

NEW RIO

WHEN EVERYTHING FELL APART RIO WAS DIFFERENT. THERE'D ALWAYS BEEN THE FIGHT—THE CONFLICT BETWEEN THE FAVELA GANGS AND THE GOVERNMENT—AND WELL, SOMETHING CRAZY HAPPENED WHEN PUSH CAME TO SHOVE. THE FAVELA GANGS WON.

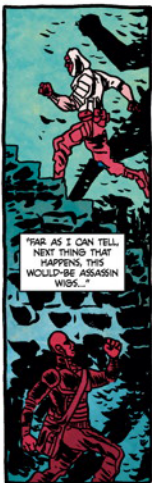
IT'S WHAT YOU'D CALL AN ANARCHICAL STATE. NO RULER, NO GOVERNMENT, NO KINGDOM, NO GOD. THE FAVELA GANGS EXERCISE THEIR POWER THE SAME WAY THEY DID BEFORE, AND IF YOU FUCK WITH THEM YOU'RE DEAD—BUT THERE'S NO CENSORSHIP, NO SURVEILLANCE, NO SECURITY STATE.

IN THE POSTGOVERNMENTAL VACUUM, INNOVATION THRIVES. TEENAGERS CRAFT D.I.Y. DRONES OUT OF CONSUMER-GRADE PRODUCTS AND SIMPLE CHIPSETS. THE D.I.Y. BIOMOD SCENE TAKES OFF. SELF-INSTALLED MONITORS HUM TO LIFE—INTERFACING WITH THE BLUETOOTH SMARTPHONES PURCHASED AT THE MARKETPLACE—SENDING PUSH NOTIFICATIONS WHEN LEVELS GO TOO HIGH OR DROP TOO LOW. TECHNOLOGY HAS BEEN RECLAIMED. REPURPOSED.

THE FUTURE IS HAPPENING, AND IT'S HAPPENING FAST.







THEY'RE
MORE ANIMAL THAN
MAN—RAW IMPULSE
AND SURVIVAL
INSTINCT.



"TWO RABID
DOGS LOCKED
IN A CAGE."



SOMETHING...
SOMETHING
HAPPENS.



"SACOSTA
LIP"



WHOEVER
IT IS...



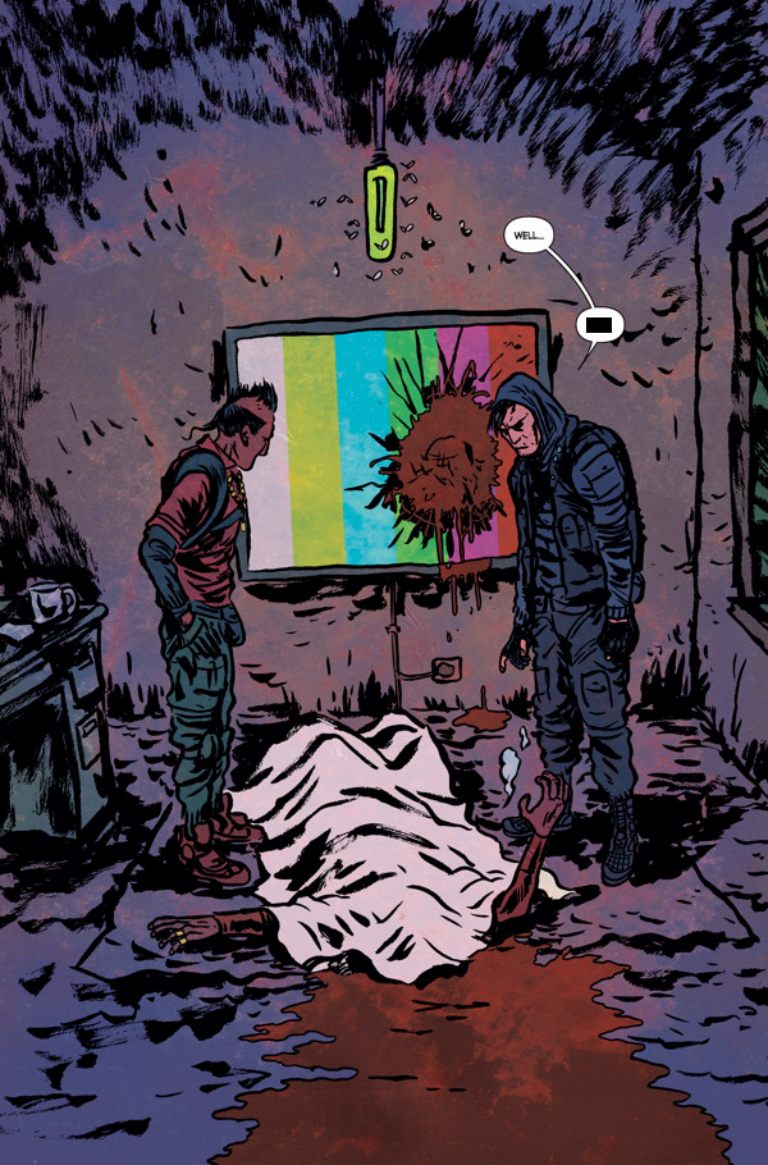
"THEY PUNISH
HIM FOR IT."



THEY
MAKE A
POINT.







WELL...