

Porto Fado: Radio Mission 1 - Indigo District
EDES301 - Fall 2023 - Sophie Kramer

As guests cross the bridge into the coastal world of Porto Fado, they become engulfed by the wave of sonorous energy that radiates from every speaker tucked away into the shop and apartment facades. A quiet selection of instrumental fado and light jazz loops through the air and combines beautifully with the natural song that dances on the wind. Intermittently, the sequence of songs breaks, and a quick news bulletin will sound off on a couple of the speakers. While the speaker's voice is clear enough to understand, it is evident that this voice is a tad bit unnatural and does not match the cadence of the words being said, such as...

NEWS BULLETIN ANNOUNCER (CASTIEL)

Bem-vindo and welcome to Rádio Anjo, home to os últimas notícias and the best fado music this side of the Atlantic. As we enjoy another day in our seaside paradise, keep your eyes peeled for the daily deals at our shops and markets across the city. You never know what treasures you'll find in someone's bargain bin. Speaking of bargains, be sure to head down to the waterfront Anjo Som for the best home and portable radio prices on the market!

Continuing down the pathway, countless shops and restaurants flank the side of the streets filling the air with a delightful cacophony of colors, sounds, and smells. At the end of the row, a little brick-and-stone shop produces the loudest and most blaring sounds you have ever heard. Inching closer, the sound becomes more crisp and clear and it dawns on us: it's Rádio Anjo! This must be Anjo Som, the birthplace and headquarters of Castiel's radio station. Taking the mysterious radio host's earlier advice, guests will duck into Castiel's shop to explore while beating the heat

Walking into the shop, it is like a technical wonderland hidden in the tropical paradise right outside the door. The soft, ambient lighting was provided by Edison bulbs suspended from the ceiling, their gentle glow creating an atmosphere of warmth and intimacy. The air is filled with the melodious strains of radio broadcasts, which emanate from strategically placed speakers discreetly nestled within the decor. The music, including Portuguese fado, jazz from across the Atlantic, and news updates from around the world, add to the enchantment of the place.

The walls bear vintage wallpaper featuring intricate patterns and rich colors that exude a sense of opulence. Ornate wooden molding framed the wallpaper, adding an extra layer of refinement to the decor. The mahogany shelves that lined the walls were a sight to behold, showcasing an extensive collection of radio receivers, both small and grand. Some of the radios were housed in elaborate wooden cabinets, each a work of art in its own right. These cabinets featured intricate marquetry and delicate inlays, reminiscent of the Art Nouveau and Art Deco

styles that were in vogue during the period. The radios themselves were adorned with ornate dials and brass knobs, inviting patrons to interact with the instruments of this burgeoning technology.

The focal point of the shop is an ornately carved wooden counter that stands proudly at the center. Its polished surface showcased an array of meticulously crafted radio components, including vacuum tubes, capacitors, and crystal detectors, presented almost like pieces of art. A brass cash register sat atop the counter, reflecting the meticulous attention to detail that permeated every aspect of the shop's design.

Visitors were welcomed by the friendly and impeccably dressed shopkeepers, their attire reflecting the sartorial elegance of the era. They were well-versed in the technical intricacies of the radios, and their passion for the medium was palpable as they regaled customers with stories of remarkable transmissions and the transformative power of radio in connecting people across vast distances. They call out to guests with delight:

SHOPKEEPERS

(ad libbing and riffing on existing dialogue)

Step right up for a sneak peek into your future! That's right, folks, line up for a chance to experience tomorrow's technology today with the Angel Som Handheld Portable Radio! Yes, no longer will we be stuck at home if we want to listen to the sweet music and the nightly news; now with this lightweight and petite traveler's delight of a radio, we are free as a bird. Constructed with one vacuum tube and powered with the newest power sources, this set receives all local broadcast stations and can be connected to an antenna to increase its power on an international scale. Ladies and gentlemen, this is the next big thing and you can take these bad boys out for a test drive today!

Delighted with curiosity, guests will approach the counter to register for a chance to see these newfangled devices in all their shiny display glory. Upon further inspection, these radios are even more impressive than we ever dreamed they could look. Its housing, meticulously crafted from polished wood, possibly mahogany or oak, or innovative Bakelite, exemplifies both durability and visual appeal. The carefully contoured form, with its sleek curves and geometric speaker grille, pays homage to the angular, symmetrical designs emblematic of the Art Deco movement. The control panel, adorned with brass or chrome-plated knobs and switches, not only facilitates ease of use but also adds a touch of sophistication. Positioned atop the radio, a leather or fabric-covered handle serves the dual purpose of practicality and style, enabling effortless portability. The glossy lacquered finish enhances the overall opulence, making this radio an enticing product for people from all walks of life.

Talking to the employees, they explain how the field test will work. Writing down (and later digitally input) your phone number and the serial number of the radio so they can activate it, all guests will be loaned a radio for 2 hours as they explore the signal strength all over the city. As the radio is handed over, guests are told to not turn on the radio until they exit the shop and are ready to start their journey. Exiting the shop, guests are free to continue to explore the land at their leisure, but those who are excited enough to begin their field test will immediately turn on their radios as they cross the threshold of Angel Som. Igniting with little lights all over and coming to life, the speaker crackles, and soft fado tones begin to fill the air. As the song continues and guests begin to walk away from the shop, the melody suddenly crackles and fades out as static cuts in and out. After a brief moment of silence, a tri-tone jingle sounds off, and a crackling voice cuts in:

CASTIEL

(voice altered and disguised, but intelligible)

Hello, hello, bem-vindo! This is Castiel, your angel of the sound waves and radio maker extraordinaire. Sorry to intrude on your little test, but the opportunity was too good to resist. You see, I'm a bit of a kingpin when it comes to information and this town is full of it. You wouldn't be able to tell, but these bad boys are so much more than your run-of-the-mill radios from the corner store; with my state-of-the-art programming, Angel Som radios can cause some major mayhem. It's almost like magic, no? Since I was so nice to let you all take my newest baby for a spin, surely you all could do me a favor and help me...expand my potential markets? Thank you, os querubins, you will not regret it. Right, right, follow the path down to the market district and I'll give you more instructions as you need them. Don't worry, I've got eyes and ears all over the place and they'll keep me in the loop.

*Intrigued and ready to explore, guests will continue down the path and loop themselves around to the **MARKET DISTRICT**, a high-end retail destination filled with the latest (at least in the eyes of 1920s Portugal) goods and apparel, along with quaint cafes, shops, and galleries run by Porto Fado locals. Many of the infamous must-see destinations in the city, such as Scroll and Steep, find their homes on this exact street. Filled with joy at getting to spend an afternoon exploring this upcoming area, guests allow themselves to stop and stare at the beautiful storefront displays that fill the street. There is nary a word from the radio until guests pass the Scroll and Steep and **CASTIEL**'s voice cuts through the street's ambiance.*

CASTIEL

(snarkily amused, but pressed for time)

Ah, finally! Well, I hope you enjoyed your scenic route around town, because where we're going isn't pretty, if you catch my drift. Head on up to that fork in the road and veer left down into the alley. Look for the lamppost on the corner and switch to channel two by hitting the middle button on your radio. I know it's a hassle but I have to make sure our lines are clear as glass and clean

like soap before anything else is said. You never know who, or what, is listenin' and we're headed into the dark and deep. Anyways, find and stand under the lamppost on the left corner of the fork in the road and hit that button to meet me on channel two.

Crackling out, Castiel's urgency puts a little pep into the guests' steps and they begin their trek toward the fork in the street. Passing other shops and carts, tended to by a very interesting menagerie of locals, we draw closer and closer to the three-pronged fork in the road. The path continues down towards the Castillo and more shops related to the history of that rich and awe-striking area. To the right, you can hear the running water of the riverfront, home to the incredible praça and infamous Bengali gardens and caves calling out for a visit. But just as Castiel instructed, we turn into the left alley and are met with a starkly dark iron lamppost that juxtaposes everything else colorful around it. As we whip out the radio again, we find a set of 3 small buttons on the center panel of the radio, right about the speaker, and a pair of small volume and tuning dials. The center button faintly glows with a red light and as requested, we hit the button, and the radio crackles once again as we connect to channel two.

CASTIEL

Much faster this time, very good! You guys might be the quickest learning informants I've had yet. Welcome, folks, to the edge of the Indigo District, the shadiest alley on this side of the Atlantic. I have my contacts here watching out for you guys to keep you on the safe side, but

I needed some new information that they can't seem to get a hold of. I think you'll all be inconspicuous enough to get by without anyone blinking twice at it, so head over to the front of the Bargain Boutique and look for a power breaker box. When you're ready, twist the tuning nob until you hear the third click and tap the breaker box. I'll give you more instructions when you get there. Move fast, lay low, and you'll be fine!

Entering Indigo Alley, guests are immediately met with a much different type of scenery than the rest of Porto Fino that they've seen so far. On the left side, the remnants of the once-thriving trade dock cast a stark, melancholic shadow. The structures, now crumbling and stained with the salt of countless sea breezes, tell the story of a prosperous past now long gone. The old, weathered warehouses with sagging roofs and chipped paint bear the weight of history.

Dilapidated wooden docks extend into the cobalt waters of the harbor, displaying signs of rot and neglect. Rusty, forgotten maritime equipment, such as anchor chains and abandoned barrels, litter the cobblestone walkways, creating a disheartening atmosphere of decay. To the right side of the alley, the residential housing units, although once proud, now exude an air of desolation.

Many of the windows are boarded up or broken, their frames crumbling with time. The occasional faded curtain flutters in the breeze, betraying the lives that once inhabited these now-vacant spaces. Businesses, seemingly clinging to the thread of existence, display their wares behind chipped glass windows, their facades a patchwork of makeshift repairs. Overhead, the awnings and overhangs sag under the weight of neglect, their colors now muted and uninviting.

The road itself, paved with uneven cobblestones that have shifted and settled unevenly over time, is now a treacherous terrain. Puddles of stagnant water and piles of debris litter the walkway, making each step a precarious endeavor. The faded remnants of decorative ironwork on the buildings' exteriors hint at the elegance that once graced these structures but has since crumbled into disrepair. The architecture, with its peeling paint, cracked facades, and sagging beams, echoes the area's economic decline. Yet there is something still quite lively to the area, despite its dilapidated form; maybe there is more to it that we cannot quite see yet but will learn about with time.

Finally, we catch sight of our intended location: the Bargian Boutique. Its original maritime function as a boat parts shop is still evident in the aging, weather-beaten structure. The façade, which was once painted a seafoam green, has now faded to a dull, peeling shade, giving the impression of a ship's hull long past its prime. The shop's name is displayed on a dilapidated sign that sways ominously in the salty breeze. A patchwork of corrugated metal sheets and weathered wooden planks have been used to hastily extend the storefront's roof, creating a makeshift canopy. This chaotic alteration casts a jagged and irregular shadow over the entrance, evoking an unsettling atmosphere. Broken, rusted pipes protrude from the building, reminiscent of ship masts that have seen better days. Sparse, grimy windows offer only fleeting glimpses of the jumbled, eclectic wares within. The glass panes, long neglected and stained with sea salt, contribute to the shrouded, mysterious aura surrounding the shop. A dingy door, held together by battered hinges and secured with a tarnished padlock, guards the entrance, requiring a hefty effort to swing open.

Looking down the side, we catch sight of the allusive breaker box guests were instructed to find. Upon further inspection, the box is bent and dented as if it has been tampered with before. Slightly rusted with age, it seems a miracle that this box could still work and power anything, much less an entire shop building. We pull out our radios and begin to twist the bottom knob on the panel until we hear two clicks and then gently place it next to the box, which suddenly springs open with the tritone sound that we've come to associate with the radio and Castiel jumps onto the airwaves.

CASTIEL

(impressed but still frantically rushing)

Woah, better and better every time! Good job, querubins. Now that it's open, look for an orange-colored knob in the breaker box and twist it to the right like you're opening a door. If you twist the right one, something in a capsule should drop down. When you get the capsule, close the breaker box and find me on channel one. You can never be too careful these days!

Just as we were told, there is a huge orange knob within the breaker box that is just begging to be played with. As we turn the switch to the right, you can hear a faint series of beeps and clicking noises coming from somewhere behind the box. As they slowly get quieter and quieter, a little door opens on the side of the breaker box, and a little round capsule rolls out into view. Remembering Castiel's instructions, guests quickly grab the capsule, close the box, and click the first button, glowing with a small purple light. As we hit the button, the lights around us flicker for a few seconds, and a light over the Flower Shop grows stronger and flashes purple for a few seconds before returning to normal. The sudden light display leaves us amazed and confused as Castiel cuts through the shock

CASTIEL

(smug)

Pretty swanky, no? My Angel Som radios are built with the finest tech around and the things they can do are simply out of this world. I was going to send you a search to find a local merchant somewhere in town, but my creation just cut our search in half. Head into the flower shop, find someone at the cash register, and tell them this code phrase: "The mountain goat bleats a jolly tune in the morning!". I know it is a tad silly, but stranger things have been said in this town, believe me. Once you give the code phrase, present them with the capsule and they should know what to do. Use the buttons on the side of your radio to buzz me when you're back outside the shop and I'll meet you on channel three! Boa Sorte!

Walking across the cobblestone excuse for a road, we move towards the now-slightly eerie Flower Shop. Nestled discreetly beneath the second floor of a residential building, this transformed studio apartment unit, previously abandoned and overlooked, now stands as an enchanting Flower Shop, meticulously crafted by a determined Porto Fado family. The exterior offers few hints of the treasures that lie within. A weathered wooden sign, painted with loving care, proudly declares the establishment as "Blossom & Curio." The entrance door, though showing its age, bears the patina of countless welcoming gestures, while a delicate bell softly announces each visitor's arrival.

Upon crossing the threshold, visitors are met with an inviting tapestry of the natural world. Sturdy, handmade shelves, fashioned from reclaimed wood, display an array of carefully curated flora, including vibrant blossoms and carefully tended potted plants. The shop's decor mirrors its verdant theme, with charming wooden tables showcasing an assortment of carefully arranged bouquets and the gentle sway of hanging baskets suspended from the ceiling. Amongst the flowers, a scattering of postcards bearing scenes both local and exotic adds an intriguing dimension to the shopping experience. With each step deeper into the shop, the enchanting allure of the flora takes hold, revealing blooms of remarkable beauty and enchanting fragrances. Here, every detail seems to whisper of the natural world's wonder, inviting guests to immerse

themselves in the atmosphere. It's as if the very air is charged with a subtle energy that amplifies the experience, adding an extra layer of enchantment but mystery to the air.

Shaking off our curiosity, we remember we are on a mission and approach the cash register with the capsule in hand. While one register is manned by a merchant selling actual merchandise, there is another register left vacant other than a bell and a sign that says "Ring for Service", and we do as we are told. From the back comes another employee, who looks at us with disdain at the fact they have to actually do their job. Groaning, they speak to us:

FLOWER SHOP EMPLOYEE

(regretting the choices that led them to this moment)

Bem-vindo and welcome to Blossom & Curio, home of plants like no other. My name is _____, how can I help you today?

Confidently as a group, guests will pass along Castiel's code phrase: "The mountain goat bleats a jolly tune in the morning". With this phrase, the employee's face quickly lights up with recognition and all life and emotion comes back to their face. They lean over the counter and speak to the guests in rushed tones.

FLOWER SHOP EMPLOYEE

(secretive and allusive)

Oh, a visitor sent by the angels, how fun is that? Show me what you're working with, cherub. *(spotting the capsule)* A gift from above, exciting! Let's take a closer look and see what exactly we managed to find.

The employee takes the breaker box capsule and twists it open, revealing a slip of paper with an address and a scrappy drawing of a phone. While this seems to mean nothing to us, the employee's eyes flicker with recognition and they lean in even closer, almost whispering.

FLOWER SHOP EMPLOYEE

(hushed but knowing)

Holy smokes, I know this address; it's the old import warehouse at the end of the road that seemed to shut down a few years ago. I've seen a bunch of goon-lookin' guys that have been packing some heat heading in and out of there for the past few weeks, but I don't have the faintest clue why. Here, take the address and I'll keep this doohicky and call our mutual friend and tell 'em what we found. I'm sure you'll hear from 'em soon. Best of luck to you, folks, you're in the thick of it now.

Exiting the flower shop, we remember to use the side buttons on the radio to notify Castiel we're waiting for his call, and the last button on the radio flashes green, letting us know he's waiting at

the end of the line. As we switch channels, we are met with the sound of a rapid-fire of exasperated phrases in a multitude of languages, including French, Italian, Mandarin, and Portuguese. Castiel collects himself and launches into an English version of the rant.

CASTIEL

(exasperated)

I cannot believe I didn't think about the import warehouse sooner, it's the obvious spot to hide in this town and I completely forgot it existed. Ah, thank you, my little flies on the wall, for cluing me in. Since you've done such a brilliant job so far, I have one more little task for you before your field mission ends. I need you all to find the pay phone outside of this burro cannery and simply pick up the phone and hold it up to the radio so I can intercept the frequency and listen in. When you find it, twist that tuning dial from earlier until the third click and then hold my device up to the receiver. We've almost got it!

With this vote of confidence, we are recharged and ready to face our final task in the Indigo District. We walk down the path to the warehouse that encloses the end of the street. The rugged brick façade, wearing the scars of countless seasons, stands as a testament to the passing of time and the discretion that shrouds the inner sanctum. The bricks, once vibrant and now softened by the elements, create a textured canvas that conceals the captivating secrets within. Ivy vines, carefully cultivated and climbing the aged walls, add a touch of nature's reclaiming to the establishment, forming a verdant tapestry that complements the surrounding cityscape. The bricks themselves have an aura of whispered tales, suggesting a history known only to a select few. They contribute to the sense of a place lost in time, unassuming and mysterious, beckoning those who dare to explore its enigma.

Above the entrance, in elegant yet faded lettering, the name "Big Shoulders' Imports" is discreetly emblazoned. The script, once bold, now carries an air of subtlety, evoking the illusion of a legitimate import business. The typeface, delicately designed, harks back to a time when craftsmanship and attention to detail were held in high regard. This clever play on words, referencing Chicago's famous moniker, adds a layer of historical authenticity while cleverly diverting attention from the true nature of the establishment. The heavy wooden doors, standing as the gateway to the hidden world within, are adorned with unassuming brass fixtures, polished by countless hands that have ventured through. They possess a sturdiness that hints at the secrets they protect. The doors' dark, polished wood carries subtle carvings and inscriptions, barely visible, which add to the sense of intrigue.

On either side of the entrance, discreet windows provide only a teasing glimpse of the speakeasy's dimly lit interior. These windows, carefully curtained with heavy drapes, allow just a fraction of the tantalizing world beyond to be seen. It's as if they hold back the allure, leaving patrons outside in a state of curiosity and anticipation. The street-facing windows feature faded

posters, evocative of the prohibition era, their colors softened by time. They display cryptic messages that tantalize passersby, hinting at a hidden mystery lurking right under their noses.

Right to the left of the entrance is a payphone booth and we are left to follow Castiel's instructions and twist the radio's tuning knob until we hear the third click. We pick up the receiver hold the radio out to it and begin to listen in to the ongoing call ourselves. Over the tinny speaker of the phone, we can make out an angry conversation between two men yelling back and forth.

VOICE ONE

Now you've done it, you numbskull! You really have the curse on yourself, don't you?

VOICE TWO

I really don't think it's that big of a deal and no one's really gonna notice, are they?

VOICE ONE

(in disbelief)

No one's gonna....WE ARE RUNNING A BAR FOR CHRIST'S SAKE. DO YOU REALLY THINK NO ONE'S GONNA NOTICE A WHOLE MISSING PALLETE OF GIN BOTTLES?

VOICE TWO

WELL, surely the boss won't notice. Maybe the barbacks or the kitchen but not someone as busy as Bo-

VOICE ONE

OF COURSE HE'S GONNA NOTICE. HE'S THE BOOGIE MAN, YOU LOON. HE SEES ALL. God, I hope that you can find your way to your bed tonight because there's a good chance you'll be swimmin' with the fishes. *(the line clicks signifying VOICE ONE hung up the phone)*

VOICE TWO

God save my sweet stupid soul *(VOICE TWO hangs up and the line goes dead)*

CASTIEL (over the radio)

I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED BOOGIE MADE HIS WAY TO PORTO FADO BY NOW. He really is too predictable because where there's intrigue, there's Boog. *(remembering we can hear him)* Oh, my friends, thank you so much for your help, but we have to get you out of there now! Put the receiver back where you found it and head on back to my shop where my associates will end your field test and reward you for your bravery. I'll be returning your radio back to regular frequency in the meantime, but truly from the bottom of my heart, thank you. You're welcome back to Angel Som any time. Castiel, over and out!

With his warning in mind, guests will head back to the Angel Som shop at their own pace, and upon their return, an employee will chat with the guests about their journey. After taking back the radio, the employees will present the guests with a token of appreciation from Castiel: a pin that says “Radio Angel”. Donning this badge proudly, guests will know they are Porto Fado champions as they roam around the rest of the city with the knowledge that maybe there’s more to this city than meets the tourist’s eye.