

"She could read my mind." –Robert

"Goat! Down!" –Betty

"Biff-Wack." –Betty

(or) The Life & Times of Elizabeth Tracy Cunningham

(or) Betty's Story

SKETCHES FOR A PORTRAIT

Start Elizabeth Tracy Kopf born June 28, 1962, Willimantic, Windom County, CT

Schools Spartan Village School (MI), Kensington Hilltop School, Lincoln, Kennedy Jr. High, Monta Vista High, DeAnza College Animation Program, California College of Arts & Crafts BA in illustration

Family John & Peggy Kopf, parents; Eric Kopf, brother; Cheryl Kopf, sister-in-law; Milo and Terra, nephew & niece; Hugs, dog; Ishtar and Pokey, cats

Partners Married Kevin Cunningham (1985)
Married Michael Ackerman (1992)
Significantly othered Robert Morgan (since 1994)

Professional name Betty Cunningham

Profession Freelance illustrator for 10 years
Full-time game artist since 1993: Accolade, Northstar Studios, Sega Technical Institute, and Artist in Residence for her & Robert's company, Captivation Digital Labs

Awards and Honors Painted model, T. rex from JURASSIC PARK, Silicon Valley International Plastic Modelers Society Best in Show 1996

Member, Society of Vertebrate Paleontology

Favorite Colors Blue/white for pottery/china
Earth tones, warm colors for home & clothes
Red and gold for jewelry
Red and white for her hair
Bright colors were the trim on her life

Web Site: www.flyinggoat.com

Notable Quote "Marf"

Took the Next Step: September 11, 2000, Montara, CA

EARLY FORAY INTO MAC GRAPHICS



Betty and the Hawk

We were heading over Hwy 92 and traffic was, as usual, congested. We got to the source of the congestion: an injured Hawk in the middle of the road, cars cautiously avoiding it. Betty said, "Robert—It's a Hawk!" and was out of the car in a flash. She took off her fringed leather jacket, approached the Hawk from the rear, and captured it with a swift hug. Then she got back in the car and we headed to Coyote Point with the Hawk making odd faces at us, surprised and thinking, "I'm in a car!" The folks at Coyote Point were pretty surprised, too. Betty got tons of karma points, immense satisfaction, one good story, and a gleam in her eye—all for the price of the lining on a jacket.

—Robert Morgan, Partner

She voluntarily took rabies prevaccine shots so she could handle wildlife for rescue. She volunteered at Coyote Point and took part in Bay Area Rabid Transit to transport and care for injured bats.

Betty Cunningham—Or Else!

—Early Flying Goat motto

Betty had a precocious grasp of adult language. When she was only about 4, we were riding in a car driven by a friend. Traffic on the 2-lane road was nearly at a standstill, and the friend became more and more frustrated. Finally he punched the accelerator and passed about 40 cars, at high speed, into oncoming traffic. When we merged back into our lane, I exhaled and said, "Wheeee!" "No, Daddy," she said, "F***ing wheee!"

—John Kopf, father

"That horse will never get off the ground." –Betty

Buy Fram products for your car and notice that Fram is harder to say than Marf.

She started paleonews.org, a mailing list of paleontology and related news clippings. She knew a parasaurolophus from a hypacrosaurus (the former has a deeper cranial cavity), an apatosaur from a brontosaur (apatosaur is more recent and accurate).

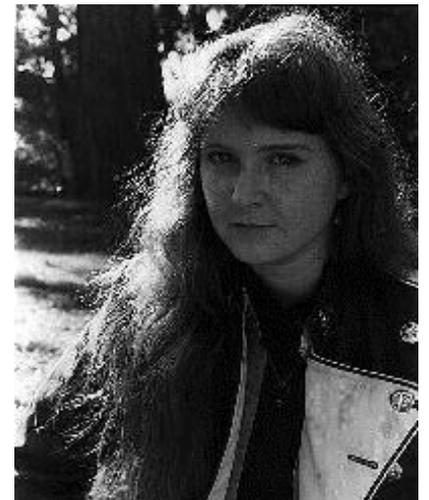
Betty was terrified of clowns. When she was about 3, we gave her some change at a fund-raiser to drop into the clown's donation bucket. She wouldn't drop the money in, she was so afraid.

—Peggy Kopf, mother



Betty was a magnet for adventure and excitement.

BETTY IN COLLEGE, 1985



Playing Fictionary with an Artist

Playing Fictionary as Betty's partner was a challenge. Let's say the secret word was *house*, so she had 1 minute to get you to say it by drawing it. Most of us would draw a little box with a triangle on top. She'd draw, for example, Gashlycrumb. Because she put so much care into it, you'd know it couldn't be just *house*. You'd guess *mansion*, *Victorian*, *ghosts*, *architecture*. When time was up, she'd wave her arms and say with exasperation, "House!" But what was truly amazing was that she could *draw* Gashlycrumb in less than a minute.

"I don't do Pictionary." —Betty

The whole family liked critters. When she was 10 or 11, she had a little white pet chicken, Petunia. The kids had guinea pigs and were always catching lizards and snakes. For a while they had an endangered SF garter snake, found by a falconer who didn't want his bird to eat it, but eventually they let it go. —Peggy Kopf

"Stupid, stupid alien." —Betty to "Stupid" the Alien Doll in *Raiders of the Lost Extraterrestrial Shark*

TOP 10 (OR MORE) WAYS TO HONOR BETTY (FROM FRIENDS)

- ✓ Boil eggs
- ✓ Update your address book
- ✓ Run some 45s up a flag pole
- ✓ Call an old friend and get together
- ✓ Write your will
- ✓ Play pin-the-wings-on-the-goat
- ✓ Juggle a bowling ball, a chain saw, and a sheep's brain
- ✓ Dig up your montbretia or crocosmia
- ✓ Say "Marf." Say it backwards
- ✓ Eat more chocolate
- ✓ Plant flowers
- ✓ Hug your loved ones as often as you can
- ✓ Listen to KPIG radio
- ✓ Bleach a white stripe in your hair
- ✓ Paint your house 11 colors. Name it Gashlycrumb
- ✓ Come up with free associations that take everyone else 15 seconds to figure out
- ✓ Know how many boogidas preface the final boogidashoo
- ✓ Rescue wildlife

AND, FROM THE INTERNET:

- ✓ Embark on adventure
- ✓ Find truth
- ✓ Embrace challenge
- ✓ Seek peace
- ✓ Share a kindness
- ✓ Love fully
- ✓ Kindle a friendship
- ✓ Glory in being
- ✓ Create beautiful things
- ✓ Live openly
- ✓ Collect memories
- ✓ Pursue dreams
- ✓ Behold simple beauty
- ✓ Live each moment
- ✓ Partake of life's pleasures
- ✓ Sparkle with enthusiasm
- ✓ Treasure quiet moments

COME SEE HER ETCHINGS

At a party, Betty found an Etch-A-Sketch. She planted herself in the corner with it for, oh, 3 hours. When she was done, she had drawn an amazing picture—a dragon facing off against a mounted knight with a lance. On an Etch-a-Sketch! I can't even draw a square! Then, after everyone had oohed & ahed, she just shook it up and it was gone. —Keith Holt, friend

Dig Sister

Every night when we went to bed, her door was shut but the light was on; she'd be reading until all hours of the morning. Then in the morning she was always a grump. If I made eye contact there'd be trouble, so we'd have to put a big cereal box between us at the breakfast table.

There were some tough kids in the neighborhood, always picking on people—giving Betty a tough time about being a red-head or whatever. It was hard. At some point, I think she just decided to be different and do her own thing and go with it. As the younger brother, I sometimes thought, *gee, you're kind of weird*, and sometimes,

If Betty were Your Aunt—

Betty meant so much to her niece and nephew. They loved her sense of humor. She was the most terrifically eccentric aunt to have! Who else could have an aunt who sketches bats, rides a scooter, digs for dinosaur bones, does art for computer games (no way!) and wears rattlesnake-rattle or gopher-paw earrings? Betty was always very generous and the gifts she gave them at holidays were interesting and exotic—*real* art supplies, wonderful books, a whole trunk full of sequined costumes and sparkling jewelry. They enjoyed trying to think of crazy gifts that she might like in return.

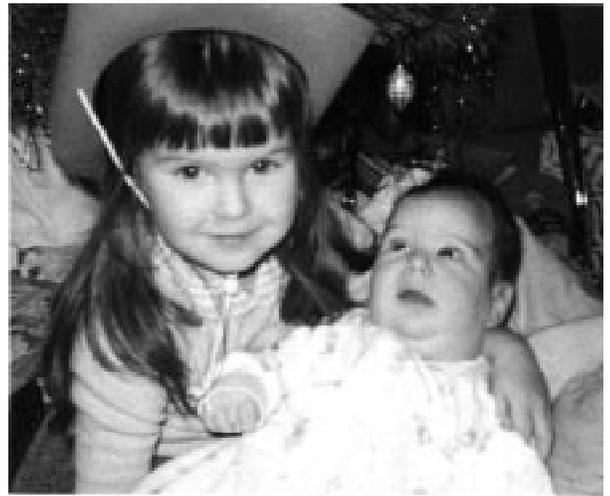
I am proud of the example of pure individuality that Betty showed Milo and Terra. Her strength, independence and kind heart will be a part of them.

—Cheryl Kopf, sister-in-law

B is for Betty, done in by Bears.

—Based on Gashlycrumb Timies poster on Betty's wall

BETTY AND ERIC, 1965



THE MARFS ARE LOOSE IN HEAVEN (BY CAT SPRINGER)

Dear God, Dear God, what will You do? The marfs are loose in Heaven!
And dinosaurs, saddled to ride and dragons dreaming by the riverside
All let loose in Heaven.

We called her Red, her 'droid was Phred, now he disturbs your angels
She was sexy, who! You noticed too? How did Fate's threads get tangled?

Past Eternity's Gates a sign's been placed: "Please do not eat the grass"
But with flying goats the Heavenly Host are confused by our freckled lass.
All let loose in Heaven.

Boogidashoo! What will you do, when marfs are loose in Paradise?
Will you steal the paints if on the saints she colors butterflies
(bats more like it)?

I knew her, Lord, let the Heavenly Hoard take heed in what I say:
This dazzling ditz most surely sits in your mansion this fine day.

"Name, please." "Marf." "Was that a cough?" St. Peter's heard to mutter
"Would you repeat that, ma'am?" "Easier said than 'fram'," puts Peter in a stutter.

2001 comes, with a bouncing, orange-haired girl-woman, wearing a band jacket,
enigmatic, thoughts five steps ahead of us all, throwing open the gates to
Eternity, squealing "oo! ah! tee hee! scary doughnuts!" and the like.
The marfs are loose in Heaven.

Keep your face always toward the sunshine and the shadows will fall behind.

—Unknown. Taken from a small print Betty kept in her kitchen

gee, what a powerful person to be able to do that. —Eric Kopf, younger brother

Betty & Hugs from Betty's Final Wishes letter, and her suggestion for an epitaph:

Artist: Extinct;

Paintings increasing in value

