

Phantasy of Rio

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Portfolio for
Informing Contexts
PHO 720

MA-Photography
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STATEMENT OF INTENT

When I step into Rio Cinema now, it's as if time momentarily pauses and everything within me softens—my breath, my pulse, even my thoughts. Gone are the days when I was a wide-eyed child, lost in the glow of the projector and the soft hum of anticipation from an audience. I can still remember the plush red velvet seats beneath my small frame and the comforting smell of roasted gram that promised adventure. Today, the dust-laden rows and faded posters remind me how time quietly settles over a space, transforming it from something magical into a shell of lingering echoes.

Still, for all my heartbreak at witnessing Rio's decline, I find myself drawn to it in a way that's hard to explain. My connection with this forgotten cinema delves deeper than simple nostalgia. What Sigmund Freud would call “phantasy”—those hidden currents in our minds where old desires, memories, and grief intertwine—fuels my pull toward Rio. In photographing torn seats and deserted halls, I'm also not just documenting physical decay; I'm exploring what Donald Winnicott describes as a “transitional space,” that intersection where my interior world meets the concrete reality around me.

Reflecting on Rio and the powerful lure the building holds, I keep circling back to Patricia Townsend's notion of the “hunch”—that near-unconscious spark that guides me toward a certain corner or scene. Sometimes, I simply respond to the building's cues: the cast of light on a peeling poster or the swirl of dust on the projector beam.

Other times, I stage subtle details to heighten the sense of something lost, oscillating between, as I see it, “carving”- allowing the building to speak for itself and “modelling”- where I attempt to impose my vision. Each photograph that emerges is an interplay, where I either grant the scene its own voice or subtly reshape it to reflect my inner narrative.

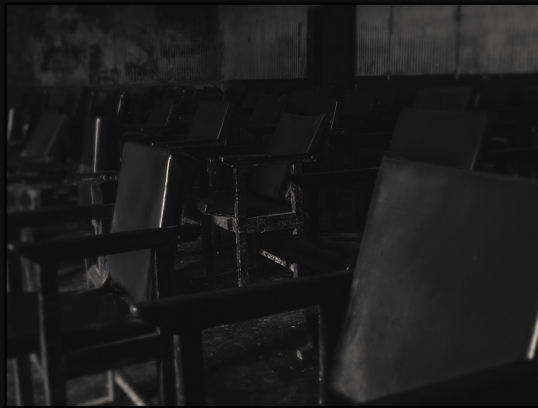
What fascinates me most, though, is how my personal longing fuses with the collective memories tied to Rio’s history. These images aren’t merely glimpses of a shuttered theatre; they’re attempts to capture that mysterious link between empty spaces and the surge of emotional recall. In the instant a shutter clicks, it’s as though time is held at bay, reviving the buzz of a spinning film reel, the hush right before the feature began, and all the daydreams Freud would say lie in the realm of phantasy.

Ultimately, I believe these images reveal that an abandoned structure can transcend its apparent neglect, becoming something far richer than mere evidence of passing time. By acknowledging the subtle, almost instinctual pull I feel toward spaces and memories once held dear, these photographs speak directly to my innate urge to return, conserve, and sometimes grieve the fleeting wonders that molded me. They hint that what appears deserted is not empty at all: it brims with echoes of the past and the quiet weight of my longing—a reminder that the places I cherished continues to shape me, even after their own glory has faded.

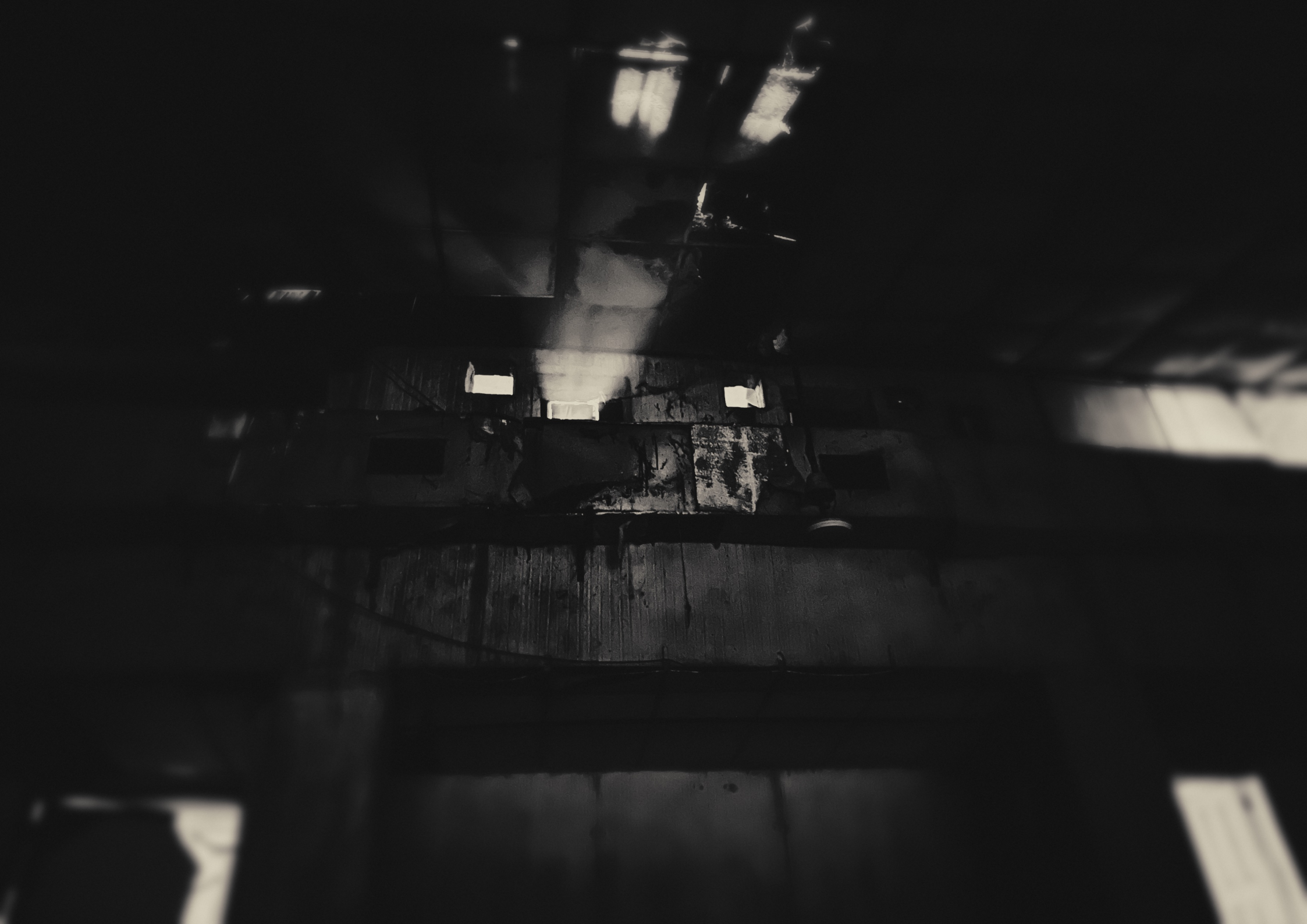


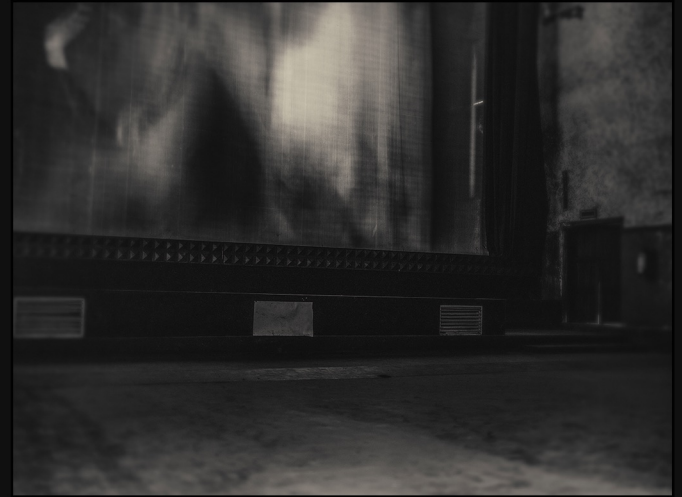




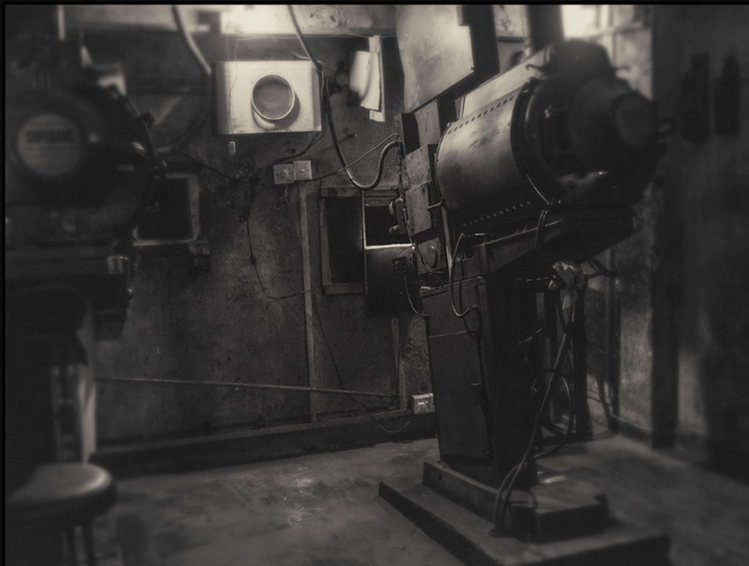
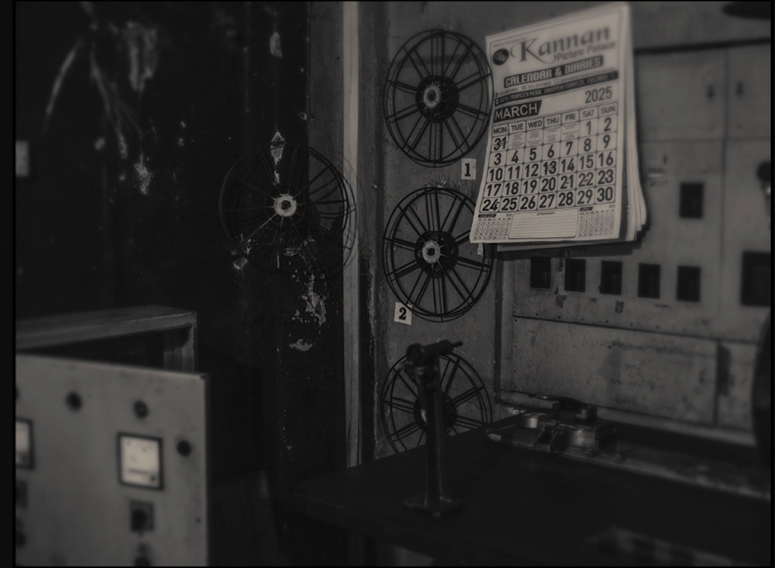
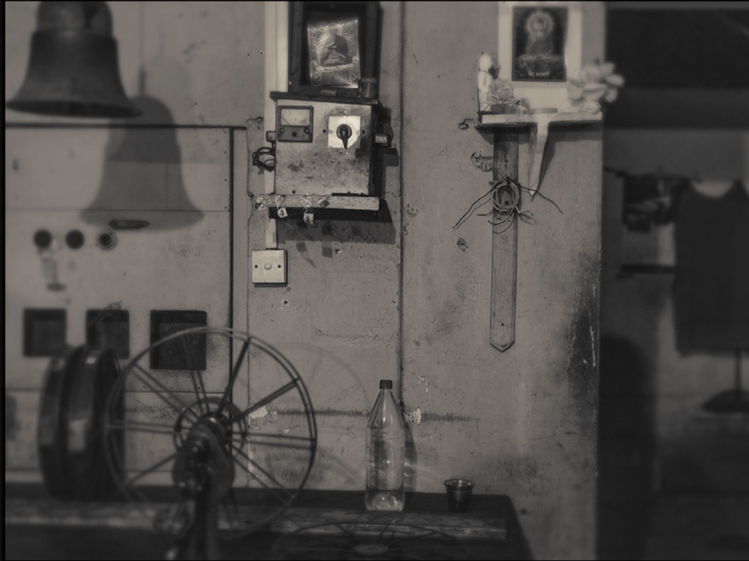




























DAILY SHOW TIME

10.30 a.m.

3.30 p.m.

6.30 p.m.