

# Tying the Knot: The Truth About Vasectomies

By Leon Scott Baxter

(The Santa Barbara Independent - January 13, 2005)

They're out there, right under our noses. They're in line with us at the bank. They sit in the pew alongside ours at church. They teach our children in school. They fix our computers when we get that scary bomb icon after hitting control-delete one too many times. They look just like the rest of us. I would have never noticed them, if it wasn't for the fact that I was to join them.

I call them the "vasectomites." I can remember when my wife first became pregnant. Suddenly, it seemed that everywhere I looked there were pregnant women or new babies. Of course, there weren't any more than before; it was just that I was more keyed into pregnancy and babies since they were becoming part of my life.

When I decided it was time to hang up the old baby-making-machine and looked into getting a vasectomy, it was like I'd knocked on the door to the secret entrance to the V-Club and mentioned the passwords, "Snip-Snip." Man, the guys just seemed to ooze out of the woodwork. They could smell me coming. They could sense it was my time to join their ranks. Guys I'd known for ages, men I'd worked with for years, but had no idea were vasectomites, suddenly started telling me about their most intimate "procedure."

Funny thing is, pretty soon I could start telling the vasectomites from the non-vasectomites. A simple look and a scissor-like gesture with my fingers was all that was needed: "You had The V, didn't you?"

Men don't usually share experiences with other men about body parts located between their knees and bellybuttons. But, for some reason, vasectomites have a connection, a brotherhood, not unlike the Marines. If you've gone through it, it doesn't matter if you're old, young, rich, poor, East coast or West coast, with a couple of snips you're suddenly a brother.

So, since you're reading this, you're probably thinking about joining the V-Team. That being the case, let me offer a bit about the procedure from a card-carrying vasectomite to vasectomite-pledge.

First, be sure you're ready for this. It's a short, inexpensive procedure that will render your power drill useless. Sure, it'll still make a lot of noise, but won't make a single hole. If you decide later that it was a mistake, you're looking at a \$10,000, two-hour procedure to bring your power drill back to full working status. To be on the safe side, some men will freeze their sperm (at a medical facility, not in the family freezer next to the Eggos) in case they later change their mind.

Next, my biggest fear was not so much the procedure itself, but the fact that I was told I'd have to shave the area prior to arrival. Now, I've been shaving for nearly twenty years. I know my way around a BIC, but the thought that I had to shave down there almost frightened me sterile (which of course would have saved everybody some undo stress). I mean, it was going to be like trying to shave the mold off a couple of prunes without nicking the fruit. I was told if I didn't do it right, they'd have to do it for me. All I could imagine was Nurse

Ratchet with a straight edge razor looming over my nether regions.

I wasn't letting her at my prunes. So, I searched the internet for the most affective way to make the shave as easy and nick-free as possible. What I found wasn't quite posted for a pre-vasectomite, but it was for men who wanted the same fashionable result. So, vasectomy or not, if they knew how to do the Yule Brenner, I was up for it.

Third, I was fearful of the injection more so than the actual vasectomy itself. Nothing I read, no one I spoke to told me what I will tell you now. Maybe it's part of initiation. Maybe it's so intense that the brain just erases it from the memories of most vasectomites. But, for some reason, I remember it, and shall pass it on to you.

As you lay there waiting for that injection, the doctor deals you a little urology humor, "You'll just feel a little prick." You cringe when the needle breaks through, but you expect it. Then, the doc continues to the vas deferens. Oh my God, that made the initial injection seem like a hot fudge sundae on a plane ride to the Bahamas. It felt as though I'd just finished a two-hour soccer session and my "prunes" were the soccer balls. Then, Doc reminded me he still had the left side to do.

Finally, remember why you're doing through this procedure. Your wife has probably spent years of her life on some sort of birth control: hormones that may have altered her weight, hairline, and skin complexion, messy creams, alien-like IUD's, and the like. She was the one who endured nine months of a child in

her body along with morning sickness, edema, food cravings, back pain, and of course the actual delivery.

If you and your partner have discussed this option and have determined that you two are absolutely sure you are done producing offspring, what a gift to give her. A lifetime of pill taking and inserting devices gone in a five minute procedure. It's the ultimate gift of love you can offer to your partner. Your close shave, five minute procedure, and four weeks without crossing your legs is all worth it for the woman you love.

When I asked the other vasectomites if the procedure made any difference in their relationships with their spouses, the response was unanimous: "A vas deferens."