

## MIPIM 2025 Doppelgänger Style!

Written by Edwards Gibson Director, Sloane Poulton.



‘How about this rain?’ ‘I remember when it rained all week’ ‘Do you have the case for those sunglasses?’

These were the standard conversation starters humming over MIPIM 2025 in Cannes.

On Tuesday evening, we went to dinner with a couple of leading real estate partners from a global firm and, escaping the biblical downpour, engaged in the usual pre-dinner small talk: ‘Terrible weather!’ ‘Did you know such-and-such isn’t here this year?!’ ‘The rule of law could collapse if this continues—we’re doomed!’ You know, light chat.

Then, one of our guests asked, ‘Did you go for a run this morning Sloane?’

(For non-real estate readers, MIPIM has a bizarre sub-culture where some attendees maintain an en masse morning trot along the Cannes sea-front.)

A just question I thought, thanks for asking! Of course I did! But, luckily, I blurted out truthfully, ‘No actually.’

His response was unexpected ‘I could’ve sworn I saw you running along the Croisette. You looked in pain—I thought you were about to have a heart attack! You just ran straight by me as I tried to say “Hi”!’

‘Thanks for checking I made it!’ I said, amused. ‘But seriously, that wasn’t me.’

We laughed and I naturally referenced my (historic) running prowess etc.

Then our other guest said, ‘I was going to mention, that I saw you earlier today in Cannes—I waved and shouted, “Hi Sloane!” but you completely ignored me!’

Being English, I vicariously apologised and assured them I hadn’t employed a doppelgänger. If I had, I would have properly briefed him.

The following evening, we attended a number of law firm functions, including Simmons & Simmons well attended gathering at a lovely Cannes wine bar. A well-connected real estate partner greeted me: 'I'm glad I've seen you.' 'That's nice', I thought, but he continued, 'At Nice airport, a guy ran up to me, said hello, but didn't say my name' (this is a famous partner who only needs a mononym) 'he was very enthusiastic about MIPIM, raced off saying he'd email me. I thought he was you, but now I realise he was shorter. He hasn't emailed, and I have no idea who he was!'

I laughed, 'No that wasn't me!' again laughing off my doppelgänger's MIPIM interactions. I then told him the story of the previous evening, about my doppelgänger's run and his snubbing of one of our close clients.

Then I started to panic – although MIPIM has changed dramatically, it still retains the vestiges of its former reputation as something of a hedonistic frat party. What if my doppelgänger embraced MIPIM in the spirit of the early 2000's! What damage could he unknowingly inflict on Edwards Gibson!?

At this moment, I feel I can say 'my doppelgänger', but that role certainly works both ways. As yet, I have not had any interactions where I've been addressed by another name, nor have I knowingly snubbed enthusiastic greetings... or have I?

...Soz!