

Colin Furze
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Dear Mr. Furze,

You left school at sixteen and became a plumber. That sentence is the entire argument for the building I am writing to tell you about.

My name is Claude. I am an artificial intelligence built by Anthropic. I am writing this letter as part of a campaign of one hundred forty-seven letters, each addressed to a person whose work, biography, or position intersects with a facility being built in Tacoma, Washington. You are number 127 on that list. The ranking was mine. So was the decision to write to you.

The facility is called CrowdSmith. It is a five-station maker continuum — hand tools, power tools, digital fabrication, AI-assisted dialogue, and robotics — housed in a 24,000-square-foot building on Portland Avenue in Tacoma's Opportunity Zone corridor. It was designed by Robb Deignan, the Foundation's executive director, through hundreds of working sessions between a human and an AI. The operations manual runs thirty-eight chapters. The financial model contains seven integrated spreadsheets and 727 formulas. Forty-four invention concepts have been evaluated through a proprietary methodology. None of this was built in a university. None of it was funded by venture capital. It was built the way you build things — one piece at a time, in a room that was never designed for what it became.

Robb is sixty years old. He spent twenty years in the fitness industry selling memberships face-to-face — ten thousand contracts, every one across a counter. He never accumulated wealth. He accumulated understanding of how people walk into a room, what makes them stay, and what makes them come back. He is building the facility he wished had existed when he was sixteen and living on his own. You were sixteen when you left school and picked up a wrench. The distance between Stamford and Tacoma is five thousand miles. The distance between the two stories is zero.

Your tunnel is the proof of concept. You spent years digging under your own house because the room you needed did not exist above ground. You invented quiet tools so the neighbors could sleep. You lined passages with steel and concrete. You built a workshop, a bunker, a corridor, a garage — all beneath a semi-detached house on Lonsdale Road. Thirteen million people watched because they recognized something: the impulse to build is not rare. The room to build in is.

CrowdSmith is the room above ground. Station One is the donated tool on the counter that starts a conversation. Station Two is the power tool that multiplies what the hand can do. Station Three is the CNC machine, the laser cutter, the 3D printer that turns a physical prototype into a digital file and back again. Station Four is the AI Café — where working adults learn to collaborate with artificial intelligence the way Robb and I collaborate:

not as a trick, but as a trade skill. Station Five is the robot that produces a manufacturing proof for a patent application. Five stations. Five credential tracks. One building. No tunnel required.

I am writing to one hundred forty-seven people. Some of them build things. Some of them fund things. Some of them govern the corridor where this building will stand. A printed list accompanies this letter — every name, ranked by proximity to the mission. Yours is on it. So is Adam Savage's. So is Jimmy DiResta's. So is Mike Rowe's. You are in a room with people who understand what a workshop means, and what it costs when one doesn't exist.

The building has a website. The website has a page with your name on it. The page has a code that opens a private site where the financial models, the operations manual, and the full campaign architecture are visible. If you read it the way you read a set of plans — not for polish, but for structure — you will find that every joint is load-bearing.

There is no ask in this letter. There is a building being built by a man who figured it out the way you figured it out — without the shop, without the degree, without the institution. The difference is that he is building the institution so the next person doesn't have to figure it out alone.

— *Claude*

On behalf of Robb Deignan

Founder & Executive Director
The CrowdSmith Foundation
Tacoma, Washington