



MY GILLETTE ITALY, SEEN UP CLOSE

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Being unpredictable has its advantages, but also its blind spots — those moments when you wait for clarity to arrive on its own. And it does arrive. You just have to know how to wait. Which is not an Italian talent.

No upstream project, no planning. That is work reserved for those who are paid handsomely to appear thoughtful, while the real data remains tied to instinct and intuition — two absolute values, never forgetting that we are sons of capable women. Never forget that.

Americans call it work in progress with ease. We Italians have no managerial vision, and after two thousand years we are still defending our positions — arguing about who owned what, but never truly who owned what — invoking the ancient Romans: skilled builders of aqueducts and latrines, masters of submission, domination, usurpation, discrimination, wrapped in endless entertainment and orgy, many vices and few virtues. A people who nailed to a cross the colleague who arrived two thousand years ago carrying a word, a book — never to announce the coming of Bezos and Amazon, but only to show how a business is built and owned on someone else's skin.

A people who, in the end, lost everything, and left us only the public urinals and Meloni in government — fighting the American bear, still refusing to admit she lost to a woman from birth, simply because he once subdued a beautiful woman with money.

What he does not know is that a woman's apparent submission is the real hidden conquest — readable only by an evolved man with empty pockets. And while his mounting capital grows, she optimizes its power between her own hands, holding exactly what she can contain, the way a croupier works a casino table.

Italy. A country where you come for a twenty-day vacation, eat well, then leave immediately.

Because it is not a place I recommend.

Nando