

Süda**k**a Magazine

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Authors from Spain and Latin America



"Publish without walls. Publish in cooperation."

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We present Südaka Editorial

Südaka Editorial (www.sudaka-editorial.com) was born to fill a gap in the publishing world, especially focused on new voices from Latin America and Spain.

Current trends offer multiple possibilities: from self-publishing to pay-to-publish models. However, these options often make real access to bookstores difficult.

Given this, we propose a **middle path**.

Südaka Editorial opens new publishing possibilities for both young and experienced creators, without them having to pay for editing services.

We also want to embrace new technologies. Therefore, we bet on the **POD (Print on Demand)** system, without giving up on reaching bookstores directly, promoting our authors locally and internationally.

To guarantee this, we offer a **rigorous selection of manuscripts** and, of course, a **defined literary line**.

Our purpose is to publish new voices and reissue those who came before us; to work in the original language and translate writings into other languages, mainly European.

Through literary dissemination in several languages, we hope to reach more readers and more authors who want to bring their voices to several countries at once.



(Foto: judiha-cuba)

Cuando nacen las ausencias

Vicente de la Serna

ISBN: 9789403879994

489 pages

€21,60



Cuando nacen las ausencias is a polyphonic novel that weaves together the Holocaust, Latin American dictatorships, and Gaza with 21st-century fascism. A journey through memory, pain, and resistance. Six open endings. .

Critical Review of *Cuando nacen las ausencias*

the new novel by Vicente de la Serna

A Bet on Totality

Cuando nacen las ausencias is an ambitious novel. Its author, Vicente de la Serna, undertakes nothing less than to trace an arc from the Holocaust to Gaza, from Latin American dictatorships to 21st-century fascism, and he does so through a constellation of characters spanning three continents and several decades. The bet on totality — on encompassing everything — is both its greatest virtue and its most evident risk.

In an era where the novel tends toward the intimate, the minimal, the restrained, *Cuando nacen las ausencias* belongs to a rather 19th-century tradition: that of the social fresco, the novel that wants to explain the world. And it does so with a narrative energy that captivates, even if it sometimes becomes overwhelmed by its own ambition.

The novel is constructed as a web of parallel plots: that of Jewish partisan Bern during World War II; that of his son Anton in divided Germany; that of former Chilean and Argentine guerrillas in the present; that of painter Leo Tejada in German exile; that of businesswoman Katja in Berlin; that of the international far right at its secret summits. Added to these is a spy plot and a reflection on religious manipulation.

The multiplicity of characters is, at times, overwhelming. However, the author manages to give each one their own voice and makes their stories resonate with each other. The connections are revealed patiently, like in a chess game whose pieces move on different boards until they converge.

Bern is the most accomplished character. His arc achieves the greatest psychological density: guilt, memory, the impossibility of distinguishing the real enemy from the imaginary persecuted one. The figure of the ferryman who accompanies him throughout his life is a narrative success that gives the novel an almost mythical dimension.



Photo: [Jan Huber](#)

***The connections (between characters)
are revealed patiently,
like in a chess game whose pieces
move on different boards until they converge.***

The characters in the Latin American plot — Miguel, Mariano, Cecilia, Leo — are the ones who sustain the political present of the novel. Their fight against returning fascism is the thread that provides the most tension and urgency. However, at some moments the political weight becomes explicit and the narration gives way to the manifesto, which may be too much for some readers.

The far-right international plot, with its summits and conspiracies, comes close to satire. The Madrid summit and the scenes at Tilo Weider's house (with the flies, the cat, and the nipples) border on the grotesque. This tone contrasts with the seriousness of other threads, but has its own effectiveness: showing the ridiculousness of power does not make it less dangerous — perhaps it makes it more sinister.



Photo: [Jon Tyson](#)

The Open Endings

The decision to close the novel with six alternative endings is, without a doubt, its most original feature. Each ending develops one of the novel's threads and offers a possible resolution (or non-resolution). The reader can choose their own outcome or accept that all are valid, that all occur simultaneously in some parallel universe.

This responds to a conception of history as something non-linear, that cannot be captured in a single narrative. In a world where fascism imposes its unique version of events, offering multiple endings is an act of resistance.

The risk is that the reader leaves with the feeling that none of the stories really ends. The bet is deliberate, but it may frustrate those seeking a more conventional closure.

Style and Language

De la Serna's prose is indebted to the Latin American realist tradition, with forays into dirty realism (scenes of violence and sex), political satire (the far right), and philosophical reflection (Bern's dialogues with the ferryman). The register changes according to the plot, which provides variety but also some imbalance.

The dialogues are the strong point. The author handles the colloquial registers of Chilean and Argentine Spanish with ease, and ensures that each character has a recognizable voice. The discussions between Mariano and Cecilia, between Leo and Manríquez, between the former Argentine guerrillas at the final meeting, are authentic and vibrant.

The use of italics for thoughts is consistent, although it becomes excessive in some passages.

The pace is sustained, with brief chapters that maintain tension.



Photo: [Renan Braz](#)

Cuando nacen las ausencias belongs to a tradition of Latin American political novels ranging from Mario Vargas Llosa (*The Feast of the Goat*, *Conversation in the Cathedral*) to Roberto Bolaño ("2666", *The Savage Detectives*). As in them, there is a lucid and disenchanting gaze on power, violence, and history.

The structure of multiple converging plots also evokes David Mitchell (*Cloud Atlas*) and the tradition of the "system novel" that attempts to encompass the totality of the real.

The figure of the ferryman, with his reflections on time and the repetition of horror, recalls the prose of Cioran, whom the author quotes, and the philosophical tradition that runs through 20th-century European literature.

In the representation of Nazism and its continuity in the present, there are echoes of Jonathan Littell (*The Kindly Ones*) and testimonial literature. But De la Serna does not stay with the document; he fictionalizes freely.

Cuando nacen las ausencias is a novel that will generate mixed reactions. Its political bet is explicit, and that will bring it both enthusiastic readers and detractors. In a context where polarization is the norm, a novel that openly positions itself against fascism and draws a parallel between the Holocaust and Gaza will leave no one indifferent.

Its main strength is its ambition. Its main risk is overload. The novel wants to say too much, encompass too much, and in some passages the density of information (political, historical, philosophical) weighs on the narrative. However, the author has the craft to hold the whole together, and the most intimate moments — Veronica's confession to Miguel, Eva's escape, Bern's account of the tenth death — are among the best in contemporary Spanish-language literature.

The novel has a future. It will find its audience among those seeking committed literature, not as a pamphlet but as an inquiry into the wounds of the present. Reading it demands commitment, but rewards it with a complex look at history that is not fooled by promises of a happy ending.

Cuando nacen las ausencias is a novel that disturbs. It disturbs by its lucidity, its rejection of neutrality, its insistence on showing that fascism is not a ghost of the past but an active reality.

It also disturbs by its structure, its ambition, its six open endings that refuse to close the story.

But the literature that disturbs is the one that lasts. It will not be unanimous, but it will be remembered. And its best characters — Bern, Eva, Mariano, Cecilia — will remain in the reader's memory as witnesses of a century that refuses to pass.

***Cuando nacen las ausencias* is a novel that disturbs.
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Biblioteca **K**lásica

With this book, **Südaka Editorial** begins the reissue of classic authors. We launch our **Biblioteca Klásica**.

Azul, Rubén Darío.



Rubén Darío (1867-1916) es considerado el príncipe de las letras castellanas. *Azul* está disponible en numerosas ediciones y sigue siendo una lectura fundamental para entender el origen de la poesía contemporánea.

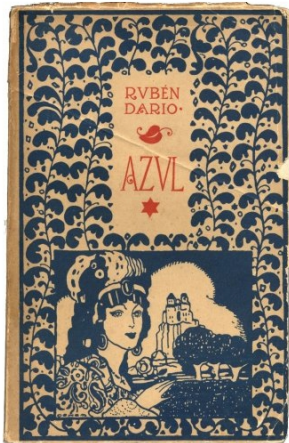
Azul: The Spark That Changed Spanish-Language Literature Forever

It was the year 1888. A young Nicaraguan, barely twenty-one years old, named Félix Rubén García Sarmiento — but already known in literary circles as **Rubén Darío** — published in Valparaíso, Chile, a book that, on the surface, was a modest collection of stories and poems. Its title was brief and evocative: *Azul* (Blue).

No one, not even the author himself, could imagine then that those pages would become the birth certificate of a literary revolution: **Modernismo**. *Azul* was not just a book; it was the manifesto of a new sensibility, the cry of a continent that wished to leave behind the colonial heritage and — above all — the dryness of 19th-century realism to immerse itself in a sea of beauty, music, and color.

The Traveler Who Brought the Swans

Rubén Darío was a precocious poet, a voracious reader who had devoured the French Romantics, Parnassians, and Symbolists. At that time, Paris was the capital of the art world, and Darío, like an alchemist, decided to transfigure the elegance of French poetry (Gautier, Verlaine, Baudelaire) into the language of Cervantes.



El título Azul no fue casual. Para Darío y sus contemporáneos, el azul era el color del ideal, de lo infinito, del arte por el arte.

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What Color Is Modernismo?

The title *Azul* was not accidental. For Darío and his contemporaries, blue was the color of the ideal, of the infinite, of art for art's sake. It was the antidote to the gray of utilitarianism and bourgeois positivism. In the book's prologue (written by Chilean critic Eduardo de la Barra), blue is defined as "the color of the dreamed, the artistic, and the Greek."

The book is divided into two main sections:

1. **Stories and Tales** (*El año lírico* – "The Lyrical Year"): Here Darío shows his prose side. In stories like *The Bourgeois King* or *The Nymph*, he criticizes the materialistic society that does not understand art, while creating dreamlike atmospheres with Versailles-style marquises and fauns chasing nymphs.
2. **Poems**: Includes jewels like *Primaveral* (Spring-like), *Estival* (Summer-like), and *Autumnal* (Autumn-like) — poems dedicated to the seasons — and the famous *Sonatina*. In the latter, Darío portrays a sad princess, trapped in a golden palace, sighing for a prince who never comes. She is the archetype of the modernist hero: the beautiful soul wounded by the vulgarity of the world.

A person with long hair, wearing a dark coat and boots, stands in profile on a paved path. They are looking upwards towards a bright light source in the distance, which creates a strong lens flare and illuminates the misty air. The background is dark with silhouettes of trees and a fence on the right. The overall mood is contemplative and mysterious.

VICENTE DE LA SERNA

CUANDO NACEN
LAS AUSENCIAS

Südaka Editorial

The Revelation of Paris

A famous anecdote illustrates the impact of the work. The year after its publication, Darío traveled to Paris and met the great French poet Paul Verlaine. Verlaine, fascinated by the musicality of the poems, shook his hand and embraced him. For Darío, that gesture was consecration: his dream of uniting the Spanish language with the universal rhythm of poetry had come true.

A Lasting Legacy

Over time, Rubén Darío would write even more complex masterpieces (such as *Prosas profanas* and *Cantos de vida y esperanza*), but *Azul* retains the freshness of a dawn. All of Modernismo is contained there in embryo: the swan, the captive princess, the flight to ancient Greece, aristocratic tedium, and the obsessive search for formal perfection.

Reading *Azul* today means witnessing the exact moment when Hispanic poetry stopped looking at the ground and raised its eyes to the sky. Or rather, to that magical color that, according to Darío, is the only possible homeland for a true poet: the blue of art.

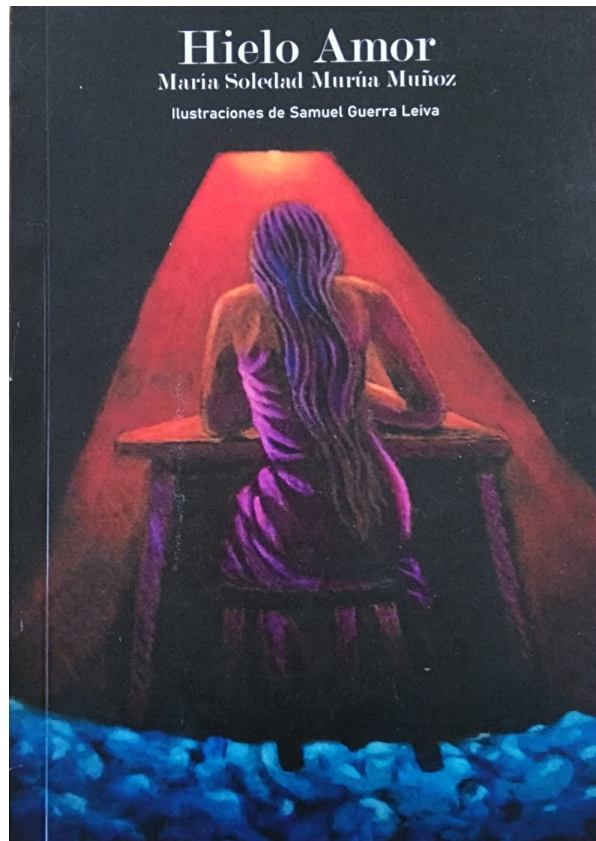
"Youth, divine treasure, you are leaving never to return!" he wrote later, but in *Azul*, the literary youth of Latin America began — and its brilliance has never faded.



Imagen del libro „Azul“

Collaboration: Poetry

María Soledad Murúa
Hielo Amor
ISBN: 9789569283758
Lagar Editores.



Hielo Amor
By Jorge Coulón*

A body made of stars, a memory carved in snow, a love that survives extermination.

This book is a constellation of poems born at the intersection of passion and horror. Soledad Murúa writes with flesh and memory, weaving childhood, desire, dictatorship, disappearance, search, cosmos, and resistance.

From the door that opens to the patio to the sidereal abyss, from the blue velvet dress to the shoes that accompanied the nights of love and walked the night of terror, each verse is a luminous trench against oblivion.

In these poems, people kiss, die, sing, suffer, fight. But above all: **they love**.

And even if ice covers the bones, love — the kind that fills beds with swallows — persists.

Reading *Hielo Amor* is to enter a disturbing paradox: beauty not only survives horror, but sometimes is born from it and evokes it. That flower of tenderness that grows among ruins forces us to ask whether singing is a form of resistance, whether loving can also be a form of justice.

This book is a ritual of reunion with those who were, with those we still are, with those who continue to live within us. And with that part of ourselves that, still wounded, still trembling, keeps trying to live in sorrow.

* Member of the Chilean group **Inti Illimani**

YOUR POPLAR

You bite my mouth
you slide your sharp teeth
over the flesh of my lips
and you moisten with your tongue
the thicket of my words

You lick my neck
my pores flood with salt water
clinging to your bones
I spill insolently over your body

Effervescent, we kiss each other

Your poplar with its great eye
looks inside me
despite the fever
I am pale with fear

Your fluids
your aromas
your flavors
soak into the walls of my flesh
and I will never be the same again

BEFORE YOU DARED TO LOVE ME

We could spend the whole night loving each other
sleeping mute, impassive and serene
among the winds of this abundant universe
side by side
like a burning tongue of fire

I could spend the whole night
thanking the Milky Way
that you were next to me
I watched you while you slept

and I thought
about all that universe that you were
about all that light that lived inside you
and all those millions of dreams
nestled in your bones

You
before laughing with me
before daring to love me
had cried for a couple of centuries

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Criticism

Literary Criticism

The Awakening: Disgust as Opening

By Jack Solo, Literary Critic

I don't know how this novel continues. No one has told me the ending. No one has told me whether Javier Lavín will become president, whether Pedro Cornejo will carry out his attack, whether Melina will remain the only woman the businessman is capable of loving (even if he has to pay her). I come to this first chapter as any reader comes: in ignorance, with curiosity intact, with trust placed in an anonymous writer (his name doesn't matter) who knows where he is taking us.

What I do know, after reading *The Awakening*, is that I will continue reading. Not because I like the characters — on the contrary, Lavín provokes an almost physical disgust — but because the prose has the honesty not to disguise its bet: there are no heroes here. Here there is a man who gets up, wipes a sleep from his eye, and before thinking about the country, thinks about his morning erection. The dictatorship, for him, is background noise. His true tragedy is being married to a saint.

That is the invitation that *The Awakening* extends to the reader. It is not comfortable. It is deliberately uncomfortable. But good literature often is.

***The Awakening* poses a hypothesis:
The banality of evil
is not just a philosophical concept.
It is a routine.**

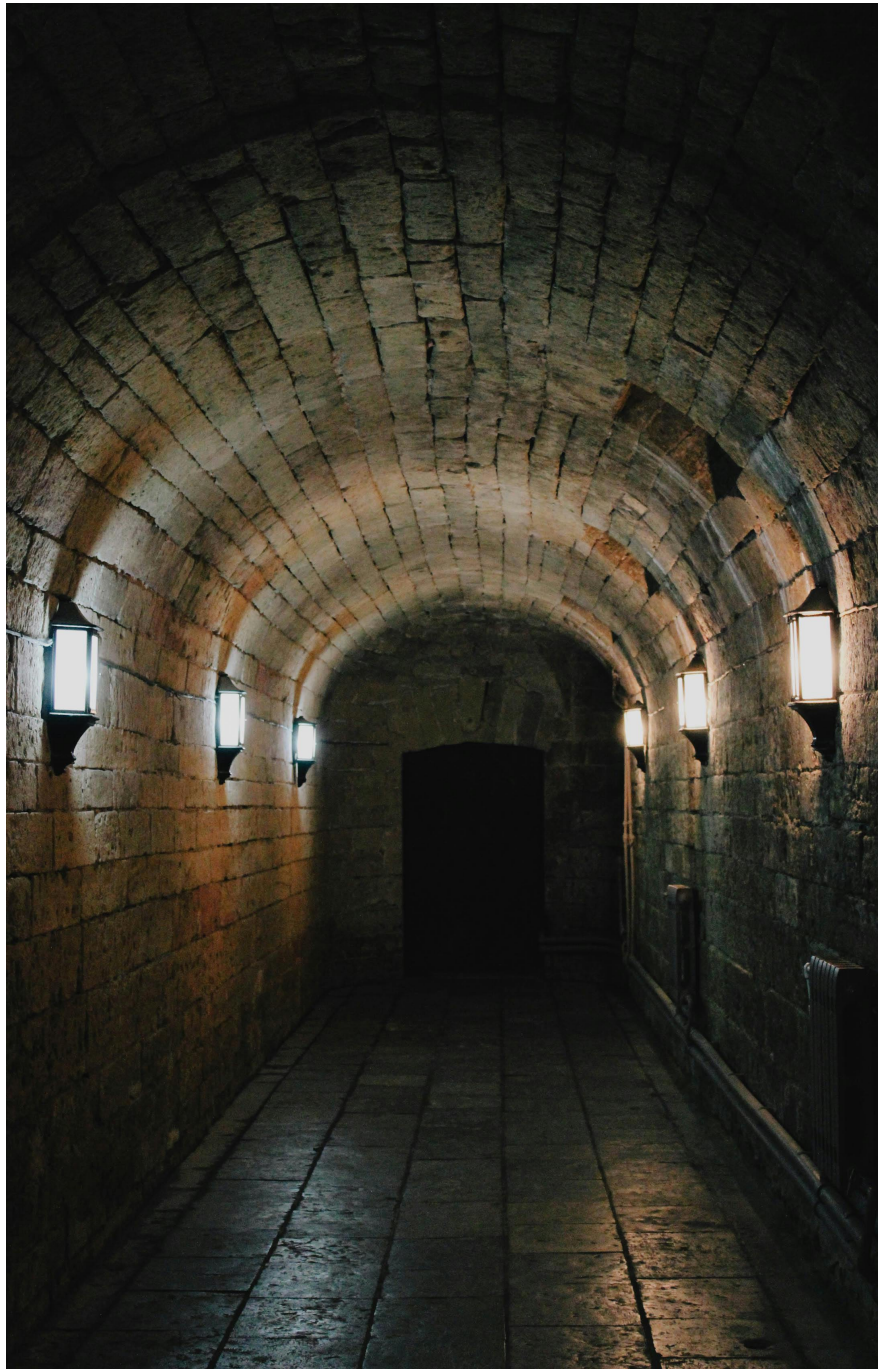
The Everyday Nature of Evil

Let's start with the title. *The Awakening* could be Lavín's, as he opens his eyes. But it could also be the reader's, who is invited to open their eyes to something they already knew but preferred not to look at: that the accomplices of the dictatorship are not monsters, but businessmen with marital problems. That evil, in its most effective form, does not consist of killing directly, but of looking the other way, of not wanting to see, of worrying more about the shine of the Mercedes than about the old man who washes it. *The Awakening* poses a hypothesis: the banality of evil is not just a philosophical concept. It is a routine. It is the useless erection of a guy who could have everything and doesn't know what to do with his desire.

Lavín looks at his pajamas. Frustrated, he contemplates the bulge of his useless morning erection. He turns to the bed. He has the outlandish intention of having sex with his wife. But he can't: Ernestina, that saint, has forbidden him entry "lock and barrel" for nearly two decades. The phrase is brutal in its economy: the woman who should be a companion is a guardian of divine law. And Lavín, who could ask for a divorce, who could rebel, only manages to complain in silence and think about Melina, the prostitute.

The chapter is a catalog of small miseries. Nothing that happens in these pages is extraordinary. A man gets up. Masturbates. Drinks instant coffee. Goes to the office. But in that everydayness, the narrator weaves a web of political references that, in another writer, could be background noise. Not here. "Social protests were increasing. Despite massive and selective repression, the wave of social discontent did not subside." The phrase appears, almost as a parenthesis, between contemplating the pajamas and the decision not to masturbate. Repression is not Lavín's main theme; it is the climate, the temperature. The reader, however, knows that temperature is that of a country in turmoil. The novel asks them to maintain that tension: what for Lavín is distant noise, for others (for the Pedro Cornejos who have not yet appeared) is a matter of life or death.

Photo: [Valeria Nikitina](#)



The Character: Lavín, That Nobody

The great success of *The Awakening* is to present a protagonist who, instead of winning the reader's sympathy, provokes immediate rejection. He is not a tragic antihero in the style of the Russian classics. He is a mediocre man. His presidential ambition is not born from a vocation for service, but from a mixture of family pressure (his wife pushes him), opportunistic calculation (Pinochet's death as a condition of possibility), and a diffuse need for recognition. "Whatever it takes," he surprises himself saying out loud. Then he covers his mouth. His courage lasts a second.

That gesture defines the entire chapter: Lavín is a man who cannot even sustain his own audacious thoughts. His "stupid little laugh" — a trait that the narrator aptly underscores — is the sound of imposture. He laughs because he doesn't know what else to do. He laughs because laughter is a shield against emptiness. He laughs because, deep down, he knows he is a man without qualities.

**And yet, that man without qualities
has the power to make the reader stay.**

Why?

**Because the writer has understood something fundamental:
disgust is also addictive.**

We want to see how far this man's hypocrisy goes. We want to know if Melina will give him the comfort that Ernestina denies him. We want to discover if the presidential candidacy is a delusion or a real possibility. Lavín is not a character we want to accompany; he is a character we cannot stop looking at. Like an accident on the highway. Like the neighbor on the fifth floor who we know is corrupt but fascinates us with his cynicism.

The Context: Pinochet as a Shadow

Pinochet does not appear in this chapter. He is only mentioned: "once Pinochet retired from politics or simply died — and he crossed himself the moment he thought about it." That crossing of himself summarizes Lavín's relationship with the dictator: he respects him (or pretends to respect him), fears him, and above all, waits for him in the cemetery. His candidacy depends on the tyrant's death. He is not an opponent; he is a scavenger.

The gesture of crossing himself when thinking of Pinochet's death is one of those details that make small literature great. Lavín is not an atheist; he uses religion as insurance. He crosses himself so that God will not punish him for wishing another's death, but that wish remains. Hypocrisy is the air he breathes.

The chapter needs no more political context. With that single sentence, the narrator places Lavín in a precise historical moment: the dictatorship of the eighties, the attack on Pinochet (which occurs after this chapter, but which the reader already senses), the transition as a business. Lavín is not an exceptional collaborator; he is one of many. His mediocrity is what makes him representative.

What the Chapter Promises (and Does Not Fulfill)

The Awakening promises at least five things that the reader will expect to see developed:

1. **The Presidential Candidacy:** Lavín wants to be president. Will he compete with Moreira? With Noboa? Will Husmán support either of them? The race for O'Higgins' chair is a political thriller that is already beginning to emerge.
2. **The Love Triangle:** Ernestina, Melina, Lavín. A saint, a whore, and an indecisive man. The novel hints at a conflict that could be melodramatic, but becomes political when we understand that Ernestina represents religious order and Melina repressed desire. Lavín is caught between salvation (the saint) and downfall (the whore). He doesn't know which to choose; perhaps he wants both.
3. **The Dictatorship as Backdrop:** The protests, repression, discontent. The chapter barely touches them, but the reader intuits that these elements will gain space. Will Lavín be affected by the national strike? Will the dictatorship use him or discard him?
4. **The Complexity of Catholic Guilt:** Lavín's crossing of himself is an automatic gesture, almost a tic. Does he believe or not? The chapter does not answer. But it promises to explore the relationship between religion and power, between sin and politics.
5. **The Question of Evil:** The Mankell epigraph resonates on every page. Lavín is not an evil man in the extreme sense; he does not torture, he does not kill. But he benefits from torture and death. His acquiescence, his indifference, his lack of curiosity about the suffering of others: is that evil? The novel seems to say yes. Everyday evil, office evil, the "stupid little laugh" evil, is the hardest to fight because it does not have a monster's face.

None of these promises are fulfilled in *The Awakening*. Because a first chapter should not fulfill them; it should cast them out as hooks. The reader who closes these pages knows that there is material to continue. And they want to continue.



Photo: [Vinicius Dattwyle](#)

Style: Discomfort as a Method

The narrator is omniscient, but not all-powerful. He knows what Lavín thinks (we know he thinks about Melina while masturbating, that he feels like a "sinner," that the morning mist does not lift his spirits), but he does not judge him. Or at least not explicitly. The judgment lies in juxtaposition: one paragraph speaks of massive repression; the next, of the useless erection. The reader must connect the dots.

That is the stylistic bet of *The Awakening*: to show, not to denounce. Denunciation is for editorials. Literature, when it is good, trusts that the reader will feel the weight of what is not said.

And what is not said in this first chapter is almost more important than what is said. Who is Melina? How did Lavín meet her? Why is he still married to a woman who rejects him? What does he really feel for Ernestina? Is there any glimmer of guilt for getting rich from the dictatorship? The narrator's silence on these questions is not omission; it is an invitation. The reader must continue reading to find out.

A Spool of Loose Threads

The Awakening ends with Lavín deciding to have a Nescafé and go early to the office. It is a deliberately anticlimactic ending: no revelation, no catharsis, no twist that leaves the reader breathless. There is an ajar door.

But that door leads to a spool of threads that are already beginning to unwind. The relationship with Melina, the presidential ambition, the contempt for the saintly wife, dealing with powerful friends, indifference to repression, religion as a mechanism for managing guilt. All of that is in the first chapter, in embryonic form. The reader who decides to continue does not know what they will find, but intuits that it will be complex, contradictory, uncomfortable.

I don't know how this novel continues. I don't know if Pedro Cornejo will appear in the second chapter or the tenth. I don't know if Lavín will achieve his landmark building, if Melina will abandon him, if the dictatorship will fall or perpetuate itself. I only know that *The Awakening* has done what every good first chapter should do: turn a despicable guy into a character worth accompanying. It has achieved this through honesty, irony, and an unwavering faith that the reader does not need to be told what to feel: they will feel it on their own.

The question the critic can answer without fear of being wrong is this: if *The Awakening* is a sample of the tone and quality of the rest, *Un Tedeum para la muerte* will be a novel that disturbs, that provokes, that reminds readers that literature is not a refuge but a wound. And that sometimes, the best wounds are those that never fully heal.

Jack Solo

Literary Critic

From: *Un Tedeum para la muerte* (Vol I)

by Vicente de la Serna

(Book in the editing process)



Do You Want to Collaborate with Südaka Magazine?

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A close-up portrait of a woman's face, heavily covered in white powder. Her hair is white and wispy. Her right eye is a striking, vibrant blue. The overall aesthetic is ethereal and artistic.

VICENTE DE LA SERNA

24+1 PODCAST
FÜR VAN GOGH