

Memory Is Why I Photograph

What's poppin', people? It's Dante.

Currently along Penn's Landing here, looking out toward the Delaware River. I wanted to make a video with the Sony DCR-SR40.

Welcome to Flux TV.

Memory Lives in Places

Today's thought is about **memory**.

I'm just going to speak candidly.

Whenever I return to this location and look out toward the horizon, the boats, the river—there's something ancient and primal within me that resonates extremely deeply.

I think about George Washington crossing this river.

I think about the Lenape people who originally lived here.

I think about everyone who has crossed these waters before me.

The river is always flowing. Always changing.

Yet despite that, we're still here.

We're still breathing.

Still experiencing.

Still moving through life.

There's something invigorating about being near a body of water.

It's almost like **every memory I've ever experienced flows through me all at once.**

I don't know why, but it excites me.

That's why I always come back to this part of the city.

It makes me feel alive.

The Places That Made Me

I remember being a young boy crossing the Benjamin Franklin Bridge.

Visiting New Jersey.

Going to the beach.

Playing with my neighbors Eddie and Sam.

Building sandcastles.

Swimming.

Surfing.

Snowboarding during the winter.

My brother and I would go to the mountains.

My Aunt Vicki had a beautiful home where she taught us how to fish, shoot a BB gun, hike, and canoe.

All of those memories seem to arrive at the exact same moment whenever I'm standing here.

I don't know if other people experience this with certain places.

Maybe they do.

Maybe they don't.

It's not really nostalgia.

It's something else.

Photography Creates Its Own Timeline

One thing I've been thinking about is how photographs and videos create their own timeline.

Their own universe.

As human beings, we're constantly trying to tell stories.

We're trying to share something with each other.

Maybe that's why photography feels so powerful.

It's the act of remembering.

The simple act of creating a memory.

Whether it's a still image or moving video.

Why Old Cameras Feel Like Memories

There's something about this old-school Handycam footage.

480p.

4:3 aspect ratio.

Watching it back on a television.

It almost **feels like a memory**.

The imperfections.

The softness.

The aesthetic.

The visual qualities themselves remind me of memory.

I feel something very similar whenever I shoot black and white photography.

Maybe that's what I'm trying to express.

Maybe, deep down, everything I photograph is simply an act of remembering.

Maybe photography is nothing more than remembering made visible.

Creating in the Face of Mortality

When you go back through old videos and photographs, you're retracing your life.

You're retracing your steps.

Eventually you're confronted with the realization that one day your life will end.

One day you will die.

While I'm alive, I want to live freely.

I want to create.

I want to share.

I want to express myself through photographs and videos.

Every time I publish something online, it feels like I'm contending with that existential thought.

Because I think deep down we all want to leave something behind.

Something beyond our flesh.

Something that becomes a vessel through which people can remember us.

Or remember what we had to say.

There's something incredibly primal about our desire to create.

To share.

To tell stories.

To immortalize ourselves in some small way.

Every individual has their own unique story.

Every individual has their own perspective worth sharing.

I think that's something really special.

The Beauty of Everyday Life

Whenever I travel—or even when I stay in my hometown and simply meet someone new—I'm reminded of how beautiful the world is.

There's so much to see.

So much to explore.

So much to experience.

So much to photograph.

Life is incredibly short.

Maybe while we're here we should create more memories.

Share them with others.

Tell our stories.

Listen to someone else's story.

Photography and video are incredibly powerful forms of self-expression because they allow us to remember.

Watching My Own Memories

Sometimes I go back and watch my own YouTube videos.

Gardening with my godmother.

POV travel videos.

Trying different foods.

Walking through the woods talking about whatever happens to be on my mind.

Even as the creator, it's fascinating to consume my own work.

To revisit that point in my life.

To remember what I was thinking.

It's a beautiful feeling that we even have this technology.

Our ancestors made cave paintings.

They carved sculptures.

They painted portraits.

They wrote stories.

All in an attempt to preserve memory.

Today we can simply pull out an iPhone or a camera.

Press record.

Capture a moment.

And, hypothetically, let it live forever.

To hear your own voice.

To watch your own expressions.

To experience life again from your own point of view.

That still feels like an incredible novelty to me.

Maybe one day this part of the city will be finished and we'll have a beautiful park here.

We'll see.

Final Thoughts

Those are my thoughts today on memory.

Thanks for watching.

Where are you?