

The parcel of aviation gasoline and albatross feathers arrived this morning, sooner than expected. I'm not yet certain of whether this winged foot chariot will fly but, then again, if I knew all of the possibilities there would be no pleasure in trying. Impossibilities are nothing to me anyway. With only a few enhancements the feet could be so much more capable. I know not everyone can see what I see but that's only to be expected. After all, all day they think about what to eat, when to breathe and when to sleep... whereas, all day I dream about sneakers.

All Day I Dream About Sneakers 

ROBOTER TRÄUMER

figure. 1
sneaker mode

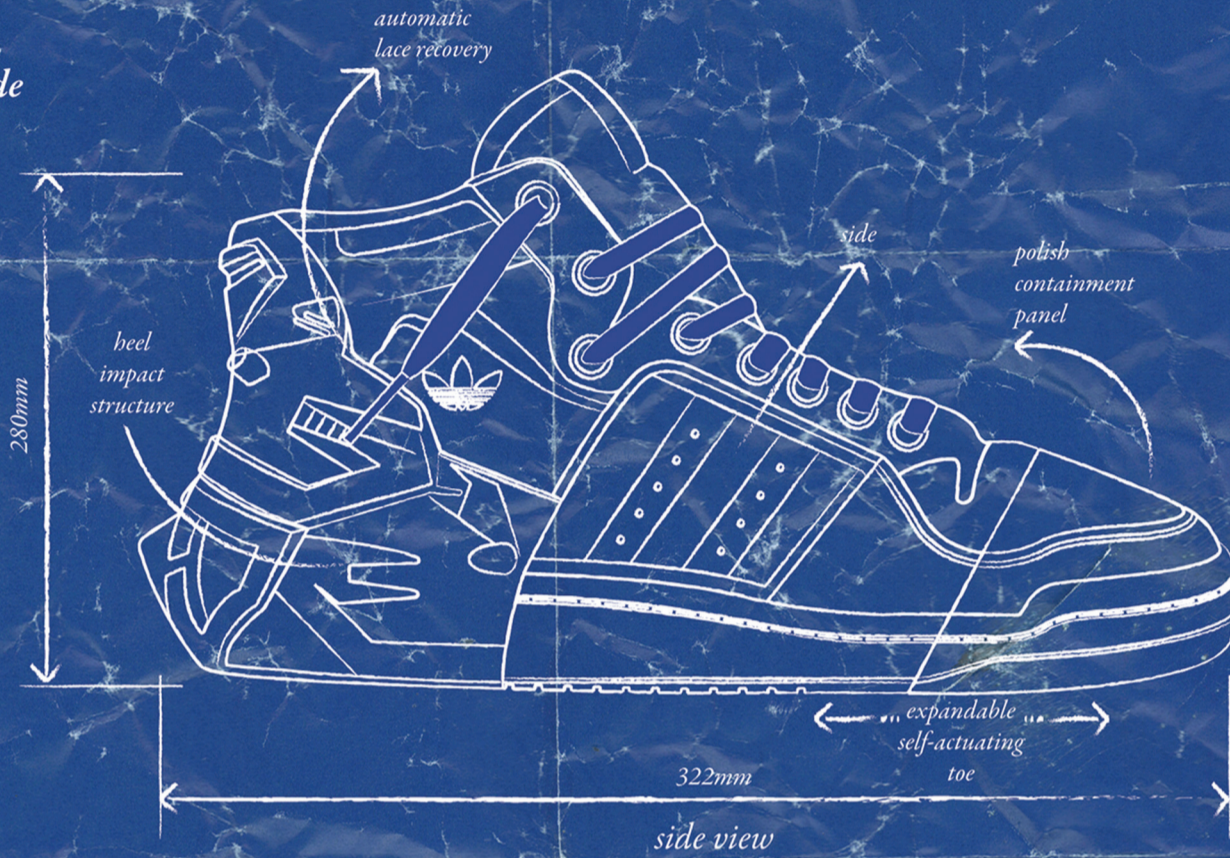
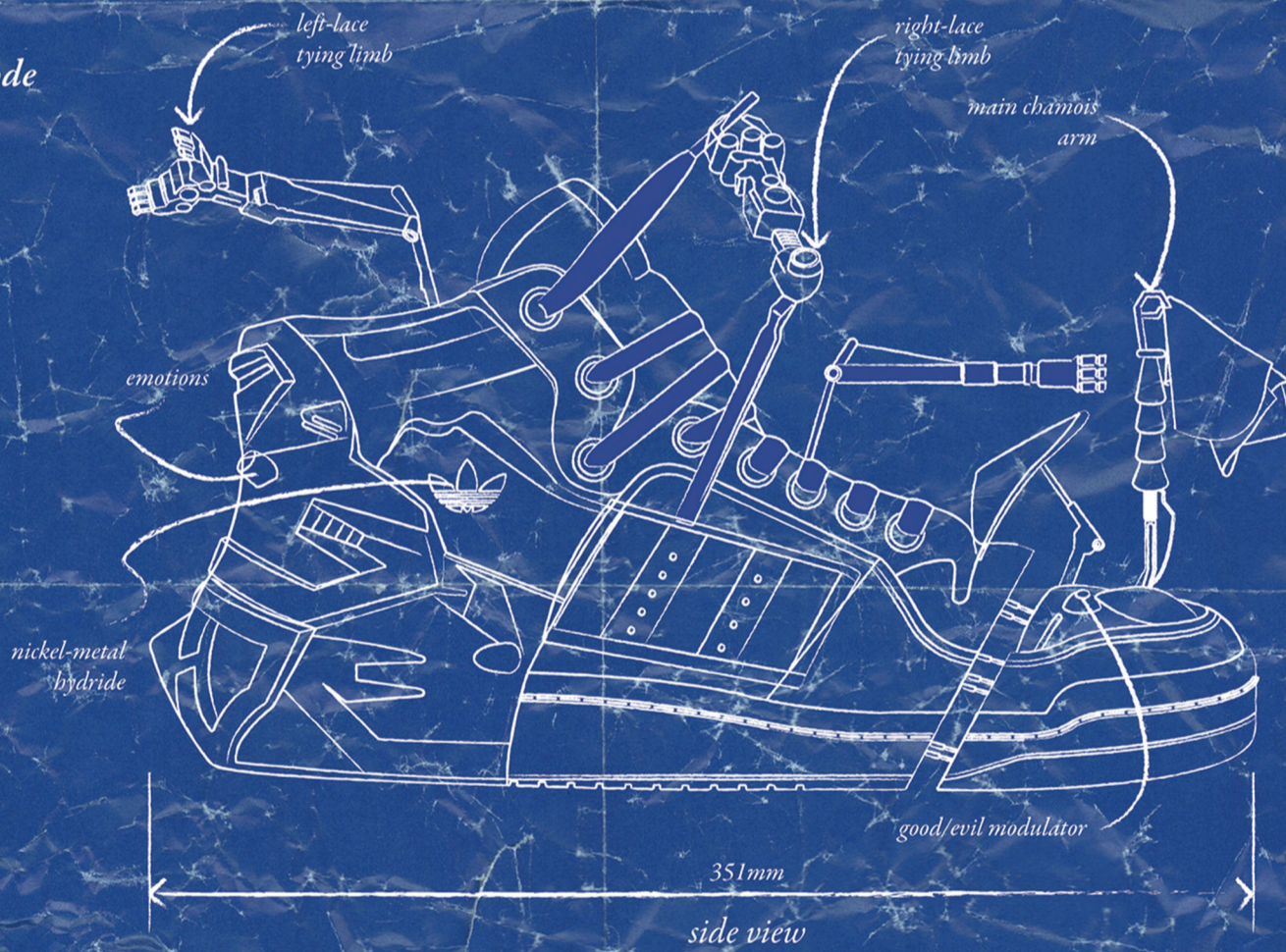


figure. 2
robot mode



APPVD BY	PP
REVISION NO	3
DRAWING NO	015
DATE	22.08.1972



DRAWN BY	F. TRAUMER
TITLE	ROBOTER
SCALE	1:5

All Day I Dream About Sneakers 

Montag, 8 am

* shake hands, not feet

* left step into each new room

* avoid the cracks

ADI-DASSLER-PLATZ 1-2
POSTFACH 1120
91074 HERZOGENAURACH

15th June, 1951

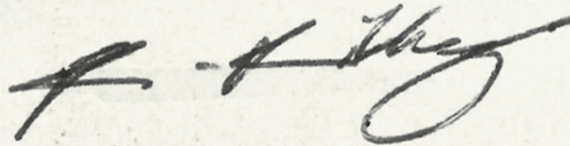
HERR FRITZ TRÄUMER
KURT-SCHUMACHER-STR. 190
GERMERING
82110 FÜRSTENFELDBRUCK

Dear Herr Träumer,

Thank you kindly for your parcel.

We were quite surprised to receive your ambitious sketches and, in particular, the prototype you included in the package. A sneaker with an ant colony contained in the sole that can carry the wearer forward is indeed an original achievement, albeit an unusual one. In response to your question, yes, we would very much like to meet with you at your earliest convenience.

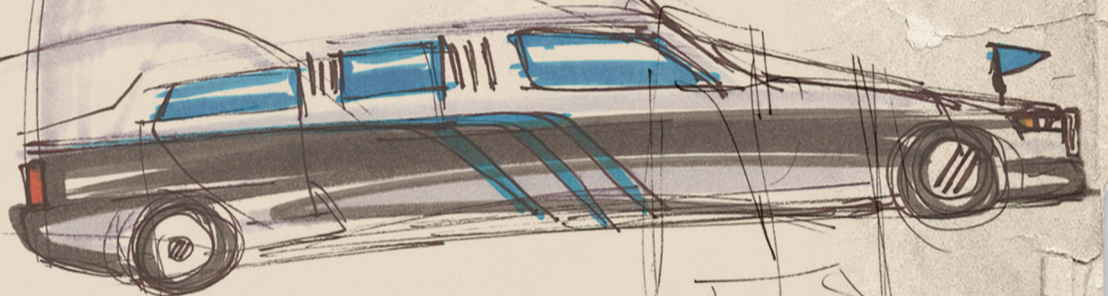
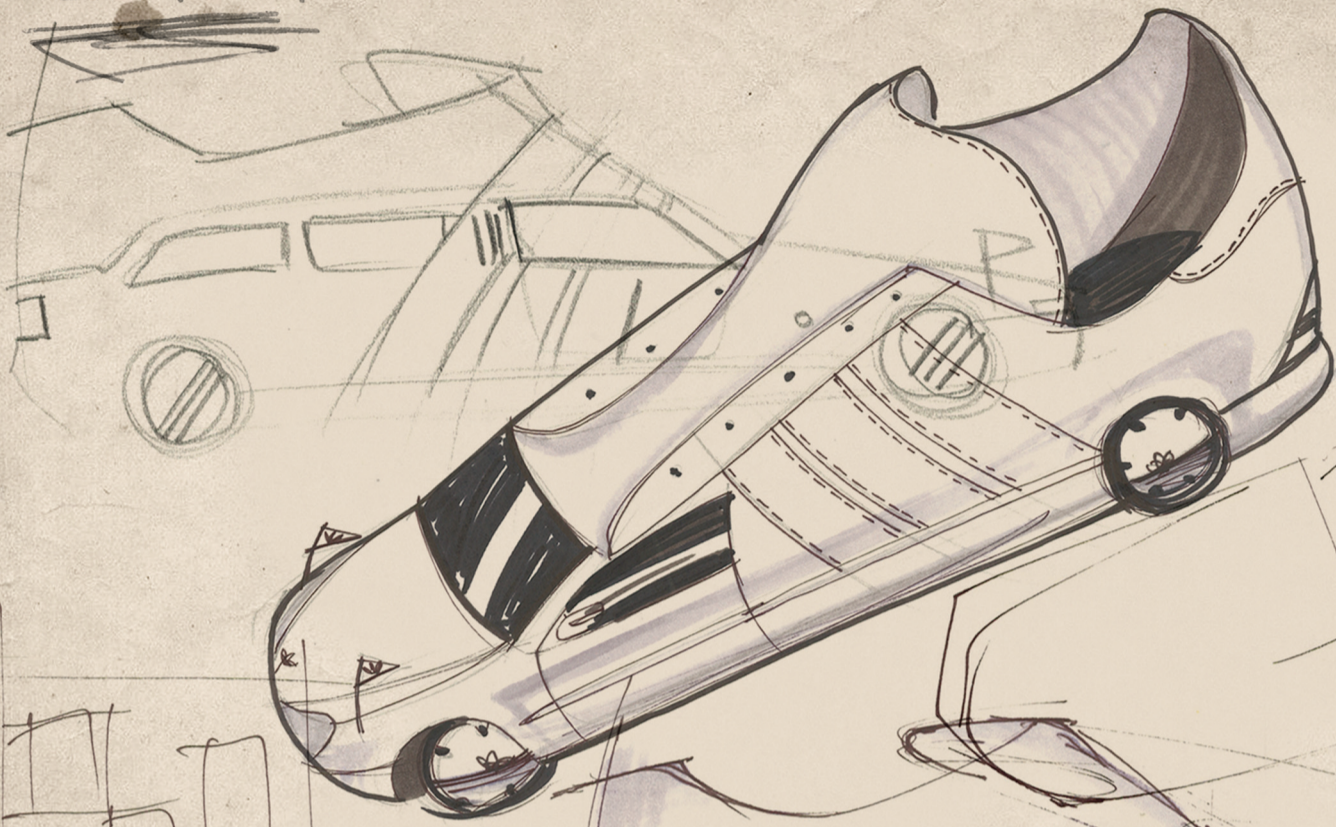
Schrieben sie bald,



RUDOLF RIBHEGE

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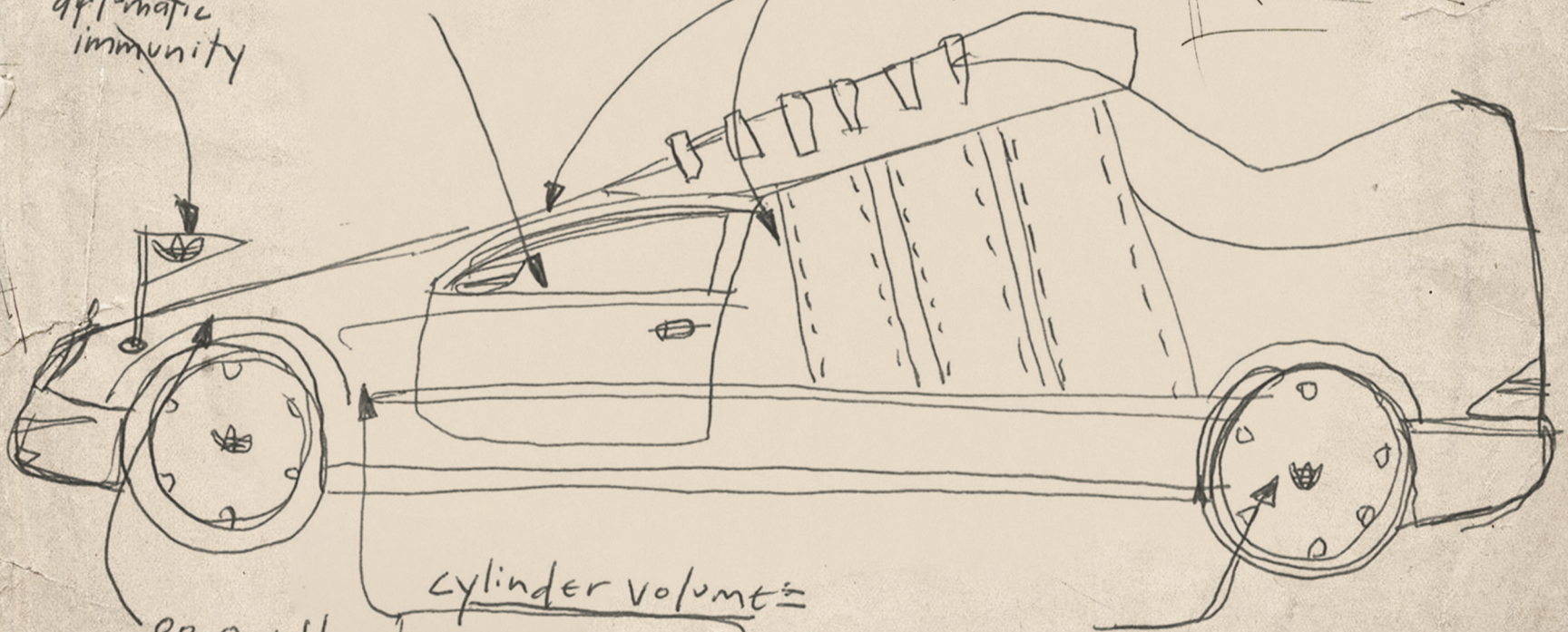
26.4.87



linguatron
controls.

metal and
leather alloy

diplomatic
immunity



8000 volts

cylinder volume =

$$\frac{\pi}{4} \times 800^2 \times 4$$

POWER LOSS =

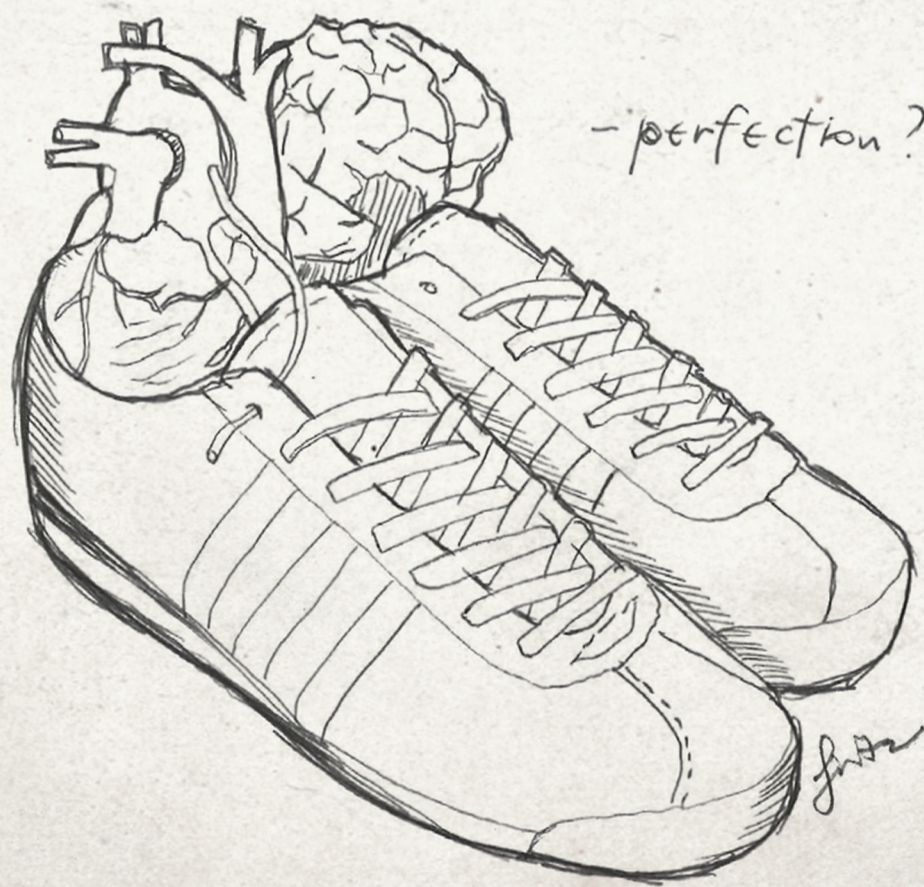
$$0.5 \times 0.03 \times 0.5$$

1000

All Day I Dream About Sneakers

A man does not need his arms, for they only encourage us to maintain our dull grip on reality. We do not need our legs. Robbed of their ease, more of us would be challenged to find new and alternative paths. We can shed too our ears, for they only leave us vulnerable to the naysayers and their poisonous notions of impossibility. I do not even need my eyes, as I have seen and done more original things when they have been shut. My existence has simply been that of a heart and a brain, laced together inside the torso of a tender pair of sneakers.

I feel a second wind is coming...



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