



# The Electric Sublime

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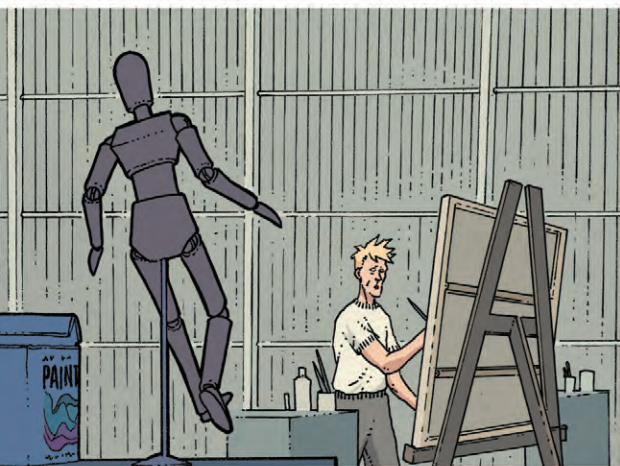
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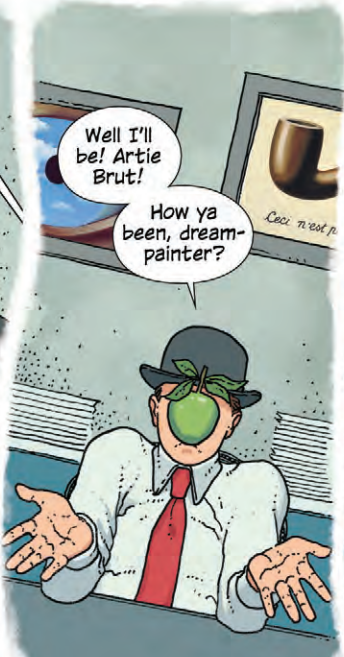


"How do ya like them apples?"

...I'm gonna have to call you back.

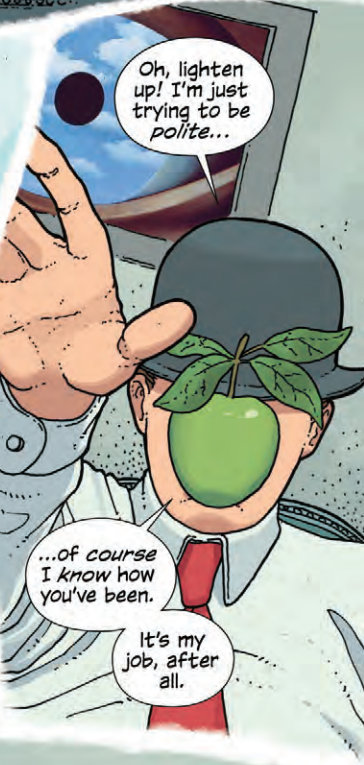
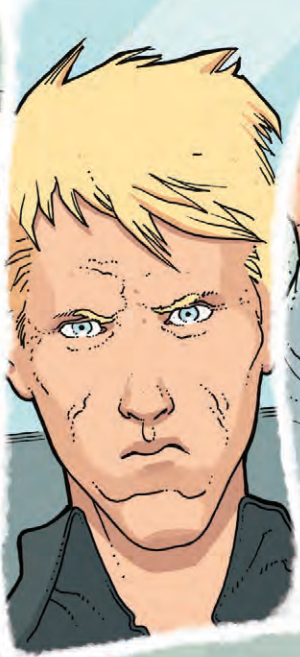


An old client of mine just traipsed in *completely* unannounced.



Well I'll be! Artie Brut!

How ya been, dream-painter?



Oh, lighten up! I'm just trying to be polite...

...of course I know how you've been.

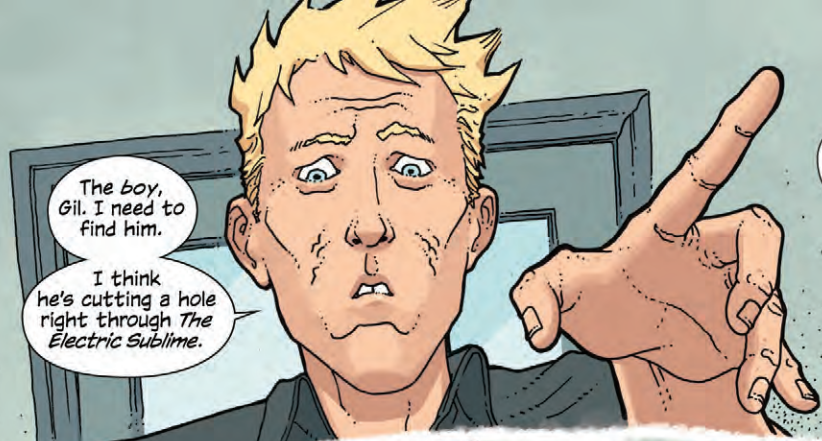
It's my job, after all.



Your job?

My vocation: to know the unknown. To see the obstructed truth.

The face behind every apple.



The boy, Gil. I need to find him.

I think he's cutting a hole right through *The Electric Sublime*.

You know you're the only one that calls it that, right?

"*The Electric Sublime*."



I suppose you'll be wanting a list.

Everyone wants something, don't they?



What's this last place?

There. The probable path.

He'll be bouncing around from painting to painting.



That?

Oh, just a little secret spot. Somewhere hidden, even from me.

*A Sunday Afternoon*  
*Georges Seurat*

*Nighthawks*  
*Edward Hopper*

*Guernica*  
*Pablo Picasso*

*The Room*



But that's the kicker, ain't it? There's always something we can't see.

Peel back a layer, you find another one waiting to be peeled. On and on and on...



Good luck, Arthur...

"...I have a feeling  
you're gonna need  
it!"





## THE UNKNOWN KNOWNS

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*Chapter 4*