While I was in Palm Springs, my wife was having a kind of nervous breakdown, and we had become so accustomed to filming that I filmed her during this period and used it as the basis for *My Double My Self*, a film about both a man and a woman falling apart.

The man, over the death of his father; and the woman, in the midst of postpartum depression and general life crisis. Again I would record these real-life situations and along the way invent a bit of story to give the work a trajectory. I was never filming things to take to the editing room, to find a story; I was always filming the narrative that I saw as the film, there and then. Of course there were pictorial things that I shot later to add to the works, but the works were always—might I say—scripted, or shot with intention. At this point, having Irena and myself in the scenarios, having the art world and extended family and my home, I could always invent a new scene or re-take, re-stage a scene; I would have Irena shoot me, and I would shoot her at any time and use the real-time situation of our lives to roll into the scenario or adapt the scenario to be reinterpreted by the living moment. Or I could use the feeling of a moment there in front of me and adapt it slightly and have some things said that would more aptly fit the scenario of the film I was making. I have to wonder if this was a way John Cassavetes worked.

A man and a woman, husband and wife, their parents, and their children are closely and intimately observed as these two films unfold, one of him and one of her, each doubling the other and the marriage they look at, revealing a deep interdependence and fragility in love. While about to undergo anesthesia for surgery, the husband reflects on his children and his ailing father, who is moving closer to death. While vacationing with her extended family, a young mother is overtaken by anxiety.

Together the two stories fold into each other, doubling and intertwining, revealing the tentativeness of life and love.

“A rare insight into the intimacy of a New York family. How they live, how they love.”

—Iki Nakagawa