

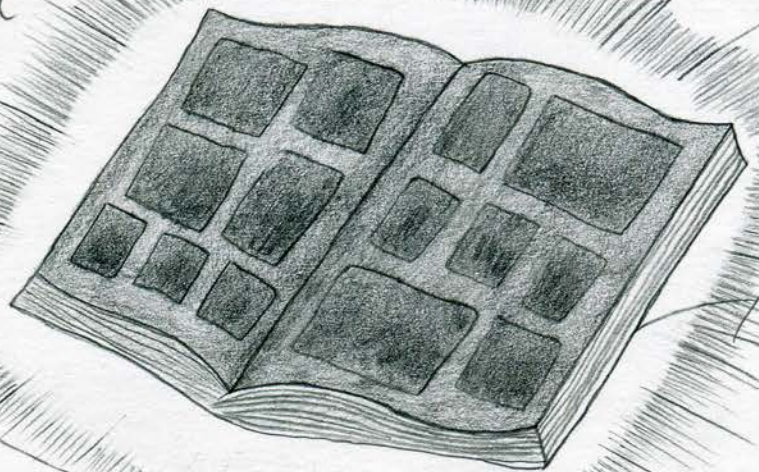
At age seventeen, Geneviève Castrée and my paternal grandfather were the two Quebecers I

most admired, though I had never met either of Castrée's "Susceptible" in 2013, a few months before I moved to Quebec to begin school in Montreal



There were many things I didn't have in common with "Goglu", but I related to her as a lonely teenager, making drawings late at night

in my bedroom, the most creative space I've ever known.



"Susceptible" is
an autobiographical

coming of age
story,

Set in Quebec and
sometimes British Columbia during
the 80s and 90s.

Rereading
it makes me feel
like a child,



who perceive injustice
most clearly

and reject
in a way unfairness most wholeheartedly.
it's a wonderful thing to
be reminded of.

of Paon. I love the way she draws snow.

I love the book. I love the music she made as

There is no summer in her drawings, only the wet of the Pacific Northwest,



and the cold of Quebec.

