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ISSUE I

# BLANC BLEU

## ST BARTS

EXPLORE VILLA BLANC BLEU

JEAN HUGUES HENDRIX

HAD A SUBCONSCIOUS DREAM  
- AND NOW HE'S LIVING IT,  
BUT IT ONLY EXISTS ON THE 25 KM<sup>2</sup>  
KNOWN AS SAINT BARTHÉLEMY

KIKKI-G SWIMWEAR

IN ST BARTS IT'S EASY TO BE THE  
BEST VERSION OF YOURSELF. KIKKI-G  
REFLECTS THAT FREEDOM AND JOY

CHIEN TÊTE-EN-BAS

CAROLE'S HOT YOGA PRACTICE  
IS AN ISLAND LEGEND

BEACH BLANKET BABYLON

ST BARTS IS SOMEWHERE YOU CAN'T  
AFFORD TO BE LAZY... BUT YOU SURE  
CAN AFFORD TO ENJOY LIFE.

# BLANC

ST BARTS



# BLANC BLEU





### **The Dream**

In 2013 Jean Hugues Hendrix started on an journey. One that would see him create an iconic French-Caribbean villa. In a place so hard to get to you had to really want to come. That place was the mythical island of St Barts, where he built his dream. And he called that dream, Blanc Bleu.

## The House

Step through the front door and stop. In front of you a giant white reception room and dining terrace leads out to a magnificent 15m infinity pool which falls away to the ocean horizon. Water on water. Blue on Blue.

Surrounding the pool, five beautiful double suites each with spectacular ocean views. Indoor and outdoor showers. Floor to ceiling cool white décor. Each designed around a sensory human experience. From the lighting to entertainment system that rises discretely from the foot of each hand-crafted four-poster bed, to the linen guaranteeing you the ultimate luxury. Sleep.

On the first floor a huge uber-luxe master suite overlooks the pool, with one of the most desirable hot desks imaginable and balcony, providing an elevated view out over the sparkling Caribbean Sea and the islands of St Kitts and Nevis, Saba and St. Eustache.

Down from the pool you'll find a fully equipped TechnoGym with treadmill, crosstrainer, exercise bike and free weights, and your own personal ¾ size floodlit tennis court. There's even an NBA basketball hoop for the ballers.

Carved discretely into the hill and nestling unseen in an acre of lush gardens, Blanc Bleu is visible only from the air and sea. To the right, dense jungle stretches off out of view beyond the peninsular. To the left, Gouverneur beach, one of the quietest on St Barts. No bars or restaurants. No surf schools or beach clubs. Just dramatic volcanic crags on either side of the palm-lined bay and trademark turquoise waters. The closest thing to your very own private beach.

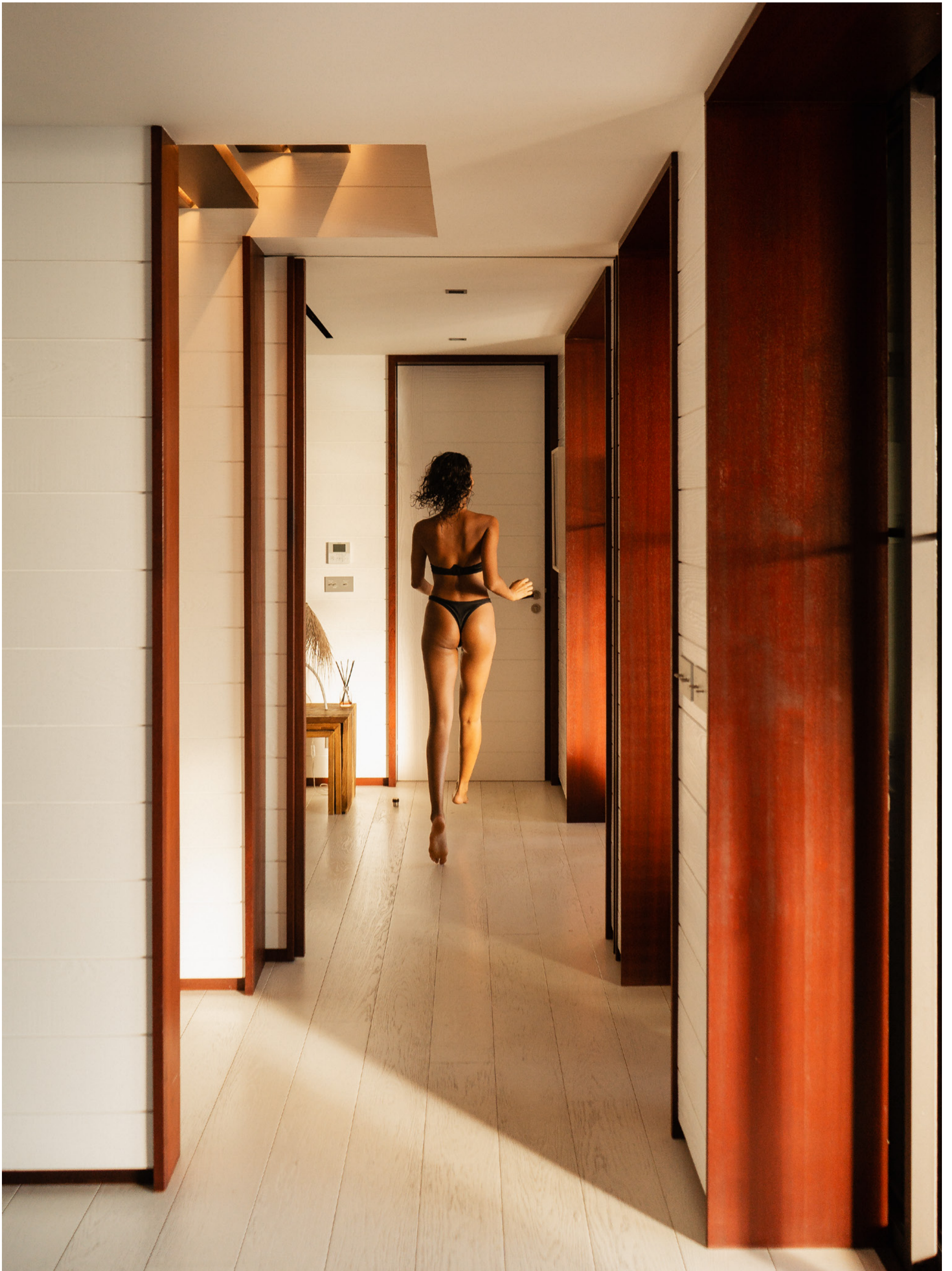
Drive five minutes in the other direction and you're in the capital Gustavia. A chic and vibrant tropical mini-Saint Tropez, full of bustling lanes and Parisienne boutiques and boulangeries beside the iconic port of Gustavia.



villa\_blancbleustbarts



True happiness can't be bought.  
(but it can be rented)





Imagine  
waking up  
to this.

Now imagine  
not waking up  
to this.









BLANC BLEU IS THE REALISATION OF A PRECISE VISION. TO CREATE MORE THAN A HOUSE. TO INTERPLAY OLD AND NEW. TO CAPTURE LIGHT AND COLOUR. TO BALANCE FUN AND REFINEMENT. AND DISTILL THE ISLAND'S PLAYFUL SPIRIT, PASSING THAT ON TO EVERYONE WHO VISITS. AN ISLAND THAT IS WITHOUT DOUBT THE CARIBBEAN'S

**M O S T  
T R E A S U R E D  
S E C R E T**

AND ONE VERY FEW GET TO EXPERIENCE.





N523TW

BUY! SELL!  
NO! BYE BYE...

# HUGO H HENDRIX

TEXT BY CHRIS SWEENEY  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS HUDSON

Let's begin at the end. Jean Hugues Hendrix had a subconscious dream - and now he's living it. But it only exists on the 25 square kilometres known as Saint Barthélemy.

There are white-sandy beaches and shimmering waves in all four corners of the globe. But that's not it. And it's not the ubiquitous designer shops and fantastic restaurants. It's not the open-air yoga - he's allergic to stretching, it makes him grimace. No, it's intangible.





"To finance geeks, he's St Francis of Assisi. He's the deacon of the unorthodox playbook that confuses and then beats the mind-bending global macro world of precious metals, currencies and bonds. Crazy professor or demonic shaman, you decide."

But as soon as his feet touched the island the first time, he felt it.

Freedom.

Inspiration.

Joy.

He was weightless and ready to be what he'd always wanted to be.

In a parallel world, he's Hugh Hendry. A rockstar hedge fund manager who at the start of the century bought gold as governments sold-out, before the price... Who warned Iceland they were about to go bankrupt, and then they... He did the same before the American subprime bubble.

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But you won't see any of that on St Barts. He's that windswept guy you just passed, running through the sand like a US Marine on St Jean beach. In his ears will be music that returns him to his teenage years. Real to Real Cacophony by Simple Minds. Adam and the Ants and their Kings of the Wild Frontier. Along with fresh sounds that have newly entered his orbit. The Amazing Snakeheads. The Jagged Baptist Club.

The only other constant his bullet proof coffee - his daily tippie infused with coconut oils that startle the mind into play. But it's his intellectual fortitude that has allowed him to see clearly. If you keep chasing, he reasoned, then one day you'll start to slow down - you'll go backwards. The destination had to be more important than the journey.

You see before it was Jean-Hugues or Hugh. There was "Wee Shuggy" - that's Scottish vernacular. It was his first calling card, when he grew up on a deprived and rugged housing estate called Castlemilk. It took no prisoners and made many convicts. Both his father and grandfather drove trucks.

Except, Hugh never felt at ease, he was always trying to look around corners. There had to be something else. What was it? His mind was consumed. So, it's no surprise he found a place in the world doing just that.

A Svengali to those with money, who wanted more and more - and were never satiated. Only Hugh had enough. He slid open the plane door and leapt out without a parachute. His landing strip was St Barts, and he can't, he won't, go back.

One of his favourite words is "serendipity". In his gloomy and grey existence as a young man, why did he develop a fascination with stylish French movies? Why was his first car, the iconic Citroën 2CV with a roof designed for glorious sunshine, perfect for transporting his surfboard to the beach?

Glasgow is a city, where rosé wine is viewed as uber-flamboyant. Known as Rain Town for obvious reasons, it's also led every other European city for the number of knife attacks per capita. Back then, he would have guessed Gustavia was a German high-end kitchen brand.

But he's always been on a path to St Barts. It was calling him home, the mothership using a magnetic field to distort his internal compass. Arriving could be the climax of a working-class hero's epic voyage.

Private Swiss banks.

\$200 million signed and sealed on a rooftop in Marrakech.

Confronting Nobel Laureate economics professors oblivious to the real world.

Taking a train to Wuhan to invest long before someone ate a bat.

It's all pollen floating in the breeze - it's there, but not really.

St Barts is when Hugh went High Definition. He's here because it's where he's supposed to be. Hugh admits: "The best thing I ever did was allow my life to come under the influence of randomness. "It's going to be fun finding out what happens next..."

And the answer might just be revealed on YouTube or Instagram or from his legions of followers on Twitter where as a forever young lifestyle guru, who has made his millions on the global Stock Exchange, and now wants to gift the world his irreverent philosophy.

His new series of films feature him skateboarding around his apartment in Paris or brooding, Scorsese style, in a West London bar. A dispensary of wit and wisdom? His Albert Camus derived invectives have gone viral. God is Dead. There are no rules. Life is absurd. "God bless St Barts" he implores before riding off in search of another mythical big wave to surf.



hendry\_hugh



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hughhendryofficial

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**Form is temporary, but class is permanent.**

Even timeless classics like Chanel No. 5, a Hermès scarf and Yves Saint Laurent's little black dress had to begin somewhere. Their shared characteristic is their relentless adherence to first principles. Those initial sketches and plans remain what guide those products to this day, whilst new generations keep discovering them. Their experimentation was kept secret as they conjured up every intricate detail, to craft effortless perfection that simply can't be improved upon.

That's the path Kikki-G swimwear is following.

The line is the brainchild of Mhairi Hendry, a city lawyer until 2017 - when a career break allowed her to assess a few things. One of those was St Barts, which she first visited 15-years ago and where she now lives part of the year.

Memories of enjoying the fine white sand and diving into the ocean loom large. As do exploring the bohemian side of the island and its vibrant Caribbean culture. Mhairi explained: "It's such a special place. I love the freedom here. People are so unguarded and friendly. It's easy to be the best version of yourself. Kikki-G reflects that freedom and joy".

However, knowing your way around a 200-page contract isn't much of an asset when it comes to designing swimwear. So the family - her three children and husband - moved to Paris, where Mhairi studied at the Institut Francais de la Mode. It was here under the tutelage of the modern masters of French fashion, that she honed her brand and whittled away, until it oozed class.

**Quality was paramount.**

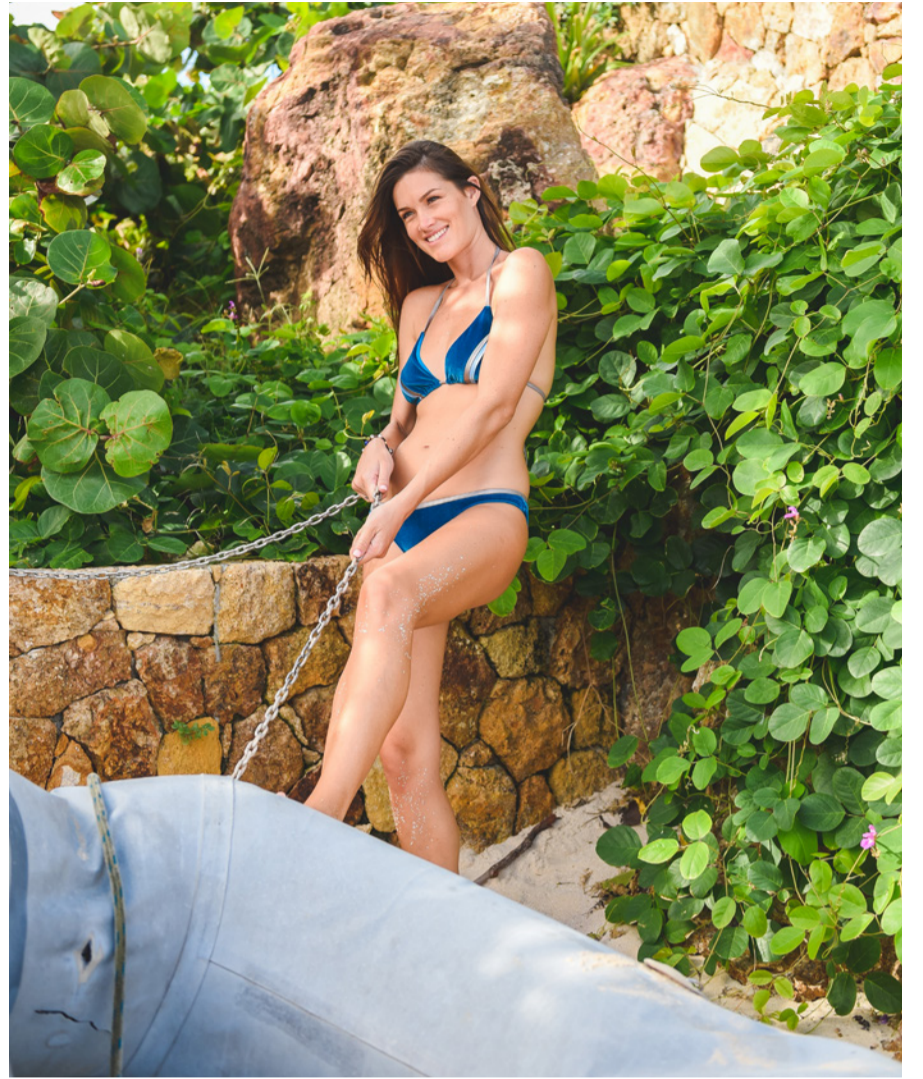
The ethos was to offer women classic swimwear, that is both flattering and chic. Mhairi said: "I don't think the very stylish brands think about women who are older than 25, and the others are so frumpy. The fit and the cut are so important. I have spent a lot of time working on shapes and silhouettes and subtle support to make the wearer feel good."

With Parisian panache very much the beating heart of Kikki-G's ethos, the next step was to discover the fabrics that could do it justice. For that Mhairi selected a bio-based material from Brugnoli. They are an esteemed Italian family who have been producing quality knits for over 60-years from their headquarters, just outside of Milan.

Some of the designs are even accessorised with a vegan leather, which is made from Mexican cactuses. Mhairi added: "When you are a startup you can be much more dynamic than established brands. The innovative bio based fabric is the most eco-friendly swimwear fabric available. And it looks and feels really beautiful and has just the right amount of hold. Each swimwear piece is a labour of love."



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**Sadly time machines don't exist - yet.**

But what Mhairi has worked diligently to instil into Kikki-G is a throwback to the sexiest decade of them all, the dazzling 1970s. Feminist icons from that era were trendsetters, who are still setting the pace half a century later. Sirens like Margaret Trudeau, Bianca Jagger, Jane Birkin and Iman all helped create a vibe that conquered everything that had gone before.

Slipping into a Kikki-G piece should make you feel like those ladies, give you their swagger and put a glint in your eye. Mhairi said: "I love the imagery of St Barts in the 70s and you had to be pretty intrepid back then to get there, so I've captured that feeling of adventure. But the trick is to make it look effortless, a bit like the Parisian nonchalance that we're all aware of. We don't follow trends, I love timeless pieces with a retro feel."

**That's not to say the brand doesn't have an open mind.**

In fact, they have launched their first hybrid line Cheekie-G's, intended for the busy lady who wants to hit the beach straight after work, or the women who's had a full-on day and wants to jump in the ocean to chill out.

And in tribute, the colour options are all based on the mokes (mini-jeps) that dart around St Barts at all hours of the day. Mhairi said: "I want to bring swimwear into everyday life. When I'm in St Barts I wear a bikini under my clothes every day. Whatever I am doing I know at some point in the day I will go to the beach even for a quick swim. I love that feeling of always being beach ready. It's like carrying St Bart's around in your heart. I want to have that feeling wherever I am. My Cheekie-G line can be worn as cool swimwear or cute underwear. Also I love to travel light and only pack Cheekie-G's."

**Kikki-G is not only for discerning women, it's made by them too.**

Profit margins could be increased by sending everything to a factory in China, who could churn it out by the container. However, Mhairi has ensured every part of the brand remains true to her belief in quality. She has collaborated with a small firm in the North of England, owned by three women who meticulously deliver perfection.


There are no big batch runs, everything is considered and deliberate. Mhairi explained: "For me, that's the bottom line. As I don't work with a large manufacturer I have the flexibility to do small production runs. Some pieces will be made to order and I will never overproduce."

The final piece in the Kikki-G jigsaw is the legacy it intends to leave. Mhairi chose the name by blending those of her two daughters; Caoimhe (pronounced Kiva) and Eugenie, whom she calls Gigi. The dream is that when they are older and have kids, they'll wear their Kikki-G swimwear and have a bounce in their step.

That is what the brand will replicate for women everywhere. Allow them to look and feel irrepressible if they're a mother, daughter, grandmother, a business mogul, barista or a fighter pilot.


**Elegance is for everyone.**

**Kikki-G is for you.**



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www.kikki-g.com

kikki\_g\_swimwear 

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HUGO ALLARD



**KIKKI-G**

TEXT BY JEAN HUGUES HENDRIX

## Chien tête-en-Bas

Carole's hot yoga practice is practically an island legend. Locals Only? What do you mean you've never been? All are welcome.

Operating from the somewhat lugubrious locally funded Colombier studio, opposite the boulangerie, and beside the local school. Scented candles, velvet drapes and infra-rouge lighting there is not. Instead, you'll find sculpted bodies of all shapes and sizes. From record moguls to the housewives of St Barth they come pay homage Sweating, perspiring, glimmering and glowing in the 38° heat. With the sumptuously warm Caribbean morning already in its ascendancy. The hot humid air engulfs you immediately upon entry; you sure you're up for this?

*Chien tête en bas - adho mukha - svanasana* - Carole's sutras implore you to begin. Born in Marseille, raised in the Antilles, shaped and formed in St Barts, Carole upended her Caribbean life and spent two years honing her English in a land down under, sunny Byron Bay, before with a hop, a skip and a jump she was entranced by the Thai island, Ko Samui, where her samurai spirit soared, and she was awarded their coveted diploma in all things hot and steamy.

Nostalgic for her tropical roots it wasn't long before she was back in St Barts supplicating her willing practitioners to embrace a vivid menagerie of postures from the lotus, the cat, the cow and the butterfly; all the perfect natural antidote to the gallons of rosé consumed the day before at lunch and over dinner.

Carole's incantations, always delivered with a smile, in languages of three, from her native Français of course, to her newly acquired Aussie inspired English, and even the odd Sanskrit thrown in for good measure, combine to uplift and restore the weariest soul and prepare them for yet another day in paradise.

One sits there, legs crossed, hands pressed to the chest. Three ohms. A penny for your thoughts? Your mind unloading, thoughts ceasing. Breathe. It's not a command or a rebuke but an incantation...let it all go and imagine those torrid thoughts instead as mere grains of sand building castles on the sumptuous beaches of Flamand.

At 9.30, ritual over, mats rolled, body and soul restored, sweaty bodies depart; time to leap into the sea. The sage of Ko Samui has worked her magic once more. Namaste.



absolutehotyogastbarth



PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUNO DUBREUIL



TEXT BY JEAN HUGUES HENDRIX

## Beach Blanket Babylon

Jean Michel had navigated this course many times before. But this time felt different. Lashed by the notorious trade winds that rage at this time of year, his vessel, the glorious, La Concorde, that had almost won the notorious Solitaire du Figaro, lapped up the tempest in the middle of the Atlantic.

Jubilant having just secured his teaching diploma, a life of security finally awaited this chaser of nautical winds on his return. Except something was different as he lay alone in his cabin. And those lyrics of Charles Aznavour, reverberated back and forward inside his head. Emmenez-Moi. But where? Take me where? Under reflections of blue skies, or were they just the mirages of a fantasy? The promise of an eternal summer where people live almost naked on beaches...

Arriving at port he was immediately alerted to an opportunity: by chance, a wind surf school was for sale on the tiny island of St Barth. Another adventurer had taken his fill of paradise and was ready to head back from the edge.

There were just 3.5 thousand hardy souls on this tiny rock living day-to-day free, without fear, of what tomorrow might bring. Jean Michel loved it! Happenstance had struck. The enchanted island had spoken: the school was to be his destiny; security would have to wait.

Lucas, like father like son, arrived, almost a decade later, born from the kindness and love of sea-faring people. At three months, he was swimming with the turtles in the Baie of St Jean; at three years he was riding a wind surf, searching for the perimeters of eternity.

Today both are to be found at their windsurf beach school. More like beach poets, the frantic pace of life slows down in their company. As Jean Michel puts it, "St Barts is somewhere you can't afford to be lazy... but you sure can afford to enjoy life."

Amen to that.



caribwaterplay



[blancbleustbarts.com](http://blancbleustbarts.com)

[hughhendry.com](http://hughhendry.com)

+590 690 41-1387

