Chapter V

Conclusion

This thesis on John Updike’s Portrayal of women introduces three major chapters like Sensuous Celebration and Adultery, Phallogocentrism and White masculinity, Derailed Dogmatism and Moral conviction. Each chapter is focused on the eye and challenges of women characters compared with gender discrimination. A sort of masculine voice has reflected in all of his fiction. He employs phallogocentric view in considering women and highlights their shameful beats. Critics have the common view and branded him a misogynist.

It’s significant that all events have narrated in a particular thematic style. Updike possesses a critical distance between the author and the fictional characters. In doing so, critics apply visual analogies to the genre. It reaches the level of completion and unity through spiritual and emotional revelation. One could find a dialectic attitude towards self and other in his narrative mode. The relevant topics in Updike's works are religion, sex and domestic realities.
Updike expounds America with a specific sentimentality, veneration, and festivity of America's wide differing qualities. Updike's fiction demonstrates the emotional states of mind. His legends have gallant inclinations however; they appear to be making a beeline for a foolish dialect. Degradation of moral Values as depicted in John Updike's Novels - *Rabbit, Run* and *Rabbit Redux* finishing likely less grievous it could be said. Updike's saint frequently ends up in a cell made of ladies his mom, his special lady and his wife.

Updike looks all that much worried with the issues of the human beings in struggle with it. *Rabbit, Run* is Updike's first full-length thought of the way sexual disappointment and conjugal pressure cover religious questing. He is persuaded that life has something better in store for him. As a competitor, he could isolate himself from the masses. Since his brilliant days are over, he has lost his capacity to feel exceptional. The Rabbit can't break free from his destiny as a normal national, and this is at the heart of his dissatisfaction.

Racism is another problem that disqualifies depicting religion objectively. Racialist elements are obvious in the narrative mode which proves Updike's
prejudice for the white race or white masculinity. It’s clear that he lacks impartiality in necessary to evaluate religiously. Being secular, the superiority of the white race and gender division, views of other ethnic groups. It questions his neutrality. Race and gender discrimination are a common talk. Here, the racial ideology passes between black and white.

In his debut novel Rabbit Redux (1969), Updike consciously depreciate woman and black people as a different species and consider them as an inferior to white Americans. In Roger's Version (1986), the protagonist speaks on all the colored immigrants who show great distress impose on them by American identity. Updike chooses an imaginary African country in The Coup (1978), to express more of black Muslims. The king who ruled with Islamic Marxism causes a curse of drought and starvation, but while he is overthrown with America's aid, the curse vanished and rained.

It points out the colonial or imperial implications in which glorify the American superiority and wide influence. In Brazil (1994), we get the picture of a love story between a black man and a white woman, but love ends shortly under the reality of racism. Throughout the novel Updike emphasizes biological racism
and the superb qualities of whites against those of inferior blacks and Indians. He employs wit in religious and political ideologies to have a true sense to pose racism in America.

Sadly, there's an imaginative opening between what Updike says he wanted to do in The Witches of Eastwick and S., and what he's truly made. To be sure these two books often read more like ambushes on women, particularly liberated women, than earnest portrayals. To these readers in any occasion, the earlier novels and stories never seemed narrowly sexist. Characters like Janice Angstrom were regularly delineated in loathsome and stooping terms, since her hair has begun to thin yet again from her shining forehead.

With Witches Updike depicted women the center of everybody's attention, and he made them, in his words, impressively more dynamic than the men. He did it, regardless, by playing upon the extremely sexist explanations behind alert that simulated the main Salem witch trials, and by depicting his gallant ladies in the most trashing of terms.
His witches' callings are the sort of refined crafts side hobby favored by all that much heeled tinkerers. The third creates a snitch segment for the adjacent paper. Each has added to her witch controls in the wake of losing a companion and each usage these powers for infantile terminations - despite going so far as to murder another woman, who's stolen the little time they all craving.

Darryl Van Horne, a tricky individual is given to expressing things like routinely mortifies the three witches, and in doing in that capacity center up both their poor taste in men and their offbeat adherence to ladies' dissident objectives. In various respects, the witches have all terrible dreams: they're unbridled, burning, plotting and saucy, disregarding their youths and their homes with a particular deciding objective to look for after their own joys. They end by tossing spells to bring out new men - men who will marry them and most likely restore them to safe, non-witch like vicinity. Sarah Worth, the gutsy lady of the epistolary novel S is more equal to these witches than a relative of the surprising Hester Prynne.
Like the witches, Sarah begins to liberate her life from family realities. She's got out her life partner and young lady, joined an ashram (where she partakes in social occasion and lesbian sex), and in her letters home, uses the most detectably awful self-supporting (and now dated) discussion of the women's advancement. As informed by Updike, these letters don't simply seem, Sarah and her sexual introduction so as frequently as would be prudent that she appears like a broken record of Helen Reddy singing.

With many of his characters, sex is a reprieve, an escape from daily life. Updike described sex as an imaginary quest. A character in one of his novels remarked, Adultery is a way of giving adventures. Updike was his prose – that amazing instrument, like a jeweler’s loupe; so precise, exquisitely attentive and seemingly effortless.

Updike attempted to shed the comments of manliness credited on him by women's fanatic study. He has utilized male force as a part of all rounds of his works that he is from different points of view considered as a phallogocentric viewer. Harry meander his own particular blame onto his child, Nelson, the tyke who enacts a sort
of reverse oedipal complex in Rabbit, and who thusly changes into the pros of an amazing and overseeing manliness.

Much of Updike's racist ideology runs throughout his novel Terrorist. It's his assessment of religion. Updike's racism in Terrorist is a target against the African Americans, Arabs, Hispanics and other minority ethnic groups of color. They are considered as low human beings in physical, mental and also morality are a subject to mockery and degradation. Updike is so conscious to draw secular characters as tolerant and indulgent towards different ethnic groups.

Regardless Updike's treatment of sex is central to his method.

The community of Couples is a difficult sub group, formed by World War II and starting now half-wiped out. They are the all inclusive community, who expected to make tracks in an inverse course from the staleness of the Old America and the indecency of the new; who expected to live delightfully in stunning surroundings; to raise intelligent children in redesigned houses. Unavoidably, they mixed up their own kind of stale and obscenity; the children were left to move for
themselves, and were lucky to grow up not any more terrible than square; the brilliant surroundings got the chance to be over-manufactured.

The bad people moved in; America compensated for lost time with them. Updike's slide-lecture on this gathering adhere them better than any sociological study could do. As a reply he said he had been constantly trying to improve his depiction of women. According to Alfred A. Knopf it's not simply updates the story of that prestigious adulteress Hester Prynne; says its author, to relate the story from Hester's point of view. Leaving aside the doubtful question of whether authors should endeavor to respond to their reader's comments, one starts by hailing.

Already, he's used his successful favors of observation and affectability to make characters as disparate as Rabbit Angstrom, Henry Bech, Richard Maple and Colonel Ellellou, to summon an African kingdom and to test the numerical universe of computers. In light of current circumstances, most heroines in literature have sprung, like Venus, from the brows of men - consider Tolstoy's Anna Karenina, Flaubert's Emma Bovary, and James' Isabel Archer.
He keeps getting the estimation of her being feeble, and undaunted, of her simply going limited, toward more significant wrinkles and skimpier hair, yet these depictions were proposed to reflect a male character's (for this circumstance, Rabbit's) point of view, with each one of the obstacles escort upon a man of his age, sex, class and inquisitive history. One can no more dislike Updike for tossing women in as wives, extravagant ladies for making men play supporting parts as mates and sweethearts.

In any case it's sensible from her particular depictions that the ashram she's joined is totally shame, she proceeds in guarding its focal objective, bilking others out of their money and their certainty. Sarah creates as an intolerant and inconsiderate deceiver, the sort of person who can gush perpetually about powerful considerations what we are endeavoring to do here isn't escaping the world however transforms it.

She’s someone who criticizes her life partner, talks down to her daughter, condescends to her mother, and never tries to recollect. Feminine empowerment, one could argue, is undercut in full bloom. Hester leads no one into a new promised land; instead, at the end of the novel she is buried next to the man who refused to
acknowledge publicly her love. Whether Hawthorne ultimately celebrates or undermines Hester’s feminine authority is beside the point.

What is significant, in relation to the power of Hawthorne’s narrative, is that there is no definitive authorial position. In *S.*, Updike assumes a similar stance in terms of Sarah. From the beginning, he aligns her with Hawthorne’s heroine and all the transformative potential that Hester suggests. The two allusions that open the hovel both refer to Hester Prynne’s dark and potentially wild nature.

Later, in a letter to her daughter Pearl, she gives this sense of purposelessness a particularly gendered tint: The strange thing about womanhood is that it goes on and on—the same daily burden of constant vague expectation and of everything being just disappointing compared with what one knows one has inside oneself waiting to be touched off. While representing the shameful beat witches, Updike considers the readers, and argues that he never considers women as useless mate of men. In addition, he conveys to let the late twentieth century state of working class American women. As indicated by the author the oppression of women is not subject.
Women of those centuries were free and limited to depravity. For him, it would make freeze in the public arena. Conjuring for lust, divorces; prodigal children are major figures of his society. All works develop distinctive ladies like Alexandra, Janice, Sukie, Joryleen.

Ageing is just the enemy of their ways of which hey baffled and tensed. They were not idealistic about second life that while looking profound salvation, Sarah worth, readily convict lesbian joys. Rather than calling Updike as a misogynist or an obscene author its right to name him a great writer ever to find in American figure. The writer is curious over the prodigal children, aftereffect of this illicit relation they are enthusiast and prepared to shape genocide.

John Updike is a luxurious mystery. He writes prose of extraordinary sumptuousness and great flexibility, instantly capable, as the context demands. Most American writers file mere diligent digits alongside his soaring figures. Such are his deep verbal resources that even when he seems to be writing rapidly or loosely, he resembles a rich man rapidly rounding off a huge bill as if he were generously adding an easy twenty percent to an already lavish paragraph.
John Updike got an unfair rap as a sexist – but he was a misogynist. Or so his fiction reads. He hated this about himself, so far as one can tell from his extreme touchiness on the subject. It didn't seem like the indignation of someone defending himself against injustice but the fury of someone caught out.

Updike writes perfectly knowingly, not trying to make Rabbit out as any hero. But Rabbit does come off, if you can swallow his perceptions of the women, as justified. Besides, he is our point-of-view character. Unfortunately, there's a huge gap between The Witches of Eastwick and S., In fact these two novels often read more like attacks on women (particularly liberated women) than earnest portrayals.

To this reader at least, the earlier novels and stories never seemed willfully or narrowly sexist. Yes, characters like Janice Angstrom were often described in ugly and condescending terms. Her hair has begun to thin back from her shiny forehead; he keeps getting the feeling of her being brittle, and immovable, of her only going one way, toward deeper wrinkles and skimpier hair. One can no more assail Updike for casting women in subsidiary roles (as wives, mistresses, etc.)
With *Witches*, Updike did, in fact, give his female characters center stage, and he made them much more dynamic than the men. He did it, however, by playing upon the very misogynist fears that fueled the original Salem witch trials, and by depicting his heroines in the most patronizing of terms. His witches' careers are the sort of artsy-craftsy hobbies favored by well-heeled dilettantes: one of them makes hideous little clay figurines called bubbies, the second plays the cello, and the third writes a gossip column for the local paper.

Each has developed her witchly powers in the wake of losing a husband (single or divorced women, one will recall, were most susceptible to witchcraft accusations in Salem) and each uses these powers for selfish ends - even going so far as to murder another woman, who's stolen the one man they all covet. Darryl Van Horne, who's given to saying things like what a female body can do - make a baby and then make milk to feed it, routinely humiliates the three witches.

In other respects, the witches come across as caricatures out of a Strindbergian nightmare: they're promiscuous, jealous, conniving and irresponsible, neglecting their children and their homes in order to
pursue their own pleasures. They end by casting spells to conjure up new men - men who will marry them and presumably restore them to a safe, non-witchlike existence.

Obviously Sarah Worth, the courageous woman of the epistolary novel S, seems more like a relative of these witches than a relative of the dazzling Hester Prynne. Like the witches, Sarah has as of late turned into a liberated lady. She's cleared out her spouse and little girl, joined an ashram (where she takes part in gathering and lesbian sex), and in her letters home, utilizes the most noticeably awful self-defending (and now dated) talk of the ladies' development.

Apparently she is also stupid or willfully naive: though it's clear from her own descriptions that the ashram she's joined is thoroughly bogus, she persists in defending its mission, helping to bilk others out of their money and their faith. The flight from domesticity, of course, has long been a favorite theme of Updike's, but it's interesting to contrast the treatment he accorded it nearly three decades ago in *Rabbit Run*, and what he does with it here. Whereas *Rabbit* gave us a carefully shaded portrait of a difficult and incomplete man, torn between his yearning
for freedom and his need for roots, S. simply gives us a satiric picture of a careless woman, eager to shuck her family responsibilities for a fling with self-fulfillment.

The tone of the novel is funny, yet strangely harsh and weak, just as Updike needed to keep as segregated as could be allowed from his courageous woman. We never feel that Sarah has pondered the outcomes of her choice to leave home; and as opposed to picking up a comprehension of her contentions as a lady, we are given magazine banalities about the misfortunes of being a housewife, boisterous revilement about greedy methods for men.

All things considered, Sarah rises as an egotistical and foolish two-timer, the kind of individual who can spout endlessly about otherworldly thoughts, while working with separation legal advisors to hold ownership of significant land and silver. She's somebody who taunts her spouse, talks down to her little girl, deigns to her mom, and tries never to think back. On the off chance that Sarah speaks to Updike's endeavor to make a thoughtful courageous woman, it's difficult to envision what he'd concocted on the off chance that he set out to portray a miscreant.
In fact, his immense talent is part of what people seemed to find suspect about him in the years before his death. Critics and writers hold the fact that he writes beautiful sentences against him, as if his writing is too well crafted, too flamboyantly, extravagantly well. Updike has also been repeatedly attacked for misogyny, for two-dimensional women, for mistreating his lady characters. In fact, novels portraying the minds of totally fair minded, upstanding, liberal people with very few conflicts about conventional life, who treat everyone around them extremely nicely, seem destined or at least highly likely to be sort of blah.

The writer’s obligation, surely, is to write a charismatic, interesting, illuminating novel about, really, anyone. But this idea that Updike has the responsibilities of a senator, or school principal, or pastor toward his fictional universe, an obligation for fairness and justice to all of his characters, for a clear-sighted, unwavering morality that extends over his New England and Pennsylvania towns, and even in a surprising number of critical briefs against h

From the earliest starting point, Updike expounded on attempting to thrash passing or mortality through issues, through the power of sex, which is something
David Foster Wallace specifically censures him for. Updike portrays an undertaking in Toward the End of Time as a bright weave of licentious disclosure and inebriating danger and timid blame obscured the eating up dark impression of time. This sense of using sex, or the creation of many lives, through affairs, and mistresses, transcending the limits of one small, suburban existence through sex, runs through Updike’s writing from the beginning.