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.

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