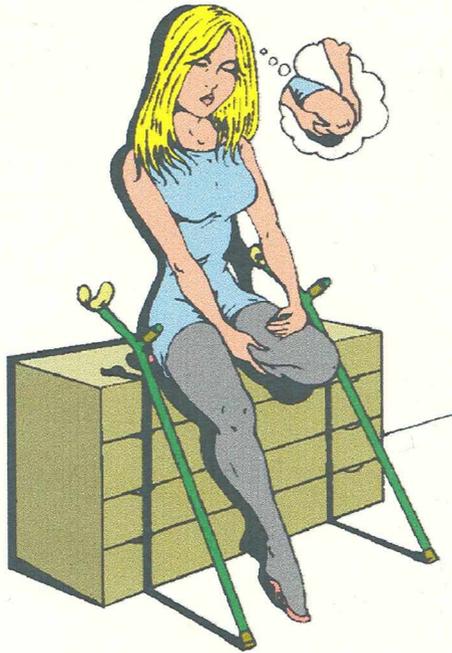


Amputation Wanted

APOTEMNOPHILIA & ACROTOMOPHILIA



Amputation wanted

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INTRODUCTION:

Off with those limbs...

Ever heard of people who find amputees far more attractive than someone who has still all his limbs? Or ever heard of people who would like to go through life as an amputee? Both of them exist.

To get rid of an arm or a leg voluntarily.

In this world you encounter all sorts of things, but unfortunately you probably have never heard of people who want, voluntarily, without any cause, get rid of an arm or a leg because they'd feel better. Well they exist... And they are pretty numerous. About 1 person out of 30.000 is apotemnophile, coming from the medical word apotemnophilia, first used in 1977.

In the world of people who want to amputate a limb voluntarily, the most common denomination is 'wannabe' coming from 'want to be'...in this case wanting to be an amputee. But there exist so many denomination for it: amputism, bdd, ... we'll explain all denominations in detail..

What does he look handsome on one leg...

On the other hand there exist acrotomofiles, coming from the word acrotomophilia. This word is deducted from the Greek, acro = extreme, tomo = cutting, and philia = love for. So in this case love for cutting, love for amputation. In that world acrotomofiles call themselves simply devotees or admirers, coming from admiring something. Devotees find someone with an amputation far more attractive than someone with all

four of his limbs. Acrotomophilia is far more present than wannabeism, about 1 person out of 500 is sexually attracted to the 'handicap' amputation which is quite a lot.

This book will give you more information about devoteism and wannabeism, with most people until now still a taboo...

Ampulove

This book is established with the help of research, questionnaires and all the material available through the internet site www.ampulove.com which has during 3 years conducted several researches towards wannabe feelings. Every story in this book is real, all researches are real. It wasn't always easy, even not anonymously for wannabes and devotees to answer in all honesty all the questions asked.

All researches were compared and checked. Some of the wannabes or devotees, visitors of ampulove also asked not to publish their story. Therefore we bring you some stories in our own words.

The fear of the devotee or wannabe can be this big to come forward in public that we notice there still is a big taboo on this subject.

This taboo is not to blame on the wannabes or devotees. It's the fault of the medical world which has until now neglected the wannabes, didn't take them seriously, or just wouldn't listen to them.

Some people wrote to us saying they are in treatment for their wannabe-feelings with a local psychiatrist, a man or woman that has never heard before of these special feelings, and yet prescribed them a pill or injection.

When we focus further on wannabeisme as well as devoteisme we can determine that there don't exist pills or injections for it.

In our research people who pretended as if they really wanted to help also often disturbed us. When we went abroad ourselves to find out more about devotee and wannabe feelings from psychiatrists and psychologists it seemed there wasn't much more to tell than what we already knew, and it turned out we were giving them information. On the other hand we received afterwards a spiced bill of 600 \$ for one psychiatric consult abroad that lasted exactly twenty minutes.

After all research we decided to give you our opinion, and everything we learned, through internet and real encounters. We save you the older information which is already for years on the internet and as good as incomplete. We bring you the most recent material, which cost us sweat and tears.

“... I would give ten years of my
life if I could become
a one-legged woman
tomorrow ...”

APOTEMNOPHILIA

Want-to-be or need-to-be?

It might sound incredible, but yet there is a large part of the worlds population that sometimes thinks by themselves how life would be like with one arm of leg less. When such an idea arises at the age of 5-7 years, and then you continue hoping the rest of your life that one fine day you'll wake up with your dream-fantasy as amputee come true, you can say you're an apotemnophile.

On this world 1 person out of 30.000 walks around with on his mind nothing else then a new life, but then one with amputated limbs.

We are not talking about a congenital abnormality, apotemnophilia exists in the early youth when a child sees an amputated man or woman somewhere on the streets, and gets a jealous feeling, asking himself the question 'why am I not like that?'

Of course you're not going to walk around with that question in your head daily at that age, or not going to try to get off one of your limbs. These things happen at later age, during the development. Once developed towards maturity most wannabes start looking for medical information about amputation, amputation-techniques, causes for amputation,...

Then comes the question 'do I really want a limb off, or is it only a dream?' During different researches we did with several wannabes we can divide them into two groups.

On the one hand the real need-to-be; he who really wants to be, will be and has to be, and will go to the extreme limits to accomplish his dream. On the other hand there is the want-to-be, he who wants to be, but never really will do it, or might feel unhappy if his arm of leg would be amputated. This last group are dreamers, they are perfectly happy when once in a while

they can crawl into the skin of an amputee imitating an amputee, by walking on crutches, one leg tied up high. For most wannabes it's a dream-fantasy, and most of them will never go through with it, when you send 10 wannabes into the operating room, you can be sure that 7 of the 10 will retreat just before going under anaesthesia. The other three will undergo the wanted amputation.

Wannabes through the years.

We heard through an English researcher that the very first documents in which was ever spoken about wannabe-feelings should be more than hundred years old.

What's sure for one-hundred percent is that there will be wannabes as long as there are amputees.

When we look at the purpose of a wannabe, and he wants an amputation without pain, then it surely would have been difficult to live as wannabe and to achieve what he wanted when anaesthesia didn't exist yet.

When we know that already one-hundred years ago has been spoken about wanted adoption we have to conclude that during those hundred years not much improvement has happened.

Wannabes suffer sometimes a very dramatic existence. Daily wannabes ask themselves the question 'how and when will I get off that limb?'

This question no one can answer. The medical world knows little about wannabeism, and as almost no medical book handles this subject, a medical commission can't decide whether they should allow an amputation or not as 'apotemnophilia' still doesn't occur in medical writings.

Do we have to count another hundred years before there finally will be some kind of understanding of help for wannabes or do we have to leave them on their own?

We tried to contact through internet some surgeons who did amputations, but none of them reacted or gave sign of life and they ignored our questions.

A leg or an arm off?

An interesting point in the world of wannabes is to find out which limb should get off. When you are young and think for the first time by yourself it would be nicer to go through life as an amputee, you form a perfect image of yourself at that moment. It's not because the first person you encounter has an arm off you want that same limb amputated, no, the most wanted amputation is a left-or right upper leg amputation, an amputation above the knee.

How this comes is somehow a mystery, what might has to do with it is that most common amputations in the whole world still is a single upper-leg amputation, often caused by cancer or an accident.

When we look at the female wannabes, it is remarkable that most women want a double upper-leg amputation. No more legs, while everyone knows that legs are a lust for most men. Why most women want a double upper-leg amputation is until know unknown.

It doesn't have to be necessarily a leg, there are also extreme cases like apotemnophiles who want to get rid of everything, as well both arms as the two legs.

When we look at the medical side of this subject it's a pity that wannabes who want more then one limb off aren't taken serious. When one leg can come off, our question is, why not to legs, or an arm and a leg if that is the perfect dream-fantasy of the wannabe in question.

The perfect dream-image, linked to transsexuality.

When you decide as wannabe that your life would look better if you could live as 'disabled person' or amputee then, of course, this brings up a lot of questions.

One thing has meanwhile already been established on medical ground, special brain researches in America have already proven that apotemnophiles aren't born with one or other brain-abnormality. In other words: Wannabes aren't crazy.

When we look at the atmosphere of taboo there existed a few years ago concerning sex-transformations, we can say there has been a lot of progress, without major problems you can get a sex-transformation after a few medical examinations.

The medical world still hasn't discovered completely what entails transsexuality, but on the other hand is known that someone with transsexual feelings is convinced that he or she would be much happier in a body of the opposite sex.

Transsexuals feel imperfect in the body they were born in, but will be perfectly happy in the body they want.

Wannabes are just like that. The feeling of a wannabe is identical to that of a transsexual. An apotemnophile feel disabled in what for the world seems a perfectly normal body, and a wannabe will only be happy and complete in a body that for most people is a disabled body.

A battle of life or dead.

When we look at the group of need-to-be's it's a shame to hear that many of them go through infernal things when you know a transsexual can have his dream come through without doing stupid things.

Many wannabes dream daily about their perfect body as an amputee. This can become this serious that nothing else can be thought of except 'how to become my amputation'.

There are only a few wannabes in this world that have been able to undergo their amputation with the help of a surgeon. Most of them through bribe. We heard of some wannabes that payed thousands of dollars to get rid of a limb in illegal medical way. Only a few made it completely legal, and could undergo their amputation with the agreement of the medical world. The only real known legal amputations ever done on wannabes was in the United Kingdom, only two wannabes had their wanted amputation successfully.

Most other wannabes who would give absolutely everything to get an amputation do it through self-amputation, or through a self-caused accident.

It is known in the wannabe-world that often toes and fingers are cut of by the wannabe himself, or even a limb gets damaged in such a way amputation will be necessary.

Real extreme cases are also known: several wannabes have laid themselves on train-rails, and hoped a train would cut of their limb. Some succeeded, others were drawn away and got killed.

It's a real shame this has to happen, knowing a simple amputation could have saved these people, an amputation takes hardly an hour for a complete upper-leg amputation, but this hour could mean a whole new life for the wannabe.

Isn't it also a shame knowing there will be wannabes who commit suicide because they can't have what they want, an amputation is something that isn't done easily, the medical world doesn't stand still, and amputation is no longer done as often as years ago, for a wannabe it gets harder all the time to get an amputation.

Often wannabes find a surgeon somewhere far away, in Russia, Morocco or any other country a surgeon would do anything for money. Everything then is arranged, you can come back home with the wanted leg or arm off, but does all of this has to happen for so much money, and let us also stand still with the often unhygienic conditions in those countries. An America surgeon who lost his licence had

surgery on an old man, amputated his leg, and a few days later this 'ex' wannabe died because he had gangrene. All this for a large amount of money.

Often 'solutions' are searched in books. A very well known solution that wannabes often try to apply is to tie up a limb in such a way no blood can go through and there is tissue-death. Many wannabes have suffered for hours in infernal pains because of the tie they did in the hope their limb would have to be amputated, but on the other hand they don't realize this is life-threatening. Many dangerous things are applied. And the most important point still is, a wannabe doesn't want to die, but wants to start a new life in a changed body.

Whose life is this?

When you try to commit suicide it might be understandable people try to stop you and take control over you. But when you want to be perfectly happy in your way, and not at all death, isn't it stupid to let yourself be influenced by others who try to stop you? It's not a body that belongs to the other but to the wannabe himself.

We received a very good explanation concerning this matter. It was written by S.H, a female ex-wannabe who send it to us a while ago.

The title is: Whose Body Is This, Anyway?

In the two years since I first gained access to the Internet and World Wide Web, I have seen a fair amount of material concerning so-called "wannabes," individuals who have an intense desire to undergo amputation of a limb or limbs. Some of this material, including fictional stories and web sites that use digitally altered photographs that purport to show gorgeous women who have attained voluntary amputation, are so

disconnected from reality as to verge on the hilarious. Some more-serious items are simply misinformed, either based on speculation or on psychological evaluation of wannabes who suffered from severe mental disturbances that may or may not have been connected to their desire for limb removal. None of it has seemed particularly relevant to the wannabe phenomenon as I understand it, and I think I understand it pretty well, at least so far as it pertains to me.

I am one-legged, female, married and 28 years old at this writing. I underwent voluntary left upper-thigh amputation when I was 16. This occurred with the consent of my parents and on the recommendation of my psychiatrist, following almost two years of therapy and evaluation, as treatment for an obsession with becoming an amputee that was interfering with every other aspect of my life. Or in other words, I was a wannabe, and was allowed to have an amputation because my doctors correctly believed that would be less disabling than my desire to have it. I consider myself extremely fortunate in obtaining the aid of physicians who saw my condition as a valid reason for surgery, as I was in having parents open-minded and loving enough to accept such a strange need on the part of their daughter and permit her to satisfy it.

I offer no explanation for the source of my desire for amputation. From the beginning of my school career I excelled academically and athletically. I made friends easily and was popular with my classmates. I was not sexually aroused by seeing or thinking about amputees, or by fantasies about being an amputee myself. I had no fetish for prosthetics or crutches, having never seen the former and feeling no desire to use the latter in the absence of an amputation. I was repulsed by thoughts of pain or being inferior to other people. I do not believe

I had conscious or unconscious wishes to lower the standards of performance by which I was judged, attract the attention or pity of my peers, or make myself sexier, nor do I see myself as masochistic. Moreover, all such explanations were rejected by my psychiatrist prior to my surgery.

This is not to discount the possibility that other wannabes might have those motivations. It would be understandable if some did. My point here is that any all-inclusive theory, if there is one, cannot be valid unless it accounts for people like myself who were not so motivated.

I cannot totally reject the idea that exhibitionism was involved in my desire for amputation, because I am an exhibitionist by nature. In addition to being a typical child "show off" who enjoyed demonstrating my academic and athletic skills, from the time of puberty I found myself tremendously excited by the prospect or experience of making my female attributes available for masculine viewing. Beginning at age twelve or thirteen, I regularly exercised in the nude in front of my bedroom window while a male neighbour watched me from his house, and on numerous occasions I disrobed for various neighbourhood boys, allowing them to see my breasts and vulva, all the while enjoying my body's power to give them erections. I found doing these things to be extremely arousing, and after each such episode I would retreat to my bathtub and masturbate to orgasm. Thus I suppose it might be that a belief I would be similarly aroused by being seen as an amputee (amputation being even more taboo than nudity) played a part in my wanting to be one.

On the other hand, I do not recollect having such thoughts on a conscious level, and I have never

experienced sexual excitement at being observed by males while I was on one leg and crutches in the twelve years I've been capable of appearing publicly in that fashion. In this context I think it is significant that I frequently go without panties because that gives me a certain excitement in public even though I know my lack of underwear is not visible through my clothing, but am not aroused at all by having men look at me when I am wearing a swimsuit that leaves my stump completely exposed while concealing my genitalia. My exhibitionism does not seem to operate at an overtly sexual level where my amputation is concerned, but was and remains centred on the normal parts of my female anatomy.

There still remains the possibility I thought being an amputee would allow me to show off in a way that was extreme yet socially acceptable by simply going about my business on crutches, presenting other people with an exotic appearance rather than an act of skill, thereby obtaining the same satisfaction I got from doing well at sports and schoolwork. (As it turns out, such a belief might have been justified, because I do in fact obtain non-sexual gratification from being seen as able to perform everyday tasks as well as or better than most able-bodied people in spite of my obvious physical limitation, and I accept as fact that others would not find my performances so impressive were I not visibly one-legged.) I do not remember thinking this, but I mention it because it would be consistent with my enjoyment of showing off and it might have been something I accepted as a given without conscious thought.

As best I have been able to understand the feelings driving me to seek surgery, they seem to have fallen in three main areas:

First, there is what I would categorize as a very strong but simple æsthetic preference for the amputee form. Specifically, to my eye and all else being equal, a man or woman with one leg has always seemed more beautiful than a two-legged individual. I cannot explain the origin of this preference except to suggest it might have something to do with the asymmetry created by a single leg amputation. I do know I coveted this appearance for myself, in the heartfelt belief I would be more beautiful if I had it.

The second part of my desire comprised a raging curiosity about the sensations arising from amputation. For lack of a stronger word, I lusted to know what it felt like to have a stump instead of a leg. I wished to know all aspects of it with an intensity and urgency I cannot convey to anyone who has not experienced these same desires.

Finally, I wanted the constant added challenge of life on one leg, of being handicapped in the sporting sense of the term. I believed with unquestioning faith that my life would be fuller if the activities of daily life were more difficult to accomplish. But it is important to realize I was not interested in punishing myself or holding myself back. What excited me was not the added difficulty, but the prospect of overcoming it. I was not seeking an excuse for failure or mediocre performance. I wanted to do everything well. I merely wished to increase the satisfaction I would obtain from that.

One reason my psychiatrist felt justified in recommending surgery as suitable therapy for me was his understanding that these different aspects of my desire were not irrational in the context of the desired goal. Everything I wanted was attainable by and consistent with single leg amputation. I would have the

altered form I thought most beautiful. I would experience the sensations normal to someone with a thigh stump. Most important, there was no reason to believe I could not perform at a superior level as an amputee.

Some who hold forth on the supposed drawbacks of satisfying a desire to lose a limb seem untrammelled by actual familiarity with real amputees. They begin with the assumption that amputation must result in reduced employability and earning potential, and go downhill from there.

The plain truth, however, is that the absence of one leg need not cause serious loss of function. Although it is not as trivial a disability as, say, 20/40 myopia, on the overall scale of things it rates as no more than a relatively minor inconvenience for a person in reasonably good health and physical condition living in the United States or other urbanized countries with highly-developed infrastructure and laws protecting the rights of the handicapped. The many single-leg amputees I have met who state they can still do anything they like are not deluding themselves or attempting to make light of a bad situation. They are presenting a realistic appraisal of their capabilities. They lead normal lives. They earn incomes sufficient to support themselves and their families. They do not become outcasts rejected by their communities.

In fact, a surprising number of amputees actually come to like their altered body images because of the advantages they confer in many social situations. A pinned-up empty trouser leg is an effective tool for obtaining special benefits and consideration, and amounts almost to a guarantee that one will everywhere be treated with politeness and respect, if not kindness.

We should hardly be surprised that some with involuntarily acquired amputations come to enjoy the effect of their exotic appearance on the people they encounter. If this is true of amputees who had limb loss thrust upon them, how much more likely is it that a realized wannabe will enjoy and continue to enjoy his altered body?

It would be foolish to base our judgments of wannabes' expectations on social and economic conditions that no longer exist. This is not the 19th Century. Most amputees operate in the mainstream of society, not as second-class citizens relying on the sufferance and largesse of the able-bodied for their survival. Wannabes are entirely justified in believing they will be able to lead a productive, virtually normal existence after achieving their desired limb loss, although some no doubt underestimate the discomfort and difficulty involved in recuperation and rehabilitation. I myself attained four-year and post-graduate university degrees as an amputee, and since completing my studies have consistently earned salaries commensurate with my age and education. In this respect, my life is arguably no different than it would have been if I had retained my left leg, except for the added happiness its absence has brought me.

One author has suggested that having achieved her desired amputation, the wannabe is more or less doomed to disappointment and regret once curiosity has been satisfied and the novelty wears off. He proposes this as a justification the medical community could use to deny the desired surgery as therapy for the wannabe. Of course this argument is based on the two presumptions that curiosity is the sole or major motivation for seeking amputation, and that the surgeon's belief that amputation will ultimately make his

patient unhappy is ample reason to withhold it. Dealing with the latter point first, the medical community could reasonably assume most people might be made unhappy by limb removal for any reason, yet obviously they do not let this stop them from performing amputations where its suitability is indicated by medical rather than psychological reasons. It is inconsistent to argue that the patient's potential unhappiness is sufficient reason not to perform the surgery in one situation but not in another. The true question here is whether the wannabe's real unhappiness caused by the unsatisfied wish for amputation is exceeded by the potential unhappiness which might (but might not) follow amputation. Physicians have no way of knowing the answer to that question, and are not justified in denying surgery for the sole reason that the patient might be disappointed later. Indeed, if that were sufficient reason for doctors to refuse to perform an operation, what elective procedures would be done? Any operation entails the possibility that the patient will be disappointed sometime in the future. If there is even a reasonable chance that amputation might provide effective relief of chronic unhappiness that is sufficient to impair the wannabe's daily function, it is logical to suggest that the medical community might be obligated under its own code of ethics to consider amputation as a viable treatment. If the incapacitation created by an obsession with obtaining amputation is greater than is normally associated with limb loss, surely amputation becomes the superior option.

It may be true that unsatisfied curiosity provides the sole motivation for some individuals' wish to be amputated. I have no reason to think it does not. Speaking for myself, however, it was only one of the three main aspects of my desire for amputation, as I have already described. It was the most intensely felt of

the three, and probably the only one that could not be even partially satiated except by surgery, but I always knew that my curiosity about the sensations of amputation would die almost as quickly as my severed leg if I succeeded in getting what I wanted. If curiosity had been my only reason, I am sure I would have been able to keep my desire under control and avoid surgery. Even at the ripe old age of sixteen I knew better than to take on a lifelong liability for the sake of momentary gratification. No, for me the most important reason to have my leg amputated was a deeply felt need to triumph over the handicap, to feel the satisfaction of overcoming the challenge of a permanent source of difficulty. This has continued to be the case. I was totally accustomed to the feel of my stump within a few days after surgery, but the gratification arising from living a successful life on only one leg continues unabated more than a decade later.

I suspect that few wannabes whose yearning for amputation is strong enough for them to actually seek satisfaction base their desire entirely on curiosity. The desire to know what amputation feels like is certainly powerful, but the very act of thinking about this is apt to produce other motivations.

But I do not think it is a foregone conclusion that a realized wannabe must inevitably experience disappointment and regret even if curiosity is the primary motivation. I do not have extensive statistical data, but I have maintained extended correspondence with five other individuals who also managed to achieve the wannabe-amputee transformation as teenagers, and I think their experiences should be considered even if they are not provably representative.

Two of these amputees are women, and the other three are men. Two are in their twenties, one is thirty-six, and the other two are over forty. All three men are single upper-extremity amputees by the simple expedient of deliberately putting their arms in the way of farm or industrial machinery. Both women are above-knee single leg amputees. One obtained surgical amputation as I did, via referral to a surgeon by her analyst. The other claims to have paid an acquaintance three hundred dollars to destroy her knee with a shotgun. Whether that claim is completely true I have no way of knowing, but I have met this person while she was on crutches, and can affirm that her limb loss is genuine. I can also state that she showed me a newspaper clipping reporting her as the victim of a hunting accident.

The time spent by these people in planning and preparation varied from years to practically none at all. As might be expected, two of the men accomplished their "accidents" impulsively, without prolonged thought. They saw their opportunities, and took them. The third man operated a large hydraulic metal-cutting shear in a steel-fabrication plant for over two months while contemplating whether he should fulfil his lifelong dream, finally sticking his arm under the blade three days before he was due to begin his last year of high school, severing it just above the elbow. One woman underwent psychoanalysis for three years before her therapist offered her the opportunity for surgery in a hospital operating room. (I found that interesting, as my own amputation was performed in my surgeon's office to avoid scrutiny by the staff at the local hospital where he normally did major procedures.) The shotgun victim took the longest to attain her goal, continually planning and re-planning it from the time she was twelve until she was almost eighteen.

All five individuals told me that unbearable curiosity was their most compelling reason to give up their limbs, with two saying they had no other reason they were aware of. All five also said their amputations made them permanently happier, and that they would not do anything differently if given the opportunity to do so. They all expressed enduring satisfaction with their stumps and with their lives as amputees.

I think it more than likely this is a skewed sample, as I wouldn't expect to learn about or hear from realized wannabes who have discovered their amputations were mistakes through the channels available to me, but I believe it does indicate that ultimate disappointment with voluntary amputation is not inevitable or even necessarily common. It also suggests that long-term satisfaction can result even when the wannabe is mainly consumed by curiosity.

In fact, I would contend that the reasons a wannabe desires to be amputated are probably not as important after the goal is achieved as the intensity of that desire. When one's wish to have a stump escalates past a certain level, it is the wish itself which becomes the primary problem, a dominating, all-consuming obsession that is itself a disability. At the point when I began psychoanalysis, I couldn't think about anything but becoming an amputee or accomplish anything more than the simplest tasks. I was functioning far below my normal level, and could do nothing about it. Even my psychiatrist could not help me regain full control of my mental processes. In the end I was given my amputation not because I wanted it, but because that was the only way to stop me from wanting it. And it worked. Regardless of the disadvantages that accompanied the loss of my leg, it ended my obsession. I could not continue to devote all my thoughts to

obtaining something I already had. My mind was at peace from the moment I woke up after surgery, and the relief that afforded me was so great it didn't matter that I could no longer do some things that had been easy before. I had traded a large handicap for a small one, and the bargain was good.

So my friend who stuck his hand into the hay chopper because he wanted to know if he would really still feel his fingers afterward was not acting out of mere curiosity. It was the difficulty of living with the intensity of his curiosity that really impelled him. He'd been wondering about this question for so long and so hard that his mind wouldn't let it loose. The only way to free himself from it was to free himself of the hand. Once he did that, it didn't matter what the answer to his question might be (yes, he still feels his fingers, thirty years later, and can even wiggle them), because he finally knew what it was and could go on to other things. The relatively severe disability of a missing hand seemed trivial to him, compared to the misery he had undergone prior to his "accident." There was no letdown, no sense of disappointment, nor could there be, because he experienced only improvements. He got exactly what he wanted, and was willing to tolerate the physical consequences because at least they were endurable.

It is logical to ask why curiosity about the experience and sensations of amputation should reach such levels. After all, one can be intensely curious about many things without becoming obsessive. What is special about this thing?

I think the answer to that is two-pronged. First, a desire to know exactly what an amputee feels can ONLY be satisfied by amputation. There is no satisfactory alternative. The amputee can try her best to describe

her sensations, but they are peculiar to a physical configuration different than that of other human beings, and only someone with the same configuration can understand her description as she means it, and someone who has that configuration doesn't need her description. Second, and more important, the wannabe knows this curiosity CAN be satisfied. She can know exactly what sensations come streaming up from an amputation stump. All she needs is a primitive surgical procedure, and all her questions will be answered. It is this potential availability of the answers that leads her down the slippery slope. They are right there waiting for her, but always out of reach. It is like being on the brink of starving to death while a banquet lies waiting on the other side of an unbreakable glass wall. You might want to stop thinking about the food, but you can't help yourself.

This, as at least one other writer has pointed out, is where any analogy between amputation for wannabes and transsexual gender reassignment surgery breaks down. I have wondered what it would feel like to make love as a man, as I suppose countless other women have done. But such knowledge is unobtainable in the current stage of the medical arts. I could have a sex-change operation, but it would not give me the male experience. I would not be a man; I would be a woman with no vagina and an enlarged clitoris. I still could not learn what my husband feels when he rubs his penis back and forth in my body until his testicles discharge sperm and his prostate pumps semen into my vagina, for the simple reason that I would still have none of those specialized organs. Recognizing the futility of my curiosity, I am not tempted to pursue it. Since my curiosity is limited to the sensations of sexual intercourse and not to the other elements of male life which might attract a transsexual female, I am content

to let it go unsatisfied and turn my attention to other matters.

That is not the situation with amputation, however. The wannabe is perfectly aware the answers he wants are available from a surgical procedure, and is not dissuaded by any sense that he cannot learn what he wants to know. To the contrary, his curiosity is encouraged by the knowledge that it can be perfectly satisfied, while at the same time it is frustrated by the difficulty and even danger of obtaining satisfaction. Is it any wonder he succumbs to mental gridlock?

The sensations I get from my stump might not be exactly what you feel in yours, but my stump is real, all that remains of a leg I no longer have. It is not simulated, Whatever I feel in my stump as I type these words is my brain's legitimate interpretation of the signals emanating from a severed and rearranged mass of atrophied muscles, blood vessels and nerves wrapped around a stub of bone. It matters not that your brain might experience the same stump differently, because I am still the genuine article. Once I succeeded in obtaining amputation I became an amputee, not some superficially altered cosmetic imitation of an amputee.

I am certain the irony of the transsexual-wannabe comparison escapes no thoughtful person. On the one hand we have the surgical removal of internal and external genitalia (and the breasts, in the case of a woman) and complete loss of reproductive function as part of a coordinated change in appearance that necessitates a drastic change in lifestyle and manner of dress in order to satisfy societal norms for the target gender, all without actually accomplishing the basic goal which is the purpose of the procedure. On the

other hand we have the surgical removal of a single appendage with the only direct effect that of altering the way the patient walks, not even changing his appearance if he chooses to employ a prosthesis, while being entirely successful at producing the sensory and functional changes sought by the patient. Yet the first procedure is available to anyone who can pass the psychological screening and has the money to pay for it, while the second cannot usually be had for any price due to "ethical considerations" that may have nothing to do with the deepest psychological needs and qualifications of the person seeking it.

The attitudes surrounding other available elective procedures provide even greater contrast to the prevailing situation with amputation. As a woman I am entitled to have my breasts enlarged, reduced, reshaped or relocated as I desire, so long as I can muster the necessary funds and avoid acting like a raving lunatic. If I have trouble pleasing my husband I can have my vagina tightened. I can also have myself sterilized, replace my natural teeth with crowns, get my face lifted, have my nose bobbed and my jaw line altered, and so forth. I can even, believe it or not, have my labia retailored to better match my idea of what they ought to look like (even though I have somehow managed to struggle through twenty-eight years of life without ever seeing them or feeling a desire to do so). Some of these procedures could have serious effects on my life while others are intended only to alter my appearance in ways I hope to find pleasing, but what all have in common is availability on demand. If I can pay for them, I can have them. The medical community's position on this is, it is my body, and I am entitled to alter it in accordance with my notions of how it ought to look.

But somehow that position changes abruptly when the requested alteration affects my extremities. I am not permitted to seek alternatives to four limbs and twenty digits, even to relieve unbearable psychological pressures. Perhaps I am aware of receiving no discernible benefit from the smallest toe of my right foot, but if I ask to have that toe taken off in the belief it will improve the looks of my foot and make me feel a lot better about myself, I will be told that is an irrational request, that I need my toe even if I don't see that need.

Think about this. The same surgeon who tells me that the desire to lose a toe I will never miss is a sign of mental instability might well stand ready to change the shape of genital labia on request. Am I really less well-balanced than my sister who feels a need to alter the appearance of her little pink coochie? Maybe Sis and I are both disturbed, but the real irrationality here is in a system that caters to the disturbance of one, but not the other.

It is quite obvious that my desire to shed an entire leg is a different matter than someone's wish to have a minor toe clipped or a nose bobbed, but the difference is one of degree rather than basic principle. It IS my body. Were I convinced I would be a happier woman if only I could have a four-toed foot to fondle and gaze upon, who is to say I would be wrong with any pretence of genuine authority? Few sensible people would argue I would harm anyone but myself, or that the risk of that is more than trivial--people live their whole lives with missing small toes without being conscious of any meaningful loss. Going further, if I know about and am willing to accept such things as phantom pain, physical rehabilitation and a lifetime of inconvenience in order to obtain what I perceive as the benefits of having only one leg, who empowered my doctor to deny me what I

want, in light of the many other things he is prepared to do at my request, some of which also have negative side effects and entail permanent alteration of function?

Which brings us back to sex-change surgery. The transsexual patient gives up functional genuine sex organs of one kind in exchange for something that vaguely resembles the other kind but doesn't work at all except in the most rudimentary sense of providing something which may be inserted in penis-like fashion or which will accept insertion of a penis. The simulated genitalia will most certainly not provide their owner with sensations anything like those routinely experienced by people who were born with the real thing, and he or she must be satisfied with whatever he or she gets. The necessary operations entail major discomfort and lengthy recuperation. Yet sex-change surgery is considered worthwhile medical treatment because it provides the physical appearance and semblance of function for which the transsexual has endured a lifetime of yearning at obsessional levels, thereby alleviating great mental torment and improving his or her overall emotional well-being.

I submit that when all facts are considered, if there is any difference in which procedure ought to be accepted, prescribed and performed, it ought to favour the wannabe-amputee transformation over sex-change surgery. In contrast to the latter, it provides exactly what the patient wants, not something that merely looks like it, and is therefore a more successful and effective procedure at the physical level. (To be as successful and effective, transsexual surgery would have to give me a complete and functioning set of male organs.) Leg amputation involves relatively little post-surgical pain compared to other major procedures, as well as brief hospitalisation and relatively short recuperation.

Removal of all or part of an arm imposes even less stress on the recipient's system, with patients often up and walking around only a few hours after the surgery is performed. Amputation is far more cost-effective than gender reassignment, with the total fees for above-knee leg removal being less than five thousand dollars even in an expensive American hospital, a small fraction of the price for a sex change. (The economics might not be quite so favourable in the case of surgery involving the torso, i.e., hemipelvectomy or forequarter amputation, but I have yet to hear of a wannabe desiring such a radical procedure, and cannot imagine one doing so.) As a significant downside, amputation frequently entails phantom pain of varying duration. I doubt many wannabes with a serious interest in pursuing surgery would regard that as other than a reasonable risk, however.

More to the point, amputation can work very effectively as a treatment for the wannabe's obsession. I can attest to this from my own experience as well as that of the aforementioned amputees with whom I have contact. There are also two cases of older men obtaining amputation through self-inflicted shotgun wounds which are well-known in the wannabe-devotee world, and these also experienced favourable results according to published accounts. Such anecdotal evidence does not constitute adequate grounds for doctors to offer a procedure as treatment for any condition, of course, but it should point the way to a more rigorous evaluation under controlled conditions, where the surgery is performed on carefully screened candidates.

Note that I am not suggesting sex-change surgery be abandoned. To the contrary. It continues to be performed because it has shown itself an effective means of bringing transsexuals a measure of tranquillity

and contentment, thereby improving the overall quality of their lives. Rather, I propose that the mental torment undergone by wannabes be recognized as a seriously debilitating condition similar in nature to and as important as transsexualism, and that amputation not be ruled out as a reasonable way to treat it, just as gender reassignment is used to treat transsexuals. If this is done, I have every confidence that wannabes who are likely to benefit from amputation will be properly identified in psychological testing, and that amputation will come to be recognized as a valid therapy for the condition. Should that happen, wannabes will be able to come forward with some hope of finding the contentment they seek, and I believe we will find this is a much more common condition than has heretofore been thought.

The alternative, of course, is to continue the status quo. In that event, I would contend the medical community is guilty of maintaining serious inconsistencies in the way it approaches elective procedures, and of turning a blind eye to the overall well-being of an admittedly small part of the population who now have no legal, safe and effective means of treatment available to them, apparently for no better purpose than the propping up an outdated view of what constitutes necessary surgery. Then, as now, wannabes will be fully entitled to wonder why other major surgeries with no more serious purpose than to confer a desired change in appearance are available on request while our deepest desires and disabling frustrations are regarded as frivolous at best. Then, as now, we will ask the medical community, "Whose body is this, anyway?"

Internet and wannabes

Internet is this large that anything is possible. But most wannabes on this world don't have internet, and as there is almost nothing to find about apotemnophilia in books it'll be for most wannabes still so that they'll be asking themselves all life long the question 'why do I want to amputate a leg? Am I crazy? Am I alone on this world with the idea of getting on the internet and searching for words as amputation, stump, amputee, and then find out quickly there are several sites with major subject being amputation and apotemnophilia. Often you then hear words as 'I thought all my life I was crazy, that I was the only person on this world that wanted an amputation'. On the internet it's also easier as wannabe to make contact with other people who want voluntarily an amputation.

The perfect amputation

Just like the perfect body-image means the wannabe knows which amputation he or she wants there exists also the perfect image of the amputation itself. A large group of wannabes isn't interested in the image of how the stump will look like, but another group about as large thinks about short or long stumps, nicely round shaped or cut of flat.

The perfect amputation can go as far as that when you suggest a wannabe who wants off his left leg 'ok, we want to amputate your leg but then the right one' he'd feel totally unhappy if his right leg would be amputated. The perfect image is really important for an apotemnophile, and will be rarely changed.

What does exist are wannabes who let amputate there under-leg when all their life they wanted an upper-leg amputation,

this because they also think about the fact that living with a simple under-leg amputation will be easier than also missing the knee.

A real amputee can't choose what he or she wants off, that's an accident, often followed by serious pains, totally unwanted. A wannabe tries to get a painless amputation, preferably with as less people as possible knowing of his or her dream.

Many of them will never amputate a limb not even when a surgeon would give them the chance tomorrow, this because some don't want any person to know about their dream, this group will always choose for a self-caused accident or other cause so the outer world will think the amputation was a simple normal necessary surgery.

Not everyone with a wanted amputation is wannabe.

Tattoos and piercings are already applied for years. Since a few years in that world is also a small attraction for amputation, a finger or toe is then amputated not because these people have wannabe-feelings but because they want this small amputation so they can show it off, to show they have courage. In large cities in Europe such as Berlin and Amsterdam such small amputation could be done in tattoo centres.

Besides this phenomenon there are also people who apply self-mutilation and sometimes think about amputation to mutilate themselves in such a way, or want an amputation for themselves caused by previous guilt-feelings.

This makes it difficult for the medical world to find out who is a real wannabe when there exist people who wish amputation as a tattoo or for self-mutilation.

Self-mutilation

Wannabeisme is certainly not self-mutilation, when you find self-mutilation with a wannabe it's in the hope the mutilated body-part will have to be amputated. Unfortunately all over the world wannabes are locked up in psychiatric institutions, often due to self-mutilation, but also often because of misunderstandings by the medical world who don't want to listen to wannabes as they never heard about it, and something new is always difficult to decide about as first person whether wannabeisme is or isn't possible.

Why it hasn't been possible until now is because amputation in medical terms is only possible in cases of emergency, and first of all a limb should be saved before going over to amputation. As an amputee is also disabled, and wannabes are looked at as someone who wants to be disabled it's often difficult to bring up this subject in the medical world.

Decide to quickly.

In England two amputations were done on wannabes. When you look at transsexuality someone who wants a sex-transformation firstly has to undergo during two years psychological and other tests. In the United Kingdom they decided already after a few months of research over the fact that these wannabes could have their amputation.

Isn't this too quick? Wannabeisme is a subject not much is known about, only 1 medical person out of 500 knows something about it, but what it is and why it exists, and what the cause for it is, isn't known. So is it then smart to amputate when people don't know exactly what apotemnophilia is?

On one hand it is, because this medical project in England was also pointed towards learning more about the feelings of a

wannabe, it's obvious the two ex-wannabes who had their amputation now are really happy.

Come forward or stay introvert?

Most apotemnophiles in this world share their deep feelings with no-one, not even family, good friends or wives – husbands know that their man or wife want a limb off. Most keep their deep secret well hidden, this because there is a sort of shame, which is understandable when having these feelings. It's new, and almost nobody would understand. A few wannabes who came forward with their story were made fools of, lost friends and family or got divorced. As long as this image stays a taboo most wannabes can't be open about it.

Wannabeisme, Apotemnophilia, BDD, ???

The oldest term is from 1977 and someone who wanted off a limb was called an apotemnophile. An apotemnophile was seen as someone who wanted off a limb purely out of sexual expectations.

Later other self-invented names as wannabes, wannabeisme, and finally BDD coming from body dysmorphic disorder came up.

According to our researches we did a wannabe isn't completely a BDD-patient, but when you read some of the symptoms of BDD-patients in medical books, we can say that there isn't any wannabe we know until now who watched himself in the mirror every day, something which is mentioned in the explanation of a female psychiatrist from Gent in Belgium who recently wrote an article about it in a magazine.

We prefer to stick with the medical explanation of Dr. J. Money who came up with the name apotemnophilia. When we look at our researches we did written and anonymous with

several wannabes we can say several of them declared they often started to masturbate when they played the game of amputee, and then when they get an orgasm the idea of wanting to be an amputee themselves disappeared for a few hours.

When we ask the same question to wannabes who had their amputation we learn that all ex-wannabes still like it to be an amputee after reaching an orgasm during masturbation.

In your dream to the operating room.

As wannabe you not only think about it during the day, but following our researches many wannabes dream, some daily about the fact of being in an operating room, surrounded by surgeons, and looking at their unwanted limb being amputated. This dream then ends in a nightmare when they wake up and realize it was only a dream. Some wannabes who are now perfectly amputated told us this dream stops after the amputation, when they dream and they see themselves most of them see themselves also in their dream as amputee, and not like they were before.

Stump- or phantom-pain.

When you are a wannabe and you want an arm or leg off, mostly years of self study precede. Most apotemnophiles who go over to action are mostly well informed, most of them done already years of research about amputation and prosthesis, and know very well what they talk about.

When we asked the wannabes who cooperated at our internet-research the question whether they realised that phantom pains and stump pains might never stop we can say 97% of all the answers told us they were very well aware of

that, and these pains wouldn't stop them in their wish for an amputation.

Even if they knew beforehand he or she would have terrible stump pains after the amputation, they'd still want it and go ahead with the plan.

Really perfectly happy after the amputation?

When a wannabe says 'I was totally happy the first day after the amputation', this is almost unbelievable. We asked several ex - wannabes an open question, namely: 'Were you totally happy immediately after the amputation?'. 80 % answered no, only 20% yes. So 1 person out of 5 will be happy as of day one. Remarkable is that the 20% exists of people who hardly had any pain after the amputation, the 80% comes from the group of people who suffered severe phantom pains, their answer to the question what could be the reason they weren't perfectly happy immediately is clearly 'because we didn't ask for this pain'.

When the pain disappeared an ex – wannabe perfect is perfectly happy and he or she will start an adapted life as amputee.

As human you can't force someone to live with you, so our question is if it isn't stupid to let wannabes suffer in their existence, or isn't it better to help them and give them the wanted amputation, it is their life, they have to live with it, when one day a partner decides to live with a wannabe or ex-wannabe this is a positive point for the wannabe, and also a proof that wannabes can get good partners.

We know wannabes who got divorced, but also wannabes who found a perfect relation with a girl or boy who at least tried to understand it.

Do you understand?

Wannabes belong to a world of non-understanding. We asked two question to some Doctors who managed an orthopaedic department in different Academical Hospitals where regularly amputations are done. On the one hand if they knew what wannabes are, on the other hand what they think about it. Unfortunately none of the Doctors could tell us what a wannabe was.

None of them ever heard about it.

When we explained what it was, some of them started laughing, not understanding, others acted as if they understood, but eventually it turned out they thought it was 'crazy'.

Only one Doctor answered us: 'if the medical committee of my hospital decides that the concerning limb has to be amputated, and this is better for the wannabe in question, I'll do the amputation'.

The 'non-understanding has the highest level in this world. It's understandable, you can't find any medical explanation in the medical literature, only the internet is the most open area concerning this subject and as long as this doesn't change most wannabes will have to stay living in a world where they aren't understood.

After this information on wannabes we proceed to some stories of ex – wannabes. Through the internet we got in touch with lots of wannabes who had their dream-amputation. Some of them did terrible things, to become that perfect amputated body.

We start with P1. An older American. For years he dreamt about losing his left leg above the knee, no-one would help him, finally he shot in his knee after which doctors only decided after a few weeks to amputate. P1 now is perfectly happy, and the only thing he regrets is that he only could dream about it for years and had to become this old before he got his wanted amputation.

Regret after the amputation.

The only and biggest regret we found with all wannabes was they had to wait for years for their amputation, regret it couldn't happen earlier.

P2., an ex – wannabe from Europe

P2 is a male ex-wannabe, he lost his leg through a self-caused accident with a formula which made it possible for his limb to be deeply frozen after a few seconds.

After the amputation P2. became a perfectly happy man, he finds it wonderful to be able to wear a prostheses and wouldn't want his leg back for all the money in the world. He had to search for years for a way to loose his leg. No-one in his family or of his friends know about his wannabe-existence. He let us know he'd love it to have too legs off. 'I think an amputation is like a tattoo, you've got one, you like it and you want another...'

More than one amputation

This we heard before, someone is wannabe, wants to get rid of a limb, after certain time he or she wants a second amputation,... where this comes from we don't know, what we know is that all ex-wannabes enjoy enormously their stump and amputation. Has all this to do with a good feeling, is this feeling this good one wants more such feelings, this is not known for the moment.

Consider what you'll still be able to do.

Many wannabes realize an amputation can cause an annoying situation, but still they choose to be amputated..

Many wannabes prepare during their whole life for their future as amputee, also looking forward in making life run smoothly without too much problems. There are even wannabes who adapted their whole home to a life as amputee before they got amputated.

Others decide to choose an amputation which isn't too much annoying in their further life. We heard already about wannabes who chose consciously for a small amputation for convenience in their further life.

A French ex-wannabe always wanted an left upper leg amputation, when he got the chance to get his amputation he decided to amputate his leg under the knee, his answer to us: 'I still wanted to be able to ski'

Start with a toe, end with a leg.

Many wannabes already cut off lots of toes and fingers themselves, despite the fact it wasn't their wanted amputation. Why do they cut off that toe when they want a complete leg off, or why a finger when you want an arm-amputation? This question was also asked to several wannabes who already amputated one or more fingers or toes.

The answer is that most of them already wanted to have the feeling of an amputation, they wanted to know how being amputated felt, and if it really is the feeling as they imagined themselves all life long. Others answered they did it because they really wanted something off, 'better a toe off then nothing at all.'

Collecting body-parts.

Some extreme wannabes who removed a toe or finger kept this amputated body-part. This happens only in rare cases. For most wannabes removing a body-part is far more important than collecting amputated parts. We heard stories about a wannabe who amputated all of his toes and keeps them for years in freezers, we heard other stories about a finger which was kept on strong water.

Often wannabes make photo's of the body-parts they amputate, the reason for that is so they can show others how they did it to amputate a toe or finger, but for some it's also to have a memory of their toe or finger when it was still on their body.

A prosthesis or a wheelchair?

Just like there are preferences for different amputation, or preferences for a short or long stump, there are also preferences concerning the way of living after the amputation. There are apotemnophiles who find a prosthesis very interesting, but others find it an ugly thing, and just want to live on one leg, with two crutches or in a wheel-chair. This is influenced by the preliminary fantasy, and the dream-image one has formed as wannabe.

One wannabe told us: 'Why take a prosthesis when you first have your leg amputated'. With this he meant that it sounded stupid to him to wear a prosthesis, while you choose to be 'one-legged'.

In all our researches on the internet we also asked the question 'What if you knew beforehand you couldn't wear a prosthesis?'

On this question 92% answered they'd still want an amputation, and it didn't bother them they might never be able to walk again. The most important thing is to get the amputation, no matter what happens, no matter how their life would continue afterwards.

The other 8% would only get the amputation when they were certain that after the amputation they could wear a prosthesis.

An amputee in the family?

When we go in deeper on the origin of wannabe-feelings and ask the question 'Are there amputated friends or relatives in your surrounding as wannabe?'

We can establish few wannabes have a relative or friend who got amputated.

So the cause of wannabeisme shouldn't be searched in that direction.

Do there exist pills against wannabe-feelings?

No, there don't exist pills to make think a homosexual that a woman is nicer than a man. You are a wannabe or you aren't, if you are you only have to accept it, there is nothing to do about it, even years of psychiatric incarceration won't hold you from thinking that you'll be much happier as amputee.

Accepting these feelings as wannabe is often the most difficult part. Certainly when you think to be alone on this world with these wannabe-feelings.

Wannabes told us sometimes they tried to put the idea to become an amputee out of their head, but non of them succeeded in doing so, everytime the idea they'd life happier as amputee came back.

Now we're gonna look at the story of P3. an ex – wannabe from Europe who crossed a lot of waters before getting his amputeed body. Maybe this story explains how deep wannabe-feelings are.

... It all started when I was seven. In my class was a girl named Helen. One day the teacher entered the class and announced 'Helen is in hospital, she had a leg amputated' At that moment I got a strange inner feeling, as a seven year old I thought about how she would look like on one leg, how she was lying there in the hospital, and I realized I was jealous.

At night when I came home and was lying in my bed I couldn't think about anything else then Helen, I also wanted to loose a leg, and what came mostly in my mind was the question 'why isn't it me who's lying there in the hospital with one leg off?'

That's how it all started, after a while, as I grew to adultery, I started to do more research towards amputation. I discovered more about different amputation-techniques, but never something about the fact why I wanted a leg off.

I got married in 1989, and never told my wife about the fact I had wannabe-feelings. I was enormously shamed over de fact I wanted off my left leg above my knee, and at that moment I wanted nobody to know about having this dream.

When I was 22 years old I found in a book that sometimes limbs were tied. I took an elastic ligature, and cut of my arteries for hours, in a way I was rolling around out of pain.

Meanwhile I had been since I was 12 several times with my leg in plaster. In total about 20 times. I always found a method so they had to plaster it. I did this because I liked the feeling not being able to move my leg enormously.

When I was married a few years, and I was about 25 years old I decided to apply another method. I also found in a medical book that freezing could lead to amputation.

In the basement at home stood a large freezer, I decided to hold my calf against the freezer-wall for a few hours.

After a while my calf got really red, after two days it was black and dead.

I didn't tell my wife what I had done, I told everybody I didn't knew how it happened, it was suddenly there.

At arrival in the hospital they asked whether I got in contact with dangerous products, but I never told the truth.

After two weeks of hospital my leg was still on my body, only my calf was as good as amputated, and a few strips of new skin were attached.

The most horrible moment was when I woke up and found out all my troubles went through were for nothing, and that stupid leg was still on my body.

Indirectly I tried to talk about it with my wife, I often asked her about amputation, whether she would stay with me if ever I lost a leg.

When I was 26, I got internet. I found medical texts about wannabeisme, I discovered I wasn't the only person in the world who wanted to loose an arm or a leg. This feeling gave me new courage to continue my search for perfection.

One day I decided to write anonymously to two well known orthopedic surgeons, with a short explanation and a request to meet at a certain place with me. Off course neither of them showed up.

I thought that now I discovered on the internet I wasn't the only wannabe, I could tell it to my wife, I printed out the medical texts I found, and gave them to her as proof. I told her I was like that, that I wanted my leg off for years. We didn't talk much about it, it was hard to believe for her, her husband was an apotemnophile.

After several conversation it came to the fact she didn't want me to amputate a leg, but I could have amputated a small toe.

I informed my doctor who came to hour home almost for 14 years, and of course he turned pale when I told him with what feelings I was walking round already for years. At first it looked all very unbelievable, as well to him as to my wife, no-one would talk to me about it, and that was just what I wanted, someone who wanted to listen to me. That time I had a good friend, i told him I was apothemnophile, and without thinking he told me it had something to do with amputation, he studied and knew the meaning of the word apotemno, and started to realize I really wanted off a leg. He answered me: 'I should have known this already'. During all our

friendship he saw me often enough make drawings about amputees, or in school when we were in the same class, saw me sitting in the wheel-chair of the nurses' class and that I really liked to roll around in it through the corridors.

But I didn't get much help from him, he understood, but when I tried to talk about it in later meetings it was often that he asked not to talk about those wannabe-things.

Good, I had the approval from my wife to amputate a toe, a small toe, by freezing it, so they had to amputate my toe, it was better then nothing, so I decided to start looking on the internet more information about toe-amputations.

On that occasion I encountered a German wannabe, who amputated himself ten toes. He told me how easy it was to cut off a toe yourself without pain or danger.

One night I decided I couldn't wait any longer, for years I wanted an amputation, the moment to get off that small toe had arrived. While my wife was sleeping I went down to the bathroom carefully. Once there I assembled all the materials needed to get rid of that toe.

Ice from the freezer would anaesthizise my toe so I wouldn't feel any pain. And yes, the more ice I put on my little left-toe, the more it got sleepy. After about ten minutes the toe was asleep and I realized it would never ever 'wake up' again. This alone was already a wonderfull feeling for me. I took a cutter, and cut through my toe, at the place I wanted it off, just above the fold.

It was like cutting through butter.

A few moments later I noticed the toe turning white, only connected with my foot by bones, and started to feel cold. Now I realized that when I cut through the bones I really would have amputated a toe.

A few moments later the bone was cut through and I had my little toe in my hand. I tied up the wound, just as the wannabe on the internet told me, and cleaned up the small amount of blood that was left. I made a note for my wife so she knew why I wouldn't be at home for a while, and left to get rid of the toe. I threw him in a river not far away from home.

When the sun came up I returned to home, and told my wife what I did that night. Even though she told me before I could have a toe amputated, she wasn't really happy now. She never thought I'd be strong enough to amputate myself.

Nu besefte ik dat wanneer ik nu het gebeente zou doorsnijden echt een teen zou afhebben.

The small toe-amputation healed soon. Afterwards I only regretted I didn't feel my toe was off.

I decided to amputate another toe, this time without consent of my wife. I thought that when this time I'd cut off my big toe I would be able to enjoy the feeling of amputation. It was during the day, my wife wasn't at home, everything was ready again in the bathroom, and I decided to cut off my left big toe. This went even easier than the small toe I did before. I got in the car, went to a friend, who studied nursery and I got to know better and who understood me and tried to listen to my wannabe-feelings.

I didn't dare to tell it to my wife myself, so I asked her to come with me and tell my wife what I cut off this time.

After the necessary explanations I went to lie on my bed so the bleeding would stop finally, but it didn't stop and soon I realized I had to go to the hospital.

On arrival there my family doctor already called to give the necessary explanations, but despite that it wasn't nice knowing the whole department and medical staff knew I had cut off my toe myself.

The other day I was that tired of it I got in my pajama's in my car and drove home. I enjoyed my big-toe-amputation enormously, it was a wonderful feelings, but I realized I still wanted my leg off.

I tried to get my friends to understand it, but later I heard from others they were laughing at me behind my back. My wife also got tired hearing me talk about amputation all day long, that tired we decided to get divorced.

This was hard for me. I really loved her, I trusted her, and I shared my deepest secret with her hoping we could talk about it as man and wife. When you get married you promise to be there for each other in good and in bad times, but that wasn't the case now.

When I lived alone in my rented apartment I got more and more in contact with the other friend who listened to me, not that she approved of someone wanting his leg off for 'fun', but at least she paid attention to it. We fell in love and kept coming more and more.

One day I went to the bathroom and amputated two other toes, the day after that I amputated also the middle toe. My girlfriend who actually had to go to school stayed with me during this period with infernal pains I had to go through that week.

Afterwards, with a foot without toes the feeling was enormously nice, I felt great, but yet I couldn't get rid of the dream to live one-legged.

Now I was getting divorced, and lived alone, I decided to carry on with my plan, no-one could stop me, not even the idea my son would have a one-legged father. I tried the freezer again and froze my leg again, and decided to inject a self-made infection of sputum, death flies and other garbage into my leg.

I only got sick, and my doctor only would give me painkillers, and wouldn't do anything else.

After being at home for a month, with a leg that stank because of died tissue, and infernal pains, my doctor phoned me and said he wouldn't subscribe me other painkillers.

I started yelling at him and an hour later seven police-agents came to get me at home, at first I thought to bring me to an hospital to operate the calf again, but no, they brought me to a madhouse.

There they told me I was collocated, I didn't have any rights as human being, and I was some kind of state-property without any rights.

The first night I could 'sleep' in a cell that stayed open, all other rooms were taken. I sat between crazy people who thought about nothing else than suicide, drugs and alcohol.

Behind 'bars' I realized the day after my parents-in-law came to talk to the nurses. I was locked up between four walls, no fresh air, only fools beside me who wanted to be death.

I slept in a room with an old fool who was one-hundred percent certain he had millions hidden under his pillow, and he had to guard it all night long. My lawyer came to visit me, I was so hard drugged I didn't recognize him and asked 'who are you?'

He told me it wouldn't be easy to get me free, and if he wouldn't succeed I'd have to stay there at least a month. On the forms made by the psychiatrists stood all lies, according to them I was someone who thought about nothing else but suicide and self-mutilation. It was terrible hearing this, knowing I didn't want to die, I only wanted a leg off.

Meanwhile they decided to get me to an Academical Hospital, for an operation on my leg. The surgeon there

was very unfriendly, he even said mockingly 'wouldn't you rather have your leg amputated?'

I told him I smoked, but he answered that during my stay there I wasn't allowed to leave the room.

I knew I couldn't cope such a situation. My case came up in court a few days later, and when I would stay there it would only get postponed, and then I should stay even longer in that madhouse.

I decided to escape, pretended to go to the toilet, but run through the hallway like crazy, fled the hospital and lifted without anything to a town about 80 kilometers from the hospital.

There I decided to go to my girlfriend, I called first my ex-wife. She begged me to return to the hospital, because the cops got my son from school and were certain she knew where I was.

I called the family-doctor, he who had me incarcerated, and I declared they could come and pick me up, on the condition my wife would get our son back, I didn't have to be locked up in a cell, and my trial came up a few days later.

That happened and on the trial, my wife was sitting next to me, the judge in front of me, beside him my doctor and beside him the crazy psychiatrist.

My lawyer talked about the fact that transsexuals also want an amputation, and that amputating a penis isn't less severe then wanting a leg off. He also said that they would let me free if I'd visit voluntarily a psychiatrist.

The most important point though was that the date of my collocation was a day later than when the police-agents came to get me. This made that I had been locked up one day too much.

That night I got a phone from the psychiatrist. He told me I won the case and could leave his hospital immediately. I couldn't believe my ears, the worst week in my life was finally over. At home I broke out in tears. I was a free man again, a free man hurt terribly by his doctor whom I trusted and knew for fourteen years, a man who promised me never to change my wannabe-feelings.

And still I decided to keep him as doctor.

Some time later I went to visit the psychiatrist to whom the lawyer promised I would keep visiting him. This psychiatrist told me he thought that internetting was some kind of sect, and internet was the cause of me continuing my plans to get rid of my leg. I always kept saying I didn't want to loose my leg anymore, just to get rid of him.

Meanwhile I got to know on the internet a doctor who was wannabe himself, and explained to me how easy it is to paralyze a leg with only local anesthesia.

The psychiatrist told me in the meantime I wasn't a wannabe anymore, and didn't have to continue going to the sessions.

One month later I was in a neighboring country, visiting that wannabe-doctor who put my leg asleep with one simple injection.

Afterwards I drove back home, but the wish for an amputation was that big I cut in the stump of my big toe while my leg was sleeping, so I couldn't get home.

I realized this was the perfect chance to become a real leg-amputee, I realized that if I just went home I wouldn't be able to get this chance a second time.

I returned at night, bleeding, back to that doctor's house, and as my leg was still under anesthesia, the

doctor closed the stump again. I begged him to help me, to give me a plan so I could finally lose my leg.

I thought up a fake accident, found a nice place where I could do my amputation.

The evening the amputation was planned I returned to his house, and again my left leg was put asleep.

When leaving the house I broke my ankle but just continued walking. I realized it was the last time I felt my foot.

On the place of the accident I chopped off my own foot with a hammer, three minutes later my foot was off. I took it in my hands, kissed it and said 'you'll never come back on my body'.

I hid the tools I used to get rid of my foot in a horrible way.

A few moments later in hospital I told another story, and made everyone believe I had an accident. Fortunately everyone believed me, and the next day I woke up with my left leg amputated under the knee. Finally I reached my goal, or at least for a large part. My dream had always been to lose a leg above the knee, but before I went abroad to set up this fake accident my family doctor told me he never wanted to see me with an upper-leg amputation, this because walking would become very difficult.

So for fear to be locked up again, I didn't go farther than an amputation below the knee.

Soon I got a prosthesis, and soon I learned to walk again. It felt great to go through life on one leg, but the knee really was still too much. Of course I couldn't invent another accident, it would be too obvious. A new plan was thought off. I decided to go to several surgeons in my own country and tell them I had terrible stump-pains and pains in my left knee.

The third surgeon believed me. And only two days later I was in the operating room and heard the sweet noise of the saw who would amputate my left leg completely for ever.

After the amputation I immediately went home. I had what I wanted for years, a real left upper leg amputation, and decided to recover at home. A new life started for me, a life as amputee, a man on one leg.

Looking at it later, I had to go through hell, and did many dangerous things, before I got what I wanted. The sorry thing about it is that I didn't lose a leg when I was seven years old, and had this wannabe feeling for the first time. This feeling of amputation I wanted to have many years before. It feels just the way I always imagined, and I enjoy it daily. It's very nice when I try to move my leg that is no longer there, and luckily won't come back.

I feel sorry for the others, other wannabes who want what I always wanted, most of them will never get what I got, and most of them aren't that strong to do what I did, which is understandable.

Most of all I'm furious at the medical world for their lack of comprehension, and because it is their fault I had to do all this to myself, when there was acknowledgement or no taboo I shouldn't have done those things to myself which almost cost me my life.

I don't regret what I did. I enjoy every day of my new life, and I hope other wannabes will also get what they want.

Does every wannabe want to loose a limb?

No, there are different kinds of wannabes. The largest group of wannabes exists of people who want to loose a limb, but on the other hand there are also wannabes who feel more attracted towards braces or wheel-chairs, and prefer to be paralysed or so.

Feelings through internet.

We didn't only do researches. During time we received several messages of wannabes who wanted to stay anonymously, but still wanted to talk about their feelings through e-mail. Here follow a few of those hundred mails we received.

Wannabe 1:

I am a wannabe, and I have been experimenting with foot sculpture, i.e. amputate a whole toe here and one joint there. I'm down to 3 whole toes left. The two big toes and 2nd toe on left foot.

When you go above the knee, it is good to have an amputation under complete medical supervision. Doctors in Demo Republic of Congo have not been paid in months. And they are underpaid...

Can you travel to good old Leopoldville and visit some doctors. Bring money. (Currency) Maybe money will speak.

If you go to the Sudan, maybe you could steal something and become a victim of the Sharia or Holy Rules of the Koran. They cut off hands of thieves. Maybe you can deal directly with a doctor.

Origin: Internet 11 Augustus 1997

Wannabe 2:

I will give you some suggestions. First in orders to save yourself risk and possible psychiatric ramifications; you do not have to amputate your leg yourself, you merely have to damage it in such a way that amputation is an alternative...

Let the surgeons do it for you in the comfort and convenience of a hospital. Just to theorize... if you take a razor blade and sever your Achilles tendon just above the insertion into the calcaneus bone you will be unable to rise up on your toes, and will have a permanent limp, and after a few weeks of walking around on it, it will be permanently ruined. The muscle at the back of your leg will wither from non-use in a short time, four weeks or so... The cut can be made where the skin of your heel is tough and relatively nerve free. It is almost completely painless and bloodless, and the small cut, it needed not be more than one half to three-quarters of an inch wide, will heal up very quickly on its own.

Make sure though that the tendon is severed completely. After this is healed up, sever the anterior tibialis tendon on the front of the foot in the same manner... this is the large tendon visible on the top of the foot, also painless... be careful... lots of blood vessels, sever tendon only. Walk around on it for four weeks or so, and you will have permanently damaged leg. Your foot will flop around uncontrollably at the bottom of your withered leg. The surgical alternative you may request at that time is amputation at whatever level you wish. Two small painless cuts and you are on your way... Just a hypothetical scenario.

Origin: Internet, 12 Augustus 1997.

Wannabe 3:

... I love my 'modified body' ... I truly love being an amputee...

Origin: Internet, 8 Augustus 1997.

Wannabe 4:

I am a wannabe living in south Africa, I have already amputated both my little toes. Since then I amputated the first joint of the toe next to my little toe on my right foot.

Then I amputated the toe next to my big toe on my left foot at the second joint, which became infected and I went to the hospital and they did a re- amputation. Next one will be my big toe...

Origin: Internet, 25 December 2000.

Wannabe 5:

I am extremely attracted to female amputees and I would love to have my left leg amputated above the knee. I am not a weird person at all but I feel that it would be hard to convince most people. Any one who wants to become an amputee is crazy, not ? NO !

It 's not like it 's wannabes fault for being obsessed there really is no explanation for it, it just happens. I don't know why, but I think about being an amputee every single day and each day it seems that life as a non-amputee is worse. I think more people need to talk about it because my guess is there are more wannabes

than people think. Maybe one day there will be a surgeon able to do voluntary amputations at everyone's locality. It 's better to do it safely than to try self-amputation. Surgeons should understand that.

Origin: Internet, December 2000.

Wannabe 6:

When I was 5 – 6 years old I saw for the first time a woman who was amputee. She did not have any legs above the knees. I felt drawn to her, not out of pity, but admiration and envy. I know that one day, I want to be an amputee. I learn that I love the feeling of helplessness. The absence of one arm and leg would be a fantasy come true.

Origin: Internet, December 2000.

This were only a few words from wannabes, but daily on the internet hundreds of e-mails and messages to other wannabes, medical people and others are send.

Through www.ampulove.com we did research towards wannabes, and asked them to describe as accurate as possible their feelings, with explanation why they wanted to get amputated a limb.

Through these words of wannabes we can clearly notice how severe and deep wannabe-feelings can go, how hard it has to be to go through life as non-amputee. The very first question we asked was.

'How bad do you want to be an amputee?'

On this question follow a few answers given by wannabes.

- I would certainly give 5 years of lifetime to be one – legged and would pay a great deal of money to do it while I can still enjoy it.
- I would pay 20.000 DM for both legs amputated if I could find a doctor that would amputate my hand and forearm. I would pay just about anything. If I could figure out a way to stage an accident that would not be too life threatening I would do it today.
- I would give just about anything to become an amputee. I would pay any amount of money, or even give up my entire lifestyle.
- I'm trying to find a save way to have my arms amputated, but also a reason to tell the people around who never may know it was a which. I have tried a lot of ways already, but a lot I am not able to do because the risk of death or that I will be put togheter again by medicals, I am not rich, but if I had to sell my house for it I did it at once.
- I give my soul !!!
- I would be willing to give up my marriage and friends to become an amputee. It is all I have thought about for most of my life.
- I wanted my amputation so bad that I would and could have died for it. I had a train take my leg above the knee, and I don't recommended it, but that is how bad I wanted it. (NO, I needed it !). I am also multiple finger and toe amputee of the one leg I have left. Now I am an happy man, I am whole.

- I have this desire to have an amputation and want it more than anything else that I can think of. I would give just about anything if somehow this could come about. I have always wanted to have this done and always will until it comes about.

The second question we asked was:

'Why you want to become an amputee?'

Some of the answers we received:

- I am fascinated by the different way in which amputees need to carry themselves, the different way they are viewed by society. I believe it would make me a stronger person.
- It's a condition that I have had since I was a child and having an amputation is the only way to fulfil my desire. I wouldn't want to change this condition because it gives me fulfilment and something I want out of life.
- I have always want to be helpless, and I know it's not the meaning that I should have limps, only 4 short stumps.
- It's just something I want to fulfil my needs in life.
- I love the look, the feel and the way it makes me feel. It makes me feel whole, as if thought I should have been born this way.
- It is something I need to do, hard to explain.

- The first time that I saw an amputee, I just knew. I saw her stumps and became entrapped. I knew that that is what I wanted more than anything. I love the idea of being different than others and the attention that goes with it. It makes me feel very special.
- I don't need those parts.
- I want to play with my own stumps.
- When I was a child there was a man who lived next door who only had one arm. I would stare at him and wonder what life must be like to only have one arm. I would fantasize about having an arm amputated, then it wasn't enough. I began fantasizing about having both arms off, below the elbows. This has always intrigued me and I sometimes pretend to have no hands.
- I want to present my stump. I want my wife to touch my stump during sex. I want to talk about my amputation with strangers. I want to be handicapped.

Apotemnophilia is strive after perfection. Every person has a certain image of himself. People who want to loose weight, you want to look at your best, or in this case you really want an arm or leg-amputation to look better, in the way you see yourself, and to feel good internal.

An American woman whom we know for years now through the internet wants to loose her both legs for years.

Her words: 'When I get the chance to get one leg amputated I wouldn't do it, I want to loose both legs, both of them at the same day'.

Stories straight from the hart.

Many wannabes tried to express their feelings, expectations and lives through stories. Here are some of those stories:

Story 1:

As long as I remember I have wanted to be an amputee. it all started one day when I was about 10 years old. I saw an older boy swimming and he was missing his right leg above the knee. At that point I became curious and ever since my desire to be one has increased to the point where it now is a happiness and energy robbing disability in itself. For myself, I want to be a RAK amputee with only a short stump. I can't explain why I want it, only that I want to experience the feeling of having a stump. I have talked with many people on this subject but have yet to talk with anyone who has successfully achieved their goal of becoming an amputee and how it changed their life, if it made them happy and more productive. There are many claims in cyberspace that people have achieved such goals - but where are all these people. Why do they seem so invisible. Are they so embarrassed by what they've done that they don't want to talk. Why don't they come out and tell the rest of us wannabe either they "Yes, it was worth it" or "NO, Don't do it"? After one amputation do they desire more and more amputations or are they satisfied with only one, etc? My guess is that they are happy with their own transformations, but just don't want to be involved in something as dangerous as removing ones own limb. After all, if they were unhappy as amps, they would more likely be trying to dissuade wannabes from achieving their goals. I have tried to justify becoming an amp by choice in my mind and have come to the

following conclusions;
1) In my opinion, regardless of the guilt of causing myself to become an amputee - I think I would ultimately be happier than I am now, however;
2) I believe that it is totally immoral and unethical to perform such an extreme act to myself
So where do I go from here? I am approaching 30 years of age and my desire seems to increase with age. Do I live my life unsatisfied as an unhappy AB person or do I do something about my situation? I wish somebody could help me.,

Story 2:

After having believed for over forty years that I was the only person in the world who sought to have her long legs shortened, I feel blessed to have discovered that there are other wannabes on this planet. For so long, I thought myself to be some "freak" because who, in their "right" mind, would seek to become DAK? My earliest memory of knowing that I wanted to be DAK escapes me: the desire has always been with me. I don't recall ever having actually seen a DAK until I was in my teens, so I can't claim a childhood sighting. It is simply who I am although no one else can see my short legs except me. It is so frustrating, so aggravating, to continue in this legged body. I feel like a fraud having legs. They hide the stumps that I long to see and have always felt. And my stumps have been hidden for too long.

Look, this is no different from a woman who wants a breast reduction or breast implants, a woman who seeks a more slender nose, or a woman who has a face lift; all are seeking their own definition of beauty. Mine just happens to encompass amputation of both my legs.

And, no, I can't "explain" it: it simply IS who I am. Only "who I am" right now is a very frustrated wannabe DAK who, although she prizes greatly her safety, is almost to the point of doing something risky. I don't want to die, I want to live as the woman I am. And this is getting more and more difficult to do. I've had countless dreams, wonderful dreams, where I am DAK, doing the most everyday things, so happy, so complete, possessing the body that I have always known was mine. Upon awakening and finding my legs still long, I have actually wept at times with the deep sadness of loss; loss of my real form for the one I am forced to occupy.

Please, Dear Reader, if know of a way for me to achieve my transformation, please respond to my email address. Please

Story 3:

I was reading a lot about "body modifications" and I've seen a lot of pictures on websites. For me it seemed to be great to be modified. So I wanted to do it myself. First I wanted to do a circumcision with a scissor. I stood in my bathroom with my penis and my scrotum in the wash-hand basin. I started to cut, but it caused too much pain and I stopped the procedure. Luckily I had a day off, so I could wrap my penis into a lot of bandages and lay me down into my bed. Poor coward. After my foreskin had healed I started interesting in amputations. It never crossed my mind to think about amputation of a leg or any bigger limb. Hey, I still need to walk. I must say, that I like pictures of amputees, and I like pictures of arms without hands, but how should I do my work with one hand and how can I explain my mum, that I now only have one hand. Lost it in an accident? Forget

it. I was much too scared to cut off my hand because of the bleeding and of losing too much blood. So I decided to cut off a smaller limb. A toe. That's nice and easy. And no one (mum) can see, when I wear socks. So I went to a do-it-yourself market and I bought a hammer and a tool, that has a long metal body with a sharp edge on the lower end and a wooden top (it's something, that a carpenter uses when he works with wood. I don't know the English name of the tool right now). Two days later I went into my shower and sat down on the edge. I have put an old catalogue into the shower tub. I used some loudspeaker cable to tie up my future toe stump and some ice cubes to anaesthetize my toe. I was very scared that I will only break the bone. That will cause no amputation, but a lot of pain. After I tested that I don't feel anything in my tip of the toe, I put the tool at a position in the middle of the joint under the nail. I still felt no pain, but my heart was pounding like crazy. I lifted the hammer and then let it fall down. My upper toe part was nearly off. It was just hanging on some skin. I was cutting it totally off with another hit with the hammer.

I put the rest of my toe on the edge of the tub and let water flow over my toe stump, the tub and the walls and everywhere where blood was. For a moment I felt sick and there was heavy rustling noise in my ears. I was bleeding like hell. I took a lot of tissue, bandages and finally a towel. Then I robbed by sitting on my ass into the living room. I laid down on the couch. After a long time I lifted the towel and all the bandages are wet and red of blood. I looked at my toe. The blood was pumping out of the wound and suddenly a little fountain came out of it and the blood landed directly at my white wall. Thank you. I found now sleep that night, because I was too excited and the pain was immense. The next days I spent on my couch and I was moving only by

robbing over the ground with keeping the food up in the air. And every time I did that I felt a pounding feeling in my toe. After a couple of days I was in my bathroom to clean it up. It looked like after a ritual massacre. I put my white and bloodless rest of my toe which I had laid on the tub's edge into a bin liner where all my rubbish was in. My former body part felt strange in my hand and it was disgusting. I went out to throw the bag into the trashcan in front of my house. I never wanted to see my tip of toe again.

I did that during my holidays and when I had to get back to work I used different pairs of Birkenstock-sandals, because when I started to sweat in my sport shoes the healing stopped and a lot of the water came out of the wound flew into my socks. When the pain was too much, I used some moisturizing cream to make the wound's crust smooth again. So I could walk with less pain. The negative side of this is, that the wound will produce more liquid which will go directly into your socks and your shoes. But after three month the wound has almost healed. I don't regret it, because I love my little stump which still needs some care. Next summer everybody can see it -except my parents (what will they think of me?!)- when I wear my sandals without socks. So if you think about an amputation of any limb, be sure you have detergent at home you can remove blood from your carpet with and remember: It hurts, very much bleeding, pain, do it in summer, be an owner of some Birkenstock shoes, have enough pairs of socks, be patient (healing can take long), ask yourself if you will need your limb in future (hand, leg, arm, foot). And if you want do it, you should better amputate two toes or more at the same time. The pain is the same and all problems, too. Maybe I will cut off another toe, but I still remember the time of pain and blood. So I guess it will take a time, until I will do it again. But I'm sure I will do it

one day. My dream is to have all toes totally amputated. But I think this should be done by a professional. If you should know one, please mail me.

Story 4:

Do you trust people ?

When I found out my wannabe feelings, I mean the day I found out that I was not the only wannabe on this world I started to talk to friends and family about my desire to become an amputee... Well they told me ' no problem'.. I told them how bad I felled myself, how much i wanted to become an amputee, how important it was to be the person who I am now... but in reality I had better keep my mouth completely closed. Why ? Every friend I had, every family that I had disappeared after the day I became a successful wannabe. I don't know what wannabes do wrong, in my eyes NOTHING. But some people really think that wannabes are completely nuts, well If it is bad to want a happy live, and to want your body like you want, ... there is nothing wrong with.

I can say only one thing to wannabes.... even when you are 100 % sure that you can trust your family and friends about your feelings, please don't tell them.... NOBODY understand the wannabe-feelings if you don't know how hurtful those feelings are. It is completely the same as with transsexuals...

Trust only yourself, and think clear about becoming an amputee

Story 5:

Hi, I have had these wannabe feelings since I was a kid, at first I desired to lose a foot, then anything below the knee, then above and now at 36 I lust for even a HD. The feelings are very intense, at times I really feel like screaming when I know I want this and see no way of achieving it in a safe way.

When I see amputees I am filled with envy and desperation because it is not me. And sadly those certainly would give an eye (no pun intended) to have their limb back.

There have been times when it seems that the feeling subsides but it is always there until it comes back again in full force. Sometimes I day dream while I walk on the way to work, on certain days I even stay in bed for hours (4!!!) just sleeping it and imagining myself as an amputee (I am very creative too).

As a kid I used to pretend by folding my leg in my trousers with a belt. I used to do it when I was home alone, but other times I would even do it when the maid was at home, of course I would lock myself in my bedroom. Even did it as a teenager. I don't pretend anymore because I feel ashamed, and not that I am being paranoid but it almost feels as if my ancestors were watching from above, so I refrain from pretending. I never dared going public but fancied that too, kind of difficult if you are a man :)

Many times I have also wished to break my leg so that it would put me in crutches. I feel this not only would give an approximate feeling of what it is not to have 'full' use of your leg but also help better (by practice and not analysis) understand the burdens and challenges. So yes, I see it as a challenge, I don't want to be disabled in a way that would render me unable to

perform my duties as a productive member of society, much less depend on somebody else. I have always been independent and have been abroad on my own for about 15 years.

Being in self exile would almost be helpful in achieving this one way or another but it seems all ways have serious risk of other injuries and even death. What methods have I tried? I have cut the circulation for long periods but someday I was told that that can lead to deadly blood clots so there goes one... I have considered shattering my knee beyond repair, infecting my leg by injecting a substance, and various other methods such as traffic accidents. I am on the train station every day and as the train come I always try to study its 'dynamics' and imagine what would happen if I really put my leg on the railway tracks, nevertheless I know this is a very very dangerous method which I don't expect trying even in my harshest moment of despair. I would like to become an amputee 'soon' as I want to experience it while I am still young.

Story 6:

If I were to become an amputee, I would want to be a hipdis. To me, the perfection of a whole body with only one leg is quite amazing. To see a hipdis walk on crutches with no movement at all from a stump is bliss in motion.

A hipdis hops naturally, in a body made for hopping, without any flapping stump.

Dressed in a suit or jacket and trousers, there would be no sign below the coat of the missing leg, because I would have my trousers tailored firmly round my body, with no empty leg to come loose.

I would want to look as if I was born without a leg, and

that was my normal and admirable mode.
One day, perhaps?

Storyl 7:

A lot of... Well... I don't know How to start this story, but I am really disappointed in a lot of people, medical people, wannabes, devotees, etc... the reason is because none of them is not complete open to others. When I was 7 years old my wannabe-feelings started, In my whole life I did a lot of stupid things to become an amputation, and finally after years of hard fighting, a lot of stupid dangerous things, I became a sak amputee. Well in short terms I want to explain people that 'being an amputee' is not like you dream about it before you become an amputation, no certainly not. A lot of ex wannabes says: "It is soooo great, just such a good feeling !!!"

Well indeed, it isn't a bad feeling a complete leg of, and it feels nice, and certainly special, BUT do you really think that you can still do EVERYTHING after your amputation ? Be sure that EVERY wannabe have regret sometimes after his amputation.

The only problem they have is that they are ashamed to talk about it, to say in open 'Yes I better was off with two legs then with one leg'...

It really hurt me a lot all those lies of people.... for sure the English case, those medical idiots decide of people or they may have an amputation or not after a few months and a few visits with psychiatrists.... and they don't know anything about them. Look at transsexual people, it is well known, and they need to go sometimes YEARS to psychiatrists, before a surgeon will do

anything, and in that stupid project in England, one or two medical visits, and 3 - 6 months later, ...hook your leg of, without knowing what they do... stupid fools !!! Well I have about what I dreamed my whole live, and there is no way back, and ok, sometimes I really enjoy it to be one legged, but dear people, there are days that I wish that I could turn back the clock.

If you are a wannabe, reading this, don't believe every word of others, no, just please keep trying to enjoy the 'play' of a wannabe, and not to become a wannabe, ..there can be the possibility that you will be damaged for your live long... without any way back.

Story 8:

Life would be much better if I was a left below elbow amputee. I am positive of that. Every time I wrap my hand tightly in an ace bandage and slip it into my socket and shrug the harness into place, and open my hook, I know without a doubt I want to be an amputee. My self image goes up so high, that I feel like a different person. I feel "right" somehow. Let me tell you about a real pretending adventure and maybe you will understand a little better why life would be better with a hook. I pulled the truck into the roadside rest area away from the other cars. I opened the gym bag sitting next to me and pulled out my left arm and hook. This last socket and harness although still homemade is the best yet. It is very strong and the cable and harness move smoothly. The shiny stainless steel 5x hook catches a glint of sunlight through the window. I wrap my hand tightly with an ace bandage and pull a stump sock on that ends just above my elbow. I push my "stump" into the socket and reach behind my back with my right

hand and stick it through the harness loop. I shrug it all on and open the hook to make sure it is all in place and working. Then I put on a long sleeve "new western" shirt and my Stetson cowboy hat. I get out of the truck and walk into the restroom feeling the looks of the people nearby. Entering a stall and closing the door, I unzip my pants and tuck in my shirt. (it is much easier here than in the truck....) Now I am really ready. As I walk out, I catch a glimpse of myself in the mirror and realize again that I look like I am a real amputee...exactly the way I want to be.

The short drive on into the city brings me to my first stop. I go into the McDonalds and order my favourite...two regular cheeseburgers, fries, and a Coke. I can eat all of this easily with a hook. I pay the cashier handing her the money with my hook, and accepting the change in my real hand. Carrying the tray to my seat, I again feel the looks and enjoy the satisfaction of using my hook well. Sitting down I reach up with my hook and remove my hat. I eat every French fry with my hook...just for practice.

Walking out to my truck, I pull my Copenhagen can from my shirt pocket, snap it with my real hand, hold it in my hook, and open it...I transfer the open can to my hand and just to prove I can do it, get a big dip in my hook and put it in my mouth. I knew when I could put in a dip of Copenhagen with my hook, I was ready for just about anything.

My next stop is the mall. I enjoy walking the mall and having people stare at my hook. I realize they might be looking at more than the hook....with me in my Black Stetson and black lizard boots.....I like to use my hook to wave at people or point.....I think a hook should be well used, not hidden away in a pocket. I make several purchases from shops where the people who work there only know me as an amputee. I am convinced on

this trip, that one young lady is a devotee. After a few hours in the mall I am ready for a good beer, so I make a stop at a sports bar close by that I go to every once and a while...again only as an amputee....the bartender waves as I sit down and I tip my hat with my hook. Holding a cold Coors bottle in my hook is one of my most favourite things to do. So far, I have found nothing during the day that I can't do wearing a hook. It makes me feel good having spent many hours practicing...as I tip the bottle up and see that awesome shiny hook, I know without a doubt that life would be so much better with a hook.

Story 9:

NOT A "WANNABE" OR "PRETENDER" BUT A "CUDDABEEN"

It was about the age of 8 or 9 (maybe earlier) that I began to have an obsessive curiosity for women/girls with disabilities. I was absolutely fascinated with them and attracted to them in the extreme. To narrow it even further, I especially like women/girls with limb-deficiencies. I fantasized at great lengths about how it might be to talk with them, know them, and be allowed to examine and fondle their disabled parts. (this has not abated through the years either)

My first arousing (and what I would call erotic) encounter happened about age 10 when the pretty young mother of a schoolmate came to our 4th grade class to show some home movies. The schoolmate had cautioned the class the day before that her mother had been born minus her left hand and wrist. I don't remember anything about the content of the home movies because I was completely enraptured with

scrutinizing every movement she made as she deftly operated the projector with her right hand and left forearm stump. That was a sensual awakening for me, before puberty. My obsession with limb-deficiencies is almost primal! I can scarcely look back and never remember when I was not fascinated.

An accident I had at age 11 gave great impetus to this behaviour. I fell from a piece of playground equipment from quite high up and landed on my right arm. The impact practically tore my right forearm off. The humerus had broken off above the elbow joint; the joint itself was shattered in 4 pieces and turned inside out. The wrist was broken in 2 places. My arm was attached only by the skin and flesh at the back of my elbow. When I staggered to my feet, I held my right arm straight out to examine it because I could not feel it, due to nerve trauma. Witnesses said my forearm swung vertically like a pendulum and from my vantage point all I could see was a bleeding stump with the white humerus bone protruding out. In horror, I thought I had really torn my arm off because I could not see it or feel it! I finally located and steadied my flopping right forearm with my left arm and what an eerie feeling because I had absolutely no sensation from my elbow down to my fingers! I spent 3 weeks in the hospital and went through several surgeries. At one point I came within just a couple of days of having my arm amputated because of a raging infection brought on by tanbark getting jammed into the compound fracture wound. I was a "guest" amputee for almost a year because I could neither bend my arm nor move it much because of nerve trauma. However, I did eventually recover almost full-use of my right arm. That was a frightening time for me and is the source of my extreme empathy for all people with disabilities ever since, especially amputees. "Wannabes" I simply cannot

understand because teetering on the abyss of losing my right arm was sheer terror! God, I am lucky! During my youth and young adulthood (about ages 17 to 25) I actively sought out disabled females to date and seek relationships with. I went steady with a girl blind from birth and another who had "Petite-Mals" epilepsy. However, I desired a young female amputee but it seemed that during that period, they had all been removed to another planet because I scarcely saw a single one that I could encounter, let alone date! At the age of 23, I met my future and present wife who was beautiful, sexy, had all her various parts, and was attracted to me, of all people. We courted, married, and the rest they say is "history." I would not be honest if I did not confess that one of the reasons I initially got married was to give my life a measure of "normality," something I knew in my heart it lacked. My wife turned out to be greater than the sum of her parts and we are still together after 27 years. Aside from my knowledge of God, she is the single most important person in my entire life.

For many years throughout my family life, I held my obsession/fascination with great secrecy. A clinical psychologist that I consulted briefly said I had a "shame-based" personality and a life-long low-grade depression. (He used a word for it that I could not even pronounce, let alone spell) Other than that, he was clueless and of little help. After many years of torment and anxiety about my abnormal preoccupation, I got onto the worldwide web for the first time about a year ago. Once on, I proceeded, as I always have, to do a search of "amputee" to see what was "out there." Much to my astonishment, I discovered that I was not alone in my fascination with limb-deficient females. There exists an entire vast subculture of like-minded people who share a similar interest. And I thought my unusual

preoccupation was unique in all the world! My particular behavioural obsession, in clinical terms, is called "Amelotatism" or "Acrotomophilia," which in laymen's terms means a fetish-like attraction/ admiration/ fascination with disabled women, especially those who are limb-deficient. Psychological research on this unusual behaviour indicates it is acquired at a very young age, for many as young as four or five. My grandparents had two close friends, one with one arm and one with one leg and I was about four or five when I became acquainted with them. They were both men but this could have been another impetus to this behavioural abnormality. Even though my orientation is still not universally socially acceptable, it is no more unusual for me than for a man to prefer blondes or heavy women or tall women or dark-complected women or any other very particular physical attribute. Aside from that, I feel much better about myself, but still have to deal morally with the accompanying feelings of erotic and sexual arousal when encountering limb-deficient females. Perhaps one of the reasons I have done volunteer/advocacy work for the disabled is out of remorse for exploiting their images in a manner that many of them would not condone. I do not collect pictures, videos, movies or any other images because I do not want to be discovered by my family. On the net, I look for images, appreciate them and move on. (It sure beats digging through the stacks of any health science library I happen to be near looking for female amputee images!) For me, there is nothing better than a live encounter with a disabled woman where I can initiate a two-way dialogue. I never leave one of these encounters without a word of encouragement or admiration because it is genuine. (By the way, my wife and two children know nothing of this and I aim to keep it that way. There is nothing to gain after all of these

years for me to reveal any of this to my immediate family.)

The dream world of stories.

In early days there were good fairytale-writers, Grimm and Andersen became world-famous. Also wannabes write stories in which they try to explain their feelings or wishes. Here is a story we received concerning wannabeisme.

Titel: Spanish dream.

It was summer, windy weather near the sea. Mario a good looking 23 years old boy sat on the beach of the Spanish Costa Brave. On his own he was thinking of his relation with a girl which was for over more then 2 years his steady girlfriend that ended. Mario decided to put the idea out of his head, and take a fresh splash in the cooling Spanish water. In the sea there were many swimmers, among them also girls. Mario looked in the direction of a group of girls swimming in the water.

He noticed one of the girls couldn't follow the others very well, and was swimming at the end of the group. It was a beautiful girl, with long blond hair and she followed her friends slowly but certain in the water. Mario liked the girl very much, and decided to approach her while swimming. He also wanted to know why this girl was so slow in the water, if she had problems with something.

Mario swam next to the girl, looked at her smiling, and told her who he was, and asked her name. "Oh, hi, I'm Anne, nice to meet you". Anne stopped swimming, and

stood before Mario in the water. Mario found also out she was 22 years. Mario hesitated a while, but his curiosity played up, so he asked the question why the girl swam slower than her friends. "Oh", replied Anne, and smiling she continued: "Well, Mario, that's because at the age of 14 I lost my leg because of cancer" Mario was surprised, he couldn't say anything, this was what he dreamed about for years, to have a girl with only one leg. 'Hopefully you're not afraid of an amputated girl', continued Anne because she noticed Mario didn't answer. 'Oh no', answered Mario: "That's not it,... but in the water I didn't notice it,... therefore...'", and he apologized for the stupid question he asked. "Oh, no problem", Anne answered, "You're not the only person who's curious about my amputation, all people look at me in the streets, and I don't mind it." Mario didn't know what to say, in front of him stood a very handsome girl, with beautiful blue eyes that looked him straight in the eyes, and her left leg was amputated, above the knee, the kind of amputation Mario liked the best. A few moment later Mario asked Anne if she wanted to drink something with him. That was no problem and she informed her friends swimming a bit further, and then she swam with Mario towards the beach. "Could you get my crutches please, Mario?" Anne asked: "They are over there with our beach towels". Without asking more Mario went to get Anne's crutches, while she waited for him in the water. Little later, with her crutches in her hands, she stooped dignified, one leg in the water. It was then Mario saw for the first time in his life, the beautifully formed upper-leg-stump of Anne. "Oh, she looks beautiful", Mario thought. Together they walked towards a terrace on the dike. Mario pulled back a chair for Anne to take place. After he sat down and they both ordered a refreshment Mario started to talk about his previous relationship, and that

he thought Anne was an attractive girl. Anne smiled and said: "Well Mario, I'm speechless, cause most guys hate me because my leg is amputated". Mario was astonished. He couldn't tell her he was a devotee, and preferred girls like Anne, could he?

Anne continued: "Well Mario, on this world are people who find me attractive " and stopped talking to look at the reaction of Mario. "What do you mean?" Mario asked Anne.

"Well Mario, there are people called devotees, and this means these people prefer an amputated partner instead of someone with all his limbs...". Anne smiled, and continued: "Unfortunately I never encountered a devotee before...".

"Unfortunately?", Mario asked: "Why unfortunately???". "Well" Anne said: "I'd like to have a boy who accepts me as I am, and also likes me because I'm amputated". Mario found it incredible, in front of him not only sat a girl with a beautiful stump, but also a girl who liked devotees.

Mario doubted if I'd tell Anne honestly who he was, and also what was one of the reasons why he found her so attractive. "Anne... I've got to confess something...." Mario muttered slowly, looking in her direction, his head slightly bent, as if he was ashamed: 'I'm a devotee Anne...' and he kept silent.

Anne silently looked towards Mario a few moments later she also bent her head, Mario thought she was disappointed, but there was another reason. "Mario, I've got also to confess something"... Anne told: "I never had cancer ".

Astonished Mario looked at Anne "Then what happened?"

Mario asked surprised.

Then Anne continued: "Well Mario, when you know the word devotee, you'll also know the word wannabe" Mario confirmed and Anne continued: "Well Mario, I am one, or better I was one...".

After Mario smiled at Anne, she knew he accepted her as wannabe. Whispering, so no other person could hear hem Mario asked her: 'How did you loose your leg? ". Anne told him her leg was amputated voluntarily two years ago when she encountered through internet a doctor who was devotee. Thanks to this doctor it was possible for her to get an upper-leg-amputation. "I'm very happy now"... Anne said.

Mario looked at Anne, and replied: "With me you could be happier ".

Anne smiled at Mario, looked straight into his eyes, she liked him a lot, and now she finally found someone who was also in love at amputated bodies she thought about how nice and fascinating a relation with Mario could be. "Well,..." Anne continued: "I like you Mario...", but she didn't know what else to say, cause she wasn't used answering that kind of question. "Me too Anne, I also like you"... Mario answered, and without realizing he put his hand on her leg, but it was the amputated leg. He now touched her beautifully shaped stump laying next to her other leg on the chair. "Oh, sorry"... Mario said; "I didn't want to ..."...

"It's no problem" Anne continued, who noticed Mario didn't mean to hold her stump: "Hold my stump, it's a nice feeling...."

Mario who knew this was the moment he waited for. He kept his hand on her beautiful stump and started kissing her.

"... I find a one-legged man
far more attractive than
a man with
two legs..."

ACROTOMOPHILIA

What is an acrotomophile?

On one hand we have wannabes, persons who wish for an amputation, but on the other hand there are acrotomophiles, persons who find people with an amputation far more attractive.

About 1 person out of 500 is acrotomophile or devotee.

It's not because you're sexually attracted by an amputee you are also a wannabe. There is an enormous difference between wannabes and devotees, this big even many devotees don't understand somebody wants to be amputated.

When someone is sexually attracted by someone who's missing an arm or a leg this also starts mostly in the early youth, also often by seeing the first amputated person.

Just like wannabes a devotee has also a preference. One prefers a leg amputation, the other an arm-amputation.

Also with devotees there are two groups, the devotees who wish to have a sexual relationship with an amputee, an a group who wish a steady relationship with an amputee. Some devotees go very far with this. Many divorce their partner to start over with an amputee, others hope daily to meet someone with an amputation, but will never meet someone like that.

On the internet exist several sites where you can make contacts as devotee as well as amputee. Often fake stories are told. Often devotees think they finally got in touch with the man or woman of their dreams but the following proofs the contrary: many wannabes who like it very much to play the game of amputee, and in this way also gets a good feeling when they can pretend to be an amputee towards a devotee.

This often is part of the game of a wannabe but is in fact a disadvantage for the devotee.

Some devotees go to sports manifestations for disabled persons where they hope to encounter that one amputated girl or boy.

What is very remarkable is that a big part of the devotees are also homosexual.

When we look at the population of devoteism, you can say Germany has the most acrotomophiles. In an article we found that 20.000 devotees would be in Germany.

In reality when we look at the statistics of www.ampulove.com we remark there are as much American visitors as there are German. The United States of America is hundred times bigger than Germany. This shows most devotees are found in Germany, but why? The answer to this question is not known. Do we have to go back to the last world war for this, thinking of the many amputees returning to the home-front?

Devotees and relations

Many admirers are married with an amputated man or woman. In America people are in general more open for the phenomenon of devotees than in Europe. This comes because there are many more in America than in Europe, and America has a larger freedom. In Russia on the other hand you find relationship-offices who work only with amputated Russian ladies to rich American or European man who have been looking for an amputated partner all their life.

It's a shame that many of the amputated Russian ladies will never learn about the existence of devotees, and so they are coupled to someone they don't know about why this person feels so strongly attracted by her.

It wouldn't be the first time an admirer would travel to Cambodia or Angola to encounter an amputated lady who lost her leg due to a land-mine.

Besides that devotees with a bit more money can subscribe for a meeting to which amputees participate. These amputated persons know of the existence of devotees and can learn to know each other without secrets. Such meetings usually happen through sites such as www.ascotworld.com a site of which the owner herself is an amputated lady open for the devotee population.

If it's the perfect combination for a relation, a devotee with an amputee is not known. What is true that a devotee isn't ashamed to go through life with an amputated partner, what other people often are.

Many marriages have been broken when one of the partners lost a limb and the other partner couldn't accept this.

Is it this bad that there are people who want to make an amputee happy, that they want to live side by side with someone who misses something? No, in fact this idea is not that bad.

When you're going to ask the question if it's crazy to find an amputation attractive, you can start asking the question if it's crazy to like someone with blond or brown hair, is thick or thin. Everyone has is sexual preference, and in this case devotees don't fond blond or brown hair attractive, but an amputated body.

In any case it's true that someone who is attracted to an amputee dream of less extreme things then for example someone who likes to have sex with animals or practices SM. Can we call that behaviour then normal?

Photo's on the internet.

As devotee you find few chances to meet an amputee in real life, therefore on the internet a large stock of photographic materials is available. Several sites offer photo's, cd-roms, videos and other materials to devotees on which they can see amputees.

The first site ever to offer material to devotees was www.ampix.com .

This happened by trading photo's so their photo-database got bigger all the time.

Meanwhile about 65.000 photo's of amputees are spread all over different devotee-sites.

The largest site that offers his customers photo's is www.disablo.com with about 10.000 photo's on the internet regularly renewed. Besides this there are also other sides such as www.stumptouch.com , www.dreamstumps.com and www.ampclinic.com where you can become member as devotee and receive an proper username and password to watch photo's of amputees.

Most pictures which are spread are made of people with an amputation who are open for the world of devotees, and make money out of it.

On the other hand people are unfortunately often photographed from behind so they don't know they'll end up in the devotee world as some kind of lust-object.

When you don't want to become member of paying-sites you can still order cd-roms with several photo's of amputees. Most cd's contain more then 10.000 photo's and are offered at different prices, according to the quality and the content.

Prostitution for devotees.

In whole the world are admirers are people who 'want to do it' with an amputee.

Often in large cities you find a prostitute who has an amputation herself.

There was such a lady in Berlin, there has been one in France, and also in Germany and Australia are still known two ladies who want to be prostitute for devotee men.

Female devotees.

Not only men are attracted to people with an amputation, there exist also female admirers. According to our researches 1 devotee out of 3 is a woman.

Just like most female wannabes want a double upper-leg amputation, the female devotee is also mostly attracted to a man without legs.

Do women feel stronger then the man when they have a man without legs, or is it something else that brings this attraction? Until now it's still unknown.

Women aren't like man, only 1 order or membership out of 100 on internet-sites directed to devotees is done by women. The woman isn't that much interested in pictures of amputees, but more in stories, or the real amputee in the street.

Several females admirers declared to us they would want to spend their lives with an amputated partner. For them the search for the ideal partner is somewhat less difficult than the search of male devotees.

Many male amputees find a woman who is devotee something acceptable.

On the internet there is not much to be found for female devotees. Most sites that offer something about male amputees are oriented towards homosexuals.

Being a devotee, keep it a secret or come out for it?

In this world more and more devotees come out for their feelings. Often they tell their wish for an amputated partner to friends or relatives.

There is less taboo about devoteisme then about wannabeisme. But here as well the atmosphere of taboos sticks around because in this case one finds a disability attractive, which is for many amputees unacceptable.

It's always risky for a devotee to reveal this feelings towards the outer world, this because often people don't understand it.

Through the internet we came in contact with different female devotees. Some of them are married to a normal person who isn't an amputee. Most married woman who are devotee will never drop their partner for an amputated man, but continue living with the fantasy.

What's a pretender?

Earlier in this book we gave a short description about people who play an amputee and are perfectly happy with it without being a real amputee.

You can compare this a bit with transsexuals and a drag-queen. Transsexuals really want to undergo a sex-transformation (just like wannabes want an amputation) and drag-queens want to play woman for a short while (like pretenders play an amputee) This is a game based on pure fantasy.

Many pretenders play an amputee, for a short wile missing an arm or a leg, and feel good about it.

Often pretenders own their crutches or a wheel-chair or even prosthesis to refine their game.

Are devotees or wannabes dangerous?

Until now no devotee was put in jail because he raped an amputee. It's not going that far. When you watch a wannabe or devotee you don't see at him he or she has this dream, fantasies or wishes. Every devotee and wannabe has a perfectly normal life, goes to work, has relationships, etc....

It's not because someone is devotee he or she can or will only have sex with an amputated partner.

A person who has one of both fantasies or wishes is not comparable with someone in a psychiatric institution.

To put it a bit cruel, there's nothing wrong with a devotee or wannabe, he/she isn't crazy. Devotees and wannabes both live a perfectly normal healthy life.

There are so many people who live a normal life, of whom you'd never expect they'd go to a bar or amuse themselves in the weekend in a partner-club, just like a devotee or wannabe won't always reveal his fantasy and wish.

What does an amputee think about these feelings?

Few amputees know about the existence of devotees, and when they learn about it they know very little about devotee or wannabe-feelings. The few amputees who are aware have different opinions about devoteisme and wannabeisme.

From our researches towards amputees about wannabes and devotees we can determine that people who accepted their amputation and changed body have less problems to understand devotees and wannabes than amputees who haven't accepted themselves.

We asked K, a female judge – upper leg amputee her opinion about wannabes.

At first I thought that it was sick, but after chatting to a couple people who are wannabes, I understand what they feel. To compare this to wanting something so badly, such as a million dollars, is an understatement. Because what you want and what you can have are two different things. I think that wannabes are all right, I just wish that they would consider what the rest of their lives will be like. If I could grow my leg back, I would in a heartbeat. I can't grow mine back and they want theirs off... hmmm kind of ironic but neither one of us can have what the other wants...

Where do we find most devotees and wannabes?

Very remarkable is the fact a big part of wannabes and devotees can be found in the medical world. Often devotees and wannabes become surgeon, nurse, or work in some other medical function like builder of prosthesis.

This is in fact not so remarkable. When you realize on time as wannabe or devotee you can study a medical profession to be able to come in contact daily with amputees, this is understandable.

That a nurse who is devotee likes to work in a department where often are amputated people is not that serious, but on the other hand we heard once from a wannabe-surgeon that with all women he had to amputate he would have wanted to cut of more then necessary. These are regretful things that shouldn't happen.

What does the medical world think about it?

Doctors aren't too happy with the fact people like amputees, and also not with the fact people would like to loose a limb. As long as amputation is only looked at as 'handicap', and not as

'cure' for wannabes many self-amputations, mutilations and suicides will happen.

When a doctor of surgeon decides to indulge in this subject it won't be easy for him or her. It's a delicate subject on which still can be discussed for years

In our opinion it's maybe better to help a wannabe, to let him or her have what they want.

Amputation is called a severe surgery, but in fact it isn't hard or difficult. They call it severe because for a not-wannabe it'll be a traumatic experience to continue living with amputated limbs.

A wannabe experiences this in an other way. He or she wish an amputation already since their youth, and is perfectly prepared on life as an amputee.

Then is it wrong to help an wannabe by amputating? Or isn't it more serious to let suffer a wannabe, with mutilation, self-amputation and danger for his own life then to prevent it.?

As surgeon it won't be easy to help a wannabe. The basic training of a surgeon has as rule 'to save a body-part and not amputate unless necessary'.

If it's necessary or not, on that matter worldwide will have to be done many discussions before a wannabe can legally obtain what he wants.

Are all devotees attracted to amputation?

No, not all devotees are attracted by amputees. There are also devotees who just like someone in a wheel-chair or on crutches. Generally known 1 person out of 500 is devotee. But it's possible to find an wheel-chair-user attractive. There are different points of attraction towards the medical and especially disabled world.

An amputated lady once wrote to us following sentence: When I walk on the street without prosthesis, and everyone can clearly see my amputated body I feel hundreds of eyes pointed on me isn't everyone a bit devotee?'

Sexual acceptance.

There are admirers who had the luck to find a not-amputated partner who played 'pretender'. Many devotees find satisfaction in this kind of sexual game if their partners is open for it. In this case they don't make love to a real amputee, but the fantasy has a larger climax, a greater satisfaction. In this situation less marriages of devotees will brake, and they won't really wish for a real amputated partner.

Devotees and stories.

Admirers often try to express their feelings through stories. Here are some stories of devotes about their feelings and experiences.

Story 1:

EVEN I HAVE BEEN FASINATED TO DISABLED
WOMEN SINCE I WAS IN JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL IN
CHINA

Even I have been fascinated to disabled women since I was in junior high school in China. One of my intern teacher was a LAK amputee. She taught biology and she never use prosthesis. She said them were "clumsy". So she always let her empty sleeve swung in the class and use her only arm expertly. She told us she lost her arm due to some

tissue disease when she was 17(she was 21 then). Something amazing about this cute lady is she was totally open to talk about her stump and even used it to whacked us.

She was a hot witch anyway. According to my friend, her stump made him "explore out" when them played baseball together. Now I don't know where she is, maybe married, even have kids. Many young teachers chased her was what I know. Her name was Li, which means "pretty" in Mandarin.

The most exciting sight I've ever seen after was when I came to the city of Seattle of the United States. It was someday in July,1998. I went to the Woodland Park Zoo of Seattle. I walked down the path to the Codiac Bear exhibition hall and I was frozen---A wheelchair moved towards me. There was a slim women in the wheelchair, typical oriental face, but not young, maybe 33-36. Jade black hair and sexy blue sleeveless shirts with two China-like bare arms. Bright skin and pretty firm bosoms, maybe 33C. Her upper body was just perfect. But down to her waist, there were NOTHING but two empty pant legs hiked up by the wind. The end of her delicate stumps emerged a little, I could see it was a little bit crispy. But very fleshy and seductive. You can just bet how eager I want to touch them.

When she past me she nodded to me slightly and smiled. I was shocked to see she had a Chinese character tattoo on her shoulder, which says: "Tolerance." Jesus, she could be my compatriot! I tried to make a conversation with her but I didn't dare. Finally she disappeared in the tropical rain forest and let me stood there, try to imagine the feeling of having sex with such a charming legless lady.

Story 2:

MY DEVOTEE REALITY

I first realised that I was attracted to female amputees at the age of 8 when I saw a girl of 12 sitting on the ground outside a store. She was wearing a knee-length skirt and she had a peg-leg. I watched in fascination for as long as I could. I never saw her again - despite looking. There may have been other "sightings", but the next one which is indelible in my memory was at the age of 13. I used to catch the bus to school. On Wednesday we played sport and I could catch an earlier bus home. At 3.20 pm the bus pulled up at a particular stop and a woman got on. She was in her late 20s. She sat in the front of the bus. She reached into her purse with her left hand and pulled out the appropriate fare. The coin was pressed between her thumb and middle finger. The index finger was missing just below the outer joint. She was a 4.1.8 (4th finger, second joint, 80% left). This woman fascinated me. I caught the same bus every Wednesday for as long as I could until one Wednesday she didn't show up. I never saw her again. I have witnessed many sightings of women with a missing finger (or fingers) since that time. It is neatly amputated fingers that most interest me in women. I like, say, a missing leg or a missing arm, but the fingers, one or more, have it. I particularly like an index finger, preferably with some of the finger left. Like others I felt as if I was the only one in the world who had this fascination which definitely has taken its toll on my emotions since, certainly, 13 years old. I had felt this way until I searched the internet and discovered others for the first time some years ago. I certainly feel relieved that others share my feelings. To me it is

perfectly natural to see a missing part or parts comprising one's preference. The woman must have other qualities, but the missing finger acts as one of her unique characteristics.

I guess my story has a happy ending. I am now married very happily to a finger amputee. She enjoys my interest although I am sure, at times, that she still finds it somewhat mystifying.

Story 3:

MONOPAEDIA FANATICA

I have desired one legged women for 40 of my 44 years.

I was a slight child who used to get roughed up quite a lot by bullies at school. Also my family was (very unjustly indeed!) called "fascist", so we were very far outside the mainstream. And I was left handed, so I got shat on by teachers at school. Maybe this is why I felt stigmatised and had an inferiority complex that made me feel compassion for other stigmatised people, and one legged women in particular.

I have a friend who is a rehabilitator of amputees. When I decided to tell her of my attraction to one legged women, she (being ethical) naturally refused to introduce me to any of them. But she was sympathetic - she realised how lonely and depressed I got at times. So she fixed up for me to go to a psychiatrist and try psychoanalysis and musical therapy. This did not help me one bit -- the doctor suggested I might be a corpophiliac (one who likes shit), which hand on heart I am not. I was insulted but continued the experiment two years before giving up.

I also heard from this doctor that devotees may be voyeurs (ones who like looking). This is something with which I agree. I find one legged women irresistibly intriguing to observe, for reasons that include the very unusual ways they walk, move, and -- well -- look. There is more than exotica in it, however. I find the thought of one legged women's genitalia and their leg stump most sexually intriguing. I often wonder how they experience their stump and how they function during intercourse.

I am mature enough to realise these speculations are mere fantasies, and that the reality is mundane -- for the women, and for their partners. But I have had these thoughts since four, and I will die with them. It is very rare for one to see a one legged woman. In all my life I have been lucky only 25 times in all. I catalogue each occasion in my mind, and sometimes I sit down and write them all out and calculate odds, means, averages and standard deviations on when I will see another such lady again. Last time was over two years ago, so I hope it is soon...

Although I feel I may have a voyeuristic streak, I am not a nuisance and do not pursue one legged women. In fact, although I have seen some of "my" 25 women more than once (there are 59 separate occasions), this has been purely accidental. I would not go near surgical hospitals or prosthetics centres because I feel this would be dastardly and would break their privacy. On one occasion I did go to Bosnia + Herzegovina to help after the war, and maybe I had some hope of meeting a one legged woman there, but alas! No such luck in over two months of humanitarian work. I have always had a feeling that one legged women are aware of their exoticism and sex appeal for some men like me. Some of the ones I have encountered leave me in no doubt that they, at least, do know! But for many

years I was cocooned into my head and totally unaware of the fact that there were other people who were attracted to amputees. Even my psychoanalyst knew nothing of the phenomenon of "devoteism". Such a joy it was to find on the Internet so many fields with amputee and devotee content, read and supported by so many people, including amputees! This happened in 1996 for me. It gives me great joy, and also a sense of regret because of the passage of my youth when I could have made so much with this knowledge. Alas!!! I have a wonderful wife and child, and they know nothing of my "devoteism". She is physically ordinary (two legged), yet she is so kind and loving, I would not hurt her in any way, including especially by learning about my "devoteism". I would hate for this to happen, not because I am ashamed (I accept things as they are), or because I feel it is shameful to desire "crippled women" (for I do not see one legged people as crippled at all!!! they are supremely able!!). I do it because of human decency, or so I fool myself...

And so I wonder what will happen if I meet one legged woman "as a gentleman". I will probably hide my feelings and go away. But the thought that I might be tempted into adultery is also present in my mind and causes distress and pleasant fantasies in equal measure. Human nature...

Incidentally, my rehabilitator friend said that "devoteism" may be caused by past lives... if one believes reincarnation. She does, and is quite adamant about it.

Let me tell you of some of my experiences. When I was little I used to see a one legged lady about 20 years older than me. She was very popular in my neighbourhood, and very attractive. She knew... Always

dressed beautifully and manicured, and coiffured, with smart wooden crutches. She was very strong and sporting in her movement on one crutch. I think she had lost her leg when she was run over by a tramcar. Eventually she married and went to live abroad with her husband.

Another time on holiday I saw a wonderful foreign girl with one leg who was in a bikini. I only glimpsed her for a few dozen seconds, and felt I had to move on. She had metal crutches by her side on the beach, and a small scarred stump which moved a little as she moved her body around.

Once I saw a young woman on the street with one leg and wooden crutches. She had a pair of jeans on and walked very very fast by me. her face was lovely and I felt the aroma of her perfume very strongly. She was maybe 15-18 years younger than me.

Another time I saw a woman in her mid to late 30s with one crutch and quite a big leather cushion between her crutch and her upper body. She walked with some dignity and looked quite provocatively at some men who walked before me, but ignored (or did not notice) me. She knew too, I am certain. She had a carnal glint in her eyes and was dressed to draw attention. Many times I see one legged women and girls who use prostheses. I am sure they are wonderful, but for me the full force of their impact is absent because of the cosmesis. They probably want to avoid provoking the obnoxious attention that would result from making their one leggedness obvious and appearing so different from the norm.

Story 4:

SHADOW CHASING

Do you want to know how I feel? Imagine a man who is crazy about blonde girls and he knows for sure that they exist - had seen them on TV - but never met one. Sounds a little bit tragic, doesn't it? As an amputee admirer, I'm in a similar situation.

To be honest, most of the real devotee stories published on Ampulove make me laugh. Not because I am amused to read about troubles that being a devotee brings - but it is kind of funny to read that "it is rare to see a female amputee, I've seen only about 20 of them". Yeah, right. In the city where I live - Warsaw, Poland - it is strictly IMPOSSIBLE to see a female amputee. I've never seen one in my whole lifetime! (not to mention one exception, which I am not even sure of). I don't know what causes this strange lack of female amputees, I can only guess. Maybe it's a shame to expose a disability (DISABILITY ???) - tolerance for difference in Poland is almost reaching zero - maybe Warsaw has excellent medical service and surgeons save every limb. Really dunno.

But hey, I write this small story not to make you cry about how unlucky I am to live in a wrong city. I want to share my troubles with all of you that happen to be devotees/admirers/hobbyists et caetera. First, let me introduce myself - I am a person that we are most likely to call "SAK devotee", 21 years old male and a jazz musician. I've been a SAK devotee for a veery long time. I believe devoteeism has its root in the earliest childhood - if I have my memory strongly focused on it, I can almost capture the first time I saw a female SAK - but it didn't happen in Warsaw. Maybe Danzig, I've

been there few times as a kid. So, unfortunately I can't tell you exactly how it started - and when. I remember one more incident, I was watching a document about the Paralympic Games - it was a shock, I felt a huge heat wave inside my brain every time a female leg amputee appeared on a screen. That's when I realized - amputees are the most attractive women on Earth. And from that moment on, I am spending my life chasing a shadow... (sniff)

Through many years, TV was the main source of an amputee material for me. A few transmissions from Paralympic Games (summer and winter), stories of princess Diana (with some landmine victims shown), amputee documents (the best one I've managed to record is about American teenage LAK getting a new prosthesis). Of course I heard about the Web, but here in Poland Internet is accessible only for rich people (I am not that rich) and students (I wasn't old enough to attend high school). But for now, I am a student at University of Warsaw and thanks to the Internet and picture sites I can reach lots of amputee material. I won't exaggerate if I write that I would like to give up the whole University and my studies (they distract me from the music) - the only thing that makes me stay is an access to the Internet.

What does attract me most in a female SAK? I think that it is best described in a fake story, written most certainly by another SAK admirer - "An Encounter On A Train", and it goes like this... "I think it must be because a girl who has lost a leg looks vulnerable - that's a very feminine attribute - and she triggers masculine feelings of protectiveness in me.". I don't consider myself very masculine :), but these words accurately hit the spot. I can add that I personally admire people who look (and behave) not as others - one-legged woman is a perfect example of looking different. Different

meaning MUCH BETTER. She has that special charm - and could anyone describe unique elegance of one-legged moves?

Nobody knows about my devoteeism yet - nobody knows but my girlfriend. She has my highest rate of confidence, I HAD TO tell her. She ain't delighted with my "passion", but accepts it - and doesn't call it perversion. It isn't a perversion, it is rather a preference - and, although she is sometimes afraid of that preference and me finally meeting amputee girl, she helps me a lot. For example, she's an artist and uses her talent for drawing pictures of SAK amputee women - those pictures are excellent, I tell you! Surely I will publish them one day (if I only get a scanner somewhere). Right now, I'm struggling to find free space on a server to establish the first Polish amputee web page, which would include SAK photos, my girlfriend's amputee drawings and amputee stories translated from English (by me - you don't believe that I'll succeed in translating, due to my poor English? Well, maybe you're right...)

On the whole, I am not a perfectly happy devotee. There is something I am missing - meeting real, living amputees. But hey, who is lucky enough to have everything he/she needs? (I had to finish with that optimistic tone - otherwise my girl would kill me.)

End:

Wannabe or devotee, when you are it you haven't got it easy, it's difficult to get your amputation, it's difficult to find an amputated partner.

We hope you'll keep the courage as wannabe or devotee, and we hope you'll never think you're crazy or alone on this world..

Towards the medical world we ask for more comprehension in the future towards wannabes.

Towards amputees we try to have some comprehension for devoteisme.

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translation: Tania V.S.
original: 'Amputatie gewenst' by Alex M.

Amputee
Heaven



**I was a wannabe... Wanted to
have all four limbs amputated.
A surgeon accepted to do it.**

Now, I'm happy for ever...



Already for several years www.ampulove.com is involved on the internet with researches for wannabe and devotee-feelings.

With help of these researches and the found medical information this book was put together.

Apotemnophilia and Acrotomophilia,

A subject not much talked about until now.

People who voluntarily, to feel better want to let amputate a leg or arm,
And people who find amputees far more attractive
then persons with their four limbs.

Both exist, neither of them are crazy, but in the medical world not much is known about it...

Or is it the taboo-atmosphere that shuts them up?