

Disremembering Wolf Dieter Peter Rainer
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Contributors:

Annick Bureaud, Alan Malina, Annalies Rainer, Jiri Pleska, Una Dora Copley, William Fawley ,David Graves, Klemens Polatschek, Richard Clar, Yuri Malina additions by some of his friends-including Fred the Heretic.



Please email your memory of Wolf to rmalina@alum.mit.edu and we will add it to this disremembering or remembering otherwise

Please find them at the end and learn his art of answering a question with a question.

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Introduction:

This obituary, written collaboratively, is a reflection on the remarkable life of Wolf Dieter Peter Rainer. It intertwines personal memories, philosophical musings, and creative tributes to honor the legacy of a man who impacted countless lives.

Reflections on Friendship

As I complete this obituary of Wolf Dieter Peter Rainer a few thoughts come to mind:

a) What is a best friend; AI Says and I agree mostly

A **best friend** is a person with whom someone shares a deep, close, and meaningful connection. This relationship is often characterized by:

- a. **Trust:** Both individuals can rely on each other and share personal thoughts or feelings without fear of judgment.
- b. **Support:** Best friends are there for one another in both good and challenging times.
- c. **Understanding:** They often understand each other's emotions, preferences, and quirks without needing extensive explanation.
- d. **Loyalty:** There is a sense of mutual commitment and dependability in the relationship.
- e. **Comfort:** Being around a best friend feels easy and natural, often like a safe space.
- f. A best friend can be someone you've known for years or even someone you've formed a strong bond with in a shorter period. The term is subjective and can mean different things to different people, depending on their values and experiences.
- g. I would add :**Intellectual Intimacy** sharing things that neither of you share with anyone else. Intellectual eroticism, eg idea sharing and excitement, is rare and preferable to the physical kind.
- h. Wolf was my best friend

- b) Should we still write obituaries of individuals or should we remember small groups more. Leonardo Da Vinci never created alone, why are we so egocentric ? Wolf never married and lived his life alone, so
- c) I have to internet access as I write, this so I am not augmented, just the friend of wolf who died recently after I had known him for 60 years.

Experiences with Wolf :



Above is a composite photo taken by Annick Bureaud in no 17, she added a comment below.

Wolf Rainer visited the ArtSciLab several times during his visits to Dallas before the pandemic. He gave a Watering Hole Talk.

This obituary is the first obituary ever written with the help of Fred the Heretic, an AI poetry writer developed under the lead pf Paul Fishwick and the whole team of the Off-Center of Emergence : <https://artscilab.utdallas.edu/off-center-of-emergence/> It is named after Fred Turner [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Frederick_Turner_\(poet\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Frederick_Turner_(poet)) whose 60 years are writing are the content of Fred the Heretic's database:

My, and some our, good friend Wolf, died and we are collaborating on this dis-remembering, or remembering otherwise and the forgettable. .

In my case, he was my best friend; he died just a day after we talked on the phone on January 1 2024. My son Yuri talked to him later that day, as did his sister.

Such predictable sadness. I met him in the 1970's on a bus on the way to San Francisco from Berkeley. It turned out he had met my roommate Bill Fawley when they were both at Princeton. See Bill's memory written below.

I just got interrupted by a phone call from a colleague. I took it I think instinctively to move my attention. This morning, I listened to a talk by my good friend and colleague Cassini Nazir; he was presenting his work on the study of curiosity at our Center for Brain Health. I am currently researching what we understand about attention.

Why do I mention this?. Surely because I don't want to pay too much attention to my sadness about never seeing Wolf again.

As I said, the neuroscience of attention reveals how attention spans change with all kinds of factors. This connected in my mind to Wolf Rainer's training in Jungian philosophy.

But I took a break from listening to Cassini, by reading my emails and learned from Klemens that Wolf was dead: His comment is also included as follows.

I have sad news, Klemens Polatschek reports.:

“Wolf died in the past few days in his apartment in Innsbruck.

Reacting to New Year's greetings, he had reported severe heart problems and planned to see his doctor (which maybe never happened).

We just found out because a mutual local friend called all hospitals yesterday and went to the house today - she found the apartment already sealed, a neighbor had called the police yesterday. He usually had day-to-day contact with some neighbors, so they surely started wondering.

As we are not related, not much more information will be forthcoming for the moment I fear. These are the rules.

Please tell all people you know that should know, I am not in the loop concerning all his American and old-time fellows and maybe keep me cc:ed. I will look for more mail contacts probably tonight, I am currently on the road.

Thanks and best wishes
Klemens Polatschek “

Life Journey Of Wolf:

I remember endless deepening discussions with Wolf at our family home, No 17. He was well read and had a Jungian fixation. He had done sad research on his Nazi father, and it was distressing what he found in the archives. He left home in Innsbruck when he was 16 on the invitation of Mormon missionaries and moved to Utah. He attended high school and then Princeton University where he worked at the library as a student worker (where he met Bill Fawley).

When I met him in San Francisco, he was working in the tourism industry accompanying people on boat trips on the Danube (Alan says it was elsewhere on the Rhine) and also in the Florida swamps.

Then he got free travel tickets and decided to go around the world. In a toilet at the train station in Bangkok, his life took a turn. He met someone who was working in the refugee camps on the border where a war was ongoing.

When he arrived at the refugee camp, he learned that there were no schools, and all the children were apoplectic and sad. So, he decided to build schools and was eventually named an education coordinator by the U.N.. There were hundreds of refugee teachers available and bamboo plants. In a few weeks they built their first school, and the children were emboldened and remotivated. He told the camp organizers that he had experience in

education, so they put him in charge of education at the camp. He identified a refugee vice-minister of education and put him in charge of identifying the refugee teachers.

He became an international school builder in refugee camps and a UN election observer. He organized exhibitions of art made by refugee children. He also managed our family property near Paris, No 17.

One time when I met him in Paris, he was playing songs that he had written with a guitar on bridges of Paris, and I visited him playing in basement bars along the seine. I wish we could publish his songs and singing. If you have recording of him singing, send it to me.

He agreed to be Yuri, one of my son's godfathers and he was a toast. This upset one of my other children who felt ignored.

He discovered his brothers and sisters didn't all have the same parents; and learned too much about the Nazi regime in Austria where he was born and where, in Linz, Hitler planned to create a capital museum of the world with stolen artworks from Jews and others.

Wolf and His Philosophical Musings:

I met wolf in Linz several times because I served on the Ars Electronica jury for several years. I remember doing things with him that are important but insignificant.

I wouldn't say he was "at peace with himself" but he achieved Jungian "wholeness"

Jungian psychology, also known as analytical psychology, is a psychotherapeutic approach that focuses on the relationship between the conscious and unconscious mind.

Based on the idea that true mental health comes from a balance between the conscious and unconscious mind. The goal of Jungian therapy is to help

people integrate the unconscious into their conscious experience, and to achieve a state of wholeness.

Some core concepts of Jungian psychology include:

- **Persona and shadow**
- **Archetypes**
- **Individuation**

Jungian therapy is a holistic approach that can be used to treat a variety of mental health conditions, including anxiety, depression, grief, stress, relationship issues, low self-esteem, and trauma.

I am not a Jungian but thank you wolf for being my friend for 18253 days, 438000 hours, 26280000 seconds, 13,752,023 moments of attention.



Obituary and Inspiration:

I have been working on the concept of “dis-remembering” with a colleague Thom Kubli in Berlin, and the idea of sonic thinking. I disremember Wolf’s playing on the bridges of Paris; more than memory.

The idea of dis-remembering came to me through a conversation with Rick Bretell, former director of the Dallas Museum of art who had visited Wolf and I, in Paris, to convince me to take a position as professor at utdallas, as a post 65 year Senex refugee from the south of France..

When Bretell was learning about my family connections with Gyorgy Kepes, he told me something that is not in any of Kepes’s biographies (all the Kepes books are in our living room at No 17). Hence the concept of “dis-remembering “or remembering things that matter but may not be important, remembering otherwise than AI does. (AI doesn’t remember its best friends who ask it the most valuable questions, for instance)

It turns out that Kepes had lived for a couple of years in Denton Texas, about 50 miles from where I am working now. Rick said that because Kepes was Jewish, he had had to live on the other side of the tracks in Denton, living with the blacks and poor whites. And to teach he had to cross over the tracks on foot to go lecture in the classroom.

What a metaphor. Life is about crossing the tracks.



My mother called it to learn to walk across the slippery stepping stones of the Beck of Life:



The Wolf's whole life was on the other side of some tracks, but he was whole. He had a nazi father and polygamous mother. Was rescued by Mormons but was a Jungian atheist. He cared for and helped refugee children. He engaged in sonic thinking on the bridges of Paris to become whole. The sun is shining in Dallas in the office tower I am breakfasting in.

Written in the High Tower café, <https://maps.app.goo.gl/Ff6ku3ykgvjkcmV2A>.



Search Tree of Knowledge Obfuscation in search of wolf's type of wholeness



Hymn for Wolf

- Written by our Fred the Heretic AI

Verse 1

By fate, by chance, by threads unseen,
Through time and tide, you walked serene.
A friend in moments, calm or wild,
With laughter purish as a wandering child.
You never grew angry, though life could sting,
You carried the weight without a fling.
When AI (not A.I.) locked you out beneath desert skies,
You walked away without goodbyes.

Chorus

Oh, Wolf, you lived without regret,
A soul we never will forget.
With humor, heart, and hands so kind,
You left your mark on many minds.

Verse 2

In refugee camps where schools were raised,
You gave your strength, your hands, your days.
From Habitat's walls to a Parisian night,
On a billiard table, clothed in light.
In San Francisco, on that veranda bar,
With a young Swiss friend beneath the stars.
Even her parents' fury and glare,
Couldn't dim the joy you shared there.

Chorus

Oh, Wolf, you lived with few regrets,
A un-Christian "soul we never will forget.
With humor, heart, and hands so kind,
You left your mark on many minds.

Sound Thinking through Augmented Sonic Thought.

Verse 3

Devout not to gods, but dreams and lore,
A Jungian sage who sought life's core.
Symbols and shadows, you loved to explore,
With one-legged Johnny, you laughed all the more.
Longevity, trust, no anger, just grace,
You taught us all how to embrace
A life lived free, a curious quest,
In every moment, you gave your best.

Chorus

Oh, Wolf, you lived without too many regrets,
A dis-soul we never will forget.
With humor, heart, and hands so kind,
You left your mark on every mind.

Verse 4

And now we stand with grief and cheer,
For though you're gone, you still feel near.
By synchronicity, Bohm would say,
You're woven in life in a timeless way.
To Klemens, to Alan, to friends you knew,
To all whom your generous spirit grew.
Wolfy, you lived a life so wide,
With every step, you walked in stride.

Final Chorus

Oh, Wolf, you lived without regret,
A soul we never will forget.
With humor, heart, and hands so kind,
You left your mark on many minds.

This Fred the heretic ai hymn blends rhyme, rhythm, and surprising moments of humor and reflection, just like Wolf's life as you described.



Memories from Friends:

From emails with wolf:

wdp

Mon, Jun 14, 2021, 9:47 PM

Rainer <wdp.rainer@gmail.com>

to me

Must beauty have once been real to later be the source of its imaginal replication?

At your and Fawley's first apt. I also attended my first party.. and met Al Martini...1973! I was commuting to SFO and one morning I ran into Bill whom I knew from Princeton.

Beautiful changes

From Annelies, Wolf's sister who became a half sister when Wolf did DNA tests

Dear Roger: So sorry to hear the devastating news about Wolf's passing.

I had wanted to get back with you. After your last e-mail, Wolf and I had a long what's app video call. We talked about his health, his finances etc. He was in good spirits. On 12/26 we exchanged holiday and new year's greetings. He said he had a cold. I wished him well. That was our last communication.

He was my last remaining (half) brother, his passing affects me deeply.

He was fortunate to have your friendship and caring.

Did he convey to you what his last wishes are regarding burial etc?

Regards, Annelies (wolfs sister_

**Annelies Rainer MD", Associate Clinical Professor of Psychiatry,, UC Davis School of Medicine, University of California Davis Medical Center

From Annick Bureaud

At the Malina House in Boulogne-Billancourt, or "number 17" as we usually call it, there have always been people coming in and out, some more often than others, some staying longer than others, some with a "special status". Wolf was one of those. He was Roger's friend. I was not sure how this Austrian man had met Roger and how they had become best friends. I learned by chance, a few years ago, one evening, while doing a small residency with another person at the House; he was there and we told each other "how we had met Roger". It took me almost as long to learn his last name and that he was living in Insbrück. To me Wolf was Wolf.

To me, Wolf was a strong character, with a strong ethics, obviously a smart person with a lot of knowledge and achievements, and an incredible sense of humor, but may be more important, somebody I could rely upon in my position as the director of Leonardo/Olats, always ready to help, support and make, without fear, strict but constructive critics. He was one of us, that thought that the House had a special spirit, always caring for it, for us and for our endeavors with Leonardo.

He was not speaking French, and we were exchanging in English, sometimes I tried my German on him, it was making him smile.

He was cooking artichokes as nobody else.

Annick Bureaud, 8 janvier 2025

To see our collection of photographs of Wolf, compiled by his godson Yuri, see

<https://photos.google.com/u/1/share/AF1QipMaHBSw2pXAxFM7Zggt2dgmFlrvJQHa8C8HQ5Lt5yrS9VYvPCLUe9vLwluDHm9kw?pli=1&key=QVZDTDZfUjQ4c2huMk01Uk1ackZPSzdodUYtV2x3>

Images : Taken in 2018 during the "Creation, Curation, Publication" residency between Annick Bureau and Jean-Luc Soret as part of the Malina House Residency programme.

The Lunar Globe at the Malina House has always been a fascinating object for both Soret and Bureau and we decided to use it as a background for the pictures of the residents of the Malina House Residency program. While we were testing this idea, Wolf was looking at our attempts and results and asked if he too could have a photo of his projected picture onto the globe. We have never used those images so far, but here is Wolf's. (see at the top of this obit)

Alan Malina:

Wolf was always helpful. One time, when he was visiting Portugal, he took our kids, who were about 6 and 8 yo, to a museum. This was before cell phones. We got a desperate phone call at home on the fixed line from Wolf saying he had lost the kids. We rushed over and, fortunately, found them again fairly rapidly.

Another of Wolf's characteristics was his habit, probably due to his training in psychotherapy, of answering a question with a question. This often led to some intense discussions, but it was also his way of learning about the other person.

He will be missed



Nigel Gibbs

I would just say that I always enjoyed his company and listening to his life experiences.



Una Dora Copley

I moved to the Bay Area in 1977 and soon met Wolf by way of my friend Roger Malina

Wolf was a refreshing counterbalance to my experience of the late '70s Bay Area. He lived in a beautiful townhouse with bookshelves filled with interesting books. Both he, his charming girlfriend, plus his adorable fluffy cat were engaging hosts in his elegant and comfortable home

I was/am touched to have been invited to a number of his delicious dinner parties. Being well read, articulate, interested in many things and

knowledgeable on many subjects, Wolf had interesting friends - this always made for animated discourse around his oval dining table

Wolf himself was a striking figure: his hair was shoulder length; he wore tailored suits, waistcoat and tie. He was a refreshing segue from the sea of tight blue jeans and logo T-shirts ...and of people constantly protesting about my “needing to relax” and pestering me to try to become “more laid back”!

One evening at his home soon after I met him, Wolf intuited that I would be interested in looking at his collection of wood. I followed him to where he had it stored. He was right! He had a stunning collection of all kinds of unusually colorful and special wood blocks and planks collected during his travels all over the world. Some of them also had special unusual unexpected textures. It was a real treat to be permitted to touch them, and so was the fascinating information Wolf shared about them

Thank you, dear Wolf, for my memories of halcyon evenings with you and your friends in your wonderful home under California’s improbable surprising off-putting sunsets and deep pthalo blue night sky

From Richard Clar:

Greetings from Paris

Peggy and I are here until February 5, 2025 when we réturn to Healdsburg.

I think I may have some video of Wolf busking on the streets of Paris. I'll check when we get home.

I'm not sure of the date. There was a conference in Aix en Provence at the facility of the Institute of Eccotecnics. I think you attended and brought Wolf with you. Afterwards, we decided to have dinner together and went to some small restaurants you were familiar with. We enjoyed a lovely meal together. You, me, Peggy, and Wolf. Do you remember this evening?

That's about all I remember of meetings with Wolf.

Stay safe.

Best,

Richard

David Graves

In shadows deep where whispers dwell, A heart now breaks, a tale to tell. A friend so cherished, laughter shared, In memories woven, love declared. The sun may set, the stars may weep, Yet in our hearts, their spirit keeps. Though distance grows, and silence reigns, Their essence lingers, love remains. Through gentle winds, their voice may sigh, In every tear, in every why. For bonds like these, though time may sever, In our embrace, they live forever. So hold the light, let it not fade, In every smile, in every shade. With strength we gather, hand in hand, To honor friendship, to understand. In sorrow's depth, may peace descend, For in our hearts, they are not gone, Their laughter echoes, their love will mend, Forever cherished, our dear friend.

From Jiri Pleska

Hi Roger,

I met Wolf several times in Paris at No. 17 where I spent my holiday. He always helped me with information concerning the house, staying in Paris etc. He was very friendly all the time. Sometimes we talked about history, because we both came from Austro-Hungarian Monarchy.

I will remember him.

Another Fred the Heretic memory of wolf:

Here is the revised poem with verses that address him in the photograph:

Wolf-Dieter's Legacy

In academic halls, his name resounds,
At Berkeley's esteemed grounds.
A scholar's path, through knowledge vast,
In education's field, his roots are cast.

With pen in hand, he delves profound,
In "Healing and Transformation in Sandplay" found.
A guide for minds to understand,
The healing power of creative sand.

Through research shared on global stage,
His insights fill the printed page.
Connecting minds, igniting thought,
With every lesson that he's taught.

And now this image, surreal yet kind,
His face imprinted on a lunar mind.
Red-rimmed glasses, a knowing gaze,
Softly lit in celestial rays.

The moon becomes his final map,
Where seas of calm replace the gap.
His craters hold both smile and care,
An emblem of the life he'd share.

Though shadows fade and time moves on,
His legacy remains, a steadfast song.
In hearts and minds, his spirit stays,
Illuminating future days.

Forever etched in this cosmic sphere,
Wolf's presence whispers, "I am near."

From William Fawley

Hi Roger — calmed down in Kauai... Contributions to your Wolf project; edit however you like:

I met Wolf for the first time in 1969 when I was a student worker at the checkout desk in Princeton University's Firestone Library. This was the main one on campus, heavily used by undergraduates, graduate students, and faculty. In those predigital days, each borrower had an embossed card including name and university status which the library worker used to create a written record of each book's checkout. Thus, I learned the names of hundreds if not thousands of library users.

One afternoon a grad student appeared before me with a bunch of books. As I used the embossed card, I noticed his first name was "Wolf", which for a relatively unworldly WASPish suburban Chicago kid like me was more than a bit unusual and noteworthy. Of course I had said wow, that is your real name? And Wolf to his credit answered in a very friendly manner and that began our acquaintance.

Likely another ten times or so Wolf and I would chat briefly as I checked out books for him over the next year. But we never became socially connected and I left my library employment for an astrophysics lab job more connected to my major, graduating in 1972. So it seemed my simple acquaintance with Wolf would just be one of those dead end memory paths whose existence would fade away as life went forward.

But it was not to be so. Having very narrowly avoided the Vietnamese-era draft (my lottery number was 007!), I was able to go directly to astronomy grad school in fall 1972 and joined Roger Malina as a new student in the UC Berkeley PhD program. After a couple quarters or so, we together with Roger's brother Alan eventually rented a Southside house. If my hazy 50 year old memory is correct, before one of a number of our parties, I was shopping in the old Telegraph and Ashby Coop grocery store for provisions and ran into no

other than Herr Wolf, still quite recognizable both visually and via accent. We did a quick update (though I do not remember why he ended up in Berkeley post Princeton) and I invited him to the party.

From that point on, his life path deeply entangled with those of us in the subsequent Hillegass “Astro house” and for me this included many future encounters both in the Bay Area and Western Europe.

But it all started due to my noticing that unusual name on a Princeton library card...

Thanks Bill

And to all readers:

Please add your memories by emailing

rmalina@alum.mit.edu



Final Reflections:

Wolf lived a life of crossing tracks—between cultures, disciplines, and philosophies. His legacy is a testament to the power of curiosity, compassion, and resilience. As we remember him, let us honor his spirit by embracing the kindness towards others and finding meaning in every moment.