

50
0
070

first year of publication

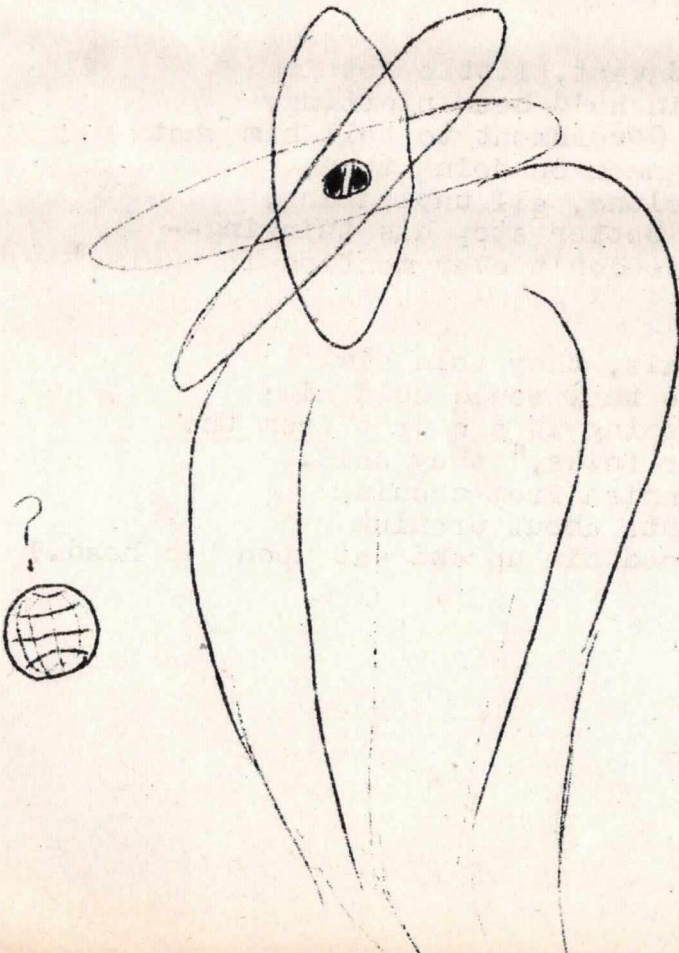
P H A N T A S P H E R E

phantagraph-the-second

Edited and Published by Donald A. Wollheim
at 98-50 67th Avenue, Forest Hills, N.Y.
The Fantasy Amateur Press Association

Vol. 1 No. 3

November, 1945



A SAD SONG OF THE SPHERES

By Powers Moulton

(Reprinted from PM, Nov.16,1945,
Copyright,1945, by The Newspaper PM)

Once a Doctor found a datum
On the splitting of the atom
And gave it to the Government to fight
the feary foe,
And the doodle of this dreamer
Cut a notch in Hiroshima
And plastered Nagasaki rather low.

Next the Savant, little wotting
Of the ruin he'd been plotting,
Asked the Government to tell him what
it planned on doing then,
But the Solons, all unblinking,
Said he'd better stop his thinking--
"And please don't ever mention it again."

The Generals, they told him
To silence they would hold him;
"We're keeping it a secret from the
other folks," they said.
(And to banish from cranium
All thoughts about uranium
They tripped him up and sat upon his head.)

And they warned the other nations
That to foster good relations
They'd keep the atom hanging in a
Damoclean scheme:

"The search for fission nuclear
(We hope to make to you clear)
Is fishin' in our own restricted stream."

And they laid down their conditions
And they put up their Commissions
For taping out the problem (the nuc
of tape was rod);

They said: "We(re acting rightly
To tie this thing so tightly."

And little nations wished they'd stood in bed.

Now, the people of Zambesi

All began to feel uneasy

And bought up mystic metals, also
solvents by the quart,

While the unrelieved Rhodesians

And the panicked Polynesians

Sought swiftly for a chemical retort.

Well, a gifted Eskimo maid
Had a super-atom (home-made)
And took it to the Generals to see
 what they would bid;
The Generals yelled: "Stop it!
We've got you covered! Drop it!"
Alas for them! The trouble was, she DID.

▲s splinters of our sphere
Were splattered there and here,
The spectacle left Saturnites and
 Lunars sad and wan;
The Martians and Venusians
All thought they had delusions,
And muttered: "What on Earth is going on?"

L'ENVOI

The Moral is:
 What God hath wrought,
To monkey with
 We hadn't ought;
But since we have,
 We would be wiser
Not to be
An atom-miser.