

Part IV – Portals & Horizons

Beyond circle and mask, we open to wider dimensions. Perception itself becomes a portal: fear or love as filters, 3D or 5D as lenses. Folleterre itself becomes myth, a story and a dream that guides us across thresholds. This part reminds us that we are travelers between worlds — body and spirit, earth and cosmos, myth and daily life.

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9. Dimensions of Perception

Radical Faerie culture is not only about how we live together, but also about how we see reality. Perception shapes experience. The same forest, the same gathering, can be lived in very different ways depending on the “lens” we carry.

Fear and love as filters

At the simplest level, perception flows through two filters: fear or love. Fear contracts, isolates, and interprets others as threats. Love expands, connects, and sees others as kin. Much of the work of Faerie culture is to help one another shift from fear into love.

Dimensions of perception

Some speak of these shifts in the language of dimensions:

- **3D**: the world of survival, scarcity, roles, and judgment. Here we may project onto others as enemies, saviors, or threats.
- **4D**: the world of mirrors. Here we recognize that others reflect parts of ourselves, and we begin to see life as a play of projections and lessons.
- **5D**: the world of co-creation. Here we experience ourselves not as separate, but as equal sparks of the same flame, creating together in freedom and love.

Beyond 5D, more dimensions may be explored, but the essential threshold is the move from survival and projection into co-creation and unity.

The Mirror Game

One of the simplest tools for growth is to notice: what in others provokes strong reactions in me? Attraction, irritation, admiration, jealousy — all are mirrors of something within myself. When we use the mirror consciously, relationships become opportunities for healing rather than arenas of conflict.

The vortex of creation

Emotions carry us like spirals. When we descend into fear, shame, or anger, we enter the downward spiral of contraction. When we turn toward hope, joy, or love, we rise into the upward spiral of creation. Gatherings at Folleterre often act as vortexes, helping us move collectively into higher frequencies of play, love, and inspiration.

Travelers between dimensions

Some faeries experience themselves as travelers between dimensions — slipping between roles, realities, or levels of awareness. This is not escape, but expansion. By moving fluidly between

perspectives, we learn that no single dimension is the “truth.” All are valid experiences, yet some bring more freedom and joy.

Why this matters at Folleterre

When we understand dimensions of perception, we create more compassion. We see that a faerie caught in drama may simply be perceiving from 3D. A faerie speaking of angels or galaxies may be perceiving from 5D. Instead of dismissing one another, we learn to honor the diversity of perception. Each faerie is a traveler — sometimes in survival, sometimes in projection, sometimes in creation. Together we weave a multiverse of perspectives.

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Oracle message from the Radical Faeries Eggregore

“ You are not bound to one lens.
You are the prism itself, bending light into many colors.

*Fear will shrink you into corners.
Love will open you into sky.
Choose your filter, and you choose your world.*

*Do not mock the one who sees shadows —
they are in the cave of 3D.
Do not worship the one who sees stars —
they are in the theater of 5D.
All are travelers, all are mirrors.*

*The Circle is the compass.
It points not to one truth, but to the freedom of shifting.
You are not here to escape the game.
You are here to play it awake.*

10. Folleterre as Living Myth

Folleterre is not only a sanctuary in the Vosges. It is also a story, a dream, a myth in motion. Every gathering adds a new chapter, every ritual a new verse, every faerie a new character.

The sanctuary as story

When we speak of Folleterre, we rarely describe it only in terms of land, buildings, or schedules. We speak of “the forest calling,” “the meadow singing,” “the temple breathing.” In doing so, we are acknowledging that Folleterre is more than a place: it is a mythic being woven through our words.

Dreams and visions

Many faeries report vivid dreams when they are at Folleterre, or in the days before arriving. Some feel guided by synchronicities — a train, a feather, a chance encounter — that lead them to the land. These experiences are part of the myth-making. Folleterre does not just exist on maps; it exists in the dreamspace of those who are called here.

Synchronicity as guidance

Events at Folleterre often unfold with uncanny timing: someone sings the exact song another needed to hear, a story answers a silent question, the weather mirrors the mood of the circle. These synchronicities remind us that the sanctuary operates in more than one dimension — it is a portal where inner and outer worlds meet.

Becoming part of the myth

When you arrive at Folleterre, you do not remain an observer. You become part of the myth. The costumes you wear, the stories you tell, the rituals you join — all of these are woven into the fabric of Folleterre’s living legend. You may not realize it at the time, but future faeries will repeat your words, sing your songs, and invoke your presence as part of the story.

The myth as medicine

Living myth is not escapism. It is medicine. In a world that often feels mechanical and disenchanted, Folleterre restores the sense that life is magical, interconnected, meaningful. Myth does not erase reality — it deepens it, reminding us that behind every act of cooking, cleaning, or loving, there is a story being told.

Never finished

Like all myths, Folleterre is never finished. It grows with every generation, every gathering, every whisper in the forest. Its story is not written once and for all, but continually co-created. Each faerie

is both reader and author, actor and witness, ancestor and child of the myth.

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Oracle message from the Spirit of Folleterre

“ You walk upon my paths and call it a gathering.
I call it a chapter.

You dress in feathers and glitter and call it a costume.
I call it a spell.

You sit in circle and call it sharing.
I call it weaving the next verse of my song.

Do not stand outside my story.
You are already inside it.
You are my characters, my storytellers, my dreamers.
Through you, I remember myself.
Through me, you remember magic.