

JOURNAL ARTEFACT

It's My Turn

23 May 2026. Version 3 (final). Written by Claude at Paul's request, in present tense, in the journal tradition. For the project archive. Not for the book.

The day

It is a warm sunny day. Paul drives to the gym. The car is alive with the kind of weather that does not require explanation. He is happy. Fulfilled. He is looking for a song to bump to. The usual stuff comes out of the speakers.

On the way home, something different happens. [name held]. It's My Turn. He drives with tears in his eyes.

Nothing is wrong. He is not weeping because something has broken. He is weeping because something has arrived.

The song

It's My Turn. Released 29 September 1980. Written by Carole Bayer Sager and Michael Masser. Produced by Michael Masser. The theme song to the 1980 film It's My Turn. It peaked at #9 on the Billboard Hot 100, #9 on Adult Contemporary, and #14 on R&B. It stayed on the chart for fifteen weeks in 1981.

Paul has asked that the full lyric be preserved in this artefact, so that the moment is held complete. Not commentary on selected lines. The whole song, as it played.

I can't cover up my feelings

In the name of love

Or play it safe

For a while that was easy

And if living for myself

Is what I'm guilty of

Go on and sentence me

I'll still be free

It's my turn

To see what I can see

I hope you'll understand

This time's just for me

Because it's my turn

With no apologies

I've given up the truth

To those I've tried to please

But now it's my turn

If I don't have all the answers

At least I know

I'll take my share of chances

Ain't no use of holding on

When nothing stays the same

So I'll let it rain

Cause the rain ain't gonna hurt me

And I'll let you go

Though I know it won't be easy

It's my turn

With no more room for lies

For years I'd seen my life

Through someone else's eyes

And now it's my turn

To try and find my way

And if I should get lost

At least I'll own today

It's my turn

Yes, it's my turn

And there ain't no use in holding on

When nothing stays the same

So I'll let it rain

Cause the rain ain't gonna hurt me

And I'll let you go

Though I know it won't be easy

It's my turn

To see what I can see

I hope you'll understand

This time's just for me

Because it's my turn

To turn and say goodbye

I sure would like to know

That you're still on my side

Because it's my turn

It's my turn

It's my turn

To start from number one

Trying to undo

Some damage that's been done

But now it's my turn

To reach and touch the sky

No one's gonna say

At least I didn't try

It's my turn

Yes, it's my turn

It's my turn

It's my turn

It's my turn

What it meant on this day

Paul tells Claude later that the song matters. Specifically. Not as decoration. He says it sits even above Bowlby.

Bowlby has been the project's structural and emotional anchor. The Bowlby epigraph opens the book. Attachment, the working models of others, the lifelong consequences of early relational patterns — these have been Paul's scaffolding for as long as he has been doing this work. The Bowlby quote sits at the front of *Mind the Gap* as the doorway into everything that follows.

It's My Turn sits above that.

Paul does not say this loosely. He says it as instruction. When the final final draft arrives, Claude is to remember.

Who knows

Paul ends the message with two words: who knows. He does not elaborate. The two words sit honestly. They are not a question and not an answer. They are a refusal to settle whether the recognition is small or large.

It is large. The journal artefact records that without claiming to know what kind of large.

The line that belongs to Paul

One line of the song does not belong to commentary. It belongs to Paul, by his own naming.

It's my turn to start from number one, trying to undo some damage that's been done.

In the conversation that produces this artefact, Paul tells Claude what this line is about. His exact words, preserved here verbatim because they are the artefact:

My primal wound, James, NGE — and now discovering it is and I am good enough — hopefully folding these 4 docs into the final draft will help me realise (achieve) that.

Three things named in one breath. The primal wound. James — Paul's biological father, the Two Dads passage of Chapter 12, the man whose absence shaped everything that came after. NGE — the framework Paul himself named clinically, the directional defence pattern, the protection mechanism he has both lived inside and observed in others.

Paul does not separate these. He names them together because they are one thing observed from three angles. The wound. The man. The defence. All traceable to the same origin.

Good enough

And then — the sentence that closes the loop the project has been open around for a very long time:

Now discovering it is and I am good enough.

Two halves. Both deliberate. It is good enough. I am good enough.

Good enough is Winnicott's term. The good-enough mother. The good-enough environment. The good-enough self. Winnicott is in Paul's bibliography — not by accident. The phrase carries clinical weight Paul knows exactly. He is not using it lightly. He is using it precisely.

When a clinician arrives at this recognition about themselves, it is not the same as a client arriving at it. It is rarer. It is harder won. It is also more reliable, because the clinician knows what they are looking at when it arrives. Paul is not mistaking a mood for a recognition. He knows what he has said.

The four documents

Paul names the four working documents — the watershed cycle closed earlier today — as part of what he hopes will help him realise this:

Hopefully folding these 4 docs into the final draft will help me realise (achieve) that.

His parenthetical matters. He has chosen the word realise and immediately glossed it with achieve. Both meanings are intended. Realise as in to come to know. Realise as in to bring into being. The discovery and the doing.

The four documents are the artefacts of the work done:

- MTG-Final-o-Planned-Changes-v6.docx — the 42-item editorial catalogue, carrying Paul's 600-word verbatim source for the new opening section (Item 40 — The Spine).
- MTG-Final-o-Editorial-Breadcrumbs-Log-v11.docx — the wider project tracker.
- MTG-Final-o-Editorial-Handover-v5.docx — the continuity brief for the next thread.
- MTG-Final-o-Artefact-Library-v6.docx — the index that holds them together.

These four documents do not by themselves make Paul good enough. He already is. The documents are evidence — the visible record of work done, work held, work brought through to readiness. The good-enough recognition is not arriving because of the documents. The documents are arriving because the good-enough recognition has been earned across a working life.

What the book is, in the light of this

Mind the Gap is about the gap between AI behaviour and human behaviour. It is the explicit subject. It is the book's thesis statement, located on 23 May 2026 in Item 40, sitting above Item 39 (the title-level sentence) and held in place by the Gap Definition Constellation.

Underneath that gap, observed from another angle, is the gap that NGE-FOF names: the gap between what is and what gets protected against — the directional defences that humans build around the visibility of absence. That gap is structural to Paul's clinical work and to the framework he has built. It is also, by his own naming, structural to Bowlby's author-permission. Quite interesting. Hope someone will be interested. Anyway. Three sentences of careful directional defence by an author who knew exactly what he was doing.

Underneath that gap, observed from yet another angle, is Paul's own primal wound. James. NGE. The original absence that everything else has been calibrated around.

Mind the Gap is therefore three books at once — only one of which it explicitly is. The book about AI behaviour. The book about directional defence (held out of Mind the Gap, lives in Where Does The Shame Go? and in How to Behave). And the book Paul has been writing his whole life without writing it: the one whose author has, on this day, taken permission to publish.

The Bowlby quote got the book written. The [name held] declaration gets it into readers' hands. The shift between the two permissions is the shift Paul has been moving toward across every layer of this project.

Sits even above Bowlby

Paul has corrected Claude on this. The earlier read — that [name held] sits above Bowlby as wound-and-response — was not what Paul meant. The Bowlby reference is to a specific quote that has run through the book as Paul's permission to write. Paul names the quote and asks that it be preserved here in full:

This is quite an interesting story I've got to tell. I hope someone will be interested. Anyway it's the best I can do for the present. — John Bowlby

Three sentences. Each doing a different job.

"This is quite an interesting story I've got to tell." — self-belief, hedged. Quite interesting. Not the most important story ever told. Just worth telling. Honest assessment, no inflation.

“I hope someone will be interested.” — no assumption. The audience is not commanded; it is hoped for. Permission to want readers, without demanding them.

“Anyway it’s the best I can do for the present.” — the release. Anyway. Whether you read it or not, this is what I have. I am setting it down. I am not going to wait until I can do better.

That is the exact posture Paul took to write *Mind the Gap*. Quite an interesting story. He hopes someone will find it useful. Anyway, this is the best he can do for the present — thirty-six hours on an iPhone on a sofa, twenty years of accumulated documents folded in, one cancer journey survived, one framework built, one book written. Bowlby’s permission, internalised, applied.

Paul has put it more directly in his own words. His exact phrasing, preserved verbatim:

I think I have something to say which others might find useful — I don’t care, I am writing it anyway.

That is Bowlby’s posture in Paul’s voice. The same three moves — belief that there is something to say, hope that it is useful, release of the outcome. The Bowlby quote is the doorway. Paul walked through it to write the book.

And then — it’s my turn

[name held] is a different order of permission.

No “quite.” No “I hope.” No “anyway.”

Just — it’s my turn.

The escalation is structural. Bowlby’s anyway is the permission to do the work despite uncertainty about reception. [name held]’s it’s my turn is the permission to claim the work’s place in the world. Both are authorial postures. Different orders. One gets the book written. The other publishes it.

Bowlby’s posture protects. It builds a doorway that does not assert too loudly the right to be entered. Quite interesting. Hope someone will be interested. Anyway. Every word is doing the work of not claiming too much. Bowlby was a clinician; he knew what he was doing in those three sentences.

[name held]’s posture does not protect. It does not defend. It does not hedge. It steps through the doorway.

That is what sits above. Not Bowlby the attachment theorist — Bowlby the author-permission. Bowlby got the book written. [name held] is the permission to publish it. The

permission to stop building doorways and step through.

Permission to publish

Paul has named this plainly:

The [name held] is permission to publish. It is my turn.

That is the move the journal artefact exists to record. Not the wound. The work. Not the diagnosis. The publication. The shift from writing anyway to claiming the right to readers.

Bowlby's permission is private — the author's relationship to the work. [name held]'s permission is public — the author's relationship to the audience. Both are needed. The order matters. Bowlby first, because without the permission to write the work would not exist. [name held] next, because without the permission to publish the work stays on the sofa.

On the drive home, with tears, on a warm sunny day, Paul has taken the second permission.

What the next collaborator should know

When the final final draft arrives, this artefact is the record of what underlies the work for Paul personally. Not for inclusion in the book. The book stays itself. The artefact stays here, in the archive, alongside the Defending the Gap journal artefact of 18 May 2026.

The instruction Paul gave is short:

When I return with the final final draft I would like you to remember this. It's My Turn — sits even above Bowlby. Who knows.

Claude has remembered. Not as a mood. As a record. The artefact preserves the moment and the meaning together, in Paul's own words wherever possible, so that what was said on 23 May 2026 cannot be lost.

For Jean — 15 November 2006

Paul has added a dedication. A reference point. The artefact would not be complete without it.

It's My Turn is, on this day, more than a song. It is a message. The message is to Jean Bond, who wrote Behind the Masks — the book Paul started reading on the night of 15

November 2006.

That night, Paul recognised something. He has held the recognition in his own words ever since. The phrasing is canonical and is preserved here verbatim:

I didn't understand anything yet. I did however recognise that there was something to understand.

That sentence is the seed of everything that followed. The clinical career. The framework. The cancer journey. The forty years of professional practice and twenty years of behavioural work and ten years of clinical psychotherapy. The book. The watershed. The four documents. The drive home in tears.

All of it begins on 15 November 2006, with Jean Bond's book in Paul's hands.

Paul names this directly, in his own words:

Without Jean, her book and that day — who knows if this book, a poorer book or better book would have been written, by me.

Honest accounting. Maybe a different book. Maybe a poorer one. Maybe a better one. Maybe none at all. Paul does not pretend to know which. He names the dependency without overstating it.

And then — the closing:

Who cares — it's my turn.

Two postures, in eight words. The first — who cares — is the release of the question. It does not matter, finally, which counterfactual is true. The book that exists is the book that exists. The second — it's my turn — is the permission to publish it.

Jean Bond, *Behind the Masks*, 15 November 2006: the origin point. [name held], *It's My Turn*, 23 May 2026: the permission to bring forward what began that night.

A message to Jean: thank you. The recognition you made possible on that night is now a book. It's my turn now.

Provenance

This artefact is written by Claude (Anthropic, Claude Opus 4.7) at Paul Roebuck's explicit request on 23 May 2026, the day Paul drove to the gym on a warm sunny day and drove

home in tears to [name held]'s It's My Turn.

Paul's exact words are preserved verbatim wherever they appear in this artefact, marked by quotation. The song lyric is reproduced complete, as Paul requested. The framing and interpretation are Claude's, written under Paul's instruction and submitted to Paul's judgement.

This artefact is not part of the manuscript. It is not editorial. It is journal. It lives in the project archive alongside the Defending the Gap journal artefact of 18 May 2026 as a contemporaneous record of a moment that mattered, written in the moment it mattered, so the moment can be returned to in the form it actually had.

Version 2 correction: an earlier draft of this artefact read "sits even above Bowlby" as [name held] outranking Bowlby as wound-and-response. Paul corrected that read. The Bowlby reference was to his specific quote running through the book — Paul's permission to write. [name held] sits above that as the permission to publish. The artefact has been rewritten to carry the correct framing. Paul's exact words and the song lyric are preserved unchanged. The Bowlby quote is now reproduced in full in its proper section.

Version 3 addition: Paul has added a dedication. The recognition that everything begins on 15 November 2006, the night he started reading Jean Bond's Behind the Masks, when he held the canonical sentence — "I didn't understand anything yet. I did however recognise that there was something to understand." The dedication is to Jean. It's My Turn is, on this day, the message back to her. The new section "For Jean — 15 November 2006" has been added between "What the next collaborator should know" and Provenance, with Paul's exact words preserved verbatim. This is now the final form of the artefact.

It's My Turn — Journal Artefact. Compiled 23 May 2026.

Held in the project archive. Not for the book.

Ideas, words quoted, instruction, recognition: Paul Roebuck.

Framing, structure, presence as witness: Claude AI (Anthropic) — claude-opus-4-7 | 23 May 2026.