

## DUNE REVENANT

(20525 A.G.) The present inquiry of the Fish Speaker Schools has its origins in a long forgotten crisis. Knowledge of the events surrounding the millennia called the Scattering, and subsequently, the great Integration that followed is critical to understand the people of that ancient time. The discipline of the Spice Dreamers and their ability to reconstruct and disseminate the personae of "our past humanity" has provided us a tool of utmost importance. Through their efforts, we have discovered a wealth of archaeological information, a temporal strata opened to us that has allowed a reconstruction of what in ancient times would have been called "history". Remember that Multiple Memories and Persona Shifting were not common traits of our human ancestors. This fact was among the most alarming and revolutionary of all those made by the Spice Dreamers -- peoples' minds were once solitary and alone.

- Sociotemprint of the Fish Speaker School Idah-Mirabla

Duinain stood alone at a podium facing a crowd that filled the Great Hall to capacity. The hall held over a million people, which made it the perfect meeting place for the First Millennial Celebration of the founding of the Fish Speaker Schools, but this is not what held Duinain's interest.

I stand before a million Individuals, but my thoughts are on the design of this place

The design of the Great Hall of the Idah-Mirabla School was influenced by the original Temple to St. Alia of the Knife. Although Rakis had been destroyed some two thousand years before, the blueprint of the temple had been saved in a ridulian crystal.

Legend says recorded by the Tyrant God Guldur himself.

Guldur must have cherished the design himself, the sweeping bow of the thousand meter outer wall leading to the "knife", a thousand meter spire rising above. Duinain called him by the common name of Guldur, although, as a historian, he knew the Tyrant God's name was actually Leto II. This thought out of time pleased Duinain, and calmed him as he prepared to speak.

The Temple to St. Alia was chosen for size, although several structures on various Fish Speaker worlds would have sufficed. All the major schools were convening here on the planet

Ouadra, however, for its rich history dating back to the first dozen Fish Speaker Schools. Known in ancient times as Chapterhouse, Oudara was home of the Idah-Mirabla School, the school Duinain acted as chosen representative for during these celebrations. Hundreds of events surrounded the Millennial Celebrations, each suited to the quasi-familial roles and goal-groups the various schools were founded on, as well as lectures to be given by representatives of each of the Fish Speaker Schools. Duinain looked across at the banners of the various groups and listed them off to himself, once again to calm his nerves as the roar of the shuffling crowd calmed in preparation for his lecture.

Harkon-Mohia; Chani-Tej, Hallac-Ouadra, even members of Hayt-Scytl abandoned their isolationist views for these events.

Some discussions were specialized for smaller interest groups, while several dozen speakers were to address the entire assembly, all over the course of several standard months. The celebrations had been going on for over a week when Duinain was scheduled to give that day's lecture to the entire assembly. The suspensor-card read the title of his lecture as to all those who entered the hall:

*Spice Dreaming as a Technique of Historical Archaeology*

Idah-Mirabla Fish Speaker School

presented by

Duinian ibn Idah7 Idah-Mirabla

Sociotemprint Archaeologist

As he began, sometime after the movements settled, gradually entering into what for Duinain mark a lifetime achievement, His eyes fixed upon the prismatic colors of the Sun-Sweep Window calendar at the far end of the hall.

I look into the pathways of light in this ancient calendar, as I take steps to undo what we all know as Time.

The crowd of nearly a million reached an eerie silence, and Duinain began.

“We are assembled here in reverence to the accomplishments of that thousand years of progress historically called the Integration. Before our ancestral schools were formed, in those ages when the Scattering was ended and the Returning commenced, a great over-

coming took place. Today we stand here as a testament to both our individual Schools' irreconcilable uniqueness as well as our ability to retain the Individual amidst such an Integration. We are in agreement that the archaic concept of *humanity*, although of only minor significance to Individual life, once was a rallying word for pre-Integration beings. While Persona Shifting and Multiple Memories have become common traits among Individuals in all the major Schools, the question of how these changes came about has long remained a mystery. The origins of the Fish Speaker Schools are shrouded in the lost ancient histories, but a recent historical archaeological technique, Spice Dreaming, has uncovered keys to this lost past. In much the same way that Guild Navigators once folded space as a means of space travel, the Spice Dreamers have learned to fold consciousness as a means of time travel."

"We are a people riddled by questions. How have we acquired the variety of Schools we know today? What is our origin? Different Schools approach this knowledge differently. Our common mythos is open to interpretations. Tleilaxu Originaly Evo-Theory. Bene Gesserit Mytho-Geneticism. We stand ready for an new approach to the trace of truth. I have taken the liberty of presenting a series of Spice Dream discovered temprints from the dawn of the Integration, and the dawn of our very Fish Speaker Schools. Know that the seeds of the Integration were sown out of the conflicts beginning with the merging of two great but warring schools, the Bene Gesserit and their rivals the Honored Matres."

Duinain explained the details of the process of the Spice Dream. The individual conduit ingested Synthspice to broaden the band of consciousness. Although most Individuals possessed Multiple Memories, and could share Personas passed on within a School's line, the technique of a consensual vision had only recently been discovered. The process of the Spice Dream allowed a number of people to experience an actual historical moment by a dilation of the fabric of consciousness. Duinain glossed over the space-time figures, simplifying the idea as a cross between the ability to foldspace and the techniques of Duncan's Net. This consensual hallucination allowed history to be re-experienced, as easily as reading a history book had been ten millennia ago.

Duinain paused as he was joined at the podium by a young conduit named Jal from the Noree-Ampre School. The Noree-Ampre

school maintained a strong backbreeding with the original Ixian genepool, that had been in fashion these days, which also suited the schools members to the technical expertise of large-scale Spice Dreaming. Anyone could learn to fold the consciousness of a few proximate people, but there were a lot of threads to track and a level of discretion to drop insignificant threads, that required a Spice Dreamer with the Ixian background to manage such a large event. As Jal prepared for the trance, Duinain prepared the assembled crowd to receive the dream.

Within moments the place and the moment began to fade from Duinain's thoughts, and like the mundane dreams it was named for, the Spice Dream began to work upon his consciousness, and the consciousness of the assembly.

We can never experience the Spice Dream of another, yet we know they all coincide within the intents of the Spice Dreamer.

As Jal continued the process, folding consciousness, turning back the moments both from physical and psychological evidences, the million assembled Individual began to share the historical hallucination, each thought woven to the fabric of the desired target. Duinain's last thoughts before the dream were on Jal, who was an alphasine bred direct from Hwi Noree herself, her silhouette cutting the light from the Sun-Sweep Window.

She is beautiful as was the consort of God.

And then they were transported.

The gholia Paul Atreides was alone in the courtyard when Miles Teg entered. The boy looked around, quite aware that his progress was being watched from above by perhaps Sheeana or one of the other sisters. Paul was right of course, Sheeana and Duncan Idaho were awaiting the practice session in order to monitor his progress. Duncan was outraged, and he said so to Sheeana.

"What is the purpose of all this Sheeana?"

"Don't go there Duncan, we both know things are at work around us that are larger than your discomfort at training Paul."

She always calls him Paul, never the gholia. When I was young, mother Schwangyu had always referred to me as the gholia, never as Duncan. But Sheeana is no longer Bene Gesserit.

He watched the pair in combat training below, and Sheeana turned up the listening device to eavesdrop. Paul was angry.

“Where is Duncan? Isn’t he going to be teaching me to use plasma weapons?”

\_Where is Duncan?\_ I remember when the original Paul used to request

my company, while I watched on with his father, Duke Leto. So many lives

and I’ve returned to this.

As Sheeana spoke to Duncan, and watched Paul and Miles training below,

she realized the concept of ghola never seemed natural to a Bene Gesserit,

even though they had manipulated genetic lines for so many millennia; they

always allowed a natural birth from two parents. The idea of genetics

engineering shared the disapproval that computers gained after the

Bulterian Jihad, the technology around the field forbidden by its edicts

included computerized biotechnology. Only the Bene Tleilax practiced it,

and they always denied they did, while the Bene Gesserit used conventional

breeding. But it was now the second generation of Bene Gesserit sisters

that were comfortable with the use of Tleilaxu axlotl tanks for custom

growing gholas. Not only had they produced their own successful Duncan

Idaho, but they had also surpassed all when they produced a young Miles Teg.

The next project seemed inevitable, overseen by Sheeana and her band of

renegade sisters. The creation of a ghola unlike any ghola project

preceding it, they would bring back to life the strangest attractor of the

ancient world, they would create a ghola of Paul Atreides.

Paul cried out as Miles landed a blow. \_Alright, lad, that’s enough

hand-to-hand for today, let's move on to those plasma weapons you spoke of

earlier. Miles glanced up at the observation window, and both Duncan and

Sheeana knew what his face told.

Paul's reactions are too slow to survive. He is a relic of a past age.

Duncan gazed out at Paul, and sensed the strange feeling that everything he

did was being watched by some unknown observer.

The Spice Dream receded. The assembly's mummers grew as they awaited

Duinain's response. As the din of conversation rose in the Great Hall, Jal

gave a knowing look to Duinain as she left the sceneum.

Her eyes tell me that she thinks they're pleased with the

demonstration. But will they believe the truth's behind what their

consciousness has just experienced, for all of our sakes.

What we have revealed is a key the proof for once and for all that

they truly lived a man named Paul Atreides. The evidence before us is

obvious. Why would the memories lie? Many have claimed that the very idea

of a Kwitash Hederach was a myth constructed by the Master Face Dancers,

somehow interwoven within our very cellular memories. I offer this memory

as proof that Paul Atreides did exist. Why create a twice fallen god? The

historical Law of Least Probability demonstrates that it would be absurd

to create such a wild story where an imaginary man-god is fabricated and

then reconstructed as a gholia who is less than his origin is such a bizarre

tale that it must be true.

A voice from the crowd sounded "Of course you are familiar with the idea of Gholat Degradation Theory..."

As the voice continued to counter the Spice Dreamer findings, Duinain half listened as he watched the Sun-Sweep Window and thought of the fact that it was a representation of all ancient calendars up until its creation. When the voice was finished, Duinain resumed his findings, letting the light paths from that grand window somehow focus and guide him.

The lecture continued for some time. After the flood of questions and personal greetings, some hours later, Duinain found himself alone in the cloisters of his chambers. He reclined back into the chair where he had done most of his research. A historian of that era that produced the Integration, Duinain infrequently found himself alone these days, due to the increased interest in Integration origins due to the Millennial Celebrations. Even the Spice Dreaming could be done alone, but it was much more vivid to have multiple dreamers reconstructing a memory or a scene from the ancient past. Jal would be along soon enough, with a few other of the students of the Idah-Mirabla school. Duinian would get back to the Tleilaxu memories, that was where his current priorities lay. The Tleilaxu memories are not history, they are the key to all of our futures.

Duinain had a strong backbreeding to the original children of Duncan

and Murbella, and although the practice of Duncan gholas continued up

until two hundred years before, the Idah-Mirabla school kept to the actual

offspring, unlike the solipsistic Hayt-Idaho school, that crossbred in with

subsequent Duncan gholas. Idah-Mirabla was more like a family than a

school, a relic preserved from its founders. Duinain himself was one of

three gholas born on the same day, although rarely interacted with his two

twin brothers. As an historian, his focus had always been in the past.

Duinain had perfected the technique of multiple Spice Dreamers

reconstructing the same historical moment in a revolutionary way. Each

Spice Dreamer became responsible for the thread of a single character in a

past moment, and as the long dead personas interacted through the dream,

each dreamer kept a tight hold on his assigned persona. Some target moments

even had auxiliary Spice Dreamers focusing on interpersona communication or

even collective subtexts. This way, more internal detail could be obtained

and the scenes came across with a greater resolution of internal dialogue

and stray thoughts that were historian's bread and butter.

His thoughts wandered back to a Spice Dream he had constructed a dozen

times before, to a time that he felt had an historical poetry about it. The

present faded, and Duinain heard the years recede with a sound he always

likened to the wind rushing through the reeds from his childhood. The

association pleased him, and over the years he had nurtured it, so the hours spent in his small boat on that river by his childhood home were never lost. Soon there was no room in his consciousness for anything other than the Spice Dream, and the dilation of time brought him back to the time soon after the destruction of the original Rakis. His target was a no-ship in search of a home\_

Sheeana emerged from the no-ship with a sense of wonder and completion as her feet touched the sand of this new world. A desert. She thought, although other voices whispered, \_ for the taking..\_ --She turned her thoughts to the stream of responsibilities that were to follow. She had no precedent to guide her, only an adherence to Bene Gesserit tradition that must hold where all other traditions had unraveled. She was the tradition now; what had been was one thing, but what lay ahead for her and those who followed her was quite something else.

The planet had five moons; Sheeana liked this fact the moment Duncan had reported it upon the planet\_s discovery by the no-ships sensors. She had already rejected permanent settling of another world she had stopped on, a cooler world in comparison, much more temperate, much like Chapterhouse. They had nicknamed this first world Stopover, and, this world further resembled Chapterhouse in that it had no moon.

We even chose to remove that detail. Too much romance in a moon for the homeworld of a sisterhood that forbade even music.

Sheeana needed a world with at least one moon. "We are building a new mythology," she had said to Duncan. Stopover proved its name-sake accurate, and within a month they returned to their no-ship "leaving their moonless haven for the void of foldspace."

Time passed. Scytale paced his cell pondering the cells within his nullentropy tube. The sandworms rumbled in the converted cargo hold.

Sheeana worked with her fellow renegade sisters in private sessions. The

Duncan awoke one night soon after a nightmare vision, he saw a ghostlike

Dune returned, and was overcome with the feeling that this was a gauntlet that humanity could not surpass by simple destruction of the world. He saw

Fremen there, and Muad\_Dib was there, inviting him, warning him. He told

Sheeana that it was an oracular dream, but it was not the future he saw, not a prescient vision. He had failed to explain it more.

"I don't see the future," Duncan insisted and his emphasis on that

final world somehow was a clue to Sheeana of what he did see, "things

simply appear in the net of my extended awareness. They must not be thought of as visions of the future."

Sheeana knew Duncan's Mentat training often hindered his ability to be

a mystic. Her suggestion to him came out in one word:

"Zensunni."

One of Duncan's past incarnations had been as a Zensunni philosopher,

a Tleilaxu gift/joke to the Tyrant. That persona emerged and the words began to form in Duncan's mind.

There is something of Dune that lives after its death. Perhaps our sandworm cargo carries it, pearls of Leto's awareness. Perhaps you carry it yourself, Sheeana. He paused, and Sheeana waited on his next words, What I see defies the temporal, a disembodied spirit of a shattered world. This Dune Revenant wanders as we wander, it seeks a world to haunt as we seek one to inhabit. Restless as we are restless. Sheeana noticed he had a look in his eyes that in his half-trance he chose not to hide.

He's gazing into his Net, seeing what has been caught up in it. Duncan is our fisherman. Yet we fish for a new Dune.

Two weeks after departing moonless Stopover, they found the five-mooned world. Idaho taxed his abilities to see within his oracular net, until the world had been discovered, tangled within its mesh. He found the world there as he had found so many things. He had added lists of weapons, languages, and skills acquired out of thin air to the archive on the no-ships computer. A mechanical no-ship detector was the first project he wanted to begin work on, as soon as time and resources would allow it.

Teg can see the no-ships, Duncan had warned Sheeana, and he knew the Basher would protect the whereabouts of this five mooned world and their no-ship.

Much of the planet was already desert. Sheeana circled the no-ship that first time herself, the air was dry and hot. A dustwind kicked up, and her nostrils registered the possibility of sandworms adaptation. The dustwind carried the telltale signs of a sandstorm, not a fierce one, but on its way nonetheless from a desert sea to the south.

She marveled at this desert world. The planet's sun was of a slightly hotter class than the sun of Rakis had been. She turned to a pair of sisters that had also emerged from the ship \_ Sheeana took a handscreen itinerary from one of them \_list of the planets attributes appeared electronically. \_We\_II need stillsuits for sure, and equipment to construct our first shelters. From there we\_II manufacture the rest.\_ Sheeana returned to the screen. Hotter sun, and the planet was a notch too close, making for a quicker year.

That could quicken the sandtrout cycle.

Longer days and nights were the result of a slower planetary rotation, 16-hour days/ 16-hour nights at the equinox. The planet's large size and mass resulted in a gravity slightly greater than that of Rakis.

This world will produce strong limbed children, if we can acclimate to the heat.

Duncan emerged from the no-ship with quickness in his step, \_Sheeana, the temporary weather probe we left in orbit has downloaded its first datafeed. We should stay inside for noontime temperatures are going to get

up there. It'll be too hot to leave the no-ship. In fact, we'll probably have to shutdown all non-essential systems or we'll all cook inside. The ship's skin temperature will tax the air temperature regulators as it is. Our first hardships so soon. This must be the planet.

Duinain's consciousness emerged from the Spice Dream as Sheeana respoke those words. He remembered another time, ten years past their first arrival, when Sheeana thought those words again. Duinian contracted the moments, and he was back on the river, rushing toward the moment he desired.

"This must be the world to make us Fremen again." It was the voice of Odrade that spoke to Sheeana from other memory. Sheeana recalled the day the first arrived on new Dune, the day they landed ten years before. She remembered that day with a clarity that only a Reverend Mother could learn to master. She had realized that this was the planet, and recalled an inner conversation she had had with Odrade about what to do next: "So many things to do Dar." Sheeana had stopped herself before awakening Odrade's inner persona on that first arrival day. Recently, however, the voice of Darwe Odrade was a constant companion. These days,

Sheeana often allowed the inner voices to respond. Her fate was to change

as only one other\_s had in all of history, and she allowed a certain

freedom for the other voices. The plans had been set in motion that day ten

years ago \_deployment of the sandworms from the cargo hold, assignation of

duties, construction of dwellings assigned to those sisters, stillsuit

manufacture assigned these sisters, all modifications overseen by Duncan.

\_We are to be Fremmen again.\_ Sheeana allowed Dar the response. What a

romantic the former Reverend Mother Superior had hidden from all of us (not

as well as she had hidden sea-child though). These tides from a decade past

still held sway over Sheeana \_Odrade had even helped her in the naming of

the five moons. How mythic a position to find oneself in. More than any

artist could imagine. How will these moons lend themselves in our

challenge?

Naming the moons had been instinctive. Sheeana recalled the

conversation with Duncan: \_These moons deserve Fremmen names,\_ she had

spoken it to him on a rare night when all five moons were visible in the

sky. They had been out in the night desert on a long-term test of the new

stillsuits deep desert adaptations Duncan had made. They had been crossing

an elevated ridge that would also allow them a view of the opened \_to

allow them to mark the progress of the sandworm adaptation. They adopted

the most ancient arrhythmic Fremen step \_which triggered for Sheeana a root of deeper rhythms, her dance of Shai-Hulud.

With time the moons acquired names: L-gaib (the outer world), L-Akrab (the scorpion), L-Katib (the writer), Sihaya(desert springtime), L-Sayal (the rain of sand). The name of the planet had been more difficult.

Arrakis, as the ancients called it, itself was named from the Fremen word araq, which means \_sweat.\_ The name Dune began to stick here, especially among the younger sisters upon awakening of other memories. Once the presence of ancient Arrakis was available to them the name would emerge.

\_How much hotter Dune seems than ancient Arrakis\_ or \_Dune revives the clarity of the Fremen in the Desert.\_

Sheeana recalled how Duncan insisted on calling the planet Dune, since his vision of the Dune Revenant before their arrival. That night on the high ridge they discussed the reports of the Returning of the Master Face Dancers to the Old Empire. Sheeana told him they were searching out known desert worlds.

\_So they want to destroy this Dune as well, do they.\_ Duncan referred to one report that came from Chapterhouse, Murbella had her hands full.

Sheeana had asked \_Why do you insist on calling this world Dune.\_ Duncan returned smile as he surveyed the night bled, \_As these moons are my witness, I know one simple truth. The revenant from my vision has found a home haunt: this planet is now Dune.\_

The Spice Dream subsided. Exhausted from the days events, and the emotional twists and turns that accompanied the invocation of such uncharted and ancient memories, Duinain recalled something Jal always said to him when he overworked himself.

"Do you still remember how to have normal dreams? I'll give you a clue, it has a lot to do with going to sleep."

The Spice Dreams will have to wait until tomorrow.

Later that night, after several hours of restless sleep, Duinain awoke from a nightmare. Wet with the water of fear he recalled the dream.

The Temple to Saint Alia of the Knife.

He stood in the Temple plaza at mid-day, but he was not on Oudra. Was

he on Dune? The smell of spice coffee distracted him from the scene, with

the Melange smell he knew only from his Spice Dreamed memories. This

contradiction confused him for a lucid moment within the dream, and out of

the corner of his eye he caught the glimpse of a hooded blind man. Then the

sudden crash of broken glass. Distant. From far above. He looked to see the

Sun-Sweep Window shattering outward, as a woman's body leapt through it and

fell towards the ground a half thousand meters below. For several slowed

seconds that lasted an eternity he watched the woman fall. He woke

violently upon recognizing the woman as St. Alia, as she crashed onto the steps before him.

The millennial celebration of the Fish Speaker Schools comes at a time when GIOAD has been true to the maxims of Integral Economics for over 500 years. That GIOAD incorporates the breadth and width of our universe's wide variety of xenocultural and exeziant needs was something that the ancients could never imagine. Archaic proto-economics, like capitalism and communism, were still present as far back as CHOAM, trying to check and balance the power they held. Being grounded in Integral Economics, GIOAD is no longer bound by questions of politics. Without such a system, we would expand to a critical mass that would mean our mutual destruction. We surrender all power unconditionally, so our success is the universe's success: measured in processes, not goals.

-GIOAD progressive philosophy.

The meeting of the directors of GIOAD was not scheduled for another 3 demicycles, so an emergency annex meeting had been established unanimously by remote. The Guild Ixian Omni Asymulant Directorship had existed in name for several centuries, but the edicts upon which Ixian Guild alliances were coded spanned millennia back to the time of the God Tyrant, and the precedent of Ixian Guild cooperation and collusion could be found in the mythic stories of Muad\_Dib. GIOAD directors included

representatives from the major Guild enclaves as well as high exposure

Ixian technocrats, cybimech theorists, and parliamentary integral

economists.

Lai Ampre, was the technocrat emperor of Ix, and it was her role

to begin the GIOAD proceedings. Bred through the Noree-Ampre School from

the same breeding process that produced Hwi Noree, Lai and her twin Jal

represented a style of Noree-Ampre breeding that stressed the undoing of

the ancient male gender bias in technological creation. Hwi Noree, who

wedded the God Tyrant himself, began to symbolize the issue that the

male urge to create was often externalized and almost never had the

grace of biological creation. The Noree-Ampre School stressed that

female Ixians had an intrinsic understanding of the biological bias, and

technology created by their School was not bound to the male overcoming

of the creative urge. As females had once continued the species, their

machines need not reflect such a knee-jerk reaction, so the cybimech

theorists would pronounce. Lai reflected on these roles as she

approached the small orbit-to-surface pod that would transport her to

the parliament hall.

Although the meetings could be attended remotely via holo-imaging,

a tradition of physical presence of the directors a long ensured a high

level of attention and importance that all GIOAD meetings demanded. Lai

passed into the atmosphere of Ix from her residence on the artificial

Ring, encircling Ix in orbit. The Ixian homeworld echoed much of the

technological architecture they had introduced on Old Gammu, known to

mythology as Giedi Prime. The tales of the world of Baron Harkonnen

marked that world as an achievement of technology gone mad. The surface

of Ix was encapsulated in an exoskin, an armor of their techno-civilization, that the Ixians had always been known and feared

for. Lai recalled the Ixian credo: Nothing exists that cannot be

improved upon.

In the days of the Old Empire they had been kept in check, but the

Ixians had undergone a renaissance during the time of the God Tyrant.

The fact that the myths spoke of their machines as amusements for the

God Tyrant, as did the gholas of the Tleilaxu, and His leniency towards

them, caused the Ixians to flourish.

We have truly transformed Technology into Art.

As Lai descended towards the surface, the city of Richese, named in

honor of the sacrificed fabrication world, destroyed during the

bloodshed of the Returning. Richese was a symbol of the age of Integral

Economics. The city was no longer spires of glasteel that could only be

compared to the rank and file phalanx as was common during the

Scattering. The Integration years had witnessed a redesign of

fundamental concepts in architecture. The decentralization of Ixian urban systems were cross planet arranged by an equation of functionality, aesthetics and metamorphosis that could only be compared to non-Euclidean geometry. This bizarre aesthetic had become common to the Ixians \_but it was the same strangeness that kept offworlders away from Ix. Visually maddening, visitors were unable to reference such a groundless contrast of space and matter. Ixians themselves found other worlds equally unpleasant, with the effects claustrophobia lessened by implants when they did leave Ix.

Lai stepped across the portal and onto the transport to the Richesean Beauropalace. She passed several Guildsmen in their spicetanks as she entered the building.

We have always been the perfect companions to the Guildsman. To bend space and time they exchanged the static view of \_human\_, in the same way we have done with implants. We were the first to Integrate with our environment; we turned our dependence on device into a philosophy of enhancement.

The directors were prepared for the moment of her arrival. Lai began in the convoluted style of address that was the practice on Ix; formal grammars governed by a linguistic calculus that was best suited for technical descriptions.

Not a spoon for just any mouth.

She advanced to the crisis at hand; I need not understate the locus of our situational roles. The verification of The Ones With Many Faces as an epidemic transformation of the Master Face Dancers is evident from all reports. What Individual reports need addressing?\_ Eahrch spoke first, his Synthspice body mutated by the EIdrich School\_s tradition, squirming within his spice-tank, \_The Ones With Many Faces seek the Dune Revenant, however, they are no closer than we at discovering if the planet ever existed. All histories show there was never a second Dune. Yet that is what they seek.\_ Almek, a cybernetic space-folder, shifted while Eahrch spoke, but said nothing. Eahrch had ancient roots as a descendant of the Edrichs, who had known Muad\_Dib, back in the age when Guild navigators were rated by the stage of hyperspatial specificity. Almek, however, was truly a product of the Integration, folding space by means of internal Ixian machines. He was of a School that\_s motto was: Let History be Forgotten. Almek piped in with his standard argument line, \_The age of spice is over, we now fold space with biomechanics. Our goal should be to continue along the path that we began over a thousand years ago, I speak to the utter reversal of the edicts of the Bultarian Jihad.\_ Almek spoke of the space-folding implants, which could not only think, but were actually able to dream

the spice trance that allowed the possibilities of spacefolding.  
Edrich

could not help himself, \_Find Dune Revenant and the True  
Spice, and the  
ancient ways shall return.\_

Lai, detecting their interaction and interjected, \_We must al-  
low

ourselves to put aside the ambitions of the enclaves or the  
Ixian

assemblage and act as one in this matter.\_ Lai motioned to Nro  
Pathay,

as she continued \_\_for that reason we should proceed accord-  
ing to the

algorithms of the generalists.\_ Nro grimaced at this request,  
Lai

purposefully excluding his extremist algorithms, which often  
worked

outside of integral economic limits. The generalist algorithms  
had

enabled Ix and the Guild an alternative to politic in the Integra-  
tion,

but it did ensure GIOAD\_s place in the universe's economy. The  
extremist

algorithms that Nro Pathay and his line had theorized upon,  
sought to

use the resources available to GIOAD to reverse the nature  
of the

Integration in a politico-military manner. Some saw them as  
Ixian

nationalists that sought a New Empire, in spite of all the calcula-  
tions

that proved lack of real stability in all empires. Before he  
could

submit his objection, Lai added, \_We wouldn\_t want to undo the  
stability

that GIOAD needs to continue the known worlds along the  
path of

integration. Our intentions should continue as they always  
have,

especially in safeguarding our knowledge of Sheeana's Path and Dune

Revenant from the Master Face Dancers.\_

Yours is the road to failure for all of us.

Lai continued, \_The location of Dune Revenant and the outcome of

that phase of our history is unknown to even those of our rank.

The

ancient history tells that Jlai Ampre, my ancestor, aided by the Duncan

and his revelations, folded Dune Revenant outside of our space, by means

of an encrypted phase shift, forever placing the planet and its moons

outside of our universe. The final fate of Sheeana, Duncan, and Scytale

were never revisited.

Nro Pathay chose this moment to strike, \_Except for the visitations

your sister Jal allows the universe to view via her Spice Dreams.

Some

talk about the truth of the gholia Paul, and the fate of Sheeana, seems

to fall on deaf ears. I wonder how the Master Face Dancers are regarding

all of this.\_

Lai answered calmly, \_The Master Face Dancers are not our only

concern. The implications of the Ones With Many Faces seem to outweigh

even their benign pestering.\_

Nro rebutted, \_Wouldn't it serve in our best interests to offer the

Master Face Dancers the encryption key to the Dune Revenant. Could we

not ally ourselves with one enemy to ward off another that is far

greater.\_

Does he admit to collaboration? He must be watched constantly!

Lai calmed herself and added, "Your solution is noted, however, the

consul is in need of your functions as generalist. As you know, our

initial inquiry and project confirm an 88 percent probability of Sheeana

sharing the God Tyrant's dream of becoming a sandworm, a 31 percent

probability of her transforming several of her renegade sisters as well.

Our final analysis I have personally compiled, and it is perhaps the

most shocking: A 19 percent chance that Sheeana herself, as a

sandworm, is still alive today on Dune Revenant, folded away from our

universe. The question should not be, should we inform the Master Face

Dancers of her presence? Rather, we should wonder what she has been

planning for them, and for all of us, for the past 2000 years?"

To describe the transformation of the Bene Tleilaxu defies the limits

of the knowledge of an individual being. The ancient caste systems produced

its masters and slaves. However, when the mule slaves perfected their face

dancing over the millennia, they evolved into something quite different and

unexpected. Just as Scytale had transformed over successive iterations from

mule to Mastif, so did these Master Face Dancers transcend the role given

to them by the Old Masters. What was the final outcome: The Ones With Many

Faces. Many wish to approach The Ones With Many Faces, as one would

approach a stranger when visiting a new land, and ask them, "How did you

get to be this way?\_ Does one ask the moth how it changed from a caterpillar? The answer is forgotten in the cocoon. And the empty husk is the only witness to the fact.

-from the Chani-Tej School.

Jal, and a half dozen other spice dreamers, entered Duinain's chamber

in the historical hall of Ouadra. The planet was once the seat of the first

combined sisterhoods of Bene Gesserit and Honored Matres during the

Returning over 1000 years before. Now it was a Fish Speaker School

planet, with various colleges from across the universe. Idah-Mirabla had

secured the actual Bene Gesserit grand hall as they traced their origins

back to Mirabella, one of a dozen icons of the Integration that would prove

to make the word \_humanity\_ no longer collectively inclusive of the

universes myriad beings.

\_What are you doing alone?\_

\_Getting prepared for the Tleilaxu reconstruction,\_" Duinain didn't

face them, he paused, and then asked, \_How was the Sociotem-print received.\_

\_The consessorium report as of moments ago was that Paul was a myth

constructed by the Master Face Dancers several hundred years ago in

conjunction with their transformation plans to become the Ones With Many

Faces.\_

\_Why will people always fall back on conspiracy theories.\_

Duinain was silent for a moment.

No one plans mistakes like Paul, or would ever construct a story like the Paul ghola incident. And no one, not even the Masters, plan their own evolution.

Duinain spoke his next phrase outloud, "Things just happen."

Jal and her fellow Spice Dreamers had made themselves comfortable around the room. "Should we get started, some of us have other things to do besides muddle through the past."

They began. Duinain guided the moment as consciousness folded. As the

dream began to focus, Scytale came into view. It was several years before

the target time, and Scytale overlooked the axlotl tanks. Ten years ago he

had been a captive of the No-Ship with Duncan Idaho. After the

destruction of Bene Tleilax by the Honored Matres, Scytale had been the

sole survivor of the elite core of that society.

How hive-like we've become - - our Way had made it necessary. Tleilaxu

Masters, Face Dancers, the axlotl tanks - - Now, a hive unlike any hive

returns from the Scattering.

It was Scytale's voice.

Duinain caused time to surge forward with a peristaltic gesture, ahead

to the target time, after the Tleilaxu masters had first emerged from

Scytale's nullentropy tube.

Scytale stood before the reanimated Tleilaxu Masters. They're motives

had been awakened according to the old methods, bringing back their history

and memories. However, the purpose of this briefing was to bring the council up to date since their destruction.

Destruction by the Honored Matres will be nothing compared to what we face now. We face our very extinction by our own creation.

The reconvening had a ritual about it; a familiarity brought about by millennia of repetition. Each member of the council had experienced a

thousand deaths and rebirths, but never had all perished at once.

If not for the nullentropy tube, which held all the vital genetic data, we would be lost, and I would be the last.

Still, the event seemed mundane and routine, each role snapping into place as if it had been pre-programmed to unfold at this given moment.

“Sheeana is our first concern,” Scytale launched into his itinerary,

“She is in communication with the consciousness of the God Emperor that is within each sandworm.”

Nuahul spoke first, “We realize the powindah woman’s gift is from the

God Emperor himself, why should she be a concern of ours? Since we have

given her the Muad\_Dib cells, and she has given us this moon for Neo

Tleilax in exchange, our dealings have been standard as they have with all

Bene Gesserit for the past century. What is your concern?”

Scytale’s face twisted and he spoke, “I had been their captive and

believe me, she has something planned. We need to watch this powindah

bitch. We must act from caution.” Xiatl offered a compromise, “I motion to

have a gholia grown from the cells you’ve gathered from her Scytale, then we

can proceed with psycho-biotic testing and axlotl trait titration.\_

Scytale sighed with compliance. It was true they could infer her

motives and study her gholas reactions, but they would not have enough

time. Whatever Sheeana was up to, she had to already be in the advanced

stages of any plan whose course she would be following. Scytale inhaled

before he continued with his agenda.

\_As you all now know, in your absence, the newest Duncan ghola has

exceeded all expectations: He Who Knew God has acquired the multives

similar to ours. He has show resistance to the whistle language we embedded

in him.\_

Atlell, who originally developed the idea of the multilived council

5000 years earlier rose to attention, \_I suggest we allocate a number of

mules to begin a multilive breeding matrix for a future program.\_

Nuahul responded after taking notice of Scytale\_s grimace, \_It seems

that Mastif Scytale has lost some of the Bene Tleilaxu faith during his

time among the powindah. Do you forget, Mastif Scytale, that the Tleilaxu

faith was built upon patience, foresight, and initiative?\_

\_I do not forget, but does Mastif Nuahul not heed the old adage, \_Plan

while the enemy wakes, Act while the enemy sleeps.' Would you have us

caught in a research project when our enemies strike?\_

\_Take no offence Mastif Scytale, I merely note that we may act and

plan.\_

Scytale nodded to him and continued with his third issue, \_Lastly, we

have another unsuspected result from the Teg gholas. I hope those of you not involved with this research have all reviewed the data sent on his accelerated enhancements brought on by the T-probe.

Several of the Mastifs whispered among themselves as they took interest, but it was Xiatl who piped in a response, "We have already adapted several of the excelgro axlotl tanks with a T-probe modification.

So modified, we are continuing to maximize the throughput of our axlotl tanks. The first mules were born out of this technology today and the results are as you would expect. These mules are faster and stronger than ever, and we've managed to have a greater control over pre-bred specialization limits and maximum lifespan. I'm sending this first batch down to the surface to continue work on the Holy Seitch.

Jal emerged first, and waited for the others to return from the dream.

When they had all returned, the other Spice Dreamers said their good-byes and left Duinain's chamber.

Duinain followed them on the way out with his eyes and said, "You know

Jal, eighty percent of all Spice Dreamers are female, it has to do with

Siona-genes." He changed the subject, "That Sociotemprint is available to

all the Fish Speaker Schools, and still they doubt its importance.

"How can they argue otherwise, Scytale himself has discussed the reanimation of Paul."

\_You know the arguments, gholas core-memory degradation, cellular

mnemonic encoding, should I continue. We are two years into a real threat

from the Ones With Many Faces, yet the rival schools continue to create

false enemies. They\_re conspiracy delays action with research.\_

\_What was Scytale\_s plan?\_

\_I haven\_t gotten much of it yet, his mind was traditionally Tleilaxu,

keep the plan hidden even from the self. The Bene Tleilaxu of that day had

taken the philosophical question of language to ultimate level literalism.

They translated language as code, that is, as that which stands between the

way things are, the way they seems, and the hidden ways.\_

\_The unknowable ways,\_ Jal added. \_To us it seems so simple, but at

the time, it was revolutionary. I just don\_t think they were any more

revolutionary than the Bene Gesserit or the Tyrant himself.\_

Duinian stood up from his seat and walked to a window overlooking the

Ouadra afternoon, \_the Tleilaxu sense of praxis is revealed in their

constant need to be literal, though ground their theories into practice.\_

\_They were the ultimate materialists.\_

\_Exactly why they were the specialists of the body: they had the

ability to create shape shifting Face Dancers and to reanimate the dead as

gholas from axlotl tanks. The ultimate code is the one grounded in the

being of biological bodies: the genetic code. The long held Bene Tleilaxu

secret is their equating the being of language with DNA, the genetic code

that they call God\_s Language.\_

Jal interrupted, "This was Scytale's intention? We are all born from axlotl tanks, Duinain, how can this be a clue to his intentions? How does any of this lead us closer to the Ones With Many Faces?"

Duinain turned from the window to face Jal. "What do we know about the ancient Tleilaxu origins? They had bred themselves along a path that translates their own individual genetic code along the lines of their Zensunni beliefs that thread back through decimillenia. They had even perfected the encoding of gaps in their genetic sequence that traditionally would have no gaps. These gaps decentralized the idea of identical DNA throughout an organism. Don't you see, this was a Zensunni trick, the entire being only has a complete genetic code, are no single DNA strand is complete. The one is both empty and full. The gaps constitute concealment on the part of the Bene Tleilaxu ultimate motives, as the Bene Gesserit themselves were never able to decipher the Tleilaxu intentions and motives, let alone overcome the idea of breeding."

"So are you saying the Ones With Many Faces were outside of the control of the original Tleilaxu masters?"

"By all means. I think they were even out of the control the Master Faces Dancers. From my research with Duncan memories, he first was in contact with two Master Faces Dancers, Marty and Daniel. Follow the threads from there and you'll find that the Ones With Many Faces even took the

Master Face Dancers by surprise. I just hope we\_re able to decipher their

secret before its too late.\_

Jal added a solemn note, \_Reports from a Teg-Chiani school outworld

claims we\_re losing as many a three worlds a day on the rim. With each

world they take, the Ones With Many Faces have a new bio-matter basis for

further expansion.\_

\_Geometric expansion,\_ Duinain did the math, as more worlds were

consumed by the Ones With Many Faces, their expansion increased in speed

and in more directions. A thousand years earlier, the Honored Matres fled

the Master Face Dancers, for the Old Empire. Their Returning and our

Integration was based on reaction from the Master Face Dancers driving us

through evolution. Who knew that the Master Faces Dancers were facing a

similar revolution from within their own alien civilization. The resistance

to any reconstructed memories about the Master Face Dancers or the Paul

ghola that came for the other Fish Speaker Schools lay in the fact that no

Master Face Dancer had ever been encountered in a thousand years. The

theories of cellular-memory tempering emerged as a psychological

explanation to this centuries old mystery: Why did they have memories of

these Masters if on was never encountered? Duinain knew they existed. More

than that, he knew he needed to get into contact with a Master Face Dancer

to learn what they knew. This would be more impossible than finding the

Dune Revenant world itself, a world that he knew existed. In spite of all the reconstructed memories of Dune Revenant, the world was never found anywhere in the know universe, explained away by the Schools as ghola-degradation psychosis. Duinain swore by Duncan\_s Net that he would prove these theories wrong.

His voice alone caused me rest, and all the evils he had done only empowered him in my mind. They called the Old Baron Harkonnen evil, but what of the tradition of calling the pre-born Abomination. Did anyone say, \_Alia, what have you to tell us from your unique knowledge.\_? They did not.

They feared me, and they condemned me. I was the first to wrestle with this angel, the one who sought to live with all the Other Memories. When I could no longer control them, I needed a voice that could. And when humanity can no longer bear the burdens of its history, will they not need a tyrant to keep the past at bay. Know that when the crisis of humanity comes, they will have been elated that their Tyrant came to save them. And that we all are Abomination will only goad us into finding a new language that permits understanding.

-From the play The Vindication of Saint Alia.

Jal sent off a sociotemprint of their recent Spice Dreams to her sister Lai on Ix. At the same time, an incoming transmission was received from Lai, presumably sent sometime earlier.

We need to keep in close contact. Who knows when our commutation lines will be broken?

The transmission was in three parts, Lai always sent a brief note on recent events, and along with that was a text called The Vindication of

Saint Alia, and a note regarding this play. Jal played the note, which was

a holo-image. Lai appeared with the usual crackle of image into nearby empty space and spoke:

\_Hello my dream twin. I always knew you would dream your life away,

while I've taken the road of responsibility. Avoiding the Edrichs and

Pathay keeps me in the archives these days, and I came across a reference

to this in some archaic crystal memory storage. It's a WRITTEN PLAY;

something I know you'd appreciate. It's the same as the holo-drama's of

this classic, but I guess I never realized that Murbella wrote the thing

down by HAND. Anyway take a stab at it. How's Duinain doing? Has he found

any other GOOD Spice Dreamers so you can come home? Lai.\_

The message ended, and Jal clicked open the icon for the text play.

She had seen it dozens of times before (it was always performed here on

Ouadra during Idha-Mirabla social events), however she had also never

thought of it as a text. She scrolled through to one of her favorite parts,

and was surprised that she still could enjoy read something so better

experienced visually\_

The Vindication of Saint Alia: Act II, Scene  
iii.

(CHAPTERHOUSE: Alone  
in the Dark,  
MURBELLA  
contemplates the  
forming of the FISH  
SPEAKER SCHOOLS to  
disband both the  
BENE GESSERIT and  
HONORED MATRES. She  
has overdosed  
herself with the  
Spice Melange in  
hopes of receiving  
some vision to enact  
her plan)

MURBELLA  
(INTOXICATED) How  
many billions do I  
hold within the  
confines of one  
body? To one who  
hasn't undergone the  
Agony, you would  
think of one such as  
I as a concentrated  
being, more souls  
than one body was  
meant to have.  
Would an outsider be  
surprised how spread  
thin this burden  
makes me. How  
diluted each thought

seems when another  
could speak it a bit  
differently from  
Other Memory? How  
eagerly some soul  
might leap at the  
chance to contradict  
me. And yet I seek  
to gather them all  
together, to thin  
out to a point that  
I might have them  
all at once\_conduct  
them outward like a  
lens through which I  
might espy the path  
that I must take.  
So far back we  
stretch, mothers,  
children, mothers  
again. Mother,  
matre, madra, mama,  
mah. Here I see her,  
one not so like us,  
but so like all of  
us. I see her  
here. She is  
standing by the  
river, listening to  
the water flowing by  
in some ancient  
river. Stopping  
each sound the river  
makes. So many  
sounds and she hears  
them all. And she  
waits for the  
insects to pass, and  
the winds to  
silence, and behind

the sounds of the  
water she hears them  
speaking to her.  
The fish. She  
listens for the fish  
until their voices  
come to her through  
the rushing. And  
the fish speaks to  
her:

\_Why do you  
listen past the  
river to hear me  
speak?\_

Because I wish  
to hear what your  
voice would tell me.

\_What of all  
the other sounds,  
are they not also  
for you to hear.  
Does not the river  
speak her lesson.  
Does not the tree  
speak with its  
voice, stirred to  
speak by the wind.  
Or the creatures of  
the land and air?  
Why do you stop to  
hear us speak?\_

Because one day  
we must face  
something, that you  
know so well. To  
learn from you how

you continued, so  
that we may  
continue.

\_We do not stop  
the river. We are  
part of it. You  
will know what your  
river is when you  
cannot stop it.  
When you are part of  
it. Is this all  
that you wished to  
hear?\_

That you say  
this gives me hope.  
That we know where  
to find your voice  
will give those of  
us to come hope. So  
many will come to  
hear you. So many.

So many. Can we  
turn back to them,  
to those first Fish  
Speakers? We cannot  
stop it.

I cannot.

(Sounds of someone  
entering outside the  
door which Murbella  
stares at, half  
expecting a flood of  
water to rush in.  
When the doors open,  
light floods in, and

Murbella collapses.  
Enter DUNCAN IDAHO.)

DUNCAN

Murbella! (calling  
to someone outside  
the room) Quickly  
someone, Mother  
Superior has  
collapsed!

MURBELLA

(weakly) I cannot  
stop its course, my  
Duncan. The fish  
had warned her so  
long ago. They  
warned us from the  
start, but we never  
listened.

DUNCAN

No need to stop it,  
dearest. Just relax  
and let it go.  
(attendants enter  
and lift her in a  
lying position.)

SISTER 1

She reeks of  
Spice. What was she  
doing?

DUNCAN

What does any Fish  
Speaker do?

(attendants take her  
from the room to

care for her. Duncan  
turns and follows  
them out.)

EXIT.

\* \* \* \*

Jal clicked shut the text and thought about the story of  
The  
Vindication of Alia. Murbella wrote it herself after she began to  
merge the  
two schools of the Bene Gesserit and the Honored Matres. The  
play was to  
describe the way Murbella utilized the Other Memory of Alia in  
order to  
help her to make the decision. As the mythology told, Alia  
had been  
possessed by her Other Memory of her grandfather, the Baron  
Harkonnen, a  
possession that resulted in Alia's suicide.  
Murbella had an ever-present question on her mind: \_In what  
direction  
shall I lead my Sisters?\_ This new sisterhood had the potential of  
all the  
greatness of both the Bene Gesserit and the Honored Matres,  
but the leader  
was being crushed by the options open to her. Murbella was  
constantly  
ingesting near-fatal levels of Spice, to explore all the permuta-  
tions of  
choices. She consulted great leaders of the past, each with  
their own  
achievements and flaws. Odrade. Mohiam. Only until she  
walked through the  
memories of Alia did she find her way.  
Although Alia never had children, Tleilaxu agents had stolen  
some of  
her cells, and when they fled in the Scattering, often tried to  
breed these

traits into members of the Honored Matres as a bargaining tool. So,

Murbella came into the memories through this crossbreeding process. The

story goes on to describe the way Alia possessed Murbella, how Murbella

allied herself with the inner Alia, and finally, how the two overcame the

Baron Harkonnen possessing both of them now. Murbella's trial would become

a core study of her new established Fish Speaker School, and would

eventually lend itself to the practices of Persona Shifting and Multilive

Individuals as they were today.

Was this a lesson too well learned? Why send the Vindication of Alia

to me? Does Lai know of some connection between this story and the rise of

the Ones With Many Faces?

Murbella's experience was not only inspiration for dramatic writing.

The Neo-Tleilaxu consul under Scytale's command sought to bargain with the

Master Face Dancers in an attempt to thwart off Sheeana.

Had Scytale taken cells of Murbella, with the cellular memories of the

ability to abolish abominations, and traded them with the Master Face

Dancers all those centuries ago? Does Lai suspect this as the origin of the

Ones With Many Faces?

Jal replayed Lai message, knowing the best encoding was metaphor...

"Anyway, take a stab at it." Saint Alia of the Knife. Not just a loose

joke...

Jal scrolled forward through the readout of the play. Murbella became obsessed with Alia, but the clue wasn't rooting in her mind. Jal slipped halfway into a Spice Dream while she watched the readout for clues. All the while, a slight hint of Murbella other memories guided her as a sort of intuition about what to keep and what to let go.

The more she revisited Alia, the more she forgot her own problems.

Murbella began to notice the way in which Harkonnen had possessed Alia--but somehow--could not notice that Alia was overtaking her. Alia became sweet and ruthless to Murbella, so entranced by her mystique and presence. Alia's innocence came from her unique status as abomination. She was new to a world only she knew--and Murbella would stand transfixed by her in wonder.

Would it have been so hard for someone to have reached out and accepted Alia? What was she envisioning that gets glossed over by her so defined condition? She was the Saint of the Knife--and here she is seen cutting through the limits of what is human. (the first person to not be human saves and kills her). What is left without her is a worship of our relationship with the ego. She only asked more of us than we were able to know...

Jal emerged from the Spice Dream. She glanced back at Lai's note.

"How's Duinain doing?"

Duinain needed to learn about this fact. She could not risk the Spice

Dream alone; too many details could be lost.

If Lai is right, our future may be much shorter than even the

pessimism of Duinain predicts. With an overcoming like this as part of

their initial genetic make-up, who knows what boundaries that Ones With

Many Faces are breaking through with each passing day?

In any ecosystem \_there exists a stratum of lifeforms whose sole

existence is to provide the base for higher life forms. Were it revealed to

humanity that we are as culturally meaningless as bacteria in the eyes of

higher lifeforms would cause a mass existential anxiety and hysteria, as

history has never seen. If it had been otherwise, if the Golden Path of the

Tyrant God had been set in perpetual motion without the need for further

intervention, there would have been no need for Sheeana\_s race of

sandworms, nor for Master Face Dancers. We shudder at the thought, but even

they are only steps to a new level of being. Were we to look deep enough

we would find all progress as mere building blocks to whatever else may

come to pass.

--Ancient NeoTleilaxu Coda.

Duncan could see them staring back from the future. First the Master

Face Dancers Marty and Daniel, now these Spice Dreamers, Jal and Duinain.

I can't tell where they are gazing from; they are so different from

us. Fish Speaker Schools! They look back to this very crucial time.

He realized the young ghola Paul was standing before him, distracting

Duncan's inner gaze away from his Net.

When did I first meet you Paul?

When Duncan first saw Paul was an experience hard to explain and

harder to share. Before him stood the Paul ghola, as he knew him when he

trained him as the head swordmaster of Leto Atrides. These were the

original memories first experienced by a man named Idaho. These memories

had been the basis of all the Duncan gholas over the centuries.

Duncan decided to turn this into a different kind of lesson.

(Try reconstructing this detail, future voyeur!)

\_You know about Other Memories, don't you Paul?\_

\_Sure, what Sheeana has taught me. When the other me was Awakened by

the spice, it allowed me access to multiple-ancestral memories,\_ Paul

hesitated, as if he were to keep silent; and then blurted out, \_Will I

undergo the Spice Agony?\_

\_Not to worry about that now Paul, not to worry about becoming

Muad\_Dib.\_

\_Was the moon of the destroyed Dune beautiful? Sometimes I want those

memories back just to know why I chose the shadow mouse.\_

Does he see the shadow mouse? Now! Zensunni.

\_The feeling of deja-vu to one with multiple-life memories at his

disposal seems unimportant. Yet here we stand Paul, swordmaster and

student, Duncan and Paul, as we had stood years before.\_

Gods, it was 7000 years before.

Duncan thought of the oddness that this déjà-vu presented: to a

feeling that transversed permutations of being unimaginable, to arrive here

to him at this given time. He looked at Paul.

There is truth in this feeling.

The boy Paul looked on, and responded to Duncan's silence with the

simple smile a student gives the teacher he respects, but does not quite

understand.

Sometime later Duncan found himself alone, Paul sent off to his

studies with one of Sheeana's sisters.

What did you do to us Leto, you old Worm?

Duncan remembered the Tyrant in a way that no other could even

imagine.

Gods, did I know him!

How many times had he arrived for the first time before Leto in the

dark? How many times had Leto tested him? How many times had he died at

Leto hands?

He would call me one of his Duncans! One of a series of me.

Now the Tyrant seemed to be such a one among many.

One worm, but I knew him from the point of view of many lives.

Duncan recalled Leto mentioning something of the worms to come after

his death. \_More Ganglia. And aware!\_ He would say in his basso voice. The

transformation to worm had strange effects on Leto's larynx. Duncan

imagined its low tones could be heard reverberating under the sand if Leto

chose to.

Sheeana is in touch with this intelligence. From the first day she

summoned the worms.

Sheeana had been spending more time in the desert these days.

“In preparation.” She would say. In preparation for what? Duncan

recalled a discussion he had with Sheeana about the Tyrant. Why she choose

to explain the obvious to him suddenly:

“By merging with the worm, Leto extended their awareness of us. We are

benefiting from the melange both directly and indirectly, its so easy to

see Duncan.”

“But given this, what is the relationship between human and worm.”

“Ah the Mentat comes to the fore ground for his question; but the

computation is too quick. Try the dance next time Duncan.”

Melange never extended consciousness for the long term, it merely

brought us closer to the kind of being the sandworms always had. Now that

Leto has brought the possibility of a closer joining of Sandworm and Human,

Sheeana hopes to seal his plan with one last calculated procedure.

Symbiosis.

Teg entered the room, interrupting Duncan’s train of thought.

“Duncan Idaho, always the pawn, even of his own thoughts.” Teg smiled

as he handed Duncan a vidbook.

“What’s this.”

“Report from Sheeana. Syctale’s up to something in the outskirts of

the deep bled.” Duncan looked over the ecological report from the

equatorial bled as well as the southern dune sea. Sheeana reported that the

sandtrout were abundant and many of the smaller worms seem to be growing quite large.

Duncan looked up at Teg, "Miles, you know this place is unique. In all the worlds we've visited, none have been able to sustain the sandworms."

"Might not be unique for long, if I can't find a way to stabilize the

Ixian phasing modules in orbit. The entire system had been successfully

held out of phase with the universe of the Old Empire in a stabilized

spacefold. Teg and Duncan had developed the design from the noship's

systems, which constantly dream the mathematics necessary to keep the world

safe for the Master Face Dancers.

"Hiding a small star system within a constantly fluctuating hyperspace

field keeps us hidden, but it has a way of wearing out the equipment that

makes it possible."

"That's your excuse for not keeping an eye on Scytale." Duncan handed

back the vidbook to Teg

"Sheeana has only now alerted us. However, she has not directly

intervened with Scytale's plans. I suggest we pay Scytale a personal visit,

and leave the Tleilaxu presence in the deep desert to Sheeana's worms."

Sheeana's worms. How close you are to the truth Miles.

To know the state of the multiverse before and after the Tyrant God,

imagine the image of an hourglass. His role represents the ancient idea of

a key-log, being both the log-jam in the river and the tidal release after

wards. History gave way to his vision, become like an inverted pyramid that leads to the Tyrant God, just as the past becomes that which he releases upward into the pile of sand. The being of the world held fast to his exact brand of the future that we now live in. And the hidden agenda is more apparent than most would suspect: his future is authored by us, in a way that finds us producing our past ourselves. The Tyrant God becomes the geometric null point at the intersection of two opposing pyramids, that works its way through the future at once grounded in the base that is humanity, and open to our greatest potential.

-Lecture\_s of Sheeana to the gholia Muad\_Dib.

The southern bled was home of sandstorms unimagined by lost Dune standards. Here on this Dune Revenant, the southern bled lay at the edge of the wide southern dune sea, where the open terrain allowed the winds to build speed until they devastated the western borders with constant sandstorms. Sheeana and two dozen sisters had made this area a constant home along an agenda that she had laid out for them. The southern bled was home of the most active sandworms and the sources of many spice blows. And the Dune Sea was where the Tleilaxu had been quite busy for at least several weeks. Sheeana contemplated her Atriedies origins more than she ever had done

as a Bene Gesserit. Here in the deep desert, monitoring the progress of the sandworms, kept her constantly aware of destiny, both personal and historical. The sisters who followed her here knew she had a vision, and the constant spice ingested by all allowed the lines to blur somewhat, blending her wishes with their wishes. She guided them in this insane frontier as a sculptor would mold wet clay.

The talent had always been there in humans. We merely needed to meet up with the Spice to release what had been locked away.

Muad\_Dib had changed all that. Muad\_Dib sired the Tyrant God himself, an unexpected crashing down of the Bene Gesserit breeding program. This was reason enough to break with the Bene Gesserit ways.

Murbella will do fine picking up the pieces. She is her own brand of artiste, the wild strain demands that she be.

In the desert, dreams came to Sheeana. They would overpower the moment, and she knew not if they were imagined or real. She saw herself

with Murbella, across the bounds of the pocket of the multiverse that held

Dune Revenant. Sheeana could not tell if she was seeing the dream or if it

was being created by her. And with that thought, she was beside Murbella and in contact with her dilemma.

For Murbella it was a time of contemplation in the midst of crisis.

The Ones with Many Faces were infringing more and more open the last human

sectors of the Old Empire. How many sisters had been lost during their

relentless assaults? The fact that they would resort to any means, planet burners or biogenic weapons, to expand their own influence was beyond any strategy.

They are like insects. But these insects have an agenda! More than just the hive, what is their reason? What is their goal, to fill habitable space with their own form of metamorphic biology?

Murbella walked through Chapterhouse, that was looking more like a battleground than the home of the sisterhood. Her personal attendant,

Laeona, showed the harsh genetic features of her Honored Matre heritage.

Just below these young features was there common Bene Gesserit features.

This one especially has a resemblance to Hwi Noree.

This was strange, since Hwi never begot children. However, genetic

archeologists had scoured the sands of the original Dune to find a few

usable cells of the Tyrants bride for their own breeding program.

Hwi Noree was an Ixian, from the time that Ix and the post-Leto Fish

Speakers were united.

Murbella thought of how there was no sect of Fish Speakers today. She

thought about her vision, the one in which she was on Terra and she

listened to the message of the fish. Just as a now ancient and forgotten

cult once called this planet Earth, the cradle of humanity, so had an

ancient people of Earth, called the once fertile land between two

equatorial rivers the Tigris and Euphrates, the fertile cressant. These

places may disappear from the universe, but they lie within us, and, having

molded us, continue to present themselves into the future.

The look on Laeon's face revealed the expression that Murbella was

projecting. This is the secret! I know which way to take my sisters!

Leaona asked, \_Mother Superior, is something wrong?\_

Murbella responded, \_Quite the opposite Sister, everything is suddenly right!\_

The moment faded, and Sheeana found herself back in the desert, on the

outskirts of the Tleilaxu revelation. Her sisters moved about in the day to

day ritual that was custom here in the deep bled, during a sandstorm of

this intensity. Thoughts of Leto filled her consciousness. Leto himself

realized that the wild talent was not enough—that is why he bred Siona.

Now we are all children of Siona.

She contemplated the breeding programs. Did such things really exist?

Could such a naive notion ever exist today? A human could be reanimated

from 5000 year old cells. A human could merge with a sandworm. A breed of

Master Face Dancers can shift flesh and release consciousness? Leto needed

the breeding program as a fix, while Muad\_Dib's rejection of that path

insured a different option, only recently realized by Sheeana.

And now that I have resurrected Muad\_Dib I hold a unique position.

This current venture into the desert had served many purposes. A team

of sisters had been dispatched to reclaim the spice filters set into the

sands, while Sheeana had lead this second group to discover what the

Tleilaxu had been up to. Sheeana had given Scytale and the Tleilaxu a

modicum of freedom on their moon Novo Tleilax in exchange for the Paul

ghola. Only once in all the years that had passed on this new Dune did

Sheeana ever have to intervene in the actions of the Tleilaxu counsel. A

small task force led by Teg to Novo Tleilax clean up the problem.

No gholas of Leto! No use of Gannima or Jessica cells in axlotl tanks!

Sheeana had the last Leto cells destroyed, and brought Scytale to the

edge of death to provide him an idea of the importance of his judgement in

axlotl tank constructs. Now Scytale was up to some construction in the deep

desert, which had been inaccessible for some time due to the storms. The

Tleilaxu had chosen a calm area within the fiercest sandstorms to ship

untold numbers of Face Dancer Mules and replicators down to Dune Revenant

for a purpose yet undiscovered. Sheeana dispatched a message to Teg with

the sister Isha on their findings and a change came over her as she looked

out into the rough sandwinds.

Shaitain knows my thoughts. And I am one with Shai\_Hulud..

Different possibilities now seemed to meet and split in a way she was

acclimating herself to. She was leading humanity down a different path than

the Golden Path. Now that the idea of a path for humanity had been

established by Leto, Sheeana realized his was but one of many paths.

To become a Sandworm!

Sheeana began to realize the intentions of the Tyrant God. He had both indicted the Bene Gesserit for not starting the Golden Path that he had initiated through self-sacrifice, even though the Sisterhood surely saw the need for such a Way for humanity to walk along. Furthermore, Leto had foreseen the downfall of the Sisterhood. Murbella's new Sisterhood will become a bureaucracy at worst. The best she can strive for is a school unlike any before it, with all the strengths of family and none of the weaknesses.

I understand Leto's dream. We each are making it possible even now.

Sheeana could follow much of Leto's line of reasoning in becoming one with the sandworm. She began to envision the time when he first made the transformation. The sandtrout, the little makers, naturally moved to encapsulate water, and Leto used this natural tendency to his advantage.

They slowly covered his body, and over time, his body adapted. With the passing of the centuries (What attention to such a slow process!) his dream was continually honed to a sort of preternatural perfection. Sheeana would weep when she thought of what Leto gave up (What pain he endured) in establishing the Golden Path. Such dreams were already coming to Sheeana.

She had a glimpse of Arafel, the darkness cloud at the end of the universe, and was sure in certain ways that although it could indicate the Golden Path was in danger, there were many New Paths yet undreamed.

She slipped into the dreams not only while asleep but while walking,  
only to awaken some miles from where she had begun. Other times, the dream would come to her mid-sentence, living some elaborate plot, only to awaken at the exact point she had left off, never skipping a beat. One dream, the most piercing and prophetic, showed her that the future was causing the past while at the same time the past was causing the future. She saw herself and her sisters as sandworms in the future providing for their struggle that defined them now in the past, all their separate New Paths converging back to the Golden Path. She felt she was giving the Tyrant a chance to express his love for Hwi Noree, and that they all gave young Leto something to strive for, a way out of the shadow of Muad\_Dib. And she saw Duncan there. And she saw those from the future watching Duncan. Before the dream ended, she saw herself far in the future dreaming the idea of spice for the first time, creating it so that humanity could tread the paths of destiny.

Who was the first to know Melange? I must wait so long to answer this question.

When the dream passed, the sister Amba was speaking to her.

\_Mother Superior, the sandstorm will break just beyond that ridge to the West.\_

\_The Tleilaxu encampment will be there,\_ Sheeana had learned to step form the dream as easy as one would change one\_s mind.

\_What are your instructions for us,\_ Amba had the look of the dreams

upon her, Sheeana insured this in all her sisters by the constant supply of

Melange, \_I have seen what we may expect to find here. I dream something

that I not sure I understand.\_

Sheeana reassured her, \_You are a Bene Gesserit, so you know how to

control your fears. But I have freed you from some of that, so let the fear

rise a bit if you would learn from it.\_

Amba nodded, \_Shall we proceed.\_

Sheeana's only answer was to continue to walk west towards the

Tleilaxu, her sisters one with her in a shared destiny.

Techne itself was redefined by the Tyrant God, taking on a new

multithreaded level of meaning after his death. For the teleological

complexity of any system of creation becomes only the quantum origin of

parallel levels, higher orders, and complex hyperstructures. Is it not then

necessary to realize that such an n-degree complexity approaches the

infinite as the limit of a single occurrence? With infinite complexity

realization becomes the singularity (as in web formed by the recursive

series of worm, spice, humanity), a doorway into a matrix of similarly

infinite nodes within nodes. This is the fundamental structure that all

contemporary thought pays heed to, if it wishes to find itself relevant to

integral progress.

-GIOAD rules of Techne section xiii.

Nro Pathay suppressed his outrage with brisk steps as he exited the

GIOAD Beauropalace complex at the heart of the urban-node on Ix. He knew

the Generalists would spout political algorithms that projected an 86%

increase in the danger to Ix by destroying the Dune Revenant.

Lai Ampre has finally given me a clue to removing the no-space that

surrounds Dune Revenant\_this would end once and for all the Sheeana

problem.

As a Cybimech Theorist, Nro had been trained in the art that combined

Mentat abilities with the once forbidden computer technology that arose

after the time of the Tyrant God. Although mechanical computers had been

created\_the real advancement lay in the bio-neuro-systems engineered using

the human brain as a model. Nro\_s brain had been augmented to supercomputer

status by the Ixian offshoot of Tleilaxu technology applied to

neuro-engineering. But Nro himself had progressed even beyond this stage.

The research associated with even his early education spoke to a

redefinition of language and Individual consciousness to the idea of a

virus. Nro had even been successful in proving that individual

consciousness could be encoded and replicated across different

neural-networks without degradation.

I have made radical advancements of my own. My secrets. The Ones With

Many Faces are not the ones to experiment with the self. I am ready to face

them.

Nro Pathay entered the tram that curved through the folds of the urban-node. Graviton suspensors had grown in popularity again, after a brief resurgence of magnetic pulse rails. Nro was distracted for a moment on the way design reoccurred.

Good design is hard to surpass, yet this is exactly what the Ones With

Many Faces would achieve.

The tram lurched into motion, gravitons urging the opposing

retention-rail away to give the car motion. Nro found the Generalists to

practical, and their disavowing of the purer realms of theory kept hem

politically neutered. His inner gaze turned toward one such pure realm, a

fiscal-imperialistic set of dynamic algorithms that he used to forecast a

future where Ix commanded a universal respect hitherto unseen.

What better way to ensure Ixian hegemony than to eradicate the Ones

With Many Faces. One must turn to the only experts, the Master Face

Dancers.

The tram stopped in outside a commercial sector, and Nro exited out

into the busy crowd of exchange and adoration of the latest of Ixian wares.

He moved through the various shops and displays, performing the ritual

glance and nod toward the merchants and vendors. Nevertheless, Pathay

walked with a second intention that he struggled to hide.

Two thousand years ago, Sheeana went into hiding on the Dune Revenant

with the help of Ixian no-space generators. My client wishes to help undo

all of that to save us from The Ones With Many Faces. And here I find

myself questioning my \_loyalty\_ to Ix.

Nro stopped at a certain merchant\_s booth, custom designed in by a

holocarving program out of a classic plastic design mold using dumbed-down

polymer generators. The effect was both modern and antique, with a style of

d©cor that reminded Pathy of the Ixian\_s who had fled during the

Scattering. The booth was selling the latest in neuro-scramblers, a memory

altering device popular among both recreational users, as well as creators

in a rut and people desiring memory changes. The merchant looked Ixian,

wearing traditional garb of the Richese ruling class from a thousand

years ago.

\_Would the customer wish to entertain a new outlook on his life. Our

wears are premium integrity and offer a wide range of features.\_

\_I\_m looking for the more advanced line. Do you have any more units

out back.\_

\_Of course citizen, step back behind the display here,\_ the merchant

pointed the way to a room behind him. Nro crossed the boundary and entered,

with the Ixian merchant following close behind.

Why won\_t the consul see my numbers? Generalists take no ideological

risks. While a brief lapse into totalitarian purest numbers was

extreme\_they do offer 99% assurance.

The Ixian merchant changed tone and addressed Nro, \_What of your plans

to sway the consul.\_

\_They would not even give voice to our intentions. We must proceed

with our alternate plan.\_

The Ixian began to transform mid-sentence with a fluidity of form

never undisturbing. The features melted and there was a chilling sound

always accompanied with shape-shifting.

Nro continued, \_Lai Ampre was close to giving us the secret of the

Ixian no-space that surrounds Dune Revenant. The system lies out of phase

with our universe.\_

\_You'd best get us more detail than that Pathy. We wish to aid your

universe, but cannot do it without certain concessions on your part. The

Master Face Dancers require certain questions to be answered, and the

answers to those questions lay on Dune.\_

\_My goals are in line with the Face Dancers.\_

\_Are they? You do not know of what you speak. Remember the difference

between Face Dancers, the drones of the Tleilaxu, and my race of Master

Face Dancers from the Returning. During the Scattering the Master Face

Dancers too were split into two factions\_just as the Fish Speakers were

once made of Bene Gesserit and Honored Matres. Your Scattering was a

Seeking for us, and we traveled out into new realms to find what we would.

While one faction of Master Face Dancer sought to remove themselves from

the regimens of biologism, a second faction sought to retain the greatest

qualities of human life. Between the two factions grew an ideological

chasm, the first group calling the second \_sentimental\_, the second group calling the first \_vain\_. The first group seeing biological existence as a detriment to the kind of being it could foresee, moved to \_live\_ in other forms destroying the grounding principles from under their feet that propelled them from singular life to a chaotic symbioorium of hive culture brought to its ultimate ends: anthropomorphogenesis. They followed the thread of the Tleilaxu Zensunni origins to the ultimate physical expression of the ancient credo: the one is the all. Hence the Ones With Many Faces sought to destroy their rivals. We, the remaining faction of Master Face Dancers desired different ends. Although we are superior to humans in most every way, we found ourselves growing solipsistic in our mutability, a contradiction in our ideology that left us weakened for an attack by the Ones With Many Faces. We still enjoy the singularity of persona that you humans give to the universe, and we with many personas still find it refreshing to indulge in a new persona as it comes along. We have many questions, of Sheeana, of Duncan, of Scytale, that are as yet unanswered.\_

\_This is why you seek the Dune Revenant.\_

\_We seek what the Ones With Many Faces also seek. However, while they are combing through the multiverse in a wave that spans both past and future, we are bound by the present to search for the remnants of the past.

This is the urgency of our plight.\_

Pathay of course had his own intentions, and he knew these Master Face

Dancers needed his assistance.

Why they don't steal my persona is what I can't figure out. There must be a weakness in their multi-persona existence that cannot make good use of a copy.

The encoding sequence is generated by an algorithm under the protection of the Supreme Technocrat Lai Ampre. Once we have that, how can

you ensure that the Ones With Many Faces haven't infiltrated your ranks and will destroy Dune before you learn what you need to.

There is no insurance. However, we know they find it distasteful to

take human form in any way. Theirs is an overt attack that will not require

subterfuge. However, be it known that much of Ix has already been replaced

by my people.

What does he say! I was sure that some small percentage of Ix had had

members of the Master Face Dancers as its members. What does he mean by many.

Do not look alarmed, Nro Pathay. We offer a controlled continuation

of humanity, not your destruction. The Ones With Many Faces seek to rid

spacetime of so finite a being as an individual. We only seek to remain

your protecting watchers, ever-present, but allowing you the freedom to

dabble in humanity as you have done for a hundred millennia. The Master

Face Dancers have lived among you for nearly fifteen hundred years,



heart, and the winds of the sandstorm should be the raging of your souls.

And after the Desert is gone and the people grow water-fat, it will be

upon you to keep the faith. And your faith will be as the heat of the

noontime sun. And you will hold fast to your ways like unto the

preciousness of water in the hottest seasons. Only then will the desert

return.

-Letter of Harq Al-Arda to the Fremen

Duinain sat for a moment after Jal explained the transmission from her

sister Lai. They sat in the public garden on Ouadra, storm clouds above and

the cool breeze of the coming rain. Faint rumbles of distant thunder

prelude his breaking of the silence.

“Lai never jokes the way she did it that transmission, I think she is

in danger.” Jal leaned forward, her elbows on her knees.

Duinain heard what she was saying, but followed a train of thought

that she had evoked moments ago until he reached an almost Mentat

conclusion. “The Master Face Dancers have infiltrated the Ixian consul, I’m

sure of it. There’s something else I haven’t told you. I’ve been doing

some personal research into the Duncans throughout history. I think one of

them has the ability to see me watching him.”

“What! That doesn’t seem possible. Which Duncan?”

“The Duncan. The Duncan who awoke the Paul gholas memories. The



















resurgence, the  
Again Muad\_Dib,  
had caused  
ripples\_no\_storms\_through  
out the collective  
of the Ones With  
Many Faces.  
When the whole  
was disturbed to  
this level, they  
would see a need  
to take action.  
The persona  
waves darted and  
reflected across a  
million  
experiences, but  
still, they cannot  
breach the berth  
of their nestling  
arrogance, of the  
shelled newness  
that their hive has  
encased then  
heavy within. The  
Muad\_Dib was  
known to many.  
So many still were  
moved by his  
myth. We seek to  
nurture what our  
beloved  
Individuals seek  
in the beloved  
Again Muad\_Dib.  
For their rich  
experience  
insures the most  
succulent crop of  
stolen live











Preacher Knows.  
Protect the spice,  
for it is Shai-Hulud.

For did not the  
Hermit first learn to  
hate the desert and  
the sandworm for  
taking away his  
people. Did he not  
learn to make stone  
his heart and go out  
into the desert for  
his revenge. And in  
the years that  
followed, did he not  
learn the secrets of  
the desert, and did  
not the desert both  
empty and fill his  
heart. And there  
did he learn of the  
sandworm and  
partake of the  
spice. And his  
wicked joining with  
Shai-hulud.

-Sermon of  
Preacher to the  
Fremen.

Sheeana looked out over a perfect reproduction of a sietch from the old Dune, contained within the area of Scytale's Novo Tleilaxu colony.

So this was what Scytale sought to achieve! Not only has he regenerated the Old





Before the blue in blue eyes, much earlier we gaze, comes  
the ingestion of  
the spice melange for the first time. It becomes a refer-  
ence point, etched  
in its taste upon the tongue, that parts the sands of time  
and memory as  
before and after melange.

Legend says he was a hermit, in a southern Dune sea--but  
that he had  
once been a part of an ancient clan of which he is the only  
surviving  
member.  
So he choose his path in giving himself up to the desert,  
but not without a  
fight. The desert would have to take him with a struggle--  
for he would  
defy the sun, and the sand, and above all, he would defy  
shaitain. The  
hermit would not surrender to him, as the desert had yet to  
reclaim his  
precious water.

The Hermit had educated himself in the secrets of Shai-  
Hulud and in the  
desert ways that the Fremen had not yet learned. For the  
Fremen were  
new to this world. Legend says the hermit was the first  
worm-rider, and  
that when he first took the spice melange, the spice stole  
his secrets. For  
the spice is as unforgiving as it is ruthless, and the other  
Fremen who  
would later emulate him by taking the spice would learn the  
wealth of  
desert lore through the spice, whispered into the minds of  
each whose  
eyes would carry the blue in blue mark.





"But of course. Soon we all shall find comfort in our new Fremmen home."

## The Tleilaxu

Inversion has effected more than the history of the body, in brings into question our role in the universe. What is ecology? What is natural? Given the shift in the human, how can we truly answer either question? The models we use to govern our lives upon a given planet give way, now that they are stretched out to the scale of the universe. Our cultural viewpoint collapses. Stretch these rules out to encompass reality itself, and they fade from meaning. They fade from memory as they fade from causality. From here, from the side of our river we ask,





















































But seeing how that is the title the writer chose, I guess it is sort of out of the question. Let me make my case. I honestly do not know who wrote this fiction, I haven't even read it, so under no circumstances do not take this as a review. It is not a review and is not to be confused with one.

This piece of Fan Fiction could be one of the most wonderful pieces ever written, and I wouldn't know. But as long as it wasn't penned by Frank Herbert (or grudgingly by little boy Brian Herbert, author of many fine children novels like Young Jedi) it is not part of the Dune Chronicles. It is also not part of the Dune Universe. So it cannot be the 7th Dune book.

Now I enjoy penning the occasional short story. Sometimes they are good, sometimes they suck eggs. Sometimes more so than others. But just like

Frank has his own distinct style of writing, so do I. There is nothing wrong at all with Fan Fiction. Lets face it, imitation is the most sincere form of flattery. That and large bills shoved in your pants. But I depress.

Fan Fiction is wonderful, and for this reason I have no problem with the story. Even if it does suck. I wouldn't have any problem with you writing a piece of Fan Fiction from one of my pieces. But you better mark it as so.

God help you, there better be absolutely no way someone might think that I had your ideas in mind when I did my work. Or worse yet that they might think that your work is my work. That is insulting to both of us, no matter





assure him that I know what the word means:) Thanks to Gunnar for reading the fine print in support of the obvious:)

Perhaps a bit about me, eh? The project has been quite interesting, as it is my attempt to pull together lots of different things online. The online aspect of writing keeps me interested in the project, and I would challenge the critics of the roughness of the writing to try it themselves in this fashion. The fact that people read and send emails to the page inspire the continuation of the project. Although alt.fan.dune is the only newsgroup I subscribe to, I wished to explore the Dune universe in a different way.

Samuel Beckett once criticised William Burroughs clipping style of writing (a phase Burroughs went through in which he 'wrote' books by clipping phrases from other peoples writing, a glued them together). Burroughs defended himself by saying "Don't physicists steal the theories and formulae of other physicists?" My point is - don't sell something short before you have an idea of where the person is coming from. Critics are like lawyers, read FH on this subject and you'll see what I mean. The rework is yet to come.

Apologies are in order. My page is a bit clunky when run on slower machines or older browsers. I'm also just getting the hang of that. I'll be

working on the new version this evening.

Finally, please feel free to offer suggestions to the page, to the writing, the plot. I would appreciate this because in the end, I'm writing this for people who enjoy Frank Herbert's universe, as a tribute of sorts to his superb series of books. Feel free to send an email or post.

IXIAN2000

Quem te deus esse Jussit, et humana qua parte locatus es in re, Disce.

PERSIUS, Satires, iii. 71

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Barbarus hic ego sum, qui non intelligor illis.

OVID.

(all the above as quoted by JJ Rousseau)

June 25, Chapter Nine and Ten half complete. HH writes:

:-): I just started rereading COD, and I noticed, FH drags the chapters out a bit, not revealing right away what happens next, keeping us always really excited about what's going to happen. My impression of the Dune Revenant is that it's pouring out information, not letting us get to know the characters by telling us little details, like how they experience the landscape (which was one thing I really enjoyed in the first Dune books). The last few lines of chapter 8, though, are letting us in on the

characters, but only with a few lines. But then, it might just be me, I'm no critic of literature (nor is English my mother tongue :-). But keep up the good work, you're doing a really good job. Don't bring yourself down because BH and KJA have the "rights" to the Duniverse, I think there are many of us who back you up.

IXIAN200 replies:

Thanks for reading... I feel it's fun to have people read the raw stuff as I go along. It also keeps me interested enough in this project (given that the powers that be will never have this version published). Once I get the plot nailed down, believe me that I will be going back over this work a few more times to draw out the characters. The characters are actually well developed from notes, but a note is not always the best writing for a novel. In time, I hope to bring all of this together.

June 7, 1998: Chapter Eight arrives. Paul Atreides writes:

I like what you've done so far, this really seems to be a direction Frank Hubert would've taken. I just have two questions, one: is there just one person or a group of people writing this novel. It's very complex. Two: when is chapter eight due?

IXIAN2000 replies:

There is only one author, although I have been known to be influenced

by Dune Revenant readers. The plot is quite complex, and I have to apologize for the rough manner of its publication. I've been trying to get a working text from two large notebooks of notes. This being the case, I often go back and edit the older chapters. I'm working on chapters eight and nine now (which feature Jal and Duinain in eight, and a glimpse at the Ones With Many Faces in nine). I've also gone ahead and re-organized the way the previous chapters flow together. I hope to have a working copy of the text by the end of this year. Thanks for reading, and feel free to ask questions or make any suggestions.

May 23, 1998: Chapter Seven. Rewriting of pieces of chapters two, three, and four. Changed the order of some of the events to smooth things out.

May 17, 1998: Chapter 6 has arrived. IXIAN2000 has also gone back and made some corrections to 1,2,3.

May 16, 1998: Here's some criticism of Dune Revenant:

I would like to both thank and congratulate you for such a wonder full web-site. It is clear to see that you have been influenced and appreciate the Dune series i much as I have. However I don't agree with your analysis on a 7th book, as well as the progression of the Dune "Epic". In the second book it is clear the Scytale (Then Face Dancer) clearly had a "Ghola" project





Thanks for the thoughts and insights in your email. I'd like to address the general feel of what you have written, because it is hard to disagree with the examples and directions you've listed. I'd prefer to use this email as a chance to air a few ideas I have along the lines of your comments.

One thing I've realized from Frank Herbert's writing is you never know exactly how he feels about a character. I myself have always thought the idea of the Bene Gesserit was the coolest thing in the world. But I also couldn't help hearing Herbert's criticism of them through Leto in God Emperor, or even through characters such as Duncan and Teg. I myself had the intentions of writing a book about the evolution so well described by Herbert through the Dune books.

I remember reading (I'm not sure if it was in Dune or in an Interview with Herbert) about how humans didn't have a multigenerational sense of their environment. We might remember a cold season when we were kids, but we can't feel the kind of trends that span generations. We turn to history to record these things for us, and at best, this is nowhere near the kind of 'knowing' that the Bene Gesserit or Leto have a grasp on.

If only our sense of history could remain constant. This idea of holding history together fuelled the historians of the nineteenth century, as well as providing Marx with his decentering of history. Anthropology and

Humanism stand as two monoliths that would resist any attempts at decentering. In some ways, The Golden Path, is Herbert's way of keeping together the tradition of humanism, a safeguarding of the kind of being that we humans know and desire. In a way, anthropology is the way we discover the message of humanism, in a way that no other field adequately does. Philosophy may have ideas about our humanity, but anthropology has been grounding philosophy since Kant with its continued attention the reality of what humans do, how we are human, and what our humanity brings to fruition.

What I'm about to say next is just a kind of 'fantasy' that an author is allowed to indulge in, however, I'd hope you read this as a critique and not as an attack upon your field of study :) We don't know each other, but your email was candid enough with me that I'll return with equal honesty :)

Ok enough walking on eggshells, here goes:

What if the sleep we must awaken from is Anthropology itself. A sleep so deep that the Bene Gesserit never noticed. Through all there vigilance, through all there attention to the role of humanity, that they missed something. I always thought it was strange that there were never aliens in the Dune series until I realized that the humans were becoming aliens themselves. Throughout the series, we are given examples of the limits of humanity, and this limit implies an end of humanity. Leto was fashioning a





April 11, 1998 update: Even rougher version of Chapter Two out on the Web.

April 10, 1998. Here is some feed back from a reader of the page both positive and negative:

\* The view you give from the future is great! Good thinking: From Scattering to Integration. \* Is your whole store written in the form of Spice Dreams? I think this makes it hard to write a strong plot. \* What is the plot of your story? I ask you this, because so far, I do not see much plot. Would the story also be interesting to read, without having the forknowledge of the previous books?

April 5, 1998 update: Chapter One is now out on the page. IXIAN200 has decided to publish online the first of many rough-draft chapters, as they are from the notes of IXIAN2000.

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