

BA.

Bruin Alexander

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Good afternoon, good morning, good whenever!

I put together a few relevant work examples to give you a better idea of what I do best.

This deck should give an overview of my capabilities and experience in photography, production, copywriting, and the digital space. Don't hesitate to reach out with any questions, or if you want to discuss any of your ideas in depth.

**Hope today is fantastic,
Bruin**

ABOUT ME

I could write in third person, brush over what I do and have done, but that wouldn't be very personable, and impersonal doesn't do much for the stories I'm looking to tell. Growing up my life revolved around sports and books, I parlayed the first bit into a career in the Western Hockey League and the second with a scholarship to Simon Fraser University. I started post-secondary as a Pre-Med undergrad, a career that appealed to the part of me that wanted to do good. After volunteering one summer in Haiti, my outlook on utility, and honest assessment of my strengths changed significantly. I decided to re-focus on Economics and Philosophy, disciplines I believed provided an alternate scale for change, while lending themselves to the ideas I hoped to wrap my prose around. Halfway through my fourth year, a professor who read some of my writing gave me advice that forever changed my life, he told me that if I wanted to write a book, it shouldn't wait, it should be my focus, or else might get lost in with the rest of life. At that point I left school and began what has been a two and a half year odyssey of travel, self-exploration and a career I never expected. Picking up a camera early in my travels, I began documenting this lifestyle with images to accompany the words. The book remains a work in progress and freelancing is a constant learning experience, what this lifestyle has done is allowed me the freedom to focus my time around informing my writing and growing as a photographer. It has given me the ability to work remotely and seek out new experiences. Every day is an exciting new challenge and I embrace it with open arms and vigorous enthusiasm.





PHOTOGRAPHY.

The goal of my photography is to effectively tell a story. To use images to represent an identity and showcase the world I observe. I look for clients that best represent who I am and the life I live, this allows me to incorporate what I do into their story seamlessly.

Services:

Ambassadorships

Project Specific Content

Commercial Image Licensing

Social Campaigns and Partnerships



WRITING.

My specialty is storytelling; creating interesting, engaging, specific narratives that increase and cultivate engagement. The aim is to give you and your business a voice, a voice that represents your brand and what you believe in.

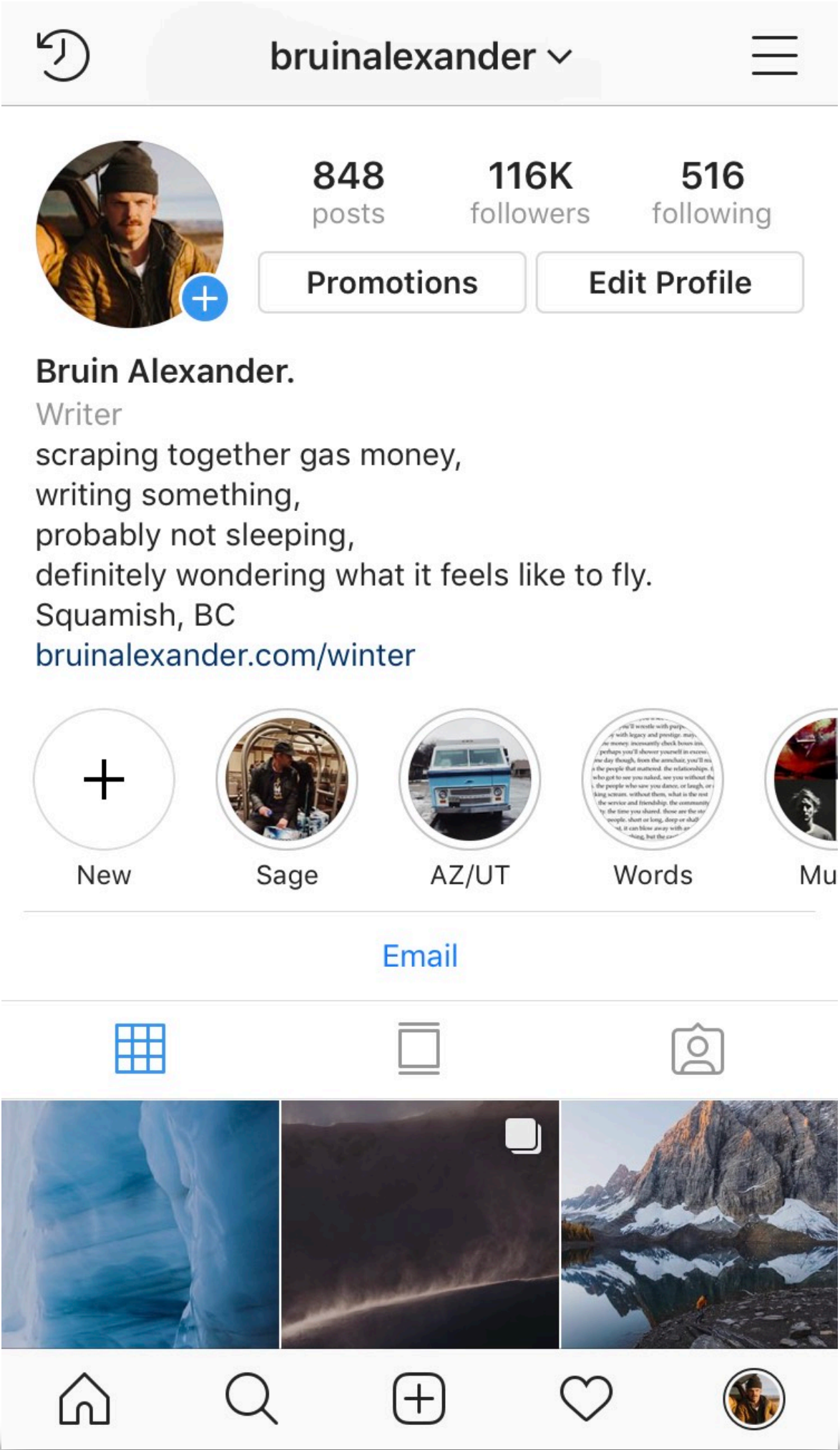
Services:

Documentary Storytelling.

Copywriting.

Ghostwriting.

Long-Form.



Social.

From Brand Visibility to Identity and Targeting Marketing, I use Social Media to help connect your business to the world. Building on the foundational belief that Social Media is best used as a tool for finding the specific pocket of people who represent the culture, essence of your product or service. We will work together in order to create and implement effective methods for discovering new and more importantly loyal consumers.

- Services:
- Social Cultivation
 - Campaign Production
 - Short-Term Consultation
 - Long-Term Creative Consulting

PHOTOS.

What I Aim to Capture.

“The painter constructs, the photographer discloses.” -Sontag

Images I create are based on observation and feeling, simplicity and detail. The photos are connected with the life I live, the people I love and the things I’m passionate about. I want to inspire folks to challenge the status quo, to chase lives that help them find fulfillment and purpose. Each image should connect people to themselves and the world around them, have them pause and consider. The goal is to have the audience think and question. To reflect on their lives, to wonder, to imagine, to dream.















WRITING.

How I Craft Story.

Ever since I was young I've chased stories, created adventures and imagined possibilities. At six I told my father I wanted to be a writer, spent my teens pouring over books, university putting the pen to paper and now as an 'adult' that childhood passion hasn't wavered. As a novelist I look to tell true-to-form, semi-autobiographical narratives. My prose is shaped by the life I live, one filled with new experiences, deep relationships, intense struggles/successes and a constant dance with risk. I want my passion for storytelling to coalesce with your business, to collaborate and bring my experiences seamlessly into your brand vision.

Lets make my story, our story.

Bring it to Life.

What is the narrative? What are you trying to say? How did you get here? Why is it important? Building the voice, creating the character, understanding the essence of that message- thats what drives loyalty- it’s the story that keeps customers coming back.

And so he walked, down an endless beach, watching a sorbet sky appear atop thin wafers of cloud. The gangly spines of the palms danced with a westerly evening wind, it was warm, not hot, but you could feel the humidity as if it were a heavy shirt. The sand beneath his toes would melt as the tide poured periodically across his feet, and jump, in clumps when the ocean wasn’t there. It all felt more active, more alive, maybe though, maybe he was just more aware.

-B.Alexander

Some music played, drumming melodies that sung how he felt. Classics that made him taste some of the nostalgia he longed to create. The sun was hidden and it was dark again, still the road rolled smoothly beneath the tires- like a carpet being dragged slowly away. Staring out at the fleeting yellow lines his mind wandered to things he longed for, to her, off and on. That was the trouble he figured- the trouble with most of it- nothing past was ever really lost, it just hung on, pushing and tugging at the same time. Tugging to make sure nothing you found felt like home, and pushing to remind you it wasn’t worth going back.

-B.Alexander

He just wanted it all, wanted to feel everything. Didn’t know what crazy felt like, so he searched for it. Didn’t understand what love meant, so he observed it. Wasn’t sure what pain looked like, so he caused it. Everything in life he wanted he created, like a painter dripping watercolours on a canvas hoping something might stand out. The trouble, in the end, was that in trying to see everything, he held on to nothing. When the journey is all that matters the moments slip slowly away. You leave behind the scattered remnants of an outgoing tide, but you, unlike the tide keep flowing outwards, funnelling uncontrollably as if someone pulled the plug, all the while knowing that someone was you.

-B.Alexander

‘of course. of course I pretended not to think about how- maybe- maybe it could’ve been different. most of the time, when I think that I have a drink, and then a few more, and then I write you a letter, and then I throw it in the fire. because writing it does me good, and reading it would do you none.’

-B.Alexander

BROTHERHOOD AND THE JOURNEY NORTH.

Fifteen thousand kilometres, scouring the north, taking detours, backroads, getting lost. Over two months, at the bridge of fall, my brother and I drove through some of the most remote areas in North America. We’d travelled together before, shot around Iceland and the British isles, but never like this. Sleeping atop our Jeep, weeks crammed into a tent across the Yukon, you get to know each other. Sometimes thats a notion people overlook, amongst the bustle of everyday you only get to the surface, even of those you love most. Life has a way of setting a screen, blurring the troubles and burying the insecurities.

It took us a week to get to Whitehorse— Yukons capital city— the gateway of the North, a last restock before a whole lot of empty. From there we headed up to one of the most remote highways in the world, the Dempster is all dirt, devoid of emergency services, filled with sporadic river crossings and not much company save a few Semis headed back from the arctic circle. It is also home to Tombstone Territorial Park, an expanse of distinct sub-arctic peaks— often referred to as ‘Patagonia of the North’. We arrived in late September, just as services were shutting down and this barren world readied for winter. On our three-day 60 mile trek to Grizzly lake and beyond, we saw five or six people- not groups, people- it was humbling, awe-inspiring and beautiful. The colours in tombstone are as unique as anywhere in the world. This far north fall is just a blink, a few weeks of change preparing for the long freeze. Rust hues from the shrubs paint the mountain floor, forming their own unique palette, trees are sparse and reserved for low lying valleys. Its a rugged place with strong wind, rapid weather shifts and unpredictable temperatures.

The second night in our tent we cooked some simple grub as storm clouds poured over the ominous peaks. About an hour before sunset we bundled up, listening to hail pound down on our tent. The mercury fell to about -10 Fahrenheit that evening— it was 40 or so as we hiked earlier that day. I had a book and my brother had cards, he furiously taught himself to shuffle as I flipped through East of Eden— a Steinbeck classic that had just about nothing to do with the world we found ourselves. After a while he got bored and I got distracted, we started talking about the kinds of things you do trapped in a couple square feet. Im five years older, a number that’s a lot growing up and fairly insignificant once you’ve grown. Despite our similarities, the mess of things in common, we are decidedly different. Where he’s kind and stubborn, I’m blunt and easy-going, its exactly the type of thing that makes us so close. Also the same thing that can make it tricky to relate. Sitting in the tent chatting I realized my brother wasn’t so little anymore, that it wasn’t fair for me to treat him as little anymore. His problems sounded similar, but unique, I realized we could learn a lot from each other- that just meant listening.

After time in the forgotten town of Dawson, some hundred miles from Tombstone— a unique spot caught and lost in the next to last century— we headed south. Thinking off and on about the people we met, talking about their world, listening to good music and better books. Its a testament to true friendship when you can stand some silence together. Headed to Kluane now, a park skirting southern Yukon and pouring over into Alaska (there known as Wrangell-St.Elias) it held all the North American giants not named Denali. An eight or so hour drive— context is important— almost everything up here is five plus hours away, its bigger, broader. We rumbled along until, somewhere in the dark, we pulled over at Kluane lake. After all the miles we had forgotten to fill up, skipping past a few stations, mesmerized by the yellow lines. Gas was really low, too low, but it was two or so in the morning— problems for tomorrow. Kai got a fire started as I set up camp, with the tent popped up I scooped a couple beer from the cooler and noticed the northern lights dancing behind the fire. About an hour later, as we treated ourselves to good food— wolves started to howl— probably to one another, but maybe at the lights. Either way I don’t remember feeling so present, so immersed; listening to the slow rhythm of the shore, watching bands of green dance across the sky, all while the wolves sang.

Early the next morning, not much more than a stones throw from camp, my foot sunk down on the accelerator as the jeep skipped and slowed. We looked at one another, trying to point fingers, as I limped onto the shoulder. A funny thing about the solitude of these long lonely roads is that everyone has been there, sticking a thumb up is more successful here with the few passing strangers than it is with a thousand busy neighbours further south. A guy named Mike, or Mark— I was never very good with names— scooped me up and said he had gas a dozen minutes away. After grabbing a full jerry can, ours was stolen a few nights prior— hopefully buddy needed it more than us— we headed back. Mike, or Mark, was working the roads and happy for a half hour distraction, Kai told him we would buy him a beer if he was heading through Haines Junction anytime soon, he wasn’t but it was the right offer. The can gave us just enough juice to limp into the nearest station. We were arguing about the heat, he was cold and I figured he could solve that with a jacket. After some yelling and swearing I smacked him with my free hand, he thought good and hard about clocking me back, but cooler heads prevailed as he eyed my left hand on the steering wheel. Fights about nothing are pretty common after a month in the same car, they signal some stuff you had buried, this one signalled some stuff that went back a bit further. I still figured he should’ve thrown on a jacket, but then it would’ve just been something else later.

We both got out at the run down gas station, no one was around, probably because we were nowhere— or close to it. I told him to politely get back in the car, he told me to politely go satisfy myself. I was pumping the gas and he was laying into me, staring ahead I started saying some stuff that was pretty far outside the lines, he grabbed me and pinned me against the back window. He’s a big guy, shorter by a couple inches but built a lot like a brick, things escalated pretty quick, a couple swings and misses— before I told him to grab his bags. He did, even though we both knew he couldn’t go anywhere. I tossed the bags back in the trunk and after muttering some more garbage I should’ve kept to myself, we ended up covered in dirt wrestling around like a couple angry kids. By now the tank was full, so I replaced the gas cap and we dusted off before climbing back in the front seats, it was his turn to drive. As we pulled out of the lonely station that just got its most action in years, he cranked the heat up to full. I just stared ahead as we drove toward Haines. Without saying much of anything, he pulled into the first place that looked like it might serve decent breakfast, it must have been an hour— or it felt like an hour— I was hungry too. We sauntered in and grabbed a table by the only TV, ordered what ended up being a more than decent breakfast, and started talking about sports. It wasn’t exactly like we were avoiding anything, it was just time to start talking again; wasn’t clear who spoke first, wasn’t that kind of fight, wasn’t that kind of relationship. Sure we said some brutal stuff, but sometimes brutal stuff needs to be said— true or not— the point isn’t that fighting is good, or even that its necessary, point is that there are worse things than a couple bruises. Whatever came out that morning needed to come out, it did more good on the table than it did locked away.

After breakfast we packed up our gear for an ascent later that afternoon, the Kings Throne, a peak just off the shore of Kathleen Lake. It was a 6 hour climb and we planned on camping at a ridge about halfway, make the summit for sunset and then scoot back to the tent under our headlamps. Most of the 4800 feet was unprotected ridge but none was very technical. After setting up camp we packed the essentials and pushed on, halfway or less we could see clouds moving in, the wind blew strong that afternoon and we figured the system was high enough to roll through. An hour later the snow became thick and it was tough to be optimistic about any view from the top, still we decided to trust our initial observation, knowing we had the requisite gear and that the forecast was in our favour. I got to the summit a little ahead and snow was still falling, almost sideways now, dancing and swirling in the wind. A funny thing happened then, just after Kai climbed up next to me, sun began to shine through gaps in the cloud. After waiting a few minutes the summit cleared entirely, we grabbed our cameras and watched as the lake became visible beneath us, rays of vibrant light shot across Kathleen and the mountains west of us. It was a rare scene, one we probably shouldn’t have seen, one that we probably wouldn’t be lucky enough to see again. Kai started howling, screaming like the wolves beneath us, he turned smiling and I howled along with him. It was great end to a better day. A day filled with some real low lows and some real high, literally high, highs. Those really were the best days though, the days that made you feel a little more, the days filled to the brim with emotions— a whole damn spectrum. I threw my arm around him as we turned our back on that priceless view, we just laughed, wasn’t anything else to do.

SOCIAL.

Why me?

It is the story that matters, simple. Attention is second, impact is always the driver.

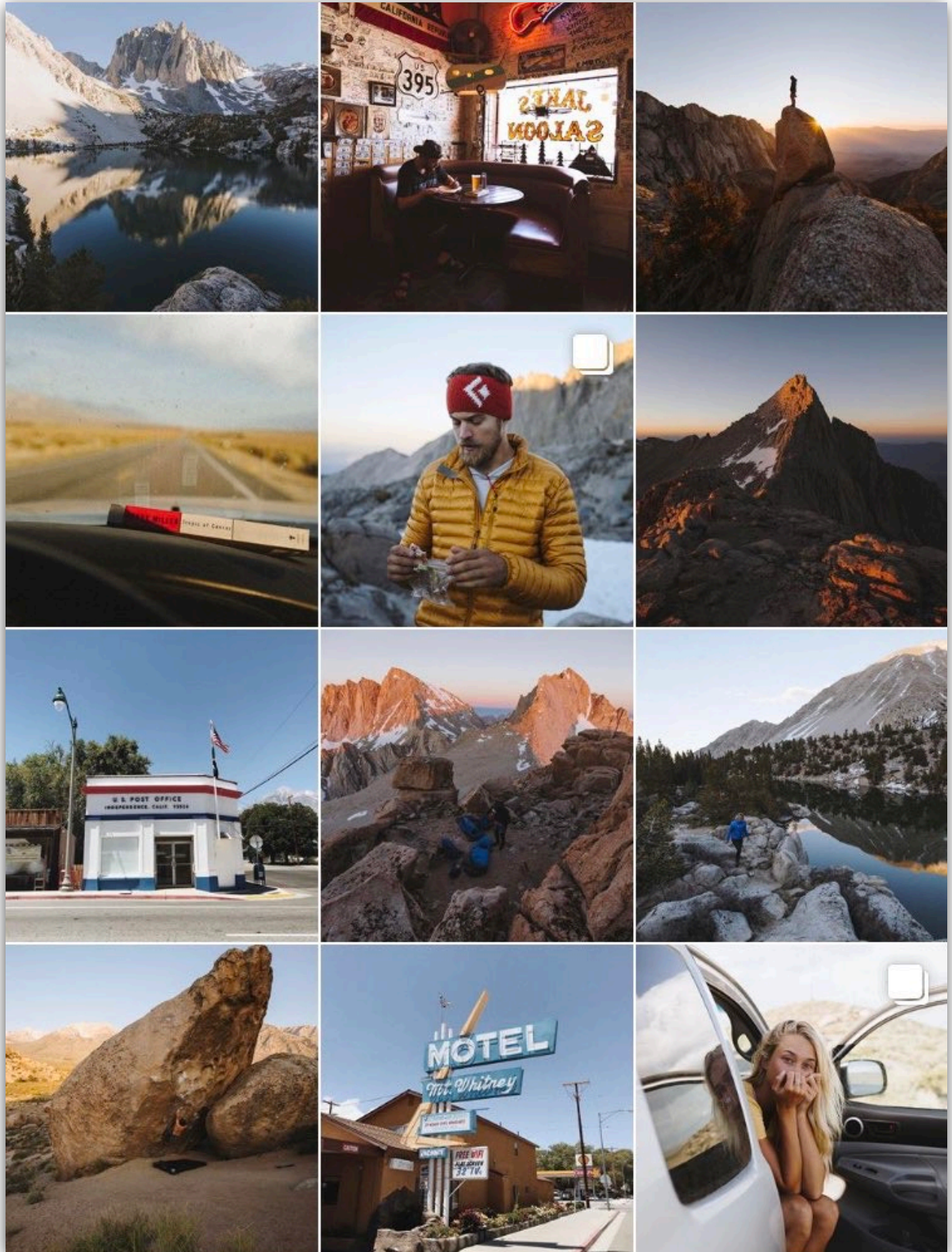
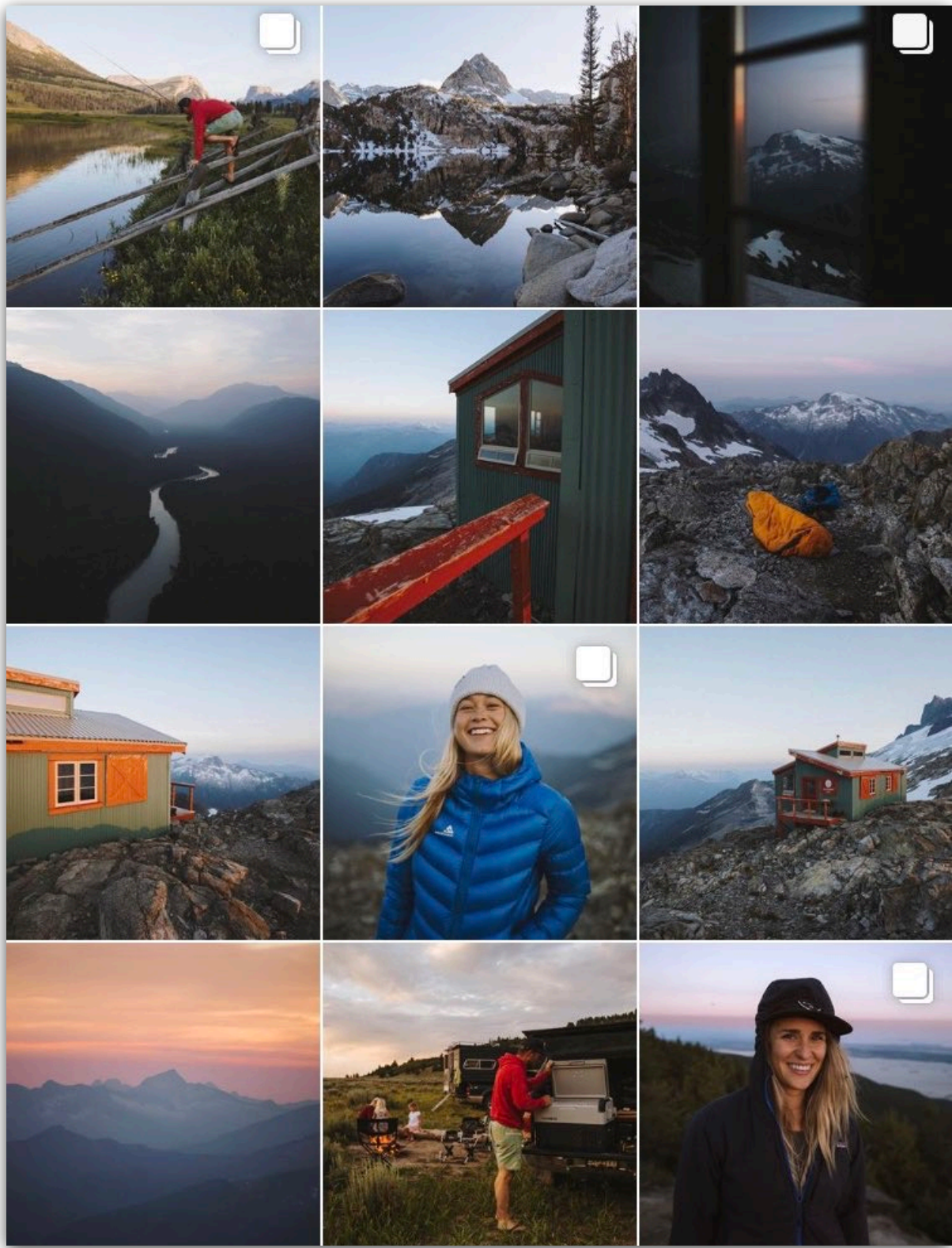
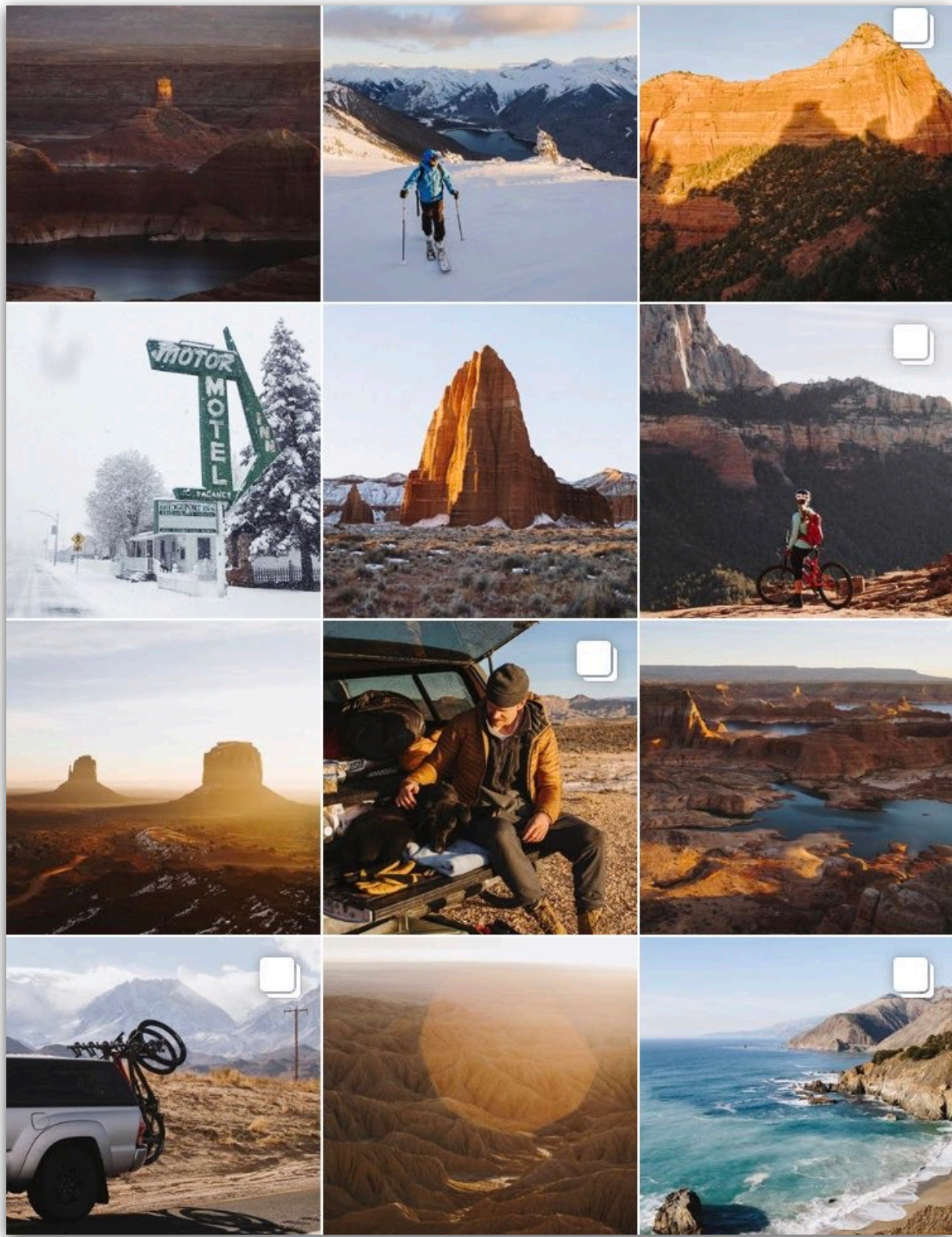
-Selecting companies to collaborate with needs to be, just that, selective. I want you to trust that I'm putting your brand in the best situation to reach new and invested customers.

-I won't follow. Projects I produce aim to challenge boundaries and tell exciting stories.


-Social Media is most effective when the influencer genuinely believes in what they are marketing, as such, I wouldn't have connected with you if I didn't believe in what you do.

-My goal is always to build and maintain long-term partnerships. I want to care about you, about the brand and about how we can work together to achieve the best possible results.

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bruinalexander

Activity

Content

Audience

116,418 followers

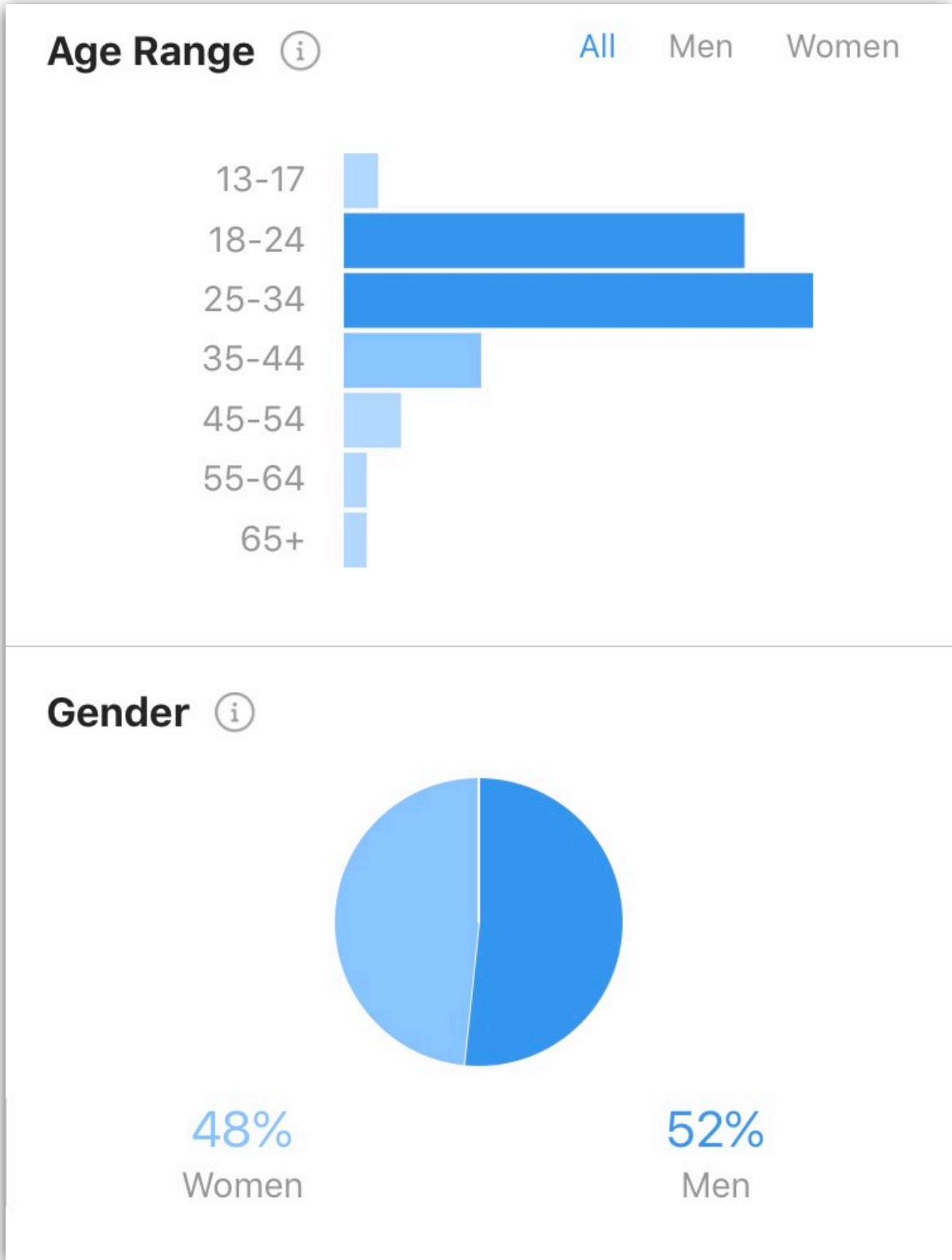
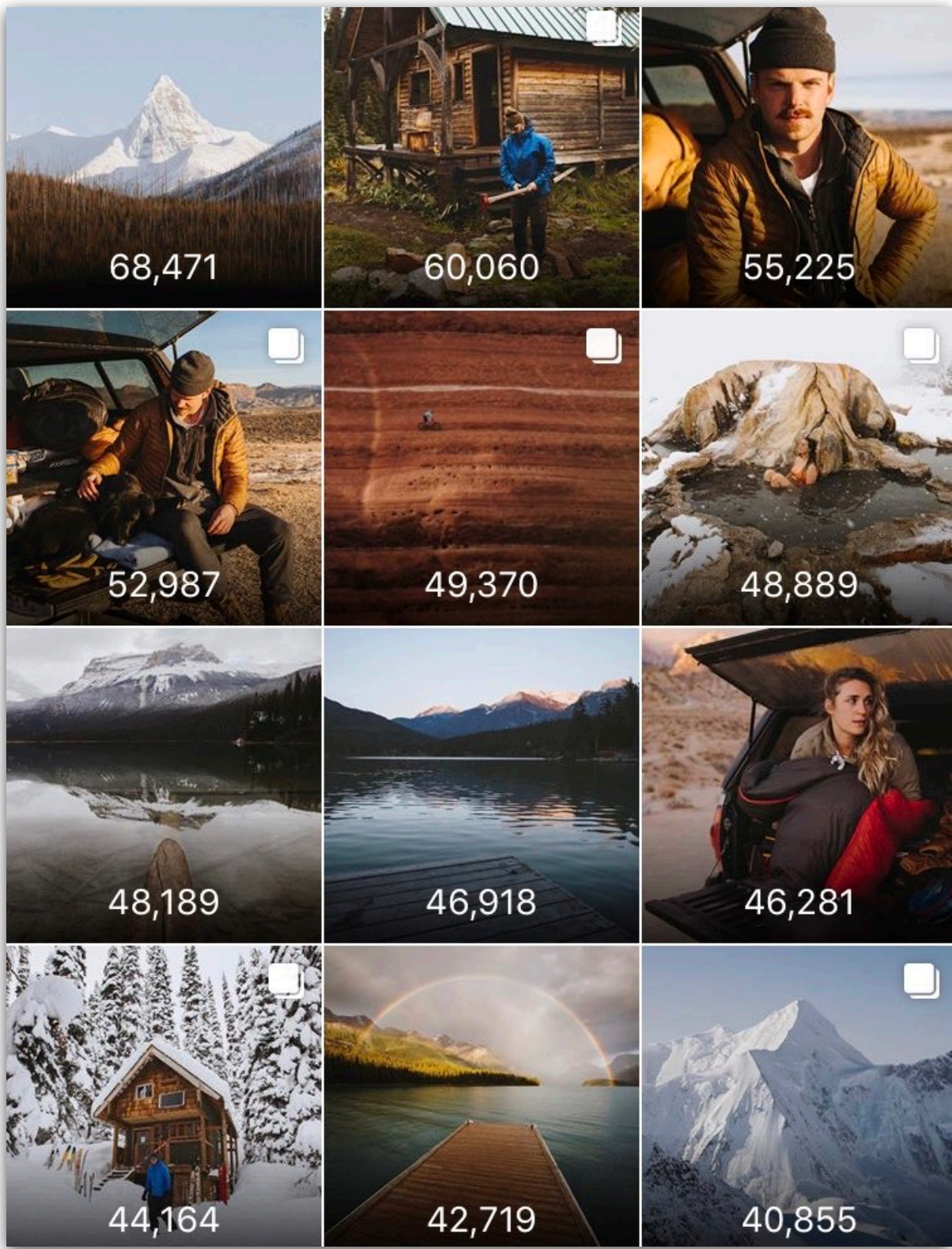
+133 vs. Feb 09 - Feb 15

Top Locations ⓘ

Cities

Countries

Vancouver	<div></div>	1%
New York	<div></div>	1%
London	<div></div>	1%
Los Angeles	<div></div>	1%
Mumbai		Less than 1%





I work diligently to represent companies that fit my lifestyle and brand. Looking for long-term partnerships has been essential for the activation of these relationships.

Client List.



- Telus.
- Audible.
- Glenmorangie
- Mercedes-Benz.
- 66 North.
- Diamondback Bikes.
- Danner Boots.
- LowePro.
- Westcomb.
- Kombi.
- Whistler Blackcomb.
- Tourism Saskatchewan.
- Tourism Alberta.
- Destination BC.
- Go Whistler.
- Parliament Agency.
- Stay & Wander.
- Front Runner Outfitters.



Lets chat soon, and as always, thank you.