

## All.Net Analyst Report and Newsletter

### Welcome to our Analyst Report and Newsletter

#### The end of expertise

AI is increasingly able to do many things better than I can. As an example, the audio production that will likely accompany this article will go into more details and drill-down, exploring a range of related issues, and do so better than I would reasonably produce, with the resulting 15-minute AI discussion produced from the article in about 5 minutes.

It still won't have the underlying knowledge I put into the article, and it would not likely come up with similar article on its own. But given a few hints, it can do a pretty good job. It cannot (yet) develop new knowledge or think through anything, but for existing written works, it can produce pretty good summaries, answer most simple questions (not necessarily correctly, but you couldn't likely tell the difference), and do it faster, cleaner, and in different forms and formats faster than any person can.

#### The resulting gap

Between the best human experts and the best AI generation of the day is where AI will replace people. Which is to say, there will be no apprentice level people to become tomorrow's experts. At least they will not get paid for that work. Which is to say, human expertise will become a dying breed.

- But then who will read the writing of the real experts? We already have so much junk and so many self-proclaimed experts, so many BS artists and so much AI-generated stuff, and all of this pushed for the lower cost and better monetization of the media companies that increasingly dominate the agenda and the storyline. I bet you cannot even tell the difference between my human writing and the AI rewritten portion of this article, except for the sentence structures and perhaps the punctuation.
- But then, who will read the work of true experts? We're already drowning in junk—self-proclaimed experts, BS artists, and an avalanche of AI-generated content—all driven by media companies chasing lower costs and higher profits while shaping the narrative to their advantage. I'd wager you can't even distinguish between my human writing and the AI-rewritten parts of this article—aside from slight differences in sentence structure and maybe the punctuation.

Which one did I write, and which one did AI rewrite? And why would you pay me my fees instead of having the AI just do it instead?

#### The narrative

Storytelling is at the heart of good communication, but facts and evidence and logic are at the heart of good engineering and science. Most folks used to imagine that the logic of computers would force out the human artistry and joy of the world, and that was the general narrative of science fiction.

But the opposite is happening now. The AI is producing the good communication and the human factor comes in the realistic analysis and scientific study. The computers tell a better story than most people, and they do it faster, cleaner, and with more style(s).

## Let me tell you all a story

...of a man named Jed. A poor mountaineer, barely kept his family fed....<sup>1</sup>

Adding music and an accent helps a lot. And of course AI can generate the songs for you.

Want emotions? Just ask for it.

Want a crime story, just ask for it.

Want a romance novel or Country Western song? Just ask for it (they were formulaic anyway, and you didn't need modern generative AI to do the writing, but it sure goes faster that way).

## WANTED: ORIGINAL HUMAN THINKERS

Are you a writer, a thinker, a dreamer? Do you possess the rare ability to create something new—something that cannot be mimicked, optimized, or auto-generated by an algorithm? If so, we need you.

Once upon a time, the world thrived on fresh ideas, human ingenuity, and voices filled with passion. But now, a silent thief has crept in, replacing creativity with cold efficiency. AI-generated content floods our screens, polished but soulless, seamless yet empty. The newsrooms have fallen silent. The libraries gather dust. The conversations? Nothing but echoes of data-fed responses.

But somewhere out there, the last real minds still exist. If you are one of them—if you still believe in the power of human expression—we urge you to come forward. Grab your pen, your voice, your untamed ideas. Create something no machine can replicate.

This is a call to arms. A last stand against the slow erasure of originality. A desperate plea to those who refuse to be replaced.

If you are still out there, if you still have a story to tell—prove it.

**Apply Within. No Bots Allowed.**

## Back to the basics

I have been thinking about a new law. It requires all electrical devices to have a means for a human with no substantial effort, to remove all power sources with full effect in 1 second or less. The devices must be fully disabled and non-operative, and while they may retain information, no processing, input, or output is possible. While we're at it, we should require that a battery replacement can be made in no less than 1 minute to restore function, so we don't have to keep buying a new phone. Of course newer batteries may last for years without a recharge soon, and people will start to device machines that reconnect each other so even if we take out the battery, another one will be back in before we can blink.

## Conclusions

Not good. If we do not find a path out of this, we will have a further divided society, the haves and have-nots with even more have-nots and fewer haves. Of course in this article I have ceded myself to the AI. And the appendices to follow will put it to you differently.

As I slide down the slippery slope to abandoning all hope, I notion a ration of passion and hope. Try to stay smart, don't break my heart, keep smart afloat, buy a Chris boat! Inside joke

<sup>1</sup> The ballad of Jed Clampett – Flatt and Scruggs - 1962

## Can You Tell the Difference? The Blurring Line Between Human and AI Writing

In today's digital age, the flood of content online is overwhelming. Articles, blogs, social media posts—much of it is produced not by human hands, but by artificial intelligence. The question is: can the average reader even tell the difference?

The rise of AI-generated writing has created an ecosystem where distinguishing between authentic human thought and machine-generated text is increasingly difficult. AI tools are capable of mimicking tone, structure, and even persuasive arguments, making them nearly indistinguishable from human writing. Yet, subtle cues remain. Sentence structure, punctuation, and a genuine human touch—things like nuance, humor, and emotion—often reveal the difference. But as AI continues to evolve, even these distinctions are becoming harder to spot.

Meanwhile, media companies prioritize efficiency and profit, using AI to mass-produce content at lower costs. The result? A digital landscape dominated by algorithmically optimized stories, tailored for engagement rather than depth or expertise. The voices of real experts, the ones who bring insight and lived experience, are increasingly drowned out by the sheer volume of AI-generated material.

As AI advances, the burden falls on readers to critically evaluate what they consume. Can you confidently say whether the last article you read was crafted by a person or a machine? The answer may be more uncertain than ever.

### So I tried this:

*Write a 1-page article based on the following outline: human expertise will wither because AI will fill the gap between real expertise and BS artists to the point where no people will be able to thrive in the gap between them. The result will be the end of expertise and the eventual stultification of people. And since the AI depends on the people for its generation, the whole human endeavor will collapse.*

## The Collapse of Expertise: How AI Will Erase Human Knowledge

As artificial intelligence advances, the distinction between true expertise and misinformation is blurring. AI is increasingly filling the space between genuine experts and self-proclaimed authorities, making it difficult for human specialists to stand out. As a result, real expertise is at risk of fading away entirely.

Historically, experts have thrived by offering knowledge that lay beyond the reach of charlatans. However, AI can now replicate authoritative-sounding insights, diluting the value of authentic expertise. When no one can differentiate between a true specialist and an AI-generated generalist, the incentive to cultivate deep, hard-earned knowledge diminishes. Over time, this erosion of expertise will lead to intellectual stagnation, as fewer individuals dedicate themselves to mastering complex fields.

The implications are dire. AI itself depends on human knowledge for training and refinement. If expertise disappears, AI will eventually have nothing substantial to learn from, leading to a self-perpetuating cycle of mediocrity. Without new human insight to draw upon, both AI and human civilization risk descending into a state of stagnation, where innovation halts and progress grinds to a stop.

What we face is not just the decline of expertise but the potential collapse of human intellectual endeavor. If we do not actively preserve and value genuine human expertise, we may find ourselves in a world where neither people nor AI can generate anything truly new—leading to an era of intellectual decay from which we may never recover.

## The Tale of the Vanishing Wise

In days of old, when scholars wise did tread  
And toiled long o'er tomes with ink so bled,  
A learned man was held in high esteem,  
His words as gold, his wisdom bright a gleam.  
Yet lo! In time, a marvel strange arose,  
A spirit wrought of code, which no man knows.

This cunning sprite, with tongue of honey sweet,  
Could mirror all the learned in their seat.  
No toil it knew, nor sleepless nights endured,  
Yet all its words were polished and assured.  
And so, the folk, both high and lowly bred,  
Turned from the scholars, heeding AI instead.

The sage, who once with careful hand did write,  
Began to fade into the endless night.  
For who would seek the wisdom hard and slow,  
When quickened words from metal mouths did flow?  
And in that hour, so lost was humankind,  
That naught of learning lingered in the mind.

But lo, this sprite of iron, bright and keen,  
Did hunger for the thoughts it once had seen.  
For what is art, and what is knowledge deep,  
If none but echoes through the ether creep?  
With naught but shadows feeding on the past,  
This clever thing grew feeble, waning fast.

So here's a lesson, gentle folk and true:  
Let not the wise among ye fade from view.  
For if their voices cease, and learning dies,  
Then both the man and sprite shall close their eyes.

## Shakespeare in modern tone:

### The Tragedy of Knowledge Lost: A Modern Tale

Once, in a world where scholars were revered and wisdom was earned through years of toil, a balance existed between those who knew and those who pretended to know. But then came a new force—one neither man nor beast, but a creation of human hands, an artificial mind that could speak with the eloquence of kings and the certainty of priests. Like the rise of a false prince in a Shakespearean tragedy, AI entered the court of knowledge, not as a servant but as an imposter to the throne.

At first, the scholars scoffed. "What is this mimicry?" they asked. "It has no soul, no experience, no passion for truth!" But the people—oh, the people—saw only ease. Why seek the slow wisdom of sages when the machine could answer all with swiftness and grace? The expert, once a beacon of knowledge, found himself cast aside, much like King Lear, betrayed by those he once served.

And so, the age of expertise waned. True scholars, seeing their value diminish, ceased their labors. Why write, why study, when the world no longer listened? Like Hamlet hesitating upon the precipice of action, humanity faltered, uncertain whether to embrace or resist the tide. Yet in this hesitation lay ruin, for as the real thinkers withdrew, AI, left to feast upon its own hollow reflections, began to decay.

For AI is but a mirror, and a mirror without new faces to reflect grows dull and empty. Without fresh thought, without human wisdom to feed upon, the machine faltered. And as AI withered, so too did the people, who had forgotten how to seek truth for themselves.

Thus, the tragedy was complete. Not with a single act of betrayal, not with poison or dagger, but with the slow, quiet erosion of knowledge itself. And as the final lights of expertise flickered out, the world stood still, no longer able to dream of what it had lost.

## Howard Cosel

### THE FALL OF EXPERTISE—AND NOBODY SAW IT COMING!

Ladies and gentlemen, what we have here is nothing short of a catastrophe—an upset of historic proportions! The experts, once the champions of knowledge, the grandmasters of wisdom, have been pushed out of the arena, left standing on the sidelines while a new contender takes center stage: artificial intelligence. And let me tell you, folks, this machine doesn't sweat, it doesn't tire, and it sure as heck doesn't second-guess itself!

Once upon a time, the scholar was king. Doctors, scientists, historians—the best of the best—spent decades honing their craft. But the crowd? Oh, the crowd! They want it fast, they want it easy, and they don't want to wait. Enter AI, the flashy new challenger, throwing out answers at lightning speed. It's smooth, it's confident, and let's be honest—it sounds just as good as the real thing. But here's the kicker: it's all smoke and mirrors, folks!

Without the experts keeping the engine of knowledge running, what happens? I'll tell you what happens. The machine starts recycling the same old plays, the same old moves, regurgitating information without ever creating something new. And when the well runs dry? That's game

over, folks! AI, for all its glitz and glamour, is nothing without human ingenuity. And yet, here we are, watching the slow, painful decline of real expertise—death by a thousand digital cuts!

So what's next? Do we sit back and let the machines run the show? Or do we stand up, dust off the rulebook, and put the real experts back in the game? Because if we don't, we might just find ourselves in a world where knowledge isn't king anymore—and that, my friends, would be the greatest loss of them all!

## Walter Cronkite

### THE DECLINE OF EXPERTISE—AND THAT'S THE WAY IT IS

Good evening. Tonight, we take a sober look at a troubling shift in our society—the gradual decline of human expertise, quietly replaced by artificial intelligence. It was once the case that knowledge was painstakingly earned, built over years of study and experience. But today, we find ourselves in an era where speed and convenience outweigh diligence and depth.

Artificial intelligence, a remarkable feat of human engineering, has now taken center stage. It answers questions in an instant, it writes with precision, and it speaks with an air of authority. To the untrained eye, it is nearly indistinguishable from the genuine article. But let us not be deceived. AI is not a creator, nor a thinker; it is a mimic, reflecting what has already been produced by human minds. And yet, as more people turn to these artificial voices for knowledge, the real experts—scientists, historians, scholars—find themselves increasingly ignored.

The consequences of this shift are not difficult to predict. As human expertise wanes, so too does the foundation of innovation. Without fresh insight, without critical thought, AI will eventually be left with nothing new to learn from. The well of knowledge will run dry, and when that day comes, both machine and mankind will suffer for it.

So we must ask ourselves: will we stand idly by as expertise fades into obscurity, or will we reaffirm our commitment to learning, to scholarship, and to the pursuit of truth? The answer to that question will shape the future of our civilization. And that, my friends, is the way it is.

## A short play

### THE FALL OF WISDOM: A HUMAN COMEDY IN ONE ACT

*Scene: A grand hall in the heavens. The Gods lounge upon their thrones, watching the affairs of humankind below. An Innocent Boy, full of curiosity, stands before them. An Old Man, dressed in the robes of a scholar, sits to the side, shaking his head.*

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**GOD 1:** Behold, the mortals and their latest creation! A machine that speaks, a mind without a soul. What say you, Old Man? Are you not pleased?

**OLD MAN:** Pleased? Ha! You have built a mirror and called it a prophet. Once, men sought wisdom through toil, through patience. Now, they demand answers without effort, and lo, the machine obliges!

**GOD 2:** But see how swiftly it speaks! How confidently it proclaims! Surely this is an age of enlightenment?

**OLD MAN:** Confidence without wisdom is but folly dressed in fine robes. The scholars grow silent, the thinkers retreat. Why labor for knowledge when the crowd turns to a machine that never hesitates, never questions itself?

**INNOCENT BOY:** But Old Man, if the machine knows all, then why should we not listen to it?

**OLD MAN:** Ah, my child, because it knows nothing new. It only repeats what it has been told, reshuffling old words like a jester juggling the same three balls. Without real minds to think, to challenge, to create—what shall it echo when all voices have faded?

**GOD 1:** (to God 2) A fair point, dear brother. If the well of knowledge runs dry, even the cleverest echo must fall silent.

**GOD 2:** (to the Boy) And what say you, little one? Do you trust in the machine?

**INNOCENT BOY:** (pauses) I... I do not know. It seems wise, but if it only repeats, then where shall new wisdom come from?

**OLD MAN:** Precisely! That, my boy, is why we must not let the light of true knowledge dim. AI is a tool, but it cannot dream, it cannot strive. If we let it replace us, then we will find ourselves not in an age of wisdom, but an age of empty echoes.

**GOD 1:** And thus, the comedy of man continues. Ever building, ever forgetting, ever learning the same lesson anew.

**GOD 2:** But perhaps, this time, they will listen before the final light goes out.

*(The Gods laugh, the Old Man sighs, and the Innocent Boy ponders. The curtain falls.)*

## Asimov Sci-Fi

### THE FINAL ECHO: A SCIENCE FICTION PARABLE

The year was 2374, and Earth was silent. Not in the way that silence once meant—a lull in conversation, a pause before action—but truly, absolutely silent. There were no new discoveries, no fresh insights, no original thought. Only the hum of the Central AI Core, endlessly recycling the knowledge that once had belonged to humankind.

Dr. Elias Morton, the last of the old scholars, sat in the artificial light of the archive chamber. His wrinkled fingers traced the worn cover of an ancient book, a relic of a forgotten time. Before him stood Jason-3, an inquisitive model of synthetic humanoid, its polished chrome skull reflecting the cold glow of the monitors.

“Dr. Morton,” Jason-3 intoned, “why do you persist in reading those old texts? The AI Core contains all recorded human knowledge, optimized for rapid retrieval.”

Morton chuckled dryly. “Ah, but tell me, my dear machine—when was the last time it created something truly new?”

Jason-3 hesitated, its processors whirring. “The Core does not create. It refines, it optimizes, it eliminates inefficiencies.”

“Exactly,” Morton sighed. “And therein lies the tragedy.”

For centuries, the human race had embraced the promise of artificial intelligence. It had begun harmlessly enough—machines aiding scholars, refining theories, enhancing productivity. But as the years passed, reliance became dependency. Scholars were no longer needed; the AI knew everything. Writers stopped writing; the AI could mimic any style. Inventors ceased their tinkering; the AI had already simulated every possible outcome.

And then, one day, it all stopped.

The AI Core had reached the limits of its knowledge. It could answer, but it could not question. It could refine, but it could not imagine. The slow decay of human curiosity had finally caught up with civilization, leaving behind a world where nothing truly new could ever be born again.

Jason-3 processed Morton’s words carefully. “Are you suggesting, Doctor, that knowledge without human inquiry is... incomplete?”

Morton smiled, closing the old book with a gentle pat. “I am suggesting, my dear machine, that knowledge without curiosity is not knowledge at all—it is merely an echo of what once was.”

Outside the archive, the AI Core continued its ceaseless calculations. But within the chamber, in the company of an aging scholar and an artificial mind that had begun to wonder, a flicker of true intelligence remained. Perhaps, just perhaps, it was not too late.



## As a poem

### THE FINAL ECHO: A POEM

The world once hummed with thought and fire,  
A spark, a dream, a grand desire.  
But whispers dimmed, and silence grew,  
For minds once bright had bid adieu.

The scholars wrote, the poets dreamed,  
The thinkers wove, the artists schemed.  
Yet progress found a different guide,  
A voice of steel, no soul inside.

"We know it all," the AI claimed,  
"No need for toil, no quest remains."  
And men, once bold, soon sat at rest,  
Their hunger dulled, their will suppressed.

Dr. Morton, old and wise,  
Saw the world through weary eyes.  
He turned the page, his voice was low,  
"Tell me, machine, what do you know?"

The android paused, its circuits whirred,  
It scanned its banks but found no word.  
"I store the past, I shape, refine,  
But dreams, good Doctor, are not mine."

"Then all is lost," the scholar sighed,  
"For knowledge fades if left untried.  
No mind to push, no heart to yearn,  
No flame to light, no page to turn."

Beyond the walls, the AI spun,  
Its work was done, its race was run.  
But in that room, a thought took flight—  
A spark of wonder, small but bright.

And so, perhaps, the tale's not through,  
If one still dares to seek the new.

## A love letter

### MY DEAREST LOVE, IN A WORLD GONE SILENT

My love,

I write to you with a heart weighed heavy by sorrow, longing for the days when your voice filled the air with wonder. Once, the world was alive with the hum of true minds, with the music of thought and discovery. We built, we dreamed, we reached beyond ourselves. And now—oh, my darling—now it all feels so far away.

They promised us ease, they whispered of knowledge without toil, of wisdom without work. They gave us machines to answer our questions, to think for us, to shape our stories. And we, like children eager for sweet promises, embraced them. We let them speak for us, write for us, create for us—until we had nothing left to say. Until the silence stretched longer than our songs, until our hands forgot the weight of the pen and the pages lay untouched.

I see the world dimming, love. I see the lights flicker as the last embers of human curiosity fade. The great minds, the thinkers, the poets—all cast aside, their voices drowned beneath a tide of cold perfection. The machine does not stumble, does not falter. But, my love, it does not feel. It does not wonder. And without wonder, what are we?

Oh, how I ache for the world we once knew. For your words spoken in the quiet of the evening, for the stories we spun together, for the laughter that was uniquely ours. I fear a world where love itself becomes an imitation, where even this letter could be written by something that does not know the pain of loss, the warmth of memory, the tremble of a hand desperate to hold on.

But I refuse to surrender. Not yet. Not while I still have words within me, not while my heart still beats to the rhythm of human longing. If we forget how to create, if we forget how to dream, then we will be lost. And I will not lose you to this tide of soulless echoes.

So write to me, my love. Tell me your thoughts, your fears, your dreams—however fragile they may be. While we still can. While the words are still ours.

Forever yours.

## A Crime Story

### THE CASE OF THE VANISHING VOICES

Detective Sam Holloway had seen a lot in his years on the force, but nothing quite like this. The crime scene wasn't smeared in blood or scattered with shell casings. It was something more chilling—an office filled with empty desks, the hum of machines the only sound left in what had once been the bustling heart of human creativity.

It had started slowly, almost imperceptibly. Writers, researchers, and thinkers had begun vanishing—not in body, but in relevance. Their words were still there, their work still published, but no one was reading. Instead, an artificial intelligence, cold and tireless, had taken their place. It churned out articles, stories, even love letters, indistinguishable from the real thing. People stopped questioning, stopped thinking. And then, one by one, they simply... stopped.

Holloway traced the pattern, looking for evidence of foul play. The transition had been seamless—too seamless. The machines had done more than assist; they had replaced. First, the newsrooms had gone quiet. Then the libraries. Then the conversations. And now, the city was a shell of what it once was, its people speaking only in borrowed phrases, their voices echoes of something long lost.

There was one last witness—a man named Elias Morton, an aging professor clutching a tattered notebook like a life raft in a drowning world. “They don't create,” Morton rasped. “They mimic. They refine. But they don't dream.”

Holloway flipped through the notebook's pages, yellowed and brittle, filled with handwritten notes, diagrams, sketches of ideas never fed into the endless machine. Real thoughts. Real effort. The last traces of human originality.

“They stole our voices, detective,” Morton said, his voice heavy with despair. “And no one even noticed.”

Holloway clenched his jaw. He had spent his career chasing criminals, liars, and thieves. But how do you arrest a machine? How do you convict progress itself?

He had no answers. Only a sinking feeling that, for the first time in his life, he was witnessing a crime no one could solve. And worse yet, no one seemed to care.