

Now what is the purpose of Connecticut in telling married people that they cannot use contraceptives?
—The Court, *Griswold v. Conn.* (1965)

Testimony

The Garage had three bays,
usually filled.

We pumped your gas,
washed your windshield,
always with a smile.

Bazooka gum for the kids,
or a couple kitchen glasses
came with a fill-up.

A hand reaches under the counter—
my hand,
under the counter.

We lived in a three-story house
behind the garage,
me and my brother—
three generations,
two families, the children,
grandparents from the old country.
Eggs was their business, chicken coops
filled the backyard.

We had another business.
A man comes in for a rubber.
Usual customer, say,
doubt it's a setup.
Fuzz never bothered anyone anyway.

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My hand,
under the counter
pulls a six-pack out the drawer.
"Ramses or Trojans,
What'll it be?"

Birth control was out.
Even docs could be thrown in jail—
but a man needs a rubber
when he needs it.

A hand reaches under the counter—
my hand,
under the counter.

Brought in the bucks,
'til the Court knocked down the law.
No one talked 'bout it.
Condoms—
not gas, not cars, not eggs—
worth their weight in gold.