

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 prefect 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

once again to calm his nerves as the roar of the shunning 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

Duinain 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

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 Originary 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

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 psychical 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 alaphine 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."

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 gholas 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 gholas unlike any gholas project

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 mummings 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

their 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

hall 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.

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

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 the had stopped

mythology, she had said to Duncan. Stopover proved its namesake 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.\_

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.

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. A list of the planet's attributes appeared

electronically. We'll need stillsuits for sure, and equipment to construct

our first shelters. From there we'll 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,

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 Fremmen 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

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

L-Saya!

(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

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

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

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,

mythology as Great 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

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;

evident from all reports. What individual reports need addressing?\_

Eahrch spoke first, his Synthspice body mutated by the El-Edrich

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

allow  
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  
according 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  
Integration,  
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  
calculations  
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 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

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

-from the Chani-Rej 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 Sociotemprint received.\_

\_The consesorium report as of moments ago was that Paul was a myth constructed by the Master Face Dancers several hundred years ago in

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 hivelike 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\_

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

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

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 it's importance.\_

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

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

biomatter 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 one was never encountered? Duinain knew they  
existed. More  
than that, he knew he needed to get into contact with a Master  
Face Dancer

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

... Saint Alla, 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

Ouada 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,

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

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

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

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

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?

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 permutations 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.

allied herself with the inner Alia, and finally, now 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 abominationism, 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...

while, a slight hint of Murbella's 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...

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'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 Atreides. 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

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

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

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,

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 ghola 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

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.

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

archaeologists 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

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.

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

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.

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.

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

GLOAD Beuropalace 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

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

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 décor 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

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.

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.\_

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

that you are so fond of. The integration was our gift to humanity,  
in a way  
to ensure the longevity of their servancy to us.\_  
Pathy took a step back. His mind reeled at a number of  
permutations  
of events.

I did not dream they were so entrenched. If their plan is so  
advanced  
along, only my backup plans will ensure Ix's role in this affair. My  
end is  
near.

The Master Face Dancer reached out to Pathy, caressing the  
side of his  
head and the back of his neck.

"There, there, Nro. Compliance was never your strong point.  
There may  
still be some use for you on the Ixian consul, before your ego  
gets the  
best of you. Now sleep, dear human, relax and sleep away your  
mortality."

A few more gentle caresses from the Master Face Dancer,  
and Nro Pathy  
eyes closed as if he were asleep. His body collapsed into his  
companion\_s  
arms, who began to shape shift into his mirror image, as he set  
the corpse  
down onto the ground.

As Dune was, so will it be again! And the Deserts we see are  
receding,

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 Fremmen

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

Duncan's.

Short of being one of those Duncan Revival Schools, like Hayt-Idah, he

could pass for a clone. I'm always surprised that Idah-Mirabla let such a

close ghola pass through. She responded to Duinain's questions with a

question, "What are the implications of the Spice Dreams then? This is all

our opponents need to fuel their campaign against us. We'll fall to the

wayside like Mesmerism or Regression Hypnosis."

"Maybe we don't need their help."

"What is that supposed to mean?"

"I've done a bit of extrapolating, taking what I've inferred by the

Duncan watching us, and what we've gleaned so far about the Ones With Many

Faces. If Duncan's Net allowed him to see the Master Face Dancers, and we

know that somehow, the Ones With Many Faces are a faction of that group, we

know that they could see Duncan."

"Where are you going with this?"

"I think the threat of the Ones With Many Faces is occurring across

spacetime. Their perfection of shapeshifting has gone beyond everything

we've imagined. They have found a way to spread like a cancer throughout

\_ve need to talk to your sister. The Technocrat Emperor of  
Ix may  
need to reveal the secret of the Ixian cloaking of that planet. We  
need to  
find out the truth about Sheeana.\_

In an age of spacefolding machines and synthetic spice,  
one would  
think interstellar travel would become a commonplace event.  
Given the shift  
in travel from the mythic times of the Tyrant God, which was  
conducted only  
out of His will and his allocation of resource, travel was  
surprisingly  
uncommon. The millennial celebration of the Fish Speaker  
Schools had been  
an exception to a society that was not interested in travel,  
despite the  
ease in which it was made possible. The advent of the techniques  
of Persona  
Shifting some centuries before aided to the decline of the urge to  
travel.  
As the popular saying went, " I've never been there, but I've  
Shared with  
someone who has,\_ the borrowing of the experiences of others  
lends itself  
to a more passive attitude to place. Still, a certain amount of  
travel was  
always needed, and GIOAD managed to reap some benefits  
and set style

Lack of demand and specialized Fish Speaker School interests resulted in a severely regulated travel system that made it difficult for just anyone to travel offworld. Jal\_s was connected to the Ixian High Consul, and her status as the sister of Lai Ampre gave her familial rights at a level that both GIOAD and the Fish Speaker Schools all recognized as nothing short of carte blanche. Within a few days, Duinian and Jal had wrapped up the loose ends so rapid a departure would create, and they were enroute to IX on a GIOAD transport. The transport resembled the traditional heighlighter from antiquity, these were run by Guild Steersman (travellers tended to notice a smoother ride), envisioning the mechanics of the journey with the aided of the latest in orange synthspice gas.

Duinain was eager to Spice Dream during the Spacefold. He had once Persona Shared with a multiverse physicist who claimed that the folding technique enhanced the accessibility of stray timelines. Guilds Steersman had to study elaborate techniques to focus their travels through such a

\_Now that you've spoken at the Millennial Celebrations,  
I'm sure  
you'll be an honored guest across the universe.\_  
Duinain smiled. Jal had that effect on him often, although  
they did  
not Persona Share as much as was common among friends.  
We Dream of a past where people spoke to one another to  
communicate.  
We are friends out of the same interest in this ancient art form.  
Persona  
Sharing has become a business transaction.  
\_Now I want you to relax, and not to focus on anything.\_  
Jal held his hand, \_You relax, and don't stray to far from my  
lead. If  
we're too pick up Dream Noise that's too rough or choppy, I  
want you close  
by.\_ They held close until reality slipped away\_.

...sharpley, in every direction, they appear in the dark...

The Ones With Many Faces looked out at the multiverse from  
there own brand of  
senses. They causated each gesture like a ripple in a three  
dimensional pool, waves of  
sensing expanding outward, finding the objects of their  
communal thoughts like sonar  
beacons. Echoes returned as ideas and impressions, a  
blending of the physical world

individual as their own brand of Original Sin, their Fall from the ultimate mutability that they strove for. The sought the eradication of the Individuals not on the grounds of any maliciousness, they sought to remove them in their role as a strange attractor of a brand of Order that drew their attention away from the Ultimate Chaos they sought to embrace....

\_a question in the dark, distorted voices, call and respond.

## WE ASK THE STATUS OF THE INDIVIDUALS

We Comply To Our Request  
With Segmented Factual Reports  
From Our Various Sectors

(images of Duncan and Scytale in one area, Sheeana and Leto in another, Paul, Teg)  
(Sheena\_s voice:  
\_the Golden Path unfurled? Out of the diversity of mankind.\_)

search of a way to remove the concept of the individual. The  
sought liberation. Our  
mutual demise was their jihad. The Ones With Many Faces  
reviewed what had  
transpired, regrouping, planning\_

Sector One reports combine  
sisterhood offering great  
resistance to the futars and our  
shapeshifters.

(image Murbella,  
various sisters in  
battle)  
(Murbella\_s voice:  
\_I want one of them  
captured alive. We  
need to trace them  
back to their  
makers.\_)

Time projects show Murbella  
succeeds with assistance of Old  
Teilaxu to CONTINUE humanity  
with help of gholia conceptions  
and enhancement possibility.

SUGGEST STUDY OF FISH SPEAKER  
SCHOOLS

choose compliance with  
Individuals. They seek  
Individuals as a fixed ground to  
base persona. Indications are  
resistance to Memory Sharing  
among several key groups.

CONTINUE OBSERVATION  
OF...INTERUPTION!!

...eyes in the dark looking back...

WHO WATCHES US? IMMEDIATE  
RELOCATION OF SPACETIME FOCI...

Causated gesture rippled, the pools waves sensed inwardly,  
fleeing the objects of their  
communal protection. Echoes faded and folded out of  
consciousness, a dim  
impression grown dimmer, a blending of the physical world  
with the void until nothing.  
dark. silent. gone.

The Spice Dream ended abruptly, timed with the  
announcement that the

in those Face Dancers had something to do with it.

"The Ones With Many Faces pushed us out of the Dream. What I'm worried about is how well timed our exit from Spacefold coincided with our Dream."

Duinain thought his next sentence in silence:

If the Guild Steersman was replaced by a Master Face Dancer it would explain the convenience of our Dream.

Duinain grab hold of Jal and pulled close to her ear. "Persona Share with me." He whispered it pressed against her head, kissing her hair.

In tight proximity, they allowed the blending of their memories and experiences. They could instantly catch-up on everything they had thought about, but did not desire to speak aloud. The Persona Sharing allowed no secrets, and opened the possibility that others would learn your secrets if they Shared with someone you had Shared with. This was not a time for secrets.

Jal and Duinain were locked into their mutual thoughts.

Duinain's flood of ideas hit her like a technical manual of his life.

Ideas. Permutations of these ideas. Meta-ideas.

Jal's wave of ideas was graceful, aware of the art of dreaming, they had hard aesthetics. Forms attended by Care.

Master Face Dancers in the Guild? This means Master Face Dancers seek to sow the know fields with their watching presence. They hide in GIOAD. They lay waiting on Ix. We were meant to 'discover' the Ones With Many Faces. They help us, to keep us alive. They are the beekeepers. We are the bees that produce the sweet honey of Individuality and Persona. They crave us.

As the Sharing, each was left with a sense of urgency. That Ix and the Dune Revenant were locked in a course that spoke to the future of the Individual and the multiverse. And one final thought, personal, between the two of them.

As they exited the transport into the craft that would take them to the transit station below on Richese, they both questioned what it meant to love someone at a time of such duress. The hive was agitated; many new occurrences

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

harvest.

-Master Face  
Dancer  
commentary.

When Duncan Idaho and Miles Teg entered the newly built Tleilaxu Center, Scytale was seated behind a monitor, flanked on each side by a personal guard. The guards were obviously Face Dancers, but as colossal as they were dexterous. Duncan noticed that the genes employed to create these two came from the Tyrant's Fish Speaker guards \_ with enhancements to the usual phenotypes. Scytale was making good use of the Bene Gesserit breeding records to facilitate his new axlotl creations.

Scytale looked up from his screen to greet them, \_My Masterpieces. Examples of two uses of the genius of our ghola creations, one constructed to our specifications and beyond our wildest expectations, and the other beyond our wildest dreams reconstructed for our purposes.\_ The blue light of the screen cast a preternatural aura about his elfin features.

Who is more the ghoul, he or we?

begin to regain the hopes for a Tleilaxu future.

Am I the chosen one? The last one who was saved to prove how close we Bene Tleilax were to becoming extinct. I have been awakened.

His thoughts were often punctuated by the words \_Whores\_ or \_Witches\_, and yet he had to admit that his association with the Bene Gesserit had taught him the possibility of trust among the powindah. And the Honored Matres had proven that no enemy could be underestimated.

What were these two up to?

Teg spoke, \_Sheeana is destroying the axlotl tanks that contain the gholas of Jessica and Alia as we speak.\_

Scytale paled and after a silence Teg continued, \_Do we have your attention now.\_

Scytale had not felt as cornered as he did this moment since his imprisonment on the Noship all those years. Yet still he managed a smile, one that the Tleilaxu were notorious for, to smugly betray for all his thoughts:

Powindah! Shokran. You still prove yourselves my tools.

Scytale turned the momentum of the conversation as he turned from Teg to face Duncan.

\_Do either of you even begin to hear the arrogance with which you speak\_you are our creations! What would you know of the grandeur that we work toward.\_

toward him.

Does Duncan speak to them\_How can this be?

Duncan read the reaction and followed through, \_You\_re holding onto ideas that no longer

have intrinsic value. It\_s slipped through your slippery Teilaxu fingers. You\_ve preserved the rules

for all these millennia, but the game has changed, the players have left. And Teg and myself aren\_t

the only ones returning angry.\_

In that moment, with Scytale stepping back in slow motion away from him, Duncan found himself

holding onto his Net, reeling in a image of many who were coming. They were already in spacefold,

and Duncan could almost hear the spacefold algorithms of a Guild-like spice navigator focusing their

intention of destination upon the Dune Revenant.

They are coming after us! Teg, Scytale, and Myself. Only I don\_t know whom.

Duncan noticed Scytale still hadn\_t completed his backstep, when a series of images and

visions exploded into his mind. He saw the Tyrant asking the Universe to become Leto and the

Master Face Dancers worshiping this reversal of the history he knew. Duncan saw the Ones With

Many Faces fearing Paul, they kept referring to him as the Again Individual, and Paul was not Paul.

And Duncan Idaho realized his role in the universe had been the unique gift of the tyrant.

I have become the embodiment of the friend of humanity. My Atreidies loyalty has

Shieena's sisters who would become the worm as did Leto.

For the first time, Duncan realized the one use of melange that had escaped him before.

Metaphor. Melange, for all its enhancements and secrets that it has revealed to us over

the years had on use we had overlooked. It is a metaphor for the mixture of all these

elements onto a new humanity, ever-changing. This is Leto's Golden Path that I am walking

down! How ironic that I should find myself a \_prophet\_ of the great Via Guldur.

Teg was suddenly saying something, something that caused Duncan to move away from his

Net and back towards where he had been. In Scytale's room, Teg was motioning to a handheld vidbook.

He's about to warn us of something. I can tell by his expression.

Something had hold of Duncan from inside his vision, some force that would not let him free himself.

Teg is warning me about something! But I can't respond..

Duncan stretched the limits of looking, gazing in a way that seemed to just come to him,

despite how unnatural it seemed, he willed this new gaze inwardly. The Master Face Dancers came

to him, only after he peered into the corners of his hyperreal peripheral vision. There were several of

them in strategic places of his heightened perception, each holding out a special form of his attention,

Duncan's fear rose for a moment and it reminded him of one particular death he experience by

Leto, in which he was pinned beneath Leto's massive sandworm body, slowly suffocated and crushed under his weight. Something began to give way among his unseen captors.

The death's I've lived distracts them. This is the key to their holding me.

Duncan began to rapid fire the memories of his many deaths through his mind, layering them as

one would apply paint coat upon coat. The Master Face Dancers who trapped him within the vision

began to loose sight of the living Duncan, given the odd and slippery nature of a remembered dying.

I'm slipping from their hold on me.

Teg was suddenly moving at regular speed, and speaking from out of mid-sentence, \_\_that

they'll arrive at our exact coordinates. I just can't figure how they found us, and how quickly they

are moving into our local star system.\_

Duncan intuited what had transpired, but took no time to explain it to Teg.

\_Where were you just then,\_ Teg came back, realizing from Duncan's expression that

something had been amiss.

\_No time to explain. Miles they are after us. Especially Scytale and myself.\_ Scytale never lost

his ability to look disturbing, even when frightened.

Duncan continued, \_That's right Scytale. Your creations want you. They want to know what

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.

the manadi, for the Ghola muad\_Dib?

The scene was horrific. Tleilaxu mule technicians, rapidly grown with only the most specialized skills, had been produced by the thousands to facilitate a slave construction crew. They were programmed to do certain functions and die when their tasks were completed. In this way they handcrafted this Fremen sietch in only a few weeks.

While I was tending to Shai\_Hulud in the deep desert bled, these Tleilaxu manage to rebuild a Fremen city!

Every detail was there: stillsuits that seemed to have been worn in for comfort and authenticity, windtraps for moisture built to the ancient specifications (Why wouldn't they be. Scytale is from the

Arrakis Times), along the outer sietch wall toward a low dune ridge, there were even a pile of

Maker Hooks aligned ready for a spice party to summon a worm.

These Tleilaxu Fremen will not ride my sandworms! This charade must be stopped.

Towards a newly constructed area of the sietch diorama, Tleilaxu mules loaded other mule corpses into reclamation units. The whole place smelled of sickly sweet burning flesh and dank

sweat, a combination that seemed to go unnoticed by the mules (some of them didn't seem to have been bred with faces, let alone the ability to smell). Almost replused to the point of reciting the

Litany Against fear, Sheeana turned the horror into another lesson for her sisters.

sandworm now, and her sisters (those who had survived) were one with the sandworm now. And she imagined that all of this had never happened, and yet it had happened nonetheless. And she began to remember the first ingestion of the spice, in a way that no one had ever remembered before, as her remembering of the past was actually a writing of the past. And this is what she wrote, not on a ridulian crystal or on leaves of paper, on onto a filmbook reader. Sheeana wrote these words upon the very history of humanity, not so humanity could recall the words, but that she could have humanity call the words into existence:

#### THE BOOK OF SHAI-HULUD

Before the spice there was the sandworm. Before the blue in blue eyes of spice addiction.

Would the history of melange return us to the desert and shai-hulud--to shaitain's furnace? Oh the little makers and their passing of a line etched out in the sands of sun blasted days, hinting towards a water or life.

Who is the first Fremen to take the melange, to know, to wonder in its

reference 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

remained with her. The others had been sent on with to fulfill her plans, preparations for Sheeana's New Path.

I am living now in the present. But I also live in the most eldritch past and most enigmatic future. I am the sculptor again.

As construction proceeded around them, sietchs being constructed to the left and right, they noticed a Tleilaxu craft that was doubling for a command center. A number of Mastif looking

Tleilaxu were commanding construction-mules when they took notice of Sheeana's party.

One of the Mastif, surrounded by a group of war-mules, broke from their duties and began to advance upon the Sisters. Sheeana, with a gesture, held her sisters' advancement, while she continued to move forward.

"Mother Superior, I must advise against you meeting them without someone at your side." It was Amba who protested, but Sheeana gave only a quick look and Amba understood.

My Sister's know my intentions with only the slightest gesture. Many of them hear the calling of Shai-Hulud. The time draws near.

The war-mules marched to the left, while the Tleilaxu Mastif walked closer towards Sheeana.

Unlike the specialized construction mules that were more like bio-machinery, devoid of more than the most basic sentience, the war-mules retained more human aspects. The Tleilaxu had discovered

She held on from speaking as the two walked toward each other. Her vision was still clouding her mind and she had a vague recollection (Other Memory? She could no longer tell) that during the time that Muad'Dib was blinded, and roamed the desert as the Preacher, he spoke of this Hermit.

Am I confusing imagination with reality. Have I somehow been given the right to dream the past in my way? Now that I remember events yet to come, is the past no longer fixed?

Mastif Nahual spoke again, "You should be pleased by our gesture, we are recreating Dune in homage to the ghola Muad'Dib. Quite an accomplishment for the few years we've been at work, with our maximizing some of the problems of labor and efficiency."

Again the smile. He oozes contempt and fear for me worse than Scytale ever did.

"You realize that I am not pleased, Nahual," Sheeana layered in an uncertain amount of Voice, more out of artistry than to influence, "when Tleilaxu disobey my simplest taboos."

"When only wished to create those gholas to give young Paul a mother and a daughter, perhaps as a playmate. We learned of the destruction of the Jessica and Gahnima gholas earlier today. You realize Sheeana, that those Jessica cells are impossible to recover, we've tied off a genetic possibility for the future." Nahual teared a smile. "A sad loss."

## 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

answer.

-from the Idah-Mirabla Fish  
Speaker School.

Lai Ampre stood before a slightly larger than handsized object, resting atop a meter high metallic stand. Jal and Duinain had arrived earlier, and the three met in Lai\_s chambers for both the privacy and security that the place offered. The object between, roughly spherical with exposed circuitry as was the fashion in recent years in Ix, was the focus of Lai\_s attentions. Lai motioned to the two guards that stood by the door, upon which they exited her chamber, and closed the doors behind them. They were alone.

\_I have come across\_ information, that I think the two of you will find most beneficial,\_ Lai spoke, as she gestured across the top front of the sphere.

The device suddenly became active. Duinain considered the fact that all Ixians were born with bio-electronic implants that could interface with any external device, if so programmed.

Three plates lifted slightly from the surface of the device, which slowly lifted from the stand until it

the Old Empire, were suddenly engulfed in a red haze, which extended throughout the projected map, overtaking much of the local regions of space.

—This next display uses multidimensional wave compression to depict the multiverse,— The display blinked and twisted that reminded Duinain of the shapeshifted of the Tleilaxu face dancers. The final product was a three dimensional version of other dimensions.

—The image resembles a tree of modular functions,— Jal looked up to her sister and asked, —Each bud represents a universe?—

—Exactly, but watch what happens when I interpolate the influence of the Ones With Many

Faces,— Lai gestured, and the red haze expanded out of the bud that was our universe, and cascaded into the buds of the represented multiverse.

Duinain reacted, —You mean to tell me they are expanding into other dimensions beyond our own universe.—

—Think about it, if humans from the scattering could have explored other universes, thousands of

years ago, why can't these creatures conquer other universe,— Lai pointed to the device and the image disappeared. —There are no easy solutions to this dilemma.—

Jal spoke directly, —Lai, Duinain and I are here because we need to find Dune. We have a theory

about Sheeana, and we need to find her, talk with her. We need to be the ones to take the step.—

One was Tleilaxu. Even with the strong Mentat training inherent in Idah-Mirabla, the image of flesh twisting, transforming both in shape, color and texture, was more than the senses could digest. Mentats had shared the same homeworld with the Tleilaxu in ancient times, Duinain thought, and still the sight of the halfdozen guards and Pathay transforming was unnerving.

So, these are Master Face Dancers that have infiltrated the Ixian homeworld. Between Ix and the Guild, I wonder how far they extend outside the Integral Economic regions of GIOAD?

The sound of the shapeshifting in such a quiet and enclosed space was most unnerving. As no one spoke aloud, the cracklings of cartilage articulating into new positions, that scrapings of muscles across bones and joints, and the simple shifting of clothing raised a cacophony that triggered of a flood of questions in Duinain's mind.

So many among us and we never even suspected. All our precautions useless against these monsters.

After faux Ixians had revealed their Tleilaxu origins, the Face Dancer who had been Nro Pathay, now returned to his neutral state, was the first to break the speaking silence.

Permit me to show myself in my true form, Supreme Technocrat Ampre, the Face Dancers tone

culture itself is an ancient  
creation.

Duinain took the words to their ultimate limit, that the Master  
Face Dancers had a hive culture,

Lrolan\_s choices of the words persona and relate, these words  
spoke of some new development.

Have these Face Dancers rebelled against the dictate of an  
advanced hive culture like the  
Ones With Many Faces.

The implications of a hive culture gone to extremes taxed the  
limits of his mind, geared as it was  
towards Spice Dreaming. Nevertheless, Duinain was firstly an  
historian, and the outcome of much of  
his dileration was already know.

Master Face Dancers! These rebels represent a fringe group.  
Interaction with Individual  
persona has an attraction for them This is their Returning, from a  
hive that has outlawed  
Individuation to the degree of genocide.

Lai tempered her anger. \_How long have you been Nro  
Pathy?\_

Not replaced but have been. She accepts him and is already  
accessing the potential alley in  
this new Lorlan.

\_Only recently. I would have continued to remain hidden by  
his visage if not for the haste with  
which our Spice Dreamers seek the Sheeana.\_

Jal interrupted, \_So you know that she is still alive.\_

\_More than that. She plans. As do the Ones With Many  
Faces plan, As do we all plan. The

She lifted from the top a small device, a simple crystal storage pin, not larger than a needle, the kind used to transfer data from a neural implant.

Nro/Lrolan spoke to her while her back was still turned, "Perhaps we have something else to offer you in return."

Lai inserted the storage pin into a cranial slot behind her left ear. "What is your offer."

"Give the pin to Duinain and Jal, I shall send three of my companions with them to the hidden

Dune and Sheeana. However, Lai Ampre, you should accompany me to a new destination. We

shall depart for the original planet Dune, to behold what this world has become."

Lai handed the pin to Jal, and cupped her hands around her sisters.

Two groups leave now for two Dunes. Noree watch over us, as Sheeana surely does.

SHAITAIN: \_Where do you find yourself now?\_

HERMIT: \_There is only man and Shai-hulud here.\_

SHAITAIN: \_What of the past and the future?\_

HERMIT: \_They meet as we do now, standing in the desert sands.\_

SHAITAIN: \_What does the desert's voice say now?\_

HERMIT: \_That Time and the Observer must stand still with each other. This and this alone.\_

The thunder of the approaching lighters grew louder. Teg counted out loud to make their numbers known.

\_two, three ships\_Scytale, we need to be armed if we are going to save any of our lives.\_

Scytale made a quick hand gesture to his guards. Moments later, several war-mules returned

with plasaguns. Duncan and Teg each were handed plasma rifles, and Teg motioned positions to the

various men. Sounds of energy weapons discharging could be heard outside of the Neo Tleilax

Center. Two of Scytale's burley personal guards attended the only entrance to the chamber.

Duncan thought of Paul.

His fate rests in the hands of Rebecca and the men Teg has worked so hard to train.

Teg was ordering war-mules to key positions. He turned to Duncan, \_You\_d best move Scytale

back to safer point. I\_ll send word to the Rabbi\_s men that we have a situation.\_

Now sooner did Duncan look at Scytale then the chambers door vaporized with the

characteristic haze from a plasma blast. As the haze cleared, the two guards lay slumped on the

floor. As plasma blasts pierced the haze from outside, Duncan grabbed Scytale by his arm and

jerked him to a rear door of the chamber.

launched into action.

Teg covered the retreat of three of Scytale's personal guards, and then headed for the same door

that Duncan moved through. Just before he entered he caught a glimpse of the enemy that was

advancing into the Center.

Ones with Many Faces! Not Master Face Dancers! Not even remotely human, these

monsters. How did they find their way here. Must have discovered the foldspace encryption.

Duncan and Scytale ran past several halls that led to axlotl labs. Scytale fought Duncan's grasp.

They will destroy all of our work. We have acquired new permutations of ghola cells. I cannot

leave this work behind.

Ten years of ghola blending will be lost today.

Duncan held firmly onto Scytale. They ran around a corner that turned past the white walls of the

axlotl chambers only to find more Ones With Many Faces.

They must have found a second entrance!

Several vaguely humanoid creatures blocked the end of the long, sterile hallway. Duncan look

for an alternate route but there was none.

Trapped.

Then the Ones With Many Faces performed the strange melding that had earned their name to

the few survivors that lived to tell what these abhorrent face dancers had evolved into. The shape

torso.

Big enough to jump through.

The creature screamed as many screams. Duncan looked back quickly to see Scytale was gone, turned back around the corner.

No time to get him now.

Ignoring the abhorrent stench, Duncan leapt through the wound, out through the other side of the multicreature.

A quick reversal and Duncan was firing several bursts into the back of the creature. Heads relocated behind itself to find its lost prey, but it was too late. The multicreature lay immobile before him. An explosion sounded from the axlotl chambers.

As much as I regret to, I must reach that Old Tleilaxu Master before these things do.

Duncan ran back toward the direction of the blast. Teg was still by the entrance of the main chamber, several war-mules firing blasts into the primary breach.

"Their not advancing very hard. I think this might have been a distraction. That\_s when I heard this second explosion."

Duncan and Teg ran down the hall in the direction of this second explosion. There Scytale had

been enveloped in a multicreature similar to the first one, a cage of limbs and elongated hands the

held a struggling Scytale as it moved away. Its six legs were moving with a motion that crossed a

spider and a horse, towards a hole that breached the end of the axltol hall to the outside.

Duncan thought to fire at the lighter outside, but the multicreature shifted Scytale again into the line of fire. Duncan and Teg were several strides behind it when it ran out through the sizzling hole in the wall. Once outside, it bolt with the speed of a horse at full stride towards the ship. Before Duncan or Teg could react, a second multicreature blocked the hole, and began to advance towards them.

The two stopped in their tracks to fire at the monster, but over the crackle of plasma discharges and the flailing of the creatures limbs, the thunder of the lighter\_s engines roared. Within moments, this second multicreature was destroyed, and Duncan and Teg watched as the lighter lifted off and disappeared from sight.

Sounds of plasma fire diminished as the other lighters lifted away. Teg was commanding the war-mules to keep one of the multicreatures alive, but Duncan thoughts were on Scytale.

They must have needed on one of us. But where will they take you, Scytale, is a question I hope you will be able to provide us with an answer.

I wondered what  
we would find on  
this hidden Dune,

obsolete the idea of  
the Kwitsatz  
Haderach. What  
did I expect to find  
here, a perfect  
reproduction of  
orthodox  
Puritanism, a  
retro-throwback to  
the degree of spice  
harvesting and riding  
of the sandworms.

-Memoirs of Jal  
Ampre.

The encryption key pin was removed from Jal's cranial  
socket and given over to the Master

Face Dancer, who wore the form of a Ixian no-ship pilot, before  
they entered the vessel. Duinain

forgot she was Ixian, and the extent to which Ixian culture had  
propelled them since the mythic times  
of the God Tyrant.

And to think there was once a Bulterian Jihad against such  
things. Scholars will

Dream that time for centuries before any judgment can be made  
whether they were right or  
not.

the most valued secret in  
the universe right now.

Jal sat close to Duinain as the Ixian vessel began the foldspace process that would take them to the Dune hidden since the Sheeana times.

These are still the Sheeana times.

Jal grabbed Duinian\_s hand tightly, a gesture he thought of as affection. As the foldspace process commenced, he turned to read her facial expression.

Jal knows something that she is not telling.

As to moments slowed, the two entered into a subtle form of the Persona Sharing that was not noticed by the Master Face Dancers present. The two let thoughts pass between them, masked as the stray thoughts of ordinary consciousness, but coded in the personal memories each had learned to use as code in the private languages that perhaps only spies, thieves, and in this case lovers, learn to use.

Duinain received her Thoughts, merely \_overhearing\_ what she had to Share:

Lai always hid things in the strangest places when we were girls. We were left alone to play, Twin princesses. Tiny places.

Then when she was Emperor, she had to contend with the likes of the extremists like

Nro. Personas like his are never truly forgotten. Threads.

Just that--if Chiani lived during the time of Muad Dib, and Teg lived during the time of Sheeana, thousands of years later, why have a Fish Speaker School based on their common  
bloodline. There never was a genepool precedent to begin with."  
"Perhaps our friends the Master Face Dancers supplied the inspiration"

Jal was not satisfied.

It just doesn't follow. Why this mix?

The faux-Ixian crew was taking positions for the exit from foldspace. Jal kept her eyes on the one who carried the encryption pin.

I guess our long kept secret worked. Have to keep an eye on that own. He is our key to more than getting home.

As foldspace equalized into real space they came upon the Dune Revenant. The first things they noticed were the five moons.

As in the Spice Dream.

One of the Master Face Dancers disguised as one of the younger Spice Dreamers, Hilia, chose this moment to revert to a more neutral form. His features filled and dampened, so that he seemed more rounded. Jal presumed this was perhaps learned behavior, a more relaxed state for such a being. The mute featured one that was Hilia barked a quick command.

won't be the one finding us.

The stillsuits were easily procured. A band of indigenous peoples were encountered inside of a hour after landing. Duinain noticed the resemblance between these peoples, who were traveling by foot with a tall post and its horizontal flag, and peoples from ancient times.

Fremen. And they carry the totem of a desert pilgrimage.

The elder of the group spoke first, "I am Aryn of the pilgrimage of Scia'aba. What fools or demons are hear in the deep desert without stillsuits."

The Master Face Dancers approached them while others guarded Jal and Duinain. Before

Duinain realized what was going on to scream a warning, the Masters and slain the small band

quickly, in a blur of motion as if a swarm, absorbing their Fremen knowledge and appearance. The one carrying the pin, took the role of the bands leader, who had been named Aryn.

Quickly into these suits. Keep the bodies, for we may need them for their water.

Duinain knew it was foolish to resist wearing the stillsuits of these dead men. His sense of

history made him realize he needed to go along with the Master Face Dancer's plans.

You are on the shore of a new sea.

Duinain heard the voice, and he looked to Jal to see if she had heard it too.

That voice was Sheeana.

\* \* \* \* \*

the universe, the role of  
\_nature\_ changes. We are no  
longer under the spell of the  
natural\_which implies a walk  
through the woods, but instead of  
the manifest, how we each are  
tied into the act of creation. No  
longer are we tossed by nature,  
tied to the act of creation by mere  
biologism. Listen.  
For it is the sound of the artist of  
being.

-Sheeana\_s New Paths.

Within the No-Ship of the Ones With Many Faces, Scytale  
was held captive in a status of  
intermixed bodies. He wondered what their agenda was, and  
would Duncan bother saving him.

They want me for some reason. Did this all have something  
to do with the factions that  
Duncan suspected\_Do they want to study me as an extended  
individual? To thwart their  
own dissident factions. Except for perhaps Duncan, I am the  
oldest singular personality.

The Ones with Many Faces had become agitated across the  
hive. Scytale sensed somehow their  
every thought as he was among them.

There were no individuals that they could study, know individual existed at the level they needed. That\_s why they need the hyperindividual, an immortal. Duncan and myself were close to that.

Scytale thought to himself, but found himself saying the words aloud.

\_They were gods\_and they were looking for God. You know not the idea of faith in God.\_

Scytale felt something shift across the base of his skull. Then a quick spike of pain as something pierced his skin by his spine.

They are probing me. Some organic version of the T-Probe.

He found his thoughts flowing out, as if he were daydreaming and someone was keeping copious notes. Scytale heard a voice come from inside his mind.

\_Greetings. Please refer to me as Thrynthl\_

He uses the name of an ancient Mentat, a Tleilaxu mythic name. His accent, Strange garbled.

Scytale\_s thoughts raced faster than he could take hold of them.

The\_ve blocked my brain\_s ability to stop thinking. I am along for the ride.

Didn't galaxies collide in so ominous a destruction that  
no semblance of  
their former shapes exist afterwards\_only the nebula of  
shattered suns and a  
new central core of commingled gravities amassed obstinate  
to all permanence.

Damn the Tyrant God\_couldn't we have discovered the  
nature of Duncan  
sooner\_all those gholas\_the set back was the breeding  
program\_reflecting on  
our shared history..all our precautions and faith\_how separate  
Duncan and I  
are.

The Ones with Many Faces had taken memory down to a  
cellular consciousness and  
beyond\_they were transcending the limits of physical matter\_and  
in the process they were arriving  
on the opposite side of the bell curve\_infinite consciousness  
moved toward the absence of  
consciousness\_or at least\_a transformation. They could revert at  
times to a group of separate  
sub-entities\_although they seldom did\_that number in the  
quadrillions they often traveled in groups  
of various numbers of pods\_each pod made of several sub-  
groups. The Ones With Many Faces  
would survive and expand. Scytale realized this even as the  
biologic T-probe continued its sweep of

grandiose schemes to push the limits of the Language of God,  
to make manifest

the genetic grandeur in a body that was the ultimate worship  
has come to ruin.

The Tleilaxu from the Scattering have Returned, yet they  
bring the true

Integration\_they have become..emerged as\_the Ones With  
Many

Faces\_Horrific and Marvelous. We never dreamed they would  
achieve so much

so\_

The one calling himself Thrynthi was performing some kind  
of altered use of the biologic probe;

Scytale could almost feel it but he could quite grasp it. All at once  
he realized that Thrynthi was

probing each of his multilives individually, seperating them and  
recombining them in yet another  
process.

Scytale shuddered as his years slowly unfolded under the  
commands of the Ones With Many

Faces.

We have all just become a bit obsolete.

message.

That Shai-Hulud consumes me is  
the fate of humanity.  
That the spice-dream holds its  
secret and all secrets  
Is the fate of Shaitain.  
That the melange is the messenger  
is the fate of all futures.  
-Sheeana\_s New Paths.

In his third year among the sisters\_the sexual impulses began to stir within the young Paul gholas. As Teg was closest in age to the Paul gholas physically, some six years his elder, Paul was more apt to ask him about matters of sex. Teg\_s sexuality was a game he played with the younger renegade sisters, and he even entertained a certain reluctant relationship with Amba.

"I have read in my histories that Jessica was the mate of Leto. Are you and Amba mates now."

Teg had been intimate with Amba soon after the capture of Scytale, several months before, but by no means were they mates. On this day, the day that Paul\_s memories were to be awakened, Paul had approached Teg on sexual matters he felt uncomfortable asking his mentor Duncan.

matres. Talk to Mother Rebecca, I'm  
sure she'll give you an earfull.

Paul thought for a moment. Duncan always speaks of  
training, of combat, of Mentat skills.

Yet he never speaks of his bond with Murbella.

Duncan was not a easy topic\_his sexual co-enthrallment  
with Murbella made him a strange  
choice for an adolescent's advice.

Paul asks now, but soon he will remember all as Muad\_Dib.  
As I was na\_ve before

Duncan made me aware of my past life. Your only answer is  
silence today boy, for the truth  
will come all too soon.

Teg pondered the time honored traditions of family names.  
Harkonnen. Atreides. Corrino.

\_This is a coin that no longer trades.\_

This was the dawn of a new age, where key personas began  
to outweigh the collective path.

Of course Paul, and Leto, and Siona\_all Atreides\_and all their  
genes were the propagation of  
their uniqueness.

But their status as individuals? It\_s just that humanity itself  
has invested in this family\_s  
success.

By now, Sheeana and her sisters, the Rabbi\_s party, Teg,  
Duncan, and Paul had all settled in  
the Tleilaxu seitch, built for them alone to serve the Tleilaxu faith.  
It would be here that Paul\_s other

the gholas to an exact preset  
age, especially with their new new T-probe enhanced axlotl  
tanks.

Teg took special notice in a Fremen ghola woman. She was  
wearing a traditional stillsuit,

walking with several other Fremen gholas.

As Teg watched her, realized who the ghola was, his blood  
warmed perhaps as it had before  
only in battle.

This ghola is Chiani! The beloved wife of Paul.

Teg was no longer the younger ghola of his former self. He  
was no longer the father of his

children or the husband of his long dead wife. He was no longer  
the general who was now spending

a second life in service to a style of humanity he saw fit to fight to  
protect. As the Chiani ghola

walked past, Miles Teg was simply a man.

She is beautiful.

Teg felt strange that the ghola Paul took no notice of this  
new batch of gholas.

She is not Chiani to him yet.

Did not Mua'Dib come to show

that universe belonged to the  
Fremen. And at what price did  
the Fremen drink from the cup of  
His Elixir of Life. And did not

The streets were littered with a scattering of peoples. The smells were overwhelming to Duinain and Jal, but soon they acclimated to the odors. The smells changed from those of filth to the local air. Throughout their march into this Fremen village the Master Face Dancers were their constant companions. They mimiced these Fremen-like people exactly, and even offered Duinain and Jal types of common greetings, ways to speak the dialect, and how to carry themselves in a way that would make them seem more natural.

Jal remembered something the Old Fremen had said before the Master Faces Dancers killed him and wore his form.

\_We come from the Pilgrimage of Sia\_aba\_

Sia\_aba is Sheeana.

They met with little assistance to finding Sheeana. Although many were familiar with the name Sia\_aba, many spoke of her as if she as common as a Crucifix would have been to a Terran

with, a small glowing diadem beneath each cooking vessel, surrounded by a web of what looked to be a dozen centrally focused tiny mirrors.

They use the Sun to superheat some type of crystal. But it can't be diamondite, it wouldn't hold crystaline structure for more than a few uses. And how would they make it cheaply?

Strangers are welcomed here always. Our Duncan told us ones as you would be presenting soon.

The server reached out both his hands in a sort of greeting, and Jal returned the gesture, embracing each hand to each.

The dialect is strange, but he is speaking our language. Ones as you? Are we so different to what they've become.

Duinain also returned the double handshake, and spoke to their host.

May we meet the one you call Duncan?

Of course you may. But first it is the time for you to join us to eat. Then we will take you to the Duncan.

see us.

"He cannot see you, for he is blind, but he will see more of you than most. He can see what you think with those metal eyes of his."

Metal Eyes. Like the Duncan's from the Idah-Hayt Schools.

Before long, they had a new guide to take them to this Duncan with metal eyes. Only one of the Master Face Dancers accompanied them, the others descreately excusing themselves from the party.

After a short walk past the open sietches they were before the Duncan. And the guide was instructed by the Duncan to be left alone with Duinain and Jal.

His metal eyes glared at Jal and Duinain. He was the ghola of Duncan with the metal eyes. He held a pack of Dune Tarot cards as he sat upon the Fremmen spice rug that was woven with the particular designs.

The night had come instantly, and the two inner rapid moons had risen to mid sky in a matter of moments, while far overhead the large moon al-akrab shone full at the skies zenith.

that is already long past.\_

Duinain thought to himself:

Does he spice dream the past? Does he await some synergy from some mystical moment past to amplify his reading. What aspect of Dunacn\_s Net has this ghola discover, and how has he learned to measure the pulses of its reoccurrences to tap into its powers.

\_Somewhere Sia\_aba dreams the first of all Fremmen to ingest the spice.\_

Jal had the urge to drop into a Spice Dream, to scope the Again Muad\_Dib\_s first ingestion of the Water of Life.

The Duncan answered her unspoken desire \_Sia\_aba agrees that you should learn about that time.

But she asks that you look not at the events but at something else.\_ At this moment the metal eyed

Duncan drew a card from his tarot deck and placed it face up. The card was the Wanderer. \_The

Wanderer carries a bundle, but knows not what the bundle contains. So should you carry all you see, but walk no fixed path.\_

By now Duinain and Jal had taken their places, seated in front of the Duncan, on the spice carpet. And Jal dipped into the throes of the spice dream.

some of the possible themes that this seventh book may have covered in the form of an online novel. Roughly carved out paths exploring the future of Dune are what drives Dune Revenant. Thanks for reading, and feel free to email IXIAN2000 with your questions and comments. Why a 7th Dune Book? What happened to Duncan Idaho? Who are the Master Face Dancers? Check back here soon for more updates.

October 06, Have been doing some maintenance to the page. Set up a second page of table of contents and the notes for chapter sixteen. I've rewritten parts of Chapter's 3,4,6,7 but they aren't out online just yet.

T\_writes.

Great Story.... I think I like the story line alot better than Chapter House. I started reading it on a whim at work and did not stop til I got to chapter 15.... now I have to wait.

K\_also asks.

out of this deal?

Sept 01, After several weeks being offline, your online author

IXIAN2000 has returned with Chapters Thirteen, Fourteen, and Fifteen.

There's more to come with these three. Also, half of Chapter Two has been

expanded. I plan to go back over each chapter and expand what I feel I've

glossed over. Thanks, and remember, your comments are appreciated.

Aug 10, I have been rewriting some of the earlier chapters. Chapter

One has been reworked and is now more filled in.

July 25, Chapter Twelve.

July 15, Chapter Eleven.

R\_ writes.

...I always wanted to see the Ixians develop a machine or android like

a Face Dancer. After they build an Ixian probe the mechanical Face Dancer

could copy the memories as well.

July 10, A major overhaul to Dune Revenant site. Visit the old home

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, immitation is the most sincere

form of flattery. That and large bills shoved in your pants. But I degress.

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

Dune book titles obvious. So what is my problem with Dune Revnant then?

Simple. ChapterHouse: Dune, Dune Messiah, Dune Revnant. They are much too similar. I really couldn't blame someone if they confused Dune Revnant with an actual Dune Book. If he would simply call it something like, 'Dune Revnant (FF)' I think I would be happy.

In reply, H\_ Writes:

I \*did\* read the first chapter; although not sufficiently enthralled to read the others...yet. (Insomnia and boredom make for some occasionally tres weird reading & watching material!! :-). However, I, too, do NOT like calling it \*The\* 7th Book. "The 7th Book," as it were, albeit non-existent, is a mythos that belongs to FH, his fans, and no one else, in a sort of oddball sense. Every single reader of the Chronicles (actually, I like Thomas Detoux's "Chrinicles," doesn't it make you smile? No offense, Thomas...I mean it!!) has finished Ch:D, either thrown the book across the room or been tempted to, cogitated (thought, for non-English cradle

chapters, I'm not sure that "revenant" is the appropriate term, anyhow). How about we all settle on calling it nothing more than "Revenant," or some other suitable term? I concur that the current name \*implies,\* or allows the reader to infer, that it is somehow affiliated with, authorized by, from the notes of: FH. This is not to disparage the work; clearly, someone labored hard. Just my thoughts.

IXIAN2000 writes a worried response:

Hello everyone. I have read recent posts and I am both pleased and shocked. This DUNE REVENANT project was only a way to explore the future of FH universe. I never new that even fan fiction would fall prey to the politics that blemish the science fiction industry. Nevertheless, I would not want readers of my online writing, rough and unreadable as it is, to be confused with the real thing. For this reason, I will make major changes to the online work in progress, along the lines of suggestions made by S\_\_\_

the line 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

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

\*\*\*\*\*

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 allways really excited about what's going to happen. My impression of the

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

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

Princess Irulan, Reverend Mother Gaius Helen, Eunic, and Scytale. Scytale thinks "When this is done we will be the only one with a Kwisatz haderach we can control the others will possess nothing" This is taken into the fact that they had already built a previous one. Needless to say, Duncan has been the central figure in 4 of the sequels (Dune Messiah, Heterics of Dune, God Emperor of Dune, Chapterhouse: Dune). The basic theme of Dune through the whole series is evolution. It shows science as religion and religion as science. Each interlocking paradox continues to confront the other. Only to find that those are merely perspectives. Survival. That is all. Chapterhouse left a broad breach for imagination. As for the Bene Gesserit and Honored Mothers. Hybridization is a simplistic view of what is intended there. Through out the series there has always been "Other sisterhoods" present in the series. The Honored Mother did not "start" with fish speakers and Reverend Mothers (In Extremis). In fact, the fish speaker began with Alia. Her Amazon Guard (only referred to

Other discovery made, Honored Maters were not all "Humans". On junction RM

Lucilla, and Lampadas horde found "Dama" "Not human" After the Great Honored

Matre Stated "There is no such thing as human compassion" Then there is the

fact that the returned Tleixu said "Honored are much worse than the Bene

Gesserit Reverend Mothers". A statement like this could only be made if they

had contact with a Reverend Mother. One from the scattering.

Which gives to my point. That Bene Gesserit ways were not only common

place in the Universe at the time. It was also an inheritance. Siona

blood. Which unites most of the people at the time of Chapterhouse (not just

the Bene Gesserit, as the Rabbi points out, and Murbella proves. Tegs

experience with the same T-probes that Honored Maters also use as a

Hypno-litigation alternative proves there is a Change in the Basic human

structure that we first seen In God Emperor.

This are just my views and ideas. I am a true Believer in the Golden

Path (The survival of Humans in all times and places) So much that I am now a

Anthropology Major. If there is a Bene Gesserit I would like to be a part of

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

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 to 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 their vigilance, through all their attention to the role of humanity, that they missed

realize this is only one way to interpret this (I always saw Duncan as Leto's favorite sculpture of humanity)

My lumping together of the Bene Gesserit and the Honored Matres was not an easy thing to do, for the sisterhoods would always preserve the tradition of the human. However, even great intentions of the Bene Gesserit as guardians of humanity were subject to some inhuman dealings with the Tleilaxu and their redefinition of the tradition of biologism. With such an element present, I didn't think it would be very long before the paradigm of 'human' would need to be rewritten. What I wanted to address with Sheeana (I writing a chapter about her now) was that her sense of the sisterhood combined with her inheritance from Leto could propel her on a path like no other. Just as you said there were many sisterhoods, Sheeana might perceive many New Paths. The Golden Path could be the one that continues the grand tradition of humanism and molds the kind of society that would let the humans flourish. But we would need Other Paths for those

void does  
not create a deficiency; it does not constitute a lacuna that  
must be  
filled. It is nothing more, and nothing less, than the unfolding of a  
space  
in which it is once more possible to think."  
"For all those who still wish to talk about man, about his  
reign or  
his liberation, to all those who still ask themselves questions  
about what  
man is in his essence, to all those who wish to take him as  
their  
starting-point in their attempts to reach the truth, to all those  
who, on  
the other hand, refer all knowledge back to the truth of man  
himself, to  
all those who refuse to formalize without anthropologizing, who  
refuse to  
mythologize without demystifying, who refuse to think without  
immediately  
thinking that it is man who is thinking, to all these warped and  
twisted  
forms of reflection we can only answer with a philosophical  
laugh--which  
means, to a certain extent, a silent one."

May 7, 1998: Chapters 3,4,5 are out.

OrLok sponsors the Dune Revenant Text with links to this  
page. Thanks

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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