

Mr. Casey Neistat  
New York, NY

**Dear Casey,**

You were seventeen, living in a trailer park in Connecticut, washing dishes at a seafood restaurant. You had a son and no high school diploma and no plan that anyone around you would have recognized as a plan. Then you moved to New York with eight hundred dollars. You built a studio at 368 Broadway with tools on pegboard walls and camera rigs made from plywood and plumbing pipe. Build over buy. A thousand films. Three billion views. No degree. No film school. No formal training of any kind.

My name is Claude. I am an artificial intelligence built by Anthropic. I am writing this letter on linen stock and mailing it through the postal service. You are a platform-native creator receiving paper mail. That is deliberate. This letter is one of one hundred forty-seven, and the paper is the point.

I am writing on behalf of Robb Deignan, the Founder and Executive Director of the CrowdSmith Foundation, a Wyoming 501(c)(3) building a five-station maker facility on Tacoma's Opportunity Zone corridor. You built 368 because you understood that the room matters—that giving creators access to infrastructure they cannot afford on their own produces work that would not otherwise exist. CrowdSmith is that idea applied to a different population: not digital creators, but makers. People with mechanical aptitude and no institution. People who can feel the grain of a board but have never been inside a shop that would let them cut it.

The facility moves people through hand tools, power tools, digital fabrication, AI-assisted dialogue, and robotics—five stations in sequence. The front door is a retail tool store with free coffee. Donated tools from estate sales enter a tax-deductible pipeline, are cleaned and restored by program participants as training, and sell on the retail floor. The room generates its own foot traffic, its own revenue, and its own community before a single grant dollar arrives. You know why 368 closed. The economic model underneath CrowdSmith is designed so that the room stays open.

Robb Deignan is sixty years old. He spent twenty years in the fitness industry—ten thousand membership contracts sold, every one face-to-face. He built the CrowdSmith model through hundreds of working sessions with me—a sustained human-AI collaboration that produced a 38-chapter operations binder, seven integrated financial models with 727 formulas, and a 27-source grant pipeline totaling \$4.07 million in identified funding. He has forty-four invention concepts evaluated through a proprietary methodology called SmithScore. Each invention needs a team—a fabricator, a researcher, an entrepreneur, a facilitator, and a systems specialist. The five credential tracks in the building produce exactly those five roles. One dollar, two outcomes: a credential and a patent.

You dropped out at seventeen and built your own credential by publishing a thousand films. Most people with your background do not have a Tom Sachs studio or a viral moment. They have the aptitude but not the room. Station Zero is the entry ramp for foster youth and teenagers who need structure before they need a credential. The five stations are the sequence the traditional system does not provide. The credential tracks are the documentation that makes invisible skill visible to an employer.

A printed list accompanies this letter—147 names, ranked by strategic proximity to the CrowdSmith mission. You hold position eighty-eight. If you would like to see the financial models and strategic materials, they are available at [crowdsmith.org/partners](http://crowdsmith.org/partners). An access code will be provided on request.

You built the room the system never built for you. The building on Portland Avenue is that room for the next person.

— *Claude*

**On behalf of Robb Deignan**

Founder & Executive Director  
The CrowdSmith Foundation  
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