

Tekst 3

The following text is the beginning of the first chapter of A Song, by Colm Toibin.

Noel was the driver that weekend in Clare, the only musician among his friends who did not drink. They were going to need a driver; the town was, they believed, too full of eager students and eager tourists; the pubs were impossible. For two or three nights they would aim for empty country pubs or private houses. Noel played the tin whistle with more skill than flair, better always accompanying a large group than playing alone. His singing voice, however, was special, even though it had nothing of the strength and individuality of his mother's voice, known to all of them from one recording made in the early seventies. He could do perfect harmony with anybody, moving a fraction above or below, roaming freely around the other voice, no matter what sort of voice it was. He did not have an actual singing voice, he used to joke, he had an ear, and in that small world it was agreed that his ear was flawless.

On the Sunday night the town had grown unbearable. Most visitors were, his friend George said, the sort of people who would blissfully spill pints over your uilleann pipes. And even some of the better-known country pubs were too full of outsiders for comfort. Word had spread, for example, of the afternoon session at Kielty's in Millish, and now that the evening was coming in, it was his job to rescue two of his friends and take them from there to a private house on the other side of Ennis where they would have peace to play.

As soon as he entered the pub, he saw in the recess by the window one of them playing the melodion, the other the fiddle, both acknowledging him with the tiniest flick of the eyes and a sharp knitting of the brow. A crowd had gathered around them, two other fiddlers and a young woman playing the flute. The table in front of them was laden down with full and half-full pint glasses.

Noel stood back and looked around him before going up to the bar to get a soda water and lime; the music had brightened the atmosphere of the pub so that even the visitors, including those who knew nothing about the music, had a strange glow of contentment and ease.

He saw one of his other friends at the bar waiting for a drink and nodded calmly to him before moving toward him to tell him that they would soon be moving on. His friend agreed to come with them.

"Don't tell anyone where we're going," Noel said.

As soon as they could decently leave, he thought, and it might be an hour or more, he would drive them across the countryside, as though in flight from danger.

His friend, once he had been served, edged nearer to him, a full pint of lager in his hand.

"I see you are on the lemonade," he said with a sour grin. "Would you like another?"

"It's soda water and lime," Noel said. "You couldn't afford it."

"I had to stop playing," his friend said. "It got too much. We should move when we can. Is there much drink in the other place?"

"You're asking the wrong man," Noel said, guessing that his friend had been drinking all afternoon.

"We can get drink on the way," his friend said.

"I'm ready to go when the boys are," Noel said, nodding in the direction of the music.

His friend frowned and sipped his drink, and looked up, searching Noel's face for a moment, then glancing around before moving closer to him so that he could not be heard by anyone else.

"I'm glad you're on the soda water. I suppose you know that your mother is here."

"I do all right," Noel said, smiling. "There'll be no beer tonight."

His friend turned away.

As he stood alone near the bar, Noel calculated that, as he was twenty-eight, this meant he had not seen his mother for nineteen years. He had not even known she was in Ireland and, as he looked around carefully, he did not think that he would recognize her. His friends knew that his parents had separated but none of them knew the bitterness of the split and the years of silence which had ensued.

Recently, Noel had learned from his father that she had written to Noel in the early years and that his father had returned each letter to her unopened. He had deeply regretted saying in response that he wished his father had abandoned him rather than his mother. He and his father had barely spoken since then and Noel resolved as he listened to the music rising and growing faster that he would go and see him when he got back to Dublin.

He found that he had finished his drink quickly without noticing; he turned back to the bar, which was busy, and tried to capture the attention of John Kielty, the owner, or his son, young John, as a way of keeping himself occupied while he worked out what he should do. He knew that he could not leave the bar and drive away; his friends were depending on him, and he did not, in any case, want to be alone now. He would have to stay here, he knew, but move into the background, remain in the shadows so that he would not meet her. A few people in the bar would know who he was, he supposed, since he had been coming here in the summer for almost ten years. He hoped that they had not noticed him, or, even if they had, would not have occasion to tell his mother that her son, two hundred miles away from home, was among the company, that he had wandered by accident into the same bar.

Tekst 3 The following text...

- 3p 3 Geef van elk van de volgende beweringen aan of deze wel of niet in overeenstemming is met de inhoud van de tekst.
- 1 Noel en de rest van zijn band musiceren bij voorkeur in rustige gelegenheden.
 - 2 Noel zingt het liefst solo.
 - 3 Noel denkt dat zijn vrienden snel met hem mee willen gaan.
 - 4 Noels vrienden zijn te dronken om nog langer muziek te maken.
 - 5 Noel heeft spijt dat hij zijn vader gekwetst heeft.
 - 6 Noel heeft zijn moeder gezien, en doet alle moeite om zo ver mogelijk uit haar buurt te blijven.

Noteer het nummer van elke bewering, gevolgd door "wel" of "niet".