



Professeur Montfort

TEXTE JAY "DOLITTLE" SMITH PHOTO GRÉGOIRE ALEXANDRE
THANKS ANAKA "SPAIN PRESS TRIP"

LA FILLE ET LA VEUVE DE SAM WALTON REPRÉSENTENT LA FAMILLE LA PLUS RICHE DU MONDE AVEC UNE FORTUNE ESTIMÉE À 18 MILLIARDS D'EUROS. WAD

Paris n'est pas la France. C'est encore plus vrai dans le milieu de la mode. Pascal Montfort vient de Joeuf (ville natale de Platini pour les lecteurs de WARE), en Lorraine. Pascal fait du basket-ball dans le club de la ville. Le sport, en province, est plus qu'un simple dérouloir musculaire, c'est un pôle d'interactivité énorme. Le virus de la "culture vêtement" commence entre les vestiaires et les parquets. Pascal piétine de rage car il ne peut s'acheter la mythique "Jordan Color" (la Jordan 1), ses petits pieds ne rentrent pas encore dans le 40 de base de Nike. Cette frustration restera comme une cicatrice de la frustration d'achat street. En 1987, il prolonge sa culture sport en découvrant le skateboard. Touche finale d'une initiation textile complètement autodidacte.

Pour satisfaire sa soif de curiosité, il profite des débuts de la vente par correspondance et scrute le moindre magazine spécialisé. L'exigence d'une certaine différence vestimentaire l'oriente vers des ouvrages étrangers. Le papier glacé devient un de ses meilleurs profs. Mais la culture pratique ne saurait se dispenser d'une base théorique. Pascal Montfort brille à l'école (major de son DESS, diplôme remis par Pierre Cardin himself) et accumule les stages. Diplôme en poche et conscient que sa culture peut lui rapporter de l'argent, Pascal part six mois à Londres. Choc des cultures et évidence du retard de la France en matière de streetwear. En plein cœur de la British City, il reçoit une réponse affirmante de son embauche comme professeur de sociologie de la mode dans l'une des plus vieilles écoles de mode privées de la Capitale : Esmode. Néanmoins, il décide de rester vivre à Londres et enchaîne les allers-retours pour assurer ses cours parisiens.

LA NOUVELLE GÉNÉRATION DE JOURNALISTES URBAINS PARISIENS RESSEMBLE À UNE ESCOADE DE MARINES AMÉRICAINS RENTRANTS D'UNE TOURNÉE EN PLEIN COEUR DE BAGDAD. DÉCIMÉE, MEURTRIE ET CLAIRSEMÉE. ELLE SE COMPTE SUR LES DOIGTS D'UNE MAIN ET C'EST BIEN DOMMAGE. PASCAL MONFORT FAIT PARTIE DE CETTE NOUVELLE RACE DE TOUCHE-À-TOUT MULTICARTES, DISCRETS ET EFFICACES. LUMIÈRE SUR UN PERSONNAGE HABITUÉ À L'OMBRE.

Paris is not France. This is even truer in the fashion world. Pascal Montfort comes from Joeuf (for WARE readers, that's where Michel Platini was also born) in the east of France. He played basketball in a regional team. Outside

of Paris sport isn't just a way to stretch your legs, but an enormous community activity. Pascal caught the "clothing culture" virus between the changing rooms and the court. He was enraged when he couldn't buy the legendary Jordan Color (the Jordan 1), because his little feet didn't fit into the smallest size (a 40) produced by Nike. And his frustration with streetwear remained like a scar. In 1987, he extended his sports culture when he discovered skateboarding. It was the final touch to his self-taught entry into the world of fashion.

To satisfy his curiosity craving, he took advantage of the beginning of mail-order shopping and scrutinized every single specialized magazine. The demands of finding some different ways to dress pushed him towards foreign magazines and the glossies became his teacher. Practical experience can't help with theoretical bases, but luckily Pascal was a brilliant student and was awarded his postgraduate degree by Pierre Cardin himself. With his degree in his pocket and aware that his cultural knowledge could be worth something, he headed off to London for six months. It was a culture shock and Pascal noticed how behind the time France was in terms of street culture. As he sat in the British capital, he received news that he'd been hired as a sociology professor by one of Paris's most venerable private fashion schools, Esmode. Even so, he decided to stay and live in London and began the life of a cross-Channel commuter.

Pascal is a man of meetings and movement; he just can't stay in one place. And it was on the Eurostar, between club sandwiches and the rows of seats that he met Jason Leung, the "Guardian's" fashion supplement editor, who made Pascal part of his team by the time the pair arrived at Waterloo. He then began collaborating with other magazines including "Street Fashion", "Tribeca" or "DS". It didn't stop. The Who's Next trade fair in France allowed him to make friends with

Guillaume Le Goff, the co-founder of "Clark" magazine, where he would later work as fashion editor. He continued to build up an impressive portfolio and worked now and again for a number of trend agencies. He was everywhere, but above all, was completely in tune with the demands of being an urban fashion journalist, not letting himself get buried in one role or market. The fact that he was working for a fashion school allowed him to earn a living and gave him the freedom to choose the projects he worked on from his heart, not his wallet.

PASCAL MONFORT IS PART OF THE NEW BREED OF URBAN FASHION JOURNALISTS WHO HAVE A GO AT EVERYTHING, ALL THE WHILE BEING DISCREET AND EFFICIENT. WAD TURNS A SPOTLIGHT ON A MAN MORE USED TO THE SHADOWS.

Unsurprisingly, the career of Professor Montfort interested trendheadhunters. Nike came a calling

because it wanted to change its approach to urban fashion. So after 12 interviews and numerous trips across Europe, Pascal became the American giant's eyes and ears on the street. It was perfect because Pascal's way of working and living was already that, except now he was paid to do it. But Pascal didn't stop there. His latest project is the launch of "Yummy", the first magazine about junk food. He calls it a "junk food design magazine, because in the end after clothes, toys and music, food is the last market segment that interests me. On top of which, food is beginning to function like fashion. A can of soda can top off a look. What you wear and what you eat delivers a message about your universe, what you love, read, see and do. A guy in the metro who opens a can of Pepsi Camo Bape is someone to whom I'm going to talk because he's piqued my curiosity".

"YUMMY", TRANSLATED IN ENGLISH AND JAPANESE, WILL APPEAR IN JANUARY.

Professor Montfort