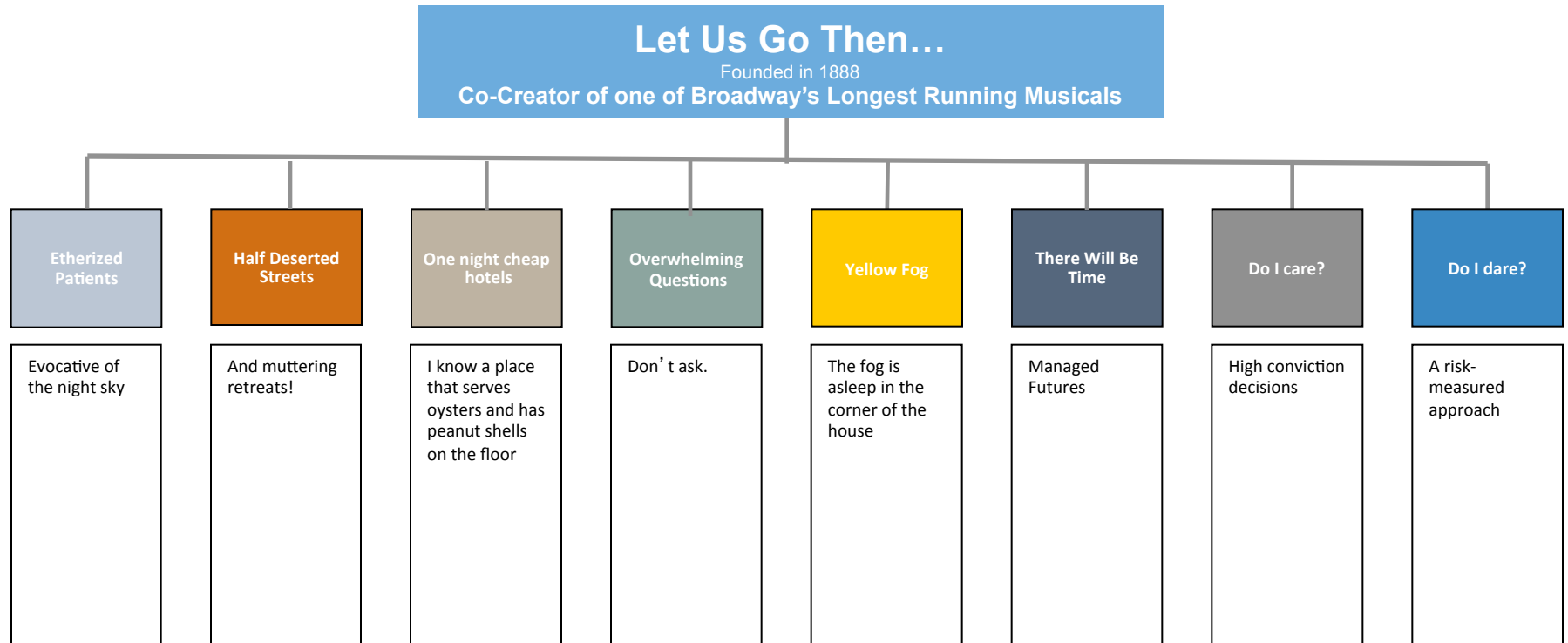
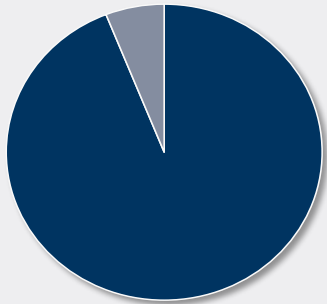


"I used to work in a bank." – T.S. Eliot

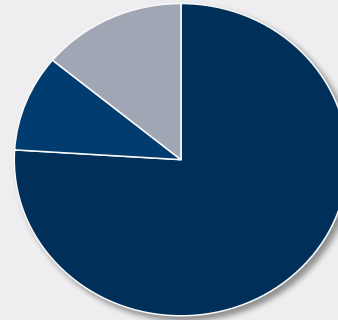


Rooms Full of Chatty Women

Peaches



■ Institutional 94%
■ HNW / Family Office 6%



■ Australia 76%
■ Europe 10%
■ North America 14%

- At this point, what is there really to say about Michelangelo that has not already been said?
- Aging can be tough on men
- Disturbing the universe sounds dangerous
- The universe can't be bothered
- The universe is stealing your hair
- Middle age is halfway there

Coffee Spoons as a Performance Metric

I experience terror at the thought that you might know me...

Exposures

- Have you ever really looked at a woman's arms?
- They are ivory sometimes but sometimes hairy

Rules-Based Approach

- The fear of death is natural
- There is also the fear of failure
- It isn't so much a fear of failure as simply a fear of leaving behind no notable achievements
- It is a fear of being ordinary
- Ordinary people die

Liquidity

- Scuttling crabs

That Is Not What I Meant At All

The theatricality of aging

The Resurrection of Lazarus

- This is right up there with disturbing the universe
- This is all about the irresistible hope that we are somehow special
 - not bound by the fragility and mortality that is the human condition
- I'll tend to be dramatic on this point

Not Hamlet

- Maybe Polonius?
- No, The Fool. But the Fool is in *Lear*
 - Maybe Hamlet

Structural advantages to aging

- Rolled flannel trousers
- Idle beach time
- Singing mermaids

Biographies of Senior Professionals

T.S. Eliot
Founder

Worked in a bank. Wrote *Cats*, which was later turned into a long running Broadway musical by Andrew Lloyd Webber.



Disclaimer

The referenced poem in this circular begins with an epigraph in Italian:

*S'io credesse che mia risposta fosse
A persona che mai tornasse al mondo,
Questa fiamma staria senza piu scosse.
Ma perciocche giammai di questo fondo
Non torno vivo alcun, s'i'odo il vero,
Senza tema d'infamia ti rispondo*

Google Translation:

If I believed that my reply was
A person who never returned to the world,
This flame stria no more shocks
For but never to this fund
Do not live near any
I do the truth
Without the fear of infamy
I answer you.

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