

Lecture Recorded by Student

Dusty Harrington Case, October 2025

All right, class. Let me tell you something, real. Politics. Politics is the lowest form of discourse. People praise it as civic duty, democracy, representation, blah, blah, blah, but at its heart, politics is just mud. The weak throwing insults at the weak, the strong pretending they're noble. Nothing gets created in politics, only destroyed.

Biology creates. Biology at least acknowledges death. Cells die, organisms rot, species vanish. That is honest, but politics: politics lies. Politics cancels. Cancel culture – you think it's new? No. No. It is as old as the immune system. The body cancels rogue cells, isolates them, burns them out.

Cancel culture is just biology pretending to be morality. When my colleagues shun me, when my ex-wife tells the court I'm unstable. You know, she really judged me. She said I was lost in theories, that I couldn't be present. She divorced me like you toss out a broken razor blade. You cut yourself once and they throw you away.

That's what cancel culture does. Throwaways, treat you like you're disposable.

Razors, let me tell you about razors. Sharp, dangerous. These are words you think about when you think about razors. Metal, substantial. At the turn of the century, in the 19th century, starting before that even, gentlemen shaved with straight razors. Heavy pieces of steel, honed on leather strops, brushed with badger hair. Skill, ritual, danger.

That's what life should be. Risk and ritual. But what do we have now? Plastic disposables, blades so dull, they cut nothing but the illusion of tradition. Society traded craft for convenience. That is cancel culture. The artistry of shaving replaced by Bic and Gillette's lies and desires for fucking profits.

It's the same in politics. You canceled the dissenters, you toss away the blades that cut too sharply. The committee canceled me because I didn't play with their plastic toys. I am the straight razor. I will not be dull.

Sometimes I think maybe the blade slips just a little too far. And all the judgment, all the smirks, all the petitions gone in one stroke of the blade.

Wouldn't that be peaceful?

No. No, I say. That's what they want. That's what cancel culture demands. Silence, erasure. But I will not be erased. Do you hear me? I will not be canceled. They think I'm mad. They whisper, they laugh. But Galileo was laughed at, if you know your history. They canceled him too, until the stars themselves spoke.

Razors, cells, politics, marriage, cancel culture. It's all one system. Excise the scar, race, replace – you see the pattern. Straight razors to disposable, profits to politicians, husbands to ex-husbands, and me tossed in the bin with the broken blades. But I am not broken. I'm sharpened on the strop of adversity. And when the time comes, it won't be the plastic blades that cut them.