I was born in February 1960

The 1960s
Wow, I must be old. This was a great decade for me: a decade of pure unadulterated abandonment and innocence. From cock-crow to sunset all children in my neighbourhood were expected to go outside and play and find their own ways to amuse themselves. There were no helicopter parents back then. Dad was the bloke in the veggie garden or tending to the chooks (yes, we had chooks) and mum was the devoted and very traditional Greek domestic queen who kept her household tidy and cooked all the meals. It was just the way things were.

At school I remember getting a lot of attention from the other kids simply because I could draw. I remember my class mates queuing up with special requests for me to draw. My mother (God-bless her) saw an opportunity to get me to draw religious icons for her to adorn her special corner where she prayed at night. We were a relatively poor family so I remember using some pretty sad looking pencils and pastels and the back of cereal boxes to create my artwork.

The 1970s
The decade of bad hair (mullets, rats' tails and skinheads) and even worse fashion (platform shoes, acid wash jeans, flairs and pleats, connie cardigans and lumber jackets). The thing I remember most about this decade was playing soccer every day, riding my dragster bike all over town and laughing about nonsense with my mates every day. I also remember the Turkish invasion of Cyprus. You see, my father took my family to Cyprus in 1974 where I immediately fell in love with the culture and the land. The war in Cyprus had a major influence on me with regards to my art and my views about the world - as did Mr Frank Frazetta. I remember buying my first Vampirella comic for 50 cents and discovering the fantastic art of this freak of a man. I am pretty sure it was Frazetta and fantasy artists like Boris Vallejo who inspired me to draw and learn to paint. There was nothing else to do back then. You play sports, ride your bike or create things. Our imagination went wild. You have to remember this was before videos and CDs and computers and mobiles. We had all the time in the world to simply just think and create. I must also mention that my love for ancient Greece came from this decade with the compulsory Sunday viewing of a serial called Epic Theatre screening classic movies such as the Jason and the Argonauts or The 300 Spartans.

In 1977 I decided to skip HSC (Year 12 High School Certificate) and enrol in the Tertiary Orientation Program (TOP) at Preston Technical College which in hindsight was the best thing in the world for me. It was actually Ms Gretchen Zambory (my art teacher) who pushed me in the right direction to study art and design. After a wonderful year at Preston – I decided to enrol in the Diploma of Graphic Design at Philip Institute of Technology in Bundoora (now RMIT). This turned out to be three of my favourite years spent at college. Everything we did was hand-made, even the typography. You should read my story 'the way we were' to get an idea of what it was like to study art and design during this time.

The 1980s

Once I graduated from Philip Institute I decided to venture overseas for a great big European vacation with a good buddy of mine. It turned out to be an Art History discovery tour which further inspired me to paint and draw. Upon my returned I decide to work in photography for a while since I was also falling in love with SLR and medium-format cameras at the time. I worked for a couple of portrait photography studios in Melbourne where I learned the tricks of the trade and how to work with people. Around 1984 I shifted into my chosen profession which was Graphic Design. For the next 6 years I worked for a number of small and large advertising agencies and design studios in and around Melbourne. I also set up a freelance design business which was pretty much – cash in hand by doing jobs on request. In 1986, someone in the office introduced me to a small beige contraption called an Apple Macintosh – A Mac SE 30 to be exact. We didn't know it then but this little electronic buzz-box marked the beginning of the end of the traditional utopia for graphic design. During this time I learnt three valuable lessons as a designer.

1.   Never show a client an idea that you don't want them to select – because they will.
2.   Some people will take the credit for work that you yourself have created.
3.   Professional envy is alive and well.

I also discovered that many punk rockers don't like to have their photo taken without permission. I also taught myself how to play 'More than a Feeling' by Boston on my humble acoustic guitar and danced like a troubled Polish gypsy to the music of New Order and Simple Minds.

The 1990s
At the very start of this decade I was offered a job to teach at the WA School of Art and Design (a TAFE College in Perth). At the time, I was working 8-9 hours a day at a studio in Brunswick mostly sitting in front of a large Macintosh screen. In the space of a few short years I went from bench top and hand-made to computer graphics and desktop publishing. Although my business card still read 'Graphic Designer' I felt more like a Mac operator. My eyes were also getting sore and tired from staring at the screen all day. With all this in mind, I decided to accept the teaching job and move to Perth. Needless to say, I haven't looked back. I loved it. So much so that I was encouraged by the Director of the School to go along to Curtin Uni and get my Bachelor of Arts in Tertiary Education. In 1992 I was promoted to Head of Graphic Design and Multimedia and in 1997 I was offered the role of Supervisor of Communication Arts at the Abu Dhabi Women's College. My Arabian adventure was sadly cut short in 1999 due to a family crisis and I had to return back to Melbourne.

The 21st Century
In 2000 I took a position at NMIT for a year working in the Research and Development Unit as an Instructional Designer. Then in 2001 I left to work for Tourism Victoria and a few Industry Training Boards as a graphic and instructional designer.
In 2005 I decided to take the road less travelled and moved from tertiary teaching into secondary school teaching. Teaching art and design to year 7 through to year 12 students was exhausting and somewhat uninspiring. Most teenagers didn't really care much about the creative process. In 2009 I decided to move back to TAFE and here I am.