'a rag or a rip'

I think many of us have probably spent too much time speaking to, and with, objects this past year.
Namely screens, of course, in some Space Odyssey or Philip K. Dick fever dream.
But maybe we have also spoken to things the same way that Tom Hanks spoke to his netball or perhaps more-so how Shirley Valentine confides in her kitchen wall.
I've certainly become very accustomed to the walls of my childhood bedroom. The way they eb and flow into one another, undulating, their shadows, their cracks, their scrapes, their lumps, their histories, and how this material history aligns with my own lived experience.
I am thankful to have this space, this room, 'a room of ones own' but occasionally I wonder if this this room is less Woolf, and more Gilman-esc.
Except the wallpaper isn't yellow, but dull and white.

And so I carve out domains and access others, browser-based spaces with new walls to consider.
The physical lumps I make are apprehended as megabytes, squashed within these new virtual enclosures and that is how others experience them and frankly I quite like that in many respects, but what does it mean to be a sculptor working mainly with digital images?

Ultimately the future, at least for the foreseeable, of my sculptural practice is online and this opens up many questions concerning what is 'material'. And I'm not going down some Object Oriented or Agent Network Theory or Graham Harman rabbit hole, but am rather I'm thinking concretely about the existence of my lumps online, as images, swallowed up into pixels and spat out onto various viewing platforms. These images that bring you in so close but also create a distance, they are right in front of you but also unattainable, you experience via your inability to experience.

What are these physical-objects-as-digital-images? Are they a mediation, a trace, a representation, documentation, a semblance of reality? Are they solely referential, or are they something completely unrelated to their IRL stimulus.

In Susan Sontag's famous text 'on photography', she spoke of photos as 'fragile objects', and while she was referring to the physical fragility of printed images, how they may become torn or discoloured, creased or ripped, I feel an online image still holds this fragility, this instability, within itself.
In 2009 Hito Steyerl spoke of 'poor images'. She states, and I quote, that 'a poor image is a rag or a rip … a lumpen proletariat in the class society of appearances … this image is thrust into digital uncertainty, at the expense of its own substance', end quote. These poor images are compressed, downloaded, edited and reedited, mobilised to different ends, distributed freely and circulated continuously. A reflection, or extension, of the people who make and share them. Ultimately these images are the scraps, the echoes, the ghosts, the dust within the landscape of the digital, plastered upon virtual surfaces, planes, walls.

Maybe these 'poor images' are not unlike C.P.Gilman's Yellow Wallpaper - they are ripped and soiled, they are the layers upon layers upon sub-layers which are potentially harrowing, and we might even see ourselves within them.

… I wonder if my lumps see themselves within their digital counterparts.