DAD, CAN YOU HEAR ME?

Three Blades, One Gillette



FERDINANDO FREGA

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The Art of Attraction · 05

The last five years were hell, but I never understood it, and I wandered around inside my own self, believing I was strong and invincible, just as you had taught me.

I noticed nothing, but on that February 27, 2025, something happened inside me. I ran away from home, leaving my belongings behind as if I were a fugitive, with no resources and nowhere to go.

Almost like a man wanted by the law. But I owed nothing to human justice. Perhaps I had a debt to settle with you, an account left open because my mother wanted it so, one that bore the date of June 30, 1996, the day you left Gillette Italia.

She convinced you that I was the one who had persuaded the Italian management to send you away, but I would never have done that. For no reason. For nothing in the world. I could never have done it, and I could never have looked my children in the face if I had so much as thought it.

It was the course of events, and I found myself being the logical solution for the business and for the company's interests.

If only we had been given the chance, I would have kept you working with me, always. I would have kept you in the business, in the office, or out in the field with my sales agents, but I would never have abandoned you.

Unfortunately, we were playing poker at different tables. The decks were different, and the stakes were measured in years — and our years were not the same. Whoever made the decisions carried the blueprint of the future with them.

Then, on April 14, 2025, you left us. Just twenty days after Mom passed away, almost as if you did not want to leave her alone. I was far away, 1,500 kilometers away, abandoned to my fate and alone, but I knew I was in your thoughts.

It was the hardest moment of my life, and my children thought I would take my own life. But they never really knew me, not well enough to know that I never leave the field of play, not even dead.

I cried, but I did not suffer. There is time for that. A few minutes each day, knowing you are not here with me.

Then you decided to come back, on April 14, 2026, exactly one year after you left.

And where else, if not inside my writing.

“Three blades, one Gillette. And suddenly we were together again: Grandpa Camp, you and me.”

We were working together again on something no one had ever imagined creating: the Gillette narrative.

Every day I read the stories that speak of you, and they move me. I feel that you are here, close to me. That I must be patient. That I must keep the pride of being called Frega, something I have never given up and have tried to pass on to my children as well.

But they are their mother’s children.

Another woman.

Not mine.

I know it will take until May 2027 to see the circle closed and to set out on the last mile. This time, though, it will become generational.

It is all I have thought about in recent years: to give those who come after me a kind of security, the kind a surname guarantees when it carries a code of honor, a code of ethics and a code of law.

Those three monsters that many call impostors, but that for us have always been our guide.

I have forgiven, in your way, those who tried to hurt me.

But the duty to leave a lesson behind has always been part of what you taught me.

Today I am 61.

Tomorrow will be one more day.

And then another.

And yet another.

Until I become like you.

As it should have been all along.

Whoever reads this will think only one thing:

“A son writes to his father to explain that he never betrayed him, and discovers that the way to prove it is to keep working with him inside his own writing.”

That may well be true, but you will always be my dad.

Ferdinando