

IDENTITY IS NO WALK IN THE PARK: RETRACING AND RECLAIMING THE SELF IN ALFRED KAZIN'S *A WALKER IN THE CITY*

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*Abstract: A prominent figure of the New York intellectual scene, Alfred Kazin delves into an innovating autobiographical journey of self-defining in his 1951 *A Walker in the City*, retracing the steps that led him to adulthood. Unlike traditional coming-of-age memorialistic writing, *Walker* abides by no rigors of time or space, allowing the elasticity the genre inherently presupposed to carry the narrative in a fluid motion through a montage of sentimental, poetic snippets. The hybridity of the writing style, which defies the theoretical strictures meant to endow this highly subjective and personal genre with apparent canonical authority, mirrors the quest for reconciling and redefining the individual's hybrid identity, away from imposed dicta, and into the new realm of hyphenation. While the child is marked by the pressure to conform and adapt, leading him away from Brownsville, seen as a hurdle to overcome in his process of fulfilling the American Dream for himself, but especially for his forerunners, the adult returns from "beyond" the borders of the neighborhood, retracing his steps, with the realization that discarding the past has left behind holes and gashes which stand in the way of self-actualization.*

Keywords: Alfred Kazin, identity, autobiography, Jewishness, hybridity

The fluidity and elasticity of autobiographical writing provides Alfred Kazin with the appropriate medium to circumvent the need for well ordered linear events in favor of a symbolic journey between the many sides of the self, now brought together in a new hybrid form, rather than competing for center-stage. His 1951 autobiography, *A Walker in the City*, seeks to mend the holes caused by the ever-present inner conflict between the different dimensions of the American Jew: on the one hand, the aspiration of overcoming the intellectual and material shortcomings of the ghetto and the tenement, and of replacing them with what is perceived to be the vastly superior American lifestyle, filled with opportunities and freedom for the individual, unencumbered by poverty and lack; on the other hand, the world of Brownsville with its undeniable warmth and delight of the family and familiarity, where one does not need to prove themselves in order to belong, marked by Yiddish, care and closeness.

Kazin's autobiographical account stems from a profoundly poetic sentimentality. From the very title we are immersed in the mood of a journey, a passage that would carry the reader along with the narrative voice through spaces of familiarity and times of soul-searching. In fact, most genre rigors are done away with - there is no clear chronology, the mandatory distance between author-narrator-character is blurred to the point of overlapping, there is hardly any pretense at objective record. As Robert Philpson notes, walking and movement are the "narrative form replacing chronology... the narrating 'eye' gets swept back into the (fictional) being of the narrated 'I.'" (182) He is but "*a walker*" [my italics], one of many, part of the a mass, roaming "*the City*" [my italics], the singular entity, the bastion of America. Jerry Schuchalter posits a fascinating parallel between Kazin's walker persona and Henry David Thoreau's exploration of walking. The latter offers the image of a strong-willed, well-crystallized walker, determined in their path, and firm in their saunter, seemingly in keeping

with the image of the American (Schuchalter 25-26), and while Kazin's walker is not as imposing, he nonetheless walks deliberately and determinedly, with a clear purpose in mind and spirit, longing, however, for the strength and ability of the all-American Thoreauvian walker. Walking elicits a sense of gradual movement, slow and steady, towards a destination that cannot be too far from the starting point, since it is, after all, within "walking distance", allowing the individual to return to the roots whence he began.

This back and forth movement is recurrent throughout the autobiography, reshaping the notion of the typical coming-of-age writing, which starts from one point, ending at another, with a clear procession of organized steps in between. It draws attention to the circular nature of one's journey to self-discovery and self-actualization: his youth being marked by the aspiration for the beyond, which he does conquer, but to which he cannot truly belong, having discarded the past, he returns time and again to the home of his spirit. In Thoreau's essay "walking... is equated with severance from the status quo, from the routine and modes of discipline of modern life... to find ways of evading the mechanisms of control that were increasingly encroaching upon individual integrity and vitality." (Schuchalter 29) For Kazin, walking offers reparations to the rivets and breaks created under the pressure of conforming to a monolith of Americanness, evading the control it elicited on the younger self, and redefining his reality. As Steven J. Rubin would argue, "Kazin's constant fears of somehow not being able to extend his personal boundaries beyond Brownsville are coupled with a conflicting anxiety of losing his deep emotional ties to the very culture he wishes to leave behind." (185) This essentially draws attention to the two different dimensions of the historical self in its evolution, namely the child, and the adult. For the child, living up to the expectations of the country of his birth reigned supreme. As Hazlett notes, "the child's search is the immigrant scion's search for American identity... the psychological extension of the parents' search for America, and, in part, the result of his parents' ambivalence about their own place in the New World." (327)

In truth, Kazin writes his account in an era that has moved away from the *melting pot* rhetoric. Unlike Mary Antin or Abraham Cahan, he does not glorify the process of Americanization, but focuses on the inevitable pluralism of the microcosm in which he was born. There does not seem to be a true need for an all-encompassing American model. His movement "beyond" the streets of his neighborhood does not take him into an abstract notion of something completely American and nothing else, but in the neighborhoods inhabited by Germans, blacks, Irish, and Italians. It is on account of this pluralism that he feels the need for a perpetually circular return to the roots of Brownsville. He has become successful and has ventured out into the world, and as such has fulfilled his forerunners' dreams of seizing the opportunity of the Promised Land; but it is the return and rejuvenation of his Jewishness that has his spirit soar.

The autobiography commences with the recurrent theme of the journey, "From the subway to the synagogue", Kazin iterating the centrality of reconciling the past and present: "Yet as I walk those familiarly choked streets at dusk and see the old women sitting in front of the tenements, past and present become each other's faces; I am back where I began." (6) The milieu of his roots is portrayed par excellence by the streets of Brownsville, the streets on which he grew up into an individual and where he claims his origins, riddled with symbolic imagery, reminiscent of the conditions of life back in the early days of the 20th century, when the status of the Jews was still in its incipient form, while at the same time representing the implications of the effects this microcosm had on the young man. The closeness and lack of intimacy, the overcrowding and poverty were choking factors that undoubtedly pushed the youth to look beyond its walls; and even so, his sense of self is best attained back to his roots, his place of start, where his past and present intertwine, as do the two facets of his

individuality. The place of his upbringing, seen as the “end of the world” (Kazin 8), the very margins, was constantly juxtaposed to the centrality of New York, the shine of Manhattan. Much to the young Alfred’s dismay, his parents had not moved far into the world from the very point where the “greenhorns”, the Jewish newcomers, had disembarked on the cross-Atlantic shores of New York, seemingly stuck to the first piece of American land they had gazed upon. As he himself puts it, “we were of the city, but somehow not in it” (Kazin 11). The sense of alienation and marginalization was an everyday reality that he could only transcend by going underground and beyond, to where the lights of the city truly began shining, and yet still keeping him at arm’s length, as a foreigner invading hallowed grounds that were not his.

Borders and lines become a leitmotif throughout the autobiography. To Alfred, clear distinctions can be felt all around him: Brownsville juxtaposed to New York; his parents juxtaposed to Gentiles or rich “alrightnik” Jews; English juxtaposed to Yiddish. It seemed that these differences could only be overcome through success, coupled with financial prowess, which would in turn allow one the taste of freedom. Kazin records one antithesis that became a poignant reminder of the differences between the Old World and the New World: “homestead” and “heym”. There is fury at his father’s declining a homestead in Omaha. To young Alfred, Omaha had the sound of freedom from the tiresome ties of the ghetto, the true possibility of achieving the American Dream. His lack of understanding of the precarious aerial roots his parents set up in the albeit poor ghetto is wrongly equated with complacency: “What do you want of us poor Jews?” (Kazin 60) To the immigrant father, the painful passage across the Atlantic proves to have been all the traumatic relocation his psyche could endure. As with myriads of others like him, he found solace in staying close to those who were home to him, and who saved him from loneliness and isolation. “The most terrible word was *aleyn*” (Kazin 60), and his father had already lived the wounds of losing his parents and being flung into the New World without any bearings. While the homestead comes to represent beauty and newness for the individual, “der heym”, so adored by his parents, becomes associated in Alfred’s mind with terror. He cannot help but envision those killed and oppressed, cannot help but join his mother’s cry of survivor’s guilt. Through his mother, he is part of the lineage that suffered the horror of pogroms, and though he associates with it solely pain and anguish, the old “homeland” is part of his psyche as much as his mother is. Jewishness becomes, therefore, a quality beyond the confines of religion or ethnicity, extending towards universality through all slow movements played by Alfred on Sabbath evenings, all reminiscent of the heym.

The dichotomy between ambition and tradition is represented once more through his ambivalence in face of the new housing projects that had replaced the old buildings of his childhood. The child brought up in paucity enviously gazes upon the possibility of living in a clean, brand new home, one that might symbolize the extrication from the humiliation caused by scarcity, and replace it with the comfortable decency of middle-class America. And yet, the adult walker realizes that it was precisely the imperfection and all the shortcomings of Brownsville that made it colorful and vivacious. The sanitizing process depletes the area of its formal uniqueness and vitality, seemingly mirroring the Americanization efforts on the newcomers and their children. By chiseling away what is perceived as slight, one is left with an artificial product, standardized and leveled till hardly distinguishable from the next one. The rhetoric of the melting pot did more to alienate the child representing a minority group than the specificities of his forerunners’ tradition. Life was led between the public forum, marked profoundly by America, in reality the land of the (white) Anglo, and the private forum of the neighborhood. As Kazin himself states, the world of the Gentiles seemed profoundly distant and inaccessible, particularly from the front stoop of a tenement; the alienation was

palpable to the child, who felt as an incomplete work in progress, who might one day be worthy of transcending. Reality, however, was different – the Gentiles, most of whom were immigrants themselves, or subsequent generations, had more in common with the Jews than they did with the idealized image of the “American.”

However, the times asked for systemic uniformity, not just unity. Institutions such as public schools stood as a bastion of the Americanization efforts. It was their main, implacable, and even divine calling to reshape the young into the appropriate form that would stand for a true American. The child’s successful immersion into the American lifestyle depended entirely on their performance in school, where their “character” would be proven by strictly adhering to the criteria of the system and the demands of the god-like educators. The highest mark of being a true American was naturally such a command of English that no traces of their foreignness could be felt in speech. As Isabel Duran Gimenez Rico notices, Alfred’s particular alienation is furthered by his stammering, his apparent inability of living up to the high demands of linguistic prowess. (Rico 218) English was the necessary stepping stone towards success and achievement, and it fell on his shoulders that he, as all American-born children, redeem his immigrant parents from their self-evident condition of shame. As he himself states,

“It was not for myself alone that I was expected to shine, but for them – to redeem the constant anxiety of their existence. I was the first American child, their offering to the strange new God; I was to be the monument of their liberation from the shame of being what they were.” (Kazin 22)

Reminiscent of the biblical story of Abraham, ready to sacrifice his son Isaac to the new G-d, ushering in the new age of the Chosen People, so do the Jewish newcomers offer their future generations to the fulfillment of the American Dream, which would in turn allow for their own fulfillment, through the unbreakable tie between generations of Jews. As Kazin recalls of his childhood strolls on Pitkin Avenue, his father, whom he would run into sitting on a corner, would introduce him as his Kaddish, “the Hebrew prayer for the dead, read for a father by his son.” (Kazin 37) For the father, the matter was undoubtedly a point of pride, an insurance of his future and the enduring of Jewishness. However, symbolically situated in front of the Municipal Bank, the recurrent scene might be construed as the younger generation’s reciting the mourning prayer for the discarded ways of their forefathers, shedding them behind when faced with the gargantuan dimensions of American materialism and individualism. The motif of the sacrifice takes an unexpected turn, therefore, with the new generations placing their forefathers on the altar of Americanness, willing to sacrifice their past for their future, unaware of the individual fracture this would intrinsically cause.

The universe of Brownsville is made up of multiple iconic landmarks, such as the bank, which frame the journey and the evolution of young Alfred. Brownsville is seen through different “eyes/I’s”, however, by the child and the adult. As B. Pollack observes, “this new perspective on Brownsville can be seen most clearly in the epicurean delight the young walker takes in the sensory details of his neighborhood and the surrounding city... [characteristic] of Kazin’s prose style... the long, rhythmic enumerations of sight, sound, and smell, and the lyrical, associative flights of imagination they inspire.” (405) The adult walker finds himself back between two representatives that populated his childhood, and which symbolically marked the two dimensions of the self. On one hand, the “Stadium” movie house, counterbalanced on the other by the wooden synagogue he and his family and the entire immigrant group of his mother belonged to. The contrast was undeniable. The movie house held immense fascination for the young boy, allowing him to lurk in the darkness of a fantasy life. It held the reverie of an exotic place, filled with possibilities and powerful musings that would transport one to “a better world” (Kazin 40), only to be interrupted by the

vulgar street light that would disrupt imagination. It was unlike anything else in Brownsville and, with its sheer size and Gentile-fascination, it towered over the little synagogue, which could not compete with the bright promises for the future that the movie house offered. It came as an old artifact of duties, “without any illusion or indulgence for a boy” (Kazin 42). It belonged to the Jews, indeed, but not to him personally. The matter, it seems, boils down to the choice of belonging as opposed to the inherited inherent belonging. For the young boy, movie-going was in truth an entire ritual with a spiritual impact, with its mystique and mystery, rather than the synagogue, where all was a matter of course, never explained or debated. He was undeniably a Jew, and as his birthright, he would belong to the community, the matter of his desire being entirely irrelevant. What is more, it became apparent that what had been revered in the Old Country as utterly transcendental was simply embraced and perpetuated in America as “our oldest habit” (Kazin 46), taken for granted, and performed dutifully but with very little sentiment.

The true sentiment stemmed from the family. The belonging to the large group of all Jews presented itself as too much of an abstraction to the mind of the young boy. However, the belonging to his family and residing in his household filled him with “such tenderness that I could feel my senses reaching out to embrace every single object” (Kazin 52). The week was spent in anticipation of Friday afternoon, when they could be liberated from the chores of secular life and enjoy the closeness and intimacy of the company of their own. It was not Orthodox observance that brought them together to celebrate in hushed tones; Friday was the precursor to the day of rest, and it was the one evening that allowed the hard working family to unwind to their heart’s content, without the feeling of guilt looming over them. They partook, therefore, of a perpetual intertwining of the Old World customs and the New World pleasures, of religious observance and small secular frivolity. It was during the Sabbath dinners that Alfred spent time with the other side of the Jewish world, the secular unmarried cousin and her friends, who prided themselves on not belonging to the kitchen world of the Jewish woman, the ancestral confinement to which so many gladly resorted. They were more interested in the advances of their intellect, their freedom and autonomy, rather than restricting themselves to the traditional role of wife and mother. As Philipson notes, “the room of the unmarried cousin - with its cosmopolitan knickknacks and its small library in Russian, Yiddish, and English - introduces Alfred to the longing of the outside world.” (185) To Alfred, the realization that one could live for oneself, not simply always for the children, or the community, or the forerunners, or even history, was entirely revolutionary, as it delineated an image of individualism which, in truth, only America could have offered a Jew. Even their romantic aspirations were loftier than whatever the young boy had ever noticed at home and around the neighborhood. Such notions as “love” were discarded as folly in a pragmatic arrangement as the institution of marriage was. The first generation of immigrants married to avoid isolation and desolation, to be with one’s own, and to bring children into the world. It was through children that they had any aspirations, an American Dream that would become materialized with the success of the second generation. They might have come to America with dreams of freedom and “making it”, but it was not for them that this had been envisioned, but for their successors, as they “looked on themselves only as instruments toward the ideal ‘American’ future that would be lived by their children.” (Kazin 56)

The second chapter of the autobiography explores this inner world that sheltered the family, the microcosm of the house, in an imaginary journey of the mind, through “pure, disembodied memory” (Hazlett 332). The tenement home of Alfred’s childhood, like those of countless others, had at its center the kitchen. This room was the beating heart of the house, allowing for the entire day’s activities to be carried out in it. Tenements are sketched in the collective imagination as severely substandard, over-crowded buildings, and yet, through the

powerful influence of the mother, the kitchen of the tenement becomes the very definition of warmth and closeness. If time and again the walker reminisces wanting to escape the neighborhood as a child, the kitchen and the home are remembered fondly. As he notes:

“The kitchen gave a special character to our lives; my mother’s character. All my memories of that kitchen are dominated by the nearness of my mother sitting all day long at her sewing machine... The kitchen was her life. Year by year, as I began to take in her fantastic capacity for labor and anxious zeal, I realized it was ourselves she kept stitched together.” (Kazin, 67)

For the young boy, life was a quilt of Jewish food, aromas and colors of fabric, of women wandering in and out for fittings, of the sound of his mother’s sewing machine whirring, and above all the image of the mother herself, who was intrinsically connected to his own existence. The mother was the keeper of traditions and customs, though more superstitious than Orthodox. She ensured that her children were part of Yiddishkeit, and that they would remember their history and, therefore, be true Jews. At the same time, as no mean feat, she encouraged their process of adaptation, envisioning them as successful Americans. In this, a duality is created that she may not have been able to foresee, between the American who wants to forget and start anew, and the Jew who needs to remember and hang on to his roots (Rico 221). The mother’s dedication and determination to work did not stem from constant poverty, but from the need to maintain movement through work. Working, therefore, becomes the equivalent of living, and it is through work that she can vindicate the quiet despair of loneliness and alienation in a land that will remain strange to her throughout her life. What is more, her zeal is her “blind resolution to live” (Kazin 70), so as to make up for those left behind, those whose lives were truly marked by horror and poverty, not letting the darkness creep over and engulf her. Her resolution was marked by her enjoyment in watching the sun as it set, holding on to the power of the last colors of one more day lived. As Alfred recalls, “between my mother’s pent up face at the window and the winter sun dying in the fabrics... she has drawn for me one single line of sentience.” (Kazin, 71)

While the child fought to leave behind his Brownsville identity, thinking only by shedding it entirely would he be able to transcend into true Americanness, the adult walker sets off on his quest of retracing his steps and repairing the fissures caused by this severing of ties. As Hazlett notices, “the young boy’s search for an American identity entailed the denial of his own cultural past... the adult’s search is for the self he lost in his effort to become an American. The adult’s problem is not resolved *within* the narrative, but *by* the narrative itself.” (329) Back on the streets of his childhood neighborhood and back to his looking “beyond”, upon returning it becomes apparent to the adult walker that those milestones that most marked his childhood, the drugstore, the candy store have all been replaced by second hand furniture stores. These are charged with a dual significance. On the one hand, they seem to be the sad remnants of a world that is no longer, standing as artifacts of its fall. On the other hand, they stand for cheap consumerism, one that has seeped in from the outside, and that has made most goods obsolete, in a perpetual fascination with and race after newness and fashion. It was between these former milestones that the child was “hammered into the shape of the streets.” (Kazin 83) It was “Beyond! Beyond!” (Kazin 87) these milestones that he looked with hope. “Beyond” becomes the leitmotif of the child’s existence, as his spirit desires to soar above the neighborhood of tenements, towards that which could be seen as traditionally American, rather than immigrant, the deep fascination with the old history of the city. He may have been born in America, but he could not truly belong to it until he belonged to its history, until he could see his reflection in previous centuries. The rift between “them and us”, between him as the child of Jewish immigrants and the land where he was born is even more apparent in the face of “the miles and miles of Gentile cemeteries where crosses

toppled up and down endless slopes” (Kazin 91), coming in sharp contrast with his own grandfather having been buried in a common grave, unmarked, never to be found, never to offer the possibility of relating to one’s history.

The young child internalizes the antithesis between “them and us”, between Gentiles and Jews, and makes it part of his psyche, as he himself is divided between being of America and being of Jewry. In the collection of barriers and limits, Alfred the child deals with his frustration by raining blows over the wall at the back of the drugstore. To him, it was this wall that was the symbolic social divide between the poor Jews of “Brunzvil” and the others. All the boys became engaged in the ritualistic dance of overcoming and overpowering the wall, much to the elders’ dismay. To the latter, the wall made sense, as did the limits within which they had led their lives. But to the new generations it stood as an oppressive force of gargantuan dimensions, which they, as David did with Goliath, were trying to take down in spite of their smallness. To them, it seemed unfathomable that anyone would voluntarily place themselves behind that symbolic wall, and into Brownsville. As John Hazlett adeptly argues, Alfred conquers this division during his symbolic walk across the Brooklyn Bridge, which serves to bridge the rift of the two worlds. He finds himself in the image of a solitary singer, and feels himself becoming part of the 19th century New York. The child, therefore, substitutes his people’s Brownsville history for that of New York and manages to move beyond. (Hazlett, 328) His visit at the Metropolitan stirs a vivid connection with history, and he is able to visualize himself as walking the streets of 1880s New York.

The moment he truly becomes aware of his Americanness, which is no longer a mere desire, but a budding reality, is paradoxically the moment when he has his Jewish epiphany. At the age of confirmation, he allows his eyes to wander over the English translation of the prayer book, and is submerged in the depth of the content that had until then been an abstract obscurity, never enlightened by the melamed, but rather furthered. Doing away with the phylacteries and the shawl, he becomes enthralled with the profound realization of his connection with Jewish history, exploring unbeknownst to him his “in-between-ness”, his hyphenated identity. Through reading the prayer in English he equates the enumeration with the “whole earthly life of Brownsville.” (Kazin 102) His spiritual awakening thus bears the mark of hybridity itself. This culminates with his sudden bond with the most unlikely of all Jews – Jesus:

“I had known him instantly. Surely I had been waiting for him all my life – our own Yeshua, misunderstood by his own, like me, but the very embodiment of everything I had waited so long to hear from a Jew... who would resolve for me at last the ambiguity and the long ache of being a Jew, Yeshua, our long-lost Jesus...” (Kazin 161-162)

To Alfred, Jesus’ in-between state, as the middle ground between Jews and Gentiles, between God and humans, offers the resolve for his own liminal condition. It becomes apparent that it is no longer a matter of either/or; identity lies in the middle; both in the then, as well as the now; here, as well as there; and in being of “them”, as well as of “us”. Gradually, he comes to the realization of the American Dream being but a fancy, a subjective image in the “eye/I” of each beholder, taking on the meaning that they attribute to it. The other side was not glamour and bright lights, but was still marked by the hard work of immigrant families, some newer, others older, who were striving to grasp the best they could in the land of opportunities. Even the brownstones that he had envied, when seen from the inside, offered the same conditions as the tenements, though hidden “behind the solid American front” (Kazin, 169), in truth nothing but a screen. The distinctions he once made had been marked by loneliness and a frustration of not belonging, but they too prove to be errors of youth, which only deepened the gap between the two dimensions of the self. It falls

onto the mature walker to retrace the steps in a metaphorical journey backward, and fill in the emptiness overlooked years before.

The walker sways between present and past, between landmarks and memories. His disembodied voice carries the reader through the fragments of his childhood and development. The adult walker embarks on a journey that would allow him to relate and identify with his childhood self, in an attempt of mitigating the voids left untouched. In the end, he seems to have grasped what he had aimed for, as Hazlett observes, the merging of the child and the author:

“The walk to Highland Park is undertaken by the adolescent and is recalled by the adult in the past tense, but it is given immediacy by the frequent interjection of the adverbial pointers “now” and “here”... Kazin is able to convey the eerie impression that he is, finally, both here, in the adult’s present, and there, in the child’s past. The bridge between them is complete.” (Hazlett, 333-334)

Kazin does away with the structured expose, replacing it with a history of the imagination and of the self, in a circular and cyclical exploration. His past becomes a connotative place, from which he fled as a youth, in order to attain his Americanness, but where he has to return, in order to recapture his Jewish identity, through the “timelessness of childhood.” (Hazlett, 335) Through this profoundly subjective and lyrical, this individual account does serve as a guideline for the group itself, rather than being isolated. As B. Pollack states regarding the autobiography, “Kazin conceived of the book less as a story or confession than as a kind of extended poem, a romantic celebration of perceptive interiority... written in the spirit of Walt Whitman’s poetry of New York and Henry David Thoreau’s essay on ‘Walking’.” (401)

Kazin’s autobiography takes a hairpin turn from typical constricting rigors, blurring the harsh delineations between the individual and communal dimensions of the self. On the one hand, one would categorize the American Dream as the epitome of individualistic aspirations, and yet, the narrator’s integration within this narrative of success seemingly paradoxically offers fruition for the collective element within the second generation immigrant, providing reparations, in a sense, for his forerunners’ hardships. Through their sacrifices, entire communities who uprooted themselves in a feverish search for survival find communal fulfillment through the individual fulfillment of their children. On the other hand, the narrator’s communal ghetto roots and his belonging to the Chosen People complete the individual. Without his deliberate acceptance and understanding of being an intrinsic, inherent part of his community, he cannot hope to complete his self-defining, individual journey. In other words, the three-dimensional character of the Jewish-(hyphen)-American is formed through the process of merging the two sides of common and individual, creating hybrid notions which discard artificial limitations.

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