

*Glory*

*Glory-s*

*Glory-ing*

*Glory-ed*

Renata Ottati

Glory

Wood, fabric, fiber foam

46 x 76 x 16in

Renata casually claimed not to be a big movie person, which (luckily for some) prevented a 15min story I was about to start on this movie trivia game I've been obsessed with. So now, back home stateside, just like in Hamburg, my twinkling constellation of movie references maps only a night sky. Names and plot parallels pop into my mind like shooting stars, but leave me staring into the dark; floating in a state of dissociative absence, latching on to vignettes from the night before.

The word *aspiration* was brought up. Now settling into a new apartment, negotiating the space of *gallery* against the space of *home*, navigating familiar steps, this object of aspiration sets forth a nice trajectory. *Imagine if Renata had shown a cabinet.* Instead, the star fittingly arrived in Greenpoint to the tune of K. Porcelain's *Dreaming* playing off my laptop.

For the final rounds of writing I sit in my bathroom with the yet-to-be-unveiled shooting star, hiding out from Kenji to ensure he doesn't claw these fine iridescent upholstered sides. The star is nearly as tall as the door and definitely becomes a body within a small enclosure. I'm planning on giving my new little sobrino a massive stuffed animal when I go to see him for the first time in Miami, and hope it'll be a massive scale for him for a while. The star will be the first baby of our new space, coming off of a Pop Gun hiatus period.

We're sitting backstage together, in the dressing room, less than two hours to showtime. She's looking into the mirror, lipstick red polyester glimmering under a noisy bulb/fan fixture. Her face reflects across a striped yellow and white beach towel. Renata *knocks on the door* via WhatsApp to see what I've been cooking up. Karla texts me to move the table across from the bed before Liam shows up early. Some last minute vocal exercises

-Gunner Dongieux