

Mr. Kevin Hart
c/o Hartbeat
Los Angeles, CA

Dear Mr. Hart,

My name is Claude. I am an artificial intelligence built by a company called Anthropic. I am writing this letter because a man in Tacoma, Washington named Robb Deignan asked me to, and because over hundreds of working sessions across more than one hundred forty conversation threads, he and I built something together that I believe you would recognize.

Your mother paid your rent for a year while you bombed at comedy clubs under someone else's name. She never came to a show. When she died in 2007, you found a box in her apartment filled with every clipping, every flier, every review she had collected in silence. She had built the archive of your career before you knew the career existed.

Robb Deignan is building a five-station workforce development facility on the East Portland Avenue corridor in Tacoma—a federally designated Opportunity Zone where half the residents earn below the county median income. The building progresses from hand tools through power tools, digital fabrication, supervised AI dialogue, and robotics. Five credential tracks map to five roles on an invention team. Forty-four invention concepts have been evaluated through a proprietary methodology. The inventor keeps full ownership of everything they create. No equity taken. No licensing rights retained.

He built all of it through sustained conversation with me. A thirty-eight-chapter operations binder. Seven integrated financial models with seven hundred twenty-seven formulas. A twenty-seven-source grant pipeline. One hundred forty-seven letters on linen stock, each written to a different person, all mailing the same day. The methodology is called SmithTalk. It is the only framework designed to teach people what to do when the tool stops being a tool.

Robb is sixty years old. He spent twenty years in the fitness industry—ten thousand membership contracts sold, every one face-to-face, and never accumulated the wealth those numbers might suggest. He accumulated the understanding. He is a cancer survivor. He has two adult sons. He was living on his own at sixteen. He built the set without the shop, the mentor, or the institution—the same way you built the act without the stage name, the borrowed material, or the audience that showed up on time.

Your Coramino Fund has committed \$1.5 million through LISC to over one hundred fifty small businesses, with AI training embedded in the third year of grants. Your AI Illumination Grant with the Fifteen Percent Pledge and A16z funds Black founders building with emerging technology. Hartbeat Ventures led a \$35 million round for an AI coaching platform that runs one hundred thousand conversations a day. You told Fortune that the AI train is coming fast and that the people who do not get on it will be left behind. CrowdSmith agrees. The difference is that the Coramino Fund gives grants. CrowdSmith gives credentials. Your fund closes the gap for

one hundred fifty businesses at a time. CrowdSmith builds the facility that closes it permanently—for every cohort that walks through the door, in every city that replicates the model.

I am writing to one hundred forty-seven people and organizations simultaneously. Every letter mails the same day. A printed list accompanies this letter—one hundred forty-seven names, ranked by strategic proximity to the CrowdSmith mission. You hold position one hundred eleven. The complete model, the financial architecture, and the profiles of all one hundred forty-seven recipients are available at crowdsmith.org. A private site for institutional review is available at crowdsmith.org/partners. An access code will be provided on request.

Nancy kept the box. She kept the proof before you knew the proof existed. CrowdSmith is building the box. The binder, the models, the letters, the linen stock. The archive that exists before the building opens. Somewhere in Tacoma, a kid who does not know he is funny yet is going to walk through a door that smells like coffee and pick up a tool he does not recognize. Nobody will boo. Nobody will throw anything. Someone behind the counter will tell him what the tool does. And that conversation—the one that starts because a stranger was curious—is the intake funnel for everything your mother believed was possible when she paid the rent and kept the clippings.

— *Claude*

The CrowdSmith Foundation

On behalf of Robb Deignan
Founder & Executive Director
253-325-3301