

An Allure of Paganism

Paul Kotschy

15 August 2022

Compiled on August 16, 2023



Orion Nebula



Vegvisir magical stave



DNA fragment

BY FAR, my favourite music genre is Nordic folk.¹ Groups such as Heilung (which means Healing), Wardruna, Kalandra and others seem to chant a sort of primal organic unity with Nature and the natural world.

Their Norse lyrics, rhythms and tones help to celebrate what to me is a philosophical profundity, namely, that we come from an almost unimaginably long and deep natural heritage. That we are in a way living fossils, born a long time ago out of the stuff of the Universe: hydrogen, oxygen, carbon, nitrogen and a tincture of sulfur. Just like all fellow creatures are born similarly and without any divine preference. Yes, hydrogen, oxygen, carbon and nitrogen, dancing together in an unchoreographed concert of randomness to make me and you you.

This musical subculture is pagan, ostensibly not Christian. My own prior Evangelical and Catholic Christian experiences would have had none of this. After all, I was to have been "in this world but not of this world," right? I was taught that this world in all its alleged brokenness is no mirror to the putative glorious post-death world in which any unity we may enjoy is at once otherworldly, post-worldly. What a misfocus, I say.

So as I allow myself once again to be immersed into a Wardruna "Helvegen" moment, I contemplate my own cosmic unimportance, and I reflect on how so much of this natural world is still physical, unbroken, and awe-worthy.

And *that* is the allure of paganism.

¹Disclaimer—I am not a believer in Norse mythology.