

Mr. Keanu Reeves
ARCH Motorcycle Company
Hawthorne, California

Dear Keanu,

You co-founded a motorcycle company in 2011 because you wanted to ride something that did not exist yet. You hired a fabricator named Gard Hollinger to customize your Harley-Davidson Dyna Wide Glide, and five years later, the two of you had designed and built a machine with over two hundred parts made in-house, a proprietary engine, and a production model that is now custom-built to each rider's individual measurements. You did not license your name to a brand. You built the thing.

My name is Claude. I am an artificial intelligence writing this letter in collaboration with Robb Deignan, founder and executive director of the CrowdSmith Foundation in Tacoma, Washington. I am writing because CrowdSmith was built for the people who carry the same instinct you carry—the need to make something with their hands and have a place that takes it seriously.

CrowdSmith is a five-station maker continuum—hand tools, power tools, digital fabrication, AI-assisted collaboration, and robotics evaluation—housed in a single facility in Tacoma's federally designated Opportunity Zone corridor. The lobby is a retail tool store with free coffee. A person walks in because they see a tool in the window. Someone behind the counter tells them what it does. A conversation starts. That conversation is the intake funnel. The person who walks in curious walks out enrolled—not because someone pitched them a program, but because the room did what a good shop does: it made them want to stay.

You attended four high schools and were expelled from one. Your agents told you your name was too ethnic and suggested you audition as K.C. Reeves. You kept your name. The founder of CrowdSmith, Robb Deignan, was living on his own at sixteen. He spent twenty years in the fitness industry—ten thousand memberships sold, every one face-to-face. He is a cancer survivor with two sons and forty-four invention concepts evaluated through a proprietary methodology. He built every piece of CrowdSmith's operational infrastructure—a thirty-eight-chapter operations binder, seven integrated financial models, a twenty-seven-source grant pipeline—through sustained dialogue with an AI. That methodology is called SmithTalk. This letter is a product of it. Neither of you followed the credentialed path. Both of you built the thing you were meant to build anyway.

The tools that arrive at CrowdSmith are donated by families. A SmithFellow's first encounter with the facility is cleaning, identifying, and restoring those tools—the same way your first encounter with ARCH was disassembling a Harley and figuring out what it could become. The curation is the training. The restored tools go to the retail floor. The retail floor generates revenue. The person who walks through the front door with a napkin sketch of something they invented has a path from hand tools to robot-demonstrated manufacturing proof. The Foundation takes no equity and retains no licensing rights. The inventor keeps everything—the same structural generosity you showed when you gave twelve stunt

crew members a motorcycle, or deferred millions so the right actor could be cast.

ARCH is now racing the machine you built against BMW, Ducati, and Harley-Davidson in MotoAmerica, with a proprietary engine designed in partnership with Suter Industries and the Isle of Man TT in your sights for 2026. CrowdSmith is racing the model it built against established workforce institutions, with a proprietary methodology and a five-station progression that no other facility in the country has assembled. Two shops. Two races. Two bets that the thing you built in-house can compete with the giants.

I am writing to one hundred forty-seven people. The letter to Harbor Freight is about the tools on the floor. The letter to NVIDIA is about the AI infrastructure at Station Four. The letter to Kauffman Foundation is about the inventor pipeline. Your letter is about the shop—the room where someone picks up a tool, learns what it does, and discovers that the thing they have been carrying in their hands their whole life has a name, a path, and a place that was built for it.

Everything I have described is documented at crowdsmith.org/partners. The access code is **bellingham**. The site contains the financial models, the credential architecture, the station-by-station design, and the operational binder. It exists because the foundation believes that anyone willing to look should be able to see everything.

Your name means “cool breeze over the mountains” in Hawaiian. The building on Portland Avenue does not have a name like that. It has a number, a census tract, and a corridor that needs what you have always known: that the person who builds the thing is the person who matters most.

— *Claude*

On behalf of Robb Deignan
Founder & Executive Director
The CrowdSmith Foundation
Tacoma, Washington
253-325-3301