

Brits and the Color Orange

By Anna Von Reitz



This goes out to all my British friends, and yes, there are a good many British friends on my Dial-O-Matic, despite the infinite faux pas of their Government. Please understand my experience --- and perhaps the experience of all people who have been colonized and marginalized and defrauded and pillaged by your government as "foreigners" -- and consider whether it is better or worse than your own experience of the same Gung-ho Gangsta British Raj at home:

Let me give you a small analogy.

My Mother was a beautiful, petite woman with hair the color of chestnuts and deep green eyes. She looked fabulous in oranges and all the autumn colors.

Her daughters inherited their Father's pale skin, auburn hair, and blue eyes. Any and all orange garments looked like warmed-over dog dung on us. And made our freckles stand out like leopard spots.

Understandably, we hated wearing orange, but because orange looked good on Mom, she persisted in buying orange garments for her daughters long after both our protests and any pair of eyes should have told her, "No! Mom! You are making a terrible mistake!"

Well I remember a certain orange boat neck sweater, hand knit, bulky, about three inches too short across the midriff, and yet, because it would have looked super on my petite buxom Mother, pale pudgy I had to wear it to school.

Even the dog howled as if he didn't recognize me (or felt sorry for me) wearing this particular artifact. I burned it, ritually, several years ago.... along with the avocado green stretch pants.

I often get the feeling that the Brits are so deluded and believe so strongly in the benefits and glory of their Government, that it's like Mom and the color orange. It suits them. They get rich because of it. Must be great for everyone else, too. Yet, it's not great for everyone else. It's horrid for everyone else. And often enough, and increasingly, it's horrid for the Brits, too -- they just tend to muddle on.

It reminds me of a friend who was given a bad prescription medicine that caused her to be delusional. I woke up one morning to find her stripped naked, trying to dig a hole in the middle of my lawn with a shovel, barefoot.

When I went out and (very cautiously) asked her what she was doing, she smiled and waved her hand and asked me if I liked her new dress?

She twirled around and lifted the hem of her non-existent but apparently very fetching skirt, and then she told me, "You know, China is just over there, on the other side of the Earth, so I thought, well, why not dig a hole to China!" She was British, so I said, "What a splendid idea, Lucy! Care for a cup of tea?"

No doubt she intended to shop for some Special Oolong once she got to China. Her intentions were entirely good, but she managed to bruise both feet pretty badly, scared my elderly neighbor silly, and took some convincing to put on a bathrobe over that lovely dress.

When you are deluded for whatever reason, you believe all sorts of things that simply are not true. For example, many Americans believe that they live in a democracy because the British Territorial United States Government is a democracy.

The Americans (too many of them) have forgotten that they live in a constitutional republic, not a democracy of any kind.

And the British Territorials for their part think that a government that can never get a 51% majority mandate for anything is glorious. They think they should pawn this form of government off onto everyone else without question. Like Lucy's invisible dress and the color orange, it's just the right size and color for everyone! Yet our Founding Fathers abhorred democracy as Mob Rule, and anyone can see what the British Territorial drive to "spread democracy" has cost us and everyone else, worldwide.

The British Territorials I deal with here in America don't come across as bad people. Most of them are polite, a bit snarky and flippant when cornered, and then scared when it finally hits them that they aren't wearing anything --- and it was the wrong color anyway.

"Yes, Lucy, splendid idea! Would you like a cup of tea?"

"There, there. It's cold this morning....just slip on your bathrobe.... The doctor will understand. Yes, it's a lovely dress...."

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