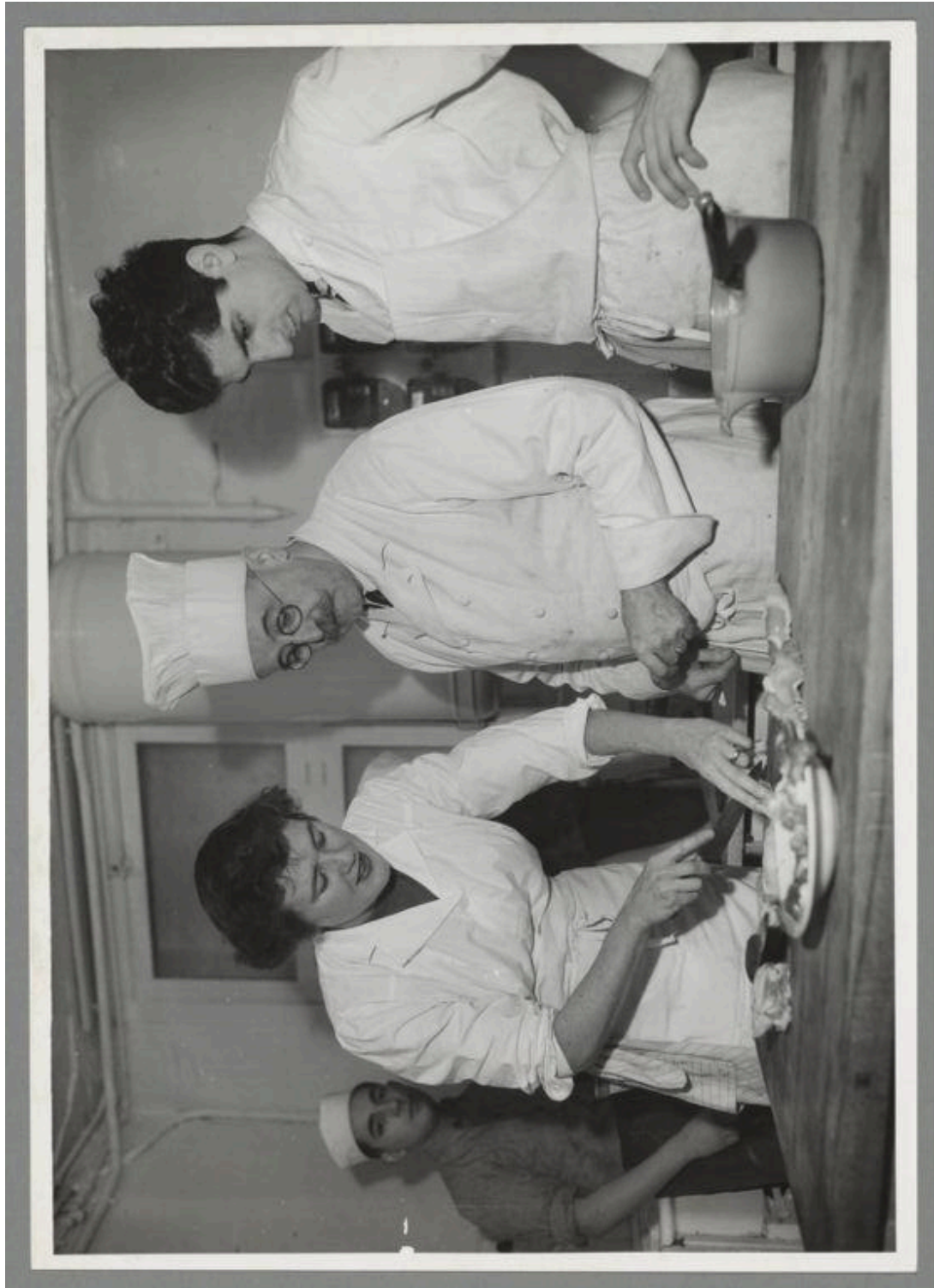


ARTIFACT #2

Artifact 2.1



Harvard University, Schlesinger Library on the History of Women in America, W535349_1

Artifact 2.2

Excerpt from *My Life in France* by Julia Child (pg. 61 - 63)

I sat down with Madame Élizabeth Brassart, the school's short, thin, rather disagreeable owner (she had taken over from Marthe Distel, who had run the school for fifty years), and explained that I'd had a more rigorous program in mind. We discussed my level of cooking knowledge, and her classes on haute cuisine, high-end, professional cooking) and *moyenne cuisine* (middle-brow cooking). She made it quite clear that she didn't like me or any Americans: "They can't cook!" she said, as if I weren't sitting right in front of her. In any event, Madame Brassart decreed that I was not advanced enough for haute cuisine - a six-week course for experts - but that I'd be suitable for the year-long "professional restaurateurs" course that had conveniently just begun. This class was taught by Chef Max Bugnard, a practicing professional with years of experience.

It turned out that the restaurateurs class was made up of eleven former GIs who were studying cooking under the auspices of the GI Bill of Rights. I never knew if Madame Brassart had placed me with them as a form of hazing or merely because she was trying to squeeze out a few more dollars, but when I walked into the room the GIs made me feel as if I had invaded their boys' club. Luckily, I had spent most of the war in male-dominated environments and wasn't phased by them in the least.

The eleven GIs were very GI indeed, like genre movie types: nice, earnest, tough, basic men. Most of them had worked as army cooks during the war, or at hot dog stands in the states, or they had fathers who were bakers and butchers. They seemed serious about learning to cook, but in a trade school way. They were full of entrepreneurial ideas about setting up golf driving-ranges with restaurants attached, or roadhouses, or some kind of private trade in a nice spot back home. After a few days in the kitchen together, we became a jolly crew, though in my cold-eyed view there wasn't an artist in the bunch.

QUESTION #2 - Based on Julia Child's account of her time at École du Cordon Bleu, how did she perceive the attitudes and interactions with her classmates and teachers? Did she feel included in the culinary environment?