

We Are All Doppelgängers of Ourselves

On copies, and why there was never an original

Essay. Subomi Olagoke.

The first time most of us meet our double, it comes out of a speaker. Someone plays back a recording, and the voice that comes out is thinner, stranger, faintly embarrassing, and unmistakably ours. We flinch. *That's not what I sound like.*

But it is. It is what everyone else has always heard. When we speak, part of the sound reaches us through the bones of our own head, and a recording has none of that. So the voice we carry around inside us, the one we think of as ours, turns out to be a private version that nobody else has ever heard. For a second the arrangement flips: the copy is the public fact, and the original is a rumour.

And here is the strange part. In one study, people rated a set of recorded voices without being told their own was among them. They rated their own voice more attractive than other listeners did, and more attractive than the others they heard. We like our voice fine. What we can't stand is *meeting* it.

That flinch is very old. It has a name.

The one who sees himself

The word *Doppelgänger* was coined by the German novelist Jean Paul in 1796, in a book called *Siebenkäs*. He first spelled it *Doppeltgänger*, "double-goer", and added a footnote to explain the new word: *So heißen Leute, die sich selber sehen*. "That is what people who see themselves are called."

It's worth pausing on that, because it isn't the definition we'd expect. The doppelgänger isn't, in the first instance, the *other one*. It is the person who sees themselves. The double is not a monster that comes from outside. It is a way of looking.

Some of the earliest accounts are almost gentle. Goethe, writing his autobiography decades after the event, remembers riding away from a final farewell with a woman he loved, when "I saw, not with the eyes of the body, but with those of the mind, my own figure coming towards me, on horseback, and on the same road, attired in a dress which I had never worn." Eight years later, he says, he found himself on that same road, by accident, in exactly those clothes. And what he felt at

the time was not dread. "This strange illusion in some measure calmed me at the moment of parting." A future self, riding back to reassure him.

Percy Shelley, ill at a house on the Gulf of Spezia in the summer of 1822, told his wife he had met his own figure on the terrace. It asked him: "How long do you mean to be content?" Mary Shelley, writing after his drowning weeks later, is careful to call these "no very terrific words, and certainly not prophetic." The later legends made the double a messenger of death. Mary's own account has it asking a question, the way a conscience does.

Fiction made the double a monster anyway. In Poe's "William Wilson" (1839), a schoolboy discovers a classmate with his name, his face and his birthday, a boy who speaks only in "a very low whisper" and who turns up, over the years, at Eton, at Oxford, in Rome, always at the moment of the narrator's worst behaviour. At a masquerade the narrator finally runs him through with a sword, and finds himself facing what seems to be a mirror: "mine own image, but with features all pale and dabbled in blood." The dying double speaks: "In me didst thou exist—and, in my death, see by this image, which is thine own, how utterly thou hast murdered thyself."

In Dostoevsky's *The Double* (1846), a minor Petersburg clerk named Golyadkin meets a man with his face and his name, "a namesake of yours; his name's Golyadkin too", who is everything he is not: charming, promoted, liked. The double slowly takes over his life, and the novel ends with the original being driven off towards an asylum while his "unworthy twin" runs alongside the carriage.

In 1914 the psychoanalyst Otto Rank gathered these stories into a study, and five years later Freud used it in his essay on "The Uncanny". Freud's reading is the one that stuck. The double "was originally an insurance against the destruction of the ego, an 'energetic denial of the power of death', as Rank says; and probably the 'immortal' soul was the first 'double' of the body." Then the reversal: "From having been an assurance of immortality, it becomes the uncanny harbinger of death."

Every one of these stories rests on an assumption so obvious it is never stated: *there is an original*. There is a true Wilson and a false one, a real Golyadkin and an impostor. The horror is that the copy won't stay in its place.

I want to argue that the assumption is wrong. There is no original sitting safely behind the copies. Everything we call a self is already made by copying. We are, all of us, doppelgängers of ourselves.

Doubles in the brain

Start where the double is not a metaphor at all.

Neurologists have a name for the experience of meeting yourself: *heautoscopy*, "the encounter with one's double", described in the clinical literature as "a multimodal illusory reduplication of one's own body and self." It is rare, usually tied to epilepsy or brain injury, and it is exactly what Jean Paul's footnote describes: a person who sees themselves.

In 2006 a team in Switzerland was mapping the brain of a young woman before epilepsy surgery. When they stimulated one spot, on the left side where the temporal and parietal lobes meet, she reported that someone was standing behind her. As they went on, the presence seemed to copy her: it "closely 'shadowed'" the changes in her posture and position. A later study from the same group reached a remarkable conclusion about presences like this. The illusion of feeling another person nearby, they wrote, "is caused by misperceiving the source and identity" of signals "of one's own body."

Read that again. The stranger behind you is *you*, misfiled. The brain builds a model of the body and, when the wiring slips, it places that model somewhere else and gives it someone else's name.

The opposite failure is just as telling. In 1923 the psychiatrist Joseph Capgras described a woman who believed that her husband and children had been replaced by identical impostors, and eventually that she herself had been replaced too. He called it *l'illusion des sosies*: the illusion of doubles. The leading explanation today is that people with this delusion recognise familiar faces but don't *feel* them. The warm jolt of recognition that normally comes with a loved face goes missing. One patient, shown a series of photographs of the same woman looking in different directions, insisted they were "different women who looked just like each other."

So the brain can do two strange things. It can mistake the self for another person, and it can mistake a familiar person for a copy. Both suggest the same thing: "the same person" isn't something we simply perceive. The brain constructs it, out of a model and a feeling, and it can come apart.

The body is a copy

Now the most solid-seeming thing: the body.

You may have heard that every cell in your body is replaced every seven years. It's a lovely idea, and it's a myth. The truth is stranger.

In 2005 a team led by Jonas Frisén found a way to measure how old human cells really are. The nuclear bomb tests of the 1950s and 60s had filled the atmosphere with a pulse of carbon-14, and

that carbon ended up in the DNA of every cell made in those years. By measuring it, the team could read off when each cell was born. Some tissues turned out to be young. The gut lining is renewed within days, and a recent estimate puts the body's total cell turnover at about 80 grams a day, mostly blood and gut. Others are old: the cells of the rib muscles averaged about fifteen years. And the neurons of the visual cortex, the part of you that is reading these words, "are as old as the individual."

So you are not a thing that renews itself on a schedule. You are a mosaic of different ages, some of you younger than your last haircut and some of you exactly as old as you are, all held in one shape. There's an irony in the method, too. The team could date the neurons *only because* their atoms had never been swapped out: the carbon was locked in when the cell was born. The parts of you that don't get copied are the parts that remember when you began.

What persists is less the stuff than the pattern. The Greeks had a famous case. Plutarch tells us the Athenians kept the ship of Theseus for centuries: "They took away the old timbers from time to time, and put new and sound ones in their places," so that philosophers argued over whether it was still the same ship. Two thousand years later Thomas Hobbes added a twist that turns the puzzle into a doppelgänger story. Suppose someone kept every old plank as it was removed and rebuilt them, in the same order, into a second ship. Then "there would have been two ships numerically the same, which is absurd."

Heraclitus, the patron saint of flux, is usually quoted as saying you can't step in the same river twice. That is a later paraphrase. The fragment scholars trust says something subtler: "On those stepping into rivers staying the same other and other waters flow." The river stays the same *because* the water changes. One commentator puts it neatly: a river "remains what it is by changing what it contains." So does a body.

And when David Hume looked inward for the self that supposedly owns all this, he couldn't find it. He found only experiences, and concluded that we are "nothing but a bundle or collection of different perceptions, which succeed each other with an inconceivable rapidity, and are in a perpetual flux and movement." The mind, he wrote, "is a kind of theatre, where several perceptions successively make their appearance; pass, re-pass, glide away." A theatre with no permanent actor. Only a run of performances.

Memory is a copy of a copy

If the body is a pattern copied into new matter, memory might seem like the place where the original survives: the stored record of who we were. John Locke thought so. For him, personal

identity reaches "as far as this consciousness can be extended backwards to any past action or thought." You are whoever you can remember being.

But Locke saw the crack in his own idea. A memory, he admitted, is "a present representation of a past action", and he couldn't rule out that a mind might have "represented to it, as done by itself, what IT never did."

Three centuries later, the science caught up with his worry. In 2000, Karim Nader, Glenn Schafe and Joseph LeDoux trained rats to fear a tone. Fear memories like this were thought to be permanently fixed once stored. But when the researchers had the rats *recall* the memory and then blocked the brain's protein synthesis, the memory was lost. Without the recall, the same drug did nothing. Calling the memory up had made it fragile again, and it had to be stored anew.

We should be careful here, because the science is. That was a fear memory, in rats. Experiments in people suggest that recalling a memory can open a window in which new material gets written into it. In one well-replicated study, items learned later slipped into a word list that had just been recalled. How far this reaches into our everyday autobiographical memories is still debated. Separately, decades of work by Elizabeth Loftus have shown how readily memory can be altered: how people "come to believe falsely that they experienced rich complex events that never, in fact, occurred."

Psychologists who study autobiographical memory now describe our memories as "transitory mental constructions", assembled when needed, not retrieved intact. And the self those memories add up to is, in Dan McAdams's phrase, "a person's internalized and evolving life story, integrating the reconstructed past and imagined future."

Taken together, the picture is this: memory isn't a vault. It is closer to a document that can be reopened and re-saved, and we don't always know what changes when we do. The seven-year-old you remember is not a recording. It is a reconstruction you have visited, and perhaps edited, many times since. Your past self is a doppelgänger you can meet only by redrawing its face.

Other people carry doubles of you

There's a third copying machine, and it runs outside us.

We don't start life knowing our own face. Babies between about six and twelve months treat their reflection, as one researcher put it, "like a potential playmate". Only somewhere between eighteen and twenty-four months do most children touch the dot of rouge on their own nose when they see it in a mirror. And recognising yourself in a delayed video or a photograph comes later still, at around

four. We have to *learn* that the figure in the glass is us. The psychoanalyst Jacques Lacan built a theory on this moment, the "mirror stage", which he described as "the transformation that takes place in the subject when he assumes an image."

A recent study adds an unexpected detail. Comparing toddlers in Canada and in Vanuatu, researchers found that the one social factor that predicted mirror self-recognition was whether mothers *imitated* their toddlers while they played. We seem to learn to recognise ourselves partly by being copied. The first doubles we meet may be the ones other people hold up to us.

In 1890 William James wrote that, properly speaking, "*a man has as many social selves as there are individuals who recognize him* and carry an image of him in their mind. To wound any one of these his images is to wound him."

Consider what that means. Right now there is a version of you in your mother's mind, a different one in your oldest friend's, another in the mind of a colleague you've spoken to twice, and a faint sketch in the stranger who held a door for you this morning. Each is built from what that person has seen and been told. Each is partly wrong. Each acts on your behalf: it gets invited, or not; trusted, or not; remembered, or not. You'll never meet most of them. You catch them only indirectly, when someone says *that doesn't sound like you*, and you realise that for years they have been talking to a double.

Grief is when this becomes impossible to ignore. When someone dies, the person is gone, but the doubles remain, scattered across everyone who knew them, each slightly different, each slowly changing as the people who carry them keep remembering. James was right that wounding the image wounds the person. It may also be true that the images are where a person goes on living.

There was never an original

So: the body is a pattern copied into new matter, memory a document re-saved when it's opened, and our social selves a crowd of versions in other minds. Where, then, is the original the doubles are supposed to be copies *of*?

This is not a new question. Plutarch, who gave us the ship, also wrote: "Dead is the man of yesterday, for he is passed into the man of to-day; and the man of to-day is dying as he passes into the man of to-morrow. Nobody remains one person, nor is one person; but we become many persons."

Buddhist philosophy made it a central teaching. In the *Questions of King Milinda*, the monk Nāgasena argues with a king that there is no permanent self behind the name "Nāgasena", just as

there is no "chariot" apart from its pole, axle, wheels and yoke. The king asks: "He who is born, Nāgasena, does he remain the same or become another?" Nāgasena answers: "Neither the same nor another." Then he offers an image. A lamp burns through the night. The flame in the first watch is not the flame in the last, and yet "the light comes from the same lamp all the night through." Just so, he says, "is the continuity of a person or thing maintained."

In the West, Derek Parfit put the question most sharply. In *Reasons and Persons* (1984) he imagines stepping into a machine: "I enter the Teletransporter. I have been to Mars before, but only by the old method, a space-ship journey taking several weeks." The scanner will destroy his body on Earth "while recording the exact states of all of my cells," then "create, out of new matter, a brain and body exactly like mine" on Mars. Is the person who steps out on Mars him? After many pages of such cases, Parfit concludes it's the wrong question. The chapter title says it plainly: "Why Our Identity Is Not What Matters." What matters is the web of psychological continuity and connection between one stage of a life and the next, what he calls "Relation R". He noticed where this left him, too. "Buddha would have agreed," he wrote.

There is a serious objection here, and it is the doppelgänger's own. What if the copy exists *alongside* you: Hobbes's second ship, rebuilt from the old planks, or a perfect duplicate made while you are still standing on Earth? Surely then there are two, and only one of them is me. This is where the old fear gets its force: the double is terrifying precisely because it isn't you.

Parfit's answer is his strangest and, I think, his wisest. Imagine you are split, and two people walk away, each continuous with you in every way that matters. Is that a disaster, because you are no longer "one"? "How could a double success be a failure?" he asks. The fear assumes the one thing we've found no evidence for: a single original self that a copy could steal. Take that assumption away and the double stops being a thief. It becomes another link in the chain.

Parfit also describes, unusually for a philosopher, how believing this changed him: "My life seemed like a glass tunnel, through which I was moving faster every year, and at the end of which there was darkness. When I changed my view, the walls of my glass tunnel disappeared. I now live in the open air."

This is where the doppelgänger stories turn inside out. We are not an original haunted by copies. We are a relay of copies, a lamp passed from watch to watch, each stage handing the self to the next. Jean Paul's footnote was more exact than he knew. A doppelgänger is a person who sees themselves. That is simply what a person is.

The double that was always expected

The European double arrives as an intruder. Not every tradition met the idea with dread, and some assumed it from birth.

The ancient Egyptians spoke of the *ka*. The word is, as one museum glossary puts it, "untranslatable". It meant something like the life force, and it was also, in the old Egyptological phrase, a double, born at the same moment as the person. The potter-god Khnum is sometimes shown shaping the body and the *ka* side by side on his wheel. Tomb statues were made to house the *ka*, and "to go to one's *ka*" was a way of saying someone had died. One Egyptian personal name was, in translation, "my *ka* repeats itself."

In Yoruba thought, the tradition I grew up nearest to, a person's destiny rests with their *orí*, literally "head". The philosopher Segun Gbadegesin describes an inner head, *orí-inú*, which is "an entity in which destiny is encased." One well-known Ifá verse, recorded by Wande Abimbola, tells of three friends who go to the potter of heads, Àjàlá, to choose their *orí* before coming into the world. Two rush in and pick heads that will fail them. The third takes advice, makes an offering and waits, and is given a good one. The verse ends with lines that could stand over this whole essay: "We chose our Ori from the same place, / But our destinies are different."

Some Yoruba accounts go further, and here scholars differ, so I'll be careful. The word *enikeji* means, literally, "second person", and in everyday Yoruba it simply means a fellow, a neighbour or a partner; the Yoruba Bible uses it for "thy neighbour". But the art historian Babatunde Lawal records a belief that "every living person has a spirit partner (a look-alike) in heaven called *enikeji* (heavenly double) who offers spiritual protection to its earthly counterpart." Others describe it differently: heavenly companions rather than a copy, or a guardian soul that is, in the words of informants recorded by the anthropologist William Bascom, "one in the head and one in heaven. The one in the head is the same as the one in heaven."

Lawal adds a detail that could have come from a story by Poe. Because of this bond, making a realistic human likeness in art was traditionally approached with caution: a man-made look-alike might "endanger this relationship, causing the heavenly double to withdraw its spiritual protection."

And yet there is one likeness Yoruba artists traditionally made on purpose: the *ère ibeji*. Yoruba communities have one of the highest rates of twin births in the world, and twins are treated as two who are spiritually one. When a twin died, a small wooden figure was often carved to hold the bond. The mother would carry it on her back like a living child, wash it, dress it, feed it. The anthropologist Marilyn Houlberg recorded a man in Ibadan explaining the logic: "We do not think of each twin as having its own counterpart in heaven; they are the counterparts of each other."

The carvings don't try to look like the baby who died. They are carved as adults in their prime, and tradition gives both twins' figures the same face, even if the twins weren't identical. It is a copy with no original likeness at all, and yet, for the family, it *is* the twin. Today, where the practice continues, some families memorialise twins with double-exposure photographs instead of carvings: the same idea, carried into a new medium. (Many of the figures now in Western museums left their families under missionary pressure or through sale, which is its own story about what happens to a double when it's taken from the people who kept it.)

I don't offer any of this as evidence that the double is literally real. What strikes me is how differently these traditions frame it. The double isn't a threat that turns up late in life as an omen. It is expected from the start: a partner, a protector, the person beside you. They seem to have known something the Gothic tales forgot, that the double doesn't have to be the enemy of the self. It can be one of the ways a self is held together.

The new doubles

For most of history, the doubles I've described have been silent. The rebuilt body doesn't argue with us. The remembered self doesn't correct us. The versions of us in other minds act on our behalf, but we can't hear them.

That is changing. In 2023, researchers at Microsoft described a speech system that could produce "high-quality personalized speech with only a 3-second enrolled recording of an unseen speaker." It was a research system, never released as a product, but its descendants are everywhere now. I've spent much of this year building systems that speak, and what unsettles me isn't how well they imitate. It's how little of a person they need. Three seconds. Less time than it took you to read this sentence.

In 2015 a young man named Roman Mazurenko was killed by a car in Moscow. His friend Eugenia Kuyda, who ran an AI start-up, gathered his old text messages and, with the help of ten of his friends and family, more than 8,000 lines of them, trained a chatbot to answer as he would.

"Roman," she wrote to it. "This is your digital monument." She called it "a shadow of a person", and his mother said something no Gothic novelist could have written: "There was a lot I didn't know about my child ... But now that I can read about what he thought about different subjects, I'm getting to know him more." That project grew into the chatbot company Replika.

Notice what the Roman bot was made of. Not his body, and not his memories, but the copies of him that other people had kept: his messages, saved on their phones. It is William James's crowd of social selves, assembled into a single voice that talks back.

These doubles can be turned against us, too. In early 2024, a finance worker in Hong Kong joined a video call with his company's chief financial officer and several colleagues. He had been suspicious of an email, but on the call the others "looked and sounded just like colleagues he recognized," so he went ahead and transferred about US\$25 million. Every one of them was a deepfake. What persuaded him wasn't a single fake but a room of them, built from the versions of real people he carried in his head.

The law has started to notice. In 2024 the US state of Tennessee passed a statute protecting a person's voice from AI cloning. It defines "voice" as a sound "readily identifiable and attributable to a particular individual, regardless of whether the sound contains the actual voice or a simulation of the voice." The law has given up asking which one is the original. It asks only whether the sound is recognisably *you*.

The question the old stories kept asking returns in a new form. Poe's double was conscience. Dostoevsky's was ambition, the self we wanted to be, stealing the life we had. Ours may simply be responsibility. When a copy of me says something, who said it? And, as researchers studying "deadbots" of the dead have begun to ask, who gets to switch a copy off?

What the doubles owe each other

If there was never an original, what follows?

Not despair, I think, and here Parfit is a good guide. If I am a relay of doubles rather than a fixed thing, then the self I'll be in twenty years is, in a real sense, someone I'll never fully meet: a stranger who will wear my name, live with my choices and remember a version of me I'd barely recognise.

There is some evidence that we really do treat that person as a stranger. In brain-scanning studies led by the psychologist Hal Hershfield, thinking about one's future self showed less of the activity associated with thinking about oneself. The people who showed the biggest drop were the most likely to take smaller rewards now over larger ones later. In another experiment, people who met an age-progressed avatar of themselves in virtual reality set aside more than twice as much for a hypothetical retirement. These were small studies, and later attempts to use the idea have had mixed results, so I hold them lightly. But the intuition behind them is old and, I think, right. Being kind to your future self, by saving, sleeping, keeping promises, is not selfishness. It's a small ethics towards a stranger.

The philosopher Paul Ricoeur gave this a precise shape. He distinguished two kinds of identity: *idem*, sameness, the identity of something that never changes; and *ipse*, selfhood, "sameness

across and through change." We clearly aren't the same in the first sense. Every section of this essay has shown the idem self slipping away. But we can be selves in the second sense, and the clearest example Ricoeur gives is a promise. When I keep a promise I made years ago, I'm not proving that nothing in me has changed. I'm choosing to stand behind a double I can no longer fully remember being.

The same runs backwards. The self I was at nineteen can't defend himself. He exists only in my reconstructions, and I edit him every time I tell his story. Remembering him honestly, including what he got wrong, is fidelity to a double who has no one else.

And the versions of me in other people's minds deserve something too. Not control, which is impossible, but good faith: to be, as far as I can, the kind of person those doubles could be built from without too much distortion. They'll be making decisions on my behalf long after I've left the room.

Which brings me back to the speaker, and the voice that sounds wrong. The old stories would call that moment an omen. I'd call it a brief, accurate glimpse of how things are. The voice on the recording isn't an impostor. Neither is the one in my head. They are two of the many copies that together make up the thing I call myself, meeting for a second.

Goethe, riding away from a farewell he dreaded, saw his future self riding back towards him, dressed in clothes he didn't yet own, and it calmed him. That seems to me the right way to meet a double: not as the one who has come to replace you, but as the one you are becoming, coming back along the road to say you'll get there.

Notes

The voice

- P. Orepic, O. A. Kannape, N. Faivre and O. Blanke, "Bone conduction facilitates self-other voice discrimination," *Royal Society Open Science* 10 (2023).
- S. M. Hughes and M. A. Harrison, "I like my voice better: self-enhancement bias in perceptions of voice attractiveness," *Perception* 42 (2013): 941–949.

The one who sees himself

- Jean Paul, *Siebenkäs* (1796–97).
- J. W. von Goethe, *Truth and Poetry* (*Dichtung und Wahrheit*), Part III, Book 11, trans. J. Oxenford (1848), p. 433.

- Mary Shelley to Maria Gisborne, 15 August 1822, in F. A. Marshall, *The Life and Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley* (1889).
- E. A. Poe, "William Wilson" (1839).
- F. Dostoevsky, *The Double* (1846), trans. C. Garnett.
- O. Rank, *Der Doppelgänger, Imago* 3 (1914).
- S. Freud, "The Uncanny" (1919), Standard Edition.

Doubles in the brain

- On heautoscopy: O. Blanke and C. Mohr (2005); P. Brugger et al.
- S. Arzy et al., "Induction of an illusory shadow person," *Nature* 443 (2006).
- O. Blanke et al., "Neurological and robot-controlled induction of an apparition," *Current Biology* 24 (2014): 2681–2686.
- On Capgras: J. Capgras and J. Reboul-Lachaux (1923).
- H. D. Ellis and A. W. Young (1990).
- W. Hirstein and V. S. Ramachandran (1997).

The body

- K. L. Spalding et al., *Cell* 122 (2005).
- R. Sender and R. Milo, *Nature Medicine* 27 (2021).
- Plutarch, *Theseus* 23.1.
- T. Hobbes, *De Corpore* II.11.7 (1655).
- Heraclitus B12; D. W. Graham, "Heraclitus," *Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy*.
- D. Hume, *Treatise* 1.4.6 (1739).

Memory

- J. Locke, *Essay* II.xxvii (1694).
- K. Nader et al., *Nature* 406 (2000).
- A. Hubbach et al., *Learning & Memory* 14 (2007).
- E. F. Loftus, *Learning & Memory* 12 (2005).
- M. A. Conway and C. W. Pleydell-Pearce, *Psychological Review* (2000).
- D. P. McAdams and K. C. McLean, *Current Directions in Psychological Science* (2013).

Other people

- On mirror self-recognition: B. Amsterdam (1972); S. Cebioğlu and T. Broesch, *Developmental Psychology* 57 (2021): 625–638.
- J. Lacan, "The Mirror Stage" (1949).
- W. James, *Principles of Psychology* (1890), ch. X.

No original

- Plutarch, *On the E at Delphi* 18.
- *The Questions of King Milinda* II.1.1 and II.2.1, trans. T. W. Rhys Davids (1890).
- D. Parfit, *Reasons and Persons* (1984), pp. 199, 217, 256, 273, 281.

Expected doubles

- Global Egyptian Museum, glossary entry "Ka".
- Britannica, "Death: Ancient Egypt".
- W. Abimbola, *Sixteen Great Poems of Ifá* (1975).
- S. Gbadegesin, "Ẹ̀nìyàn: The Yoruba Concept of a Person" (1991).
- B. Lawal, *Literature & Aesthetics* 15 (2005).
- B. Lawal, "Èjìwàpò: The Dialectics of Twoness in Yoruba Art and Culture," *African Arts* 41 (2008), quoting M. Houlberg (1973).
- W. Bascom, "Yoruba Concepts of the Soul" (1960).
- Sainsbury Centre and Penn State catalogue texts on ère ìbẹ̀jì.

New doubles

- C. Wang et al., VALL-E, arXiv:2301.02111 (2023).
- C. Newton, "Speak, Memory," *The Verge* (2016).
- CNN, on the Arup deepfake case (17 May 2024).
- Tennessee Public Chapter 588 (the ELVIS Act, 2024).
- T. Hollanek and K. Nowaczyk-Basińska, *Philosophy & Technology* 37 (2024).

What the doubles owe

- H. Ersner-Hershfield et al., *SCAN* (2009).
- H. E. Hershfield et al., *Journal of Marketing Research* (2011).
- P. Ricoeur, *Oneself as Another* (1990; trans. 1992), via the *Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy* entry on Ricoeur.