Irresistably Ananta

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Being depressed these days has become a way of life. In these post-modern times it's plain unfashionable to be happy and carefree. But depression can be a depressing subject and tends to bring people down in such a way that they may become useless for anything. Which is why the concept of comic relief was invented.

This is why we need a phenomenon called Ananta Jalil. If there ever was a natural he would be it. He may not have intended it that way. He has after all expressed his wish to be as popular as Shahrukh and Salman with hordes of people falling over each other just to get a sight of their hero when they go for shows in a foreign land. He never thought he would be regarded as one of the most known actors in Bangladesh, not for his amazing stunts (which he has reminded us, he does himself unlike those sissy actors who don't want to roll in the muck), nor is it for the *ispacial* effects. He has managed to attract the attention of even the most apathetic, Anglicised, English Medium brat who cannot stop smiling at the mere mention of that name. Everyone knows Ananta and he has been able entertain thousands with his priceless words.



In a surreal clip found on You Tube (obviously) of Bangladeshi Idol, Ananta sings 'What is love', a song from one of his *heet* movies. After shaking the guitar like an infant with a compulsive rattle jerking syndrome, he tries to woo his beloved, none other than the gorgeous Borsha, his real life wife, with his overpowering presence. Borsha's expression, one of pure disgust and irritation seems a little too real but it could be her impeccable acting skills. She, however, fades into oblivion when her hubby opens his mouth to address his fans opting to speak in English for the benefit of the international audience that he imagines to be burgeoning by the second. A man of sparse words, he prefers to take out the verbs in sentences, saying things like "Bangladeshi Idol...fewsaar...international ...identification." Naturally we are to fill in the gaps...

In interviews he has never failed to disappoint – reminding people of his BBA from Mansester University and indignantly reiterating that his pronunciation of GHANA was hundred parcent correct – it is G-A-N-A. At least a thousand people have sent apology messages in his facebook page.

In one of his latest interviews during Ramadan where he appears with his wife who has decided to adopt the hijab (for any occasion except shooting of course), Ananta very diplomatically announces to his fans that though he is an actor doing movies it does not mean he isn't religious –minded and of course he fasts. His wife, though hardly as charismatic as her husband, has to rely on her good looks and layers of makeup, now that skin cannot be revealed in public (except the films, which is really not a public sphere, it's just a screen for goodness sake). According to Borsha, her entry into films just happened by chance like Katrina Kaif who didn't even know Hindi when she got into Bollywood. She started her new 'get up' she says only a couple of months ago. It would be mean to think it was because of all the bad rep from the Ananta-Borsha breakup scandal where her dare-devil of a hubby accuses her in an interview, of having illicit relations with three different men.

Alls well that ends well and it is quite clear that Ananta and Borsha are very much together as their latest *heet* movie *Nirsharthho Bhalobasha* (Strangely translated, What is Love?) clearly demonstrates.

Regarding the fact that many people make fun of him especially his diction, Ananta is bravely nonchalant. He says people criticise only those who are famous, the more famous, the more criticism. He doesn't care what people say behind his back, his motto is to bulldoze forward, crushing all the nasty jibes and jeering.

As far as we are concerned we are only too delighted that our favourite hero has the skin of a geriatric rhino and he will continue to pull us out of our depressive states, time and again, with more gravity-defying stunts and unique interpretations of the English language. (Cue for thunderous applause and hysterical screaming from crazed female fans). *Ishtop. Mousht Oilcome.* ■