

УДК: 929 Тодоровиќ, М.

**IN MEMORIAM**  
**MIODRAG TODOROVIC**  
**(1947-2017)**

In the fall of 2017, our quiet colleague and friend, well known to most of the Faculty of Philosophy, left us. Miodrag Todorović, or as people close to him called him – Mio, died.

He was a classical philologist by vocation and got his M.A. and PhD in Mycenaology. Throughout his life he published a number of valuable papers concerning this complicated field and thus presenting himself as true scholar. Those of us who were closer to him, as colleagues, as well friends, recognized the level of elation and passion he dived in the complicated problems of Mycenaology quite well. To keep pace with the latest contemporary research, Mio not only followed the most relevant publications in the field but invested from his modest income to buy expensive books from abroad. Every time I visited his home, I looked at all those expensive books and wondered how he managed to acquire those rare books. I was aware that he had to deny himself of many earthly pleasures to get them. But, then again, it's no wonder that on all those scientific conferences he always conducted himself as a researcher that can very carefully, and with a strong confidence, manoeuvre through the complicated and mysterious world of Mycenaology.

Despite the strictness in his scientific approach, Mio left an impression of a timid and a somewhat withdrawn man. Sometimes, possibly even too much for his own good, because some of his colleagues regarded him as a lenient or soft character. As a result of that he was at times underestimated or even humiliated, while he himself suffered on the inside with all his good heartedness. All my advices – that he should raise his voice or “put his foot down” in favour of his rights and dignity – were in vain. Nevertheless, Mio wasn't able to do that, to turn his timid voice into a lion's roar because of his physical fragility and mildness.

In this context, his work with the Faculty of Philosophy's Annual Journal (*Godišen zbornik*) deserves to be pointed out. He took on this responsibility having extensive experience in preparing the international publication of *Antiquité vivante* (*Zhiva Antika*). Mio persisted to transfer this spirit, following the high standards of this international publication, onto the Annual Journal. As formal or technical his job may have seemed, he put all his experience, his soul, and tried to make every issue as good as he could. From time to time, he put in a word or two, a critique for some of the papers that were to be published, but always in moderation and with arguments. Essentially, he provided assistance far more often than he criticized.

Very few of the Faculty staff knew how deeply Mio was acquainted with the history of our institution. I am not referring only to the official side of it, but to the personal lives of the colleagues and professors. Attending the Faculty as a student for a number of years, he good heartedly and amicably communicated with all no matter of their status. He was close friend with the elder and highly respected professors, assistants or administrative staff. Being a patient and noble listener, he learned things he wished to know, but also some he was not too fond of knowing. Thus, he was full of anecdotes about respected professors, their characters, peculiar work experiences, gags and multitude of other things. I remember him telling me about one of our professors, who being a great erudite, took driving tests in his old age and failed, but not the practical test, but the theoretical part!

I found great pleasure drinking the morning coffee at work with him, often sprinkled with candid remarks and anecdotes. I am aware, of course, that I was often a “victim”, a subject of the critical approach, and he had a way of telling me this quite openly, and I accepted it as an honest comment of a dear friend. That filled my friendship with Mio with warmth and intimacy, and I discovered the human side of the everyday life in our Faculty.

And this is one of the reasons that I consider his retirement to be a sad occurrence for me, and his departure from this cruel world quite sorrowful, a world which was burdensome for his uncorrupted heart.

June, 2018

Vitimir Mitevski