

“The orphaned swimming pool” by John Updike

...July was the hottest in twenty-seven years. People brought their own lawn furniture over in station wagons and set it up. Teenage offspring and Swiss au-pair girls were established as lifeguards. A nylon rope with flotation corks, meant to divide the wading end from the diving end of the pool, was found coiled in the garage and reinstalled. Agnes Kleefield contributed an old refrigerator, which was wired to an outlet above Ted's basement workbench and used to store ice, quinine water, and soft drinks. Ari honor system shoebox containing change appeared beside it; a little lost-and-found — an array of forgotten sunglasses, flippers, towels, lotions, paperbacks, shirts, even underwear — materialized on the Turners' side steps. When people, that July, said, "Meet you 4 at the pool," they did not mean the public pool past the shopping center, or the country-club pool beside the first tee. They meant the Turners'. Restrictions on admission were difficult to enforce tactfully. A visiting Methodist bishop, two Taiwanese economists, an entire girls' softball team from Darien, an eminent Canadian poet, the archery champion of Hartford, the six members of a black rock group called the Good Intentions, an ex-mistress of Aly Khan, the lavender-haired mother-in-law of a Nixon adviser not quite of Cabinet rank, an infant of six weeks, a man who was killed the next day on the Merritt Parkway, a Filipino who could stay on the pool bottom for eighty seconds, two Texans who kept cigars in their mouths and hats on their heads, three telephone linemen, four expatriate Czechs, a student Maoist from Wesleyan, and the postman all swam, as guests, in the Turners' pool, though not all at Nice After the daytime crowd ebbed, and the shoebox was put back in the refrigerator, and the last au-pair girl took the last goosefleshes, wrinkled child shivering home to supper, there was a tide of evening activity, trysts (Mrs. Kleefield and the Nicholson boy, most notoriously) and what some called, overdramatically, orgies. True, late splashes and excited guffaws did often keep Mrs. Chace awake, and the Murtaugh children spent hours at their attic window with binoculars. And there was the evidence of the lost underwear.

One Saturday early in August, the morning arrivals found an unknown car

with New York plates parked in the garage. But cars of all sorts were so common — the parking tangle frequently extended into the road — that nothing much was thought of it, even when someone noticed that the bedroom windows upstairs were open. And nothing came of it, except that around suppertime, in the lull before the evening crowds began to arrive in force, Ted and an unknown woman, of the same physical type as Linda but brunette, swiftly exited from the kitchen door, got into the car, and drove back to New York. The few lingering babysitters and beaux thus unwittingly glimpsed the root of the divorce. The two lovers had been trapped inside the house all day; Ted was fearful of the legal consequences of their being seen by anyone who might write and tell Linda. The settlement was at a ticklish stage; nothing less than terror of Linda's lawyers would have led Ted to suppress his indignation at seeing, from behind the window screen, his private pool turned public carnival. For long thereafter, though in the end he did not marry the woman, he remembered that day when they lived together like fugitives in a cave, feeding on love and ice water, tiptoeing barefoot to the depleted cupboards, which they, arriving late last night, had hoped to stock in the morning, not foreseeing the onslaught of interlopers that would pin them in. Her hair, he remembered, had tickled his shoulders as she crouched behind him at the window, and through the angry pounding of his own blood he had felt her slim body breathless with the attempt not to giggle.

August drew in, with cloudy days. Children grew bored with swimming. Roscoe Chace went on vacation to Italy; the pump broke down, and no one repaired it. Dead dragonflies accumulated on the surface of the pool. Small deluded toads hopped in and swam around hopelessly. Linda at last returned. From Minneapolis she had gone on to Idaho for six weeks, to be divorced. She and the children had burnt faces from riding and hiking; her lips looked drier and more quizzical than ever, still seeking to frame that troubling question. She stood at the window, in the house that already seemed to lack its furniture, at the same side window where the lovers had crouched, and gazed at the deserted pool. The grass around it was green from splashing, save where a long-lying towel had smothered

a rectangle and left it brown. Aluminum furniture she didn't recognize lay strewn and broken. She counted a dozen bottles beneath the glass-topped table. The nylon divider had parted, and its two halves floated independently. The blue plastic beneath the colorless water tried to make a cheerful, otherworldly statement, but Linda saw that the pool in truth had no bottom, it held bottomless loss, it was one huge blue tear. Thank God no one had drowned in it. Except her. She saw that she could never live here again. In September the place was sold to a family with toddling infants, who for safety's sake have not only drained the pool but have sealed it over with iron pipes and a heavy mesh, and put warning signs around, as around a chained dog.

Stylistic analysis of the passage (“The orphaned swimming pool” by John Updike)

This story is about the marriage of Ted and Linda. The couple's social life during the summer revolves around their swimming pool. There, under the scrutiny of neighbors's eyes, they seem to live happily. Morning swims, afternoons spend among neighbors beside the pool, evening cocktails and midnight swims. After the break-up the pool have been deserted. She went to her mother's; he stayed in the city. Some June weekends, Ted goes back their house and instructs his neighbor how to refill the pool and to clean the pool. Then, the Turner's neighbors and friends start using the pool. What's more, the pool become a public pool in July; however, it deserts in August because children doesn't have interests in swimming and the neighbor, who can refill the pool, goes on a vacation. Beside, the couple have divorced so they sell their house and the pool in September, and the pool have been sealing with iron pipes and a heavy mesh. The pool really become an orphaned pool.

The genre of this passage is social, because it describes life of characters.

The theme of the passage is simple. Life of Ted and Linda.

The idea which can be derived from the passage is explicit. The pool is

describe a marriage. If a couple does not love each other anymore, it may have third part in their marriage just as the pool has another manager.

As for the composition of the text under analysis, the main compositional form is narration.

The central conflict of the passage is physical- man against man.

The general tone in which passage is written is dramatic, pessimistic, bitter way.

Speaking about the plot structure, the given passage refers to the open plot structure without [denouement](#):

The beginning- the description of life of Ted and Linda.

The development- Linda with the children goes to her parents in Ohio and Ted stays nights in the city.

The climax- pool become a public pool.

The ending- marriage brake down.

As for the character drawing the author uses the direct method of character drawing. The protagonist of the passage is Linda, Ted. The antagonist of the passage is Roscoe Chace, Agnes Kleeffeld, Turners'.

Principals of text formation is accentuation. It is occasional.