



GILLETTE MEN DIED

In a man's life many things coexist, but the first ones remain necessity and need.

Inside these two dimensions man reveals himself, but the spiritual part feeds on emotional decisions — never on cold, logical reasoning.

Today was my day, the day dedicated to my Gillette colleagues who died at the end of their time with the company.

The first thought went to my father, as was only natural. The tears seemed to have no end, until a small voice from inside said to me: stop being a little girl, you're a Gillette man — and my father, from his photo on the tomb, seemed to smile in approval.

Then I went to visit Mario, a company colleague I had known during my father's years, and with him I found Guido too — all three of us in the same working group, but each with a different personality.

They respected me, they cared for me, and any occasion was good enough to tell a story, an anecdote, the way only someone who comes from sales knows how to tell it.

Then, inside a church — because the distance to where they were actually buried wasn't allowed — I remembered Giuliano, my friend and Area Manager who had trained me, and Dr. Di Tullio, Sales Director of that Gillette Italia which made the company great, building men who never knew fatigue and were proud to be gladiators armed with blades.

Then, at the close of the day, I thought of grandfather Kamp. I had never met him in person — the years in which we were both active didn't overlap — but three things united us both.

We were salesmen, writers, and Freemasons, and to close the circle, we had both thought about how to build systems to change the world and the people inside it: he had managed it physically, I try to do it cognitively, and we both knew it had been difficult but not impossible — the way it always is when something new is born.

Goodbye to all Gillette men.

Ferdinando