THE ART OF
WASTELAND™ 3

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First and foremost, I would like to thank all of the backers who made this game possible. If it wasn't for your love of Wasteland, none of this would have been possible.

Thank you for everything.

My position as Art Director came as a battlefield promotion. Although making games is not a literal war, developers sometimes need the discipline of a soldier to accomplish our goals. I have been in the industry for a long time, and have been lucky enough to work on many great RPGs. The Torment and Wasteland series will always be among my favorites because of the fond memories that I have with the people involved in creating them. I truly appreciate everyone who helped recognize my abilities and gave me the chance to soar on these incredible games.

Working on Wasteland 3 has been an almost literal journey, and this book represents the culmination of hundreds of developer-years worth of creativity, hard work, dedication, and collaboration by a lot of very talented people. The art contained within this book is only a small portion of what it takes to create a game as large as Wasteland 3, and I hope that it helps to give you a greater view into the inner workings of game development and art creation. Our team took a hard look at the Wasteland universe, pushed our technology and art to the next level, and made sure that every step of the way we continued to hold onto the grand spirt of this unique world that you hold so dear.

Like most of you who are reading this, we are Desert Rangers – brothers and sisters by choice and dedication. As a family, we have overcome many hardships and trials to get to where we are now. In fact, this commitment and collaboration is what makes Wasteland 3 so amazing – it is a cold, hard world out there, and only with others can anyone hope to make it through.

I want to take this opportunity to thank the entire cast and crew who have made the Wasteland universe what it is today. This includes all past and present team members, as well as you - the backers who trusted us to create something truly memorable. We hope you will enjoy the world we created for days and years to come...

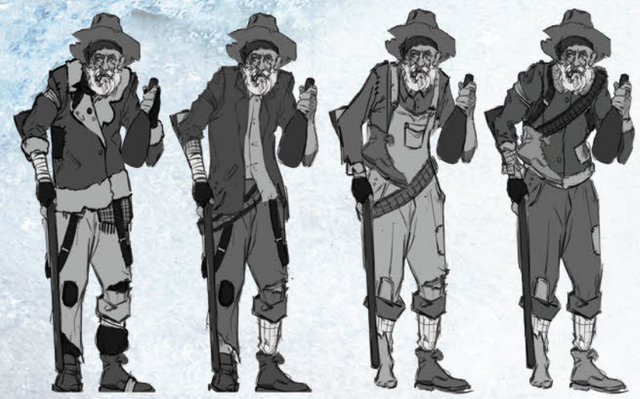
I would also like to give a very special thanks to Brian Fargo for not only creating Wasteland and providing inspiration to us all, but also for giving us the support and encouragement to iterate until we got things just right.

This one's for you.

Now back to my Squeezin's,

Aaron Meyers
Art Director, Desert Ranger

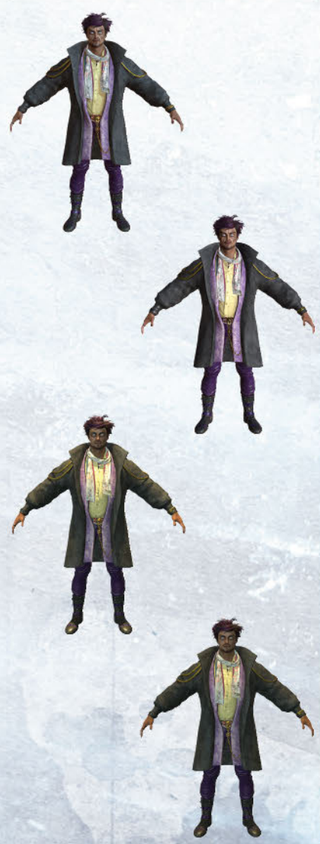
PEOPLE OF THE WASTELAND

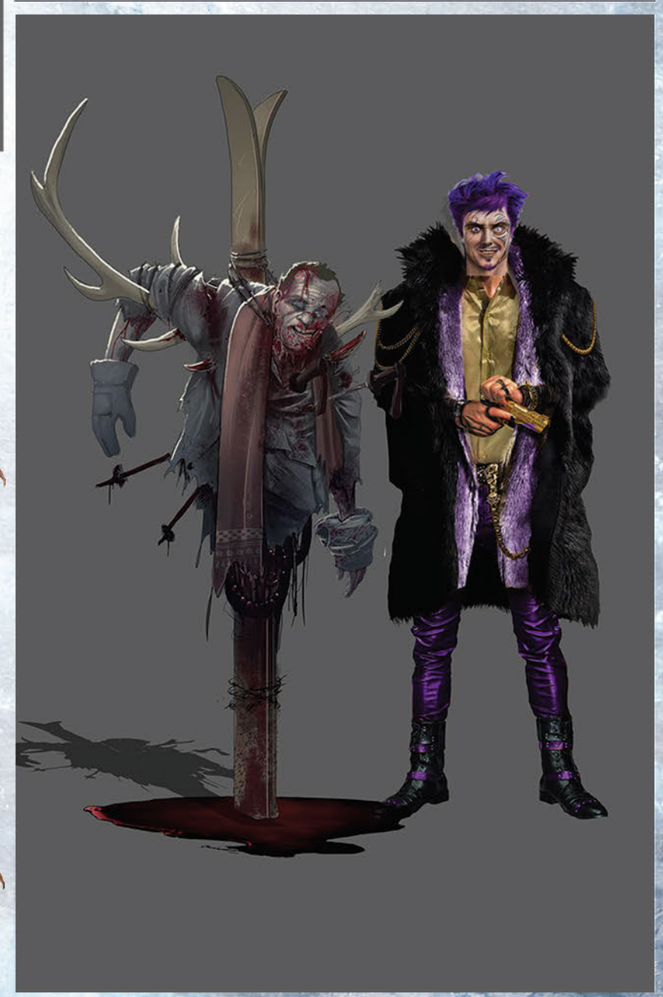


The saint of hobos, the god of drunks, the only reason Snake Squeezins is still in business, Scotchmo originally hailed from Rail Nomad, where he started drinking after his wife died - and never stopped

SCOTCHMO

LIBERTY BUCHANAN





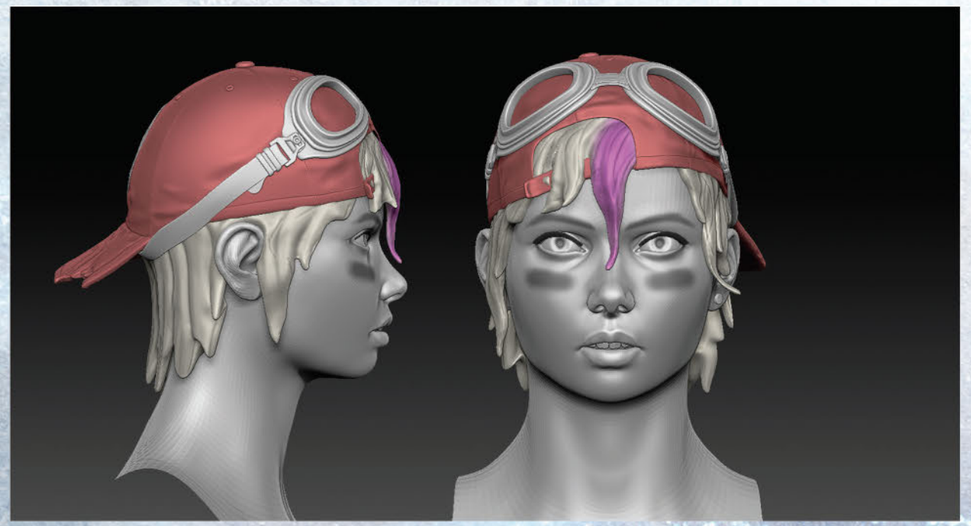
VIC BUCHANAN

THE DORSEYS

Once the cream of Colorado Springs society, a feud with Patriarch Buchanan and exile to the lawless eastern plains have - in a single generation- curdled them into toothless, fur-wearing, blood-god worshiping, hillbilly psychos. Makes you wonder about nature vs. nurture, don't it?

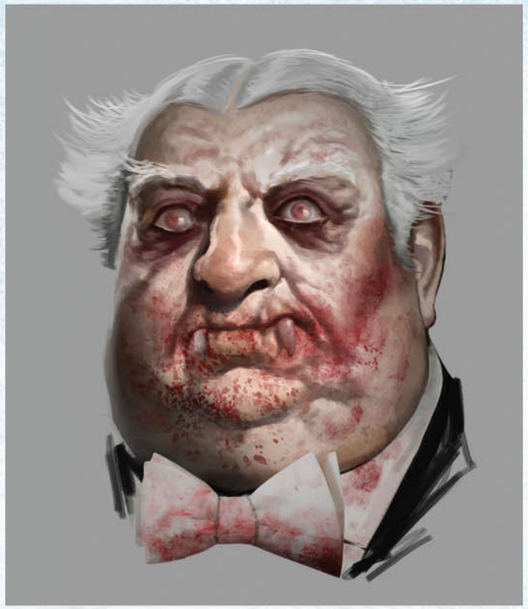
FISH-LIPS & HARD-HEADS

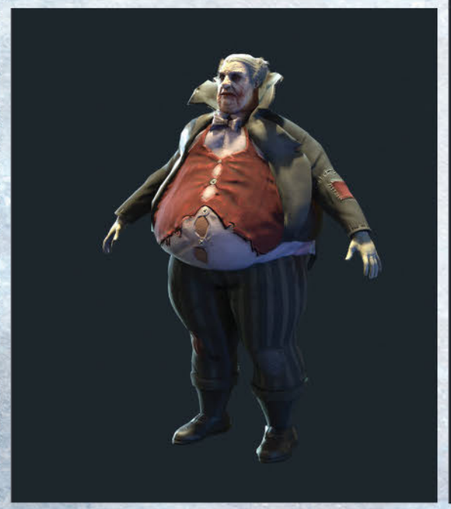
Sure he's a cannibal, but he's also an asshole. The leader of the Hardheads, a gang of toughs who specialize in scavenging oversize scrap - like airliners and factories - Fishlips has developed a taste for human flesh, and most of his followers have followed suit. And why not, humans are the best fed meat in the wasteland.



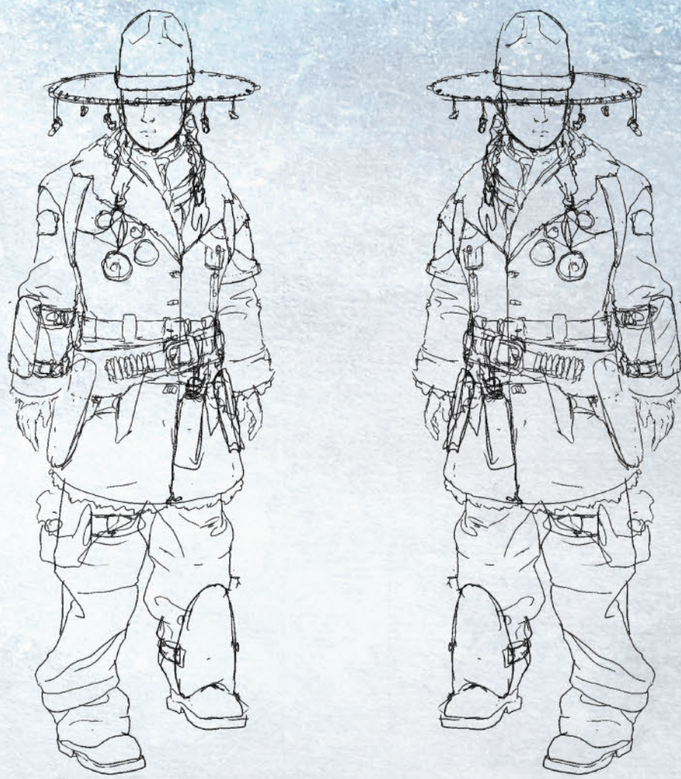
JODIE BELL

Just a good old gal, never meaning no harm, Jody Bell is the daughter of Arizona farmers, who grew up fixing cars from an early age. Consequently, she's handy with tools and tech. She's a recent recruit to the Rangers, joining up to help keep Arizona, and particularly her ma and pa, safe and sound.





FLAB THE INHALER



LUCIA WESSON

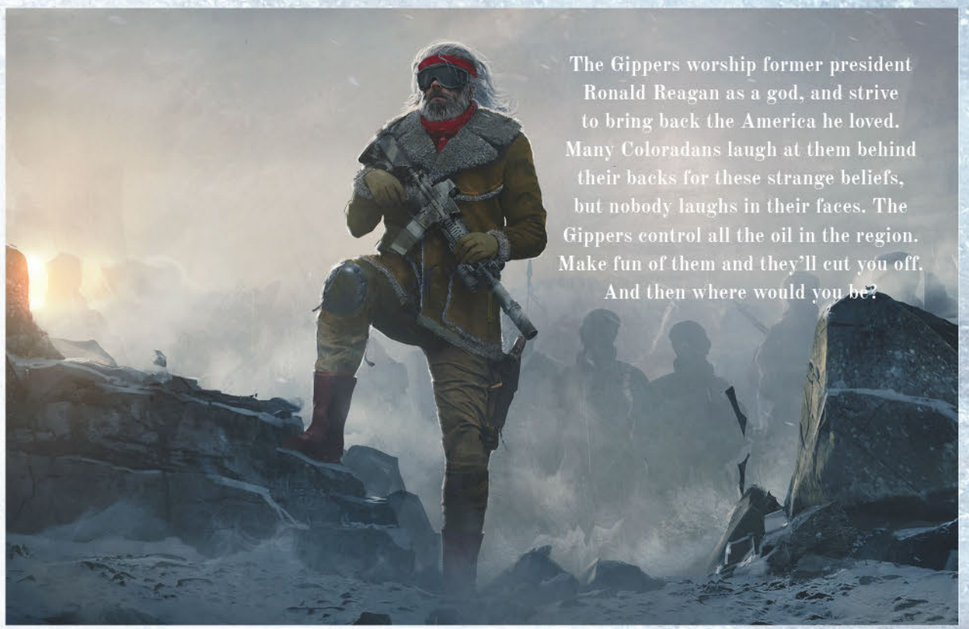
MACTAVISH

FARAN RRYGO

RANGERS

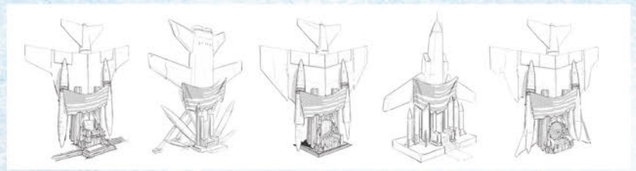
Body-modification obsessed raiders and slavers, the Scar collectors enjoy replacing or augmenting their arms, legs, and other body parts with scavenged and home-made mechanical 'improvements.' Chainsaw hands, shotgun arms, pneumatic legs, are badges of honor in the gang - and some of them even work!

SCAR COLLECTORS

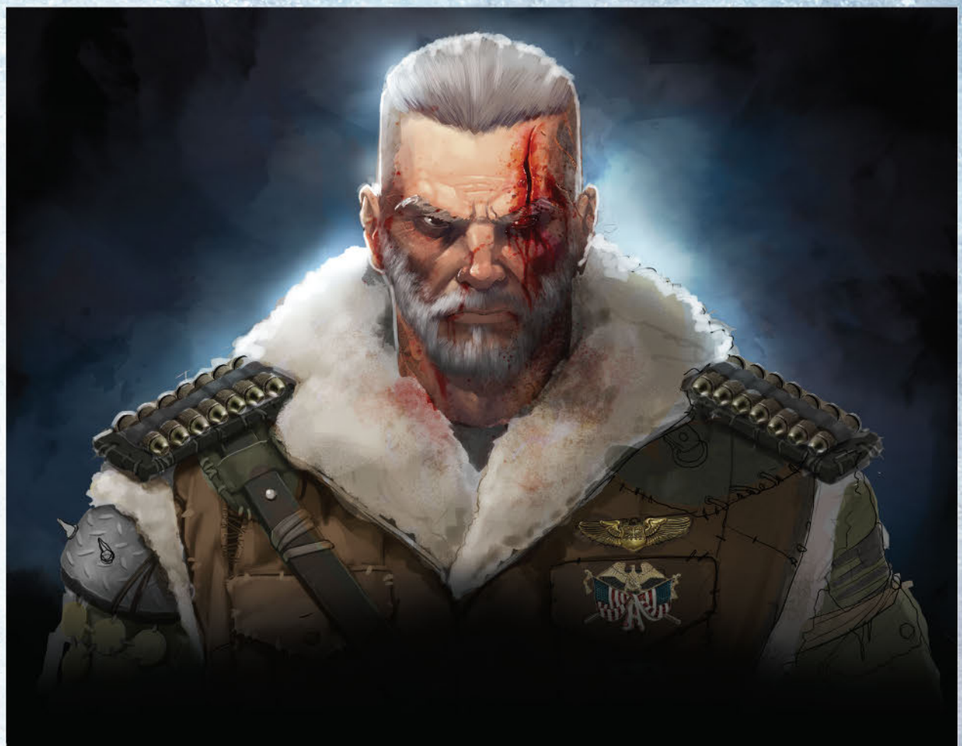


The Gippers worship former president Ronald Reagan as a god, and strive to bring back the America he loved. Many Coloradans laugh at them behind their backs for these strange beliefs, but nobody laughs in their faces. The Gippers control all the oil in the region. Make fun of them and they'll cut you off. And then where would you be?

THE GIPPERS



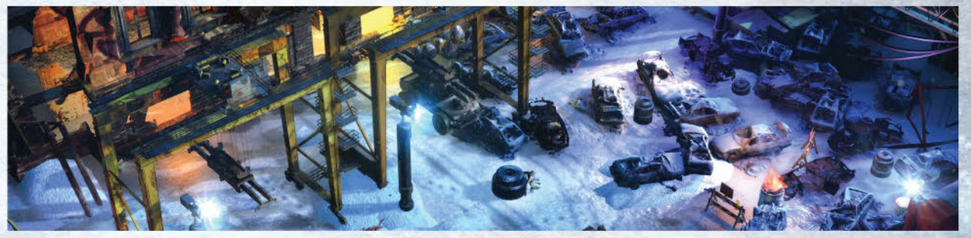
THE PATRIARCH



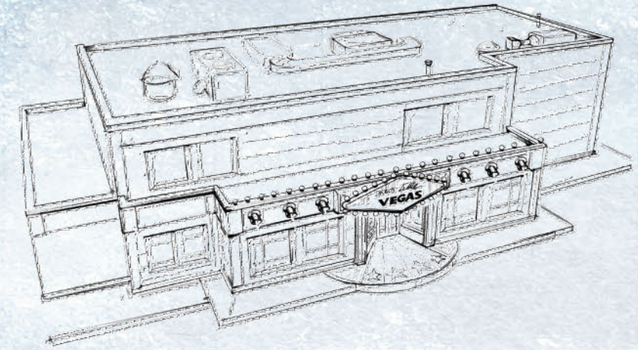
Saul Buchanan is the absolute ruler of Colorado, which he is proud to call the spirit of America reborn. He carved the state out of the chaos of the winter-bound eastern Rockies with nothing but his hammer, his strength, and his personal magnetism, and he's not going to let it go until someone pries if from his cold dead hands.

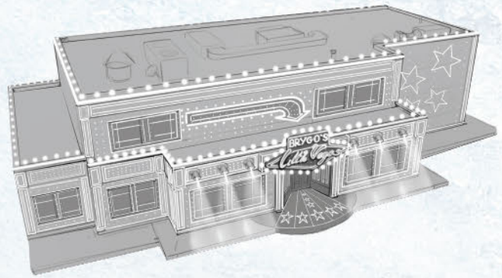
LOCATIONS

Not everything in the world is on this map. Not everything on this map is correct. Even if it is correct, it'll probably be wrong tomorrow. Sure is pretty though.



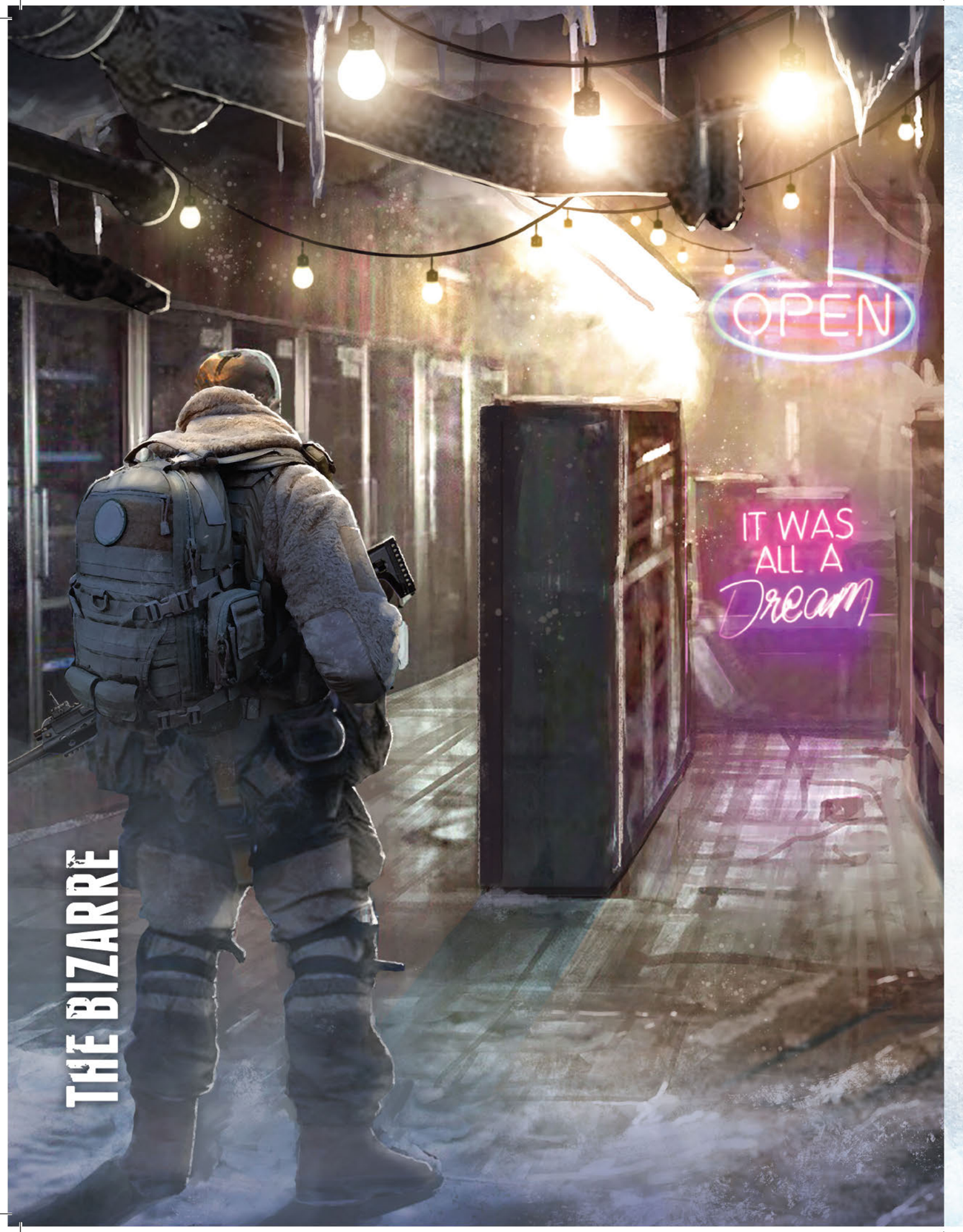
UNION STATION



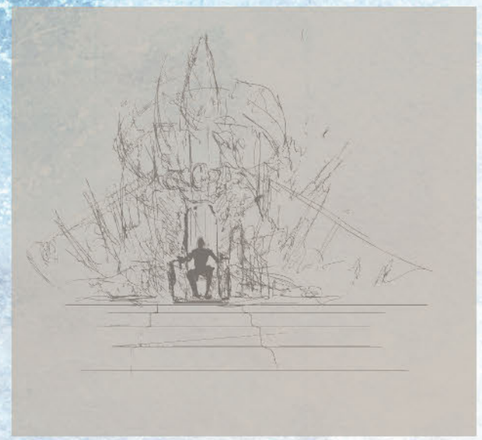


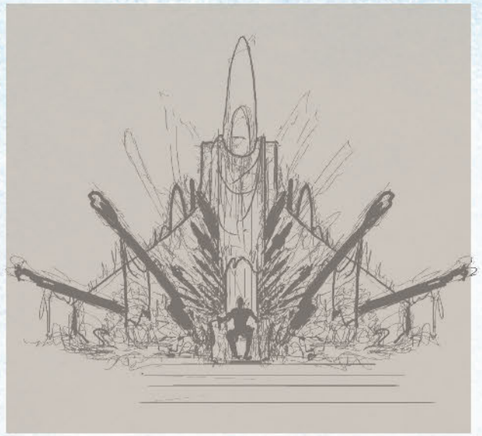
Las Vegas was destroyed by killer robots, but the spirit of the strip lives on in Little Vegas, Colorado Springs' classiest nightclub, casino, and brothel. If you want to throw your money down a green felt hole, drown your sorrows in high-priced booze, or catch a social disease, there's no finer place to do it.

LITTLE VEGAS



THE BIZARRE





THE PATRIARCH'S PALACE

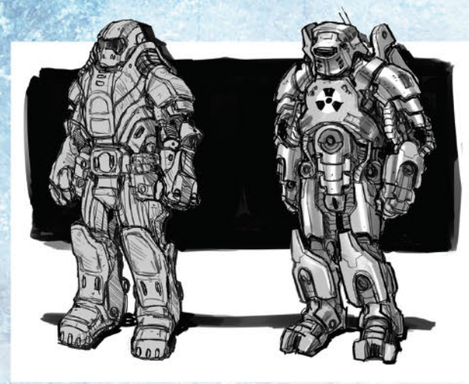
Worshipped as a god by the Gippers, Ronald Reagan has been given mechanical form by their artisans, and now stands sentinel over their Denver fortress - a giant moving statue that can shoot lasers out of its eyes and encourages the Gipper troops with folksy and patriotic phrases.

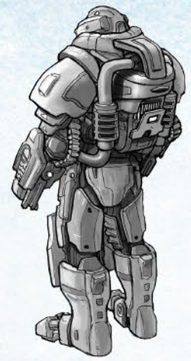
DENVER RUINS

ARMOR

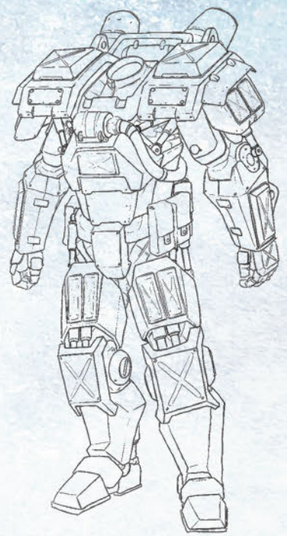
What the well-dressed survivor is wearing

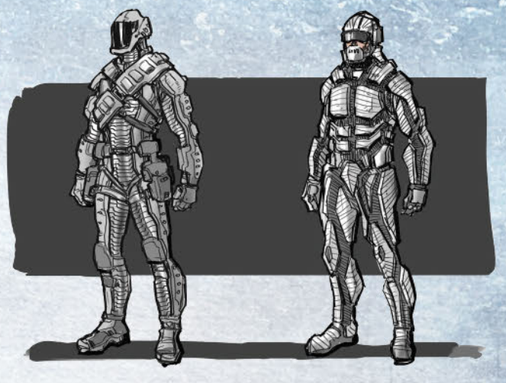
From harnesses of makeshift scrap, to high tech prewar armor, to the mad inventions of colorado's crazed cultists, there's armor to suit everyone's needs in Colorado. Some cost next to nothing. Some cost a fortune. Some can only be acquired with a bullet or a blade.

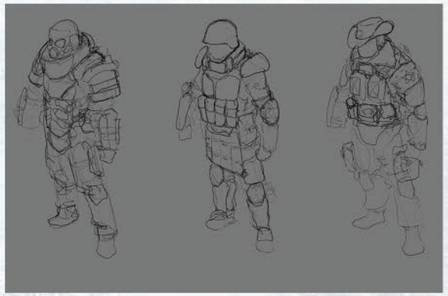


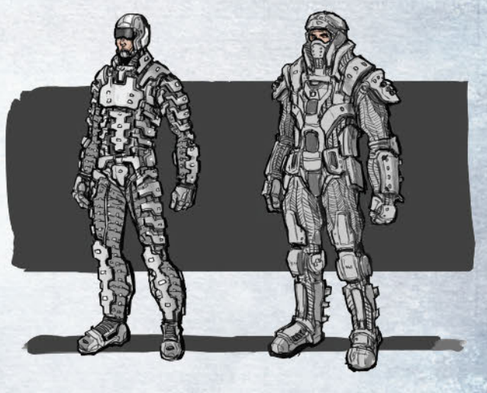


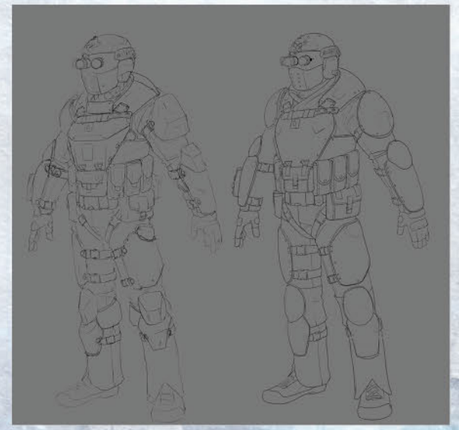
ARMOR

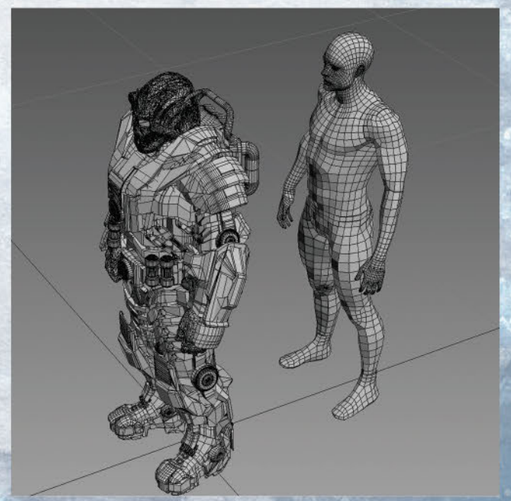


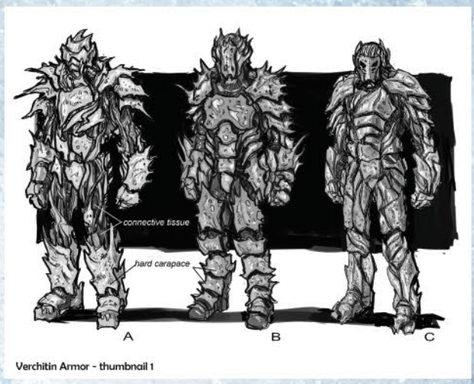




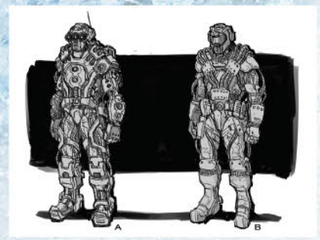


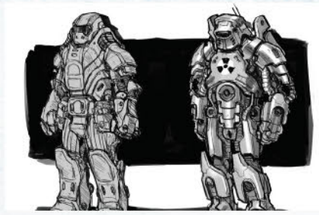


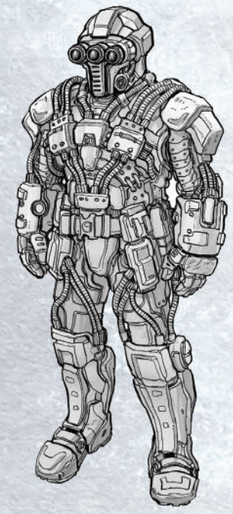


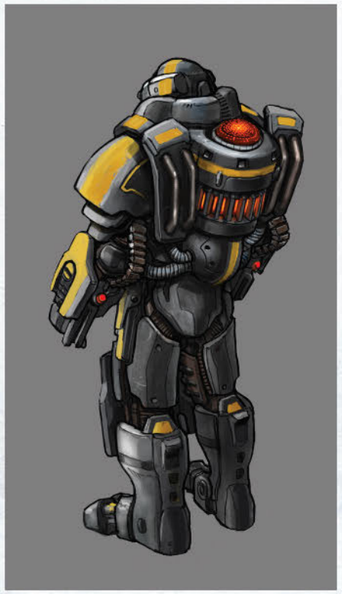


Verchitin Armor - thumbnail 1

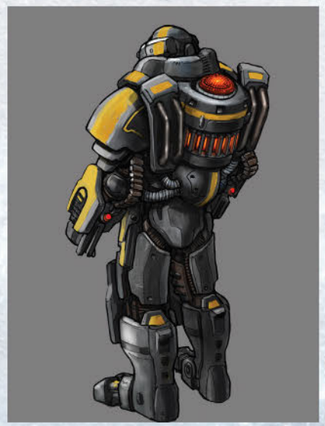






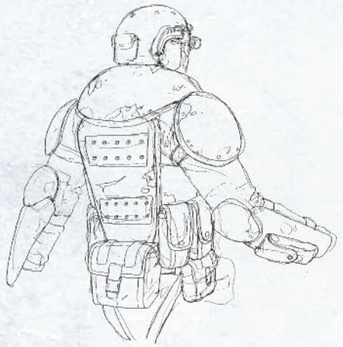


Nucular Armor Rev1

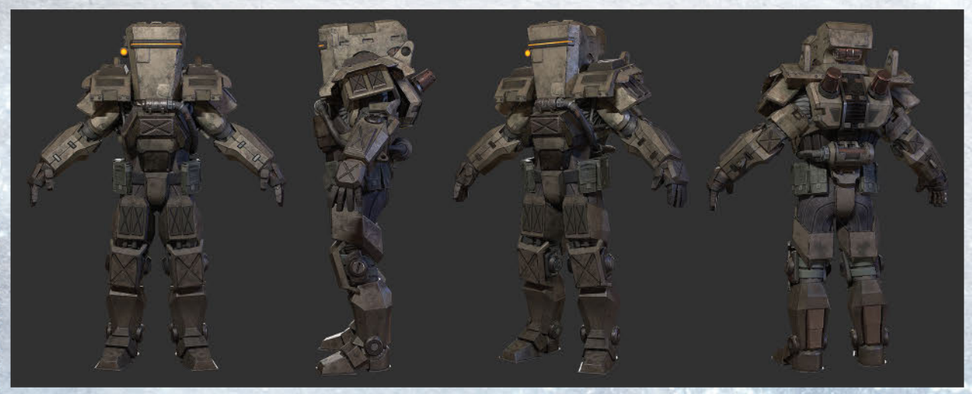


NucularArmor Color WIP 2

SCOUT ARMOR



SCRAP
ARMOR



WEAPONS

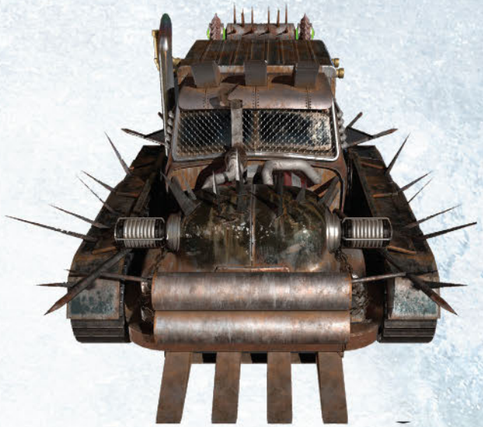
There are ten-thousand ways to die in the frozen wastes of Colorado. A good twenty percent of those ways are different kinds of weapons, from clubs to knives to guns to energy weapons to bombs, somebody's always coming up with another way to do their fellow Coloradans a bit of no good.

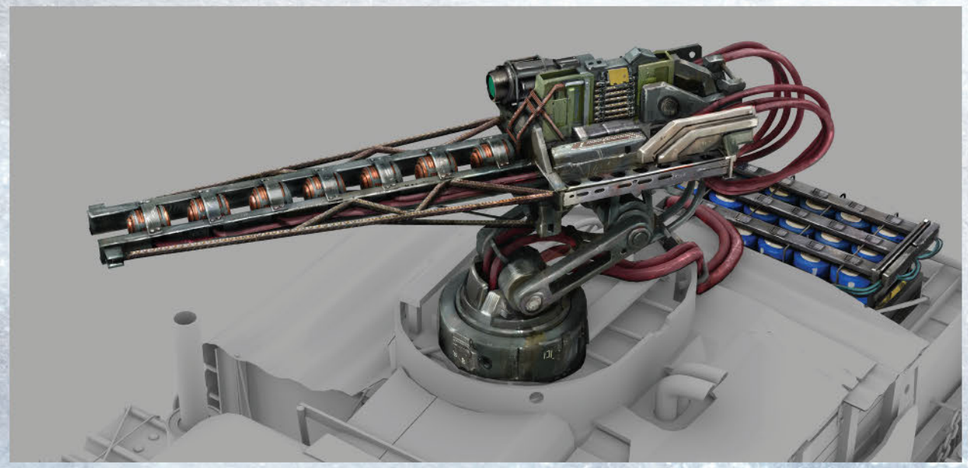
ONE WAY

VEHICLES

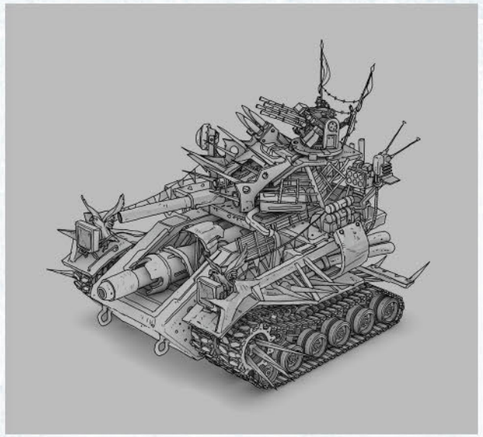
In a land of perpetual snow and ice, vehicles have to be tough just to drive to the market. Add cultists, militias, gangs, and stampeding bison that could knock you off your treads without breaking stride, and Colorado vehicles need to be well armed too. Make sure you use your turn signals.

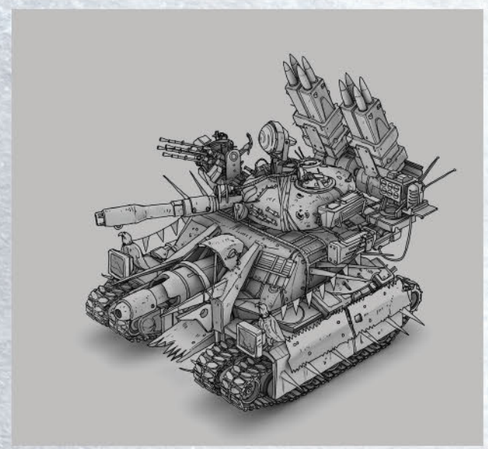
CARNIVAL

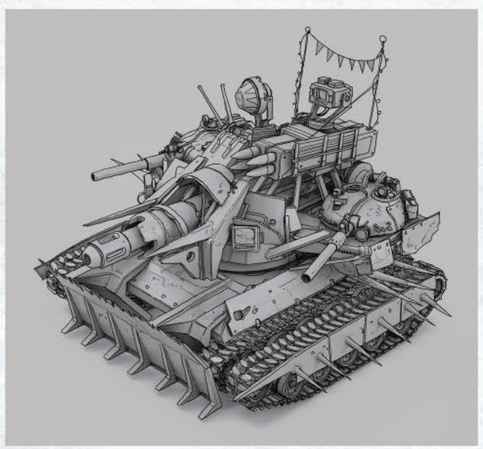


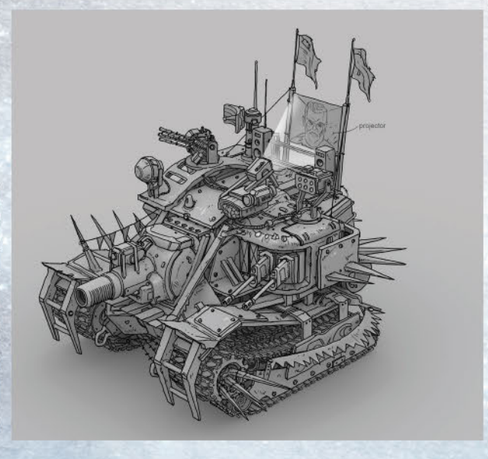


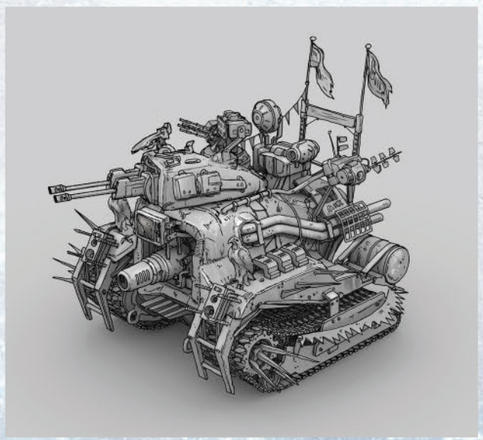
VEHICLES

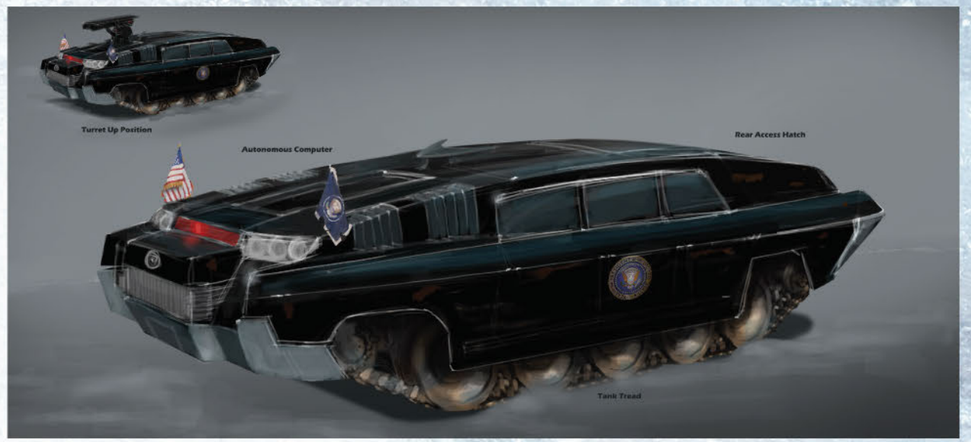


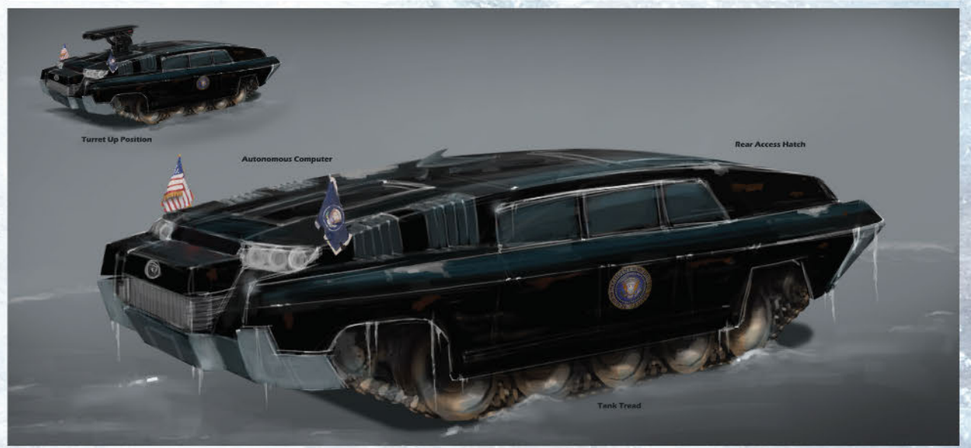





projector

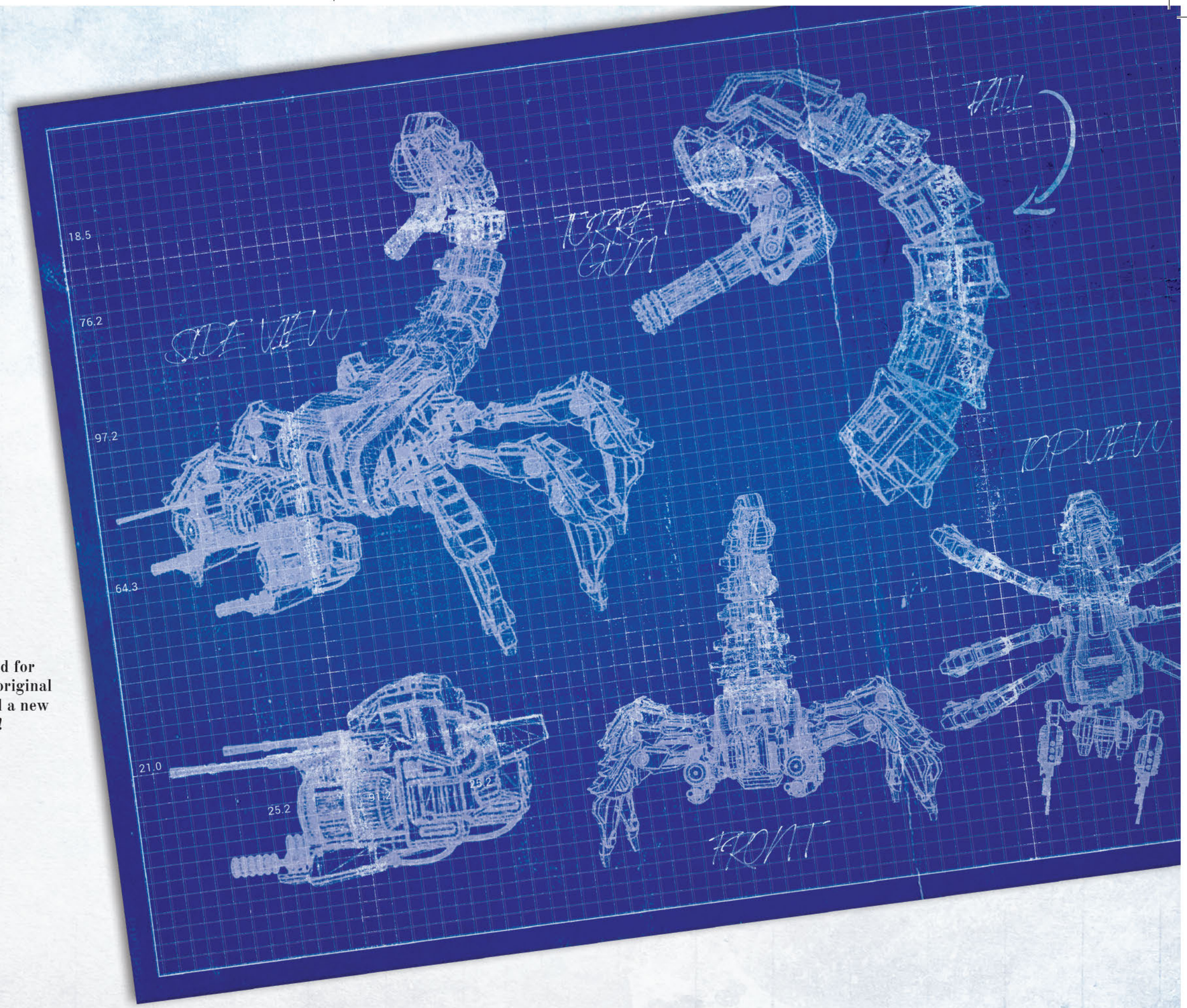



Turret Up Position
Autonomous Computer
Rear Access Hatch
Tank Tread

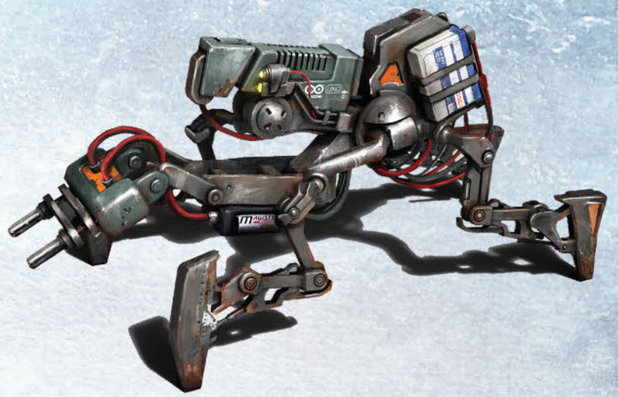

Turret Up Position
Autonomous Computer
Rear Access Hatch
Tank Tread

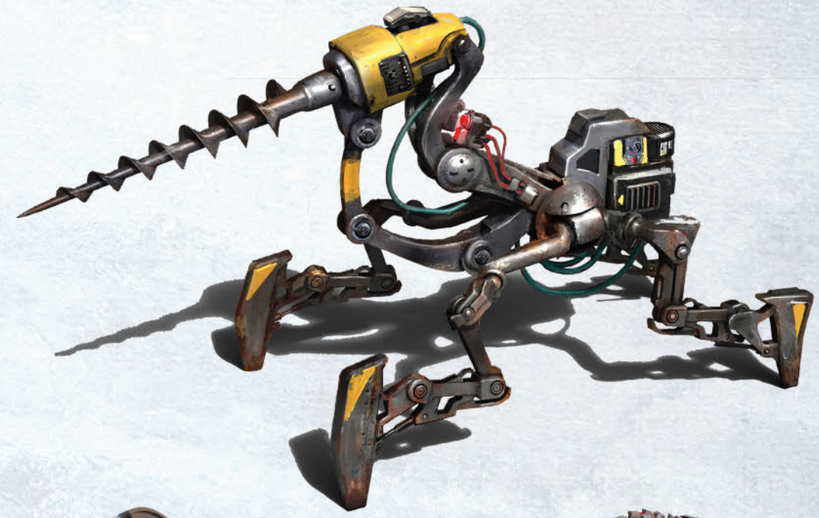
ROBOTS

Robots come in all shapes and sizes and were designed for many different purposes. Unfortunately, most of those original purposes have either been forgotten or overwritten, and a new purpose has become paramount - kill all humans!



BOING
BOING

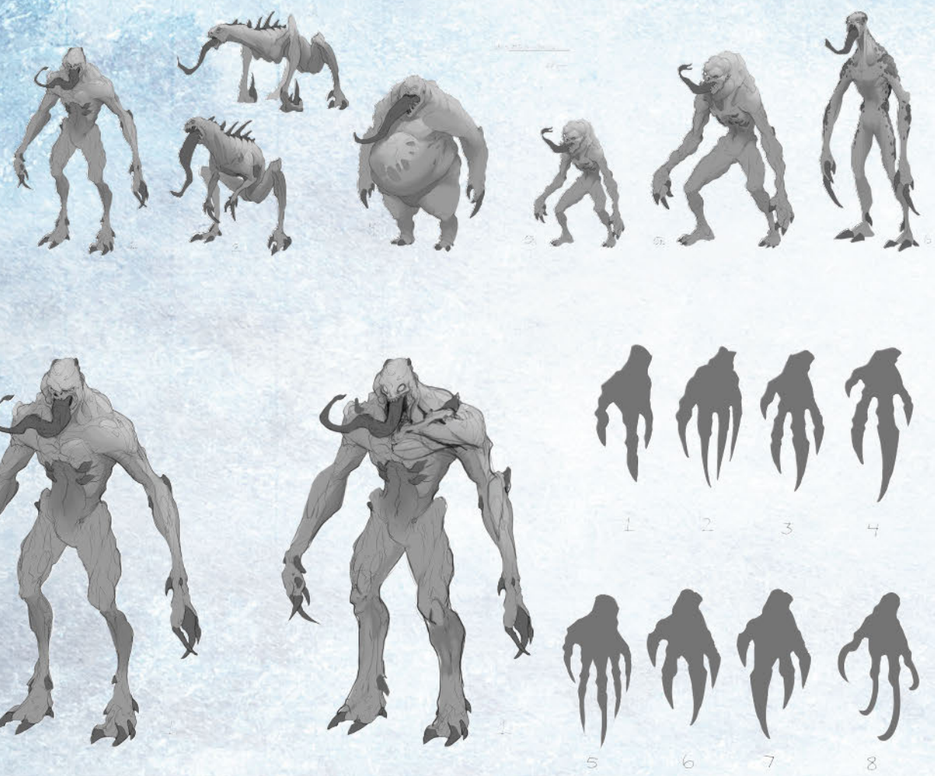




CREATURES

Dangerous environments breed dangerous creatures. Mix in a hundred years of radiation-assisted evolution and you'll get some real monsters. And those monsters are hungry. There's not a lot of food in a land of permanent nuclear winter, so human is definitely on the menu.

CREATURES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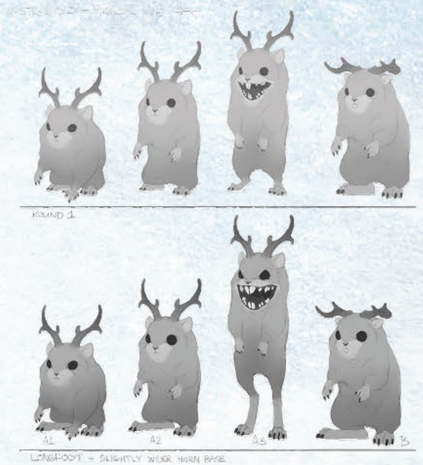
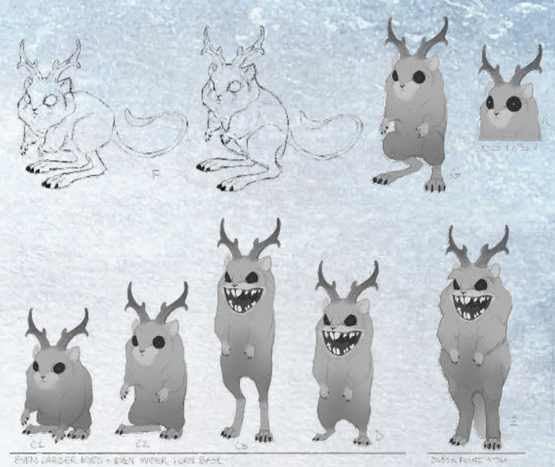
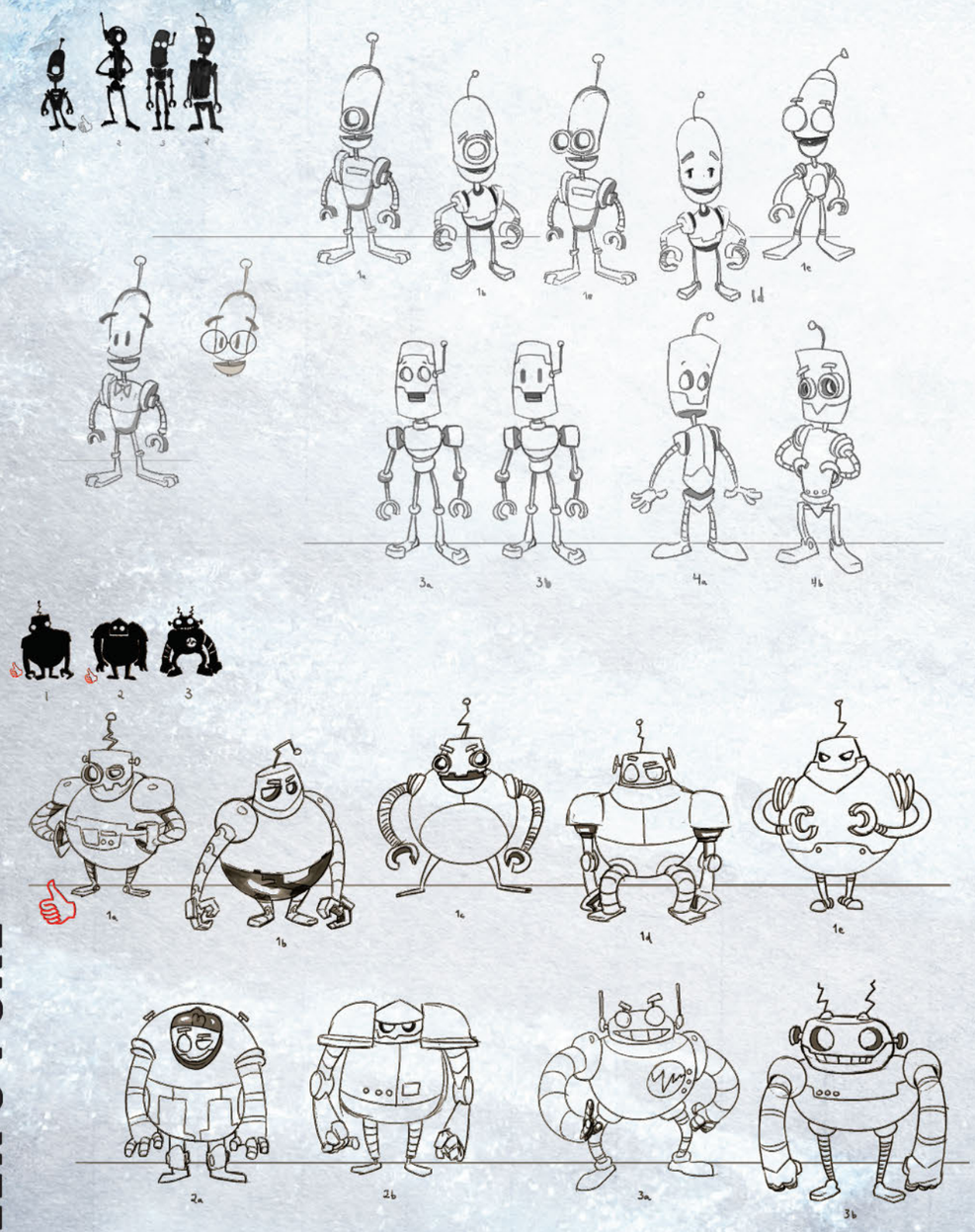
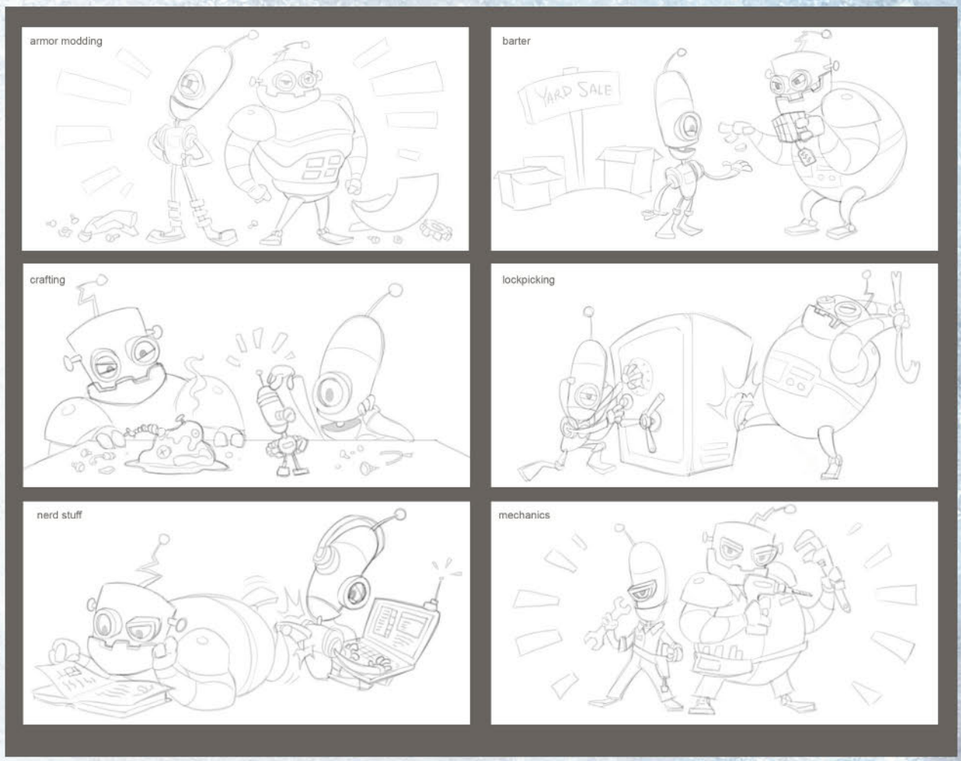

ROUND 1
LONGER FOOT + SLIGHTLY WIDER HORN BASE

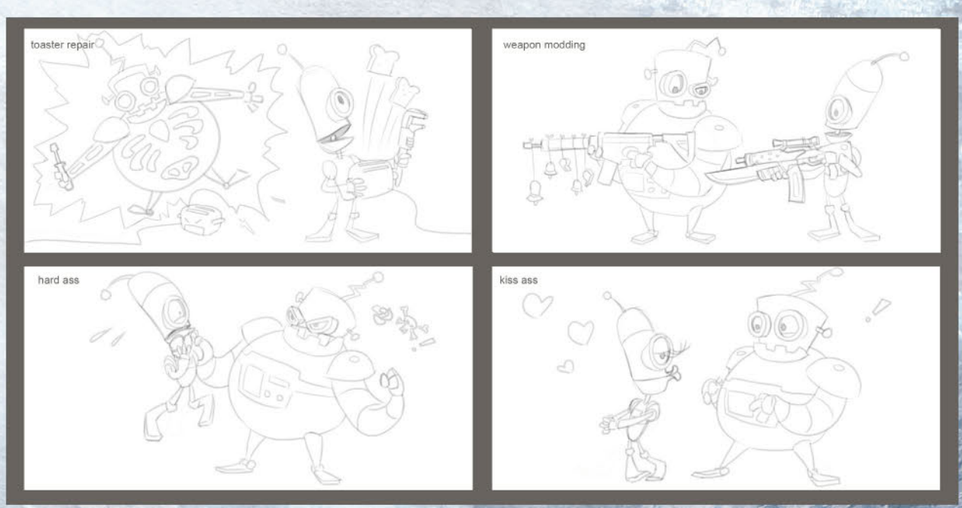

EVEN LARGER EYES + EVEN WIDER HORN BASE

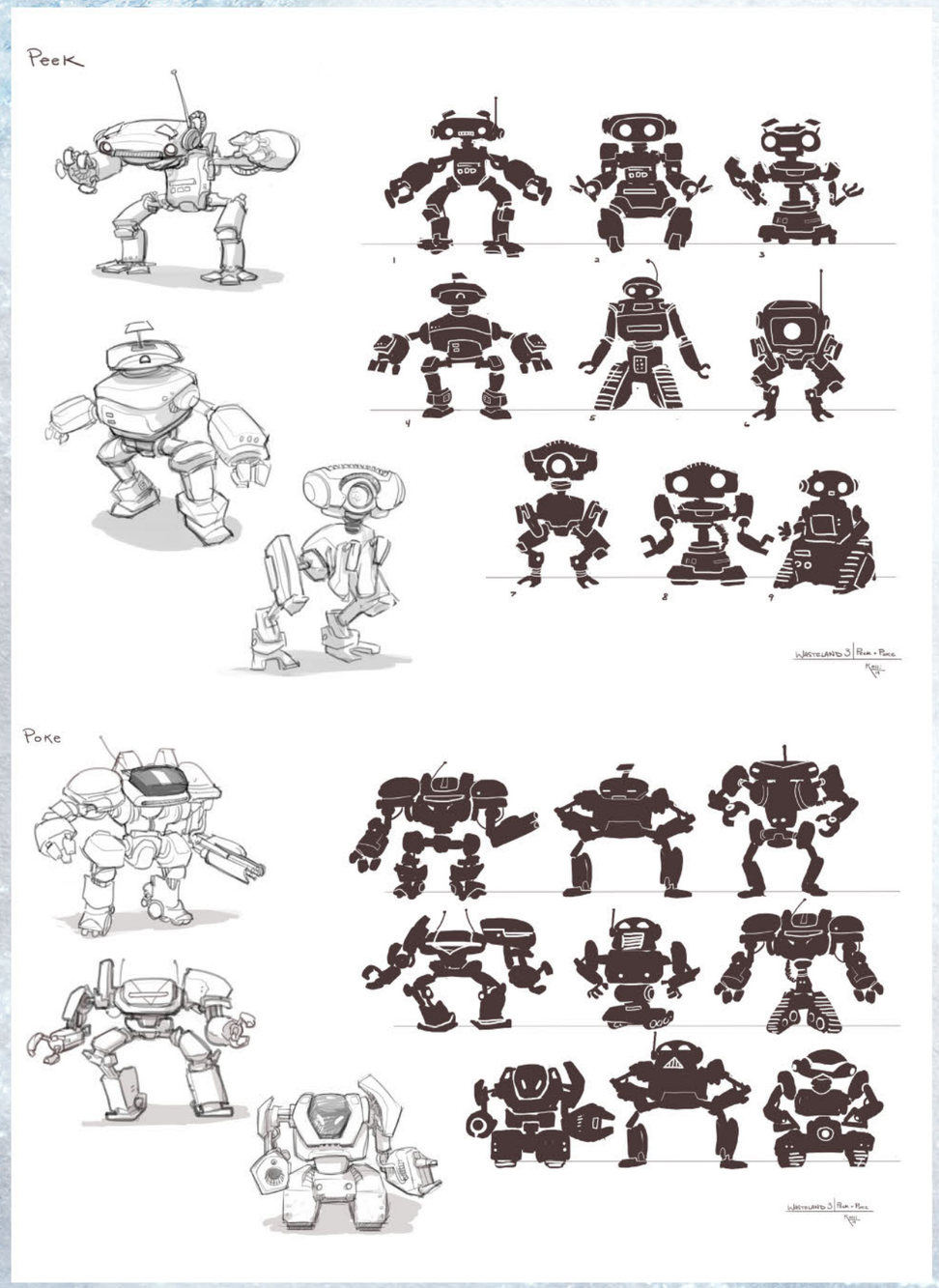
PEEK & POKE

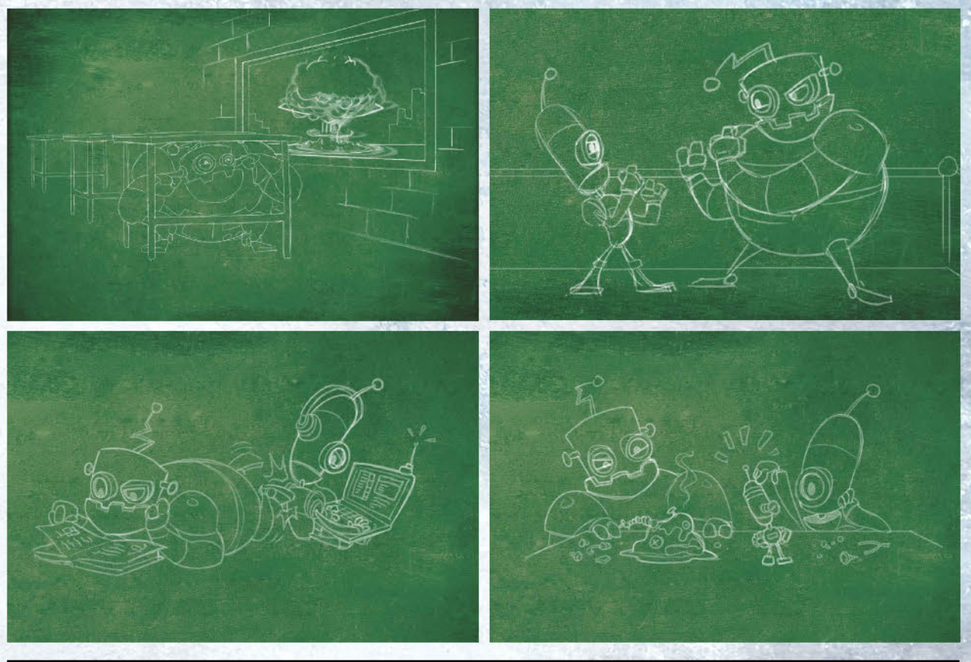
From PSAs of a time before the war, Peek and Poke are all that remain now in the cold streets of Colorado, still somehow imbuing the wild wasteland with its didactic dos and don'ts.



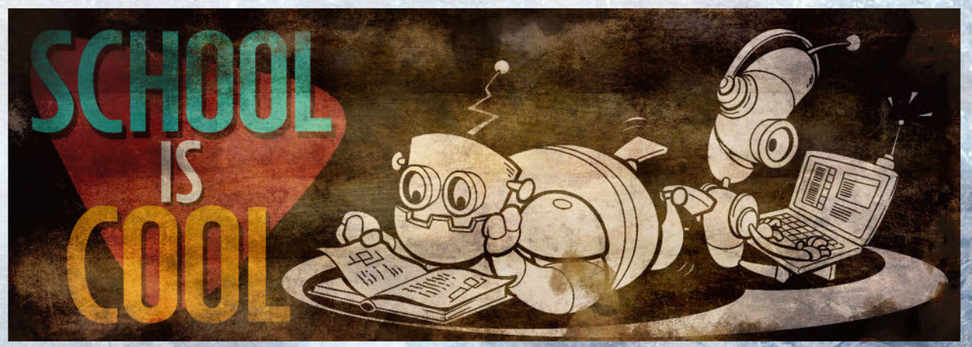

armor modding
barter
YARD SALE
crafting
lockpicking
nerd stuff
mechanics


toaster repair
weapon modding
hard ass
kiss ass

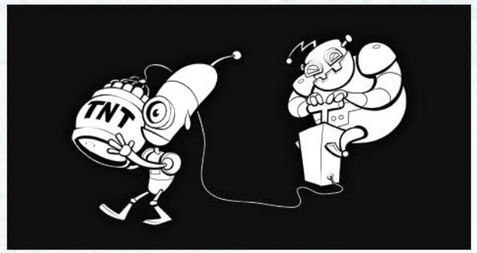

Peek
Poke

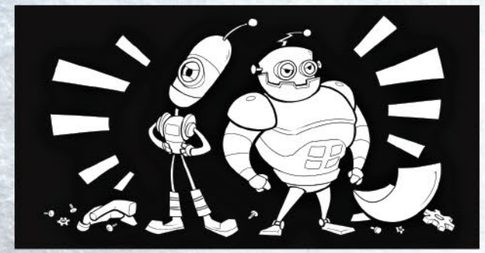


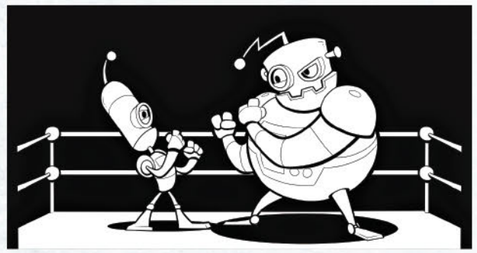
DRUGS
ARE FOR
CLOWNS
CRACK
HEROIN
POT
PILLS

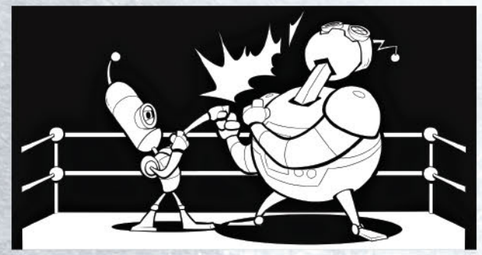

SCHOOL
IS
COOL

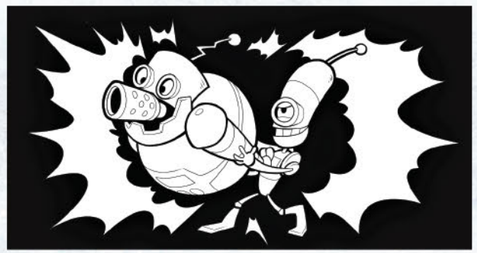
@#?!

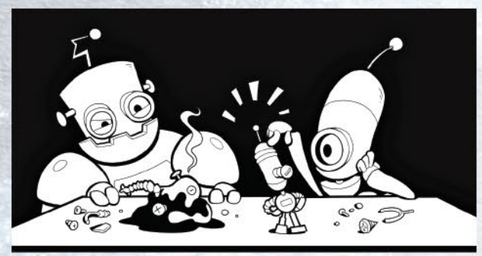

TNT

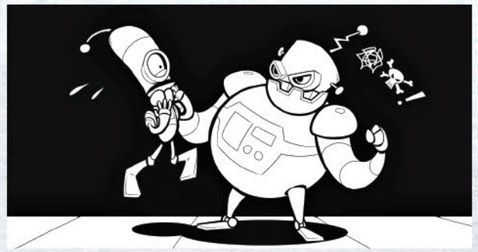


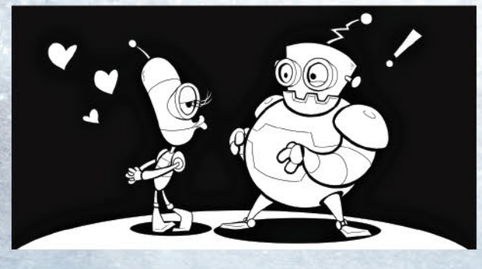


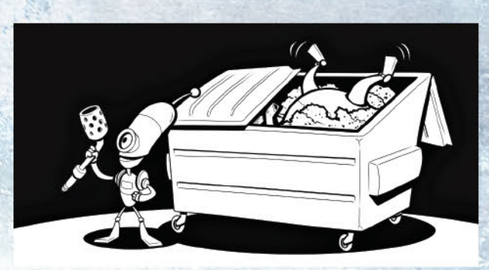


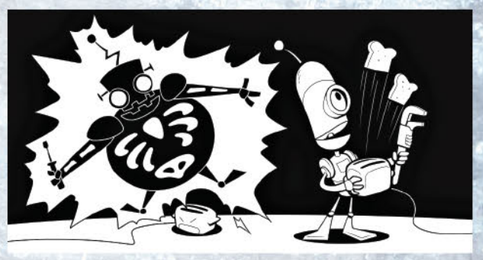


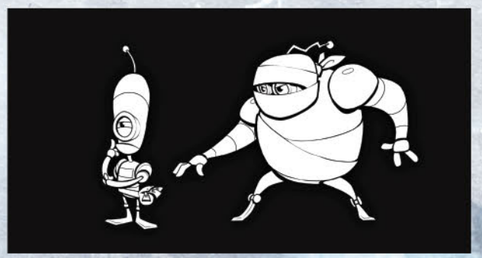


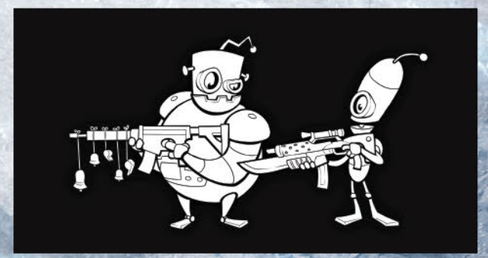








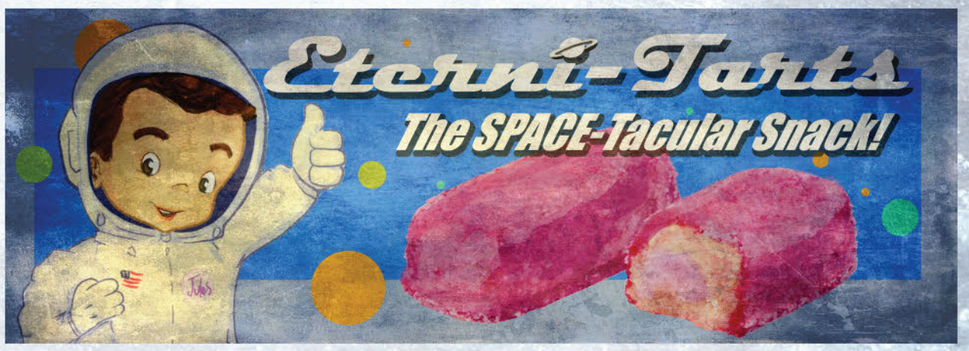




IN-GAME ASSETS

Everybody's selling something, right?

The world has ended, but the art of selling lives on. From prewar snack-cakes to irradiated cigarettes, there's plenty of product out there to satisfy a hungry market, so how does a mostly non-toxic liquor or lunchmeat stand out in the crowd? Advertising, of course!



The art of creating icons comes in clearly getting across a complicated concept or action in a single image, and we have certainly challenged our artists in that regard. Some really weird shit happens in this game.

ICONS

SPECIAL THANKS TO

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