

## Transcript of first episode Mapping East Van Intro w/ Mickey

Words within brackets such as [these] indicate a descriptive commentary added to make fuller the translation from the [original audio](#) to written storytelling. See more of Mapping East Van [here](#).

[episode cover ID: digitally hand-written light pink text says "MAPPING EAST VAN" above "W/ MICKEY MORGAN". Digital text overlays a photograph from inside ECUAD campus looking outside through glass which has written on it "THIS IS EAST VAN" in black marker. Outside is the parking lot and Monte Clark, graffiti'd train cars fading in focus into the industrial grey horizon. End of ID]

[13 second musical intro. The music is high tempo with notable chill guitar rhythm and sharp cymbal crash at the pace of a heartbeat.]

0:15 Mickey

This is a map of East Van, and in no way is it objective. No map is. From their legacy in documenting and justifying colonization to a visual aid for developers and city “revitalizers” chopping up the Downtown Eastside into smaller and smaller pieces, maps are collections for stories of violence. So too, can maps hold tales of resistance and hope and those who refuse to keep quiet, those who know that a story can never die.

0:56 Mickey

I'm Mickey Morgan, I use they/them pronouns, I'm a cartographer and translator and listener and storyteller. This map we're making is composed of stories shared using various media and is part of a few inter-connected projects like a zine, an open source map, and this podcast, but primarily these are ways to understand mapping as storytelling (and vice versa). There are two foundational stories to this map. First, I am a settler, a squatter wherever I am on Turtle Island. Land, Water, and Air which is rightfully stewarded and traditionally known by Indigenous people. East Vancouver is a colonial title and borders for land of the Skwxwú7mesh, Səlilwətaʔ/Selilwitulh and xʷməθkʷəy̓əm nations, and where I create this is also Land of the Sto:lo nation. The colonial names, uses, and very shape of the Land as we know it now go hand in hand with the constructs of property, race, gender, disability, class, and of all these other things which are made up as justification of violence-- as if there could ever be justification for such things. Two, East Van is my home, though I don't live here and I am unable to physically be here, I owe it to my neighbours to show up. We are responsible to each other, all of us, even you.

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While we're here I'll share a couple more stories I know of east van from growing up here.

3:04 Mickey

First, is the First United Church on Hastings Street.

The first time I went to the eastside was at thirteen years old from my suburban synagogue's b'nai mitzvah class (it's Jewish coming-of-age ceremony prep.), we went to volunteer with their soup kitchen. I went in, one of 5 thirteen-year-olds and one rabbi, an older man who had a very good heart. He was the reason this visit happened, every year, under his supervision and initiative. I don't think it continued after he left. [quiet crowd chatter begins in background] Once we started, of course, I wanted to do serving so I could talk with folks. I got over right quick the fear that sticks shut my throat when I see unfamiliar men. Probably there were other fears there, ones I was taught which intersect with classism and anti-Indigeneity and ableism. But it's hard to remember past my being so comfortable there now, honestly.

3:17 Mickey

[classical piano plays overtop the chatter] There's a piano in the corner past the coffee, someone in the middle of it sat down and played a song I recognized but I still can't place. Complex notes spilled into each other, [piano keys crash as though being destroyed] and they cut to a halt when the cops busted in to arrest someone at the next table.

4:36 Mickey

I know that I left that day after talking for half an hour with one of the stragglers at the end of the mealtime. I wish I could remember your name, my friend. The half hour was filled with stories of sleeping on the street, always making sure to come for meal as on time as possible, and the land of Haida Gwaii, trees and water and laughing and love and [Mickey speaks in a testimonial voice to quote] "the most decent food and lodging you'll find in the area". I still wonder why you aren't there, if you could get back to your Land if you wanted to, or if there's some tyra colonial force keeping you. But, you had to go and I had no time to ask, so though the rabbi said "don't touch people" when we left I gave you such a hug that I felt it in my heart.

So, Pigeon Park. It's a little green corner on East Hastings and Pender.

5:43 Mickey

I've been buying made-on-reservation cigs off that corner since I was fifteen and I wanted to rot myself from the inside out (I quit smoking a while ago). The Survivors Totem Pole at the end of the block generally marks the last reliable chance you have to buy a pack unless you stumble upon someone walking with a blocky square bulge in their over-the-shoulder bag along Hastings.

Didn't know about what the Totem Pole meant, the story or significance of it, until doing a project for an illustration studio class that required onsite research into a neighbourhood or local area; I was one of two people who chose DTES. Funny since the class took place in campus in east van [mickey speaks in a suspicious, exaggerated tone] but we don't really talk about that. The fact has been mentioned by a teacher or administrator exactly [sucks teeth, indicating thinking], maybe three, four times in my recollection over the past three years here, seldom more by our students.

7:00 Mickey

The first place I went on the exploration of this collection of neighbourhoods was, of course, Pigeon Park. I sat kiddy korner to it and drew folks for hours. Some folks tried to give me coins, which happens sometimes when I sit down on the street and draw even in downtown proper, honestly, but the amount of people that came and went in those few short hours was pretty incredible.

The second time I went for the purpose of this project I went with a white trans-girl and a brown cis-girl and we sat down in front of the bougie-ass lighting business across the street. Within five minutes we were told that there was “no loitering” so we went off toward Chinatown to find a place that [in a sarcastic tone] maybe even has a bench. [small laugh]

8:00 Mickey

To Carral and Pender, which is just down the street.

On the second day after being told to leave from out front of the bougie-store we chatted some more, one of my friends left, me and the remaining friend went down the street to find another place to draw. We sat down against the tan colored building with white accents at Carral and Pender that says “PEKING CHOP SUEY HOUSE”, I don’t think that’s actually what it has been for a while, based on how the paint has faded and chipped. Someone came up to us after a while and asked bum a smoke, and we had a chat I can’t quite remember what about, but there were two things he told us I will never forget:

Don’t let anyone tell you that you don’t belong here

Don’t take any shit, from anybody

So, just to be clear, I am no expert except in what I have experienced, learned from listening and from research, if you disagree with anything I’ve said here or have something else to add [in a sincere tone] please let me know, I would love to learn something new from you. [music begins to fade into audio] if you would like to share any stories you know of east van, send any resources you know are doing good here, email me at [MappingEastVan@gmail.com](mailto:MappingEastVan@gmail.com). This episode is also part of a series on Digital and Creative Knowledge Sharing, which is a series put out by Emily Carr University so I’ll link that in the description below.

9:44 Mickey

Thank you to Pudding for the music for this episode, this song is from their album Pop Over which you can find on their bandcamp that I will link, and don’t ever stop questioning.

9: 58

[music gets louder, a different song from the intro. The music is again lead by a quick tempo drums and cymbal with a repeating beat, and guitar that has long notes reminiscent of beach-punk and early ‘00s skater music]

[puddingvancouver.bandcamp.com/album/pop-over-2](https://puddingvancouver.bandcamp.com/album/pop-over-2)