

How The Industry Fools Me with Beige

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“BOUGHT IT CUZ IT’S BEIGE”

Beige is not a color. Beige is a *decision made for you*. Somewhere between “safe choice” and “looks expensive,” beige quietly slid into our shopping carts and made itself at home. We didn’t invite it. We barely noticed it. Yet here we are, proudly holding beige water bottles, beige sofas, beige sneakers, beige skincare packages like it’s about to whisper affirmations.

And we buy it. Not because we need it. Not because it’s better. But because it’s beige.

Beige has mastered the art of pretending to be sophisticated while doing absolutely nothing. It doesn’t shout. It doesn’t offend. It just stands there, radiating calm, silently implying that anyone who chooses it has their life together. You’re not buying a notebook, you’re buying *emotional stability*. You’re not choosing a beige phone case; you’re choosing adulthood.

Marketers know this, Oh, they *know*.

Slap beige on any object and suddenly it’s “minimal,” “timeless,” and “premium.” A beige toaster is no longer a kitchen appliance, it’s a lifestyle statement. It says, *I drink oat milk and have opinions about ceramic mugs*. The same toaster in red? Tacky. Childish. Possibly owned by someone who enjoys joy.

Beige is the color equivalent of lowering your voice to sound more intelligent.

Consumers fall for it because beige promises safety. It tells us we won’t regret this purchase in three months when trends change or when our friends come over and silently judge us. Beige is pre-forgiven. It blends in. It matches everything, including our fear of standing out.

There’s also the illusion of quality. A beige product automatically feels more expensive, even when it’s made of the same plastic as its neon cousin. A beige shampoo bottle whispers, *I am clean. I am gentle. I am*

probably organic. Never mind the ingredient list read like a chemistry exam.

Beige doesn’t sell products. It sells reassurance.

And let’s not forget social media. Beige thrives in curated feeds where color is the enemy and personality must be muted for aesthetic consistency. A beige object photographs well. It doesn’t demand attention. It simply exists, quietly collecting likes while doing nothing remarkable, much like beige itself.

The real trick? Beige convinces us that we chose it thoughtfully. That this was a rational, mature decision. That we weren’t influenced. That we’re above marketing. And that it’d indicate the certain superiority amongst people.

Which is exactly what makes it brilliant.

So the next time you find yourself reaching for a beige item you didn’t plan to buy, pause. Ask yourself: *Do I actually want this? Or do I just want the calm, put together person I think beige will turn me into?*

Chances are, you’ll still buy it.

After all, it’s beige.