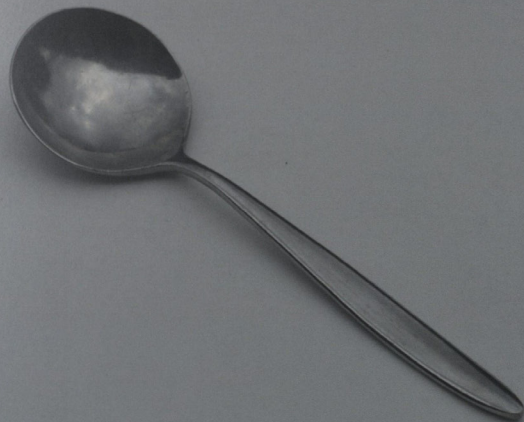
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## Spoons

I have an Asics box in my bedroom that is completely full of stolen spoons. They were all carefully slid into a pocket by David Horvitz during meals around the world, in one discreet and by now surely skillfully mastered movement. Terminating their service as utensils, Horvitz removed them from their habitat, making them one of an infinite amount of seemingly insignificant small objects that invisibly change hands or disappear around us constantly. The spoons now take on another life as remnants of time and travel, as a physical lexicon of the idea and function of "spoon", and as an accumulation of separate parts brought back together. Some of them are generic in form and function, even identical, pointing to the fact that a meal in New York and Beijing might be served with utensils that come from the same block of steel and once laid side by side on the production line. Others clearly differentiate themselves in material and design. Regardless, Horvitz questions whether the spoons in the box are in fact lost or recouped – perhaps they are now together again after a long journey?

Many of Horvitz' works come about through a similar interest in systems of distribution, such as the mail system, the library catalogue system, Wikipedia, etc. By inserting objects, books and images, parts are brought into circulation with unknown outcomes, always with the intention that their movements should result in some form of disclosure or transformation. Not about obstruction or these systems in themselves, Horvitz' projects are grounded in a strong awareness of the materials employed. Recently he melted down a 1742 French church bell to form 47 small hand bells: what once defined the daily rhythm of a community through its one sound was dispersed, given over to individuals who would ring the new bells together and then walk their separate ways, only to stop and return once they could no longer hear another bell. In another recent and ongoing project Horvitz travels to beaches around New York, collects pieces of sea glass, melts them down and blows them into new vessels that still carry traces of the pieces that were merged. Working with the impermanence of our tangible reality, both projects are anchored in a material consistency bound together by sound, action, object, movement and time, as is also the case for the still-accumulating spoons.



I have a curious story from my childhood that also resides in this box. For work, my father often travelled around Europe back when Scandinavian Airlines was the company of choice for business travel, and the standard onboard was still of the kind that called for solid tableware. For every journey he undertook he returned with two spoons, forks and knives, which were quietly snuck into our kitchen drawer. While I remember disliking the knife and fork because of their miniature feel, these particular spoons were perfect and I preferred them to any other. Over the years my childhood spoon collection grew and I remained puzzled about this ritual of my father's, I never asked him why: it was done, I am sure, not as a joke, not out of any consideration of me, not out of need, and by someone who did not care to own many things. Over time, it grew into a lesson of sorts, about the qualities that we find in objects around us, to the point that we consider the most random or ordinary objects so perfect and their promise so profound that we do things that do not make sense, like continuing to slide spoons into your pockets.



...of my childhood spoons landing a spot in the basement when my father  
...When I eventually left home and later moved to Berlin, the spoons came  
...and today they still live in my top kitchen drawer. Years later, after leaving  
...York, Horvitz stayed at my place in Berlin. A few weeks after returning  
...told me that he had forgotten a bunch of spoons that he had started steal-  
...restaurant meals while away, he left them in my top kitchen drawer, how  
...he get them back? I told him that actually they had joined an existing collec-  
...This became the start of spoons accumulating. Ever since they have arrived  
...around the world in small envelopes, sometimes falling out along the way; at  
...times clearly protected by the hands they passed through, wrapped in a piece  
...paper and left at the security desk where I work, passed by hand over green tea  
...dark chocolate or found in my mailbox as watercolors of spoons that might be  
...SPOONS

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2015 - Pork Salad Press - text: Helga Just Christoffersen

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