Educational Sessions





"An Introduction to Human Rights and Duties" by Dr.Zacaria.T.V, HOD ,Department of Political Science,EMEA College Kondotti "An Introduction to Human Rights Empericuse" by Dr. Abdul Muneer V , HOD ,Department of Journalism ,EMEA College Kondotti

Educational Sessions



"Media and Human Rights" by Dr.P.P Shaju, HOD ,Department of Journalism, Mary Matha College, Mananthavady



"Human Rights of Tribes in Wayanad" by Dr. Joseph P.M., HOD, Department of Malayalam, Mary Matha College Mananthavady

Educational Sessions





"Development Activities in Tribal Areas: A human Rights Perspective" by Dr.Rajesh Kumar B ,HSST Journalism , Govt HSS Neervaram Panamaram



"Culture and Human Rights" by P.K Kariyan, Gadhika Artist and Social Activist , Thrissileri, Mananthavady

Cultural Activities







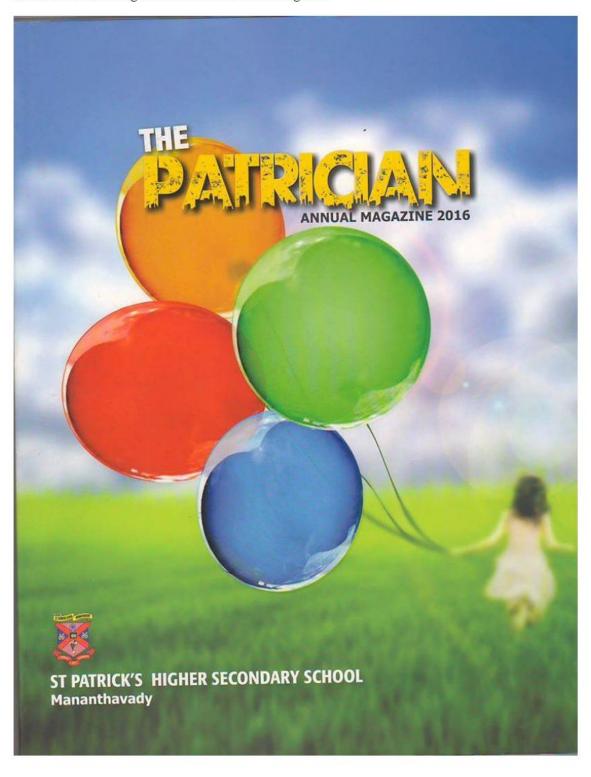


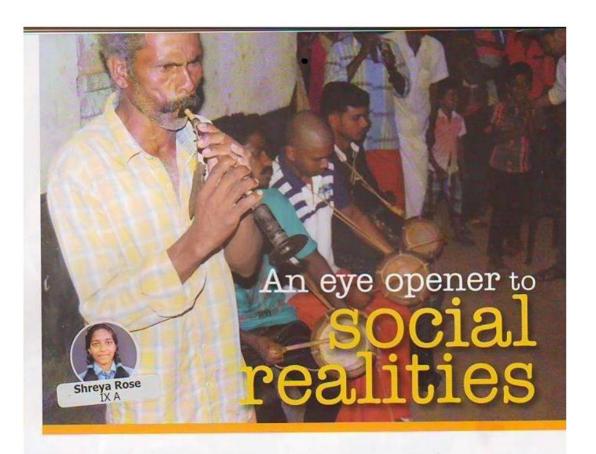






Reflection of the Programme on Local School Magazine





have been living in Wayanad for the past 13 years but to this day I have neither interacted with the *adivasis* nor become aware of their life, traditions and art forms. I got a chance to visit and interact with a group of *adivasis* in one of their colonies. Certainly, I consider it as an unforgettable experience of my school life.

My father was the local organizer of this interaction with tribals for the Degree students of EMEA College, Malappuram, as part of their course in Human Rights. My father invited me to the camp but initially I declined the offer for want of company. But my mother's persuasion changed my mind and I decided to go to the tribal colony along with my younger brother.

So we started our journey to the adiya (one of the tribal groups) colony in Thrissilery on March 7 to explore the actual life of the adivasis. There were 20 girls, 7 boys and 4 teachers from EMEA college waiting at the entrance to the colony. At first, I was nervous and reluctant to join the group but I soon became a part of it. Mr Kariyan, adivasi moopan (headman), welcomed us to the colony which consisted of a cluster of small tiled houses one after the other. I was wondering how two or three families could live together in such small houses. Even though the government executes several projects for the welfare of the adivasis, little is trickled down to them.

Initially, the inmates of the colony were shy to mingle with newcomers. The girl students of the college in small groups entered the houses and started conversing with them. So we started asking about their life styles, art forms, educational background... Most of the youngsters had stopped their schooling and became daily labourers due to their financial difficulties and peer pressure. Only a handful was pursuing higher education.

I became very friendly with some of the college students. We started side talks about their college, experiences and so on. Though I came for an interaction with the adivasis I was more comfortable with the college students as most of them were of my wave-length. On seeing us engaged with such frivolous talk, one of the teachers rightly reminded us to interact with our hosts.

The inmates of the colony, college students, teachers and elders of the tribe gathered around a house for an interaction. Mr Kariyan introduced to the students about the colony, livelihood, traditions and living standards. On the request of students, he extensively described about Gaddhika, the foremost cultural ritual of the adiyas. It was popularized by late Mr P K Kalan, former President of Mananthavady Block Panchayat and Chairman of Kerala Folklore Academy. The description of the myth behind Gaddhika was informative and inspiring.



But how many of us know about the life, struggles and survival of the adivasis who live in and around us? Perhaps, they have a far lengthier history in Wayanad than any other groups living here.

There was a demonstration of the traditional musical instruments of adiyas. I was witnessing the engrossing ritual music for the first time in my life. Adiya girls started to dance with traditional steps and we were invited to join them. Holding hands

around the fellow dancers and stepping in and out to traditional music were unforgettable experiences for all of us.

Being the youngest among the visitors, I was asked to entertain them with a programme. I presented a monoact based on a liquor tragedy. I received a loud round of applause from the crowd. The adivasi moopan congratulated me for the monoact and for its motivating message against alcoholism. He added that many people from the colony have ruined their future and family due to addiction to alcohol.

Although, I had spent only a few hours in the colony, I felt sad on parting. And I started an introspection. Wayanad district has the highest population of tribals (21 %) in Kerala. But how many of us know about the life, struggles and survival of the adivasis who live in and around us? Perhaps, they have a far lengthier history in Wayanad than any other groups living here. I earnestly wish my school to take up initiatives to arrange cultural exchange programmes with the adivasis to know them better and in building a better society.

It was a wonderful opportunity for me to have interacted with a marginalized section of the society from such a close quarter. It was definitely a different experience as well as an eye opener to social realities of my neighbourhood.

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Certified that the data attached herewith is true.

