



THE AUTHENTIC EXPERIENCE



The Authentic Experience

The Authentic
Experience: Why
Adult Babies Seek the
Uncompromising
fullness of Infancy

*On the desire not merely to be, but to be seen in all the
frill, bulk, and unapologetic visibility of genuine babyhood*

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There is a difference between *being* something and *expressing* it. For many people, the private interior life is enough, a quiet sense of self that requires no outward confirmation, no material evidence, no audience. But for a significant number of adult babies, the inner identity of infancy demands something more. It reaches outward. It wants to manifest. It wants, in the fullest possible sense, to be *real*, not merely felt, but worn, seen, smelled, heard, and lived inside the skin of every waking and sleeping hour.

This is not vanity. It is authenticity of the most earnest kind.

The adult baby community, a diverse, largely private, and often deeply thoughtful group of adults for whom the identity, comfort, and experience of infancy is genuinely meaningful, contains within it a thread of people who do not want the *approximation* of babyhood. They want the *whole thing*. Every layer. Every accessory. Every functional and aesthetic detail that makes the experience not a performance of infancy but an immersion in it. Understanding why requires understanding something fundamental about identity itself.

Living It, Not Just Visiting It

For many adult babies, the experience is not one that can be fully satisfied in occasional, carefully bounded sessions. The identity does not switch off when the session ends. It persists, sometimes quietly, sometimes insistently, through the ordinary hours of adult life. And for those who feel it most acutely, the answer is not to suppress it but to honour it in the most complete way possible.

This is where the concept of going 24/7 becomes meaningful. Real infants are not infants on Tuesday evenings and Sunday mornings. They are infants continuously, in the way they move, in what they wear, in how they are cared for, in their entire

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relationship to the world around them. For an adult baby who wishes to inhabit that identity with genuine depth, the same logic applies. The nappy is not an accessory put on for effect. It is worn because a baby wears one, always, and the wearing of it at all times is part of what makes the experience real rather than theatrical.

This extends naturally to all aspects of nappy use. A baby uses a nappy for everything, for wetting, for soiling, because that is simply what a nappy is *for*. For many adult babies, particularly those for whom the authenticity of the experience matters above almost anything else, the desire to use their nappies in every way a real baby would is not incidental but central. It closes the gap between symbol and reality. It is one of the places where the adult baby stops performing and simply *is*.

Some go further still. There are adult babies for whom genuine incontinence, not the choice to use a nappy, but the physical inability to do otherwise, represents the most complete expression of what they are. This is not a desire for disability in the conventional sense. It is the desire to be, in the most literal bodily way, a baby. To have the body itself participate in the identity rather than merely housing it.

The Nappy as Statement: Cloth, Plastic, and the Meaning of Baby Attire

Not all nappies are created equal, and for adult babies, the distinction matters enormously.

There is a category of nappy that exists purely for medical or continence management purposes: white, functional, clinical, designed to be as discreet and unobtrusive as possible. These nappies are excellent at what they do. They are also, for the adult baby with a serious investment in authentic expression, almost entirely beside the point.

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For older adult babies in particular, those whose earliest memories contain the particular crinkle and smell of a cloth nappy, the cool, smooth touch of plastic pants pulled up over a well-pinned Terry. The return to those materials is not nostalgia alone, though it is certainly that too. It is a return to something that carries an unambiguous meaning. A pinned cloth nappy with plastic pants is not a medical device. It is not incontinence management. There is no clinical context in which an adult would wear such a thing for practical reasons. It is, unmistakably and only, *baby attire*. And that unambiguity is itself part of its power.

The same principle applies to modern disposable nappies, but with its own aesthetic dimension. The adult baby who reaches past the plain white medical-grade nappies to choose a disposable printed with baby motifs, clouds, animals, stars, and the visual language of infant care, is making an active choice about what kind of baby they are. The print declares something. It says: *this is not functional. This is not hidden. This is chosen, with intention, because I am a baby*. A nappy printed with little ducks or a pastel nursery pattern cannot be mistaken for anything other than what it is.

And then there is the matter of bulk. Many adult babies are drawn to nappies that do not disappear under clothing but press outward against fabric, that create the unmistakable shape of a well-padded baby bottom, that cannot quite be contained by whatever is worn over them. This is not accidental. The slight visibility of a nappy, the crinkle when sitting down, the tell-tale outline beneath a onesie is, for some adult babies, a deeply important part of the experience. It is the nappy *showing*, just a little. It is the identity made visible, even in mixed company, even in the most everyday of moments.

Dressing the Baby: From Functional to Frilled

Baby clothing exists on a spectrum. At one end, there is the purely functional, the onesie, the sleeper, the footed pyjama. These garments serve their purpose beautifully. They are soft, they snap conveniently at the crotch to allow nappy changes, and they communicate something about the person who wears them. For many adult babies, these are wardrobe staples precisely because they are so practical in the context of nappy wearing and because they carry, without ostentation, the quiet signal of infancy.

But the adult baby who wants the full experience is rarely satisfied with practical alone.

There is, in the culture of infancy, particularly the infancy of past decades, but persisting in pockets of the present, a tradition of dressing babies with an almost theatrical exuberance. Smocked dresses with puffed sleeves. Lacy bloomers. Peter Pan collars. Knitted booties in soft yarn, tied with tiny ribbons. Bonnets, not the ironic kind, but the genuinely functional soft cotton kind that ties under the chin and frames a baby face with unmistakable tenderness. These are garments that could not be worn by anyone except a very young child without making a clear statement about identity. They have no adult-world equivalent. They belong entirely to infancy.

For the adult baby who seeks authentic expression, these garments hold enormous power. A pretty baby dress, particularly one worn over a visibly bulky nappy, perhaps with matching bloomers that fail to fully contain the plastic pants beneath, is an act of identity declaration of the most unambiguous kind. It says, without equivocation: *I am a baby. I am dressed as a baby. This is what I am.*

The pacifier belongs in the same category. The adult baby who uses one knows that the pacifier available in most pharmacies,

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small, practical, and designed for a newborn or toddler, does not fully serve the purpose. What is wanted is a pacifier with presence: a larger nipple, designed with adult anatomy in mind, that mirrors the real physical experience of an infant at rest. The pacifier is, like the nappy, one of the most instantly recognisable symbols of infancy. Wearing one correctly, with the right weight and shape, is part of closing the gap between approximation and authentic experience.

The Crib: Undeniable and Unignorable

If there is a single object that crystallises everything this article is about, it is the crib.

A crib is not ambiguous. It is not a piece of furniture that could serve multiple purposes or be explained away in casual conversation. It is, unmistakably, a bed for a very young infant and when built to adult scale, as some adult babies have commissioned or constructed for themselves, it makes a statement that the room cannot contain. The barred sides. The mattress at its particular height. The mobile, perhaps, is turning slowly above it. The whole architectural grammar of a crib communicates: *the person who sleeps here is a baby*.

For this reason, the crib is both a deeply intimate object and a quietly radical one. It cannot be hidden easily. It is present in a room in a way that a nappy tucked into a drawer is not. And for adult babies who have spent years, sometimes decades, hiding what they are, living in careful concealment, there is something profoundly meaningful about an object that simply will not cooperate with hiding. The crib is a declaration, made not in words but in wood and steel, that the person who owns it has moved beyond the need to pretend.

Beside that crib, or inside it, or on a shelf nearby, there may be a bear. A doll. The soft, well-worn animal companion that a

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young child takes to bed and holds through the night. This, too, is an object of surprising power. There is no adult context in which a person sleeps with a stuffed animal without it communicating something about vulnerability, softness and the desire for comfort. For the adult baby, it is another layer of authentic infancy. It is the thing that is held in the dark, that is pressed against the chest when the nightlight casts its soft glow across the room.

The nightlight itself is worth noting. Not simply as a practical object but as another element in the environment of infancy, the gentle, constant reassurance of light through the night, the acknowledgement that the dark can be frightening and that a sleeping baby deserves to be kept company by warmth and softness and glow.

The Bottle, the Formula, and the Floor

For many adult babies, feeding is among the most intimate and regressive of experiences. The bottle — held, or given, or simply used alone — returns the adult to a state of dependency that no other act quite replicates. The formula itself carries this further when it is not juice or milk, but the specific substance made for infants, with its particular taste and smell and the memories it carries for those who can access them.

Bottle feeding can be a deeply solitary pleasure or a profoundly relational one. In either case, it is one of the purest expressions of what adult babies seek - not the idea of infancy, but the actual sensory experience of it, taken seriously and engaged with fully.

And then there is the floor.

Babies live low to the ground. Their world is the carpet, the mat, the soft rug that makes sitting, rolling, and eventually crawling both comfortable and safe. For adult babies who wish to inhabit

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infancy as completely as possible, something as simple as an ultra-soft floor covering becomes significant, a place to sit with toys, to roll, to crawl, to be low and small and close to the ground in the way that very young children are. It sounds simple. It is, in practice, one of those details that completes the environment in a way that is hard to fully articulate but immediately felt.

The Clothesline

There is an image that captures something essential about all of this — an image that exists, for most adult babies, only in imagination or aspiration, but that speaks directly to the desire at the heart of this piece.

It is a clothesline.

Not an ordinary clothesline, but one hung with the laundry of genuine babyhood: adult-sized cloth nappies pegged out in rows, their white cotton brilliant in the afternoon light. Plastic pants alongside them, translucent and unmistakable. A baby dress or two. Some knitted booties. A bonnet. The full domestic evidence of a life lived as a baby, hanging in the open air for anyone passing to see.

The clothesline is, of course, profoundly public. It cannot be contained, cannot be explained away, cannot be mistaken for anything other than what it is. And that is precisely why it lives in the imagination of so many adult babies as an image of both longing and liberation. It is the fantasy not of being seen in a moment of vulnerability but of having one's babyhood be simply *ordinary*, washed and pegged and dried like any other household laundry, matter-of-fact and undisguised.

This is the thing that runs beneath all of the details explored in this piece. The nappies, the dresses, the crib, the bottle, the floor... they are not props. They are not costumes. They are the material expression of an identity that is, for the adult babies who

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feel it most deeply, simply who they are. The desire for all of the frills and the fullness and the bulk and the visibility is not a desire to perform. It is a desire to stop hiding. To surround oneself with the authentic, unapologetic evidence of babyhood and to live inside it as completely and honestly as possible.

A clothesline full of adult baby nappies and plastic pants, swaying gently in the wind, visible, ordinary, and real, is not, in the end, a fantasy of exposure. It is a fantasy of belonging. Of a world in which who you are does not need to be contained.

Written with respect by baby Sophia for the adult baby community and the quiet courage it takes to inhabit any identity with full honesty.