



I love hangers. I love them even more when they hold collective memories and have been moulded and shaped by a lifetime's use and abuse.

I grew up in Thailand where most of the hangers I knew in my childhood come from; I am especially fond of the hangers I came across in my grandma's house, which was just next door to ours. There, hangers are used over and over for decades. Colourful plastics fade and erode through time. They look incredible when they're hanging in messy lines in the closet. Tangled, decaying, fusty, dusty and musty.

These thrifty hangers have been engraved in my memory ever since.

Back then, hangers weren't just functional objects used for hanging garments, they were also used to dole out punishment. Bad kids were *hanger spanked*, bad mini-me got *hanger spanked*, bad wives got *hanger spanked*.

The most expensive clothes always hung on the best looking hangers in your closet. Like a favoured child. Plastic hangers used for heavy pants, bent and broke into pieces.

Now, I'm 33. My mother is still using the same hangers she has used since she was 33, and her mother would still be using the same hangers that she used since she was 33.

Here, hangers are no longer a tool for spanking, but for sparking ideas.

Welcome to PZ Opassuksatit's first solo exhibition "The Hanger Show". I'd like to dedicate it to my grandmother. The mother of my mother. She passed away last year. Her beautiful existence, kindness, and love will always be with me. I am her direct "Hanger Heritage". For the show, my mother sent me boxes of her hangers from Thailand: specific colours, types and shapes that had belonged to her since she emigrated from China to Thailand in 1927. Here, you will find memories, laughter and fun - just the way I like to remember her.

PZ Opassuksatit