

## **Appendix: 4.3. Marx**

### ***The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte* by Karl Marx:**

Men make their own history, but they do not make it as they please; they do not make it under self-selected circumstances, but under circumstances existing already, given and transmitted from the past. The tradition of all dead generations weighs like a nightmare on the brains of the living. And just as they seem to be occupied with revolutionising themselves and things, creating something that did not exist before, precisely in such epochs of revolutionary crisis they anxiously conjure up the spirits of the past to their service, borrowing from them names, battle slogans, and costumes in order to present this new scene in world history in time-honoured disguise and borrowed language (2000: 7)

### **Adaptation of the above by Martin Stannage (aka Visceral)**

We live in a perpetual Night of the Living Dead. While we sleep, the corpses of past generations pull themselves from their graves, scratch at our windows and whisper ideas from the past. We can try running, but they keep coming, lumbering forward, mindlessly mumbling their hateful slogans at us. Even when we pull out our shotguns and blow the heads off their shoulders, more of us just get covered in their brain matter, dripping in dogma, swallowing dead ideology. They are the unseen menace lurking in the shadows.