

THE GILLETTE PEOPLE

Not by What They Carry

Ever heard of a god?
He's like one, only he sells razor blades.
Of course, that's a joke.

The Gillette Man is not born a saint.
He is born inside a great organization.
From it, he learns discipline, method, respect for the consumer, attention to detail, and the ability to observe the world and understand its changes.
He absorbs these lessons from his "Mother Gillette" and transforms them into something personal, free, and deeply human.

He tells stories without boasting.
He listens without interrupting.
He builds without dominating.
He connects what others see as separate.
He offers maps, not destinations.

That is why you do not recognize him by the logo he carries.
You recognize him by the way he sees the world.

And when you meet him, you rarely forget him.
Like a fragrance you wear every day.
Like a blade you recognize from the very first stroke.
Like a story that continues to live within you.

The Gillette Woman did not come out of the same school.
She does not share the same characteristics as a man.
She is more capable.
Because she lives through three intelligences, not just one.
The rational and logical one.
The emotional and affectionate one.
The intuitive one.
Three.
A perfect number.

And to think that, when she brings us into the world, she passes on a part of that X factor that allows us to resemble her a little more.
But often the Y factor fails to find the right harmony with the other factors.
And what is born pure loses intensity.

The Gillette Woman knows strength without needing to display it.
She knows fragility without being ashamed of it.
She can read what is being said.
And what is left unsaid.

She notices details that escape others.
She connects people before she connects ideas.
She builds bridges while others argue about where to place the borders.

That is why you do not recognize her by the position she holds.
You recognize her by the trace she leaves behind.
Quiet.
Deep.
Enduring.
Like the best stories.

And perhaps because every mirror reflects the father within each woman.

He offers maps.
She leaves traces.
Neither of the two is recognized by what they carry.
Both are recognized by what stays in the room after they have left it.

In one word:

GILLETTENARRATIVE

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