
“I have lived many lives and now, through cinema, I plan to live many more” VÍCTOR SOLÉ, actor and former athlete

Many years ago, in the early nineties, I went to compete in a cross-country race in France. It was freezing cold. And the fog had surrounded us all.

I was fighting to maintain a good position in the race when out of nowhere, out of the fog, like an angel of death, Víctor Solé appeared (49). He was a strong and tall guy, 1.90 m, a very tough competitor (he ran the 3,000 m in 8m20s7), and there we got into a fight to survive:

- Let's see who is the toughest here.



Then, even without getting our breath back, as soon as I crossed the finish line, Víctor Solé came to tell me something.

Something like:

–Grgllurggg.

I mean: nothing.

I remember answering:

–I don't understand you, Victor.

Or so I think.

Actually, I suspect I said:

–Grgllurggg.

I mean: nothing.

Actually, we couldn't talk: the cold had numbed our jaws. This is a cross country race on the mud, at -5°C.

I don't even remember who did arrive first to the finish line... Sometimes fighting is nonsense.

Saturday, 11 January 2020
By Sergio Heredia, journalist.

Last week, when I left the subway, I came across Víctor Solé's face. Now he is the guardian angel of Caritas, a campaign that has been very present during these Christmas days: his image appears on the posters of the train stations. Or hangs on the buses. It goes out in the magazines. And on television.

I told my eight-year-old daughter:

- I ran with this guardian angel. His name is Victor Solé.



And Julia laughed:

-Run? If he is a guardian angel!

Then I called Víctor Solé and said:

- For my daughter, you are the guardian angel.

The day was warm and clean. We had looked for a quiet corner. We ordered a tea and a “cortado” and we understood each other from the beginning, not like in that misty France.

Victor Solé told me:

—I have lived in seven countries. In Brazil, Argentina, Kosovo, United States, Italy, England ... I have helped development with the UN in Kosovo and with the World Bank in Washington. I have dived in Zen introspection and now I am an actor. I have lived many lives and now, through cinema, I plan to live many more.

- Is the actor 24 hours?

- Since you are commissioned a role you are already living a new life. I sleep and talk like my character. I become a truck driver. Or an angel. I think about how my character would eat, or how he would relate to a stranger. Sometimes I tape myself. I incorporate all that in my day to day. So, when I finally act, I don't have to do anything special anymore. I just have to be.

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- It's like training - I note - you prepare for what you will live by competing. If you have prepared well, the competition will come naturally. Don't you think?

- Sure: I understand that being an athlete makes me a better actor.

- And when did you decide to become an actor?

-I always felt the vocation. But we all have our fears and shame. It seemed impossible to imagine myself as an actor and blocked it as a life option. So, I decided to train: I went to acting schools, I enrolled in plays. It happened nine years ago.

- How did you break with those fears?

- I think yoga helped me. In introspection I said to myself: "We are all going to die, so do what you like."

“We all have our fears and shame; it seemed impossible to imagine myself as an actor and blocked it as a life option”

VICTOR SOLÉ, actor and former athlete

Victor Solé remembers himself in his beginnings in the cinema, in 2011. A casting in Mallorca, with the Wachowski siblings. They needed pirates for Cloud Atlas. There were 2,000 applicants.

- They looked for strange faces, looking like a pirate. Until then, I had a very strong nose complex. I went there and I was cast. Today, my nose, my face in general, is my most important value.

- And you are not going to castings?

-I have an agent. I have my blog (victorsoleactor.com). I have directed a short film (Live with it ...): David Lynch inspired me. I am fully within the industry. I would love to work with some new directors. But this business is not easy.

-Why?

"I'm going to my house in Calafell." I wait for that call. I take advantage of the energy of the sea, of nature, of the family. I call my agent, I stay connected. If I don't get the call, I write projects. And many weekends I grab the car and go to Zaragoza, to see my son play football.

Marc (18) is two hours away: he is a footballer in Zaragoza, in the Honor Division. The boy lives a dream and the father another.

The guardian angel goes back in time and says he has found his place. He says he spent two years naked on the beach in Calafell, shaking off the bureaucratic stress of Washington, the World Bank:

-That was a luxury prison. He had a large salary, a mortgage in Brazil and another in Georgetown. I lived with Jill, my wife. But I had Marc thousands of miles away. I broke up with Washington and came back for Marc. What was I going to do? Lose him?