

# Hastur cannot stay

According to Daniel Harms: Hastur (The Unspeakable One, Him Who Is Not to be Named, Assatur, Xastur, or Kaiwan) is a fictional entity of the Cthulhu Mythos. Hastur first appeared in Ambrose Bierce's short story "Haïta the Shepherd" (1893) as a benign god of shepherds.

Robert W. Chambers later used Hastur in his own stories to represent both a person and a place associated with the names of several stars, including Aldebaran. (See Encyclopedia Cthuliana by Daniel Harms).

According to Joshi & Schultz, HP Lovecraft read 'The King in Yellow (1895)' (Chambers) in 1927. Hastur is the name of a potentially supernatural character (in "[The Demoiselle D'Ys](#)"), a place (in "[The Repairer of Reputations](#)"), and mentioned without explanation in "[The Yellow Sign](#)". The latter two stories also mentioned Carcosa, Hali, Aldebaran, and the Hyades, along with a 'Yellow Sign' and a play called 'The King in Yellow'.

There are two places in Lovecraft's own writings that mentions Hastur:

1. *"I found myself faced by names and terms that I had heard elsewhere in the most hideous of connections — Yuggoth, Great Cthulhu, Tsathoggua, Yog-Sothoth, R'lyeh, Nyarlathotep, Azathoth, Hastur, Yian, Leng, the Lake of Hali, Bethmoora, the Yellow Sign, L'mur-Kathulos, Bran, and the Magnum Innominandum — and was drawn back through nameless aeons and inconceivable dimensions to worlds of elder, outer entity at which the crazed author of the Necronomicon had only guessed in the vaguest way.... There is a whole secret cult of evil men (a man of your mystical erudition will understand me when I link them with Hastur and the Yellow Sign) devoted to the purpose of tracking them down and injuring them on behalf of the monstrous powers from other dimensions."* —H. P. Lovecraft, "The Whisperer in Darkness"

It is unclear from this quote if Lovecraft's Hastur is a person, a place, an object (such as the Yellow Sign), or a deity.

2. In "Supernatural Horror In Literature" (Written 1926-27, revised 1933, published in The Recluse in 1927), when telling about "The Yellow Sign" by Chambers, H. P. Lovecraft wrote: *"... after stumbling queerly upon the hellish and forbidden book of horrors the two learn, among other hideous things which no sane mortal should know, that this talisman is indeed the nameless Yellow Sign handed down from the accursed cult of Hastur -- from primordial Carcosa, whereof the volume treats..."*

In Chambers' "The Yellow Sign" the only mentioning of Hastur is: "...We spoke of Hastur and of Cassilda..." (See: [Wiki Citation](#))

Excerpts taken directly from "The Whisperer in Darkness":

*From the pictures I turned to the bulky, closely written letter itself; and for the next three hours was immersed in a gulf*

*of unutterable horror. Where Akeley had given only outlines before, he now entered into minute details; presenting long transcripts of words overheard in the woods at night, long accounts of monstrous pinkish forms spied in thickets at twilight on the hills, and a terrible cosmic narrative derived from the application of profound and varied scholarship to the endless bygone discourses of the mad self-styled spy who had killed himself. I found myself faced by names and terms that I had heard elsewhere in the most hideous of connexions—Yuggoth, Great Cthulhu, Tsathoggua, Yog-Sothoth, R'lyeh, Nyarlathotep, Azathoth, Hastur, Yian, Leng, the Lake of Hali, Bethmoora, the Yellow Sign, L'mur-Kathulos, Bran, and the Magnum Innominandum—and was drawn back through nameless aeons and inconceivable dimensions to worlds of elder, outer entity at which the crazed author of the Necronomicon had only guessed in the vaguest way.*

*I was told of the pits of primal life, and of the streams that had trickled down therefrom; and finally, of the tiny rivulet from one of those streams which had become entangled with the destinies of our own earth. My brain whirled; and where before I had attempted to explain things away, I now began to believe in the most abnormal and incredible wonders. The array of vital evidence was damnably vast and overwhelming; and the cool, scientific attitude of Akeley—an attitude removed as far as imaginable from the demented, the fanatical, the hysterical, or even the extravagantly speculative—had a tremendous effect on my thought and judgment. By the time I laid the frightful letter aside I could understand the fears he had come to entertain, and was ready to do anything in my power to keep people away from those wild, haunted hills. Even now, when time has dulled the impression and made me half question my own experience and horrible doubts, there are things in that letter of Akeley's which I would not quote, or even form into words on paper. I am almost glad that the letter and record and photographs are gone now—and I wish, for reasons I shall soon make clear, that the new planet beyond Neptune had not been discovered.*

he King in Yellow, and the Yellow Sign, I believe are marks of mental power. Some mythos writers, attempt to create conflict between the A:O (Ancient Ones) when none exists. A conflict between the Great Old Ones, the Deep Ones, and Elder Gods. This is not the case. They are merely emanations which remain here on earth. The Deep Ones, reside in the dimensions of the sea, the ocean itself is a vast representative of the psyche. The A:O are deeper still. There are multiple levels of consciousness. The Old Ones, are our former selves. Dead...but dreaming. This is the once conscious species, who has been lulled to sleep by industry, mechanical living, and our brains are de-evolving. It's been scientifically demonstrated that we are losing more and more of our abilities because of this technological age. At one time having 'eyes in the back of your head' was a reality. We are now achieving more and more tunnel vision. Don't take my word for it, do your own research.





Until we awaken the Old Ones, our true selves, we will remain asleep. Dead but dreaming. What will it take? Achieving higher states of awareness, consciousness, and a complete restructuring of our modern societies. Use the film, THE MATRIX, to place it in a context which may be easily understood. We are being ushered into 'Machine Cities', as food for the new gods. The machines. The false reality we hold up with our unwavering devotion, will indeed be our undoing.

And they blot out the sun.

The Deep Ones, are swimming on the surface with the ebb and flow of our psyche's soul. Psyche was the goddess of the soul, wife of Eros the god of love. She was once a mortal princess whose astounding beauty earned the ire of Venus when men turned their worship from goddess to girl. Venus commanded Eros make Psyche fall in love with the most hideous of

men, but the god himself fell in love with her and carried her away to his secret palace. However Eros hid his true identity, and commanded her never to look upon his face. Psyche was eventually tricked by her jealous sisters into gazing upon the face of god, and he abandoned her. In her despair, she searched throughout the world for her lost love, and eventually



came into the service of Aphrodite. The goddess commanded her perform a series of difficult labors which culminated in a journey to the Underworld. In the end Psyche was reunited with Eros and the couple wed in a ceremony attended by the gods. Psche was depicted in ancient mosaics as a butterfly winged goddess in the company of her husband Eros. Sometimes a pair of Pyschai are portrayed, the second perhaps being their daughter Hedone (Pleasure). [Tattoo, Psyche and the Rose, by SIN JONES]

*"Quantum mechanics is certainly imposing. But an inner voice tells me it is not yet the real thing. The theory says a lot, but does not really bring us any closer to the secret of the Old One. I, at any rate, am convinced that He does not throw dice."*  
- Albert Einstein

The King in Yellow...The yellow sign: The sign, is the seal, the sigil  
madness of violins in procession, the classical air the music of madness  
[Erich Zann](#).



I peer out the window towards the high mountain tops, for what lay beyond  
cannot be recognizable language. It can only be understood, by token in  
calling, from beyond shadow and thus the sabaz light, beckons us to answer

### **Nothing Gold Can Stay by Robert Frost**

*Nature's first green is gold,  
Her hardest hue to hold.  
Her early leaf's a flower;  
But only so an hour.  
Then leaf subsides to leaf.  
So Eden sank to grief,  
So dawn goes down to day.  
Nothing gold can stay.*

The value of the beginning, is gold. Nothing gold can stay. The phrase 'Stay Gold' was birthed from the Robert Frost poem. How can you stay gold, if noting gold can stay? I believe this directly addresses the mental capacity to maintain 'golden' ideas. Some would say gold, is 'youth', but wisdom and understanding is achieved through life experience and the acquisition of knowledge and its application. There are some ideas however which are muddled by letting go of youth.

Pablo Picasso once said:

*"Every child is an artist. The problem is how to remain an artist."*

Nothing gold can stay... The Sign in Yellow, is a reminder of the power of this mental ability, the King in Yellow is this ability within us all to stay gold. Conscious and willful acts, as a means to an end.

The Robert Frost Poem... The green leaf is an illusion, and then it transforms into its true form. The leaf, appears as a leaf, but later becomes the true leaf flower. To me, this is the expectations we hold, as we see the new green leaf form from the bud (gold), we expect it to become a leaf, but when it becomes a flower...the gold shifts to green. The gold can not be maintained, nor can the flower. It will age, and fall. The plant will roll itself back into the ground, preparing for the winter months (introspect or Microcosm), to return once again in the spring (Macrocosm). Perhaps, the Yellow Sign, reminds us that we change, in the ebb and flow of cycles. Some things remain constant, such as the plant to rise from the soil in the spring. Is it



the exact same plant? Will it blossom the same? Can we expect the leaf, to become the true leaf in the same manner? What of polymorphism, through sheer Will? Should we accept melancholy as the blossom fades in fall, or should we be a buzz with excitement for the changes in spring. Consider the word play there, fall...spring. How fortunate we are to be able to fall and rise. For with each fall, we rise stronger each year, larger, healthier, steps closer to becoming.

The King in Yellow...Nothing gold can stay.

*"These are my piqueurs," said the girl turning to me with a gentle dignity. "Raoul is a good fauconnier and I shall some day make him a grand veneur. Hastur is incomparable."*

-THE DEMOISELLE D'YS, Robert W. Chambers

## The King in Yellow

*"Along the shore the cloud waves break, The twin suns sink behind the lake, The shadows lengthen In Carcosa Strange is the night where black stars rise, And strange moons circle through the skies, But stranger still is Lost Carcosa Songs that the Hyades shall sing, Where flap the tatters of the King, Must die unheard in Dim Carcosa. Song of my soul, my voice is dead, Die though, unsung, as tears unshed Shall dry and die in Lost Carcosa"* Cassilda's Song in "The King in Yellow" Act 1, Scene 2.

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*"He rose with the sun and went forth to pray at the shrine of Hastur, the god of shepherds, who heard and was pleased..."*

*"'It is kind of thee, O Hastur,' so he prayed, 'to give me mountains so near to my dwelling and my fold that I and my sheep can escape the angry torrents; but the rest of the world thou must thyself deliver in some way that I know not of, or I will no longer worship thee.' And Hastur, knowing that Haita was a youth who kept his word, spared the cities and turned the waters into the sea. "*

*"Haita threw himself at her feet. 'Beautiful being,' he cried, 'if thou wilt but deign to accept all the devotion of my heart and soul -- after Hastur be served -- it is thine for ever. But, alas! thou art capricious and wayward. Before to-morrow's sun I may lose thee again. Promise, I beseech thee, that however in my ignorance I may offend, thou wilt forgive and remain always with me.' Scarcely had he finished speaking when a troop of bears came out of the hills, racing toward him with crimson mouths and fiery eyes. The maiden again vanished, and he turned and fled for his life. Nor did he stop until he was in the cot of the holy hermit, whence he had set out. Hastily barring the door against the bears he cast himself upon the ground and wept. 'My son,' said the hermit from his couch of straw, freshly gathered that morning by Haita's hands, 'it is not like thee to weep for bears -- tell me what sorrow hath befallen thee, that age may minister to the hurts of youth with such balms as it hath of its wisdom.' Haita told him all: how thrice he had met the radiant maid and thrice she had left him forlorn. He related minutely all that had passed between them, omitting no word of what had been said. When he had ended, the holy hermit was a moment silent, then said: 'My son, I have attended to thy story, and I know the maiden. I have myself seen her, as have many. Know, then, that her name, which she would not even permit thee to inquire, is Happiness. Thou saidst the truth to her, that she is capricious, for she imposeth conditions that man cannot fulfil, and delinquency is punished by desertion. She cometh only when unsought, and will not be questioned. One manifestation of curiosity, one sign of doubt, one expression of misgiving, and she is away! How long didst thou have her at any time before she fled?' 'Only a single instant,' answered Haita, blushing with shame at the confession. 'Each time I drove her away in one moment.' 'Unfortunate youth!' said the holy hermit, 'but for thine indiscretion thou mightst have had her for two.' "*

[Haita The Shepherd](#) by Ambrose Bierce, 1893.

Nothing gold can stay... for we drive it into the sea. Unspeakable acts, committed in the name of our perceived understanding of reality, purpose, meaning, and we've forgotten how to be artists, architects, inventors, creators...Gods.

Hastur cannot stay.

SIN JONES  
[www.the-poison-apple.com](http://www.the-poison-apple.com)  
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