

# Shaminder Dulai

PHOTOJOURNALIST+MULTIMEDIA PRODUCER

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## EXPERIENCE

### Shaminder Dulai Visuals (Freelance)

International Center for Photography | October 2011-current | New York City  
The Associated Press | February 2008-current | Albuquerque, New Mexico bureau office ; New York City office  
Generation Innovation | August 2011-current | New York City  
Storyhunter | June 2012-August 2012 | New York City  
MDRT | June 2011-December 2011 | Traveling in Airstream across USA  
The UK Guardian | January 2010 | Southeast Texas region  
Oh Dang! Magazine | September 2006 | San Francisco, Calif.  
The Pinnacle | June 2006 | Hollister, Calif.  
International Men's Roller Hockey World Cup 2005 | August 2005

### City Desk Reporter+Photojournalist+Multimedia Producer

The Houston Chronicle | January-September 2010 (*part of two year Hearst Fellowship*)

### Photojournalist+Multimedia Producer

The San Antonio Express-News | May 2009-January 2010 (*part of two year Hearst Fellowship*)

### Photojournalist+Multimedia Producer

Midland Daily News | September 2008-May 2009 (*part of two year Hearst Fellowship*)

### Visual Journalist Fellow

Poynter Institute for Media Studies | Summer 2008

### Photojournalist+Multimedia Producer (Internship)

The Albuquerque Journal | August 2007-February 2008

### Photojournalist+Multimedia Producer (Internship)

The Santa Cruz Sentinel | January-July 2007

### Staff Writer+Multimedia Producer (Internship)

Cinequest | September 2006-March 2007

### Staff Photographer (Internship)

Silicon Valley Community News | January-June 2006

### Managing Editor+Online/Multimedia Editor+Photo Editor+Photojournalist

The Spartan Daily | San Jose State University | June 2005-December 2006

## EDUCATION

### Photojournalism BS, Film minor

San Jose State University | San Jose, Calif. | 2004-2007

### Architecture AA

Evergreen Valley College | San Jose, Calif. | 1998-2002

## AWARDS, ACTIVITIES, MEMBERSHIPS & RECOGNITION

Maynard Institute Photographers of Color 2012

Co-organizer of #WJChat

Knight-Mozilla Fellowship finalist

VII Documentary Master Class with Ron Haviv

Multimedia Master Class with Bob Sacha

Yarka Vendrinska Scholarship and Exhibition

Mountain Workshops Multimedia 2010 showcase

NPPA Multimedia Immersion 2009

Afterschool multimedia training instructor, San Antonio

Story4 Multimedia workshop

Hearst Fellowship

ASNE student projects 2008

Third place, Dith Pran Photo Shootout 2007

Herb Caen/Peninsula Press Club Scholarship 2007

Blog recognized by Columbia Journalism Review

Joseph B. Ridder Scholarship 2007

AAJA Student Multimedia Project 2007

Ed Kawazoe Memorial Scholarship

Turner Campus Movie Fest 2006 finalist

Multimedia on Center for Innovation in College Media

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## REFERENCES

Anita Baca  
Senior photo editor | The Associated Press | Mexico City bureau  
210.889.3121  
anitabaca7@gmail.com

Ryan Wood  
Former photo editor | The Midland Daily News  
989.802.2897  
rrwood.frames@gmail.com

Lisa Krantz  
Staff photographer | The San Antonio Express-News  
239.398.6827  
lisakrantz@gmail.com

Tony Freemantle  
Metro editor | The Houston Chronicle  
713.362.7171  
tony.freemantle@chron.com

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## RECOMMENDATIONS

[ excerpts from LinkedIn profile: "<http://www.linkedin.com/in/shaminderdulai>" ]

"I first encountered Shaminder's work during his fellowship at Poynter, where I served as visiting faculty. In reviewing his portfolio, the essays and visuals on his blog, and his course projects, I came away immediately impressed. Since that time, I have followed his post-grad career exploits, and his commitment to his craft, concern for his subjects and passion for recording the truth appears unwavering. I highly recommend him to any organization that would benefit from adding a dedicated, inspiring colleague to its ranks."

--August 24, 2010

Ron Reason | Visiting Faculty | The Poynter Institute for Media Studies  
worked directly with Shaminder at The Poynter Institute

"Shaminder's commitment to his work isn't something that ends at 5 o'clock. This guy puts in long hours of his own time to put together compelling and innovative multimedia. So much more than just a daily shooter trying to get on A1."

--October 21, 2007

Ryan Sholin | Online Editor | Santa Cruz Sentinel  
managed Shaminder indirectly at The Santa Cruz Sentinel

"Shaminder is a talented and versatile photographer who is clearly committed to creating the best of photography to illuminate a wide variety of subjects for the viewer. I worked with Shaminder on numerous stories while we both were employed for the Midland Daily News, and he was always willing to take extra time to make sure his work was the best it could be. He also was a kind and helpful colleague who never hesitated to help or give an encouraging word for the work of others. I highly recommend him as a photographer in any type of milieu; you won't regret it!"

--August 25, 2010

Angela E. Gambrel Lackey | Reporter/Staff Writer | Midland Daily News  
worked with Shaminder at Midland Daily News

"Over more than 30 years as a part- and full-time adviser to the Spartan Daily at San Jose State University, I campaigned repeatedly for the right photojournalist to assume the managing editor's role. Toward the end of my time at the Daily, Shaminder was the first shooter to land the job. He proved that he could supervise reporters, edit their work and play a critical role in the production of the newspaper. Shaminder was also instrumental in helping the Daily succeed online. He has proven his versatility in his current job. He became a backpack journalist before the term was coined."

--August 24, 2010

Mack Lundstrom | adviser | The Spartan Daily | San Jose State University  
worked directly with Shaminder at The Spartan Daily

"He was a revolutionary intern at the Albuquerque Journal. He provided content ideas for the changing landscape of newspaper. He excelled at every project he was tasked with. He met deadlines and was a team player. In conjunction with the deadlines he was able to produce multimedia. He was one of the best interns I worked with and was able to translate his success at the paper into great content for the print/web portion of the paper."

--August 24, 2010

Nick Layman | Photo Technician | The Albuquerque Journal  
managed Shaminder at The Albuquerque Journal

## ESSAY: THE DAY I REALIZED JOURNALISM WAS MY LIFE'S WORK

Sometimes in life you realize you've arrived at a new place and you start to wonder how you got there.

Frankly, I hate these types of questions, they make you revisit bad memories and then do the sick and twisted act of examining if your story is emotional enough, because let's be honest, everyone loves a sob story, everyone loves an underdog and everyone loves rooting for a fighter. But it is a necessary evil to examine where we are, by looking at where you've been to see where you're going.

My life-shaping moment isn't any one major event; I am a product of many ingredients provided by my family, friends, education, culture, pop culture, neighborhood and personal curiosity. In a way my life-changing moment is my entire life and rather than trying to pinpoint it on a time line, I'll refer to the moment I realized this and discovered how different my life could have been.

A couple of years ago I was waiting at a bus stop to take the public transit to San Jose State University for classes. It was a morning like any other, brisk and windy and the bus shelter that used to have glass panels to break the wind had long since been smashed by vandals.

A derivative theory of Einstein's theory of relativity was also in full effect, meaning the earlier I arrived at the stop to wait the later the bus arrived to pick me up, so I could forget about getting out of the cold anytime soon.

That wasn't the case for a young man in droopy Dickies jeans and a tattoo of the number 13 under his wrist that was racing for the 522 line for downtown a couple of blocks down the street. Just as he arrived, the bus was readying to depart: total wait time about three seconds.

The 522 rolled up to my corner next and the doors to the approaching vehicle opened with a wave from the driver that all was clear.

I didn't know it, but when I would step off that bus in thirty minutes, I would be a different person for the rest of my life.

As the bus lurched forward I took a seat near the back, across and to the right from me the young man in the Dickies sat slouched over with his elbows resting on his knees and his hands clasped tightly.

I barely noticed him but knew enough from his blue undershirt and all black Nike shoes to avoid eye contact at all costs. He was a member of the Suerno gang, an old outfit that had raged back onto the front page of the San Jose Mercury News with a surge of violence in the wake of older gang members from the early '90s re-entering society after release from prison. The ink on his forearm only confirmed it.

I had reserved myself to avoid his gaze, but he had other plans.

The man glanced at me, once then twice, looked away for a moment and then again glanced at me, only this time my peripheral vision, fine-tuned from years of streetball, was telling me he wasn't breaking his gaze.

I tried to think nothing of it. I had dealt with sort of attention before, but as the miles racked up and he kept staring at me, I began to grow concerned.

## ESSAY: THE DAY I REALIZED JOURNALISM WAS MY LIFE'S WORK (PAGE 2)

I looked at him, locked eyes to let him know I knew he was watching me, as I gave him the friendly “wuz up” nod I could see it didn’t deter him.

My mind moved into defensive mode as the way he continued to look at me sent all manner of wild thoughts into my mind, and I began to formulate an escape.

The next stop was inching closer and just as I prepared to bolt he approached me and asked, “Shaminder?”

He knew my name, how could he know my name, who is he, how is this possible?

And he pronounced it correctly?

“It’s Justin,” he said pausing for a moment and seeing the blank look on my face. “From fifth grade.”

I couldn’t believe it. I hadn’t seen him since we were 11 when a school district boundary sent him and 99.9% of all the folks I’d grown up with to another middle school and then high school.

We laughed at the collisions of the universe that had resulted in this chance encounter and reminisced about playing football in the rain, Ninja Turtle action figures, the girls that had crushes on us and the time Mr. Reeves let us all bring coffee mugs for our desks to drink water out of. We thought we were so adult with our Batman mugs and Santa Clara County municipal tap water.

Then as it goes when you reconnect with an old friend after nearly 15 years, we started talking about all the other folks we grew up with.

Much to my sadness he told me many of them, the ones he knew about, weren’t doing so well.

Almost all of them had taken one of three paths: dropped out of high school, become involved in gangs and the drug trade or had babies and took the only minimum wage job they could get.

I learned that Eddie, who used to borrow my Nintendo games, had skipped town after a rival gang member had tried to kill him for stealing from them. Justin was sure he was either dead or in Mexico.

Chris, who used to wear his hair in a greasy Elvis do because it gave him a reason to pull a comb out in class, was dead.

He told me that Manny, who convinced me we should exchange Christmas gifts only to decide that he’d rather keep what he got me and I should do the same, was in jail on drug charges.

That David had had two kids by sixteen and dropped out. Sam was missing going on three years. Yvonne had a kid and also left school. Gaby dropped out to take care of her sister’s baby. Robert had stabbed someone at a party and was gunned down three days later in a Walgreens parking lot. Mary-Ann, my first real crush, had gotten herself strung out on coke and ecstasy after her high school boyfriend abused her.

The list went on and on.

## ESSAY: THE DAY I REALIZED JOURNALISM WAS MY LIFE'S WORK (PAGE 3)

I learned that out of our entire group, some 45 of us, only myself and Andre had gone to college, and Andre was kicked out after a year for low grades and had his football scholarship taken away. He was working at a shoe store in the mall and was thinking about a technical college last time I saw him.

It was so much to take in as I stood there failing to find any words. I almost didn't notice we'd entered downtown San Jose when Justin asked me where in downtown the courthouse was.

My newly reunited boyhood friend was on his way to the courthouse to fight for custody of his three kids in a bitter divorce with the girl he'd met when he was 14, had a baby with at 15 and married at 19. He was only 22.

Somehow I didn't end up like everyone else.

This is the "the" moment when I see how different my life had turned out.

What did I do differently?

What can I attribute this to?

What failed them?

Was it parents, the schools, police, government, themselves or something else altogether?

Or am I just different?

Maybe there is no one to blame. I grew up in the same environment, yet turned out another way.

I wonder if somehow I owe the people I grew up with something for not ending up like them. If, as one of them that made it, I have the power to change and show people the wrongs so that their kids do not end up like them.

As my stop approached we said our good-byes and I told him to get off on the next stop for the courthouse. We slapped hands, gave props and finished with a lean-in half-hug/shoulder bump thing that all the west coast bangers popularized. But before I left Justin said one more thing, and it's something I'll never forget.

"You always were smart," he said. "We always thought you'd be the one to go to college."

We.

How did I find a fourth path? I've asked myself that ever since that day.