

# ZEBRA RECORDER



ZEBRA RECORDER  
Ethan W. Fedele

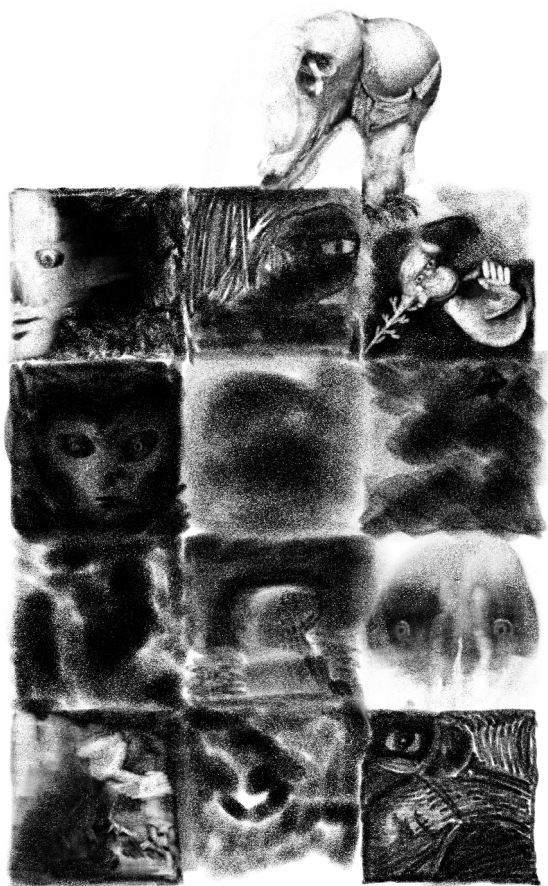
printed at SVA RisoLAB  
in New York City

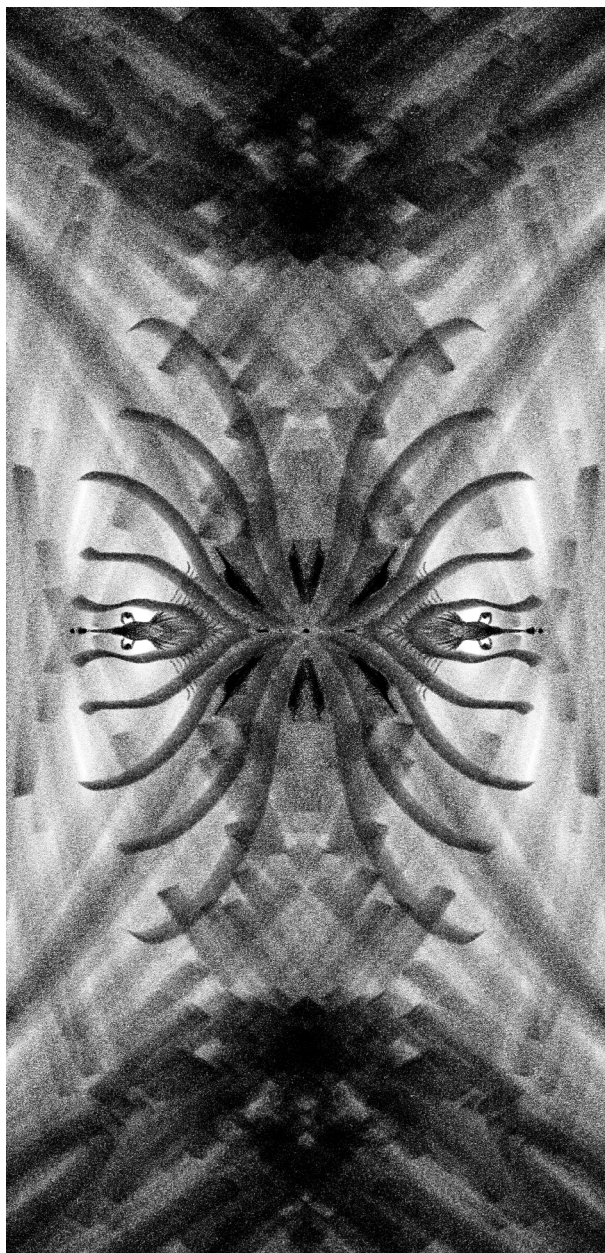
12 2025

*Zebra. I am beginning to see in my mind's eye, Zebra itself, an actual animal, a striped horse. Shy and merry and mischievous, half hiding in the forest at the far edge of the Heide, the sun shining, and Zebra playfully advancing and then just when you think he's going to emerge fully and separate himself from the trees-suddenly and unexpectedly he retreats and absolutely vanishes. You can't coax him out, or lure him; you can't get your hands on him. His white is the dazzle of the sun; his dark stripe the shadows in the glade and forest"... where, amid the shadowy green/the little things of the forest live unseen" '. Ah, Zebra why really did I choose that name for you? You mythical lovely beast of sun and safe shadow; I saw you once but can never-as if you are some fabled deity- prove to anyone that you exist.*

*from The Exegesis of Philip K. Dick*







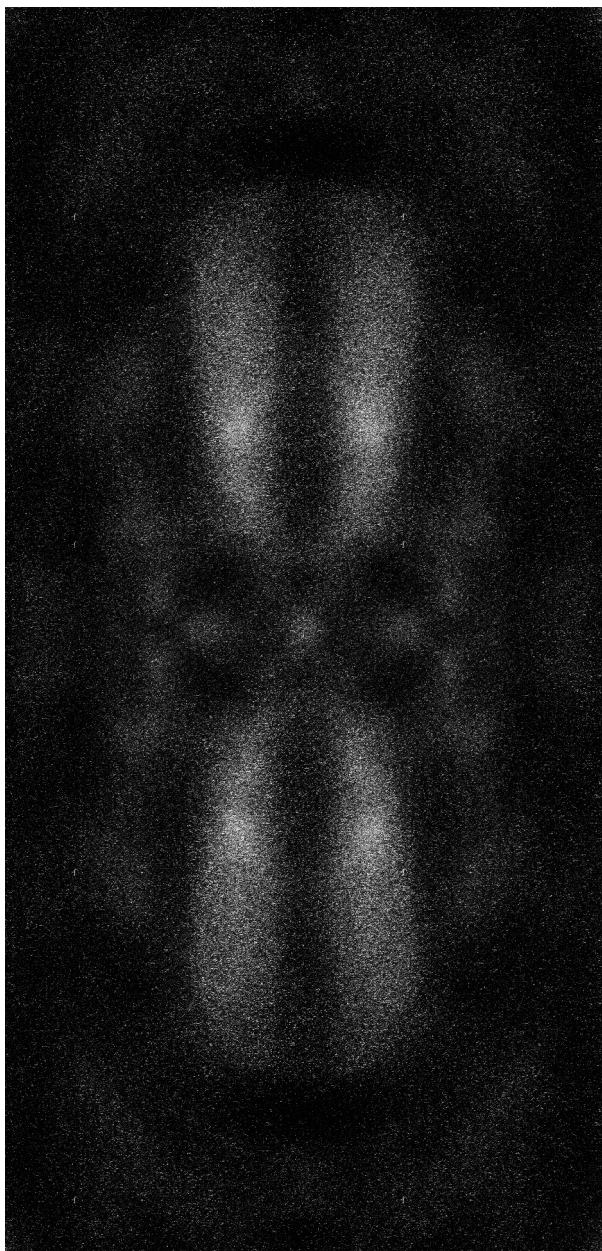


①

*A VEIL FALLS DOWN OVER  
TOP OF THE WORLD*









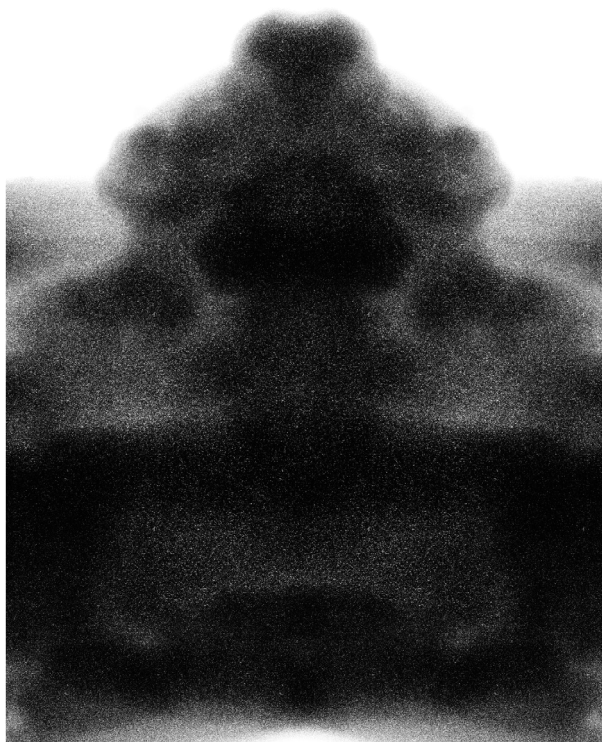


②

*SLOTTED SNUG INTO OUR  
LOSSLESS MOLD*





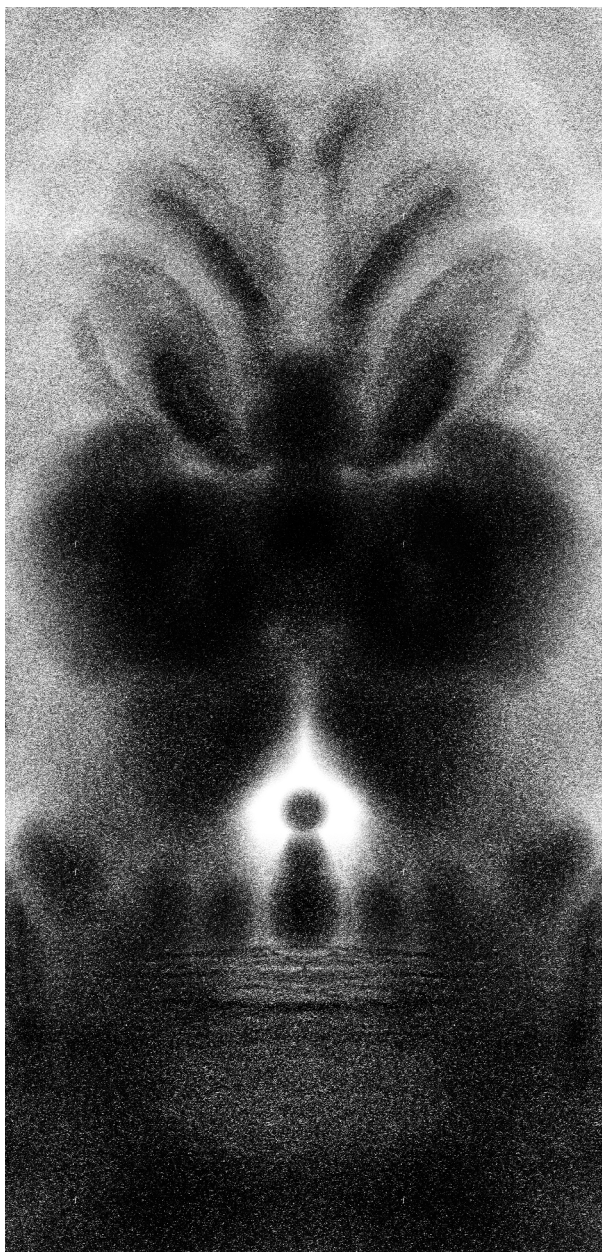


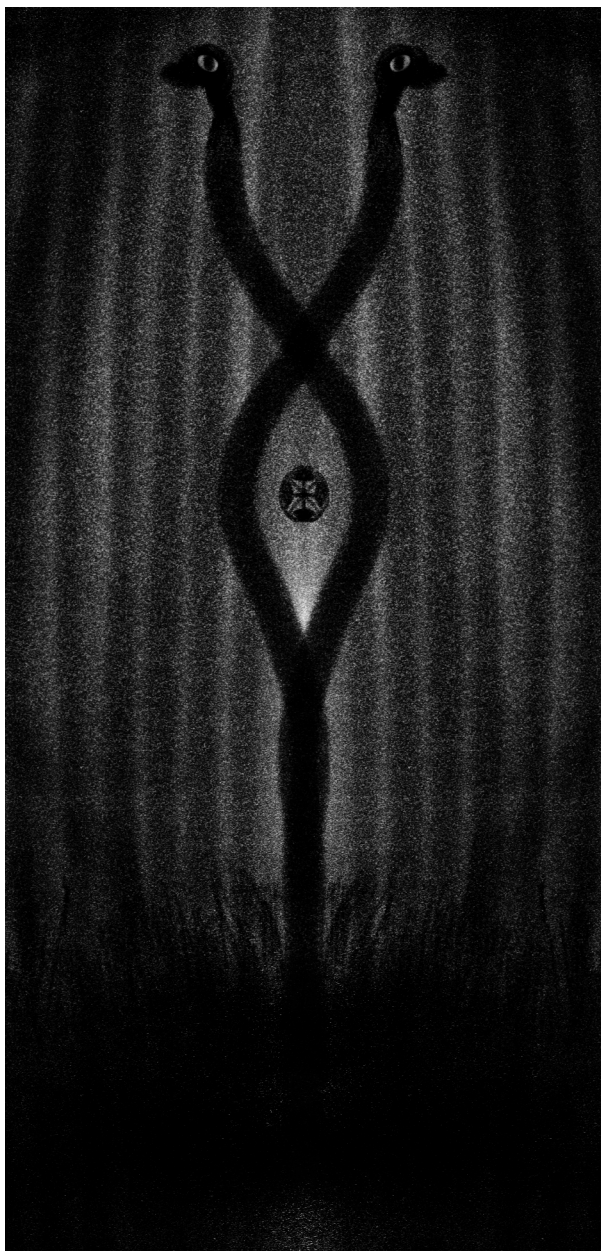


③

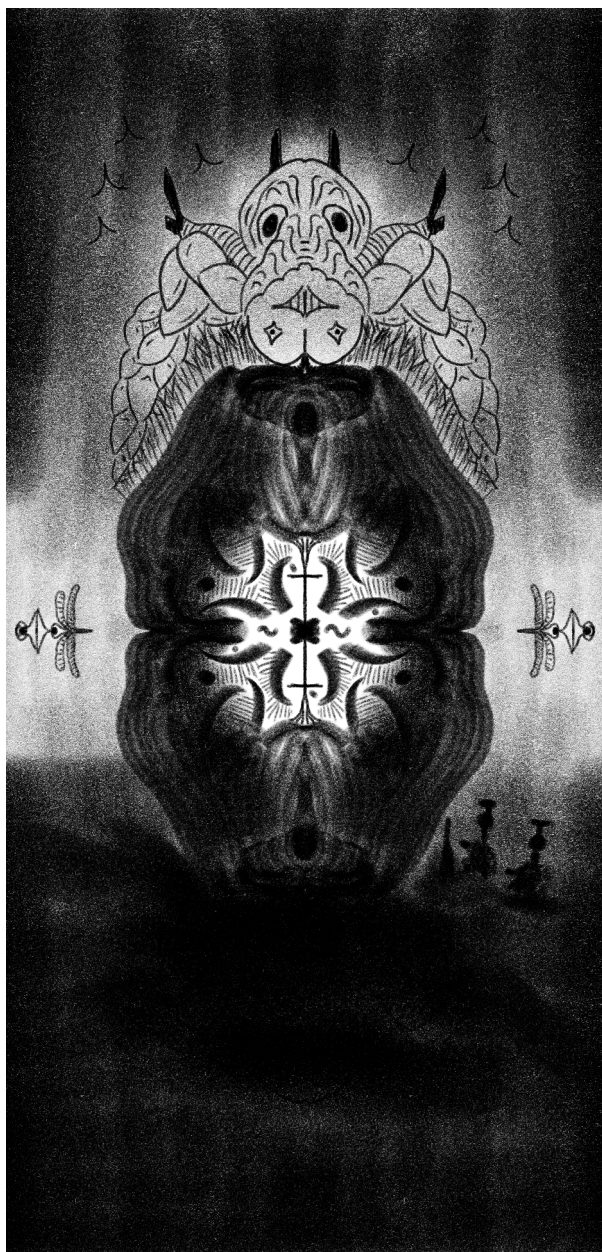
*I SEE THE VEIL DRIFT AND  
BRUSH AGAINST THE TREES*







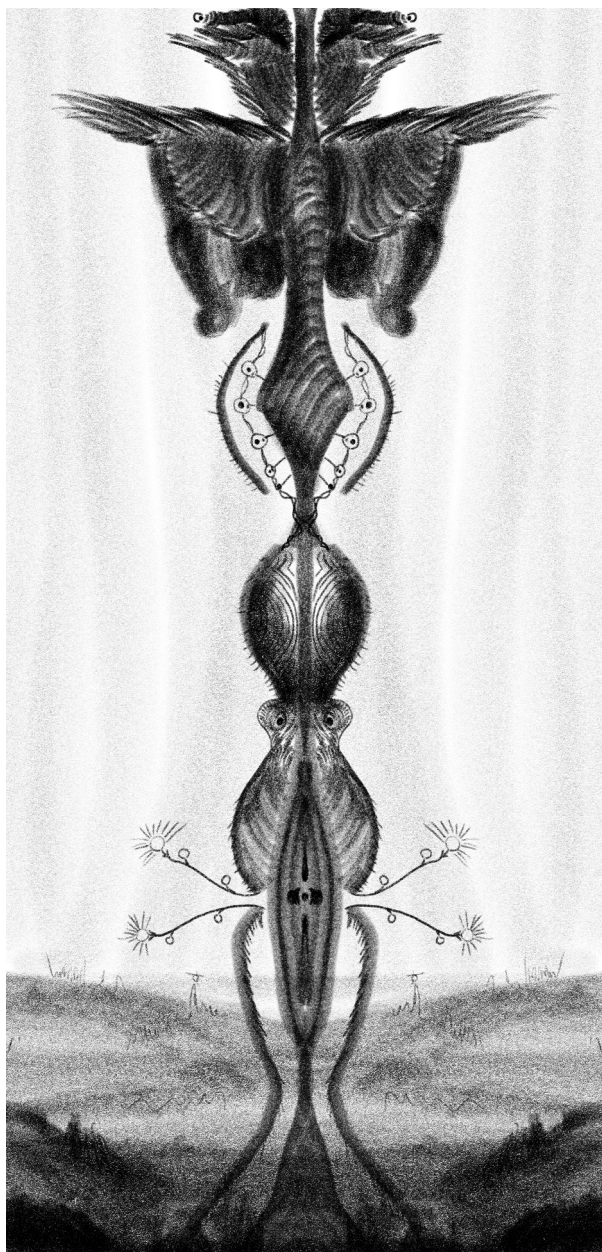




④

*WE FORGET THAT WE WERE  
NOT ALWAYS ITS CAST*





⑤

*SO IT IS THE VEIL ITSELF THAT  
SEPERATES AND DISTINGUISHES*

