

GIRLS JUST WANNA HAVE

FOOD

JEB, 27, IS A GRILL CHEF at a downtown Portland steakhouse. His heavy upper body rests atop skinny legs like a barrel perched on toothpicks. Standing in the parking lot behind his restaurant and wearing a beef-splattered apron, Jeb drags on a cigarette and complains that his girlfriend isn't fat enough.

With tattooed arms, Buddy Holly glasses, and a thick roll of neck blubber, Jeb is no svelte specimen himself. Accordingly, he says he is not attracted to women who are less than 50 pounds overweight.

"My girlfriend is heavy—she wouldn't be my girlfriend if she wasn't—but she isn't heavy enough," Jeb gripes. "She could be bigger. They could always be bigger. I love her the way she is. I'd just love her more if she was fatter."

Jeb says he sometimes masturbates to the idea of over-feeding his girlfriend. Many of his fantasies revolve around escorting her to an all-you-can-eat pancake breakfast and forcing her to masticate until she needs to be rolled out on a hand truck. "I want to make her eat, like, two dozen pancakes and a couple dozen hot links. Loads of grease and syrup and butter dripping everywhere, and then, of course, we DO it."

But thus far, Jeb has been unable to cattle-prod his girlfriend into actualizing his darkest wishes. "She eats, sure, but not as much as I'd like. She sometimes gets a little suspicious when I encourage her to just shovel the food down her throat, and she gets like, 'Why do you want me to eat so much?' I once watched her polish off nine Krispy Kremes in one sitting, but still, she didn't finish the whole box of a dozen." Jeb says he's still angry that he had to eat the other three donuts.

"My ultimate fantasy," Jeb leers, "is to be doing her from behind as she's down on all fours in front of an open refrigerator. As I'm drilling her, she's chowing down on a pair of cream pies I've placed in the crisper. I get turned-on at the idea of all that whipped cream smeared over her face. I also like the idea that she's eating while I'm doing her. But my girlfriend thinks that's degrading, so she won't do it, so for now it's still just a fantasy."

Jeb, who grew up with a big butterball of a mom, says his first sexual fixation on an obese woman developed as a child watching the "Lulu" character on the *Hee Haw* TV program. Jeb says he finds female fat comforting—"like a big, soft feather bed I can fall

asleep on." He says he likes to nuzzle his face in his girlfriend's teats and belly. He speaks hopefully of a day when he'll be able to get "swallowed up in her fat" as if she were an amoeba and he was a food particle.

"I don't insist that ALL women get fat," he says defensively. "It's not like I'm some kind of pro-fat bigot or something. It's just that I want a special girl that I can fatten up all by myself."

For now, though, it's only a dream. Jeb is forced to nurture his fantasies by visiting feeder porn sites.

THE DISTURBINGLY PROFESSIONAL DIMENSIONS MAGAZINE [www.DimensionsMagazine.com], a slick and popular pro-feeder publication, hosts a website that defines a feeder as "a fat admirer who...takes pleasure in the mechanics of the fattening process...a person who gains (sexual) pleasure from the act of...feeding...another person." It defines a feeder's partner, the "feedee," as someone who derives similar kicks from being fed. According to the fat fetishists at the Feeder UK website, a feeder's fantasies hinge on snagging a suitable feedee: "What a feeder dreams of is a person who just eats and eats. One who loves themselves fat [and] wants to get fatter and fatter."

As opposed to the boringly political "size acceptance" crusaders and run-of-the-mill "fat admirers," feeders are proactive about their obsession. Feeders fantasize about feeding fat fillies even further. They don't love 'em just they way they are; they want to stuff 'em until they explode.

Watch as the Blue Ribbon-winning livestock gorge themselves silly. Behold the rolling sand dunes of pale blubber. The sickening sacs of suet. The giant pink marshmallows with vaginas buried somewhere deep inside. Snorting, squealing hogs. Bloated freaks. Gluttonous quarter-tonners. Gastric atrocities swelling up like a bag of Jiffy Pop. Watch them blow up to the point where they cease to be Earth Mothers and simply become the Earth.

Sounds disgusting to me, yet one man's puke bucket is another fella's sperm spittoon. For every, say, 100 men who are repulsed by such adipose aesthetics, there's one renegade stroker out there who likes to jerk off after tape-measuring his girlfriend's 50-inch thighs. My mission here is to peel away the layers of flab that obscure understanding and get to the bottom of all these fat-bottomed girls and the men who feed them.



THE FEEDERS ARE TO THE "FAT-ACCEPTANCE" COMMUNITY what NAMBLA is to the gay world—an embarrassing fringe group whose existence taints the larger movement and provides ammo for its enemies. Just when the pro-fat voices were enlightening society about sizeism's evils, along come the feeders pouring heavy cream into some porker's mouth with a funnel, making every chubby-chaser look like a sexual sadist.

Naturally, the shrillest attacks come from the fat admirers themselves, whose chief criticism is that feeders are antithetical to "fat acceptance" since they insist on altering their partners' size. But the feeder's intent, they allege, is far more sinister than mere size-alteration: It is to shackle a woman to a ball-and-chain fashioned of fat, imprisoning her inside a flab wall.

Opponents claim that the feeder/feedee relationship is fraught with abuse. They imply that sadism and control are the only motivations for males and insist that low self-esteem and abject self-hatred are what lure the women. They trot out horror stories of thin, cruel, handsome men force-feeding their partners to the point of immobility, at which point they abandon the gelatinous wretch and move on to new prey.

The feeders and feedees paint a much rosier portrait of their lifestyle than their critics do. They also lament that other size-acceptance weirdos try to distance themselves from the feeders, ostracizing them the same way that mainstream society excludes all fat-lovers. While they concede that the rare dysfunctional feeder/feedee relationship exists, they note that such unpleasant extremes occur with all sexual fetishes and that isolated horror stories shouldn't be used to condemn an entire movement.

Many feeders claim that their orientation is submissive rather than sadistic. They say their pleasure derives not from controlling or harming the feedee, but from tending to her every need like a humble servant—cooking for her, rubbing her feet, massaging her tum-tum, and obsequiously pampering her as if she were a bloated Queen Bee. And if—praise God—the ultimate feeder fantasy of utter immobility is achieved, these valiant lackeys pledge to change her clothes, give her sponge baths, and wipe her bottom, too. "I am emotionally nourished when I am able to please such a woman," writes one feeder. "It seems reasonable to believe that some woman out there might actually enjoy being treated like a goddess."

"They're more submissive than anything else," a 472-pound feedee called Supersize Betsy says of her suitors. "All of them—down to the very last one—have some kind of fantasy of me sitting on top of them or laying on top of them or just enveloping them. To them, it's like being smothered in chocolate syrup."

It's not a death wish or suffocation thing—it's more about being able to feel this femininity surrounding you completely....Us feedees are sexually pretty selfish, because we just want to lay there and be pampered and fed and adored and worshipped."

This is wild, wacky, way-out stuff, ladies and gentlemen. Not that there's anything abnormal about taking pleasure in food. As humans, we learn to enjoy eating years before we have our first orgasm...and for most people, years after our last orgasm. But only a few of us take pleasure in food WHILE having an orgasm.

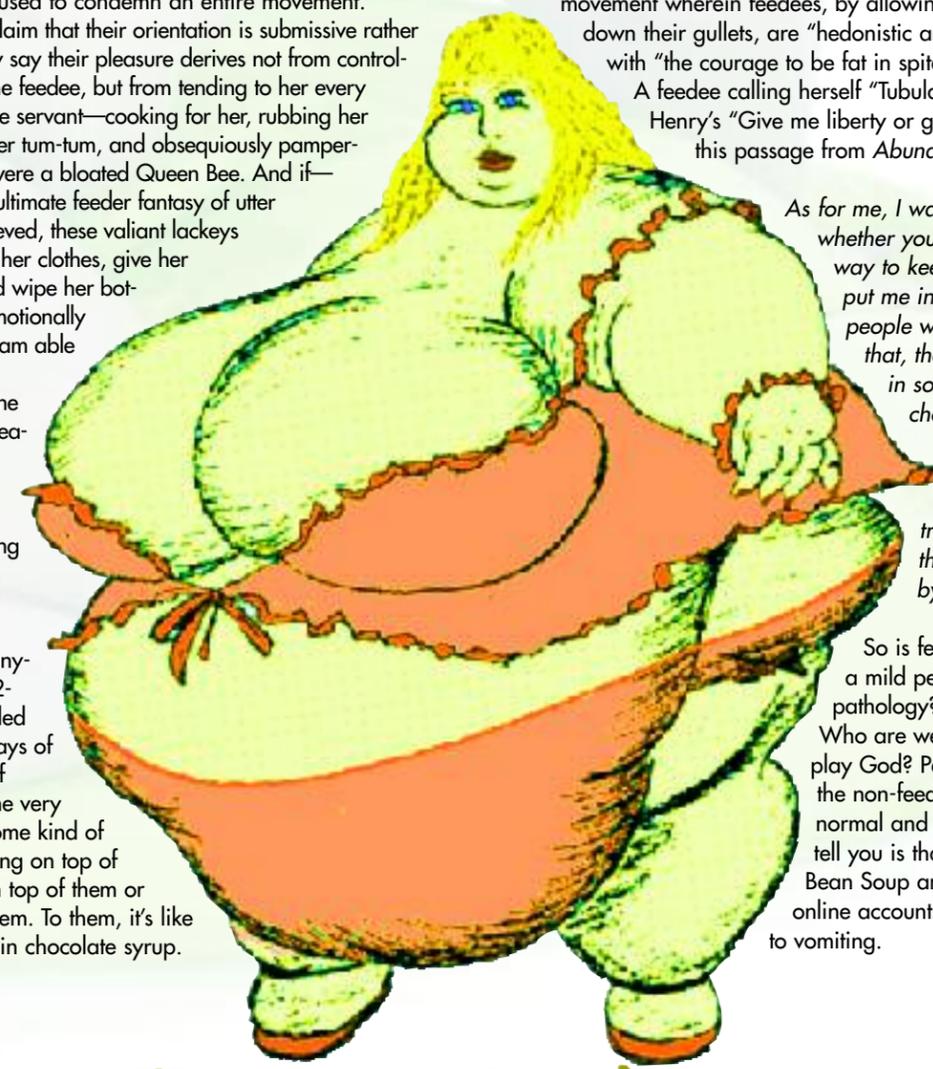
There are scant pop-culture antecedents for feederism: things such as a 1937 Merrie Melodies cartoon called "Pigs is Pigs," wherein an evil scientist straps down a hog and force-feeds him with a machine (the pig ultimately goes kablooy after eating a final slice of pie) or *Monty Python's The Meaning of Life* (1983), in which a Mr. Creosote finally explodes after gorging himself at a restaurant.

And yet even these examples don't sexualize the act like the feeders do. The feeders act as if stuffing a woman's mouth with food is no different than cramming her vagina with your cock—and since you'd need a two-foot johnson just to get past all the flab, force-feeding often serves as a replacement for hard fucking. The idea of feeding someone until they burst is a warped analogue to an orgasmic release. Food becomes a long endless dick and the girl's alimentary canal serves as a deep, twisting vagina.

MANY PRO-FEEDER APOLOGISTS SLIP into a regrettably pious defense of feederism as some sort of bold political liberation movement wherein feedees, by allowing food to be shoveled down their gullets, are "hedonistic and rebellious" free spirits with "the courage to be fat in spite of society's harassment." A feedee calling herself "Tubular Belle" echoes Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty or give me death" speech in this passage from *Abundance* magazine's website:

As for me, I want to get fatter, and I will, whether you like it or not. The only way to keep me from it would be to put me in jail. Perhaps there are people who would consider doing that, the fear of fat is so intense in some....I and other feedees choose not to cave in to such coercive social pressure against fat....We willingly blaze trails you dare not tread, enjoying ourselves all the while as we (and you, by the way) get fatter.

So is feederism a harmless fetish, a mild perversion, or a murderous pathology? Or is it perhaps all three? Who are we to judge? Who are we to play God? Perhaps it is not up to us, the non-feedlin's, to decide what is normal and what is sick. What I CAN tell you is that while eating my Tuscan Bean Soup and reading some of these online accounts, I came REALLY close to vomiting.



ANALYZING THE FEEDER PHENOMENON:

IS IT WRONG TO FORCE-FEED WOMEN UNTIL THEY'RE IMMOBILE?