

Community El Panteon ( a series of pictures taken from the life of the Panteon, Villahermosa, Mexico)

The Panteon is much like any other community; it requires electricity and water and maintenance and updating and upgrading, all in order to endure. People move in (or as in this case, are moved in), and move out (or are moved out). Apparently here too, there is a rent to be summoned and paid, in order to be laid to rest – laid to an undisturbed rest, that is.

In spite of the auspiciousness of the grave yard, it is an uneasy respite for some, I suppose, when their rent is not tendered.

It would seem that nothing is forever.

There is a certain community aesthetic here, as well; a style, so to say that is common to this settlement. People prefer glass houses and glazed, colored tile, as opposed to the cement and brick and mortar and marble usually found in cities of the dead. It is a vibrant cemetery of slightly different barrios or neighborhoods that can be sorted out by subtle distinctions in the arrangements made by the poor and those made by the better-off. The latter, for example, secure resting places closer to the commerce of the main boulevard just beyond the cementereo, while the former may find an ending place situated in the back corners by a rear wall where empty discarded caskets lie near a community tool shed. This is an area designated for the socially in-remiss, non-rent payers who have fallen from the bottom of the residential spectrum.

Sometimes there is no grace.

It is hard to estimate the number of inhabitants who lie or have laid here because sub-letting of residential plots also seems to be pretty common, especially if your family is a very large one that may include many generations. Plots are limited.

How many have passed through the neighborhood Panteon at large since 1951 - the date of the “Yellow House” - and how many before? It is in the knowledge of the Master of Good Fortune, and likely few others, now...

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