



I'm not a bot

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"").loginUri":"","flogin"})The Standard's journalism is supported by our readers. When you purchase through links on our site, we may earn an affiliate commission.Melanie McDonaghGraham Norton what does he conjure up? The Eurovision Song Contest? A filthy mind and an extraordinary affinity with celebs? A rather good newspaper agony uncle? Holding has none of these elements. Zero celeb references, no filthy jokes in fact, pretty well no jokes at all and no gay characters. What you do get is the Irish element. Holding is that fictional staple: the Irish village with secrets to tell.When a skeleton is dug up in the little village of Duneen it conjures up all sorts of ghosts from the past and one in particular: a young man with ties to two women, who escaped from them by bus more than 20 years before or did he? When, in due course, this is followed by the discovery of a second skeleton, of a baby, that brings to mind another scandal, even more deeply buried. To say this is a bit of a trope isn't of course to say that villages don't have their secrets-myriad and a couple of rather odd ones in a small provincial town. It's just that when you're told about a murder committed when the weather was bad, you know it's an Irish Protestant from near Dublin which, along with his sexuality, has given him a certain distance from Ireland in which he grew up when it was still socially conservative, largely Catholic country. And he does have that aura of the clown whose smile hides a certain melancholy, which is probably why his central character, Sergeant Collins, is himself a bit put upon. He enormously fat, which has been a handicap in finding love, a condition aggravated by the plates of steaming pork chops his housekeeper, the unfortunately named Mrs Meany, keeps putting his way and if youre thinking Father Ted here, well, you wont be alone. 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