Agrégation interne d'anglais
Session 2024
Épreuve EPC
Exposé de la préparation d'un cours

EPC 521

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : "Can you culturally appropriate food?" *Channel 4 News*, 20 August 2018.

- Document 2 : Wayne Thiebaud, *Lunch Table*, 1964, 91.1x146.8 cm.

- Document 3 : Aris Roussinos, "Britain's food wars", *UnHerd*, unherd.com, 3 February 2023.

Compte tenu des caractéristiques de ce dossier et des différentes possibilités d'exploitation qu'il offre, vous indiquerez à quel niveau d'apprentissage vous pourriez le destiner et quels objectifs vous vous fixeriez. Vous présenterez et justifierez votre démarche pour atteindre ces objectifs.

Document 1: "Can you culturally appropriate food?" *Channel 4 News*, 20 August 2018.

Document vidéo (2'26") à consulter sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

Document 2: Wayne Thiebaud, *Lunch Table*, 1964, 91.1x146.8 cm.

Wayne Thiebaud -1920-2021- was an American painter.
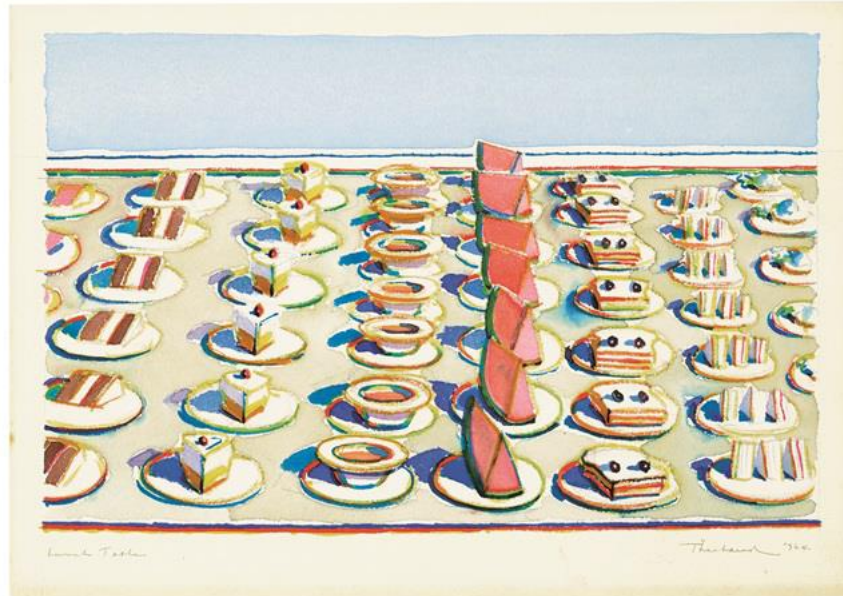
Document iconographique également consultable sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

Document 3 : Aris Roussinos, "Britain's food wars", *UnHerd*, unherd.com
3 February 2023.

Britain's food wars
Is Waitrose a cure for the Westminster class?

In the 18th century, when William Hogarth wished to highlight Britain's
political and cultural superiority to pre-revolutionary France in immediately
appreciable terms, he did so through the medium of food, distinguishing
between the Roast Beef of Olde England, and the ruddy and rotund yeoman
5 nation fattened on it, and the scraps of putrid flesh with which scrawny
Frenchmen were forced, beside the crumbling gate of Calais, to satisfy their
wants. For food and political nationhood go together like few other cultural
products: witness the squabbling between Israel and Palestine over the
right to commercialise hummus, Greeks and Turks over baklava, or of
10 Russians and Ukrainians over ownership of borscht. Food is, after all,
inherently political, a basic building block of national identity, and it is the
humblest foodstuffs, the basic comfort foods of childhood, that are more
often fought over than the elaborate confections of the great chefs.
Indeed, it would be trivially easy to trace the shifting faultlines of broader
15 political currents through the prism of food. Witness the sudden shift within
America's food culture, as a previous generations' celebration of the diverse
culinary options provided by mass immigration has morphed into stern
lectures from diaspora commentators on the vaguely-defined evils of white
people appropriating "ethnic" cuisine. In Britain, equally, a slim volume
20 could easily be written on the political import uncomfortably burdened on
fish and chips or chicken tikka masala by devotees of mass migration; a
cultural theorist could likewise tease apart the "Proper" label now applied
to a distinct category of foodstuff— *proper* pies, *proper* burgers, *proper*
chips — as a marker of a specific type of middle-class yearning for
25 proletarian authenticity, while maintaining socially acceptable levels of
consumption standards. Like the fetishised fry-ups of London caffs in
prosperous areas targeting themselves at tracksuit-wearing millennial
creatives, the *Proper Burger* is the self-consciously gentrified football
terrace of our national cuisine, a cultural marker of a precisely measurable
30 socioeconomic bracket.

When this dynamic is considered, Britain's strange relationship with food,
and with its own national cuisine, becomes worthy of analysis. Though much
mocked by online Americans, presumably inured to the Lovecraftian horrors
of their own food culture, British cuisine at its best is hearty, simple fare,
35 showcasing the natural bounty of these islands, our waters rich with fish
and seafood (much of it exported abroad to more appreciative consumers),
our rain-soaked pastures the nursemaid of the free-range meat and rich
dairy goods Britain has excelled in for millennia. At its best, British food

40 displays the worth of good ingredients cooked well — and at its worst, of poor ingredients cooked badly.

Yet the much-vaunted culinary renaissance in British food from the Nineties on, despite the buoyant effect of an endless stream of glossy cookbooks on the publishing industry, does not seem to have had an appreciable effect on the food most of us eat from day to day. Which British office worker does 45 not recognise the moment of weary, grudging submission to the lunchtime meal deal, the limp and soggy sandwich which fuels the nation's economy? If Britain has a national dish, it is more likely to be the Ballardian misery of the provincial train station panini, simultaneously scorching hot and half-raw, than it is a steaming steak and ale pie, its crust crisp with suet, or a 50 plate of sizzling lamb's liver fried in butter with farmhouse bacon.

There is, as there is with every aspect of British life, a strong class dynamic to British food. The most fervent appreciators of the frugal peasant dishes of the past, the nation's only consumers of stewed beef shin or lamb sweetbreads, are more likely to be upper-middle class, middle-aged 55 executives, who by lunching at St John or the Quality Chop House celebrate the forgotten folkways of their own country, than the call centre workers or shop assistants who have replaced our rural and industrial proletariat. Yet who in Britain is immune to the sudden craving for comfort satiable only by a serving of rich cauliflower cheese or of dark and savoury cottage pie, or 60 has not felt the hobbit-like "Why shouldn't I?" satisfaction of choosing the fry up at a hotel breakfast over the continental pastry selection?[…]