

During the seven long years that I walked regularly around the corridors of the beautiful old building of the Faculty of Journalism of the Moscow State University in 1970s, first as a graduate student and then briefly as a PhD aspirant, Yasen Nikolaevich was in all account our patron saint who guided us to the profession that many of us later got seriously involved with, some successfully, some passionately. I remember attending some of his classes that he was taking when I was pursuing my PhD, which unfortunately I left half-finished. Attending his classes was like entering a new world that not many of us were familiar with, However, his illuminating words kept us captivated as we came to know not only how news were made, but also how every important news got its own political coloring. It was the time when the world had a very distinct division and the task of conveying the message of being faithful and truthful to the profession was not an easy task at all. But Yasen Nikolaevich did exactly that, with the firm conviction that in journalism any deviation from the notion of serving the people might turn out to be extremely dangerous. He told us about what happened in Germany in 1930s and later when we had a chance to encounter what happened in Iraq in 2003 and later and what role the media played, I recalled his teachings.

Sadly, I did not have a chance to see him again after I left Moscow in 1980. I tried to visit the faculty during a short trip in September 2018, but was not successful in seeing him there. Rest in peace Yasen Nokolaevich. Your memory will always shine in the minds of your students who in these days are spread all over the world.

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