

IN MEMORIAM

Professor Ivan Mikulčić (25.3.1936 – 26.06.2020)

For the remarkable lectures permeated with numerous funny details and lucid inventions,

For the picturesque debates on different subjects and in various occasions,

For the archeological stories nuanced with unbelievably charming sparks of illumination and humorous approach,

For the long terrain walks through the site of Stobi and the discussions about the stratigraphic amplitude of the Episcopal basilica,

For the professional training for survival in the wasteland surrounded by the elusive shadow of hauling wolves

For the walk towards the archaeological site of Scupi and the brilliant exposition of what might or cannot be seen there,

For the friendly suggestions on the professional orientation that defines the aura of each individual with a recognizable social identity,

For ever and always accessible courtesy for archaeological and/or historical discourse

For the fascinating comments of the actual socio-political reality which, by default, is always an echo of unresolved dilemmas or pending issues from yesterdays or the distant past,

For the advises on how to help the mediocre people not to become subversive antibodies in the sensitive and, often, weak tissue of Macedonian archaeology,

For the Archbishopric of Justiniana Prima and its expanded territorial amplitude on the path starting at the site of Taor in Macedonia and ending near the village of Lebane in Serbia,

For the collegial and priceless suggestions on how one to collaborate with the colleagues from the European and other universities and build a sustainable network of academic contacts in order to avoid the limitation of the small by dimensions and humble by experience local professional community,

For the energetic approach towards the resolution of students' and colleagues' issues and problems,

For the dynamic rhythm of work in the production of books and papers, in terrain explorations, in the approach towards the educational tasks, as well as operative activities,

For the picturesque approach towards the creation and production of epic documentaries on the subject of Macedonian archaeological heritage,

For the selfless participation in the advisory boards of museum institutions in Macedonia, contributing with wise instructions and inspiring suggestions,

For the parental care given to the young colleagues when they were at the start of their archaeological career,

For the excellent linguistic exercises in German language which, regrettably, were never completely successful for the stubborn Anglophones,

For the jokes and the constant good vibes,

For the unforgettable interpretation of *Joshua fit the battle of Jericho* sung by Mahalia Jackson at the lecture on the early Neolithic period

For the pleasant moments filled with stories of myths and legends, learned through the lifetime or boldly created at the moment of conversation,

For the incredible description of the brutal Attila who, driven by the powerful desire for invasion, have galloped from Moesia Superior to Lombardy without any rest on the way,

For the expressive elaboration of Theodoric's expedition throughout the Balkans, as well as the barbaric demolition of the town of Stobi,

For the enormous list of bibliography read by many generations of archaeologists,

For the humorous articulation of, often, bizarre contents of the epitaphs from the era of the Roman Empire,

For the dynamically organized "meditative" promenade throughout the architectural structure of the Diocletian's palace in Split, comparable to the refined and romanticized description of the Notre Dame by Victor Hugo,

For the "virtual" museum tour through the Metropolitan museum in New York City and the comments on the work of Pollock, who "has spilled more colours than he actually wanted to" as a politely sarcastic remark on the coloristic resonance of the abstract expressionism as a painterly trend in the mid20th Century,

For the sardonic analysis of Picasso's portrait of Dora Mar in which each and everybody sees a scorned lover crying her brains out while nobody comments "painter's boredom" inspired by her facial expression,

For the dramatically told story of the hypochondriac, paranoid and crudely conspiratorial King of Pond, Mithridates and his experiments with poisonous cocktails which should have provided him with a powerful antitoxic immunity,

For the delicate Catholic good manners inherited by the German ancestors,

For the bashful smile, for the generous support, for the friendly reproaches, for the collegial instructions, for the sincere care and all the precious things we have learned,

WE THANK YOU

Ruhe in Frieden, lieber Professor

Rest in Peace, Dearest Professor

ELIZABETA DIMITROVA