

PETER PHOBIA

MY FATHER NEVER
CUT HIS HAIR

luftschacht

DEDICATED TO RUDY

THIS IS THE STORY OF MY FATHER RUDY. MY NAME IS PETER, I WAS RAISED BY A SINGLE MOTHER AND HAVE HAD BARELY ANY CONTACT WITH MY FATHER FOR THE PAST TWO DECADES. THE ONLY MEMORIES MY FATHER LEFT ME FIT INSIDE A LITTLE SHOEBOX. IT CONTAINS PHOTOGRAPHS, NOTES AND LETTERS FROM HIS YOUTH.

I'LL OPEN THIS BOX AND TAKE YOU ON A JOURNEY THROUGH HIS LIFE.

THIS IS RUDY IN THE SUMMER OF 1983. HE WAS 19 YEARS OLD AND LIVED IN NÖRDLINGEN, A SMALL TOWN IN THE SOUTH OF GERMANY. YOU'VE PROBABLY NEVER HEARD OF IT, BUT THAT'S OK - YOU HAVEN'T MISSED MUCH.



An aerial, hand-drawn illustration of a town. The buildings are mostly white with red roofs, arranged in a grid-like pattern around a central square. The style is reminiscent of a comic book or a stylized map. The text is overlaid on the upper left portion of the image.

IT'S A PLACE WHERE TIME STANDS
STILL. EVEN NOW, 30 YEARS LATER,
NOTHING HAS CHANGED.

AS A KID, RUDY ALWAYS FELT A LITTLE BIT DIFFERENT. IN SCHOOL, HE WAS THE BOY WITH THE LONG HAIR THAT NOT MANY KIDS TALKED TO. SOME GIRLS DID, BUT OTHER THAN THAT HE OFTEN FELT LONELY.



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WHEN RUDY WAS THIRTEEN YEARS OLD, HE SMOKED HIS FIRST CIGARETTE. HE NEVER TOLD ME WHY HE STARTED SMOKING. HOWEVER, I THINK IT WASN'T BECAUSE OF PEER PRESSURE OR OUT OF CURIOSITY, BUT RATHER AN ACT OF FREEDOM.



BESIDES HIS LOVE FOR CIGARETTES,
RUDY WAS OBSESSED WITH CATS,
HOUSEPLANTS AND MORE IMPORTANTLY,
THE FINEST ROCK 'N' ROLL MUSIC. HE
LOVED FRANK ZAPPA SO MUCH THAT
HE EVEN NAMED HIS CAT 'BOBBY
BROWN' ALTHOUGH SHE WAS
ACTUALLY FEMALE AND HER FUR
WAS BLACK .



AFTER GRADUATION, RUDY STARTED AN APPRENTICESHIP AS A GARDENER. IT WAS HIS FIRST JOB AND HE LOVED IT! RUDY WAS AMAZED BY EARNING A LIVING DOING WHAT HE ENJOYED MOST: LISTENING TO THE SOUND OF SMOOTH GUITAR STRINGS, SMOKING, AND TAKING CARE OF PLANTS OF ALL SHAPES AND SIZES. IN THOSE MOMENTS HIS MIND COULD WANDER AND HE WOULD DREAM ABOUT HIS FUTURE AND ALL THE THINGS TO COME.

