

The 1st Vijayanath Shenoy Memorial Talk

On the occasion of the first death anniversary of the founder of Hasta Shilpa Heritage Village on March 9, 2018, the first memorial talk was held at Kunjur Chowki Mane in the Heritage Village premises.



It was planned as an informal talk to remind friends and well-wishers who gathered here that this was the very context in which all of us used to meet Shenai Maam. Visitors sat on the jaglis, some stood or sat on the ground and a few chairs were also available for anyone who needed them.

No introductions of either Shenai Maam or Jayant Kaikini were made and, for this group of 70-odd people, none were necessary. A garlanded photograph of Shenai Maam was placed on the cane chair he usually sat on and this was the only formal nod to the occasion, a simple gesture evoking his absence.





The talk lasted less than an hour. Jayant reminisced about Shenai Maam and his humane qualities, remembering old encounters with him and, through them, evoking yet more in each of us. Jayant's words drew quick and warm pictures of the man we all once knew and loved.

No matter what was said that evening, it was Shenai Maam whom we remembered well. A fitting memorium to one of the great people South Kanara produced, right on the site of his own creation. Brought almost to life by a very gifted teller of tales, painting a portrait of words.

A cool breeze blew through the talk, gently playing with the leaves of the mango tree under which Jayant spoke. Perhaps the wind teased the leaves of the tree, the same one which had often witnessed many a conversation between Shenai Maam and every visitor to Heritage Village, on the open portico of Kunjur Chowki Mane. If the tree could talk, what tales it could tell! Of wit and style, tears and laughter, complaints and blame, anger and frustration. But always a listening ear and a sane voice for all who visited the haloed precincts of the Village. Maybe there were a few chuckles here and there, , carried away hastily by the very same wind.

Everyone adjourned for Shenai Maam's favourite biscuit ambode and tea on the familiar back entry pathway leading to Kunjur Chowki Mane, between Vaderhobli House and Navayath Muslim House.