



To my utter shock, I finished Grade 7 at what was then known as Pacific Montessori *sixteen years ago*. More than a few years, to say the least. Since then, the school has morphed into Selkirk Montessori, and I've wandered from Victoria to Vancouver, then back to Victoria, via Berlin and Boston.

Boston, this past summer, was writing code for a music intelligence company called The Echo Nest. They power all sorts of digital music applications, from the BBC Music Showcase to apps that play music based on how fast you're jogging. I spent a lot of time tweaking the guts of their data collection algorithms and cleaning stale data out of their system...as well as lurking around the MIT climbing wall, eating fine Boston pastries, and so on.

The summer before that, I was working in Berlin for an audio start-up called SoundCloud, who are currently in the process of taking over audio on the Internet in the same way that Flickr has taken over photos. I worked on code that made the site talk to other parts of the Internet nicely, and worked on my German / Swedish / Romanian / Latvian, etc.

Both of those gigs were summer internships to support my degree in Computer Science & Music at the University of Victoria – I'm done in December, and I've really enjoyed the program, even the parts that involved choir practice until 10 at night, then writing code until the small hours of the morning.

In addition to university concerns, those long 16 years since Grade 7 have also involved graduating from Vic High, doing sound school in Vancouver, 'playing video games for a living' for Electronic Arts, writing hour-long electronic music symphonies, writing traditional string quartets, running a music label, baking pies, winning cookie competitions, and so on. .. very little of which would have been possible without the kind of aggressive sense of wonder that Montessori school gave me. I am, to say the least, deeply grateful.

