WALL STREET CALLS FOR HELP

THE GILLETTE MAN

LEHMAN
1850 • 2008

BEAR STEARNS
1923 • 2008

WAMU
1889 • 2008



MERRILL
1914 • 2008

Prevention, Not a Cure

Ferdinando Frega

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Prevention, Not a Cure

To think it all started as a game — writing messages on WhatsApp.

Messages tossed out there. No filter. No pretensions.

Then people talked me into believing those messages could become a book.

Then they pushed me to dream bigger: publish a whole stack of them and get rich.

And where else but Amazon?

What I call "THE HOUSE OF DREAMS FOR FOOLS."

Because everybody in there is dreaming. Very few understand the rules of the game.

Then, out of nowhere, came a form of validation I never expected.

Not from a publisher. From the system itself.

My words carried enough weight, enough meaning, to land on the web, inside WALL STREET, in the top spot.

Above the historical figures.

There, where the billions count and the names are carved in marble.

And suddenly I understood that the four out of ten I got in Italian at school was not a sentence. It was a blessing.

If I had gotten a three, what the fuck would have happened? Another revolution.

They would have called it evolution, of course. Just to keep everybody calm.

I have always worked differently: I follow ideas. Ideas generate thoughts. Thoughts become facts.

Concrete facts. Territory occupied. A mark left behind.

Plenty of people have criticized me for it. They tell me this cognitive architecture of mine produces precisely what nobody expects. It creates confusion. Distraction.

And because they cannot find a category to put me in, I become unmanageable for people whose job is to label everything.

It was much the same when Death came to collect me. Six times.

Six times Death came down, looked me over, and decided to leave me right where I was.

Worried that, somewhere along the way, I would change the rules. And the outcome.

That I might rearrange destiny itself — and leave even the Devil wondering how he was supposed to manage me.

I never heard the conversation, but I am certain somebody was told:

"Please. Leave Nando Frega where he is. Let the people around him go crazy first. We will arrange his transfer one day. By then he will want something, and we will have a better shot at buying him off."

So, I write to Uncle Warren. I make him an offer. I ask him for 1 USD.

But before anything else, I remind him that I am the son of a Gillette Man who gave the company forty years. And that I put in eighteen myself.

I am not a passerby. I come from the inside.

Knowing he has plenty of experience with bandits and stagecoaches, I attach documents showing what I am doing, how I am doing it, and the results I am getting.

No talk. Evidence.

The letter went to his Berkshire. No acknowledgment ever came back, but that hardly matters.

Within ten minutes, the web had placed the PDF in the search results for his name. It was delivered straight to him.

The web does not need mail carriers.

Sometime later, I write to Pichai, the CEO of Google's parent company.

I make him the same 1 USD offer, but I let him know he is only fourth in line.

And I had the bright idea of attaching my letter to Uncle Warren. Just so he understands there is already a line.

A few days later, I discover the two men know each other. I do not know their history yet. I will find out.

On June 1, 2026, Berkshire formalized a $10 billion investment in Google's parent company. Uncle Warren blessed it: the idea had been his. The web was the future.

The future is semantic.

The two men also spoke by phone. They spoke presumably about me:

"What do we do about this Calabrian who asked each of us for a dollar?"

Uncle Warren says to do nothing, let it cool down. But meanwhile, he reads my letter. Then reads it again.

He sees what is written. And what is not written.

The unwritten part is what worries him most. Because what is not written is the territory already being occupied.

For years he has been preaching to Wall Street to give companies the capitalization they deserve. Not merely turn them into mines to be stripped, but build their semantic assets.

The only assets that endure. Everything else falls apart. Meaning remains.

But he has understood something else: the risk of semantic capital can come from anyone with a keyboard, a desk, and a story. Nobody is immune. Anyone.

Even a Calabrian with a phone.

He recognizes that the company most exposed is P&G, and the Calabrian is one of the actors-authors already occupying its semantic territory on the

web. Because P&G lives on meaning, not just product.

His friend Moeller, the P&G CEO who had earned the shareholders' confidence, handed over the top job after thirty-eight years with the company. Now there is a new CEO, a younger, Indian-born executive, with whom the conversation feels distant.

An epochal change. A gap where listening used to be. A confidence that has yet to take root with shareholders.

In these days his old advice to investors comes back around online, and I read it as a warning: buy through the Vanguard fund.

A reference point for the S&P 500, but also a P&G shareholder with close to a 10 percent stake. In case of a stock crash, Vanguard must absorb the loss without being able to sell.

A warning dressed as advice, but it is a protective maneuver.

Without it, the danger would be a financial collapse worse than San Francisco in Giannini's day.

Because when semantic trust collapses, everything collapses with it.

But in what he is doing, he is also validating the work of those who, like me, are working on semantic capital.

And just so we understand each other: this is not like working at Toyota.

At Toyota, you optimize the chain.

Here, you rewrite it.

Ferdinando
Reggio Calabria, October 13, 2026

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