Although James Baldwin and Ernest Hemingway are two of the twentieth century’s most prominent American writers, they do not invite immediate comparison. Representatives of different generations with differing values and morals, they clearly diverge in both the style and the subject matter of their writings. Baldwin was tormented about the role of the exiled artist both separate from and connected to a society in crisis: his legacy rests largely on his response to the turbulent race relations of the civil rights movement. Hemingway is remembered less for his social commentary than for his aesthetic innovation: he continues to be read as a modernist who used minimalism to achieve psychological complexity and as a champion of the ideal of the masculine hero who lives life according to an individualistic code. Two writers who believed strongly in the centrality of experience to artistic creation, Baldwin and Hemingway had markedly differing life stories: one black, urban, poor, and overtly bisexual, the other white, most comfortable in rural settings, relatively well off, and overtly heterosexual. Yet in Notes of a Native Son (1955), Baldwin’s first collection of essays, he demonstrates a shared sensibility with Hemingway, one that becomes especially apparent when placed next to A Moveable Feast (1964), published nine years later. Both writers essentially began their careers in Paris, a city renowned for its romance and for the liberté that is the first part of the French creed. But freedom for the expatriate writer comes not merely through romance, through wine
in cafés, through encounters with grand architecture and art: freedom is the result of a hard-fought psychological battle, the war for an individual identity waged against one’s countrymen in an expatriate colony. Both writers ultimately view expatriate Paris as a war zone, where victory is artistic and intellectual integrity, and defeat is the loss of identity caused by the influence of one’s countrymen.

Expatriation to Europe, especially during the early twentieth century, was nearly a rite of initiation for American authors. It could be said without a great deal of irony that Paris in particular is the most prominent American literary city. This phenomenon can be explained only partially by Paris’s obvious lures to budding young writers: abundant art, a thriving café culture with conversation and alcohol readily available, and an available history that leads back to medieval times, showcased in imposing cathedrals as well as museums. What is less evident is why Paris in particular has become this site: certainly other western European cities offer similar benefits to young American writers. Paris has been mythologized more than London, Rome, or Berlin. There is something both welcoming and indifferent about the legendary City of Lights. Its iconic Eiffel Tower, built around the time American writers started flocking to Paris, is a perfect symbol of these qualities: it is arguably the most familiar work of architecture on the planet, a symbol of strength, ingenuity, and engineering genius. Yet it is imposing, and it provides no shelter, comfort, or practical purpose. It has the capacity to lure travelers and to make them feel insignificant at the same time. It is solid, but hollow. This symbol reveals the expatriate’s need for familiarity, but also the deeper desire for a kind of self-imposed alienation, and the tension between these two opposing psychological states helps to explain why warfare might serve as an appropriate metaphor. The problem for young writers like Hemingway and Baldwin who declare war is that they are not clear about who the enemy is. The other problem is a rhetorical one: both writers posit “freedom,” not “peace,” as the opposite of war.

American writers like Baldwin and Hemingway who sought to write in the Eiffel Tower’s shadow were conscious of the shadows cast by their literary antecedents, the older writers who were already established in the Paris literary scene. Hemingway’s famous battle with the influence of Gertrude Stein and Baldwin’s famous battle with the influence of Richard Wright marked their separate arrivals in Paris. Despite their notorious attacks on these mentors in A Moveable Feast and Notes of a Native Son, the real battles they fought were with members of their own generations. The object was not to destroy their own expatriate communities,
but rather to emerge from this difficult passage with a firm sense of their own commitment to their craft. They regarded any threats to their artistic freedom and development as enemies to be fought, and warfare imagery permeates these nonfiction works.

Baldwin fled to Paris in 1948 because he felt that his opportunities were severely limited by racism in America, by his personal history of evangelical Christianity and poverty, and by his limited horizons as someone who had never traveled far from the island of Manhattan. Paris was the most obvious choice as an expatriate destination, for it had a recent history of embracing African American expatriates, from Josephine Baker to Richard Wright to countless jazz musicians. Baldwin must also have been conscious of the richness of Paris as a city that inspired American writers, beginning with his acknowledged influence Henry James and continuing through the Lost Generation writers who surrounded Hemingway, especially Hemingway himself. According to David Leeming, Baldwin wrote regularly in some of the exact same cafés frequented by Hemingway: “Every evening he settled in with his notebook at the Deux Magots, the Brasserie Lipp, or, more often, upstairs at the Flore.” Leeming continues: “Baldwin was conscious of the Hemingway mystique that pervaded the group; they were reliving the American Parisian myth” (59). James Campbell observes, “For the writers who lived in Paris after the Second World War, the example of the generation of the 1920s was unavoidable, if not actually an ideal” (212) and he notes Hemingway’s “clear imprint” on Baldwin’s first published story, “Previous Condition” (1948). My reading of this “imprint” is not merely of style but of content: Peter in “Previous Condition” is belligerent and lashes out at everyone around him—his loved ones as well as his enemies. The stoic anger of the Hemingway hero provided a useful template for the Baldwin hero who was at odds with his society, having been denied access to its institutions.

Baldwin would later make Hemingway’s influence on him explicit in a 1961 essay published in *Esquire* entitled “The New Lost Generation.” He begins with a description of a friend (Eugene Worth, unnamed in the essay) who committed suicide in 1946, just before Baldwin’s departure to Paris. Baldwin says that the difference between them amounted to their divergent responses to the world that despised them: “it took me nearly no time to despise the world right back” (Baldwin 1985, 305). Baldwin and Worth have an argument about whether love or anger is the proper response to the world’s injustices, and Worth begins to cry, an act that surprises Baldwin because his friend usually “went into and came out of
battles laughing” (306). The fact that arguments with friends are “battles” in Baldwin’s mind makes it clear that his negotiations with the world are a kind of psychological warfare. The metaphor is natural, given the fact that his friend’s suicide and Baldwin’s exile took place in the late 1940s in the wake of World War II; he writes that his friend’s body was being recovered from the river as his other friends “were returning from the world’s most hideous war” (307). A deep postwar despair characterizes Baldwin’s essay: “All political hopes and systems, then, seemed morally bankrupt: for, if Buchenwald was wrong, what, then, really made Hiroshima right? . . . If all visions of human nature are to be distrusted, and all hopes, what about love?” (307–8). This despair is what propels him to leave his country and seek a new identity as an exiled artist in the same place American writers traveled to after World War I.

Baldwin is conscious of the model for this specific migration to Paris: “we, who have been described (not very usefully) as the ‘new’ expatriates, began arriving in Paris around ’45, ’46, ’47, and ’48” (309). He is dissatisfied with the label “new expatriates,” presumably because it is not specific enough: the title of his essay yokes his generation to Hemingway’s in an even more specific way. Like Hemingway, Baldwin feels ambivalently about being in Paris amidst an entire generation of people on the same quest; he writes, “we had failed . . . to make the longed-for, magical human contact. It was on this connection with another human being that we had felt that our lives and our work depended” (311). As their time in Paris passes, Baldwin senses a thorough breakdown of the spirit of bonding that brought them there in the first place: “We were edgy with each other. . . . We no longer walked about, as a friend of mine once put it, in a not dissimilar context, in ‘friendly groups of five thousand.’ We were splitting up, and each of us was going for himself” (312). As in war, the camaraderie between soldiers is sometimes subservient to individual survival. And yet survival is made difficult by the alienating effects of a foreign setting in which the rules are unclear. In the essay “Equal in Paris,” in which Baldwin is arrested and held in jail for eight days after his friend steals a sheet from a hotel room, he realizes the depth of this alienation and expresses it in terms of warfare when he writes, “None of my old weapons could serve me here. . . . I moved into every crucial situation with the deadly and rather desperate advantages of bitterly accumulated perception of pride and contempt. This is an awful sword and shield to carry through the world. . . . It was a strange feeling, in this situation, after a year in Paris, to discover that my weapons would never again serve me as they had” (Baldwin 1955, 145).
Baldwin uses the language of warfare not only here, but throughout the so-called Paris essays from Notes of a Native Son. In “Encounter on the Seine: Black Meets Brown,” he writes,

[The American expatriate] finds himself involved, in another language, in the same old battle: the battle for his own identity. To accept the reality of his being an American becomes a matter involving his integrity and his greatest hopes, for only by accepting this reality can he hope to articulate to himself or to others the uniqueness of his experience, and to set free the spirit so long anonymous and caged. (121)

Baldwin describes in this passage the very condition of the expatriate Hemingway hero, and of Hemingway himself as an expatriate. The words “battle” on one hand and “free” on the other set up a relationship that explains this condition in terms that both writers are aware of: the expatriate’s condition of a metaphorical war weighed against the benefits of liberation. Baldwin’s experience as an expatriate in the 1940s relies on the myth of expatriation made popular by Hemingway and his circle in the 1920s, and, like Hemingway’s, Baldwin’s journey to Europe seeks to demythologize the American self and the European other simultaneously, by placing the American self in the European context. Both writers would eventually broaden their exiled landscape beyond Europe (Hemingway to Cuba, Baldwin to Turkey and, briefly, to West Africa) and both also returned to penetrate the interior of the American landscape (Baldwin in the racially divided South, Hemingway in the preserved wilderness of the Midwest), but Paris for both was the key to understanding the tension between metaphorical battles and perceived liberty. Baldwin’s engagement with Paris as a landscape for psychological warfare en route to freedom is initially evident in his first book, and Hemingway’s is clarified in his last.

From the first sentence of “Encounter on the Seine” Baldwin declares that his project is to demythologize Paris; he writes, “In Paris nowadays it is rather more difficult for an American Negro to become a really successful entertainer than it is rumored to have been some thirty years ago” (Baldwin 1955, 117). The phrase “rumored to have been” indicates Baldwin’s suspicion that the notion of black success in Paris might be false, if not exaggerated. While confronting the American myth of Paris, Baldwin simultaneously confronts the mythical Parisian view of America, beginning with the limited stereotype of black Americans as entertainers, and extending the idea to address a general misconception of America, which leads back to the expatriate’s identity quest:
The Eiffel Tower has naturally long since ceased to divert the French, who consider that all Negroes arrive from America, trumpet-laden and twinkle-toed, bearing scars so unutterably painful that all of the glories of the French Republic may not suffice to heal them. This indignant generosity poses problems of its own, which, language and custom being what they are, are not so easily averted.

The European tends to avoid the really monumental confusion, which might result from an attempt to apprehend the relationship of the forty-eight states to one another, clinging instead to such information as is afforded by radio, press, and film, to anecdotes considered to be illustrative of American life, and to the myth that we have ourselves perpetuated. (120)

Baldwin describes the difficulties of examining and debunking the myths espoused by both Americans and Parisians; paradoxically, he is tied to the myth of the expatriate American because he is one. That is to say, he explains the ambiguities of expatriation, but demonstrates the necessity of it in his own identity quest.

Baldwin repeats this paradigm in “A Question of Identity,” the essay that follows “Encounter on the Seine” in Notes of a Native Son, in which he accuses the American expatriate of living in “a city which exists only in his mind” rather than in Paris itself. “He cushions himself,” Baldwin writes, “so it would seem, against the shock of reality, by refusing for a very long time to recognize Paris at all, but clinging instead to its image” (127). Such an observation can only come from one who has himself refused to recognize the reality of Paris, someone who has come to terms with the Paris legend in the only possible way—through direct, personal experience. He scorns those American students who, though they live in Paris, do not really experience what they came for. He criticizes two types of students—those who insist on clinging to their American identity and those who completely abandon their American identity for an affected French one. He concludes by describing the American student colony as contradictory and as confusing as Times Square. “But,” he notes, “if this were all one found in the American student colony, one would hardly have the heart to discuss it. If the American found in Europe only confusion, it would be infinitely wiser to remain at home. Hidden, however, in the heart of the confusion he encounters here is that which he came so blindly seeking: the terms on which he is related to his country, and to the world” (136). The essence of identity for Baldwin arises out of the unique situation of the American in Paris, for if this person gets beyond the myth of
this city and the myth of his own country, he can begin to address questions that pertain to himself and to the relationship between America and Europe rather than one in isolation from the other. The broad issue that Baldwin is addressing at this moment has to do with the individual artist and his relation to a global rather than a national society. Both Baldwin and Hemingway, as artists who expatriated and repatriated throughout their lives, were keenly aware of the challenges raised by this sensibility: to be aware of the fluidity of geographic boundaries is also to be homeless. The intellectual satisfaction of the former is hardly enough to counterbalance the psychological insecurity of the latter.

The romantic legend that attracts Baldwin (and the naïve student described in his essay) to Paris is the very one Hemingway perpetuated and, to some, represented. Baldwin is removed from the naïve student and the romantic expatriate only insofar as he is tied to Hemingway’s attitude toward Paris—that is, the Hemingway of the late 1950s scrutinizing his 1920s self. Hemingway counters the notion of a purely romantic expatriate Paris from the first sentence of *A Moveable Feast*: “Then there was the bad weather” (3). It is as though he is responding to the legend Baldwin describes in “A Question of Identity” and, along with Baldwin, trying to demythologize it while also underscoring its value. In other words, what fosters a refined sensibility in Paris is not the drunken camaraderie so much as “the bad weather”—the suffering that the expatriate knows and that the tourist does not. *A Moveable Feast* becomes a quest to unearth the disturbing elements of Hemingway’s Paris years and to depict, as Baldwin does, the young artist’s growth out of innocence in Paris rather than to emphasize the romantic sheen of the expatriate colony. Marc Dolan points to two opposing trends in criticism of *A Moveable Feast*, one of which emphasizes the lost Paris years and the other of which concentrates on Hemingway’s savage portraits of his fellow expatriates (52); he then seeks to integrate the two readings by showing how “both their nostalgia and their retrospective cruelty are integral to their composition. To appreciate them fully, we must see both traits clearly, and perhaps even at the same time” (55). One way to do this is to pay attention to the subtle allusions to warfare in the book because war is another subject for both nostalgia and the capacity for cruelty. Toward the conclusion of *A Moveable Feast* Hemingway writes, “First it is stimulating and fun and it goes on that way for a while. All things truly wicked start from an innocence. So you live day by day and enjoy what you have and do not worry. You lie and hate it and it destroys you and every day is more dangerous, but you live day to day as in a war” (208). Hemingway sees how his willed exile from America, for all of its value in his development
as a writer, is parallel to the situations of the protagonists of his war novels. He is bewildered and disillusioned by life in Europe in the same way Robert Jordan and Frederic Henry are disillusioned by their roles in European wars. Like Jordan and Henry, Hemingway distances himself from his comrades and retreats into the only safe and comfortable home available to him: fiction.

J. Gerald Kennedy argues that Paris is a “city of danger” for Hemingway, and points out that Hemingway’s first visit to Paris was not as a budding expatriate writer in 1921, but as an eighteen-year-old enlistee in the Red Cross ambulance corps in 1918. The relative calm of postwar Paris described in *A Moveable Feast* obscures Hemingway’s first impressions of the city, which included “the physical risk of being hit by one of the Big Bertha shells the Germans were firing into the city” (79). War may be over when the young writer arrives on the scene, but its psychological effects remain. In *A Moveable Feast*, as in *The Sun Also Rises*, the psychological condition of warfare develops against the backdrop of a mood of conviviality. These two books cast expatriation in the light of fierce competition and an individual’s contempt for the group. War is in fact the context that is largely omitted from both, just as Hemingway describes writing a story (“Big Two-Hearted River”) “about coming back from the war but there was no mention of the war in it” (76). But the presence of war is in the margins of Hemingway’s mind as he tries to concentrate on his writing in *A Moveable Feast*: musing at his favorite café, he notes, “There were other people too who lived in the quarter and came to the Lilas, and some of them wore Croix de Guerre ribbons in their lapels and others also had the yellow and green of the Medaille Militaire, and I watched how well they were overcoming the handicap of the loss of limbs, and saw the quality of their artificial eyes and the degree of skill with which their faces had been reconstructed” (82). This tragic yet optimistic view of reconstructing humanity after the war immediately precedes Hemingway’s encounter with Ford Madox Ford, which is arguably his most savage portrait in the book. The evident artificiality of these war heroes, as Hemingway describes them, is misleading; they seem to persevere in spite of their damage, and their war medals reflect a certain pride and camaraderie. The contrast to Ford is striking; the author of *The Good Soldier* is described as internally artificial and competitive, and Hemingway’s contempt for him could not be greater.

The psychological condition of warfare in expatriate Paris is based on the difficulty of distinguishing friend from enemy. Hemingway wrestles with the assumption that writers, like soldiers, are concerned with the survival of their collective group, but he discovers that in reality writers, like
soldiers, are primarily concerned with their own survival. At one point in *A Moveable Feast* Gertrude Stein defines Hemingway’s generation in terms of war by referring to “people of your own age—of your own military service group” (16), revealing how closely generations are defined by their respective wars. It is no surprise, then, that when referring to a fierce competition between Stein and James Joyce, Hemingway uses a military metaphor: “If you brought up Joyce [to Stein] twice, you would not be invited back. It was like mentioning one general favorably to another general” (28). The “generals” of the older generation are there as models for the foot soldiers like Hemingway and his fellow young writers, but the borders, boundaries, and enemies are difficult to recognize. Hemingway feels himself being challenged on his home turf and reacts with a soldier’s fight-or-flight response: “It was bad to be driven out of the Closerie des Lilas. I had to make a stand or move” (92). Having decided to fight, he then says to his enemy du jour, “I’d be glad to shoot you” (94). He later writes of Wyndham Lewis, “there was no official uniform for the artist; but Lewis wore the uniform of a prewar artist” (109). If this is a psychological war zone, the lack of uniforms in the aftermath of the real war signifies both freedom and a lack of clarity.

Baldwin, describing the situation of the black expatriate in “Encounter on the Seine,” relies on the same trope Hemingway uses in *A Moveable Feast*: “Those driven to break this pattern [of urban living arrangements] by leaving the U.S. ghettos not merely have effected a social and physical leave-taking but also have been precipitated into cruel psychological warfare” (118). Baldwin, who fled the US ghetto to what he thought was its antithesis in Paris, uses the notion of warfare to place himself against his countrymen and to question his identity while fostering the same type of individualism Hemingway embraces in *A Moveable Feast*. Baldwin writes,

> Thus the sight of a face from home is not invariably a source of joy, but can also quite easily become a source of embarrassment or rage. The American Negro in Paris is forced at last to exercise an undemocratic discrimination rarely practiced by Americans, that of judging his people, duck by duck, and distinguishing them one from another. Through this deliberate isolation, through lack of numbers, and above all through his own overwhelming need to be, as it were, forgotten, the American Negro in Paris is very nearly the invisible man. (118)

If we substitute “American writer” for “American Negro” in this passage, we have the very situation Hemingway describes in *A Moveable Feast*. 
Baldwin’s context in these early essays and increasingly throughout his career inevitably involves race, but he constantly redirects concerns with race toward the quest for individual identity. His invocation of Ellison’s invisible man at the end of the previous quotation demonstrates how race is an idea related to identity and perception rather than an innate quality. He reinforces his focus in the next sentence of the essay: “The wariness with which [the American Negro in Paris] regards his colored kin is a natural extension of the wariness with which he regards all of his countrymen” (119).

While Baldwin reflects upon race relations, he forces himself to consider the meaning of race relations as intertwined with the meaning of American identity. In doing so he confronts history as a logical inroad into race, a process which he continues in “Stranger in the Village,” the final essay in Notes of a Native Son, in which he removes himself even further from history by placing himself within the context of a Swiss village which time seems to have forgotten. In this essay he returns to the trope of warfare. He writes, “In this long battle, a battle by no means finished, the unforeseeable effects of which will be felt by many future generations, the white man’s motive was the protection of his identity; the black man was motivated by the need to establish an identity” (173). Baldwin asserts that the black man has indeed won the battle for identity and needs only to establish a voice; he then focuses on the implications of the achievement of this identity and on the aftermath of the psychological war:

The identity [white Americans] fought so hard to protect has, by virtue of that battle, undergone a change . . . the American vision of the world . . . owes a great deal to the battle waged by Americans to maintain between themselves and black men a human separation which could not be bridged. . . . People who shut their eyes to reality simply invite their own destruction, and anyone who insists on remaining in a state of innocence long after that innocence is dead turns himself into a monster. (174–75)

This idea connects to Hemingway’s belief that “All things truly wicked start from an innocence” (208). For both writers the growth out of innocence into a state of self-recognition occurs abroad, when one is conscious of national identities, borders, and the history of warfare that has shaped them.

The growth from one type of person into another signals that both Hemingway and Baldwin become aware, to varying degrees, that they are
CHAPTER 5

not stable, integrated selves, raising the possibility that the true enemy in Paris is the enemy within. Hemingway’s first years in Paris instruct him in two essential facets of his identity: the writer and the lover. These two areas are intertwined throughout the book—he states early on, “After writing a story I was always empty and both sad and happy, as though I had made love” (6)—but they become thoroughly interdependent at the end of the book to produce a vision of identity in general rather than a description of an individual writer’s life. Paris was good for him as a writer; hunger is good discipline, he insists, and the literary circles he entered gave him the experience and guidance necessary to do his work. But the lesson Hemingway can only learn years after his experience in Paris is the taint his work suffered because of “the rich,” that tasteless group of trendy consumers who have the gall to say they appreciate his work. He looks back on himself as a “trained pig,” a “bird dog . . . who wag[s] his tail in pleasure and plunge[s] into the fiesta concept” (207). This “fiesta concept” becomes the myth (rather than the reality) of the “lost generation,” another idea that Hemingway demystifies in *A Moveable Feast* by crediting Stein’s mechanic with the phrase. Plunging into the fiesta concept is what many of Hemingway’s readers came to believe was the positive development of expatriate Paris—the willingness to shrug off puritanical American notions of work, seriousness, and monogamy. This act becomes for Hemingway the ultimate failure of self in the context of the American expatriate colony which corrupts writers and lovers alike. He describes his state of blissful innocence in terms of relative poverty and obscurity in the final sentence of the book: “But this is how Paris was in the early days when we were very poor and very happy” (209).

Hemingway feels, in the 1950s, that he would have been better off as a writer if he could have stayed true to his individualized sense of identity instead of being influenced by “the rich” (Gerald and Sara Murphy); he also blames them for his infidelity, claiming they led him to it “using the oldest trick there is” (207). He compares “the rich” to one of the most brutal warlords in history: “When they have passed and taken the nourishment they needed, [they] leave everything deader than the roots of any grass Attila’s horse’s hooves have ever scour[d]” (208). He attempts to blame his extramarital affair on “bad luck” and, obliquely, on Paris itself: “I thought we were invulnerable again, and it wasn’t until we were out of the mountains in late spring, and back in Paris that the other thing started again” (208). Hemingway is being insincere here, presumably because he finds it infinitely more painful to admit that the failure of his marriage to Hadley was his fault than to admit that he sold out to the rich when he
was young. He recognizes his insincerity and retreats from his implication of Paris in his infidelity: “Paris was never to be the same again although it was always Paris and you changed as it changed” (208–9). Hemingway implies that his perception of Paris changed as his perception of himself changed. Baldwin expresses the same sentiment in a 1958 letter to his editor Sol Stein upon a return trip to Paris: “The generation now to be found on the café terraces makes me feel rather old—and, of course, I’m here as a tourist this time, which changes many things. The situation here, for all that everyone says that Paris is exactly the same, is simply grim” (Stein and Baldwin 2005, 112). Hemingway adds in the final paragraph of *A Moveable Feast*: “There is never any ending to Paris and the memory of each person who has lived in it differs from that of any other. . . . Paris was always worth it and you received return for whatever you brought to it” (209). Paris, then, has no innate qualities that foster great writing or great thinking. The importance of Paris for both Hemingway and Baldwin is as a place where both could remove themselves from American history, custom, and people in order to avoid a prefabricated identity. In doing so, they engage in psychological warfare, but they gradually realize that this war is between various dimensions of the individual as he struggles to forge an identity rather than between that individual and his countrymen. As Kennedy writes, “Perhaps every textual construction of place implies . . . a mapping or symbolic re-presentation of an interior terrain” (Kennedy 1993, 6).

Because of this removal, the possibilities for the individual seem limitless. The narrator of *Giovanni’s Room*, Baldwin’s novel of expatriate Paris, says, “And these nights were being acted out under a foreign sky, with no one to watch, no penalties attached—it was this fact which was our undoing, for nothing is more unbearable, once one has it, than freedom (9–10). The difficulty of freedom for Baldwin and Hemingway is the responsibility of having to draw one’s own guidelines, of having to formulate an individual set of scruples and morals, and of having to pay the price for one’s mistakes. It may seem that all is fair in love, war, and (by association) Paris; both Hemingway and Baldwin learn and repeatedly tell us that we develop most rapidly and most completely when there are no rules. This development is essential to both *A Moveable Feast* and *Notes of a Native Son*. By reading them alongside each other, we gain insight into the period when both writers grew out of innocence—their Paris years—and we can read the rest of their writings with more sympathy to the other writer’s sensibility despite their apparent differences. Their project in the 1950s—Baldwin at the beginning of his career, Hemingway at the conclusion of his—is to
correct for any mistaken identity that the mythos of expatriate Paris may have created and to emerge from the psychological battle with their own compatriots, having developed a stronger sense of their artistic and personal identities.

Notes

2. Worth is the model for Rufus Scott in Baldwin’s 1962 novel *Another Country*.
4. Kennedy asserts, based on the concluding section deleted from the published version, “[W]e discover that [Nick Adams] has come back not just from the war . . . but also from the expatriate literary milieu of the Left Bank” (93).

Works Cited