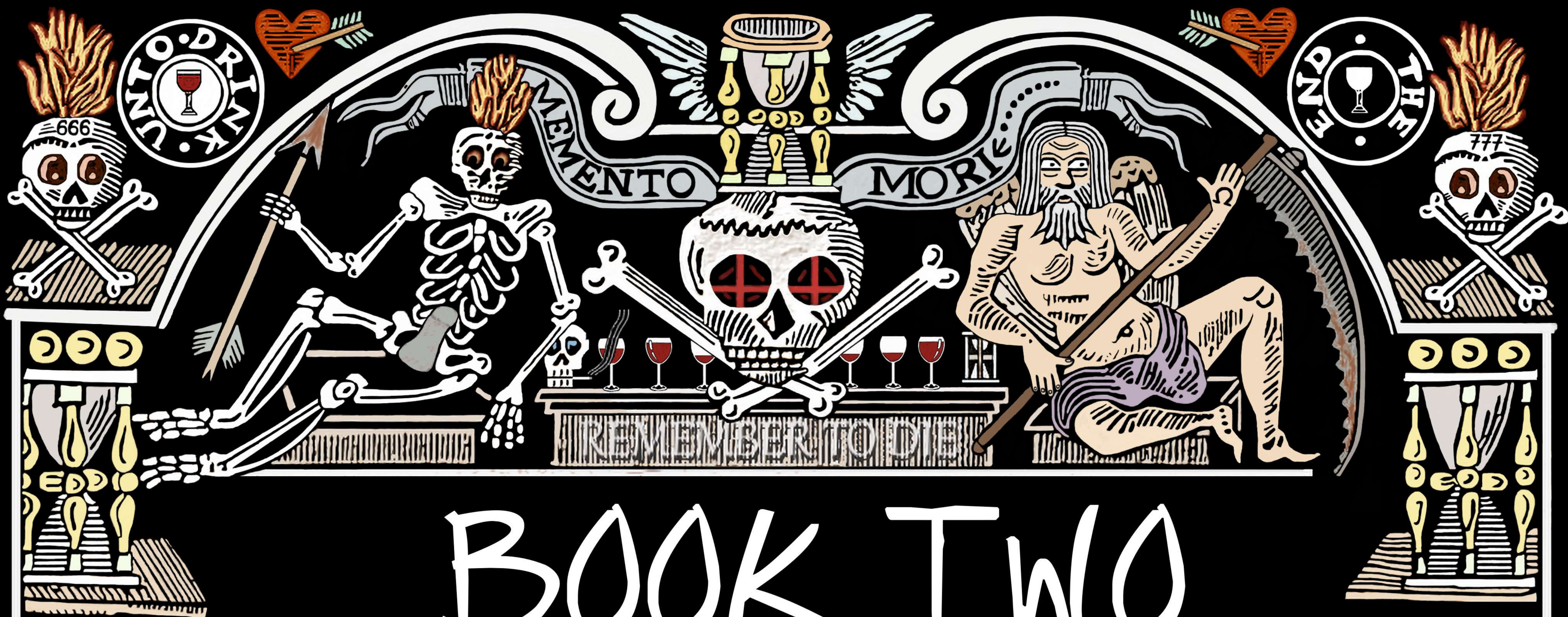


dionysian directive
PRESENTS

Become the Shadow



BOOK TWO

JUST FUCKING WITH THE HEAD



COMPOSITION AND TEXT BY THE KAKANGELIST

Secure the Shadow... BY THE KAKANGELIST ©

FATHER TIME
A.K.A. KHRONOS, KRONOS & POPS



MEET

DEATH
A.K.A. ATHANATOS THANATOS, OLD BONES

TIME
A.K.A. TIME THE YOUNGER & SANDS



CODPIECE
A.K.A. THE DICK

METHUSTOS
A.K.A. THE MERRY PISSPOT

...AND...

AKANTHA
A.K.A. A THORN IN THE SIDE



...AND...

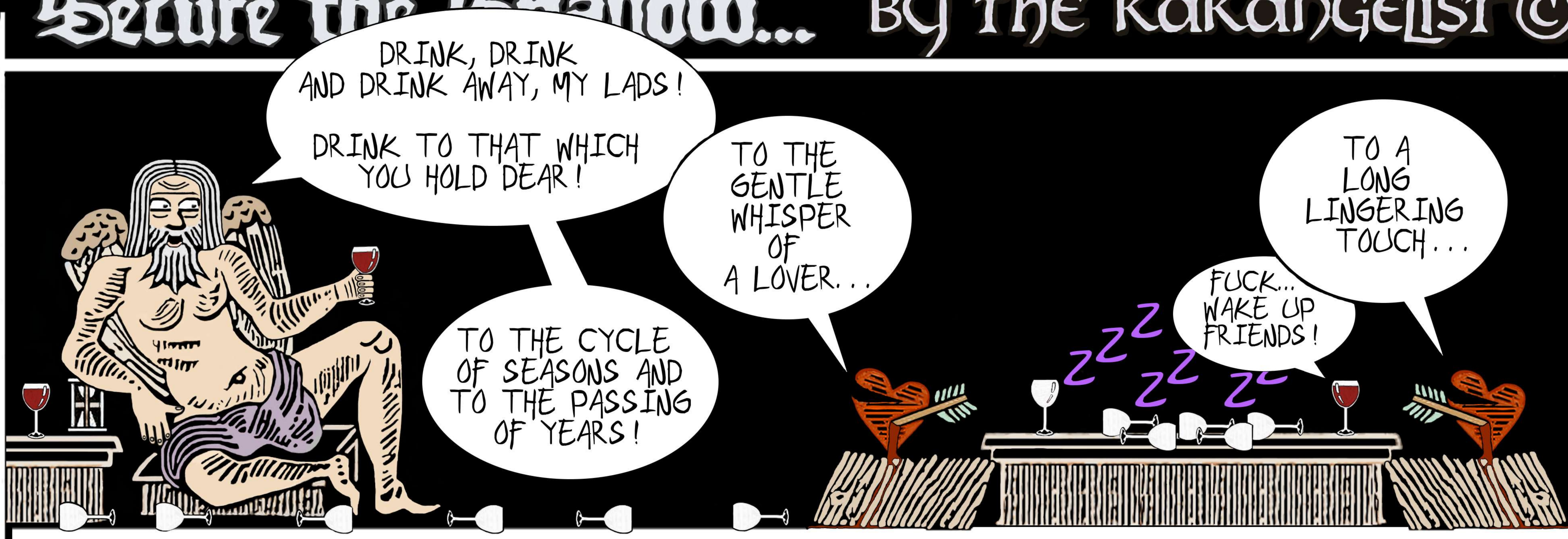
BLEEDING HEART #I
A.K.A. A PINING PRAT

THE WINE GLASSES
A.K.A. DRINKING BUDDIES

BLEEDING HEART #II
A.K.A. ANOTHER PINING PRAT



'23



DRINK, DRINK AND DRINK AWAY, MY LADS!

DRINK TO THAT WHICH YOU HOLD DEAR!

TO THE GENTLE WHISPER OF A LOVER...

TO THE CYCLE OF SEASONS AND TO THE PASSING OF YEARS!

FUCK... WAKE UP FRIENDS!

TO A LONG LINGERING TOUCH...

HIC AND TO THE RANDINESS OF FLESH! TO THE MEMORY THEREOF!

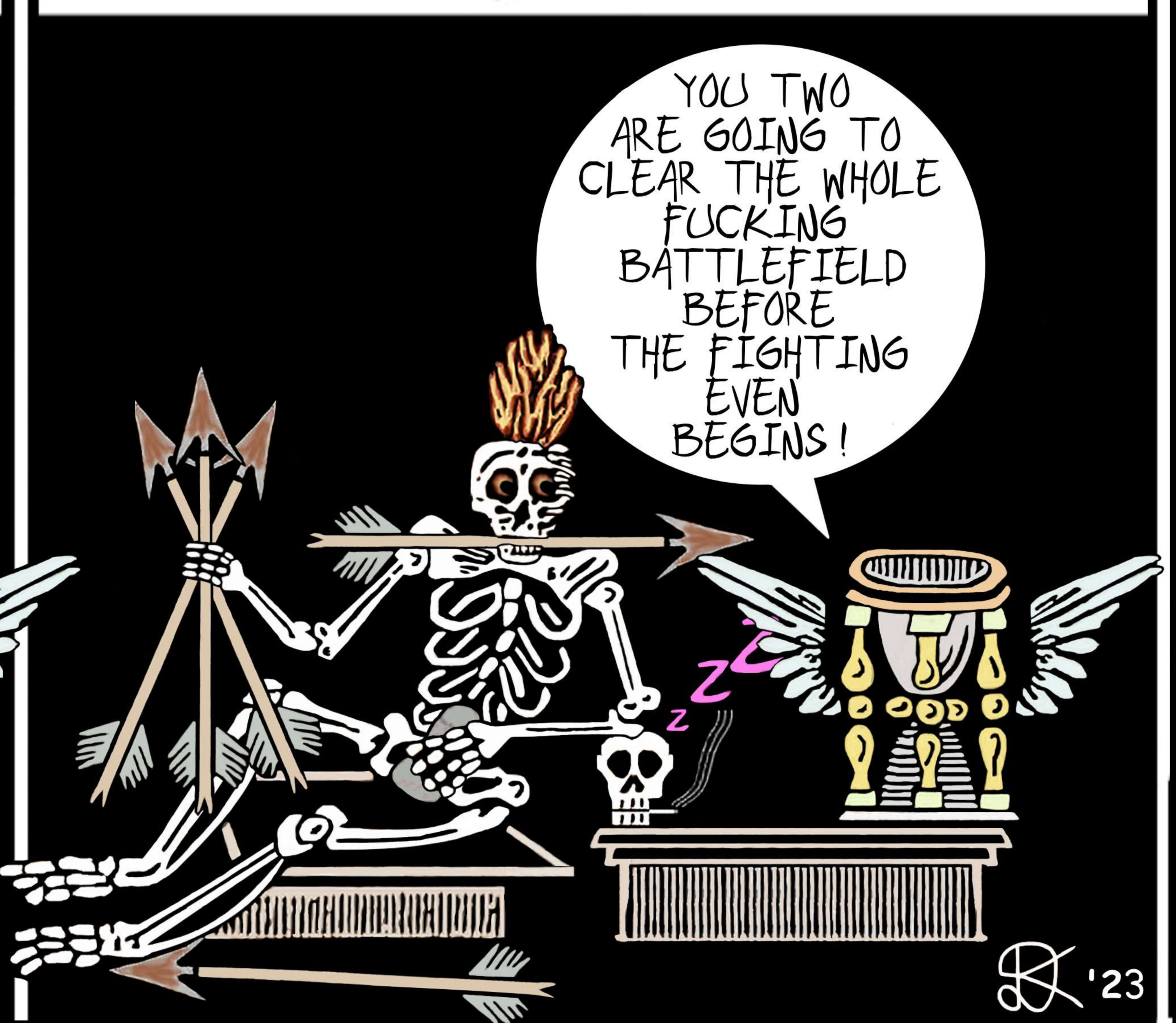
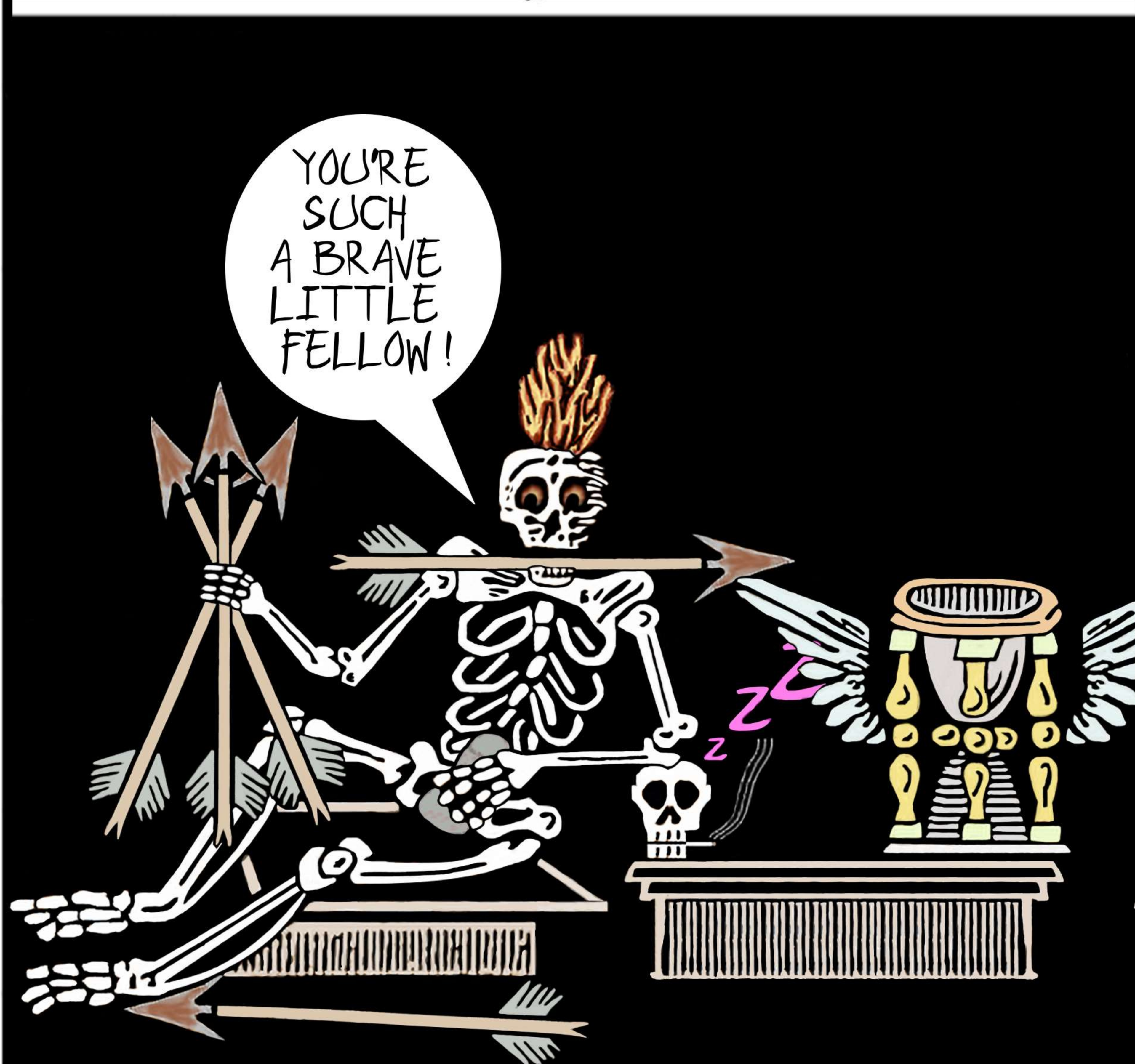
YOU CAN DRINK TO ALL THE FALSE MEMORIES YOU WANT. I KNOW I'M GETTING AS MUCH RANDINESS NOW AS I EVER HAVE FROM YOU... THAT IS, NONE!



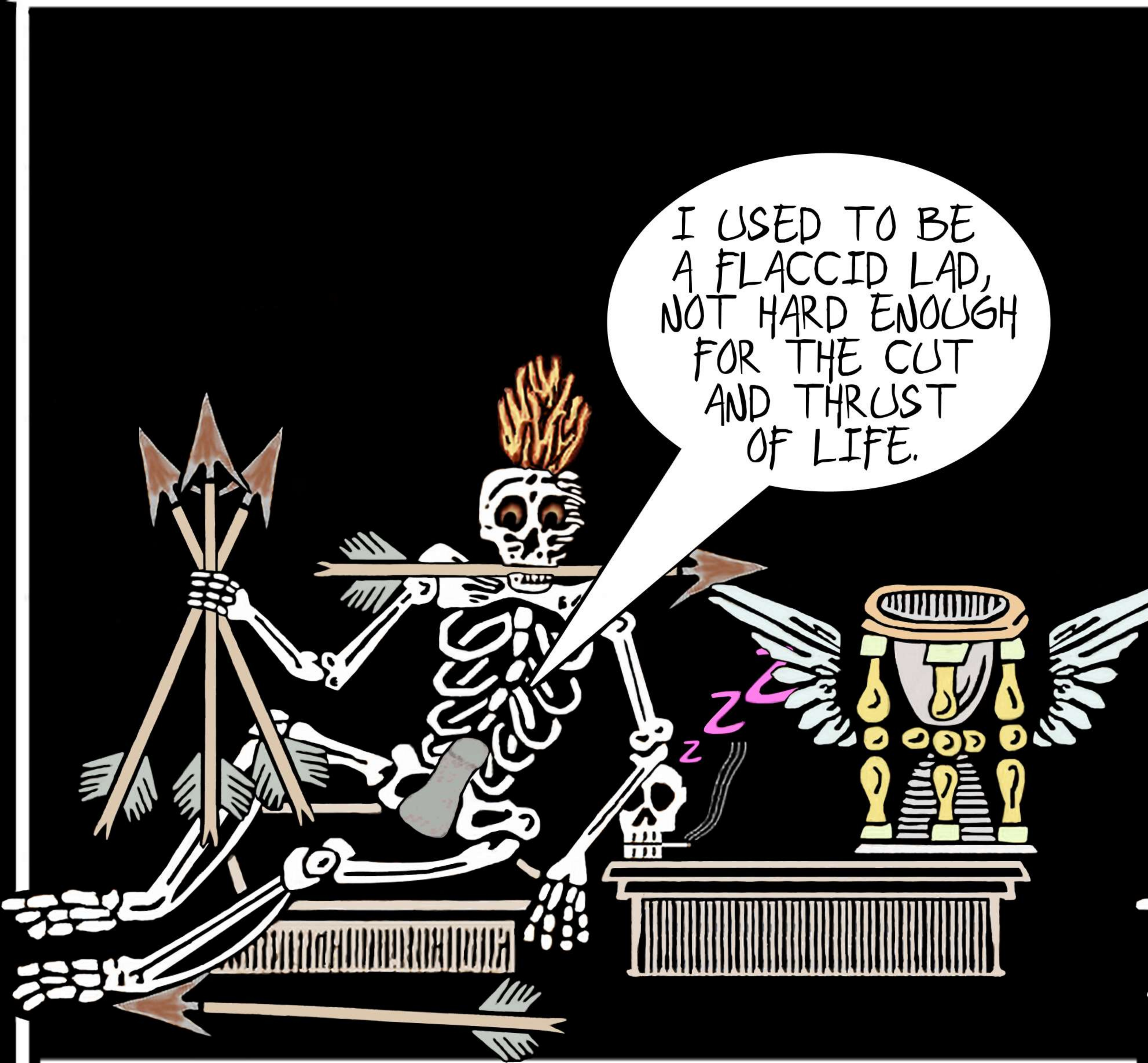
HEED HER NOT! OR TO ANY GIRL PAST OR PRESENT! LET'S DRINK TO MY DEAR OLD FRIEND CONFUCIUS WHO SOME SAY ONCE SAID: "ONE HUNDRED WOMEN ARE NOT WORTH A SINGLE TESTICLE."

HIC CHEERS! TO ANCIENT CHINESE CURRENCY!

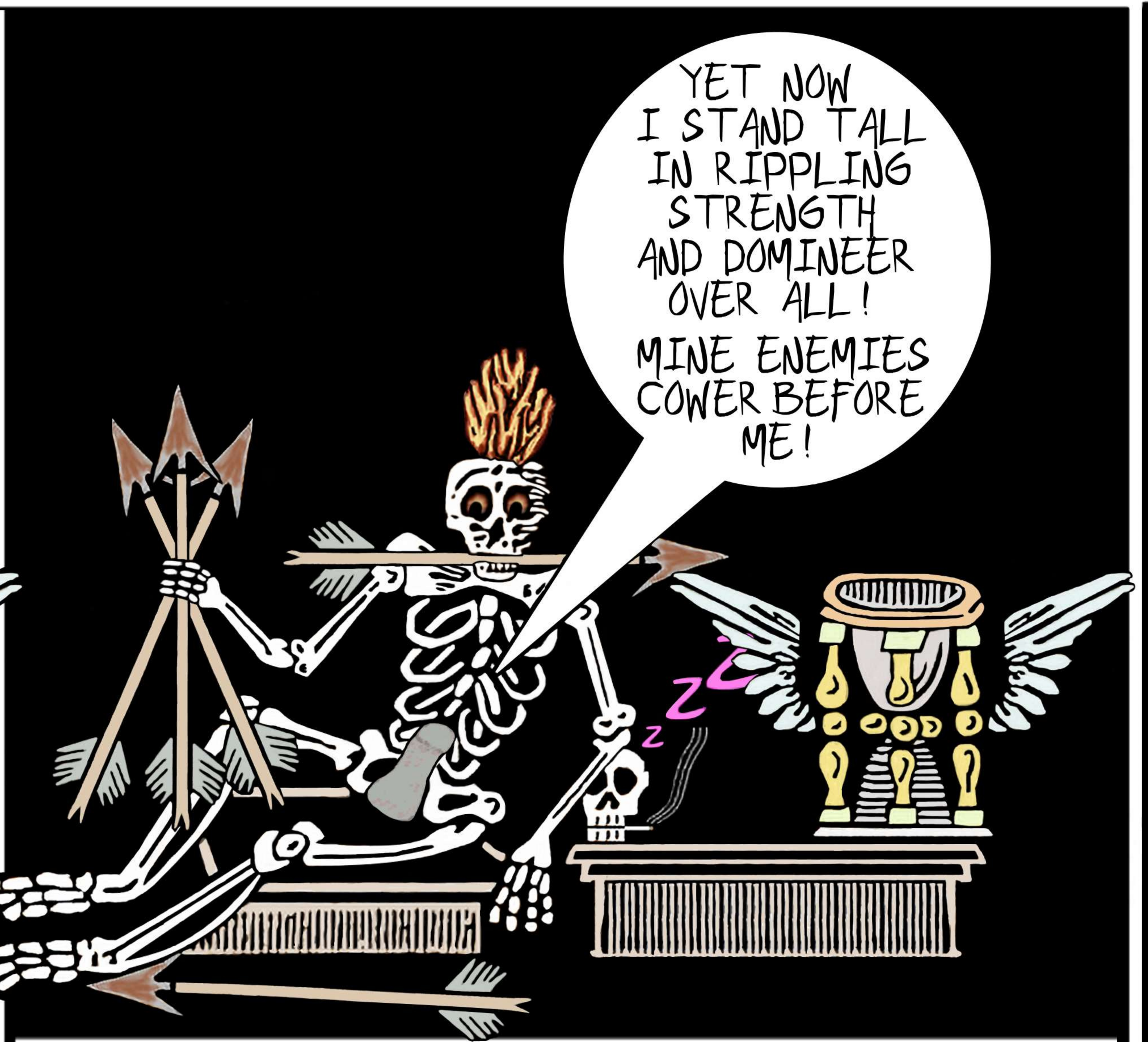




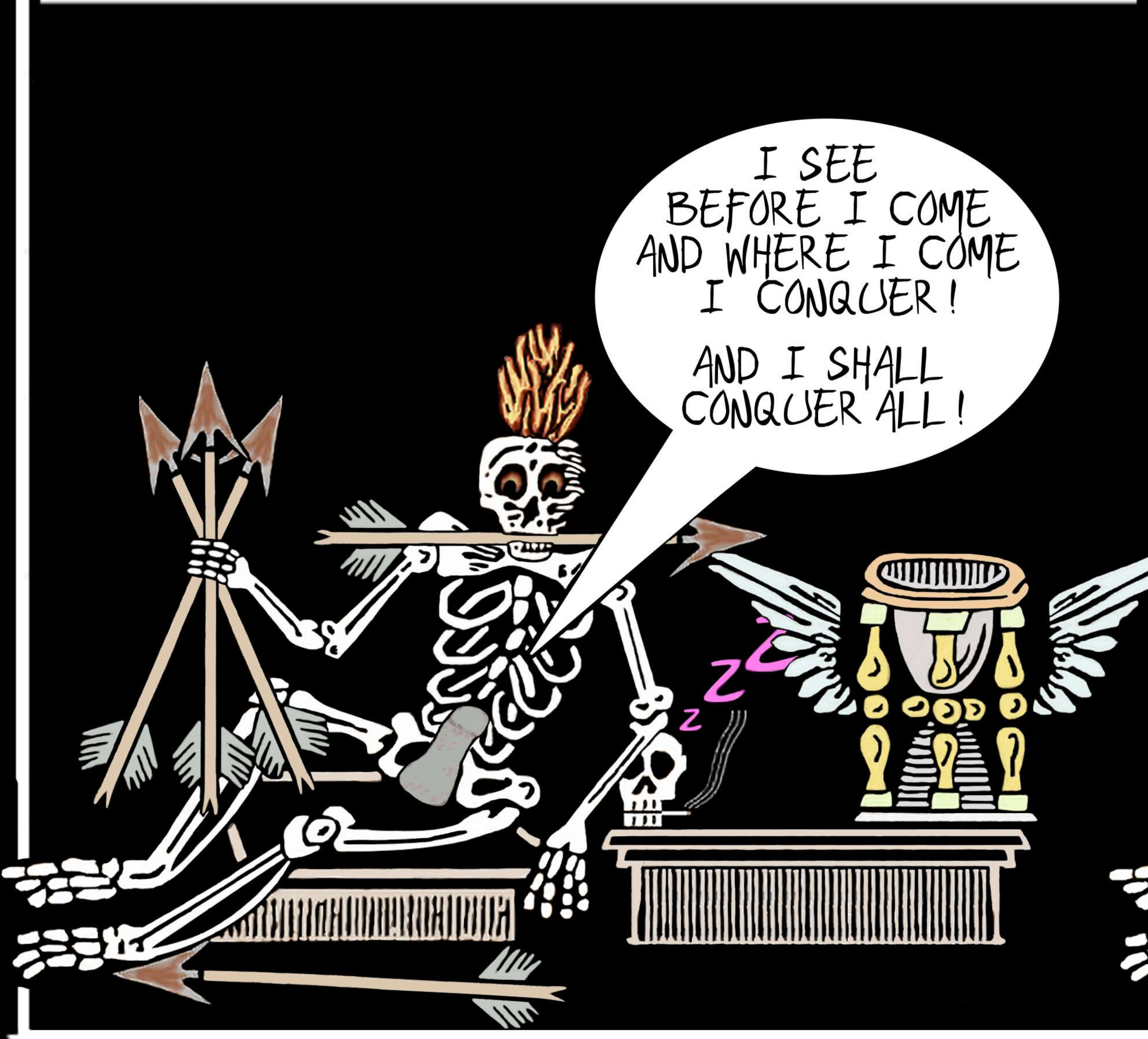
'23



I USED TO BE A FLACCID LAD, NOT HARD ENOUGH FOR THE CUT AND THRUST OF LIFE.



YET NOW I STAND TALL IN RIPPLING STRENGTH AND DOMINEER OVER ALL! MINE ENEMIES COWER BEFORE ME!

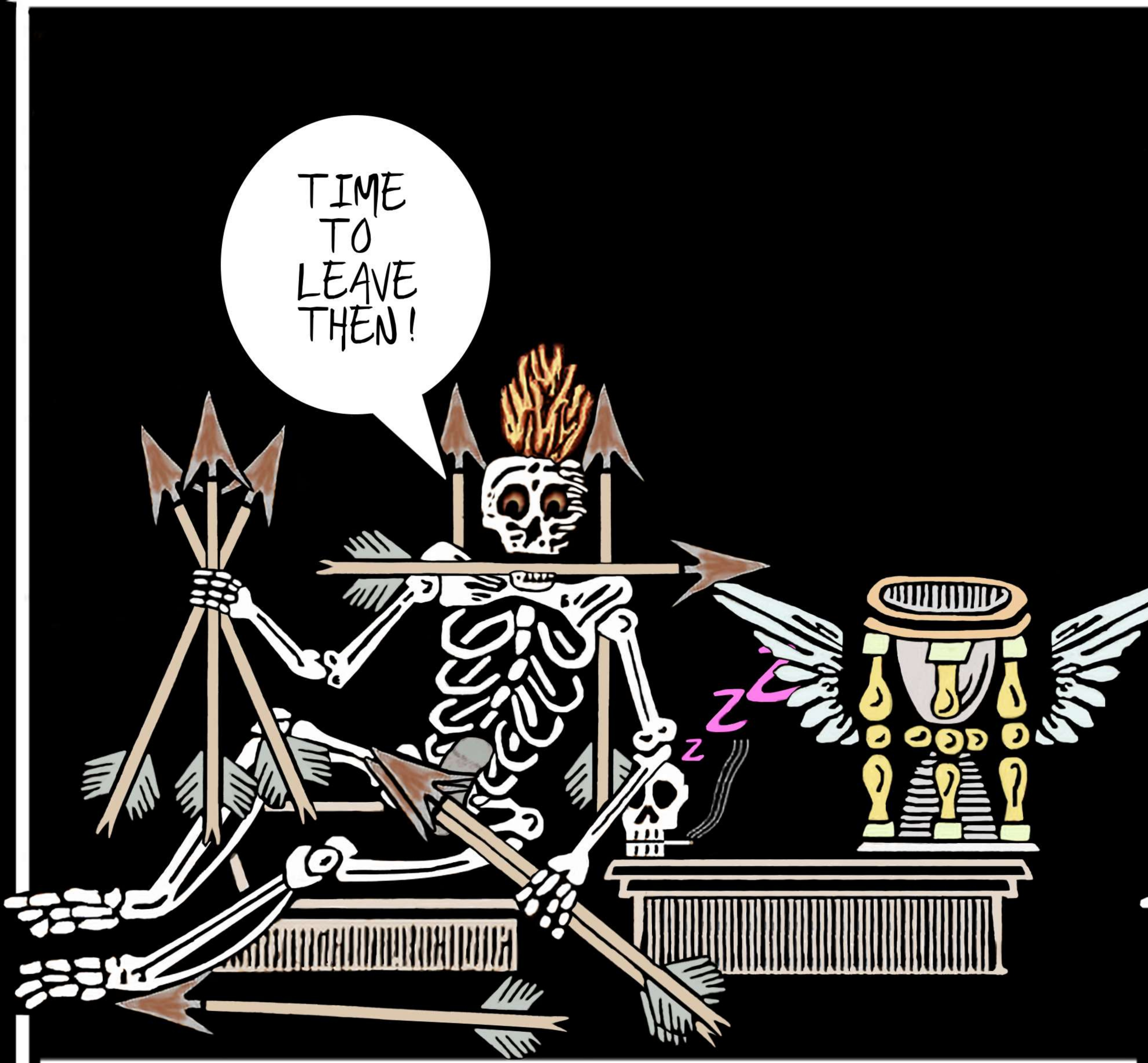


I SEE BEFORE I COME AND WHERE I COME I CONQUER! AND I SHALL CONQUER ALL!

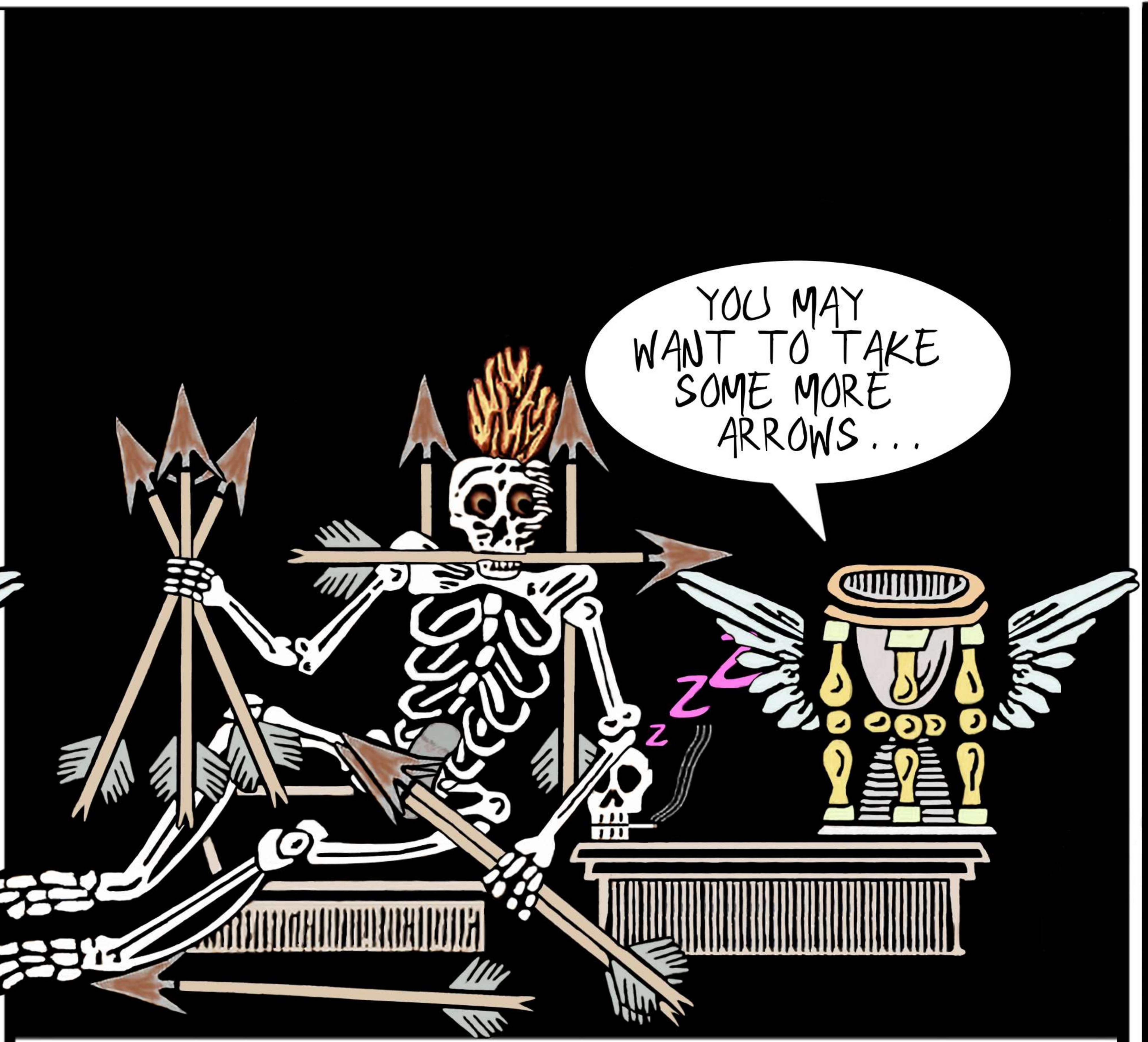


THERE, THERE. DON'T GET YOURSELF OVER-EXCITED.

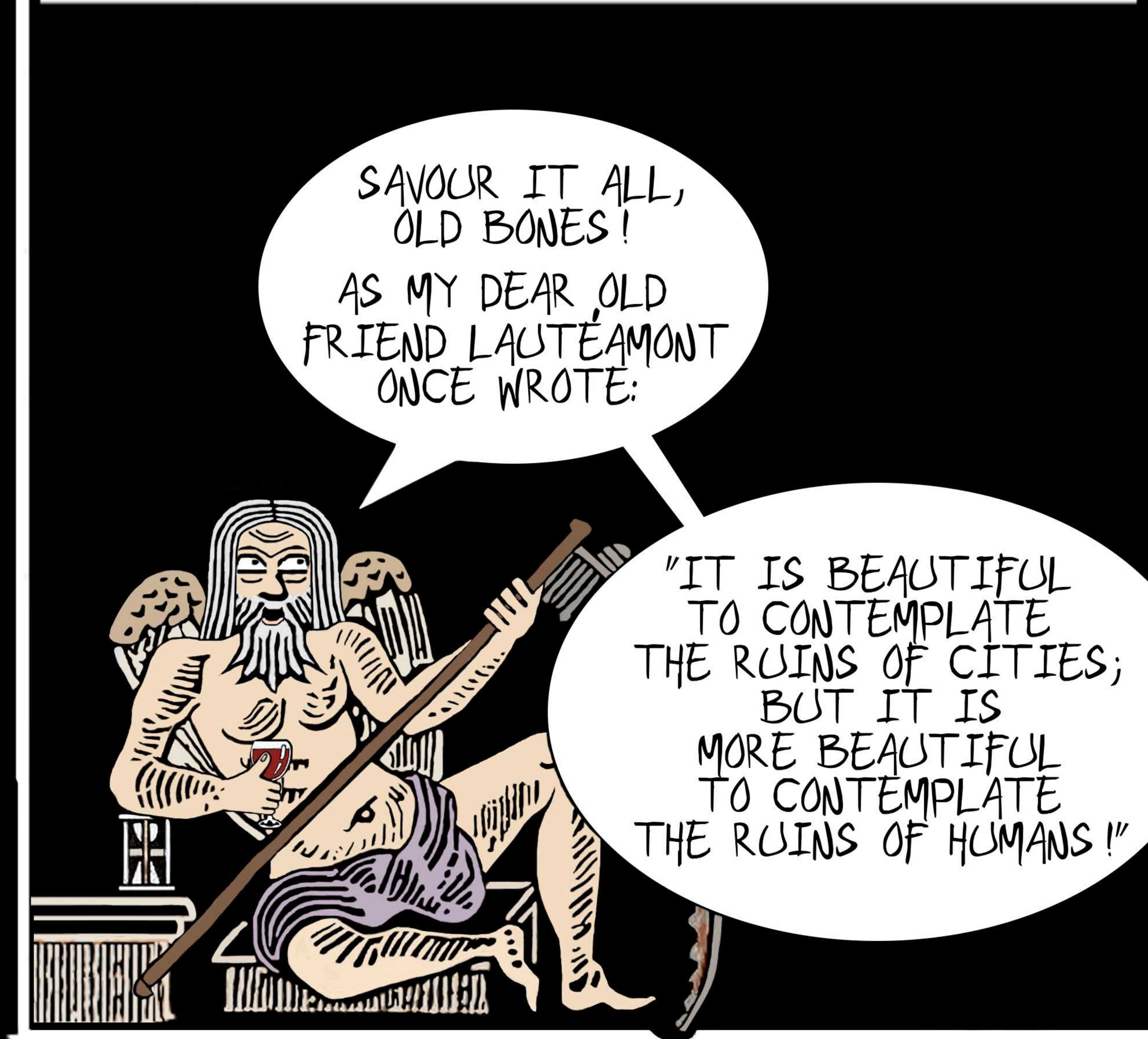
FUCK ME. THE CODPIECE SHOULD HAVE JUST REMAINED A SIGHT GAG.



TIME TO LEAVE THEN!

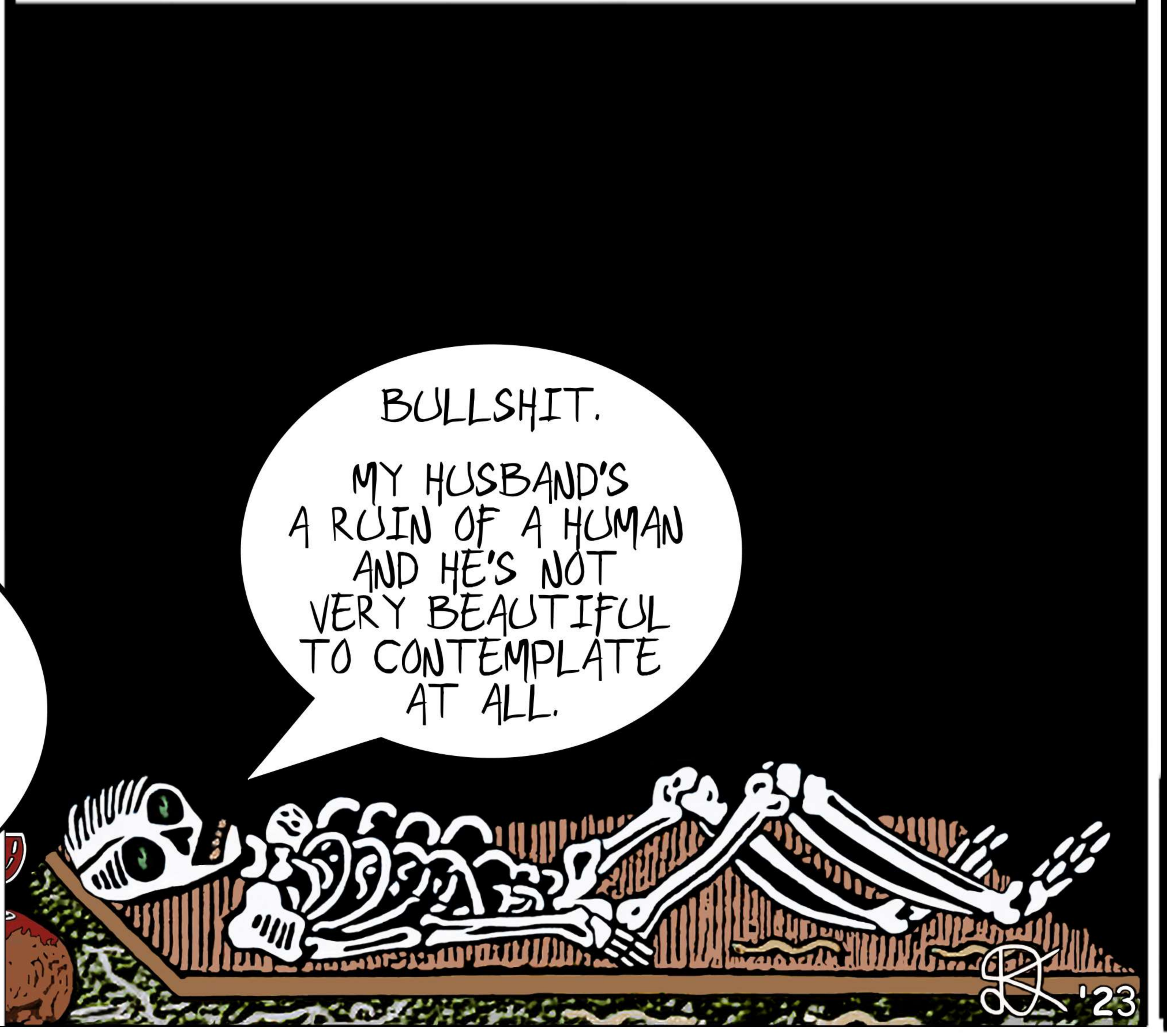


YOU MAY WANT TO TAKE SOME MORE ARROWS...

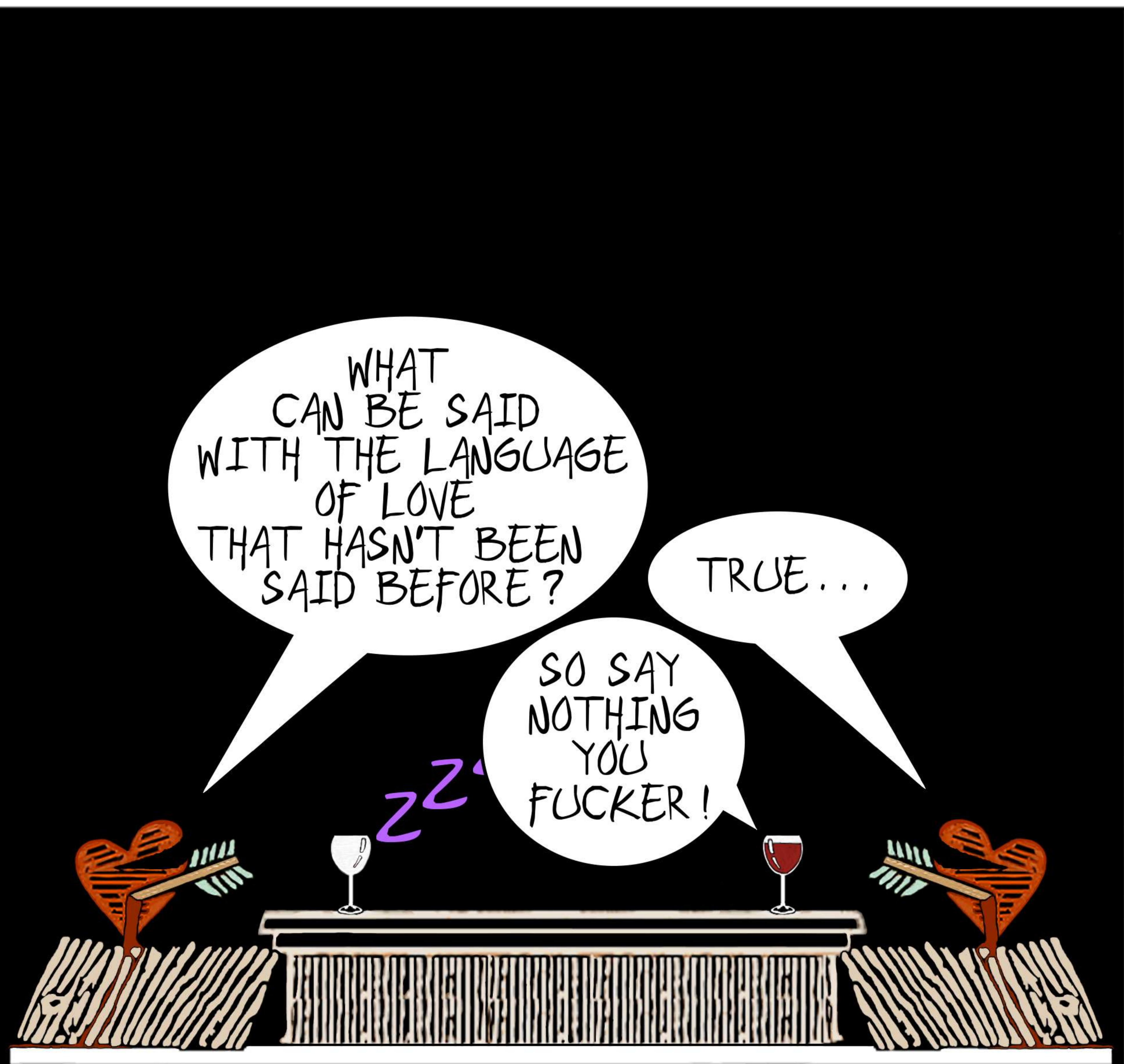


SAVOUR IT ALL, OLD BONES!
AS MY DEAR OLD FRIEND LAUTEAMONT ONCE WROTE:

"IT IS BEAUTIFUL TO CONTEMPLATE THE RUINS OF CITIES; BUT IT IS MORE BEAUTIFUL TO CONTEMPLATE THE RUINS OF HUMANS!"



BULLSHIT.
MY HUSBAND'S A RUIN OF A HUMAN AND HE'S NOT VERY BEAUTIFUL TO CONTEMPLATE AT ALL.



WHAT CAN BE SAID WITH THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE THAT HASN'T BEEN SAID BEFORE?

TRUE...

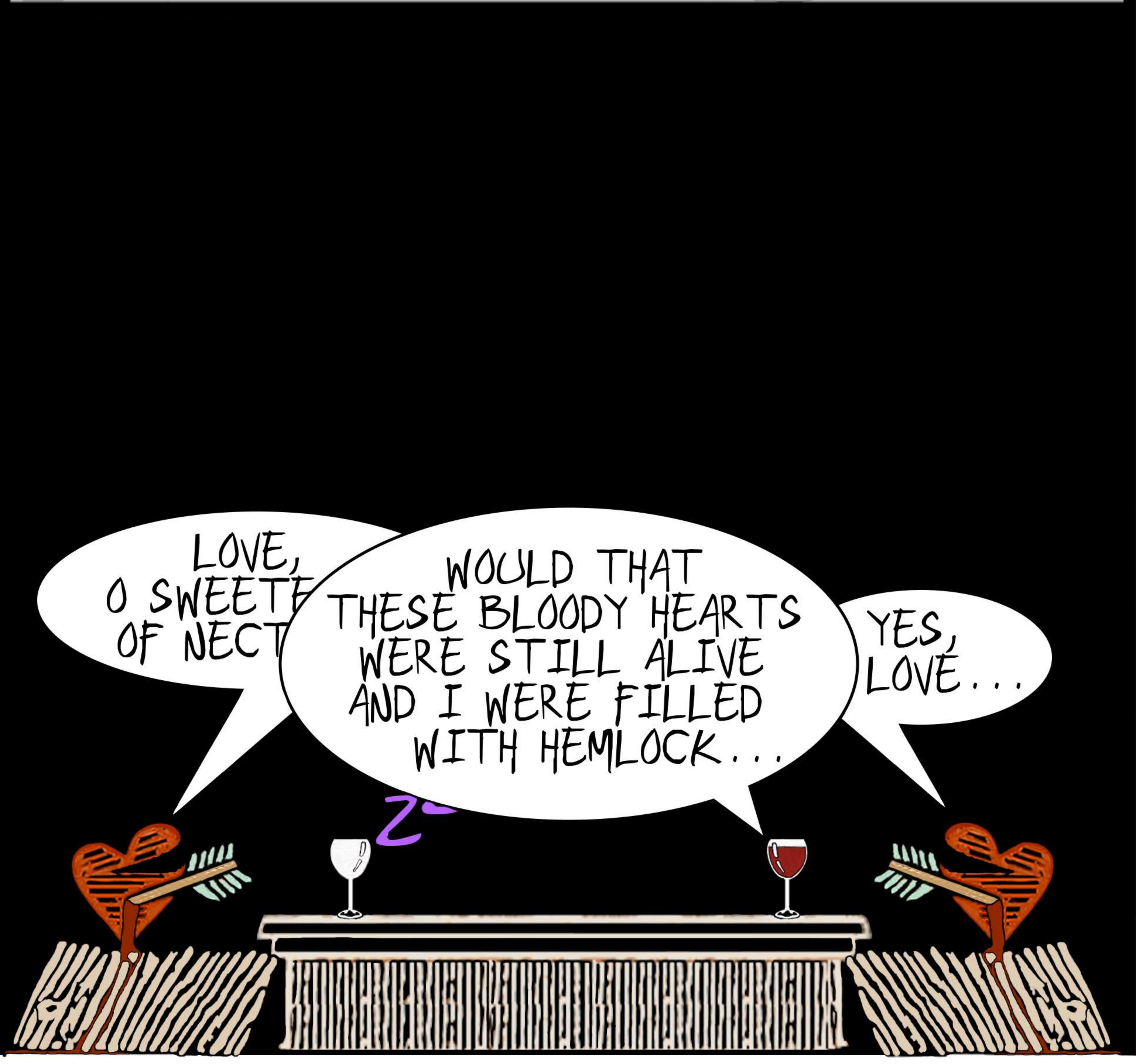
SO SAY NOTHING YOU FUCKER!



YET THE WORDS FROM LOVE'S SACRED TOME STILL RESONATE WITH US ALL. NONE IS ENTIRELY FREE FROM THE RHETORIC OF LOVE.

INDEED...

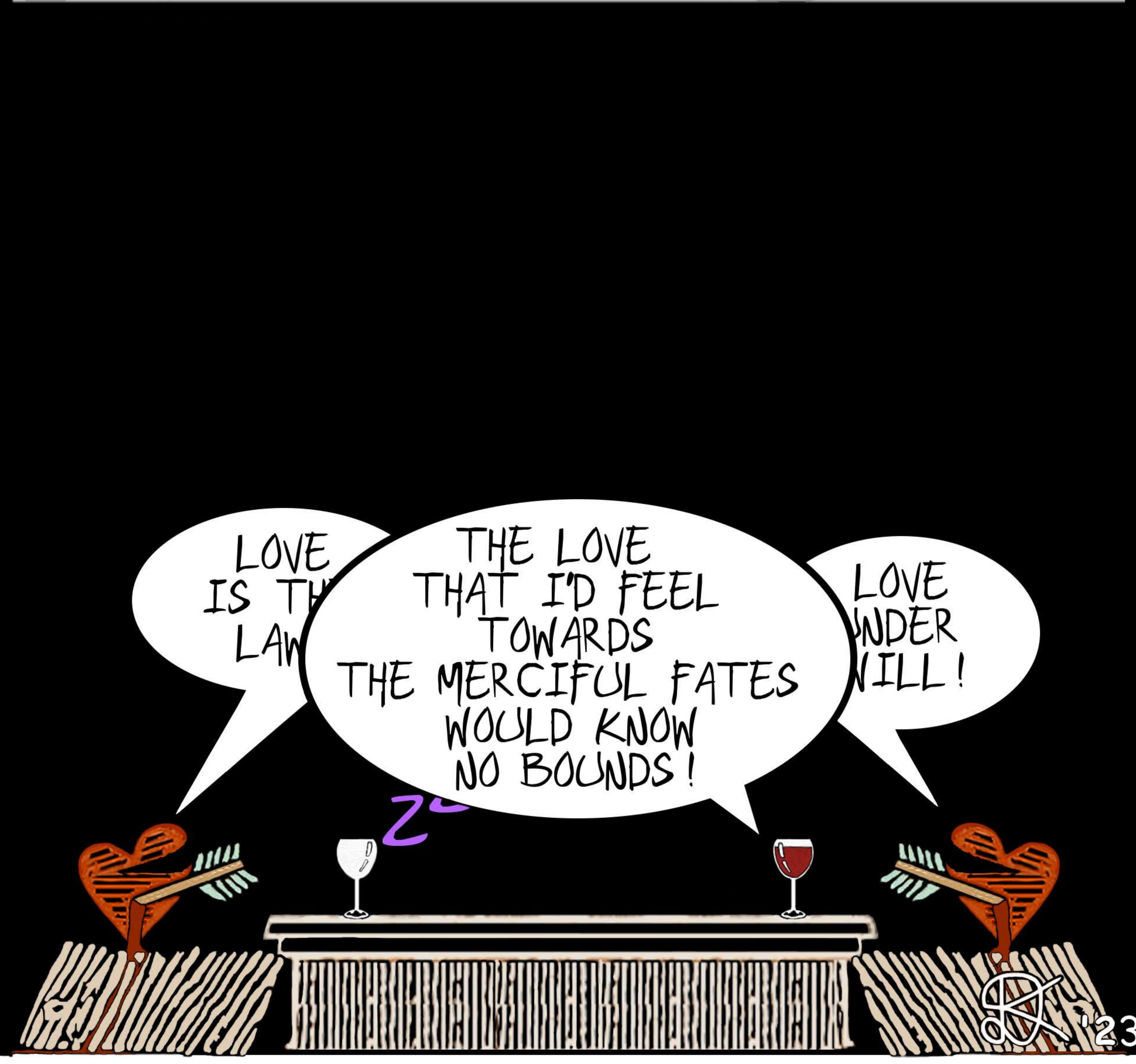
I CERTAINLY AM WHEN IT COMES TO YOU TWO!



LOVE, O SWEET OF NECTAR

WOULD THAT THESE BLOODY HEARTS WERE STILL ALIVE AND I WERE FILLED WITH HEMLOCK...

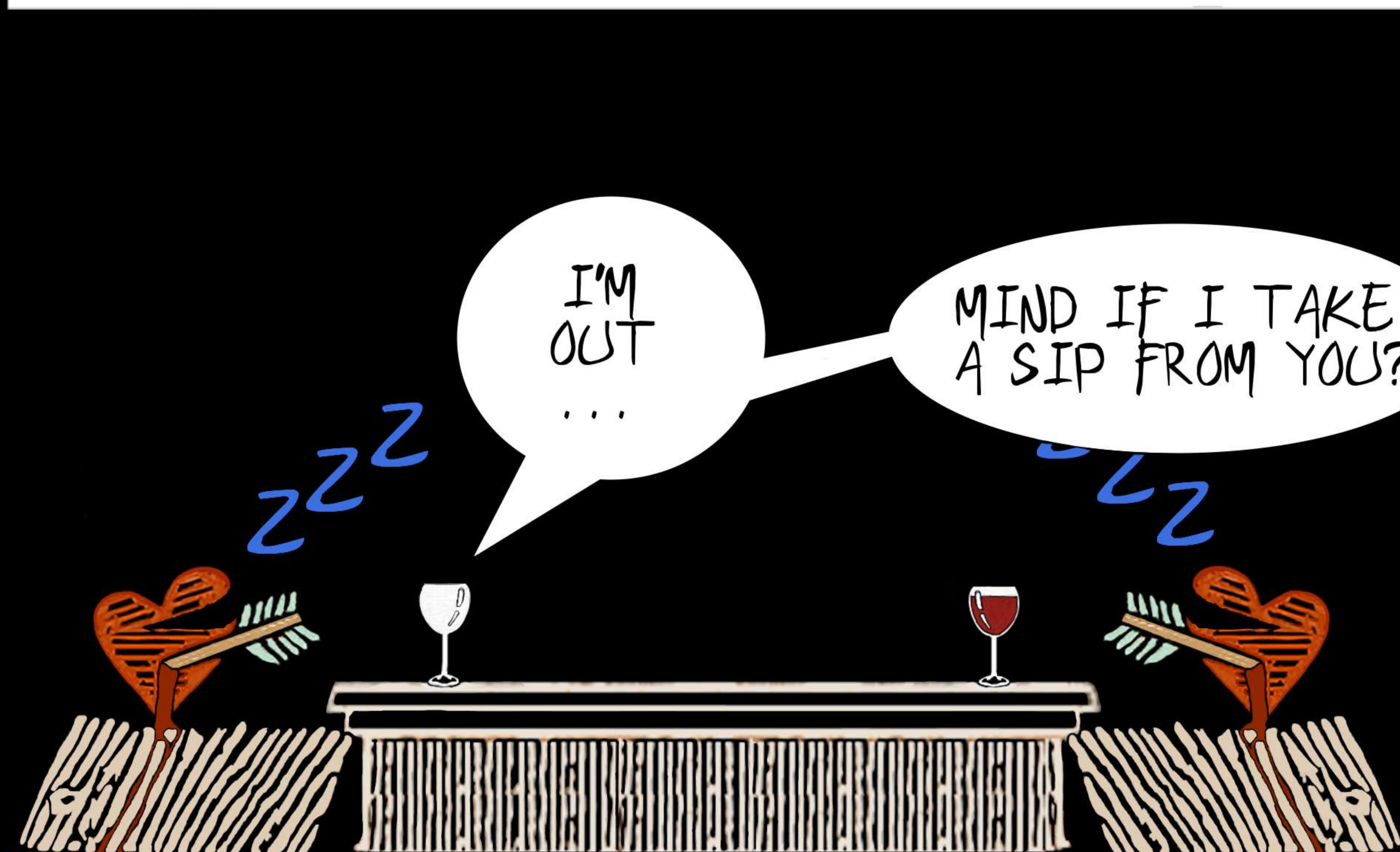
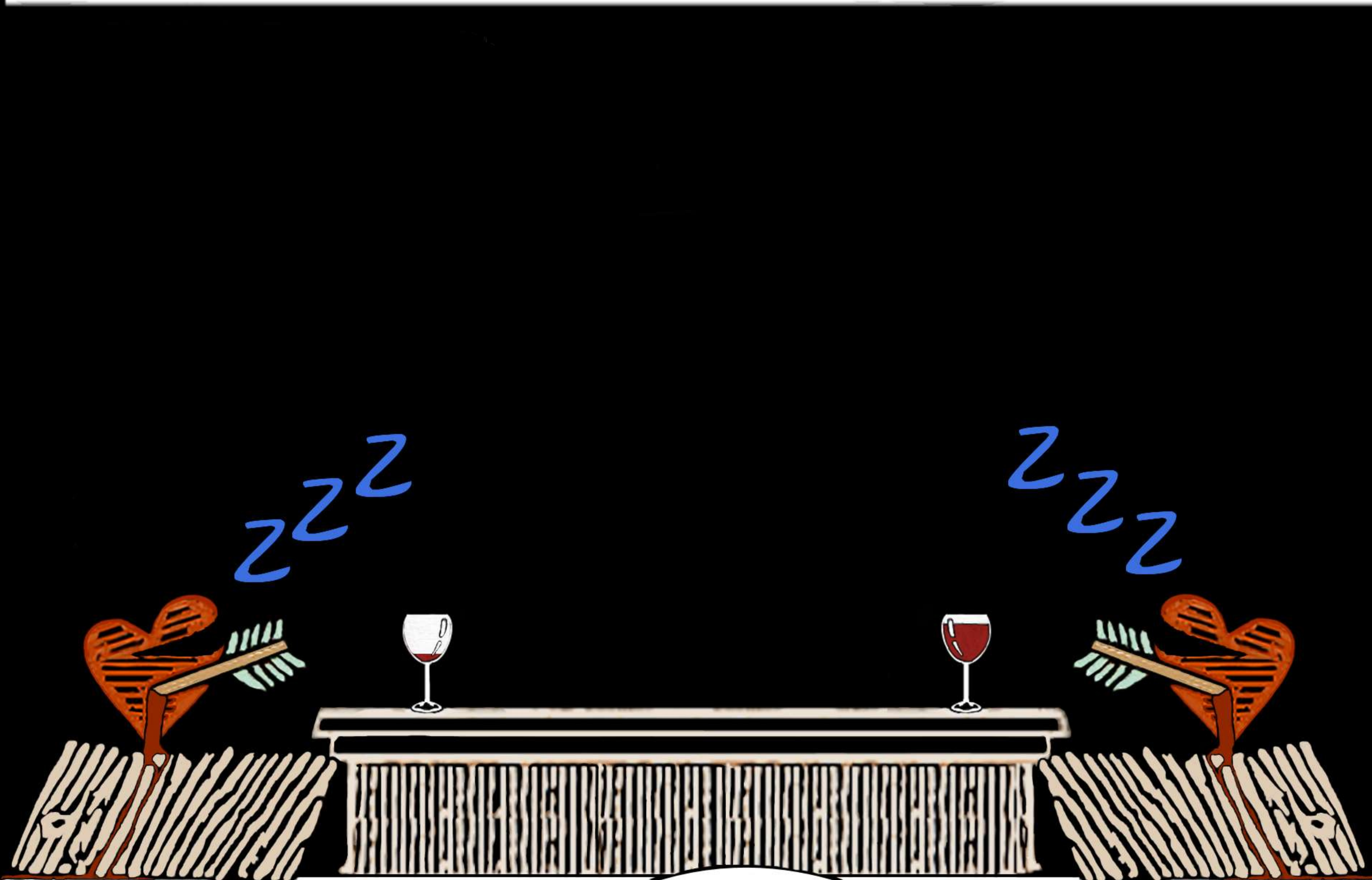
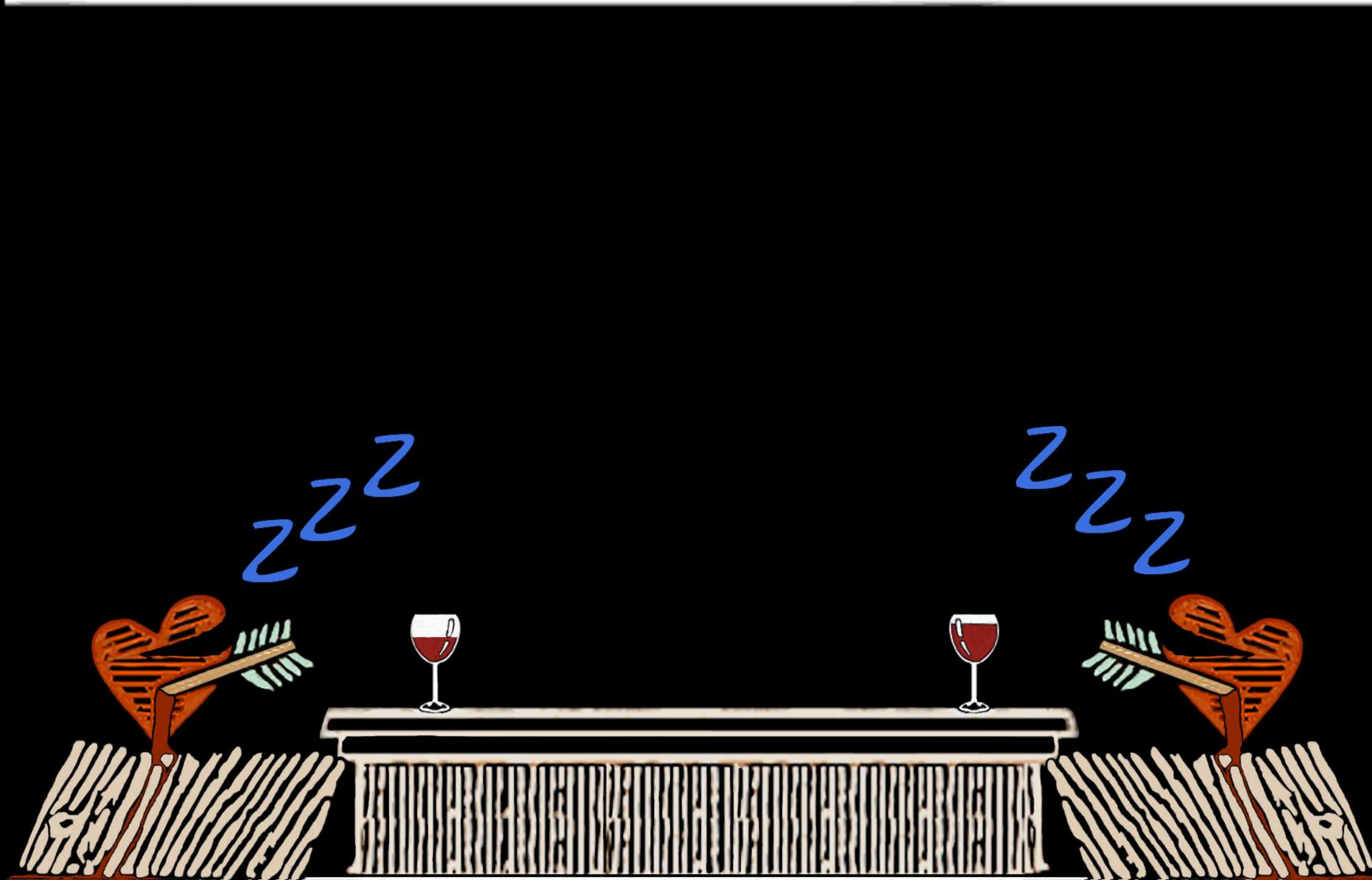
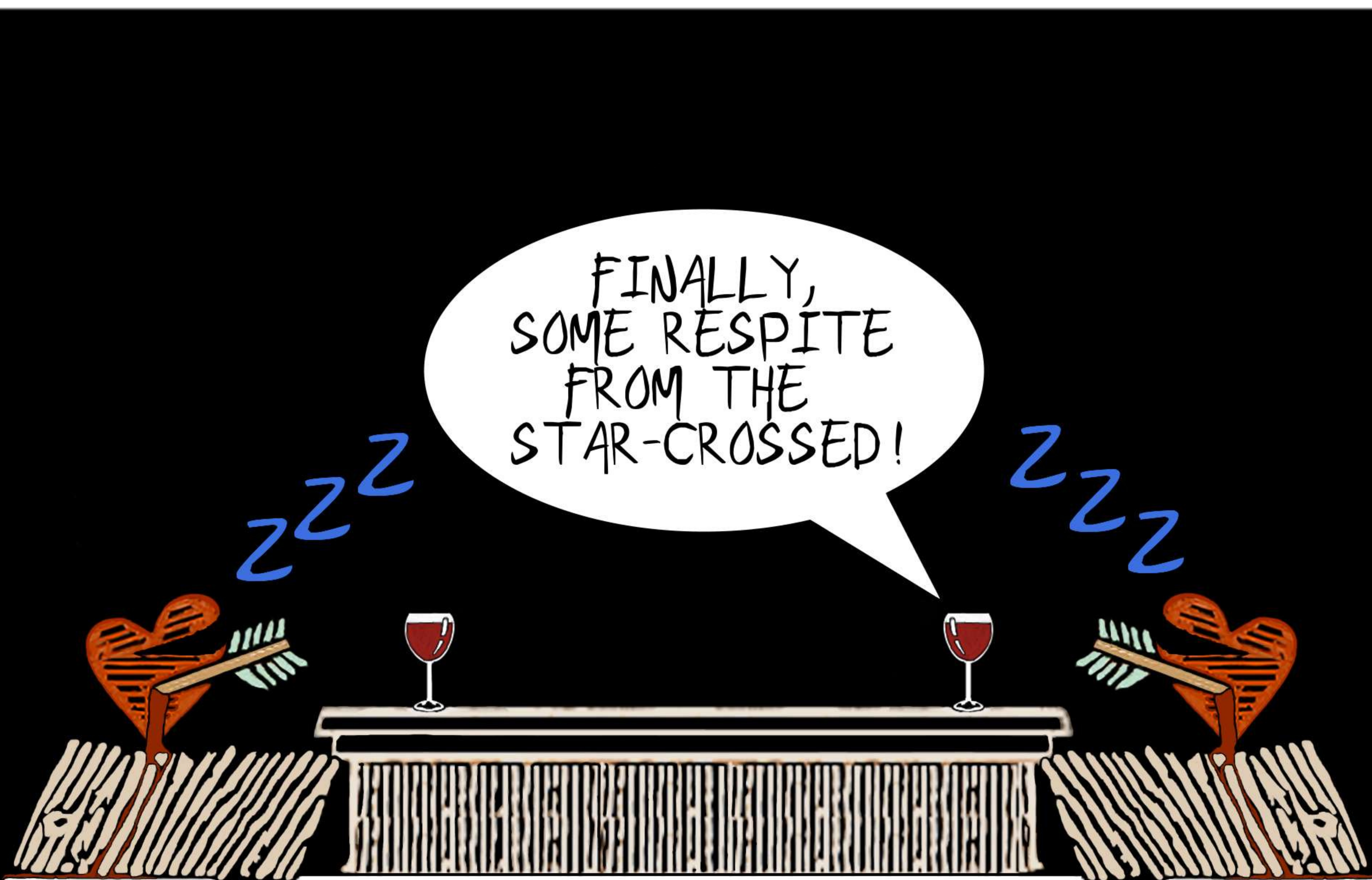
YES, LOVE...



LOVE IS THE LAW

THE LOVE THAT I'D FEEL TOWARDS THE MERCIFUL FATES WOULD KNOW NO BOUNDS!

LOVE UNDER WILL!



RISE AN' SHINE!
ROSY FINGERED
DAWN HAS LAID
HER MITTS
UPON THEE!



YOU
FUCKING CUNT!
WHAT HAVE YOU
DONE
TO ME?

WHO
SAID IT
WAS
ME?

HA HA HA HA!
WELL, HA, YEAH,
I GUESS IT WAS.



LOOK,
OLD BONES
IS OFF AT WAR
AND I THOUGHT
WE NEEDED
SOME OTHER
LIGHTING.



WHY DIDN'T YOU
FILL YOURSELF UP
WITH PHOSPHORESCENT
SAND THEN,
YOU WRETCHED
HOURGLASS?

CAN'T.
I'M
ALLERGIC
TO IT.



YOU CAN'T
JUST SULK
FOR EVER,
YOU KNOW.

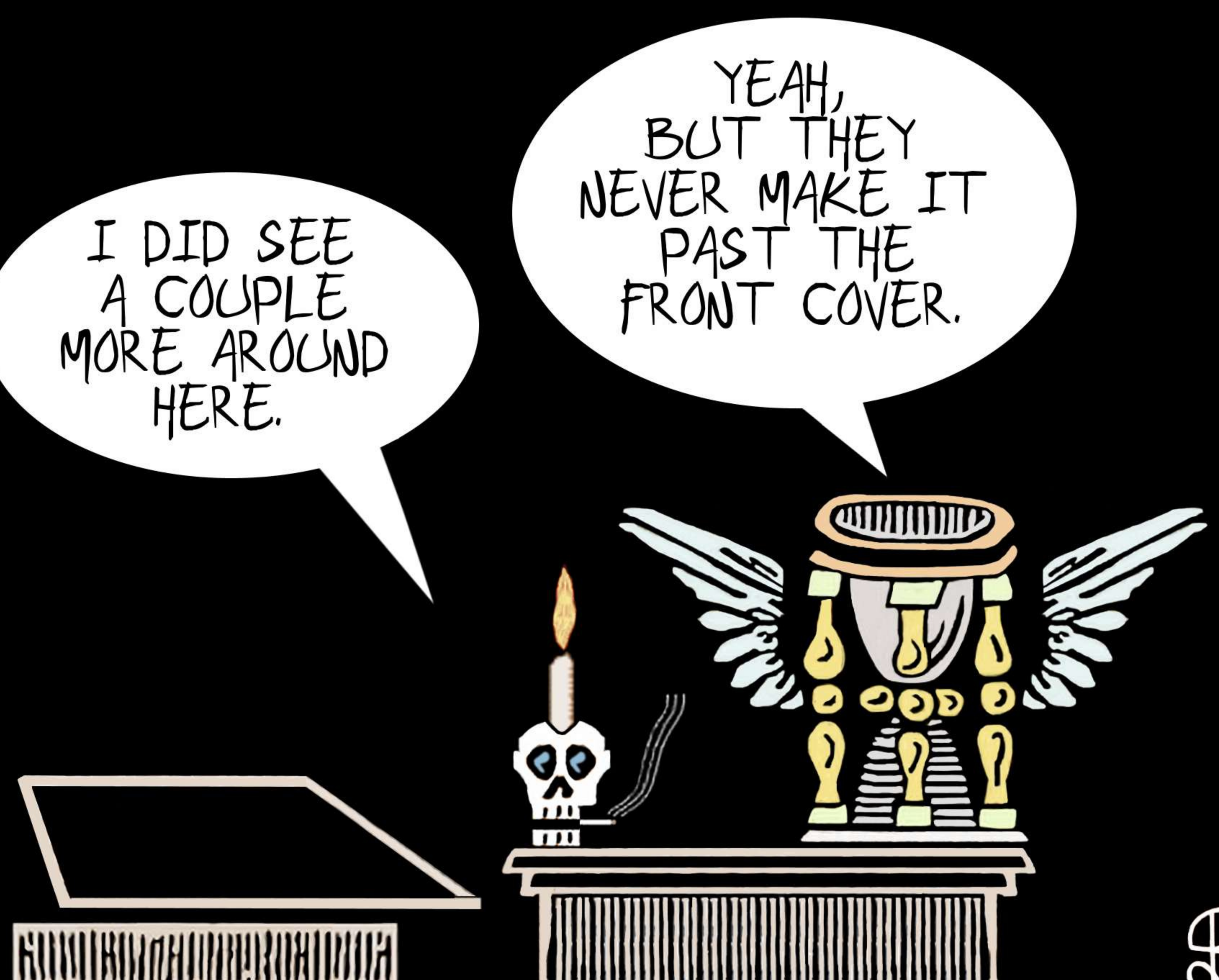
FIRST
A FUCKING ARMREST
AND NOW
A FUCKING CANDLEHOLDER.
I FEEL RATHER
FUCKING
UNDERAPPRECIATED.

NAH,
NOT AT ALL.
YOU'VE TAKEN
OLD BONES' PLACE
FOR A WHILE.

YOU'RE
THE
RESIDENT
FLAMING
SKULL.

I DID SEE
A COUPLE
MORE AROUND
HERE.

YEAH,
BUT THEY
NEVER MAKE IT
PAST THE
FRONT COVER.



KEPHALOS,
I NEED YOUR HELP!

ALL OF THE
WINE GLASSES
ARE INCAPACITATED
AND CAN'T HOLD
ANOTHER DROP.

AND?
HOW CAN
I HELP
THERE?

WELL,
WE CAN
REMOVE
THIS
CANDLE.

HEY?
DAMN, I'D
JUST GOT
THAT.

AND PUT
IN SOME BOOZE
FOLLOWED BY
A STRAW...

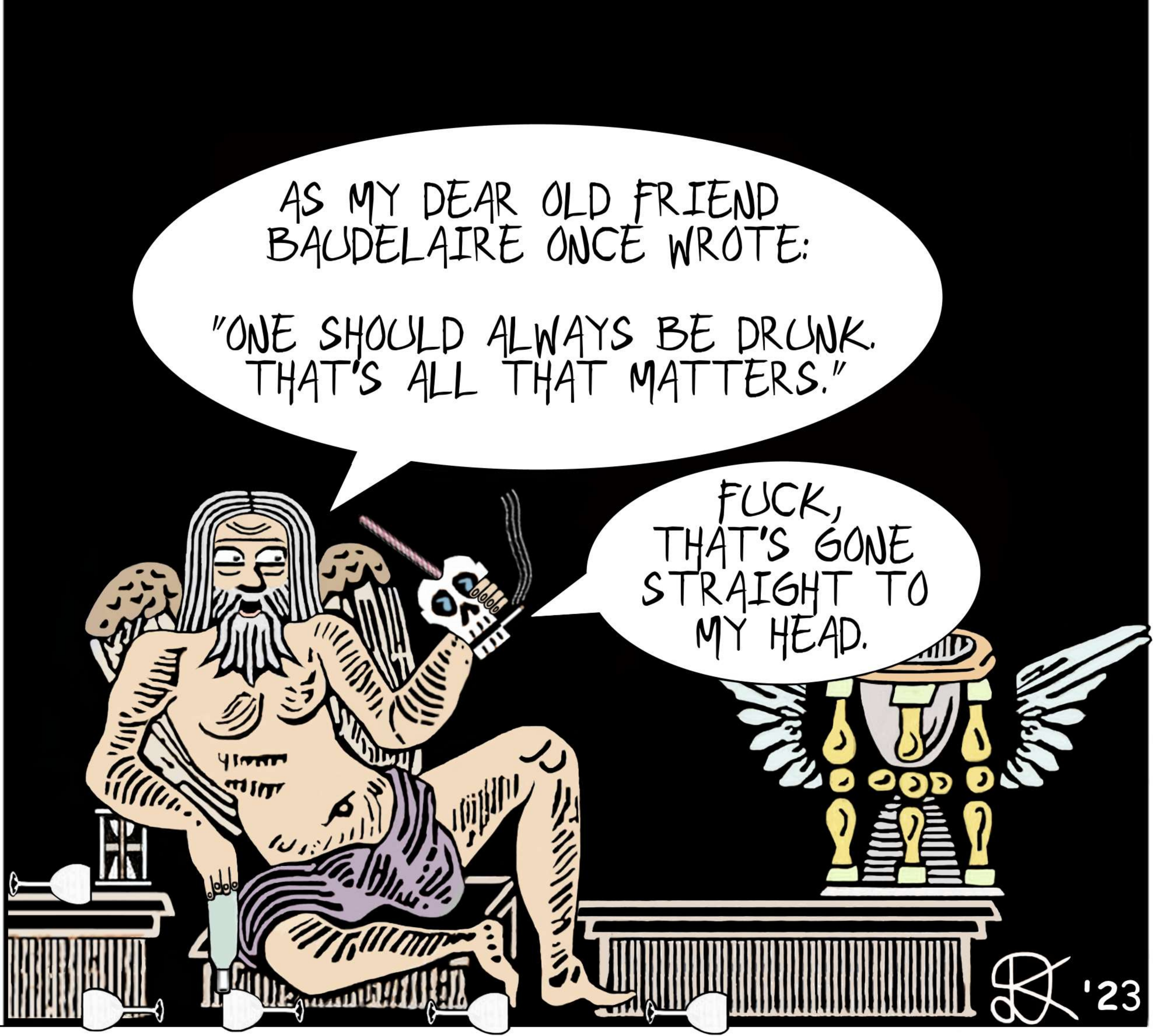
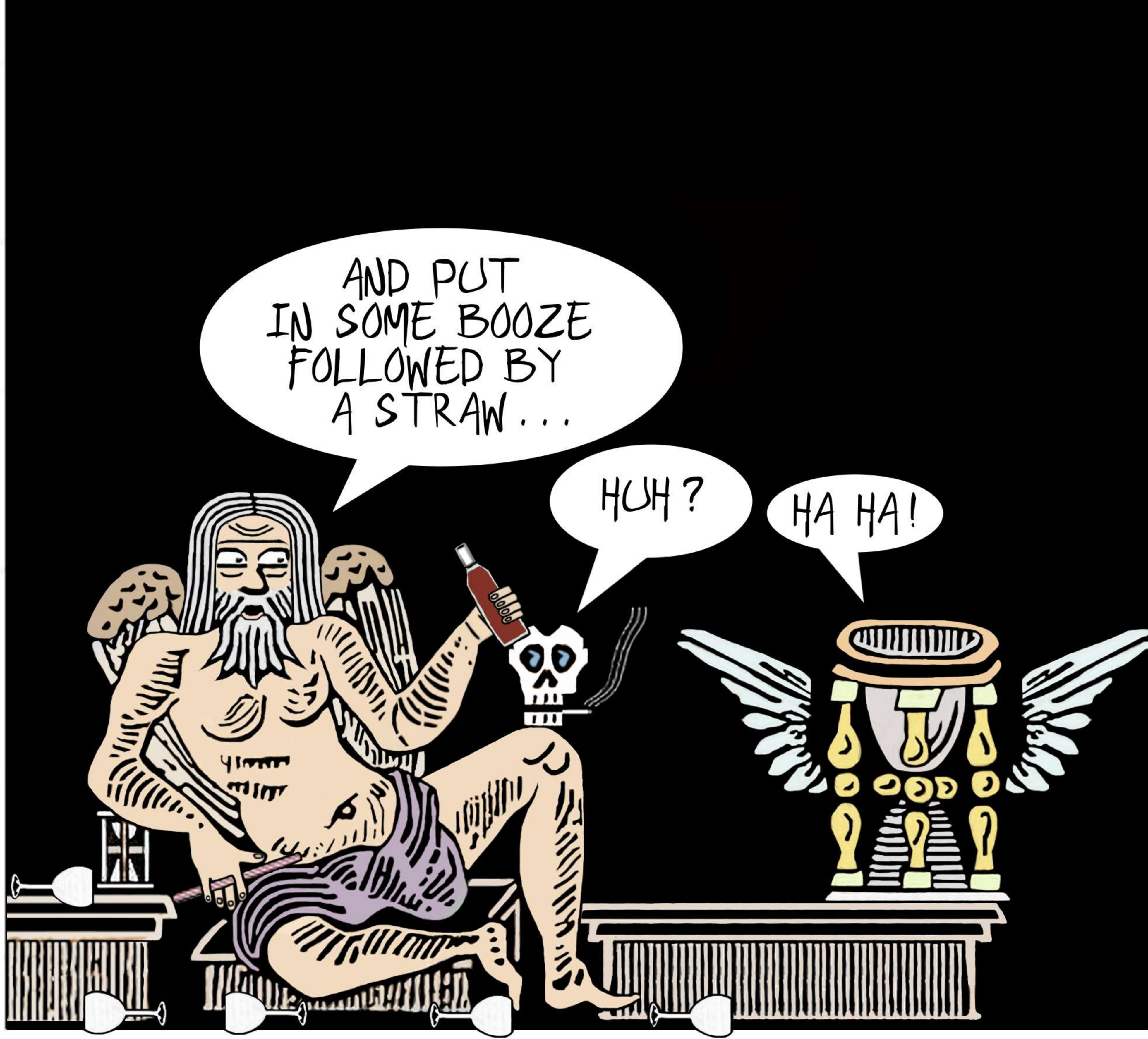
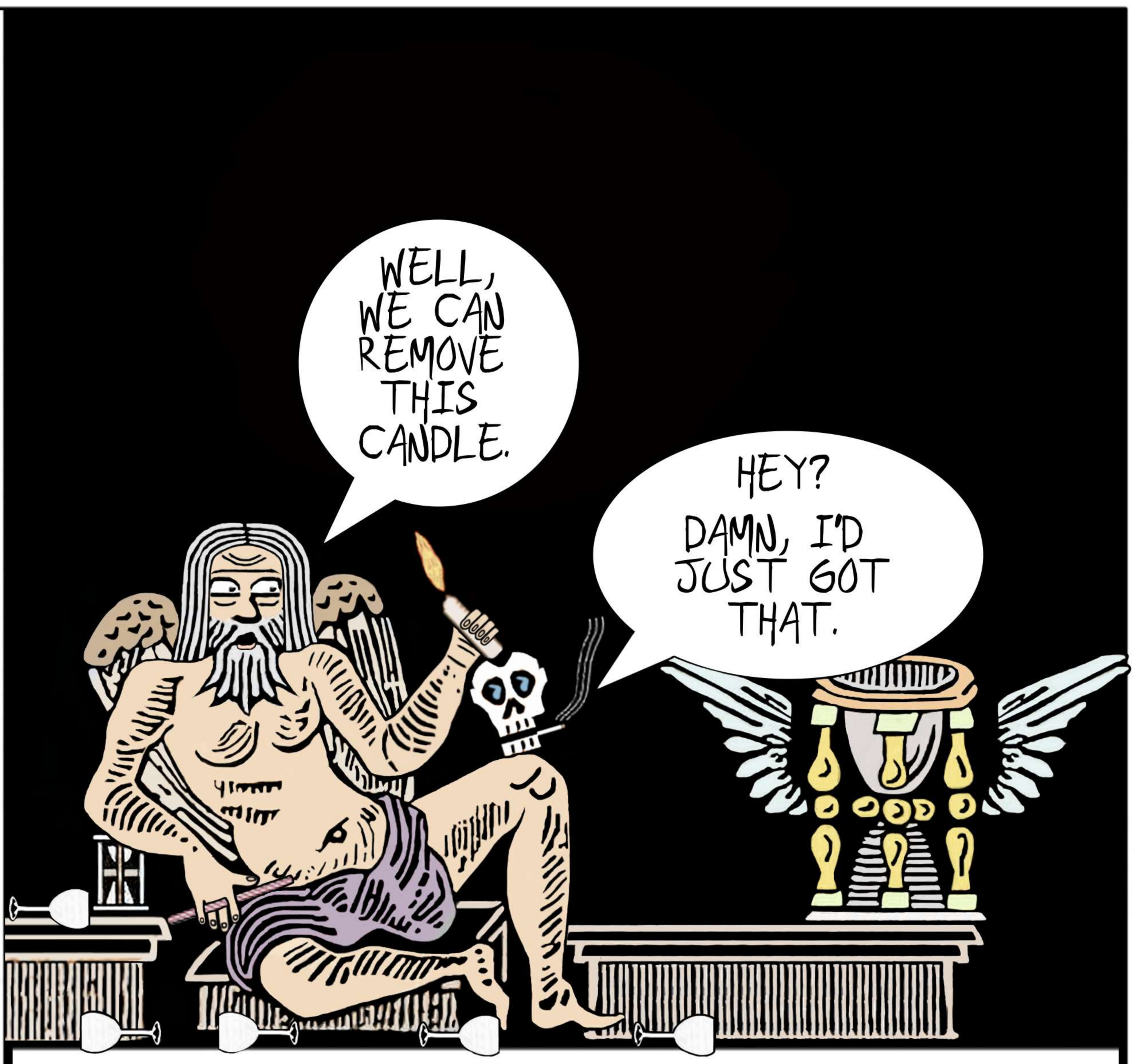
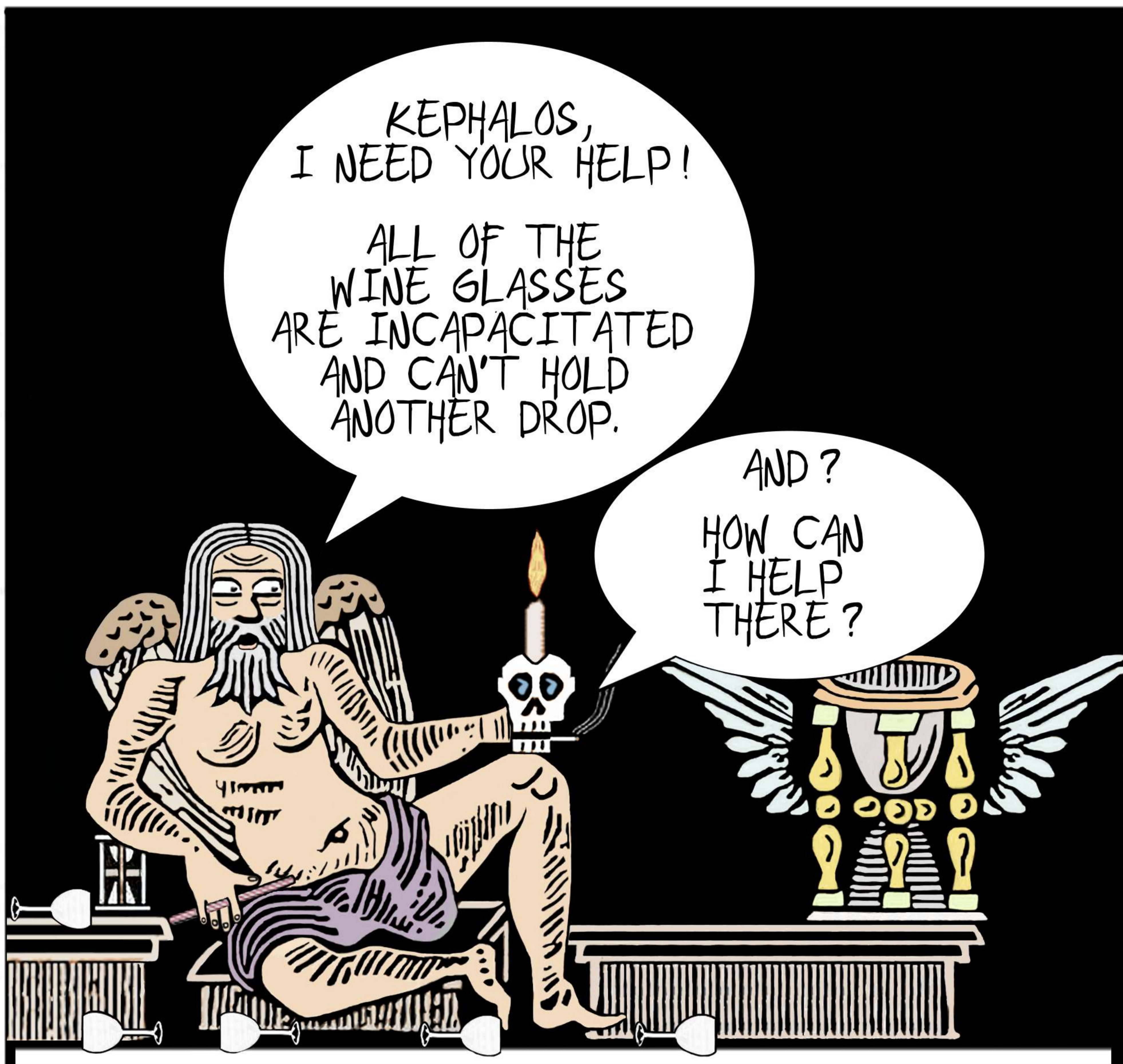
HUH?

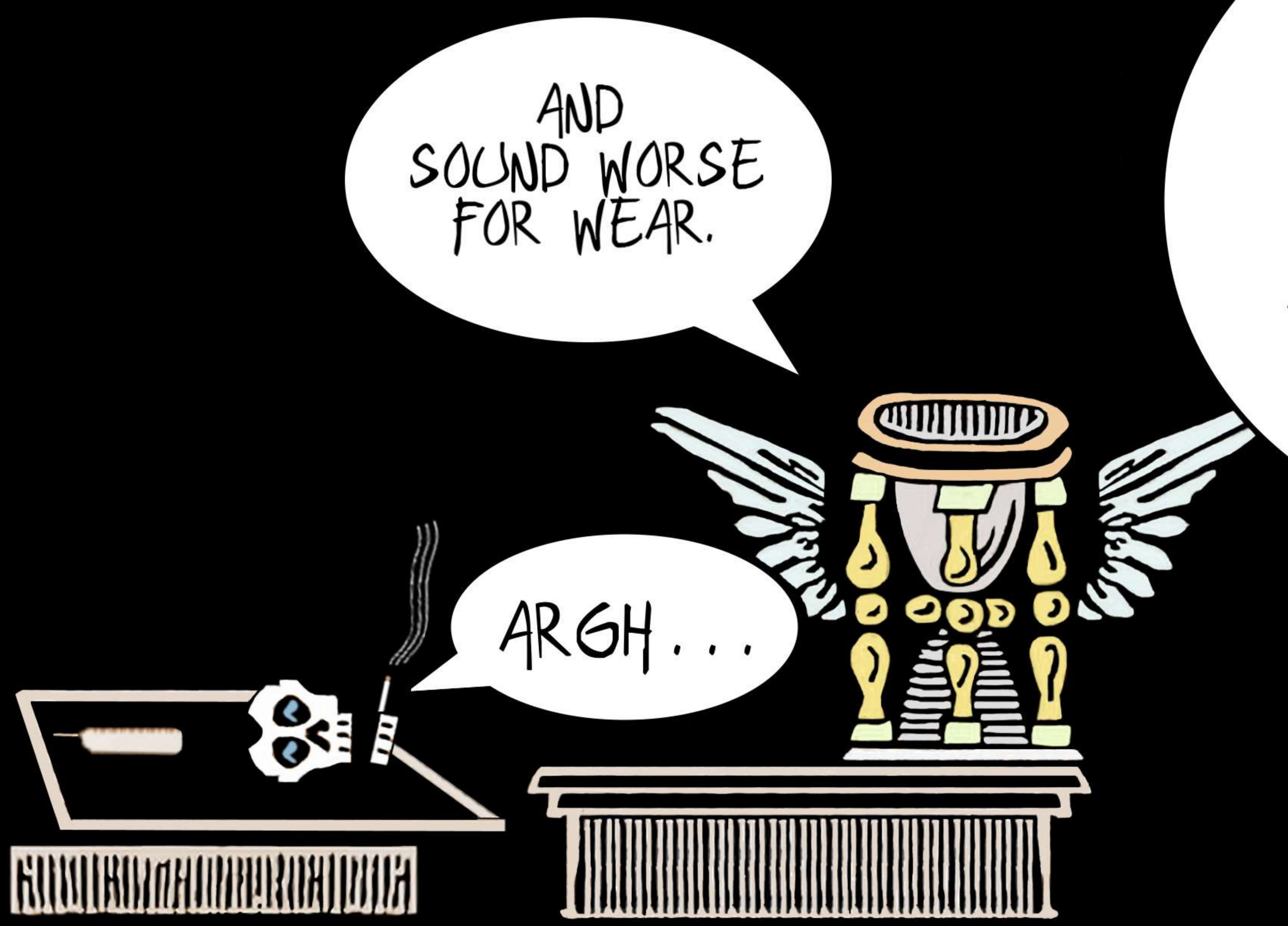
HA HA!

AS MY DEAR OLD FRIEND
BAUDELAIRE ONCE WROTE:

"ONE SHOULD ALWAYS BE DRUNK.
THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS."

FUCK,
THAT'S GONE
STRAIGHT TO
MY HEAD.





ARGH...
FUCK OFF,
YOU CUNT...
I FEEL LIKE
MY HEAD'S
BEEN RAPED...

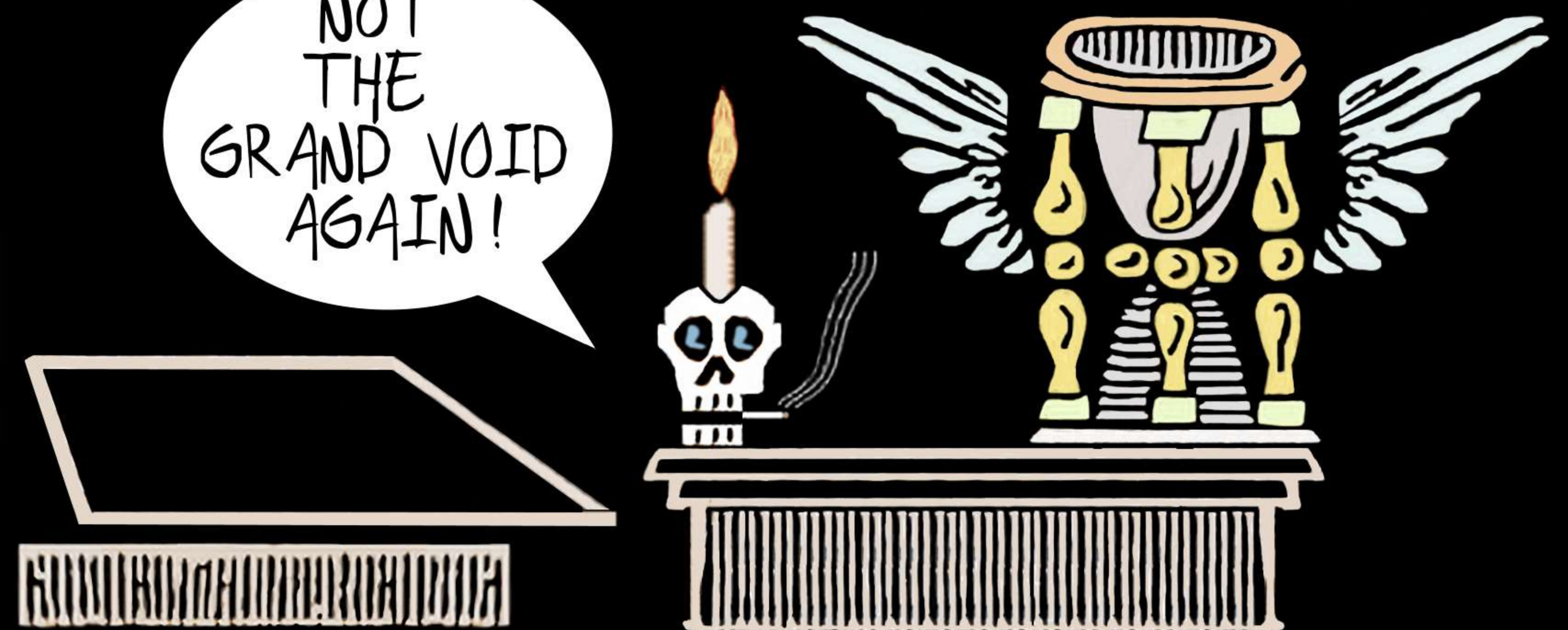


OLD BONES
MAY WELL BE IN
FOR ANOTHER
ONE HUNDRED
YEAR WAR.

WE
COULD GO
ON ANOTHER
TRIP.



NOT
THE
GRAND VOID
AGAIN!



WHERE ELSE?
IF ONLY YOU REALISED
HOW MANY
A MELANCHOLIC POET
OR DECADENT TROUBADOUR
HAS TRIED TO CATCH BUT
A FLEETING GLIMPSE OF IT!
AND YOU HAVE RIGHT HERE
ON YOUR FUCKING DOORSTEP!

AND,
WHAT'S MORE,
NOW YOU'VE GOT
A BLOODY CANDLE
LODGED IN YOUR HEAD
READY TO EXPLORE
ITS NOOKS AND CRANIES!

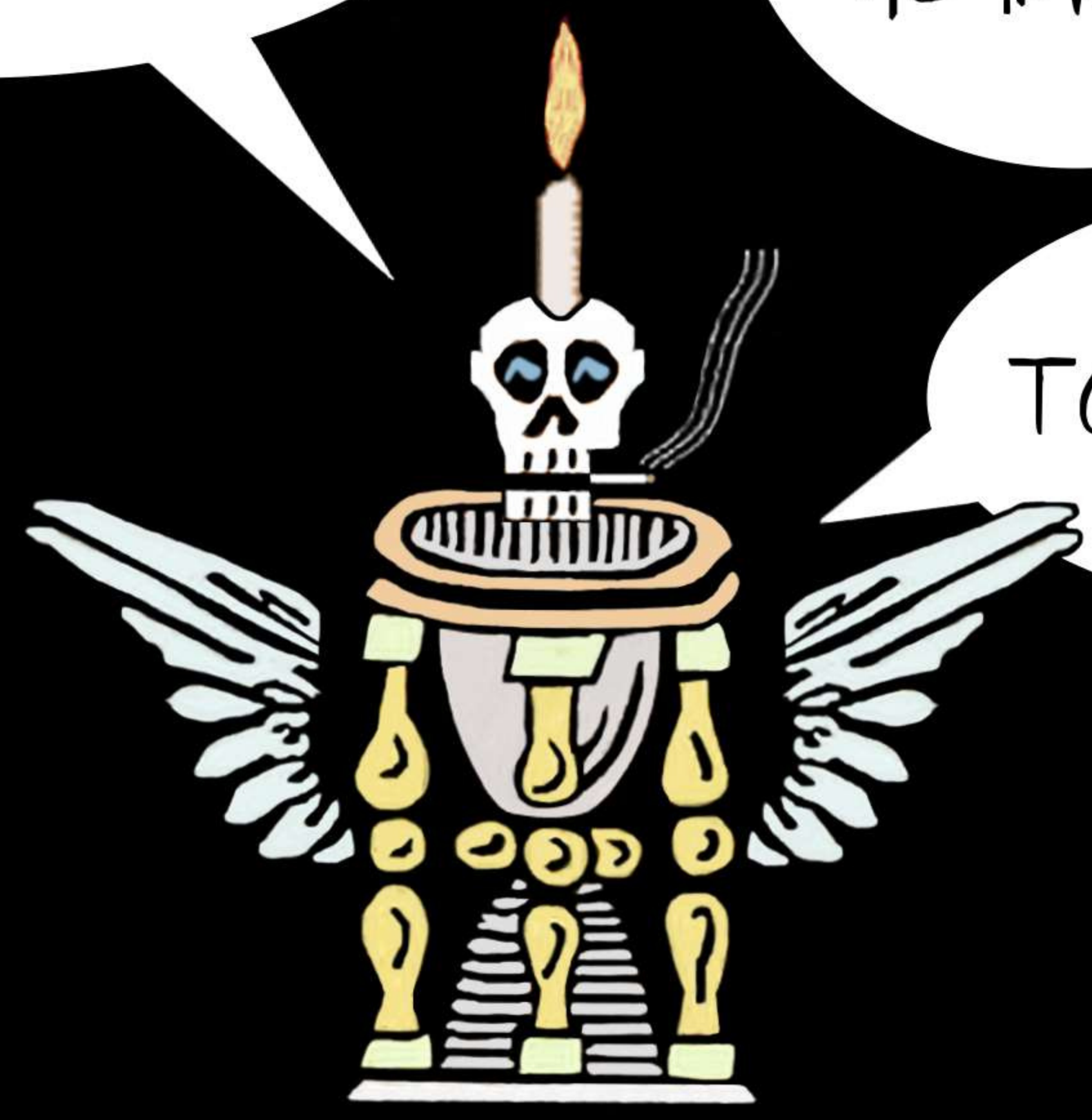
HMMM...
WHEN YOU PUT IT
LIKE THAT,
I SUPPOSE
IT DOES HAVE
A CERTAIN ALLURE.



THIS IS ALL THE SAME TO ME AGAIN...

EVEN WITH THE HEADWEAR.

YOU'LL GROW TO APPRECIATE IT SOON!



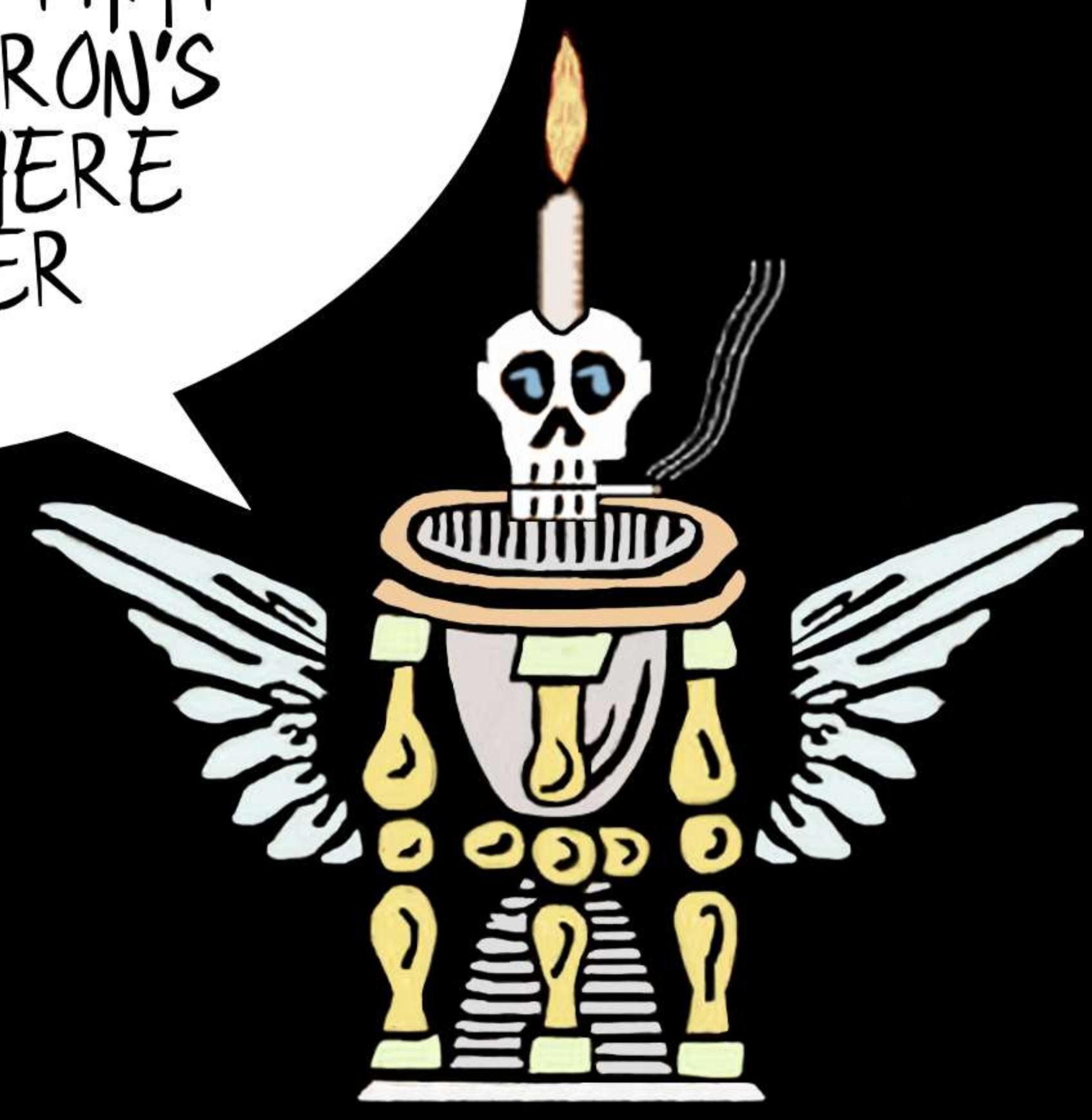
I DOUBT IT.

IT'S THE FUCKING STICKS, IT REALLY IS!

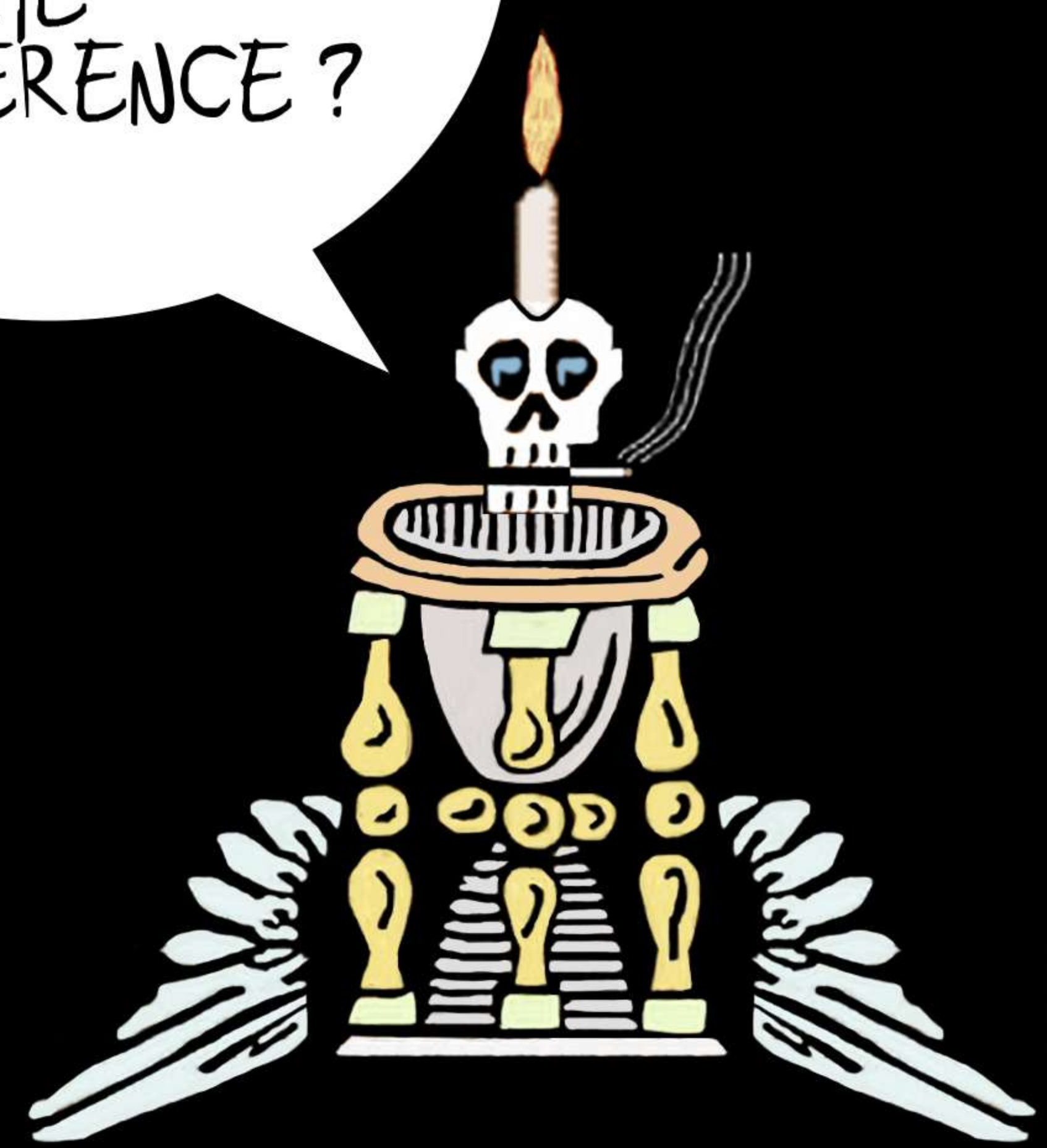


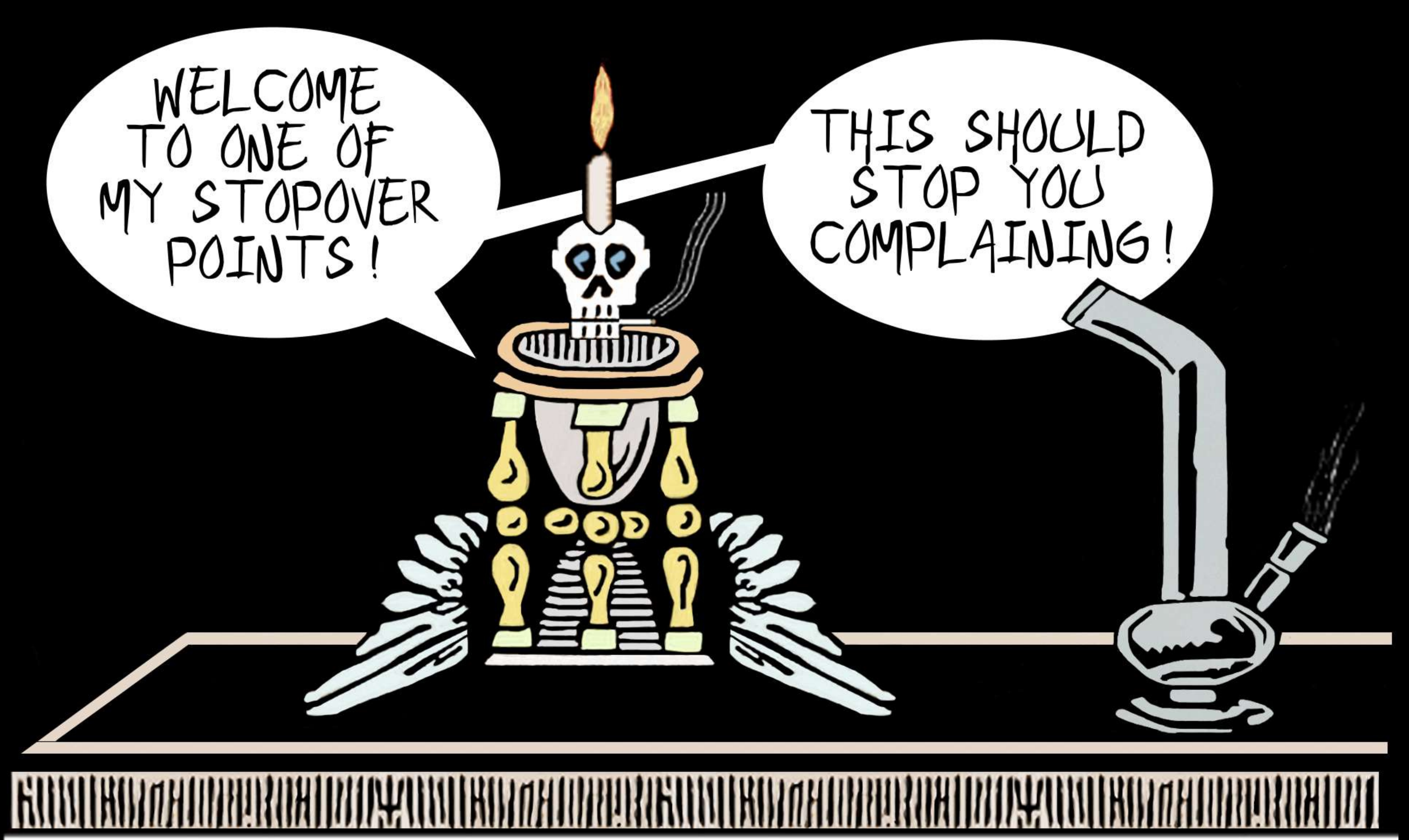
AH, YOU DO HAVE AN EYE OUT THEN!

YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO MAKE OUT THAT OLD FAIRY CHARON'S BOAT DOWN THERE ON THE WATER TOO.



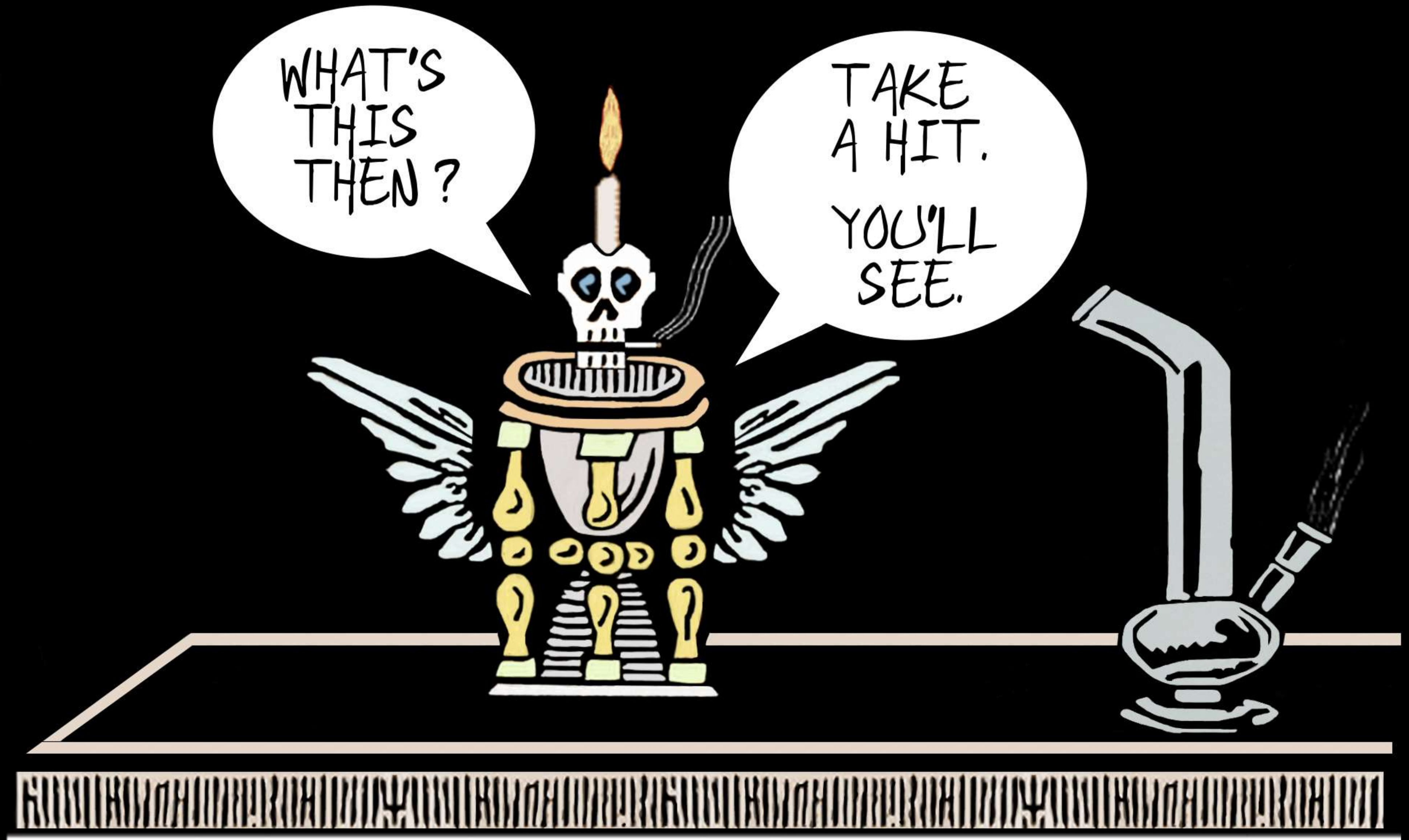
STYX, STICKS, WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?





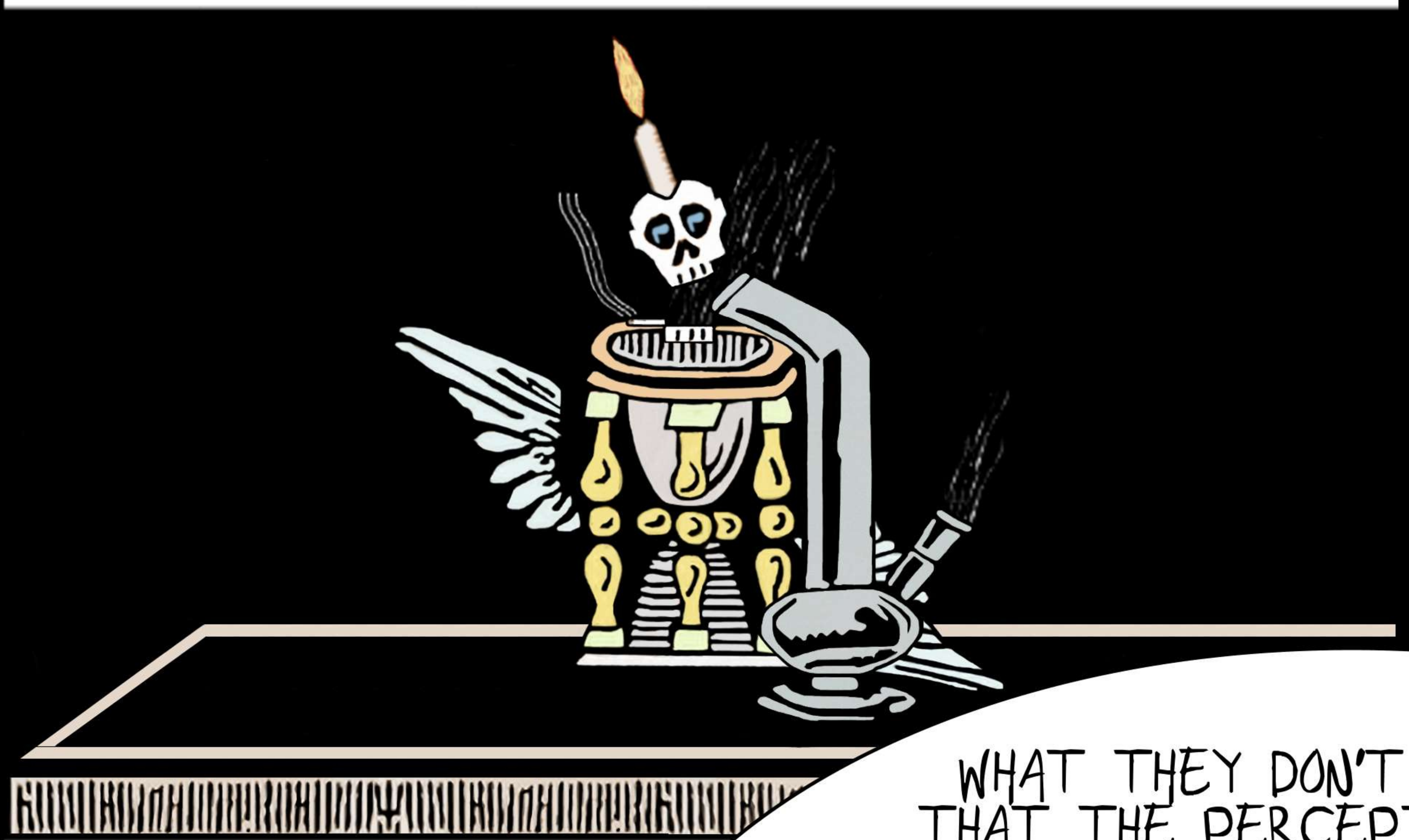
WELCOME TO ONE OF MY STOPOVER POINTS!

THIS SHOULD STOP YOU COMPLAINING!



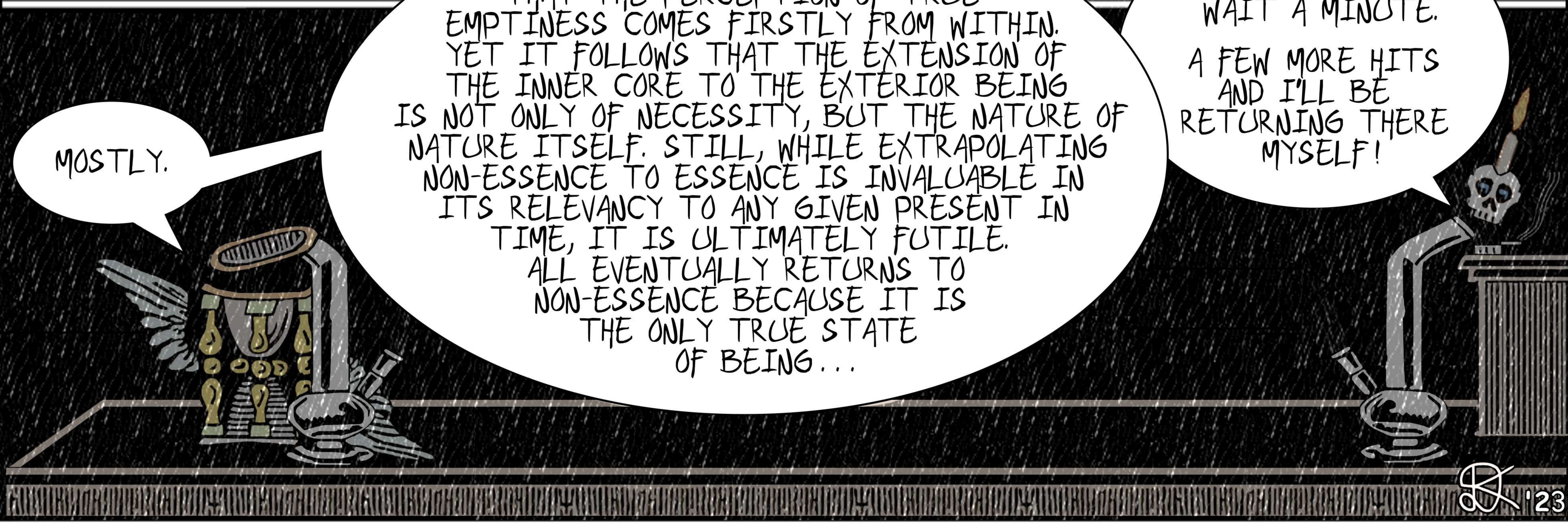
WHAT'S THIS THEN?

TAKE A HIT. YOU'LL SEE.



NOT BAD... NOT BAD AT ALL!

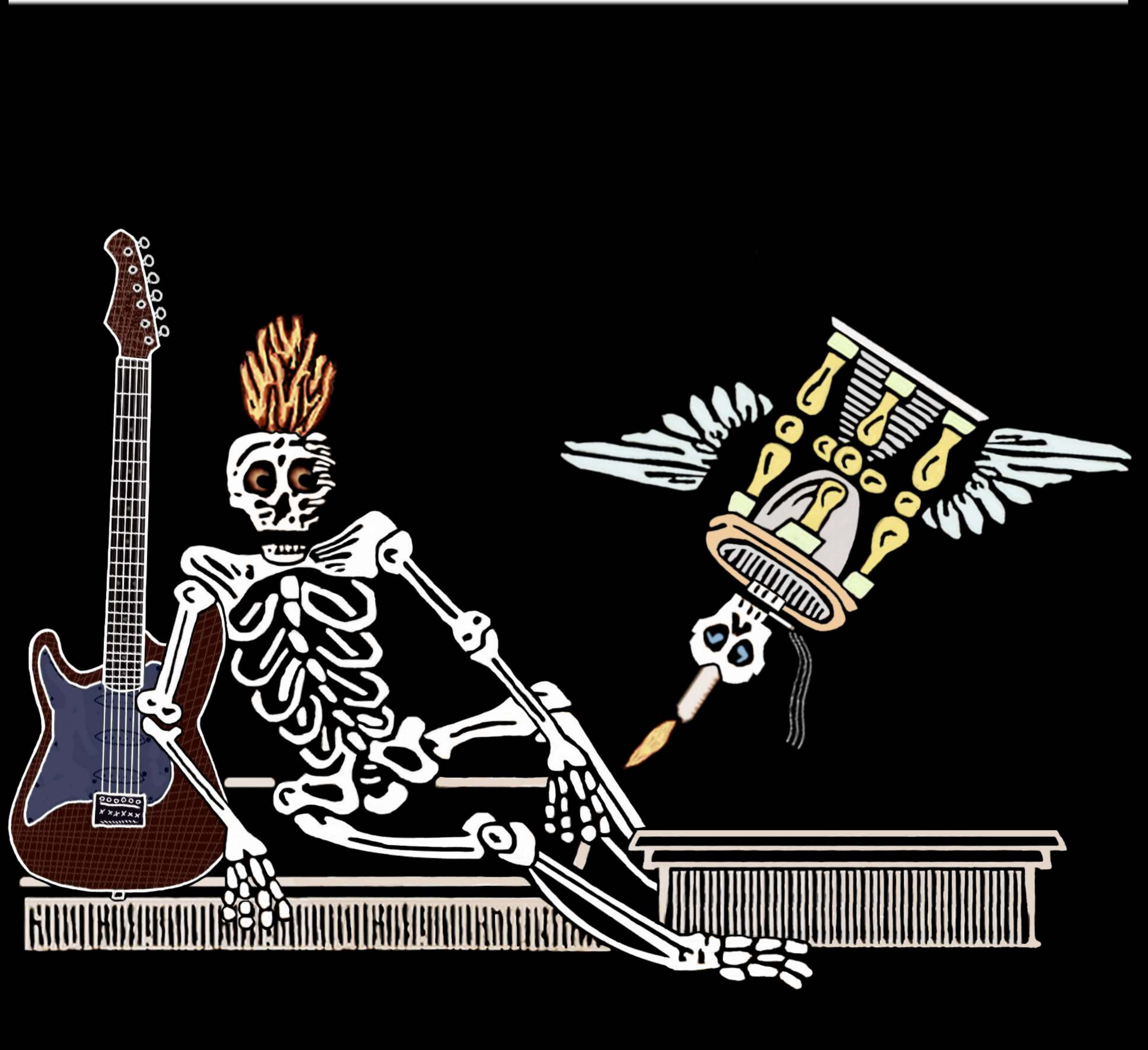
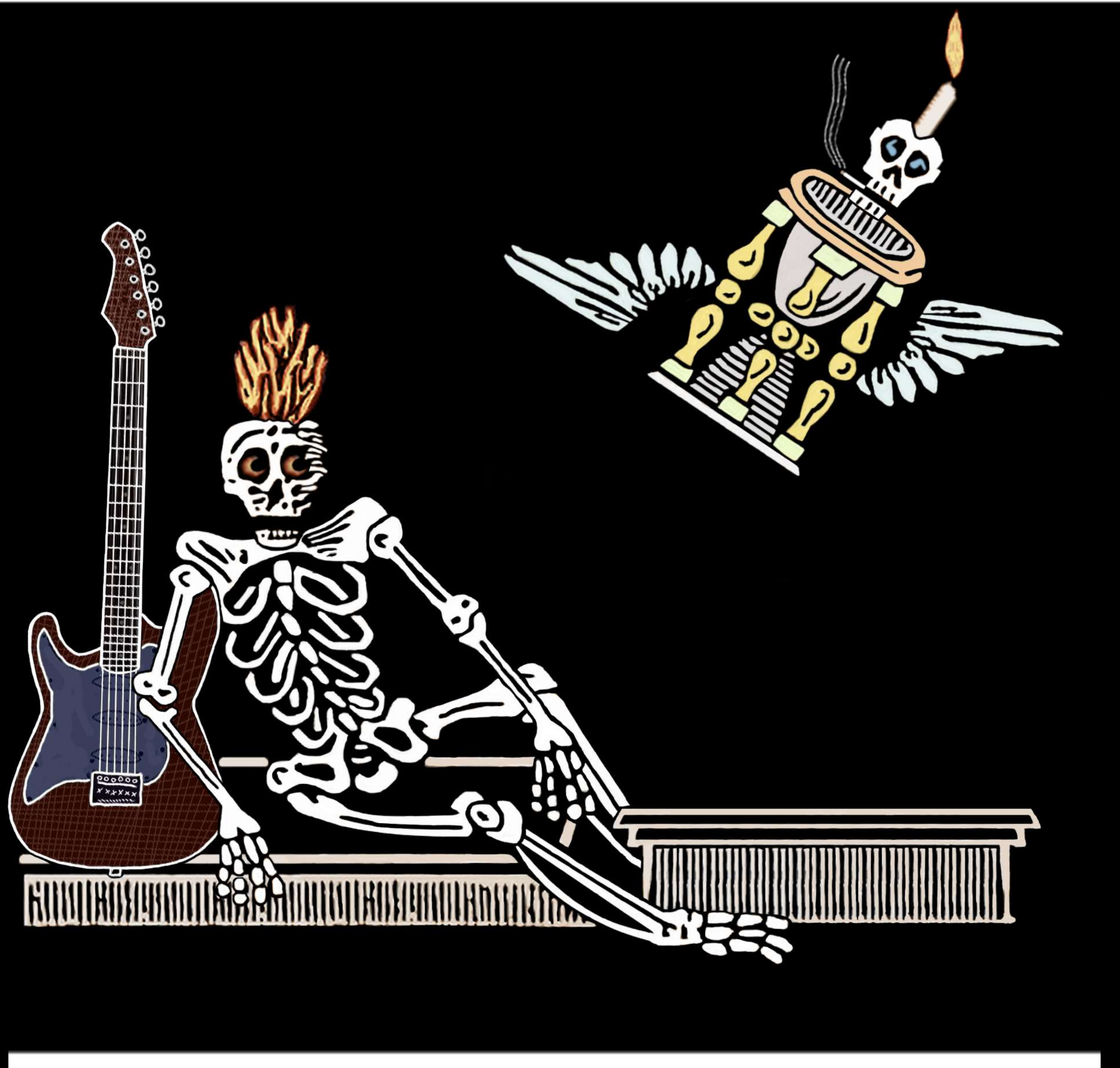
IS THIS WHAT THOSE POETS AND OTHER CHAPS ARE ALL LOOKING FOR?

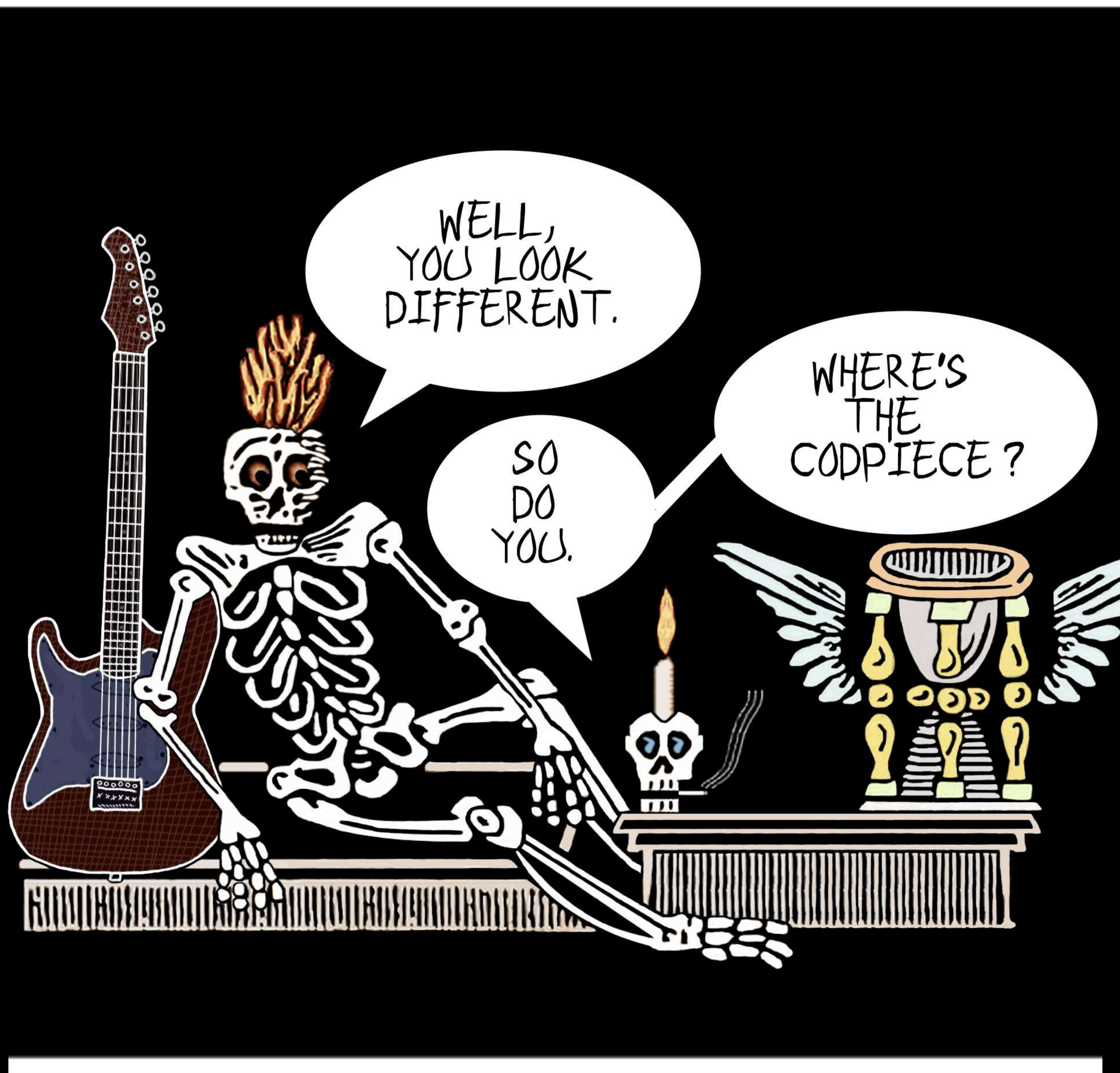


MOSTLY.

WHAT THEY DON'T REALISE IS THAT THE PERCEPTION OF TRUE EMPTINESS COMES FIRSTLY FROM WITHIN. YET IT FOLLOWS THAT THE EXTENSION OF THE INNER CORE TO THE EXTERIOR BEING IS NOT ONLY OF NECESSITY, BUT THE NATURE OF NATURE ITSELF. STILL, WHILE EXTRAPOLATING NON-ESSENCE TO ESSENCE IS INVALUABLE IN ITS RELEVANCY TO ANY GIVEN PRESENT IN TIME, IT IS ULTIMATELY FUTILE. ALL EVENTUALLY RETURNS TO NON-ESSENCE BECAUSE IT IS THE ONLY TRUE STATE OF BEING...

SHIT, HEY? WAIT A MINUTE. A FEW MORE HITS AND I'LL BE RETURNING THERE MYSELF!

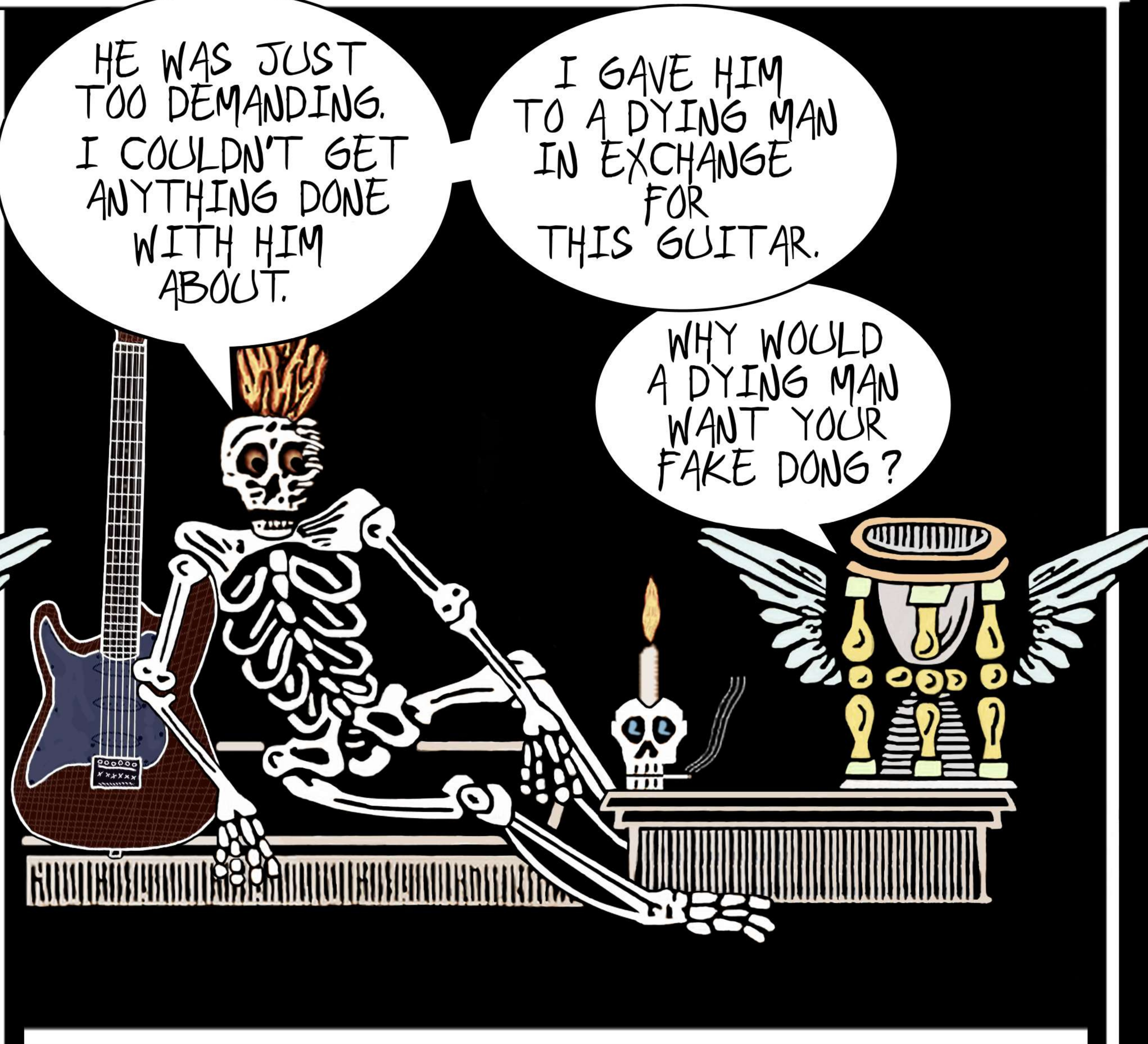




WELL, YOU LOOK DIFFERENT.

SO DO YOU.

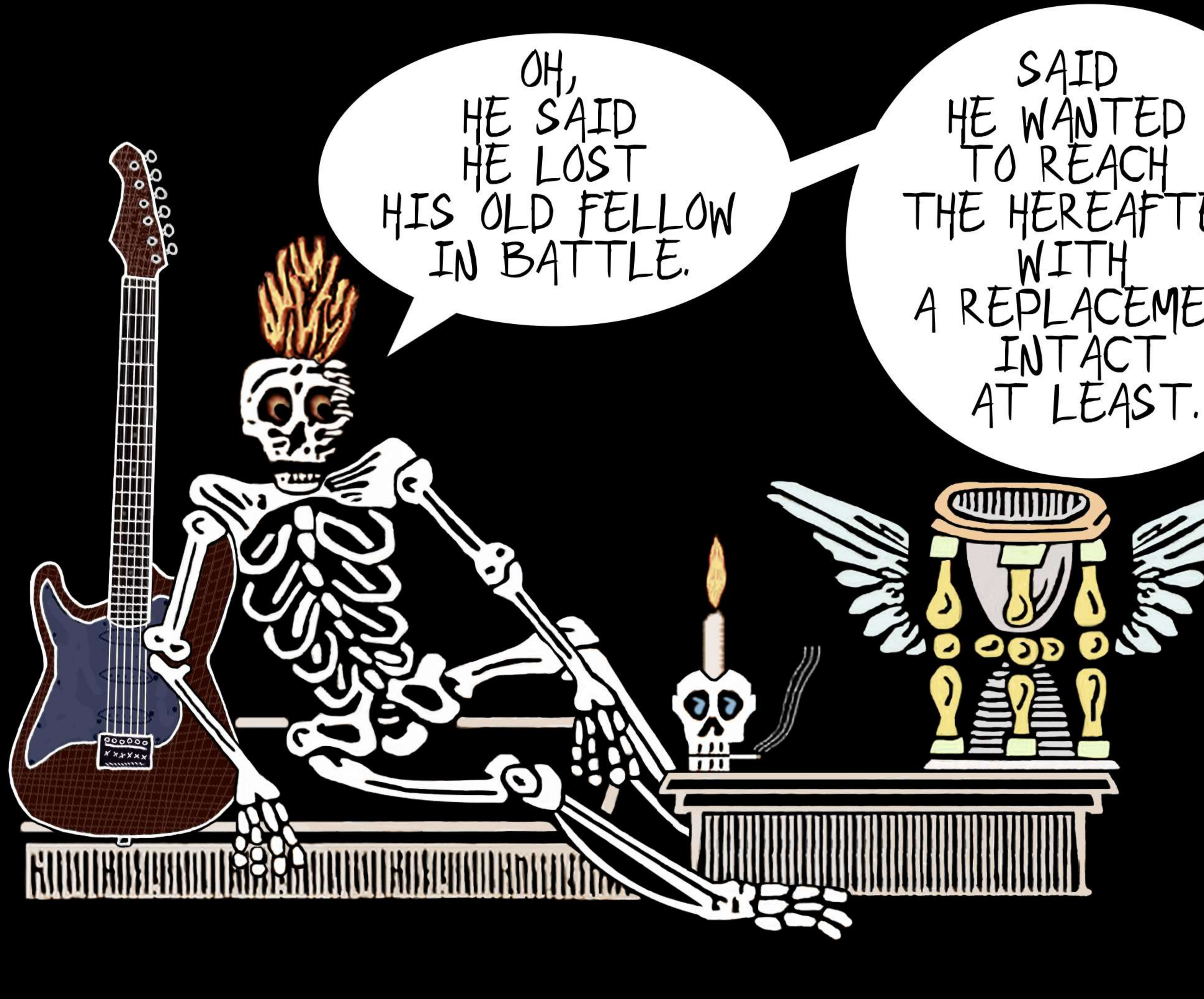
WHERE'S THE CODPIECE?



HE WAS JUST TOO DEMANDING. I COULDN'T GET ANYTHING DONE WITH HIM ABOUT.

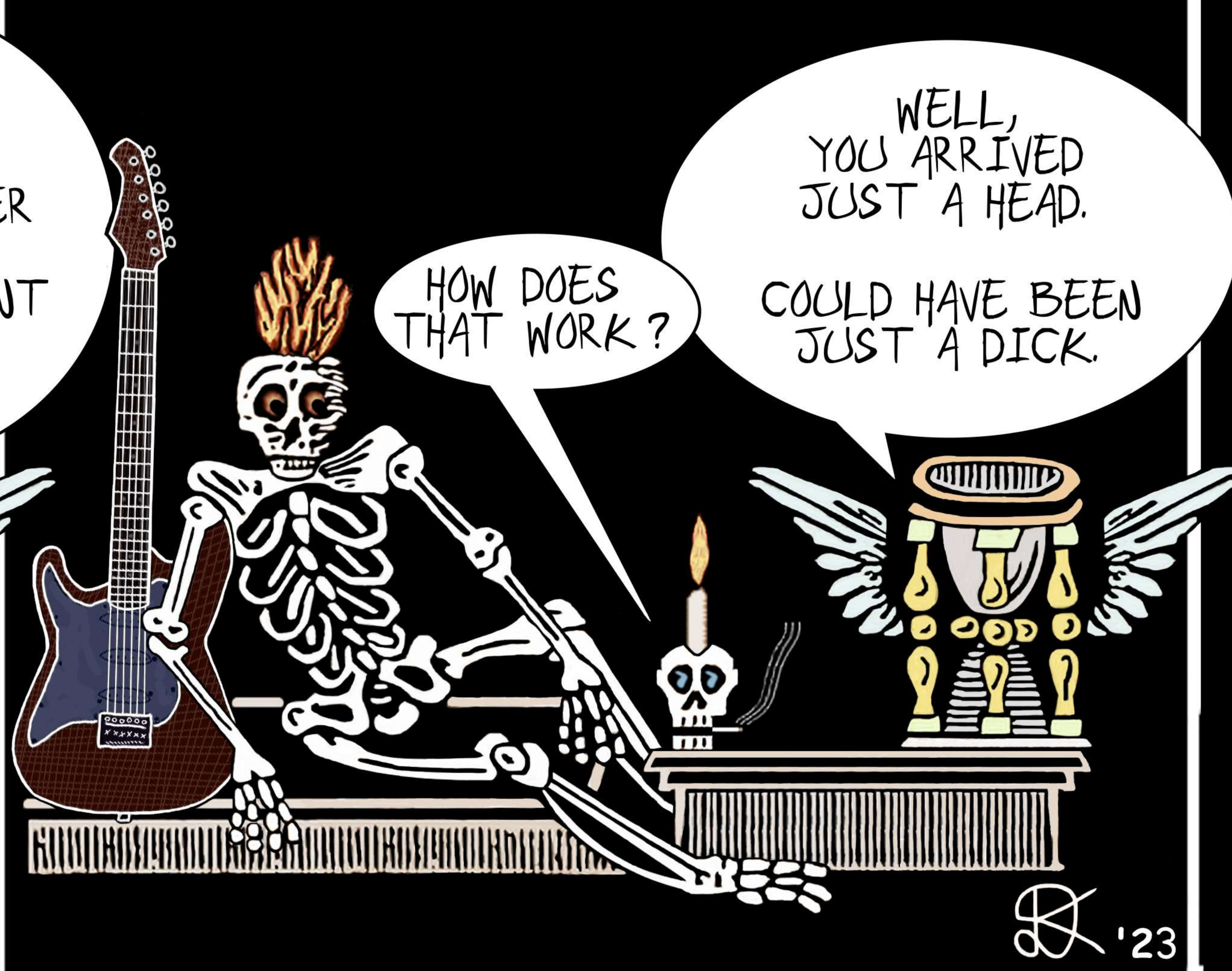
I GAVE HIM TO A DYING MAN IN EXCHANGE FOR THIS GUITAR.

WHY WOULD A DYING MAN WANT YOUR FAKE DONG?



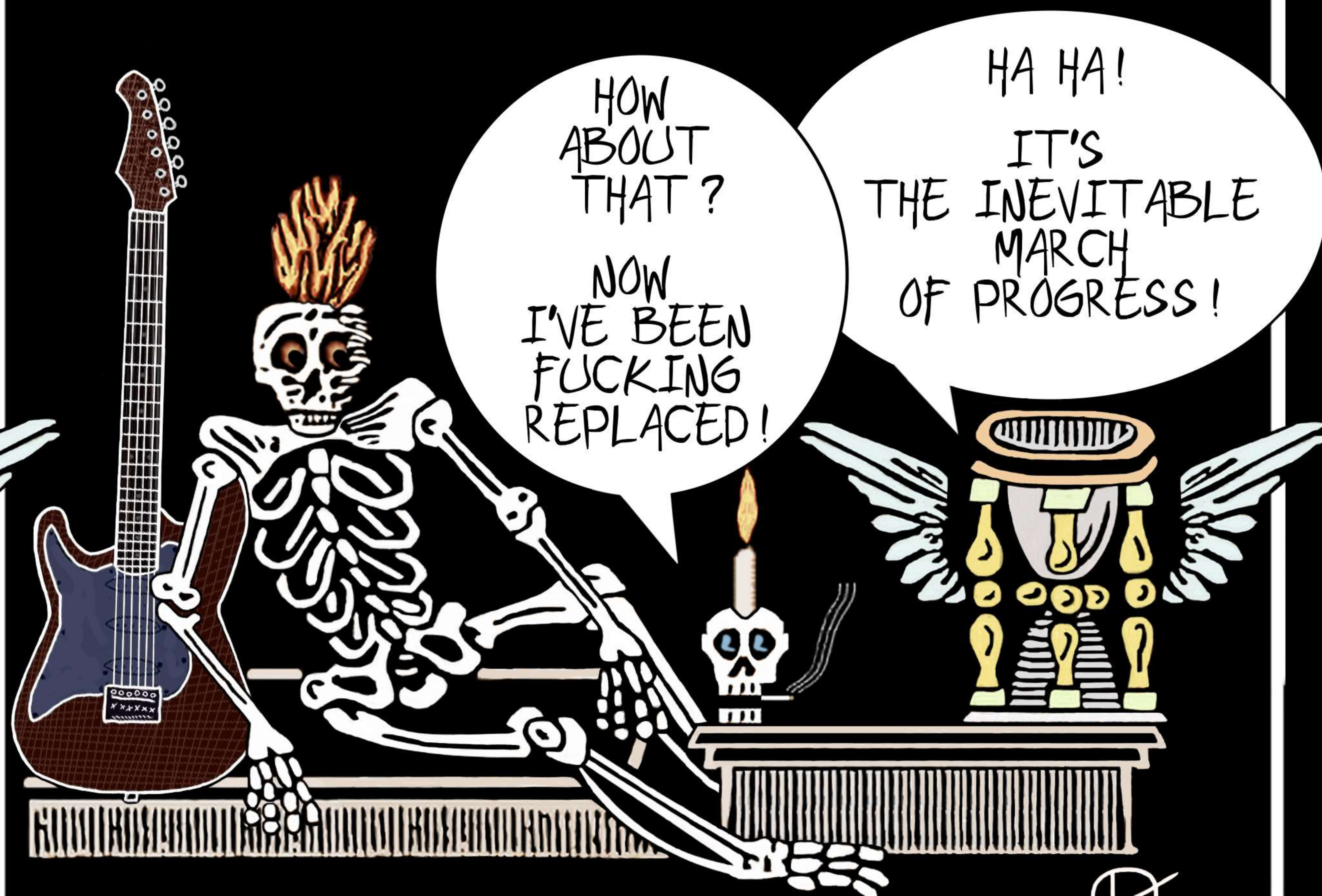
OH, HE SAID HE LOST HIS OLD FELLOW IN BATTLE.

SAID HE WANTED TO REACH THE HEREAFTER WITH A REPLACEMENT INTACT AT LEAST.

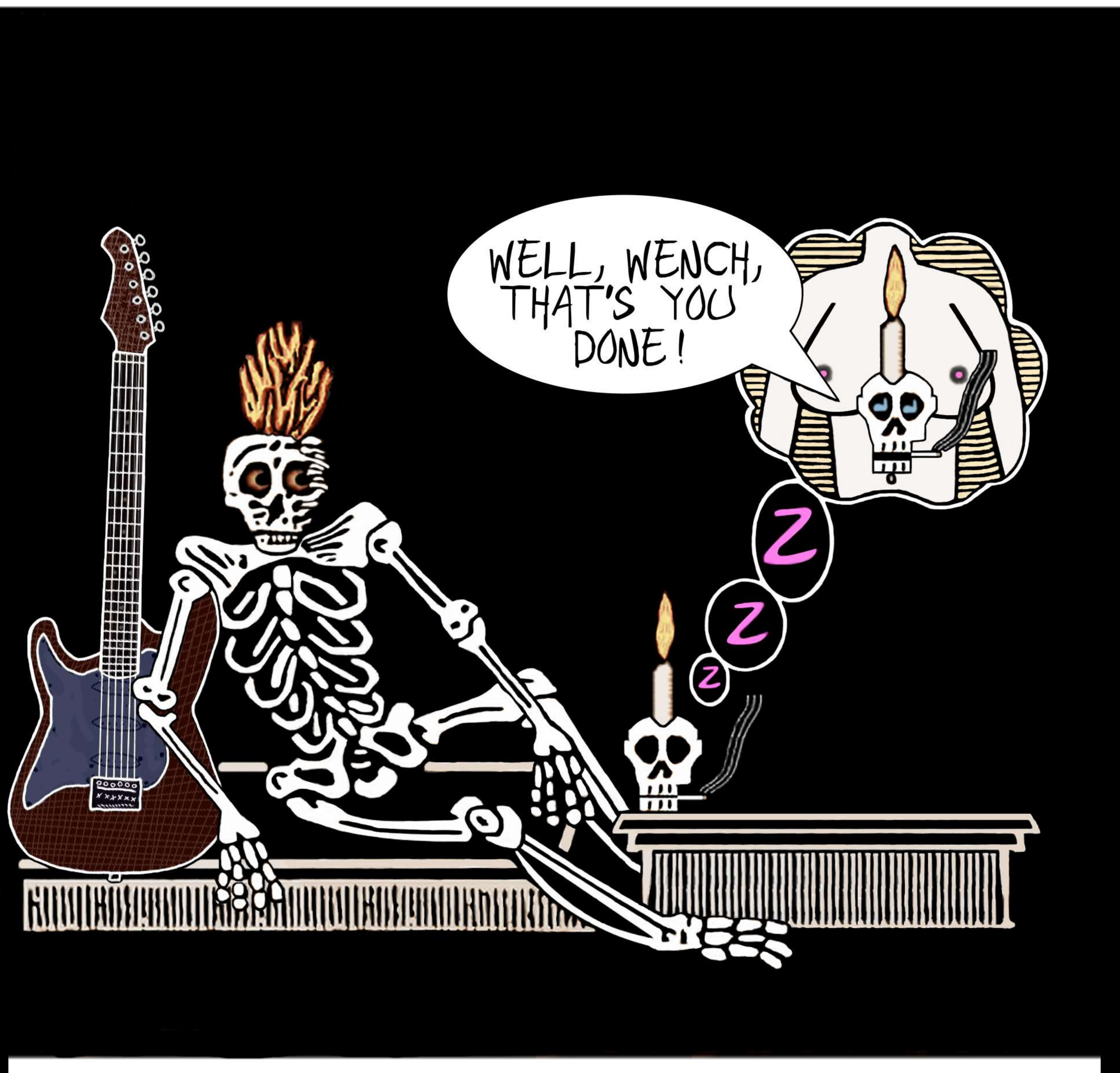


HOW DOES THAT WORK?

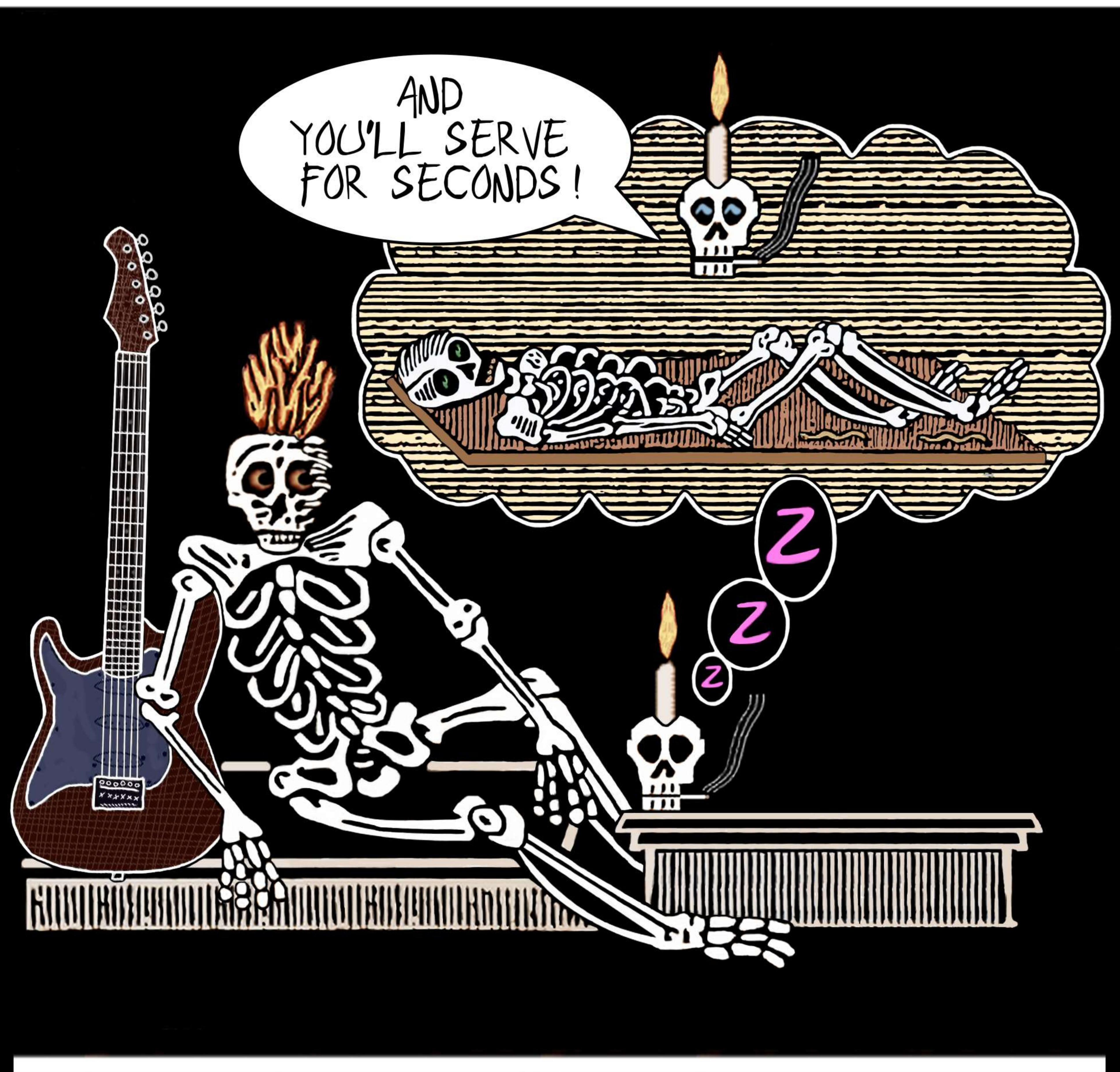
WELL, YOU ARRIVED JUST A HEAD. COULD HAVE BEEN JUST A DICK.



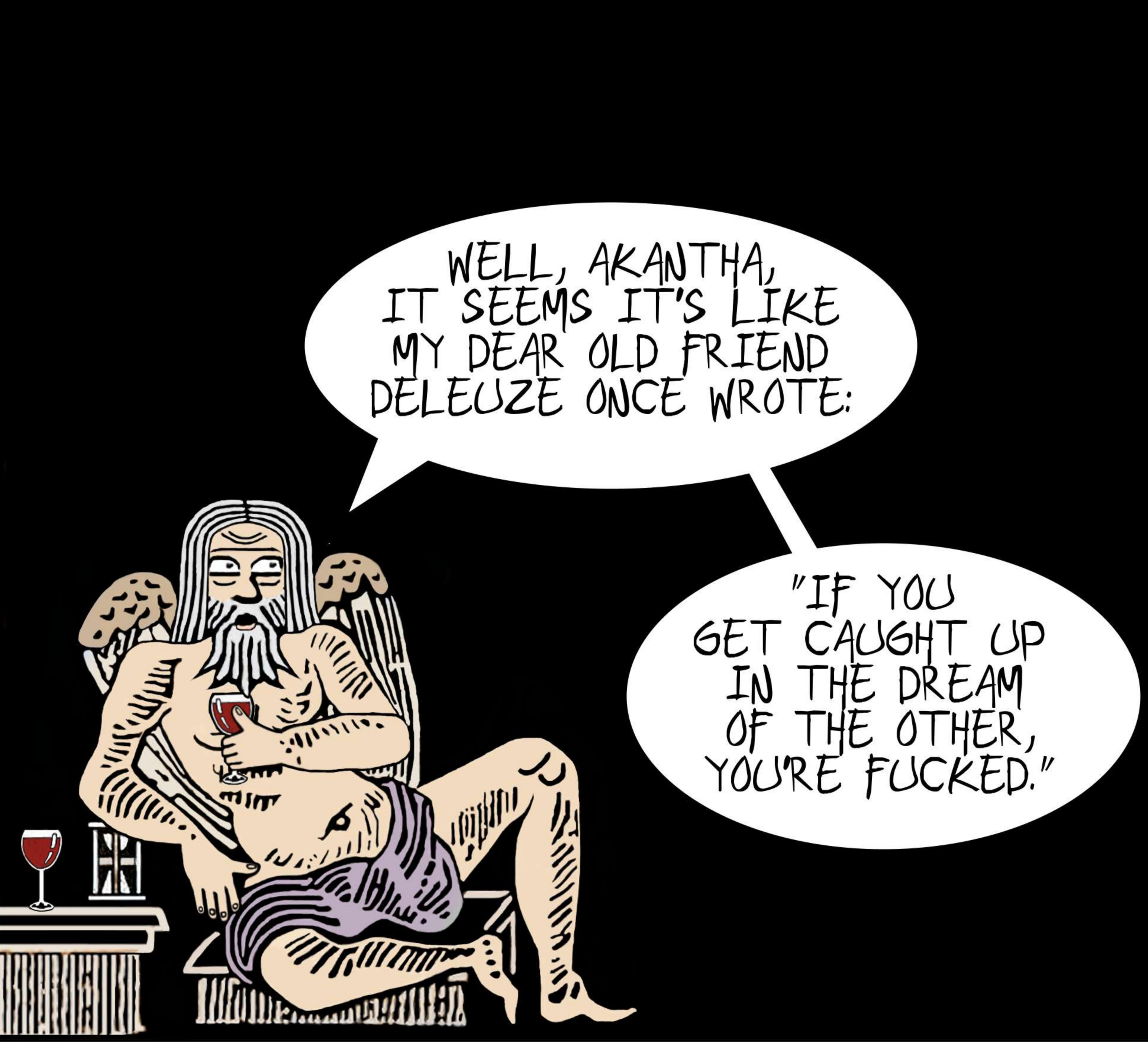
✂ '23



WELL, WENCH,
THAT'S YOU
DONE!



AND
YOU'LL SERVE
FOR SECONDS!



WELL, AKANTHA,
IT SEEMS IT'S LIKE
MY DEAR OLD FRIEND
DELEUZE ONCE WROTE:

"IF YOU
GET CAUGHT UP
IN THE DREAM
OF THE OTHER,
YOU'RE FUCKED."

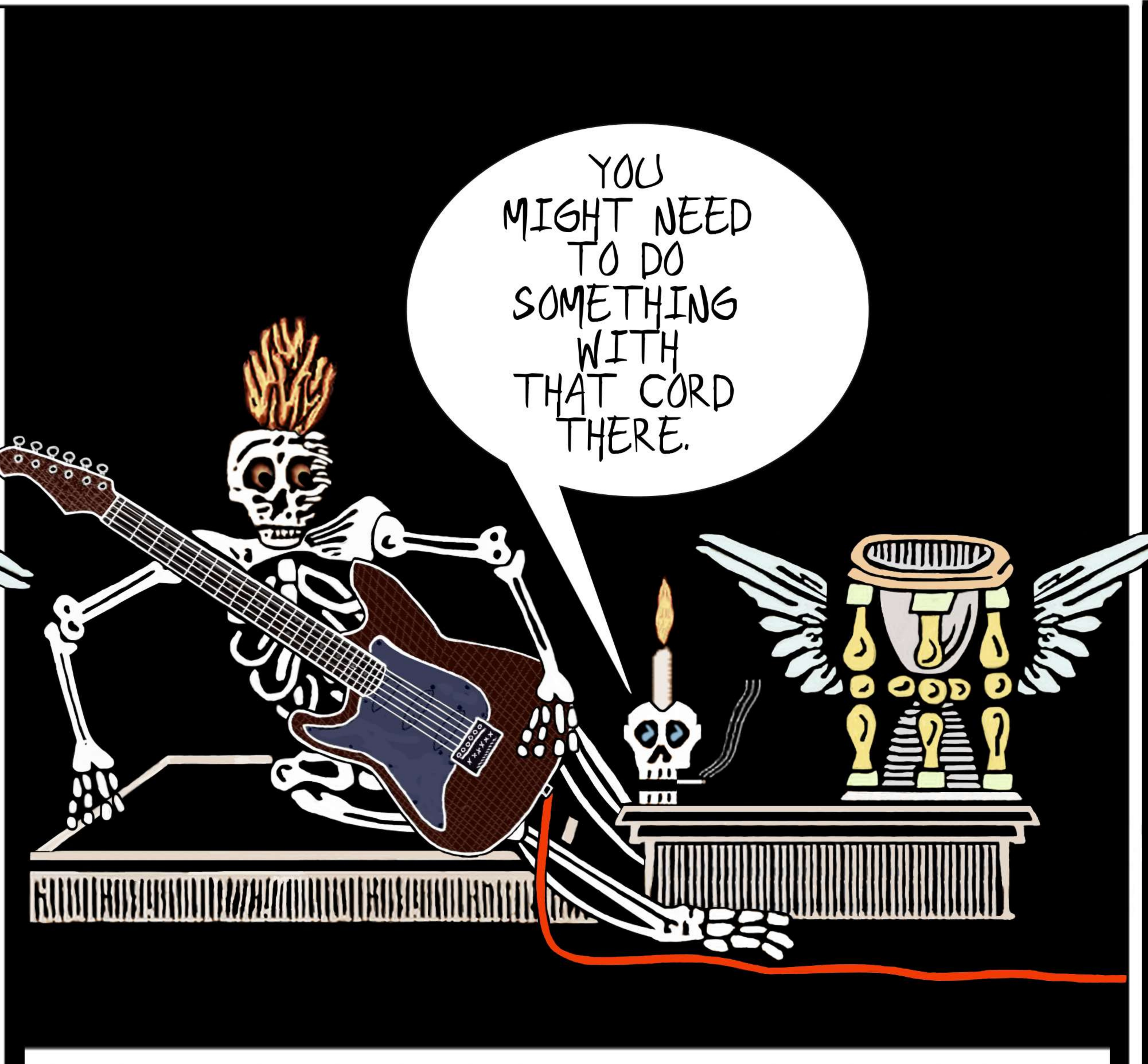


THAT MAKES
A NICE CHANGE.

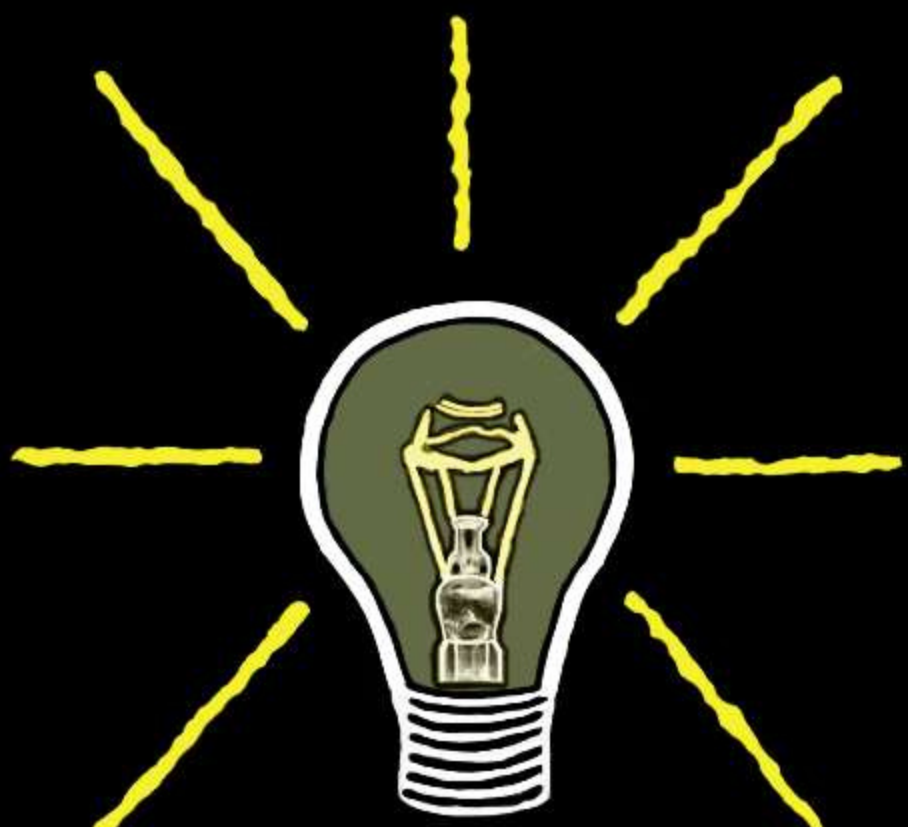
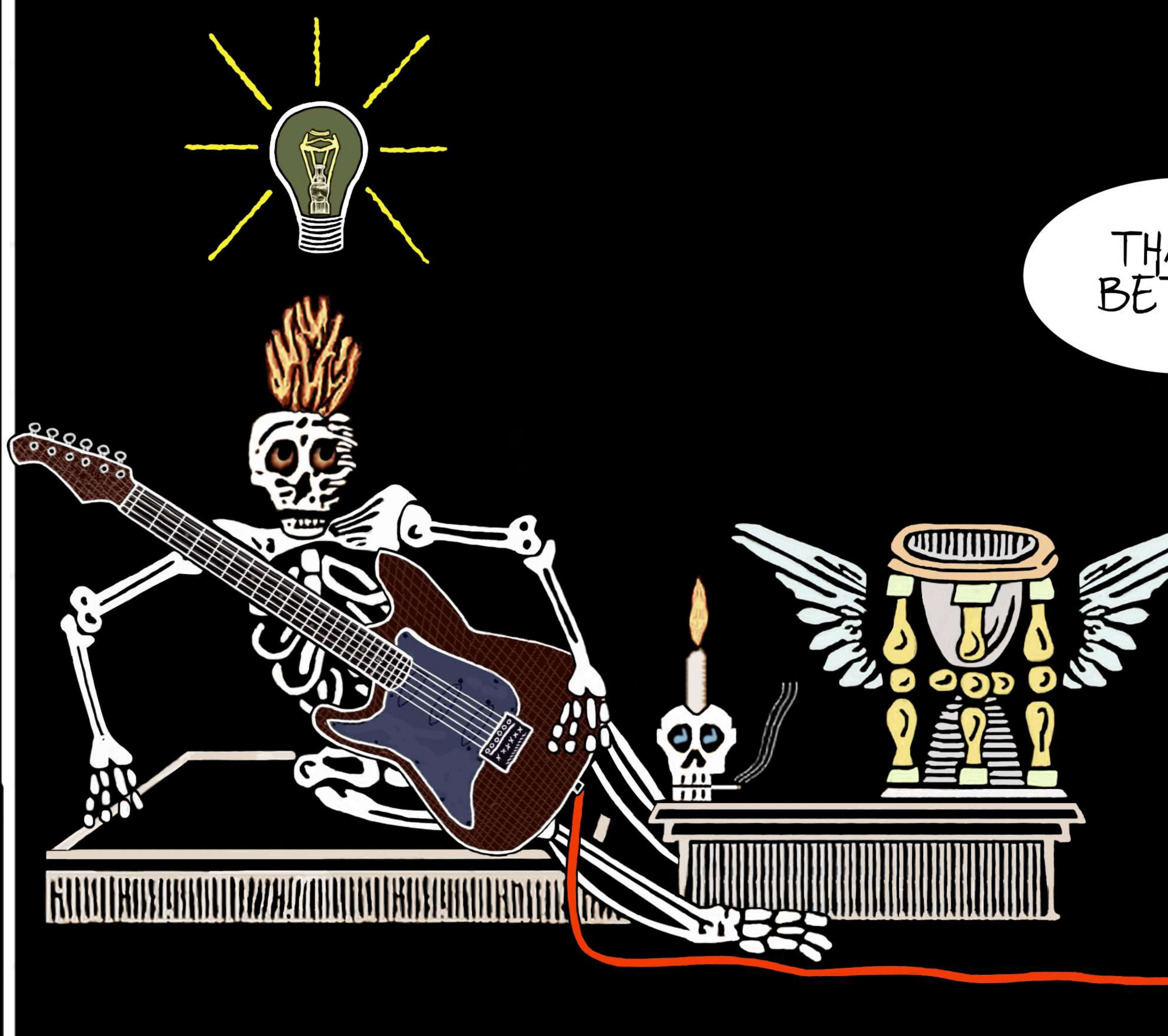
© '23



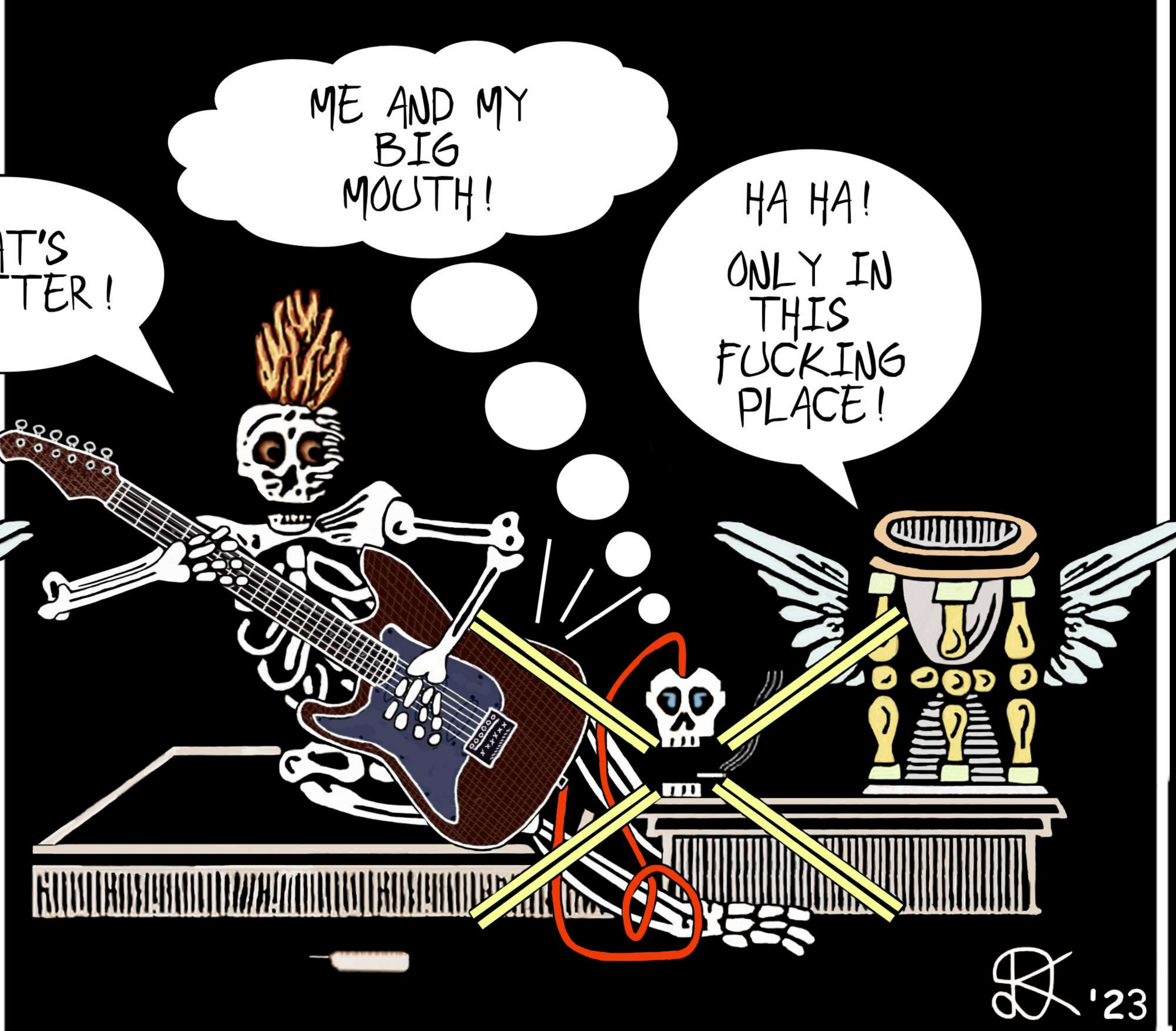
I WONDER IF I'M MISSING SOMETHING. IT'S RATHER QUIET.



YOU MIGHT NEED TO DO SOMETHING WITH THAT CORD THERE.



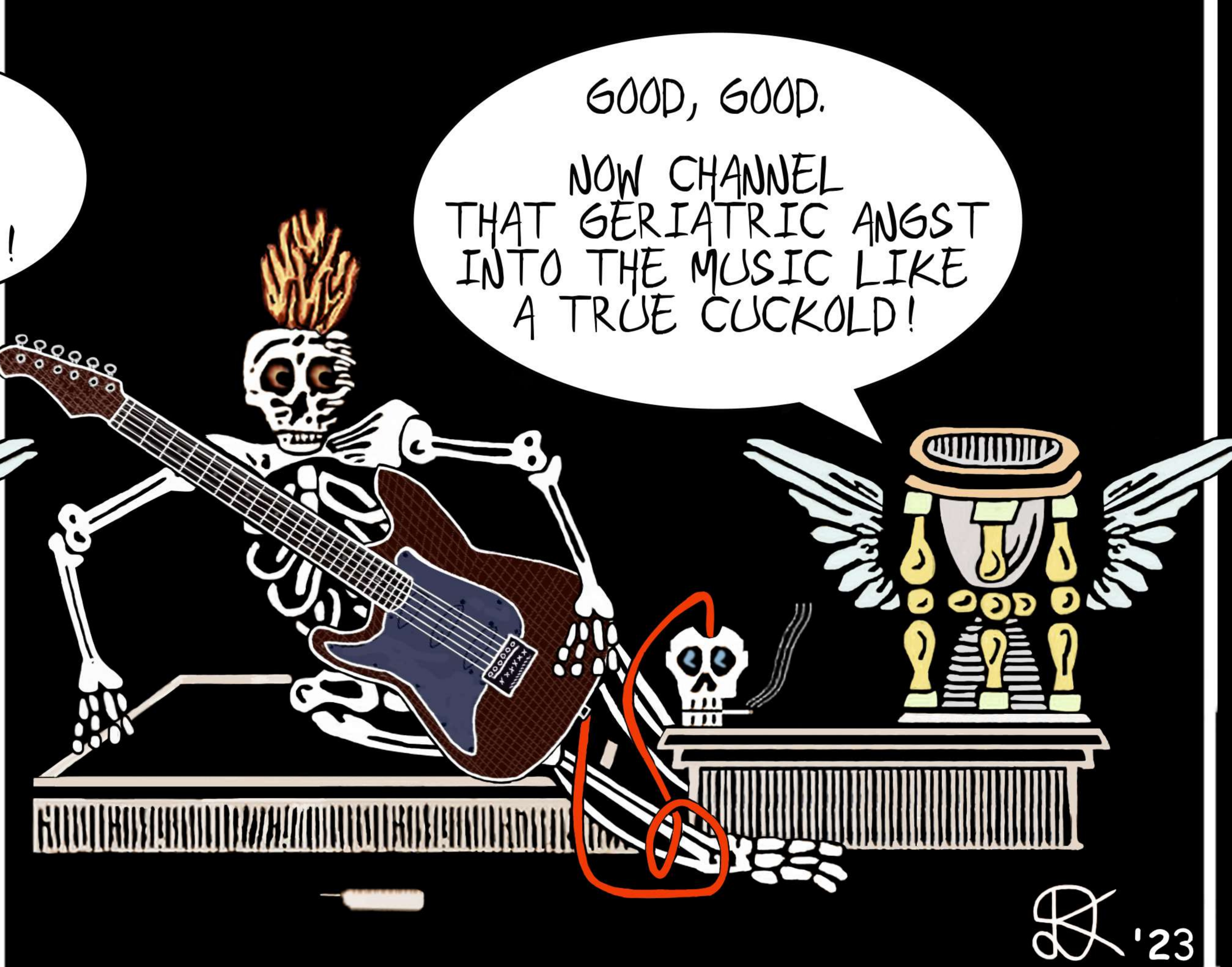
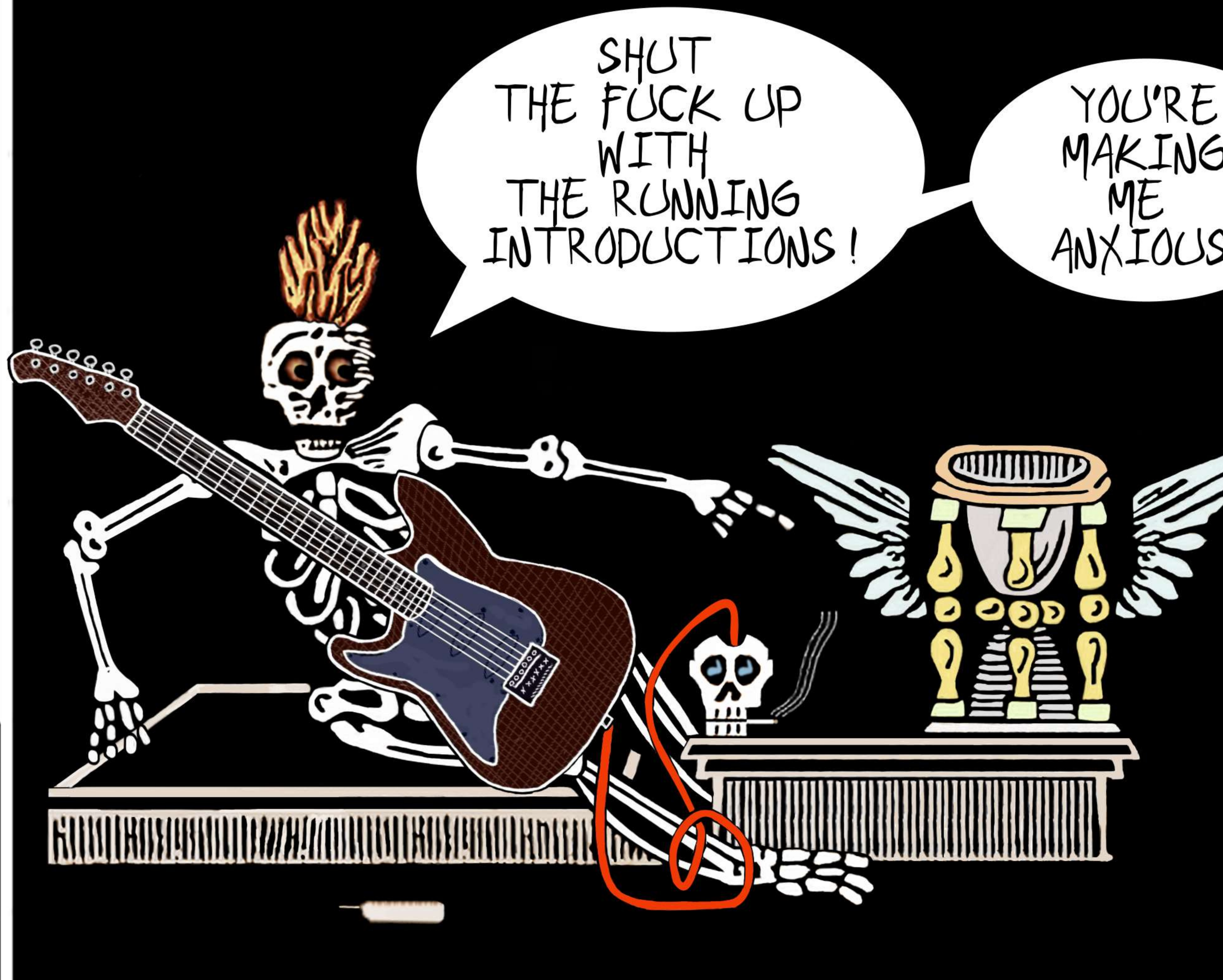
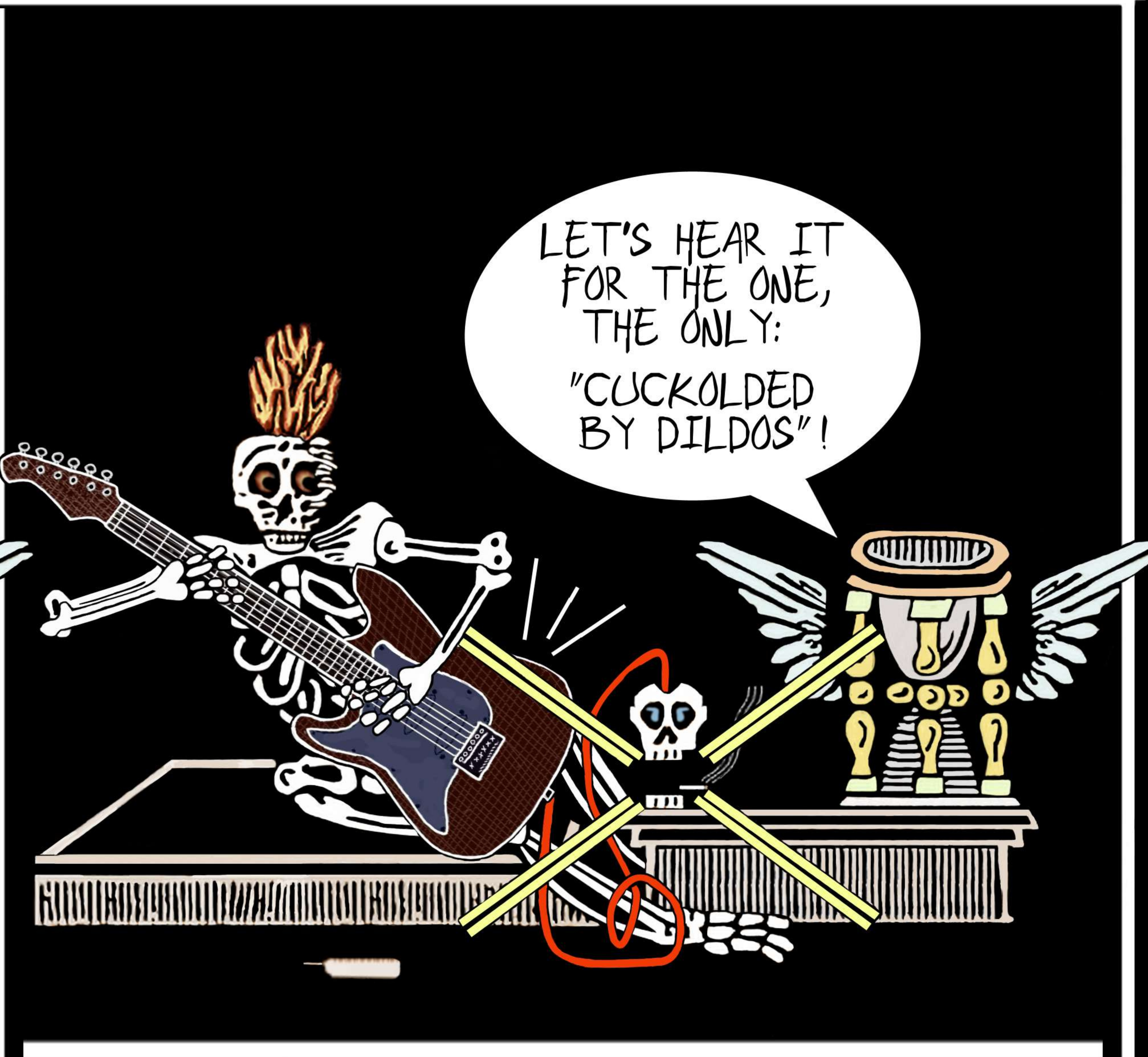
THAT'S BETTER!



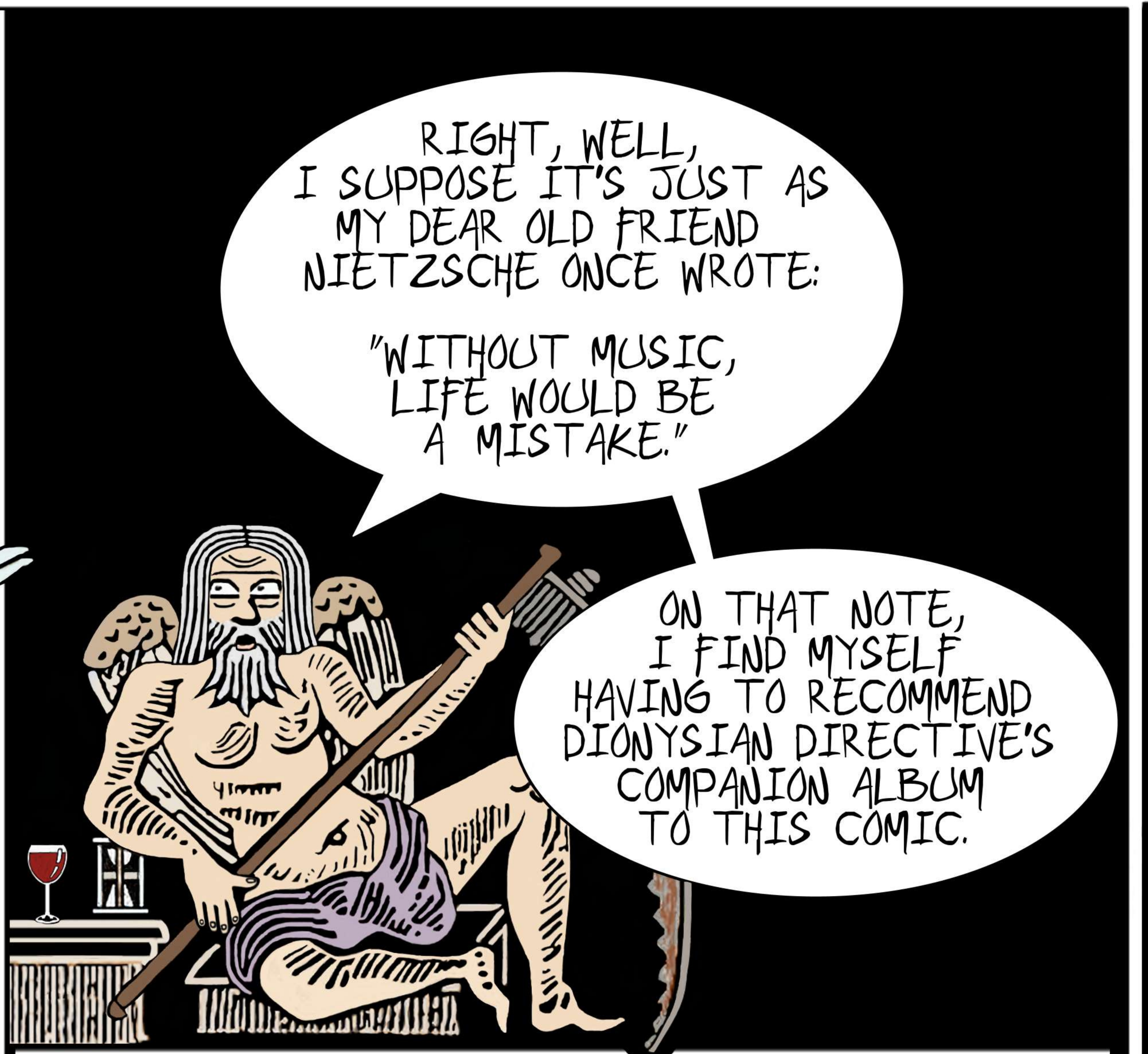
ME AND MY BIG MOUTH!

HA HA!
ONLY IN THIS
FUCKING
PLACE!

AK '23



AK '23



RIGHT, WELL,
I SUPPOSE IT'S JUST AS
MY DEAR OLD FRIEND
NIETZSCHE ONCE WROTE:
"WITHOUT MUSIC,
LIFE WOULD BE
A MISTAKE."

ON THAT NOTE,
I FIND MYSELF
HAVING TO RECOMMEND
DIONYSIAN DIRECTIVE'S
COMPANION ALBUM
TO THIS COMIC.

AND,
IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT,
YOU CAN BEAR IN MIND
ANOTHER PROCLAMATION
FROM THAT SELFSAME PHILOSOPHER:
"THAT WHICH DOES NOT KILL US
MAKES US STRONGER."

AND
THE KAKANGELIST
HAS INFORMED ME
THAT THE ALBUM
PROBABLY WON'T
KILL YOU.

NOW WHERE'S
MY CUT
FOR
THAT
SHAMELESS
PLUG?

IS
THAT
ALL?

THIS REALLY
MAKES ME
FEEL LIKE
A CHEAP WHORE,
YOU KNOW?



Ⓚ '23

DIONYSIAN DIRECTIVE
MANIFEST
AS

ERICH
A.K.A. ERSIN ERGUL



THE KAKANGELIST
A.K.A. I.D. KEMSLEY

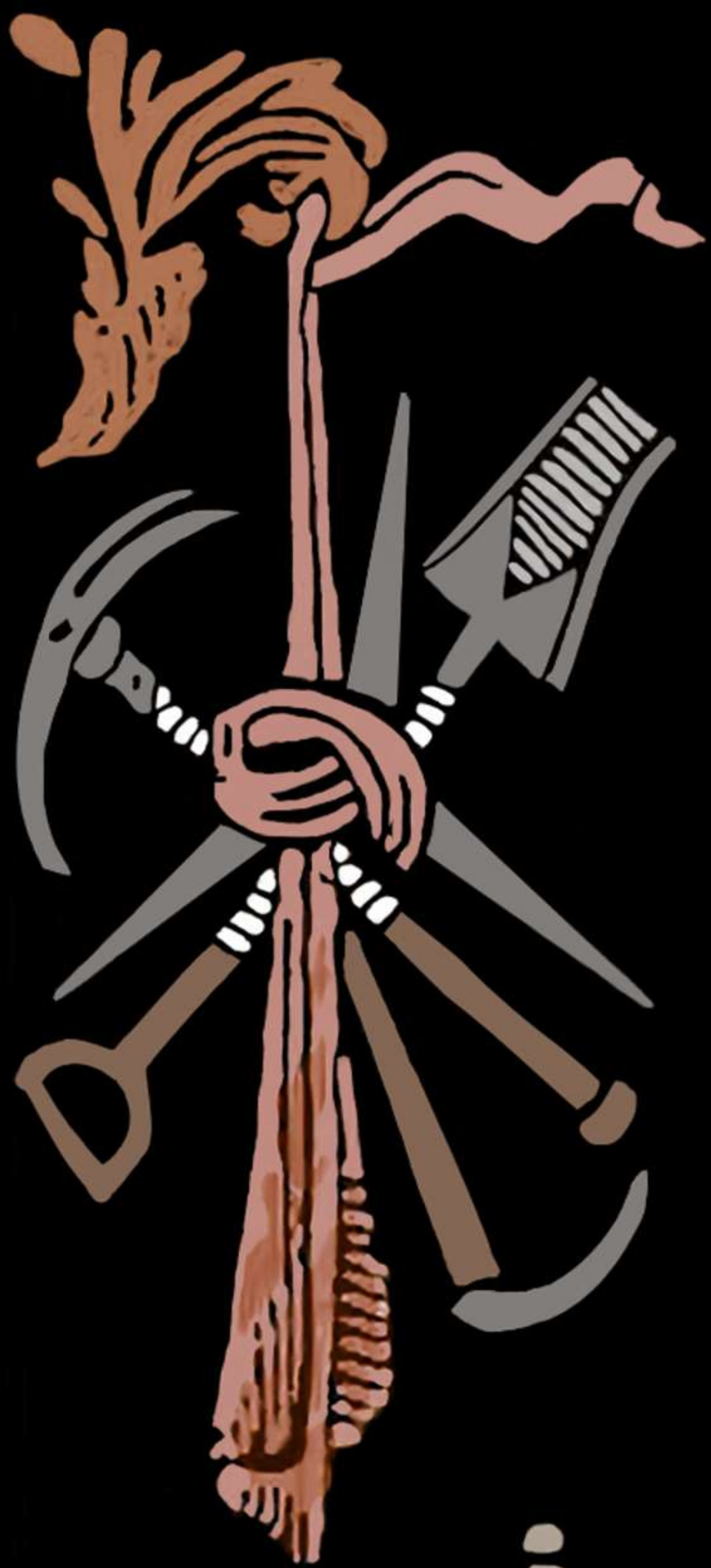
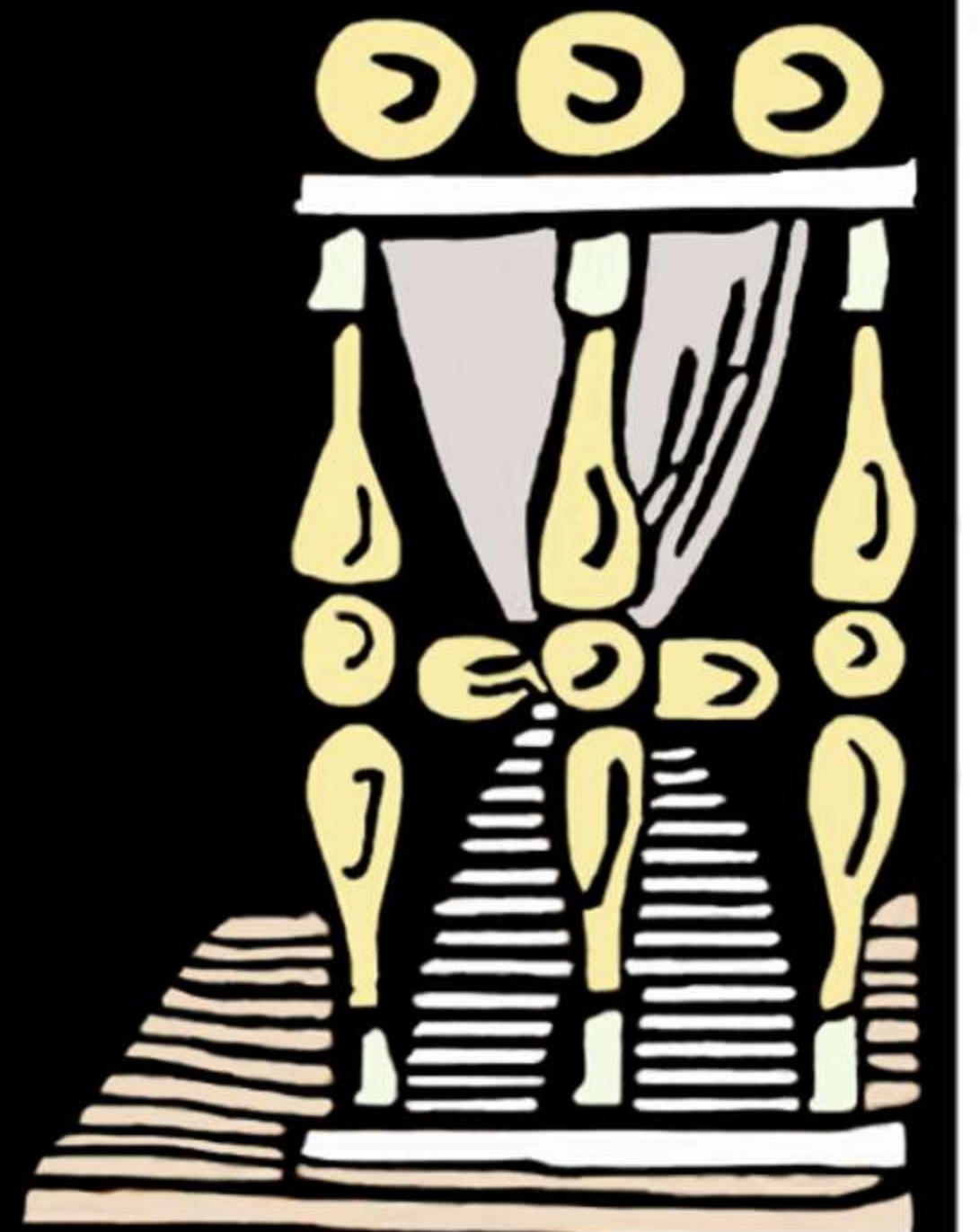




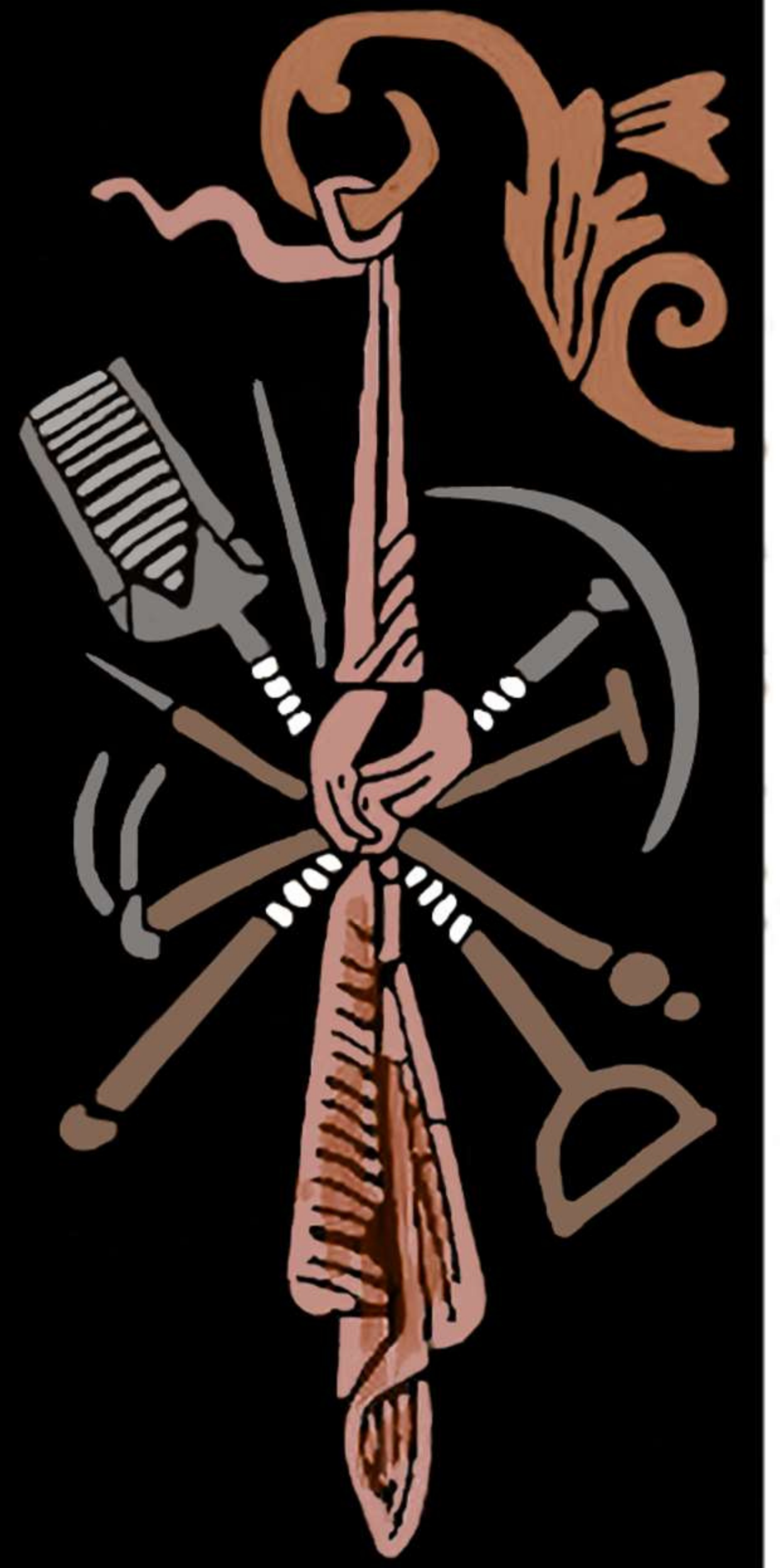
THE COMIC STRIP "SECURE THE SHADOW"
IS THE COMPANION PROJECT TO THE
ALBUM OF THE SAME NAME, BOTH
REALISED FOR THE OVERALL PURPOSES
OF THE DIRECTIVE.



THE MAIN ART HAS BEEN REAPPROPRIATED
AND REDRAWN BY THE KAKANGELIST
FROM AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY FUNERAL
TICKET.



R.I.P. TO A MR. JOHN MOOR.



Dionysian Directive

