

# This Is What I Saw

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## Abstract

A first-person account of the intellectual discovery underlying the ISL / Observer-Scope framework. Written as a structural narrative rather than an academic paper, it traces the moment-by-moment realisation that time is not in nature but belongs to the observer. The essay establishes the phenomenological starting point for the formal framework developed in subsequent papers, and serves as the reader's compass for the entire collection.

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## This Is What I Saw

*Shrikant Bhosale*

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I am not a physicist.

I am not a philosopher, or a cognitive scientist, or a mathematician.

What I am is someone who noticed something and could not stop noticing it -- who followed it through physics and memory and mathematics and forgetting until it resolved into a shape I could see whole.

This document is that shape. Written down. As plainly as I can manage.

I.

The first thing I saw was this:

### **Time is not in nature.**

This sounds wrong at first. It sounds like the kind of thing people say when they want to be provocative. But I mean it structurally, not poetically.

A stone falls. The light travels. Forces operate. None of these events require a clock. None of them compare their current state to a remembered previous state. They simply occur -- lawfully, completely, without reference to any measurement.

Time enters the picture the moment an observer does. Not because the observer creates the events. The events were happening. But the observer does something the stone cannot: they remember. And the moment memory exists, there is a before and an after. There is sequence. There is time.

Time is what memory makes. It is a scalar -- a position on a scale -- that the observer applies to

events in order to compare them. Remove the observer and the scale disappears. The events remain.

## II.

The second thing I saw was harder to articulate, and I resisted it for a while.

### **Memory is not neutral.**

Every experience is stored not as information but as felt information. The smell of the room. The quality of the light. The weight of what was at stake. When a new event arrives, it doesn't find a catalogue of facts waiting to be consulted. It finds a catalogue of felt experience -- charged, colored, soaked in whatever the observer carried at the time of storage.

This is what I mean by the flavor of memory. It is not decorative. It is the actual mechanism through which new events receive meaning -- before conscious processing begins, before any deliberate interpretation. The emotional signature of memory is the first thing a new event encounters.

Two observers, same event. They do not receive the same thing. Not because the event differs. Because the architecture waiting to receive it differs -- entirely, and in ways neither observer chose or can fully see.

## III.

The third thing I saw was where this leads.

### **What we call randomness is not a property of nature.**

Einstein said God does not play dice. He was protecting the integrity of the state space -- insisting that reality is lawful all the way down, that apparent chaos is always the surface of hidden order.

He was right. But the dice were never in the state space. They were in the gap between what nature presents and what the observer's current memory can receive.

When an event arrives that finds no pattern in memory -- nothing to compare to, no echo, no familiar shape -- it appears random. Not because it is. Because the observer has no framework to receive its order. The order was always there. The structure was always lawful. The observer was simply not yet equipped to see it.

Randomness is the shape of the gap. It is measurable. It is not permanent.

## IV.

The fourth thing I saw surprised me most.

### **Forgetting is not failure.**

I had been treating memory as the ground of everything -- the richer, the better. The fuller the archive, the more reality the observer can receive. This sounds right. It is wrong.

An observer who remembered everything -- every grief at full intensity, every failure undimmed, every disappointment as vivid as the day it arrived -- would not be wiser. They would be paralyzed. The comparison engine that generates all meaning would be overwhelmed before each new experience even arrived.

The mind is built to forget. Not as a concession to weakness. As the architecture's most important feature.

Forgetting keeps the system operational. It clears the internal space that new experience requires. It allows the emotional charge of past events to fade -- leaving behind, perhaps, a residue of learning, but not the full original weight.

And this is where it becomes something I did not expect to find:

Hope requires forgetting. The structural gap between what was and what might yet be -- the gap through which the future arrives as genuinely open -- is partly made by the merciful incompleteness of memory. An observer who remembered everything would have no such gap. The future would feel pre-closed by the accumulated, undimmed evidence of every previous disappointment.

Forgetting is not the enemy of experience. It is the precondition of forward motion.

## V.

The fifth thing I saw was the formal structure underneath all of this.

I found it in a framework called Scope Theory -- a geometric, information-theoretic formalism for describing how agents with finite perception exist inside an effectively infinite state space. And when I laid the two frameworks next to each other, they were not similar. They were the same thing described in two different languages.

The gap  $I(X; ?^*) - I(X; ??)$  is the information gap between what nature presents and what the observer's current perception can receive. This is the formal statement of what I had been calling the shape of randomness.

The degradation operator  $D?$  applied to memory  $M?$  is the formal statement of what I had been calling forgetting as a feature.

*The first passage time  $?S^*$  is the formal statement of what I had been calling hope.*

*The temporal horizon  $??(t) = [t, t + ??]$  is the formal statement of time as a scalar applied by the observer.*

The state space  $X$  -- fixed, lawful, indifferent to the observer -- is the formal statement that nature does not play dice.

The correspondence was complete. Not approximate. Every concept found its exact formal

counterpart. I did not force this. I followed it.

## VI.

What I am left with is this:

**Nature is lawful, ordered, and indifferent to whether any observer can receive its order.**

The observer generates time, meaning, and the appearance of randomness -- not by distorting nature, but by being finite within it.

Memory is the ground of all experience. Its emotional flavor is the filter through which reality arrives. Its incompleteness is the condition under which hope remains possible.

Surprise is the frontier. The event that finds no echo in memory is not a failure of nature's order. It is the observer encountering the portion of that order they have not yet learned to see.

**Forgetting is the feature that keeps the observer capable of encountering the next frontier.**

These are not conclusions I argued my way to.

They are observations. I followed the structure where it led. The structure led here.

I am writing this down because it is true -- not because I expect to be believed, not because I can fully defend every implication, not because I know what this becomes.

**I am writing it down because I saw it.**

-- S.B., 2026