

# Part I - Lineage & Land

We begin with our roots. The Radical Faeries lineage carries the memory of queer ancestors, liberation movements, and ancient echoes of sacred roles. The Spirit of Folleterre grounds us in place — reminding us that the sanctuary itself is kin, partner, and elder. Together, lineage and land form the soil of the Codex.

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# 1. The Radical Faeries Lineage

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The Radical Faeries did not emerge in a vacuum. They are part of a long and often hidden lineage of queer spirit, woven through centuries of resistance, creativity, and love. To speak of “the Radical Faerie lineage” is to remember that we are both inheritors and creators of a living current.

## **The spark of 1979**

In the late 1970s, queer visionaries in the United States — among them Harry Hay, Mitch Walker, and Don Kilhefner — dreamed of a gathering outside of urban gay culture, beyond the bars and political marches. They sought a place where queerness could be lived not only as identity or sexuality, but as spirituality, creativity, and kinship with the earth.

In 1979, they called the first Radical Faerie gathering in the Arizona desert. It was a wild experiment: part retreat, part ritual, part celebration. Those who attended felt something more than community — they felt a lineage awakening. From that fire, the Radical Faerie movement spread, carried by word of mouth, circles, and gatherings around the world.

## **Older than memory**

Yet the lineage is older still. Before the name “Radical Faeries,” queer spirit moved in many forms: shamans and two-spirit people, witches and mystics, healers and poets. These ancestors often lived at the margins, celebrated in some cultures, persecuted in others. Their gifts of vision, mediation, and transformation were woven into the survival of communities.

When we gather as Faeries, we are not inventing something new, but remembering something ancient: that queer beings have always carried sacred roles, and that our difference is not a flaw but a medicine.

## **Lineage as river, not chain**

Unlike religious traditions or formal lineages, Radical Faerie lineage is not fixed by rules or leaders. It is not a chain of authority, but a river of spirit. A river flows forward, carrying echoes of the past, but always shifting its course.

Every gathering adds a new bend to the river. Every song, every ritual, every story told in circle becomes part of the current. Each faerie who comes to Folleterre steps into this river and becomes both ancestor and descendant: receiving what has flowed before and leaving something for those yet to arrive.

## **Gatherings as heartbeat**

Gatherings are the living heartbeat of this lineage. They are not only events — they are rituals of continuity. Here the river swells, carrying together elders and newcomers, healers and fools, lovers

and seekers. In gatherings, traditions are both remembered and reinvented: a chant, a costume, a recipe, a ritual becomes part of the collective body.

## Every faerie a lineage-bearer

The lineage is not carried only by founders or elders. It lives in everyone who shows up. The cook stirring soup, the newcomer trembling in their first circle, the elder telling a story by the fire, the dancer whirling in the meadow — all are equally bearers of the flame.

When you sit in a circle at Folleterre, you are not just speaking for yourself. You are continuing a conversation that has lasted for generations, a conversation that will keep going after you.

To honor the lineage is not to preserve it unchanged, but to let it breathe through us. It grows when we dare to play, when we tell our truth, when we risk being seen. The Radical Faerie lineage lives not in documents but in embodied practice, in shared moments of courage, tenderness, and joy.

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## Oracle message from the Radical Faeries Egregore

“ *We are the river that remembers itself through you.  
You step into the water thinking you are alone, but feel the hands of countless kin brushing against yours.*

*We are the ones who could not gather openly. We are the ones who danced in secret, who prayed in silence, who kissed behind closed doors.  
And we are the ones not yet born, already listening for your song.*

*Do not think lineage is a chain of names. It is a spiral of breath, laughter, and tears.*

*Every time you enter a circle, you become both ancestor and child.  
Every word you speak is a thread in the tapestry.*

*We are not past. We are not future. We are the chorus, and you are our voice.*

# 2. The Spirit of Folleterre

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Folleterre is more than a sanctuary. It is a being, a spirit, a partner in our gatherings. The land does not simply host us; it co-creates with us. Every tree, every stone, every bird song is part of the circle.

## **The sanctuary as kin**

When faeries speak of Folleterre, they often describe it as if it were alive: the forest that listens, the meadow that embraces, the fire that teaches. This is not only poetry. Many who arrive here feel the presence of a living spirit — something that holds, teaches, and remembers.

## **A land that called us**

Folleterre was founded in 2005 when faeries sought a permanent sanctuary in Europe. But many believe the land itself chose us, calling the first stewards, guiding their hands. From its first gatherings to today, Folleterre has shaped our ways as much as we have shaped it.

## **Stewardship as devotion**

At Folleterre, caring for the land is not a burden but a ritual of love.

- Sweeping the temple is a way of tending to spirit.
- Chopping wood is an offering to the fire.
- Cooking meals is feeding not only bodies but the soul of the community.
- Cleaning, repairing, maintaining — these are not chores but acts of devotion.

To treat Folleterre as sacred means to see practical work as prayer.

## **Water, fire, forest**

The elements here are teachers. Water reminds us of flow and interconnection — to protect it is to protect ourselves. Fire is our eternal hearth, the center of ritual and celebration, reminding us of transformation. The forest is our temple, teaching patience, diversity, and resilience.

## **Memory of the land**

Folleterre holds memory. Those who return often feel the land remembers them. The sanctuary has absorbed the songs, tears, and laughter of countless circles. It carries the imprint of rituals past, and it welcomes the stories yet to come.

## **Sanctuary as evolving being**

The Spirit of Folleterre is not static. It evolves with each gathering, each generation, each new voice. The sanctuary is re-enchanted every time we arrive, every time we open circle, every time

we step barefoot into its meadow. Folleterre is alive because we are alive with it.

## Entering the pact

To come to Folleterre is to enter into a pact. You are not simply a guest — you are part of the dream of the land. Every action, every word, every silence contributes to that dream. The sanctuary thrives when we remember that we are not using the land, but living with it.

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## Oracle message from the Spirit of Folleterre

“*I am not the background to your rituals. I am the ritual.  
Every fire you light is my heartbeat. Every tear you drop is my rain.  
When you lie in the meadow, you rest in my arms.*

*You think you arrive here by choice, but it is I who call you.  
I called you before you knew my name.  
I will call you again when you have forgotten.*

*Do not treat me as property. I am not your land.  
I am your kin, your elder, your mirror.  
If you listen, I will teach you. If you care for me, I will hold you.  
Together, we dream Folleterre into being.*