**Transcription from Ethnographic Walk in Santo Domingo notes**

Route: From Copilco subway station and Tlalli street into Colours Church and return through Mixtli street

Duration: 75 minutes

Date and time: November 1, from 15:25 to 16:40 pm

Additional notes: second walk while I wait to schedule the interviews. Tomorrow is the Day of the Dead

Observer: A

I take a walk through Santo Domingo. Now I don't arrive by the pedestrian access, but by another street near the Copilco subway station, which implies walking a little more. At 15:25 I arrive on the subway station and walk towards Grieta street, through Tlalli Street. At 15:29 I am arriving in Santo Domingo. I arrive by Abeja Street, which has people selling on the street, but has fewer stalls than other streets, such as Tetl street. I walk through Abeja and get to Mixtli street. I notice how some of the houses are built. Many have a second or third floor under construction, unfinished. The houses have been built by each family. Each part of the house is made when a family has not only the plan but also resources for it. That is why there is no uniformity, but many differences between the built form of the houses. Concrete has been the material that has been combined with volcanic stone to raise Santo Domingo, and it has given a certain freedom as well. The house colours are different, and there is no regulatory code that everyone had to follow. Each neighbour has made their house differently.

I arrive at Mixtli street at 15:35 and walk through it. It is a large street, one of the busiest in the neighbourhood, which crosses practically all of it. For some years, I lived in an apartment located on this street, and in this walking observation, I pass in front of the building where I lived before. The house has the same facade and looks very similar to how I remember it. I wonder who lives now in those flats.

Public transport buses enter Santo Domingo through Mixtli, as it is a little wider street than others in the neighbourhood. It is also a busier street compared to others here. However, on this street, some of the houses are under construction as well. There are many shops, especially selling food, but also hardware stores, blacksmith's workshops, furniture stores and automotive mechanic workshops. In the street, there are small altars for virgins and saints of the Catholic Church. Above all, there are altars to the Virgin of Guadalupe and San Judas Tadeo, two religious figures with great devotion in Mexico City.

I walk to Tochtli street. Here there are also many shops but on a larger scale. There are markets, and larger franchise stores, among which an electronics store stands out. On Mixtli street I saw a drunk man lying on the floor, on the sidewalk, a few steps from the corner of Tochtli street. I also see many boys and girls dressed in costumes to ask for their Halloween and Day of the Dead "calaverita", which is the Mexican equivalent of going trick-or-treating. I see several signs on this street, and some of them promote an upcoming "Wellness Fair", which will be a day of activities organized by the city government, in which there will be workshops directed to the wellbeing of the community. In Tochtli street there is a community centre run by the government, which also runs courses and workshops for the community. There are also elementary and secondary schools. I continue my walk, heading towards Grieta street. I see people putting on makeup and getting clothes or costumes for the Day of the Dead celebrations. By getting makeup and arranging their hair at the hairdressers in this neighbourhood, people also interact and socialize. I see many boys and girls on the street, dressed to ask for their "calaverita", accompanied by their parents.

In Tochtli there is a mural painting that commemorates the creation of the Santo Domingo neighbourhood. It is from the year 2021, and says “Santo Domingo, 50 years of existence”. The street also becomes a space for political expression.

The houses in Santo Domingo look as if they are piled one on top of the other. The first floor, sometimes, is a business, and people are living on the upper floors. However, the majority of them are homes. I turn around and continue walking through Mixtli street to Coatl street. On Mixtli street I see four buildings that have become apartment residences of at least six floors. All of them look as if they are new apartments, and are buildings that I do not remember from living here before, four years ago. These buildings are bigger, look similar among themselves, and look new, compared to the other houses. This gives the appearance that they are better built. I wonder who will be living there, and when these apartments were made. On Coatl street I walk to get to the Church of Colores, and I turn to keep walking on Tlahuilli street. I keep seeing the same pattern in the streets: houses built by their inhabitants, diverse and different like a collage or mosaic, and close together. On this street, I also occasionally see altars of Catholic saints. I turn at Tochtli and again at Mixtli to get a closer look at one of the new buildings.

As I walk, I run into a friend I remember from several years ago. I think it was nice to see him back on these streets. He is from another part of the city, and he sells different things to earn a living.

I turn around the school that is on Mixtli street, next to a government community centre. I see that there are courses and workshops for people of different ages. They are workshops on mathematics, cooking, dance, music, computing, and reading. I walk around the school and pass by the entrance when the children of the evening shift are leaving. Many of them are disguised or ready to ask for their "calaveritas" later at night.

I go out on Mixtli street. In front of the school, I see food businesses and street stalls that I recognize, and I also see a public market nearby. People passing by talk about their plans in the street, and about how they will spend and celebrate the Day of the Dead. I see that one of the houses on this street has an altar dedicated to the grandfather of the family, with photographs and decorations. The altar can be seen from the street and is a Day of the Dead tradition.

I leave through Tlalli street at 16:40.