

DUNE REVENANT

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

- Sociotemprint of the Fish Speaker School Idah-Mirabla

Duinain stood alone at a podium facing a crowd that filled the Great Hall to capacity. The hall held over a million people, which made it the 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 sufficed. All the major schools were convening here on the planet

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

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

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

Spice Dreaming as a Technique of Historical Archaeology

Idah-Mirabla Fish Speaker School

presented by

Duinian ibn Idah7 Idah-Mirabla

Sociotemprint Archaeologist

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

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

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

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

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

"We are a people riddled by questions. How have we acquired the variety of Schools we know today? What is our origin? Different Schools approach this knowledge differently. Our common mythos is open to interpretations. Tleilaxu 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 Synthespice to broaden the band of consciousness. Although most Individuals possessed Multiple Memories, and could share Personas passed on within a School's line, the technique of a consensual vision had only recently been discovered. The process of the Spice Dream allowed a number of people to experience an actual historical moment by a dilation of the fabric of consciousness. Duinain glossed over the space-time figures, simplifying the idea as a cross between the ability to foldspace and the techniques of Duncan's Net. This consensual hallucination allowed history to be re-experienced, as easily as reading a history book had been ten millennia ago.

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

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

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

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

As Jal continued the process, folding consciousness, turning back the moments both from physical and 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 al-phaline bred direct from Hwi Noree herself, her silhouette cutting the light from the Sun-Sweep Window.

She is beautiful as was the consort of God.

And then they were transported.

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

"What is the purpose of all this Sheeana?"

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

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

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

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

“Where is Duncan?” I remember when the original Paul used to request

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

and I’ve returned to this.

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

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

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

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

engineering shared the disapproval that computers gained after the

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

included computerized biotechnology. Only the Bene Tleilax practiced it,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Paul cried out as Miles landed a blow. “Alright, lad, that’s enough

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

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

Sheeana knew what his face told.

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

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

did was being watched by some unknown observer.

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

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

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

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

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

consciousness has just experienced, for all of our sakes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

historical Law of Least Probability demonstrates that it would been absurd

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

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

tale that it must be true.

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

As the voice continued to counter the Spice Dreamer findings, Duinain

half listened as he watched the Sun-Sweep Window and thought of the fact

that it was a representation of all ancient calendars up until its

creation. When the voice was finished, Duinain resumed his findings,

letting the light paths from that grand window somehow focus and guide him.

The lecture continued for some time. After the flood of questions and

personal greetings, some hours later, Duinain found himself alone in the

cloisters of his chambers. He reclined back into the chair where he had

done most of his research. A historian of that era that produced the

Integration, Duinain infrequently found himself alone these days, due to

the increased interest in Integration origins due to the Millennial

Celebrations. Even the Spice Dreaming could be done alone, but it was

much more vivid to have multiple dreamers reconstructing a memory or a

scene from the ancient past. Jal would be along soon enough, with a few

other of the students of the Idah-Mirabla school. Duinian would get back to

the Tleilaxu memories, that was where his current priorities lay.

The Tleilaxu memories are not history, they are the key to all of our

futures.

Duinian had a strong backbreeding to the original children of Duncan

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Duinain had perfected the technique of multiple Spice Dreamers

reconstructing the same historical moment in a revolutionary way. Each

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

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

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

even had auxiliary Spice Dreamers focusing on interpersona communication or

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dune returned, and was overcome with the feeling that this was a gauntlet

that humanity could not surpass by simple destruction of the world. He saw

Fremen there, and Muad_Dib was there, inviting him, warning him. He told

Sheeana that it was an oracular dream, but it was not the future he saw,

not a prescient vision. He had failed to explain it more.

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

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

simply appear in the net of my extended awareness. They must not be thought

of as visions of the future._

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

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

Zensunni.

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

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

There is something of Dune that lives after its death. Perhaps our sandworm cargo carries it, pearls of Leto's awareness. Perhaps you carry it

yourself, Sheeana. He paused, and Sheeana waited on his next words, What

I see defies the temporal, a disembodied spirit of a shattered world. This

Dune Revenant wanders as we wander, it seeks a world to haunt as we seek

one to inhabit. Restless as we are restless. Sheeana noticed he had a look

in his eyes that in his half-trance he chose not to hide.

He's gazing into his Net, seeing what has been caught up in it. Duncan

is our fisherman. Yet we fish for a new Dune.

Two weeks after departing moonless Stopover, they found the

five-mooned world. Idaho taxed his abilities to see within his oracular net,

until the world had been discovered, tangled within its mesh. He found the

world there as he had found so many things. He had added lists of weapons,

languages, and skills acquired out of thin air to the archive on the

no-ships computer. A mechanical no-ship detector was the first project he

wanted to begin work on, as soon as time and resources would allow it.

Teg can see the no-ships, Duncan had warned Sheeana, and he knew the

Basher would protect the whereabouts of this five mooned world and their

no-ship.

Much of the planet was already desert. Sheeana circled the no-ship

that first time herself, the air was dry and hot. A dustwind kicked up, and

her nostrils registered the possibility of sandworms adaptation. The

dustwind carried the telltale signs of a sandstorm, not a fierce one, but

on its way nonetheless from a desert sea to the south.

She marveled at this desert world. The planet's sun was of a slightly

hotter class than the sun of Rakis had been. She turned to a pair of

sisters that had also emerged from the ship _ Sheeana took a handscreen

itinerary from one of them _list of the planets attributes appeared

electronically. _We_II need stillsuits for sure, and equipment to construct

our first shelters. From there we_II manufacture the rest._ Sheeana

returned to the screen. Hotter sun, and the planet was a notch too close,

making for a quicker year.

That could quicken the sandtrout cycle.

Longer days and nights were the result of a slower planetary rotation,

16-hour days/ 16-hour nights at the equinox. The planet's large size and

mass resulted in a gravity slightly greater than that of Rakis.

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

the heat.

Duncan emerged from the no-ship with quickness in his step, _Sheeana,

the temporary weather probe we left in orbit has downloaded its first

datafeed. We should stay inside for noontime temperatures are going to get

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

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

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

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

as only one other_s had in all of history, and she allowed a certain

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

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

duties, construction of dwellings assigned to those sisters, stillsuit

manufacture assigned these sisters, all modifications overseen by Duncan.

We are to be Fremmen again. Sheeana allowed Dar the response. What a

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

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

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

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

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

challenge?

Naming the moons had been instinctive. Sheeana recalled the

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

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

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

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

an elevated ridge that would also allow them a view of the open bled _to

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

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

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

Arrakis, as the ancients called it, itself was named from the Fremen word

araq, which means _sweat._ The name Dune began to stick here, especially

among the younger sisters upon awakening of other memories. Once the

presence of ancient Arrakis was available to them the name would emerge.

How much hotter Dune seems than ancient Arrakis or _Dune revives the

clarity of the Fremen in the Desert._

Sheeana recalled how Duncan insisted on calling the planet Dune, since

his vision of the Dune Revenant before their arrival. That night on the

high ridge they discussed the reports of the Returning of the Master Face

Dancers to the Old Empire. Sheeana told him they were searching out known

desert worlds.

So they want to destroy this Dune as well, do they. Duncan referred

to one report that came from Chapterhouse, Murbella had her hands full.

Sheeana had asked _Why do you insist on calling this world Dune._ Duncan

returned smile as he surveyed the night bled, _As these moons are my

witness, I know one simple truth. The revenant from my vision has found a

home haunt: this planet is now Dune._

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

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

The Spice Dreams will have to wait until tomorrow.

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

The Temple to Saint Alia of the Knife.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

-GIOAD progressive philosophy.

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

representatives from the major Guild enclaves as well as high exposure

Ixian technocrats, cybimech theorists, and parliamentary integral

economists.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

theorists would pronounce. Lai reflected on these roles as she

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

the parliament hall.

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

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

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

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

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

technological architecture they had introduced on Old Gammu, known to

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

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

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

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

improved upon.

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

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

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

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

them, caused the Ixians to flourish.

We have truly transformed Technology into Art.

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

honor of the sacrificed fabrication world, destroyed during the

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

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

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

Scattering. The Integration years had witnessed a redesign of

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

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

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

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

Not a spoon for just any mouth.

She advanced to the crisis at hand; _I need not understate the

locus of our situational roles. The verification of The Ones With Many

Faces as an epidemic transformation of the Master Face Dancers is

evident from all reports. What Individual reports need addressing?_

Eahrch spoke first, his Synthespice 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

of the edicts of the Bultarian Jihad._ Almek spoke of the space-folding

implants, which could not only think, but were actually able to dream

the spice trance that allowed the possibilities of spacefolding.
Edrich

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

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

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

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

as she continued __for that reason we should proceed accord-
ing to the

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

purposefully excluding his extremist algorithms, which often
worked

outside of integral economic limits. The generalist algorithms
had

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

but it did ensure GIOAD_s place in the universe's economy. The
extremist

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

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

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

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

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

submit his objection, Lai added, _We wouldn_t want to undo the
stability

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

integration. Our intentions should continue as they always
have,

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

Revenant from the Master Face Dancers._

Yours is the road to failure for all of us.

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

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

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

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

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

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

were never revisited.

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

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

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

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

all of this._

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

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

even their benign pestering._

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

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

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

greater._

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

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

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

initial inquiry and project confirm an 88 percent probability of Sheeana

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To describe the transformation of the Bene Tleilaxu defies the limits

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

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

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

unexpected. Just as Scytale had transformed over successive iterations from

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

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

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

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

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

-from the Chani-Tej School.

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

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

combined sisterhoods of Bene Gesserit and Honored Matres during the

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

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

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

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

to make the word _humanity_ no longer collectively inclusive of the

universes myriad beings.

What are you doing alone?

Getting prepared for the Tleilaxu reconstruction, Duinain didn't

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

_The consesorium report as of moments ago was that Paul was a myth

constructed by the Master Face Dancers several hundred years ago in

conjunction with their transformation plans to become the Ones With Many

Faces._

Why will people always fall back on conspiracy theories.

Duinain was silent for a moment.

No one plans mistakes like Paul, or would ever construct a story like

the Paul gholia incident. And no one, not even the Masters, plan their own evolution.

Duinain spoke his next phrase outloud, _Things just happen._

Jal and her fellow Spice Dreamers had made themselves comfortable

around the room. _Should we get started, some of us have other things to do

besides muddle through the past._

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

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

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

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

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

sole survivor of the elite core of that society.

How 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_

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

given her the Muad_Dib cells, and she has given us this moon for Neo

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

before he continued with his agenda.

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

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

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

in him._

Atlelell, who originally developed the idea of the multilived council

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

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

Nuahul responded after taking notice of Scytale_s grimace, _It seems

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

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

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

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

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

caught in a research project when our enemies strike?_

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

plan._

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

have another unsuspected result from the Teg gholas. I hope those of you not

involved with this research have all reviewed the data sent on his

accelerated enhancements brought on by the T-probe.

Several of the Mastifs whispered among themselves as they took

interest, but it was Xiatl who piped in a response, "We have already

adapted several of the excelgro axlotl tanks with a T-probe modification.

So modified, we are continuing to maximize the throughput of our axlotl

tanks. The first mules were born out of this technology today and the

results are as you would expect. These mules are faster and stronger than

ever, and we've managed to have a greater control over pre-bred

specialization limits and maximum lifespan. I'm sending this first batch

down to the surface to continue work on the Holy Seitch.

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

When they had all returned, the other Spice Dreamers said their good-byes

and left Duinain's chamber.

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

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

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

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

"How can they argue otherwise, Scytale himself has discussed the

reanimation of Paul."

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

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

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

false enemies. They_re conspiracy delays action with research._

_What was Scytale_s plan?_

_I haven_t gotten much of it yet, his mind was traditionally Tleilaxu,

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

taken the philosophical question of language to ultimate level literalism.

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

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

The unknowable ways, Jal added. _To us it seems so simple, but at

the time, it was revolutionary. I just don_t think they were any more

revolutionary than the Bene Gesserit or the Tyrant himself._

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

Ouada afternoon, _the Tleilaxu sense of praxis is revealed in their

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

They were the ultimate materialists.

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

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

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

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

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

that they call God_s Language._

Jal interrupted, _This was Scytale_s intention? We are all born from axlotl tanks, Duinain, how can this be a clue to his intentions? How does any of this lead us closer to the Ones With Many Faces?_ Duinain turned from the window to face Jal. _What do we know about the ancient Tleilaxu origins? They had bred themselves along a path that translates their own individual genetic code along the lines of their Zensunni beliefs that thread back through decimillenia. They had even perfected the encoding of gaps in their genetic sequence that traditionally would have no gaps. These gaps decentralized the idea of identical DNA throughout an organism. Don_t you see, this was a Zensunni trick, the entire being only has a complete genetic code, are no single DNA strand is complete. The one is both empty and full. The gaps constitute concealment on the part of the Bene Tleilaxu ultimate motives, as the Bene Gesserit themselves were never able to decipher the Tleilaxu intentions and motives, let alone overcome the idea of breeding._ _So are you saying the Ones With Many Faces were outside of the control of the original Tleilaxu masters._ _By all means. I think they were even out of the control the Master Faces Dancers. From my research with Duncan memories, he first was in contact with two Master Faces Dancers, Marty and Daniel. Follow the threads from there and you_ll find that the Ones With Many Faces even took the

Master Face Dancers by surprise. I just hope we_re able to decipher their secret before its too late._

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

claims we_re losing as many a three worlds a day on the rim. With each

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

further expansion._

Geometric expansion, Duinain did the math, as more worlds were

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

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

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

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

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

similar revolution from within their own alien civilization. The resistance

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

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

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

theories of cellular-memory tempering emerged as a psychological

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

-From the play The Vindication of Saint Alia.

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

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

The transmission was in three parts, Lai always sent a brief
note on

recent events, and along with that was a text called The Vindi-
cation of

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

a holo-image. Lai appeared with the usual crackle of image
into nearby

empty space and spoke:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She had seen it dozens of times before (it was always per-
formed 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,

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

experienced visually_

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

you continued, so
that we may
continue.

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

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

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

I cannot.

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

Murbella collapses.
Enter DUNCAN IDAHO.)

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

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

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

SISTER 1
She reeks of
Spice. What was she
doing?

DUNCAN
What does any Fish
Speaker do?

(attendants take her
from the room to

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

EXIT.

* * * *

Jal clicked shut the text and thought about the story of
The

Vindication of Alia. Murbella wrote it herself after she began to
merge the

two schools of the Bene Gesserit and the Honored Matres. The
play was to

describe the way Murbella utilized the Other Memory of Alia in
order to

help her to make the decision. As the mythology told, Alia
had been

possessed by her Other Memory of her grandfather, the Baron
Harkonnen, a

possession that resulted in Alia's suicide.

Murbella had an ever-present question on her mind: _In what
direction

shall I lead my Sisters?_ This new sisterhood had the potential of
all the

greatness of both the Bene Gesserit and the Honored Matres,
but the leader

was being crushed by the options open to her. Murbella was
constantly

ingesting near-fatal levels of Spice, to explore all the permuta-
tions of

choices. She consulted great leaders of the past, each with
their own

achievements and flaws. Odrade. Mohiam. Only until she
walked through the

memories of Alia did she find her way.

Although Alia never had children, Tleilaxu agents had stolen
some of

her cells, and when they fled in the Scattering, often tried to
breed these

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

Murbella came into the memories through this crossbreeding process. The

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

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

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

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

eventually lend itself to the practices of Persona Shifting and Multilive

Individuals as they were today.

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

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

the Ones With Many Faces?

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

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

Master Face Dancers in an attempt to thwart off Sheeana.

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

ability to abolish 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...

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

joke...

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

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

Murbella began to notice the way in which Harkonnen had possessed Alia--but

somehow--could not notice that Alia was overtaking her. Alia became sweet

and ruthless to Murbella, so entranced by her mystique and presence. Alia's

innocence came from her unique status as abomination. She was new to a

world only she knew--and Murbella would stand transfixed by her in wonder.

Would it have been so hard for someone to have reached out and accepted

Alia? What was she envisioning that gets glossed over by her so defined

condition? She was the Saint of the Knife--and here she is seen cutting

through the limits of what is human. (the first person to not be human

saves and kills her). What is left without her is a worship of our

relationship with the ego. She only asked more of us than we were able to

know...

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

"How's Duinain doing?"

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

Dream alone; too many details could be lost.

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

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

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

Many Faces are breaking through with each passing day?

In any ecosystem _there exists a stratum of lifeforms whose sole

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

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

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

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

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

intervention, there would have been no need for Sheeana_s race of

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

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

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

come to pass.

--Ancient NeoTleilaxu Coda.

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

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

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

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

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

Duncan's inner gaze away from his Net.

When did I first meet you Paul?

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

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

trained him as the head swordmaster of Leto 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

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

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

Gods, it was 7000 years before.

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

feeling that transversed permutations of being unimaginable, to arrive here

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

There is truth in this feeling.

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

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

understand.

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

studies with one of Sheeana's sisters.

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

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

imagine.

Gods, did I know him!

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

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

Leto hands?

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

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

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

Duncan recalled Leto mentioning something of the worms to come after

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

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

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

chose to.

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

summoned the worms.

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

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

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

to explain the obvious to him suddenly:

_By merging with the worm_Leto extended their awareness of us. We are

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

see Duncan._

_But given this_what is the relationship between human and worm._

_Ah the Mentat comes to the fore ground for his question; but the

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

Melange never extended consciousness for the long term_it merely

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

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

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

Symbiosis.

Teg entered the room, interrupting Duncan_s train of thought.

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

as he handed Duncan a vidbook.

_What_s this._

_Report from Sheeana. Syctale_s up to something in the outskirts of

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

spacefold. Teg and Duncan had developed the design from the noship_s

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

safe for the Master Face Dancers.

_Hiding a small star system within a constantly fluctuating hyperspace

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

makes it possible._

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

back the vidbook to Teg

_Sheeana has only now alerted us. However, she has not directly

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

and leave the Tleilaxu presence in the deep desert to Sheeana_s worms._

Sheeana_s worms. How close you are to the truth Miles.

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

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

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

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

-Lecture_s of Sheeana to the gholia Muad_Dib.

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

as a Bene Gesserit. Here in the deep desert, monitoring the progress of the

sandworms, kept her constantly aware of destiny, both personal and

historical. The sisters who followed her here knew she had a vision, and

the constant spice ingested by all allowed the lines to blur somewhat,

blending her wishes with their wishes. She guided them in this insane

frontier as a sculptor would mold wet clay.

The talent had always been there in humans. We merely needed to meet

up with the Spice to release what had been locked away.

Muad_Dib had changed all that. Muad_Dib sired the Tyrant God himself,

an unexpected crashing down of the Bene Gesserit breeding program. This was

reason enough to break with the Bene Gesserit ways.

Murbella will do fine picking up the pieces. She is her own brand of

artiste, the wild strain demands that she be.

In the desert, dreams came to Sheeana. They would overpower the

moment, and she knew not if they were imagined or real. She saw herself

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

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

was being created by her. And with that thought, she was beside Murbella

and in contact with her dilemma.

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

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

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

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

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

Murbella walked through Chapterhouse, that was looking more like a

battleground than the home of the sisterhood. Her personal attendant,

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

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

This one especially has a resemblance to Hwi Noree.

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

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

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

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

Speakers were united.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

molded us, continue to presence themselves into the future.

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

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

Leaona asked, _Mother Superior, is something wrong?_

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

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

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

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

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

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

Now we are all children of Siona.

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

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

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

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

the breeding program as a fix, while Muad_Dib's rejection of that path

insured a different option, only recently realized by Sheeana.

And now that I have resurrected Muad_Dib I hold a unique position.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

out into the rough sandwinds.

Shaitain knows my thoughts. And I am one with Shai_Hulud..

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

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

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

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

To become a Sandworm!

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

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

Sheeana could follow much of Leto's line of reasoning in becoming one

with the sandworm. She began to envision the time when he first made the

transformation. The sandtrout, the little makers, naturally moved to

encapsulate water, and Leto used this natural tendency to his advantage.

They slowly covered his body, and over time, his body adapted. With the

passing of the centuries (What attention to such a slow process!) his dream

was continually honed to a sort of preternatural perfection. Sheeana would

weep when she thought of what Leto gave up (What pain he endured) in

establishing the Golden Path. Such dreams were already coming to Sheeana.

She had a glimpse of Arafel, the darkness cloud at the end of the universe,

and was sure in certain ways that although it could indicate the Golden

Path was in danger, there were many New Paths yet undreamed.

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

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

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

Mother Superior, the sandstorm will break just beyond that ridge to the West.

The Tleilaxu encampment will be there, Sheeana had learned to step from the dream as easy as one would change one's mind.

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

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

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

that I not sure I understand._

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

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

rise a bit if you would learn from it._

Amba nodded, _Shall we proceed._

Sheeana_s only answer was to continue to walk west towards the

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

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

multithreaded level of meaning after his death. For the teleological

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

integral progress.

-GIOAD rules of Techne section xiii.

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

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

the Generalists would spout political algorithms that projected an 86%

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

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

surrounds Dune Revenant_this would end once and for all the Sheeana

problem.

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

Mentat abilities with the once forbidden computer technology that arose

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

created_the real advancement lay in the bio-neuro-systems engineered using

the human brain as a model. Nro_s brain had been augmented to supercomputer

status by the Ixian offshoot of Tleilaxu technology applied to

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

The research associated with even his early education spoke to a

redefinition of language and Individual consciousness to the idea of a

virus. Nro had even been successful in proving that individual

consciousness could be encoded and replicated across different

neural-networks without degradation.

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

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

them.

Nro Pathay entered the tram that curved through the folds of the

urban-node. Graviton suspensors had grown in popularity again, after a

brief resurgence of magnetic pulse rails. Nro was distracted for a moment

on the way design reoccurred.

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

Many Faces would achieve.

The tram lurched into motion, gravitons urging the opposing

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

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

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

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

future where Ix commanded a universal respect hitherto unseen.

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

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

Dancers.

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

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

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

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

walked with a second intention that he struggled to hide.

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

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

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

myself questioning my _loyalty_ to Ix.

Nro stopped at a certain merchant_s booth, custom designed in by a

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

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

d©cor that reminded Pathy of the Ixian_s who had fled during the

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

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

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

wearing traditional garb of the Richese ruling class from a thousand

years ago.

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

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

_I_m looking for the more advanced line. Do you have any more units

out back._

Of course citizen, step back behind the display here, the merchant

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

with the Ixian merchant following close behind.

Why won_t the consul see my numbers? Generalists take no ideological

risks. While a brief lapse into totalitarian purest numbers was

extreme_they do offer 99% assurance.

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

to sway the consul._

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

with our alternate plan._

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

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

always accompanied with shape-shifting.

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

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

with our universe._

_You_d best get us more detail than that Pathy. We wish to aid your

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

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

answers to those questions lay on Dune._

My goals are in line with the Face Dancers.

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

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

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

Dancers too were split into two factions_just as the Fish Speakers were

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

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

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

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

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

chasm, the first group calling the second _sentimental_, the second group calling the first _vain_. The first group seeing biological existence as a detriment to the kind of being it could foresee, moved to _live_ in other forms destroying the grounding principles from under their feet that propelled them from singular life to a chaotic symbioorium of hive culture brought to its ultimate ends: anthropomorphogenesis. They followed the thread of the Tleilaxu Zensunni origins to the ultimate physical expression of the ancient credo: the one is the all. Hence the Ones With Many Faces sought to destroy their rivals. We, the remaining faction of Master Face Dancers desired different ends. Although we are superior to humans in most every way, we found ourselves growing solipsistic in our mutability, a contradiction in our ideology that left us weakened for an attack by the Ones With Many Faces. We still enjoy the singularity of persona that you humans give to the universe, and we with many personas still find it refreshing to indulge in a new persona as it comes along. We have many questions, of Sheeana, of Duncan, of Scytale, that are as yet unanswered. _This is why you seek the Dune Revenant. _We seek what the Ones With Many Faces also seek. However, while they are combing through the multiverse in a wave that spans both past and future, we are bound by the present to search for the remnants of the past. This is the urgency of our plight._

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

Dancers needed his assistance.

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

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

you ensure that the Ones With Many Faces haven't infiltrated your ranks and

will destroy Dune before you learn what you need to.

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

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

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

by my people.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

carefully grooming and protecting you who are our greatest resource and

commodity. You did not think that humans developed the Integral Economics

that you are so fond of. The Integration was our gift to humanity, in a way

to ensure the longevity of their surrancy to us._

Pathay 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 Pathay, 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 Pathay

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,

by the will of Shaitain, as ordained by Muad_Dib. Fear not, my Fremem, for

the challenge is upon you. That the Desert vanishes does not mean that

you should abandon your desert ways. For the desert should be within your

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

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

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

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

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

return.

-Letter of Harq Al-Arda to the Fremen

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

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

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

prelude his breaking of the silence.

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

in danger. _Jal leaned forward, her elbows on her knees.

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

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

conclusion. _The Master Face Dancers have infiltrated the Ixian consul, I_m

sure of it. There_s something else I haven_t told you. I_ve been doing

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

them has the ability to see me watching him._

_What! That doesn_t seem possible. Which Duncan?_

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

founder of Idah-Mirabla. Do you think it has something to do with Duncan_s Net?

After he spoke, Jal noticed how much Duinain looked like the Duncans.

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

the present, past, and future. I_m not sure of their intentions or how

they_re able to do this, but it doesn_t look good for the children of

humanity._

All this leads us to Lai and Ix.

Ix is the crossroads in more ways than one.

_You think that whatever is causing Lai to be alarmed, ties back to

Dune Revenant?_

_We need to talk to your sister. The Technocrat Imperator 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

precedents that kept the interests of certain Schools through the interests

of a certain number of strategic Individuals within key Schools. Some of

the GIOAD travel companies, which specialized in interstellar transport of

goods, were finding it harder to find people to accept these jobs, until

they subsidized the couriers of Persona Shifts from distant regions.

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

highlighter 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

mire of causality. Duinian told Jal of his theory that they might be able

to perceive some sort of stray Dream Noise while space folded.

_I_m surprised that you never tried this before,_ Jal goaded him,

_Your must not be a curious as you were when we first met, with all your

new recognition at Idah-Mirabla._

When does any Individual travel, I never got the chance before.

_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 really 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

and the world of ideas. They had changed beyond even the Master Face Dancers in

their mutability, allowing form and the formed to reside as one in their being. And the

constant reminder of the Individuals from which they evolved acted like a limiting virus,

a common tie to us that the Master Face Dancers had somehow grown to respect,

although in a way that was quite inhuman. The Ones With Many Faces saw the Individual as their own brand of Original Sin, their Fall from the ultimate mutability that they strove for. They 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._)

COMPLIANCE RECOGNITION ACCEPTED WE SHALL BEGIN

Waves of sensing expanding around the focus. Echoes returned with ideas that the questions invoked. They embraced this Chaos, so dampened by the very existence of

the Individual Order, driving the Ones With Many Faces through the multiverse in 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 Tleilaxu to CONTINUE humanity with help of gholia conceptions and enhancement possibility.

SUGGEST STUDY OF FISH SPEAKER SCHOOLS

Sector Two reports steps taken to uncover the Dune Revenant

(image of Master Face Dancer Lrolan and Nro Pathay)

Those from whom we evolved,
Those Master Face Dancers
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 con-
sciousness, 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 announce-
ment that the
transport was entering real space from out of the fold. The hu-
morous mood
of only a few moments before was eclipsed by this dire revela-
tion. Both Jal
and Duinain remained silent for several minutes after their Spice
Dream.
Jal was the first to break the silence, "We were forced out of
the

Spice Dream. I don't know if it was due to the ending of the Space Fold or

if 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.

The Master Face Dancers are at war with the Ones With Many Faces. They are

holding onto Individuality while the Ones With Many Faces seek its destruction.

Cancer has infected the multiverse as it it were an individual. Parasites within

parasites. Cancers within cancers. They spread both in
the past and the future.
Unbound.

Jal's wave of ideas was graceful, aware of the art of dream-
ing, 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 fu-
ture of the
Individual and the multiverse. And one final thought, personal, be-
tween 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
had been filtering
through its folds _
the Duncan, the
Scytale, the
temporal
Sheeana. But the
newest

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

experience when
we seek to reap
our deadly
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 gholia 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?

Duncan_s thoughts jumped from appearance to personal history. Few had history together as

they did. Hayt had not cared for his Scytale. Duncan cared not for this one.

Teg waited for Scytale_s features to loose the Tleilaxu grin before he spoke.

_We_re here for answers, not questions._

Scytale was unmoved by Teg's position. How many times had gholas wanted answers? This time was not unlike every other, except that only now had he begun 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._

_I'm not the only project of yours that has _exceeded expectations_ Scytale_don't you

understand that your method, your Tleilaxu grandeur, has become obsolete_the Master Face

Dancers and the Ones With Many Faces are no longer even remotely human. They are your

monsters, you have only succeeded in creating what can only be called an alien species. And they

are interested in every move we make. I know this._

Scytale faced Duncan, taking an uncharacteristic step 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 Tleilaxu 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 worshipping 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

evolved over all these millennia into its most basic state: loyalty to humanity.

His oracular web had now captured several disparate groups, that he now saw as part of what

would be the future of humanity. The cancerous of the Ones With Many Faces; the sentimentality of

the Master Face Dancers who escaped to warn us and protect the concept of individual humanity;

the hybridization of Bene Gesserit and Honored Matre that Murbella was cultivating into fruition;

Sheeana'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,

each pinning his awareness outside of the normal framework of the moment. Duncan saw Teg

motioning toward the door, and a sudden look of concern on Scytale's face.

They are coming for us, and they're holding me here helpless!

Duncan tried to fathom a way out of his dilemma. The paralysis of his body seemed to give him

extra time mentally, time perhaps to devise a plan.

As if they live with one foot in my vision.

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

it is like to die as many times as we have._

As the first Hermit

took the spice

Knew,

As Muad_Dib

Knew,

So the desert

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

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

-Sermon of
Preacher to the
Fremen.

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

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

Tleilaxu Counsel, he is reproducing an entire Fremen population.
Is this all for the benefit of
the mahadi, for the Gholu 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
programed to do certain functions and die when their tasks were
completed. In this way they hand
crafted 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 re-
plused to the point of reciting the

Litany Against fear, Sheeana turned the horror into another les-
son for her sisters.

_Bathe in the horror of this event, and know human repul-
sion, and remember well this feeling.

One day soon, you will no longer have your human instinct to
guide you, and this memory will be a

new myth that will be passed onto a new brood._

The moment slipped by her, she suddenly was aware of
herself remembering her speaking

these words, a deja vu from a past two thousand years before.
Sheeana was one with the
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 wa-
ter or life.

Who is the first Fremmen to take the melange, to know, to
wonder in its
hold? Here marks the days before the marking of the blue
in blue eyes.
Look now into the world of this time.

What was handed over to the Fremmen at that time was time
itself.

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

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

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

The dream gave way with the unfolding of events around Sheeana and her dozen sisters that remained with her. The others had been sent off 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

that without human drives, even ghola soldiers could not achieve the levels of combat prowess that were necessary for a military maneuver.

The Mastif Nahual greeted Sheeana, although he was still far enough away from her that he had to shout.

"Welcome, our most honored guest, to this place that is our most obesent offering to God."

Sheeana could see his teeth as he smiled even from that distance.

She held off 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 gholia Muad'Dib. Quite an accomplishment for the few years we've been at work,

with our maximzing some of the problems of labor and efficiency."

Again the smlie. He oozes contempt and fear for me worse that Scytale ever did.

"You realize that I am not pleased, Nahual," Sheeana layered in an uncertain amout 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, prehabs

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 posibility

for the future." Nahual teethed a smile. "A sad lose."

By now the war-mules were between Sheeana and her sisters.

It is not the time to act as a threat, but to gain an ally.

"Nahual, my Sister's have been out in the strom for weeks. Could you allow us comforts after such an ordeal."

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

The Tleilaxu

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

"What does a river represent in such a universe", and we listen, awaiting the 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 was hovering freely in front of them like a glowglobe. Within a moment, the room was instantly engulfed in blackness.

This device will project a holographic map of the known universes around us, Lai explained the references of the map, and on cue they were surrounded by a projection of galaxies and stars. _This

is a representation of our universe, and this, is space currently occupied by the Ones With Many

Faces._ The outer areas, the regions from the Scattering beyond 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._

Before Lai could answer the doors of the chamber swung open and several of Lai's personal

guard entered.

_What is the meaning of this! Who has given you__ Lai was cut off by the entrance of Nro

Pathay.

This is not Nro!

For a moment, all were silent. Then, the noise of shapeshifting ensued. To watch a Face Dancer

metamorphose was a sight difficult to adapt to, unless of course, 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

GLOAD?

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 Dancer's tone

was low a respectful, almost sensitive to the difficulty of the present situation. _You may continue to

call me Nro Pathay, as you would find that persona most familiar to relate to on a personal level. Or

I may offer to you a new persona, Lrolan, with whom you may feel more comfortable speaking to.

We have no root persona, but Lrolan was an ancient diplomat, and seems appropriate for the

situation."

They have no names! This is the mark of one to whom hive 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

Sheeana wishes our coming. Perhaps she even wills it from the hidden Dune._

Lai Ampre considered the options and offered, "You ask for much. If I reveal the quantum

encryption that hides the hidden Dune, do I rescue our universe from the Ones With Many Faces,

only to surrender to our being the pets of the Master Face Dancers."

Lai turned her back to the group and walked toward a small table by the room's largest window.

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._

SHAITAIN: _What of the Other voices?_

HERMIT: _All take shelter from the winds of the sandstorm._

SHAITAIN: _Are you not but water?_

HERMIT: _Is Shai-hulud not the fire of the sun?_

SHAITAIN: _What action will you take?_

HERMIT: _Waiting._

SHATAIN: _Then the sandworm shall consume you._

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 Rebbeca 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 _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.

Teg backpedaled behind the rooms communications console, which Scytale used to monitor the

axlotl production rooms, as well as communicate with the various Masters on Dune below. Teg

watched as several war-mules were blasted by plasma-fire coming from outside. Under his

command, the rallied with return fire.

You three, retreat back with me! The rest, return fire until my men arrive! We need more men. The smell of plasma burn just hit his nostrils as he 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 Sctale. 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

shifting took on a new dimension, as the humanoid figures began to meld into each other into a trap.

Soon, a web of flesh and limbs snapped towards them.

Duncan_s heightened reflexes allowed him to both through Scytale backwards, role out of the

way of a dozen arms grabbing to constrain them.

Where are their weapons? They want to capture us alive.

Duncan fired into the multicreature with his short plasma rifle, after rolling back out of its grasp.

Each discharge blasted a series of holes into the centralized torsos.

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 axlotl hall to the outside.

Scytale began to scream, but a cupped hand gagged off his cries as it inserted itself into and around his mouth.

Teg raised his plasma weapon to fire, but the multicreature, with blinding reaction speed,

exposed Scytale, positioning him between the possibility of plasma fire and itself.

If we so much as take aim, it watches our move and puts Scytale into the path of our plasma fire.

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 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,
especially what
became of the gholah
Muad_Dib. Would
this world treat him
as a figurehead or
god, these
thousands of years

after his rebirth,
would he even
surpass or make
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

forget 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 Spice

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

The other Master Face Dancers that accompanied them wore the faces of Jal_s Spice Dreamer

companions, and they entered the vessel as if this were all so routine. The pilot took his place in

front of the metallic pivot-station that served as navigation control. Jal watched his every move as

they entered the vessel, especially they location of the pin after he had programmed the No-ship_s

spacefolding construct.

Inside the breast pocket. The one with the flap. That pin is the most valued secret in the universe right now.

Jal sat close to Duinain as the Ixian vessel began the fold-space 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.

Lai always won these games. Why she_s the politician and I_m the dreamer.

Duinain kept from thinking the connections, but felt the implications.

Threading a needle. Nro Pathay not exactly gone.

Jal distracted him from his thoughts by asking a question.

"What I still can't figure out is why Tej-Chiani?"

"What do you mean?" Duinain did not quite follow her.

"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.

Prepare for entry into the planets orbit.

They had chosen a landing site outside of the populated areas, but close enough for the party to

quickly reach a place where we could find more information. Their first order of business was

procuring stillsuits for the desert. Jal contemplated the hasty plans the Master Face Dancers seemed to enact.

They want us to blend in, in order to find Sheeana. How do they know that Sheeana 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 Amyn 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 Amyn.

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.

* * * * *

Do the Bene Tleilax take on

Leto_s Golden Path? Leto_s path is of endless creation. This is the inverted Platonism, where the truth is not in the ideal, but in the created, the world made manifest by the people who create it. This is the religion, the true faith. The

science of Gholas becomes the rebirth of Dune itself. In a Tleilaxu 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.

This faction wishes to explore the Individual to undermine its mystique. They would have

like to have captured Duncan also I_m sure.

The individual was something they had lost touch with, something the Master Face Dancers

wished to preserve (perversely). However_since they could no longer be individual, but they could

assume by touch all the personalities of an individual—they lost sight of what it meant to be an individual.

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.

—Please do not resist the probe. We who are the Ones With Many Faces only wish to close off our origins, so that we may more open follow the wealth of paths through the eternal chaos.

Perhaps they were simple the next step in the progress of life to transform to this level. Scytale

somehow found himself relaxing as the thoughts began to slip past his awareness.

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 his past.

The multilived personas always come back_the entity travels alone_Always, two, the current life and the lives that have gone_The image of a great worm with the face of Sheeana_Kull Wahad_the God the is both

gendered_my faith even taunts me. We were all hemmed in
after all. All of our

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.

The paths of the observer and
observed cross.

The paths of human and
sandworm cross.

The paths of the conscious cross.

The future is now Shai-Hulud.

The destiny of humanity is

Shaitian.
The angel of melange carries its
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
ghola. 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.

"What is the power that the Honored Matres have over men? I mean, how does it work?"

This counseling occupied Teg with the thought of his Atreides origins.

This is a new world, where bloodlines such as mine, Siona bloodlines, all Atreides, are
falling into oblivion.

Sex is not a common thing boy. It is not a toy, no matter what you see among Sheeana's

sisters, or rumors you hear about the powers of the Honored Matres. Talk to Mother Rebecca, I'm sure she'll give you an earful.

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 naïve 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

memories would be awakened. It would be here that Paul would drink the water of life.

The seitch was becoming a working copy of Seitch Tabr, complete with new ghola additions

produced by the Tleilaxu on the Novo Tleilax moon, called L_Katib among those gholas speaking the Fremen tongue.

Teg noticed that all the gholas seemed young, non aged beyond adolescence.

Why keep them at this age? Surely the Tleilaxu could age 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 Tyrant-God Guldur show that
Fremen soul could be lost if we
strayed off of His Golden Path.
As water was once scarce, so
was Dune scarce. And Sia'aba
has come to show the Fremen
that on Her New Paths, Dune

itself is no longer scarce, but rains
upon the universe.

-from the Book of Sia'aba.

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 mimicked 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

Christian. Few regarded her as real, and many would rant about Shaitain stealing their soul or

mumour of their village destroyed by Shai-Hulud. Most scurried away or turned to a chant of a

derivation of the ancient Islamizt tongue born anew on this world.

They stopped at vendor of foodstuffs, cooked in plain view while the patrons sat beneath tents

that sheilded them from the sun_s hot rays. Jal noticed the heat source to be one she was unfamiliar with, a small glowing diadem beneath each cooking vessel, surrounded by a web of what looked to be a dozen centraly focused tiny mirrors.

They use the Sun to superheat some type of crystal. But it can_t be diamonite, 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.

The food was a spice Harayra, served with a flat bread. The dal-like stew was spiced with what could only be Melange and something hot, but the dish was served with a dollop of a paste made from sweet dry fruits. One could mix in the sweet to counter the hot of the spices, without having to drink much water. After eating, Duinain was eager to find the Duncan they spoke of.

"Can you take us to the Duncan now, I would like for him to 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 Fremen 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.

The Duncan spoke _Sia_aba awaits your coming. Please sit to await the fate of your reading_

Jal assumed he meant a reading of the Dune tarot, and asked how he knew that they would need a reading.

_The reading will come soon, but first we must await the proper moment. Somewhere, the Again

Muad_Dib begins his spice voyage. We await this awakening 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 Fremen 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.
<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Oracle/6237/contents.html>

This page is dedicated to Frank Herbert's best known series of books,

the Dune Cronicles. As fans of Dune know, Herbert wrote six books before

his death. However, there has been much speculation about whether or not he

would have written a seventh Dune book. This page is dedicated to exploring

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.

Hi. I was wondering if you were planing on making your story

downloadable in say one big text file? I just think this would make it a

lot easier for people to enjoy your story.

I'll think about working on a link to a simple text version, where the

whole text could be downloaded. But maybe in exchange I could get an editor 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 page here

July 7, Controversy strikes Dune Revenant. S_ writes:

Can we all agree not to call this new Dune website the 7th book?

Personally I would like it if we could agree not to call it Dune Revnant.

But seeing how that is the title the writer chose, I guess it is sort of

out of the question. Let me make my case. I honestly do not know who wrote

this fiction, I haven't even read it, so under no circumstances do not take

this as a review. It is not a review and is not to be confused with one.

This piece of Fan Fiction could be one of the most wonderful pieces ever

written, and I wouldn't know. But as long as it wasn't penned by Frank

Herbert (or grudgingly by little boy Brian Herbert, author of many fine

children novels like Young Jedi) it is not part of the Dune Chronicles. It

is also not part of the Dune Universe. So it cannot be the 7th Dune book.

Now I enjoy penning the occasional short story. Sometimes they are good,

sometimes they suck eggs. Sometimes more so than others. But just like

Frank has his own distinct style of writing, so do I. There is nothing

wrong at all with Fan Fiction. Lets face it, immitation is the most sincere

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

Fan Fiction is wonderful, and for this reason I have no problem with the

story. Even if it does suck. I wouldn't have any problem with you writing a

piece of Fan Fiction from one of my pieces. But you better mark it as so.

God help you, there better be absolutly no way someone might think that I

had your ideas in mind when I did my work. Or worse yet that they might

think that your work is my work. That is insulting to both of us, no matter

the quality of the writing. This makes my problem with calling it the 7th

Dune book rather 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

language folks) upon the ending, and then...immediately...their thoughts

turn to the mythology of the 7th book, without even knowing that it IS a

mythos. Because, of course, HECK, there MUST have been one planned!!!! :-)

So, I, too, am not ecstatic about calling it *either* "The 7th Book,"

OR "Dune Revenant." (And, having not read the ensuing 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 knew 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__

and H__h. I will no longer call it "the seventh Dune Book", but something

more along the lines of ""a" seventh dune book". I might even rename it to

REVENANT, a dune fan fiction online, if only I could wait until H__h reads

the finished piece(I won't hold my breath if you don't hold yours) to

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

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

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

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

working on the new version this evening.

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

IXIAN2000

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

PERSIUS, Satires, iii. 71

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 Dune Revenant is that it's pouring out information, not letting us get to know the characters by telling us little details, like how they experience the landscape (which was one thing I really enjoyed in the first Dune books). The last few lines of chapter 8, though, are letting us in on the

characters, but only with a few lines. But then, it might just be me, I'm

no critic of literature (nor is English my mother tongue :-). But keep up

the good work, you're doing a really good job. Don't bring yourself down

because BH and KJA have the "rights" to the Duniverse, I think there are

many of us who back you up.

IXIAN200 replies:

Thanks for reading... I feel it's fun to have people read the raw

stuff as I go along. It also keeps me interested enough in this project

(given that the powers that be will never have this version published).

Once I get the plot nailed down, believe me that I will be going back over

this work a few more times to draw out the characters. The characters are

actually well developed from notes, but a note is not always the best

writing for a novel. In time, I hope to bring all of this together.

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

I like what you've done so far, this really seems to be a direction

Frank Hubert would've taken. I just have two questions, one: is there just

one person or a group of people writing this novel. It's very complex. Two:

when is chapter eight due?

IXIAN2000 replies:

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

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

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

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

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

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

of his own in mind. In the first chapter it is clear at the meeting with;

Princess Irulan, Reverend Mother Gaius Helen, Edric, 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 Masters. 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

vaguely, but there nonetheless) {Zia} not only fit the physical Attributes

of the Fish Speakers {Friend/Nayla}, as well as Honored Mother [Motherly]. The

Hybridization was already in full swing. In Heterics, Sirfa seemed to be

familiar with (like self comparing) ways similar to the Bene Gesserit. Not

to mention that Reverend Mother Lucilla had noticed this herself. Then the

other discovery made; Honored Mothers 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 Tleiaxu 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 the the people at the time of Chapter-house (not just

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

experience with the same T-probes that Honored Mothers 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

such noble purpose. If you know other that are involved or interested, please

let me know. I am a dune fan. But Dune is Fantasy, the "basic principals" of

the BG are human concepts that all humans see.

To which IXIAN2000 replied:

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

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

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

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

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

What I'm about to say next is just a kind of 'fantasy' that an author is allowed to indulge in, however, I'd hope you read this as a critique and

not as an attack upon your field of study :) We don't know each other, but

your email was candid enough with me that I'll return with equal honesty :)

Ok enough walking on eggshells, here goes:

What if the sleep we must awaken from is Anthropology itself. A sleep

so deep that the Bene Gesserit never noticed. Through all there vigilance,

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

something. I always thought it was strange that there were never aliens in

the Dune series until I realized that the humans were becoming aliens

themselves. Throughout the series, we are given examples of the limits of

humanity, and this limit implies an end of humanity. Leto was fashioning a

way that gave humanity more time to prepare for something more, and I

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

who might step outside of this framework (maybe like the face dancers from

the end of Chapterhouse)

I'll leave you with an interesting quote from Foucault:

"...the end of philosophy, the end of man, for its part is the return

of the beginning of philosophy. It is no longer possible to think in our

day other than in the void left by man's disappearance. For this 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.

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<http://www.cerbernet.co.uk/orlok/>

April 15, 1998: postive feedback is always helps:

I must admit, I really like what I have read so far. Please keep up

the good work!

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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