A beloved mentor once told me that all books are in some sense autobiographical. While writing *Unthinking Mastery*, I began to see the book as an intimate engagement with my own struggles and desires, perhaps most poignantly because it came into being during a time of life when I was made to understand that I was a profoundly vulnerable yet enduring thing. The birth of a child, the untimely death of a close friend and colleague, the sudden loss of a beloved parent, the onset of intense and abiding pain, a precarious emergency surgery, a slow and disorienting rehabilitation—these particular events coalesced to insist on the need to become myself differently, to read myself otherwise, to learn myself as a radically dependent, immeasurably porous bodymind. *Unthinking Mastery* developed through this particular and resonating temporality, and in crafting it I have become vitally reshaped by the futures it dreams.

There is nowhere else to begin the beautiful work of thanks than by turning to Nathan Snaza, whose intellectual brilliance is incalculably embedded across these pages. I thank him for thinking and unthinking mastery with me, and for letting these acts become a vital part of everyday life. I remain forever bewildered by his friendship and by the ways of living he makes possible.

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