

*A cada cerdo le llega su San Martín*

*A cada cerdo le llega su San Martín* (Everyone comes to his day of reckoning) it is the title of one of the works, but at the same time is taken to define all of them. It is based on the representation and study of oblivion, more specifically on the disappeared civilizations, of those first cities that have been eroding, degrading and dying over time. The materialisation of these concrete ruins is nothing more than highlighting the inevitable end of being. It stands as a portrait of what we were and what we have destroyed, but which at the same time does not fail to show us this stoic account of the eternal return.

In this sense, *A cada cerdo le llega su San Martín*, is no longer represented only as a past, but as a future, an imminent future. On October 30, 1938 on CBS radio Orson Welles narrated how the Martians attacked the land. The adaptation I make with *They are just rocks* is that the invasion was not extra-terrestrial but terrestrial and that we as a whole, as humanity, were and will be the invaders. Moving away from the warlike vision that Welles made, the premonitions of disappearance are not of a war but of a technological and social reality.

That is to say that in the present we are seeing and living decomposition. Just as it happened in ancient Mesopotamia.

Exposes the different visions, details and perspectives of the oldest cities and human civilizations, Jericho, Babylon, Damascus, the Ziggurat of Borsippa,.... The latter, more than civilization, represents an element of it, a symbolic expression of the creation of the universe, a bridge between heaven and earth. However, at the same time it stands as a pillar, as a monolith as the perfect image of the dichotomy between evolution and involution.

Always drag with us that unfinished tower, this yo-yo between creation and destruction. We will never stop being those primates who looked at it with eyes like plates, and be part of an entropic state where this disorder inherent in our system will be the cause of our death and at the same time it will order it because we are born again, evolve and die again.

Isaac Asimov spoke to us, in his book *FOUNDATION*, about the Seldon crisis, a crisis that would mark the history of the Foundation. Each one of these crises is due both to the events that occur and the internal problems, thus forcing the members of the Foundation to make decisions and carry out the actions that will lead to the creation of new cycles, new worlds and new civilizations. That is what he said in his book:

*There was a growing buzz of conversations on the lines of the nobles that constituted the audience and even invaded the line of commissioners. They bowed each other in their scarlet and gold uniforms; only the president remained impassive.*

*Hari Seldon was not upset. He waited for the murmurs to cease.*

*R. To minimize the effects of such destruction.*

*Q. What exactly do you mean by this?*

*R. The explanation is very simple. The next destruction of Trántor is not an event isolated from the scheme of human development. It will be the culminating in an intricate drama that began centuries ago and accelerates its speed continuously. I refer, gentlemen, to the continuous decadence of the galactic empire.*

*The hum now became a dull roar. The lawyer, ignored, he shouted:*

*- He is openly declaring that...- and was interrupted because the auditorium's cries of "treason"*

*showed that the desired point had been reached without any hammering. Slowly, the President of the Commission lifted the mallet and dropped it. The sound was similar to that of a melodious gong. When the echo ceased, the chatter of the spectators did too. The lawyer took a deep breath.*

This futuristic vision of Asimov was no more than a look back at the events that have led humanity to its multiple disappearances.

That is why *A cada cerdo le llega su San Martín* is a futuristic project, it is both revelation and mirror.