

September 7, 2014

On Tuesday, I was reviewing my slides for the next day's myth lecture, which would include the birth of Zeus. Two of the slides featured photographs of Mount Dikte and the cave on its slopes where the infant Zeus was supposedly concealed. These images were tinted with the slightly faded, slightly yellowish cast that always clings to scans of old photographs and slides. Down in the corner of each slide, I had put an attribution: "Photo: A. Bulloch."

The irony of this struck me: two words and one initial are all that my students will ever see of my great debt. But it occurs to me that there is in fact no way to make clear the enormity of what is owed to a man like Anthony. There is no way to say to my students, when they're celebrating the fact that there's no class on Monday because I'll be traveling back from this memorial, "If there were no reason for me to be gone on Monday, this class could not be the class it is." I cannot write on a slide: "I think the way I think about mythology because of the man who took this photograph." Even if I could, such a phrase would not come close to conveying the correct significance. Anthony did not teach me mythology, and he did not teach me how to think about it. I knew the stories before I ever met him, and I never consciously realized, until I looked back, just how profoundly his approach had shaped mine.

I remember once, during graduate school, telling Anthony some idea I had about myth and how it worked. I was sure that I had come to this conclusion—whatever it was—all by myself. Fortunately, I did not say as much, because while I no longer recall Anthony's precise response, I do remember him looking a bit puzzled as to why this was such a great revelation: after all, it was an underlying aspect of the way he approached and taught mythology. All I had done was learn a lesson that was so basic that Anthony didn't even bother to teach it explicitly. Anthony's approach was so fundamentally *right* that I had, it turned out, simply absorbed some

small part of it by osmosis. Now, I can only wish that I had absorbed far more than I did, whether intentionally or not. Any of us who learned from Anthony are but pale shadows of his unassuming yet inspirational presence, and of his vast utility of knowledge.

It was not, of course, only in the realms of mythology and scholarship that Anthony influenced me and where I can still learn from his example. His generosity with his time and with his ideas stands out like a shining star—among his many other kindnesses, I’m fairly certain I would never have passed my Greek exams had he not sat patiently with me while I butchered bits of Apollonius and other authors. His sheer *availability* to students, both graduate and undergraduate, was inspirational—to mention briefly just a few of the ways, there were the long afternoons spent at FSM, when students were always welcome; and there were the evening online chatrooms that Anthony hosted so that students could have additional opportunities to interact with him and with each other. Of course, as generous with his time and availability as Anthony was, students could also provoke his wonderful dry wit. Once, when a student asked him that perennial favorite mid-semester question, namely how long answers should be on the midterm, Anthony replied: “I’m tempted to say ‘How long is a piece of string?’ – but maybe you would consider that too flippant?”

Try as I might, I cannot really understand that Anthony is gone. Although I had not seen him for several years, and I knew that he had been unwell, I somehow imagined that he would always be there, years down the road, to talk to, to consult about my ideas, and to give me permission to be responsibly outrageous in my scholarship—especially in footnotes. Berkeley will not be the same without Anthony, but his legacy remains, in all of us who have taught for him, and in all of us who have been taught *by* him.