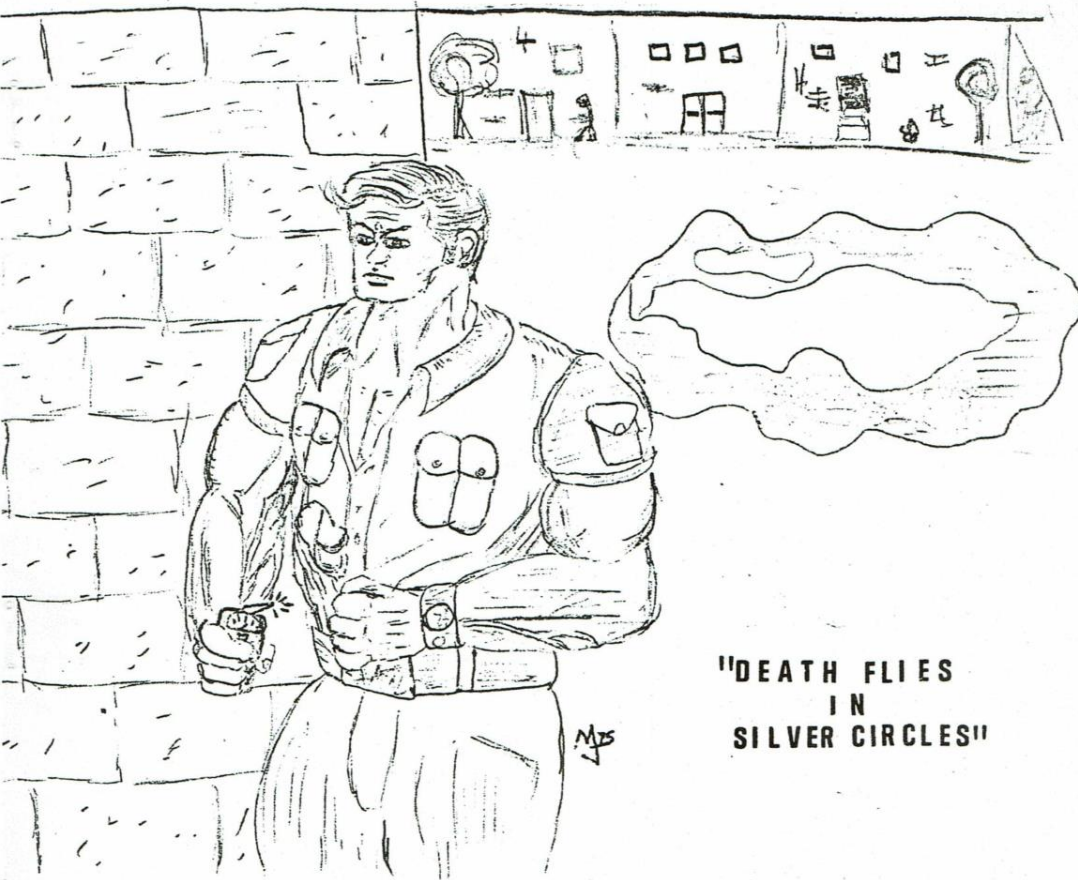


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"DEATH FLIES
IN
SILVER CIRCLES"

THE MAN OF BRONZE

DOC SAVAGE



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Letter FROM the Editor!: This being our first issue, I thought it best to acquaint our readers with the content of this Fanzine and future issues.

Our writers (Mark Justice, Ken Bailey, and myself) have "created" an updated version of Doc Savage. Due to pending copyrights the characters names have been slightly changed, though you may pick out the Doc Savage characteristics without much difficulty.

The art staff of this Fanzine is in my opinion to be the premier Doc Savage authorities, and the artwork I think you will find spectacular.

Also in this issue you will find an ad page, our new Doc Savage story, and various articles no doubt of interest to all fans across the country.

And before I sign off, I would like to thank all those who contributed artwork, notably Miss J. D. Bishop, and who sent in articles, Daryl S. Herrick.

But read on. The best is yet to come!

John Boehm

DEATH FLIES IN SILVER CIRCLES
BY
JOHN BOEHM
MARK JUSTICE

CHAPTER I

It was not a very large circle. Seventeen inches in diameter, it hung suspended over the streets of Ankara, Turkey. It was all that remained of Ambassador Eric Bryan.

Fifteen minutes ago Bryan was a living, breathing human being, walking the Ankarahan streets under the watchful eyes of his trained bodyguards. Now his life had been snuffed out as easily as that of a bothersome insect.

Eric Bryans fate was at that moment being contemplated by a group of men under the crowded streets of Washington, D.C.

The occasion was an emergency meeting of the United States Security Commission, a little known government agency which investigated all emergency foreign situations.

The director had a long, narrow face with two coal-black eyes and a shock of thick, black hair. Around him sat many top officials.

"Gentlemen," the director said, "it has begun. Ambassador Eric Bryan was murdered not more than fifteen minutes ago."

If this was a surprise to any of the men, it was not evident.

"Excuse me, sir," one of the younger men rose, "but has this been confirmed?"

The director nodded and from under the table produced a box about the size of an overnight case. The top of the box came off to reveal several rows of numbers with small lights beneath each one. Under the number S-79 there was a flashing red light.

The director rotated a small knob on the side of the box. A low whine became audible, then increased to a shrill screech.

As the other men covered their ears, the director lowered the noise level.

"This device, gentlemen, picks up a signal from a device planted just under the heart of each ambassador involved in the highly secretive "World Peace Talks," the director began. Then lowering his voice, "When the heart of any such ambassador stops beating, a signal is sent out through the air and relay-off whatever satellites necessary, depending on the location.

He let this sink in. The signal you have just heard indicates that Eric Bryan is dead. But more than that, this device also pinpoints the location of the sender. The inventor of this device could tell us more about it, but he cannot be reached at the moment. You will find adequate information about him before you."

All of the men glanced down. On the table in front of them lay several large, thick manila folders, one for each of them. The folders bore the legend: JAMES WYANT.

"Please open your files," the director instructed, "and remove the first picture."

The subject of the first photo was an incredibly homely individual with a bullet-shaped head covered with a patch of stiff red hair.

"This man," began the director, "is Colonel Clifford Waynstoe, world renowned chemist and adventurer. At the moment he has top security clearance.

"The next photograph belongs to Lieutenant Major Lee Kenrick, one of the world's greatest engineers. " Kenrick's face was long and gloomy. It showed a life of peril and adventure.

The following photo was of a tall, bony man. His clothes simply hung from his body. He was studying a rock sample by the use of a monocle.

" This man is Phillip Edward Thomason, geology expert and government intelligence agent."

" And the fourth man you see is a personal friend, General Arthur "Hawk" Welsh, one of California's sharpest lawyers. General Welsh was a vision of sator-

ial perfection. His clothes were the latest fashion and tailor cut, to a perfect fit from his wide shoulders to his waspish hips. Hawk was the enemy of every well-dressed man in the world.

The director spoke up. "Gentlemen, before you look at the next picture, I think that I should fill you in on some facts."

"The men you have just heard about began their crime-fighting careers in the early thirties. These pictures are quite recent."

A low murmur went through the room.

"Now my friends," the director continued, "look at the picture of Doc Wyant."

The last photo carried on its glossy surface, the image of a man seemingly in his thirties. His metallic bronzed skin was only a shade darker than the sleek bronze hair which lay flat and smooth against his scalp.

James Wyant's mouth was mobile, and his cheeks were lean and his jaw denoted a rare power of character.

The most remarkable thing about this man was his strange golden eyes. They seemed to gleam under the lights of the camera. Hypnotic, they were. Every man noticed this at once.

"My fellow operatives," the director said, "I believe that Doc Wyant is our only hope of saving the world from this insidious menace. But there is a man who can explain matters better than I.

He gestured toward the back of the room where a previously unnoticed man stood.

The man began talking as he strode toward the center of the room. "Gentlemen, my name is Richard Ohlman, ambassador to Saudi Arabia officially, but in the course of my duties I have discovered a plot to....."

Without warning a sudden, searing light filled the room, shooting pain into the eyes of those who gazed at it. Though it seemed to last for minutes, it endured but a few seconds. When it stopped, Richard Ohlman was gone, a smoking pile of ash-like substance lying where he had stood but a few brief seconds ago.

As one of the men went out to summon the guards, he noticed that they were

staring through the skylight. When he gazed up, he saw a small silver circle floating above the room in which they were meeting.....

CHAPTER 2

Far below the Mojave Desert, down past the sand, the layers of stone shielded the vast domain of Doc Wyant. The Sanctum of Silence.

Only one man had visited here. Only he knew how complete the scientific apparatus was, or what feats of wonder could be performed here. That man was Dr. James Wyant.

At the moment Doc Wyant was occupied in the Sanctum's center. His powerful frame stood over six and one-half feet tall, his weight almost two-thirty. But this was not evident until he came upon an object of comparison, for his body was so symmetrical that the impression was not of strength but of power.

Doc's strange golden eyes glimmered as he observed his latest endeavor to aid humanity.

Reclining in a topless glass container was a small white mouse, minus a right foreleg. Doc Wyant had previously removed the right leg by a painless amputation.

Though his face registered no emotion, his eyes seemed sympathetic as he observed the pitiful creature. The bronze man's superhuman strength was indicated by the size of the sinews on the back of his fist. They were as large as an average man's fingers.

Clenched in that fist was a hypodermic needle. Eyelids covered those golden eyes for a moment as if Doc Wyant was offering a silent prayer, then open again, he approached the trembling mouse.

He grasped the mouse's body with his left hand, as he used his right to insert the contents of the hypo into the stump of the foreleg.

The man of bronze became motionless as a wall clock ticked on. His eyes did

not move from the mouse, who was now squealing and rolling in the cage.

Five minutes went by. The impossible was happening. The foreleg was regenerating!

Five minutes more and the appendage was completely regrown. After passing of 20 minutes more, the rodent had regained control of his leg.

A slight smile spread over the handsome features of Doc Wyant. He had made another scientific advancement. A cell stimulant which caused rapid regeneration of missing body parts.

Any joy Doc felt left him as he glanced at the wall clock. The hands showed almost five o'clock. Doc moved quickly, a bronze blur, as he raced to the south end of the Sanctum.

Occupying the entire south wall was a mechanism of incredible complexity. On one side was a large, man-sized opening. The opposite side contained among its complex dials and electrodes a chair.

Doc Wyant, sitting in the chair, pressed a switch on the console behind him. A piece of the machine slid away, and a circular band slid out of the orifice.

Doc adjusted the band over his straight bronze hair. He then pressed a stud on the front of the headband. A low hum filled the Sanctum as great mechanism's were activated.

For an instant Doc felt a throbbing pain as his own thoughts echoed in his brain. Then everything was calm again. Soon a strange trilling flew through the air. It seemed to come from everywhere, but also from nowhere. The trilling was a habit of Doc's when he was in deep concentration.

Again thoughts echoed through Doc's brain, yet these thoughts were not his own. Doc concentrated deeply as these thoughts were repeated, for these thoughts originated in New York.

"Doc...this...is...Link.....emergency....Security Council needs....your... help.....two men killed...silver circles...acknowledge....."

Doc Wyant's eyes closed as if he were deep in meditation.

"I realize the situation, Link," Doc's thoughts shot across the void, "I shall arrive shortly. It's time to gather Hawk, Tommy, and Kenny."

"Right Doc," replied Link. "Dangit, excitement at last and the shyster has to be there. Signing off!"

Doc Wyant deactivated the thought amplifier. It had served it's purpose. Doc was needed elsewhere.

He moved to the left side of the machine next to the door-like space.

He spent a few minutes adjusting dials, where circuits and transistors warmed up.

Doc then made a routine check of the Sanctum of Silence. He went over the intricate system which absorbed energy from the blazing sun for the purpose of powering the Sanctum.

He made a quick but thorough examination of all medical and laboratorial equipment. The bronze man then made a check of the Sanctum's security system. Seemingly satisfied, Doc Wyant moved to the next most important steps.

Doc smoothly made his way to the man-sized opening in the now wildly humming machine. His golden eyes quickly surveyed certain dials and gauges. He then seated himself in the metallic grey chair which resided in the opening.

Doc Wyant's corded bronze figure depressed control buttons on the chair. A hellish red light sprayed across the Sanctum of Silence and a dull throb careened off of the walls.

Then the amazing occurred. Doc Wyant was fading from the chair! Very slowly Doc's form was disappearing from view until he was completely gone. The mechanism disengaged. The scarlet red was gone. The throb was no more. The Sanctum of Silence demonstrated why it got it's name.

Doc was needed.

He stood an excellent chance of losing his life.



Chapter 3

Two dark, hooded figures sat in a tense, upright position, far below the seaboard state of Maine. Their fingers pressed tightly to their temples, the two forms seemed as immobile as statues.

Finally one of the hooded men let his arms drop to his sides. He spoke.

"At last, my brother, he has come."

The second of the two men also let his arms fall to his sides. "But", he said, "what if he doesn't heed the message?"

"He will," the first one replied. "It is his destiny."

The second man again put his fingers to his temples, closed his eyes and began muttering, "So long, after so long..."

The first man again pressed his fingertips against his temples.

The only witness was the cold stone walls of the cavern, which would have seemed distinctly familiar to James Wyant.

* * *

Twenty-five years ago, Doc Wyant was nearly a broken man. World War II and two great failures contributed to this condition.

From a small island in the Pacific came colancine, a strange drug which slowed the aging process to a state of near non-existence. This drug had been taken by Doc and his five aides, along with Doc's cousin Virginia, in the hopes that it would aid them in their fight against evil. It had worked.

Perhaps because of his superb physical condition, strengthened by two hours of exercise every day, or perhaps by some other strange fluke of fate, the colancine had a slightly different effect on Doc Wyant.

In the later years, Doc's nervous state became highly erratic, partially due to the Nazi "superman" theory. Doc Wyant was a prime example that the theory

would work.

This upset him. In a country which was founded on the basis that "all men are created equal", Doc's very being was most unequal.

Doc's nerves were very high strung, especially during the war's later years, but it was events that occurred after the war which affected the bronze man most.

Doc's aide and electrical wizard Simon "Juice" Porter disappeared. It was as if he had vanished from the face of the earth. For 25 years Doc Wyant had not been able to find a trace of him.

This, his first real failure, had disturbed him greatly. The second occurred a little more than a year later, when Doc was confronted by beings who claimed to be extra-terrestrials. Doc had escaped then with his life, but had never been able to find the location again. The entrance to the caverns had also vanished.

Doc Wyant had then come as close as a man can come to having a complete nervous breakdown. He was unsure of himself and began questioning his own judgement. It was then that he relocated his Sanctum of Silence, moving it to the desert, and began the long years of reconditioning lost talents and reflexes, rarely venturing out except to perform some duty for the government.

Now, after nearly 25 years of isolation, Doc Wyant had reached the level of perfection he once had. He had a positive attitude and was ready to risk all of the years to battle with the Master of the Silver Circle.

DOC SAVAGE-WHY THEY CALL HIM DOC.

by Ken Bailey

DOC SAVAGE, throughout his 181 episodes, fights crime, flies planes, zeppelins, commands ships, submarines, even armies. More than one time his herculean strength and quick thinking, coupled with ingenious devices save the lives of himself and his friends.

Speaking of his friends, there were none finer than they in their chosen fields...next to Doc. Monk was the world's most brilliant chemist...next to Doc. Johnny was the world's foremost authority of archeology and geology...next to Doc.

Doc Savage, because of his fantastic training, exceeded even the foremost in these fields. But, as stated in the super sagas many times, "His greatest skill was in the field of medicine." "He was a doctor and surgeon that was spoken of in awe in medical circles." And these are just a few of his attributes. He had designed surgical tools that made the implements of his day look like whittled bone. He developed an antisthetic that was quick and longlasting. When, in the 1930's, brain surgery was, for the most part, something to read about in "Buck Rogers", he performed delicate operations on the warped minds of criminals to "cure" them. Even today these operations are a thing of the future.

His pieces written for medical journals were carefully framed by many of the country's leading practitioners, and his books were classic standbys in any self-respecting medical library. Under his direction and training, doctors worked at his "Crime College" to perform his crime-curing operation on a large scale basis.

Doc hated publicity, and he felt little need for prestige. On all of his books the author was listed as Clark Savage Jr. But if he wished to be more showy, he could list his degrees including an M.D., M.S., A.B., P.H.D. (In chemistry), P. H.D. (In geology), plus many others too numerous to mention.

Doc's main business was adventure, though, and he trecked the globe many times chasing the forces of evil, so he doesn't do much medical magic in the super sagas, but when the need arises, he shines through with pure skill.

When the super sagas began, Johnny Littlejohn has had his eye injured in
(Cont.)

(Cont.)

World War I, and has worn eyeglasses with a magnifying lens on one side. He wears this until The Man Who Shook The Earth, when Doc performs delicate surgery on his eye which repairs it. From then on, Johnny used the monocle as a magnifier.

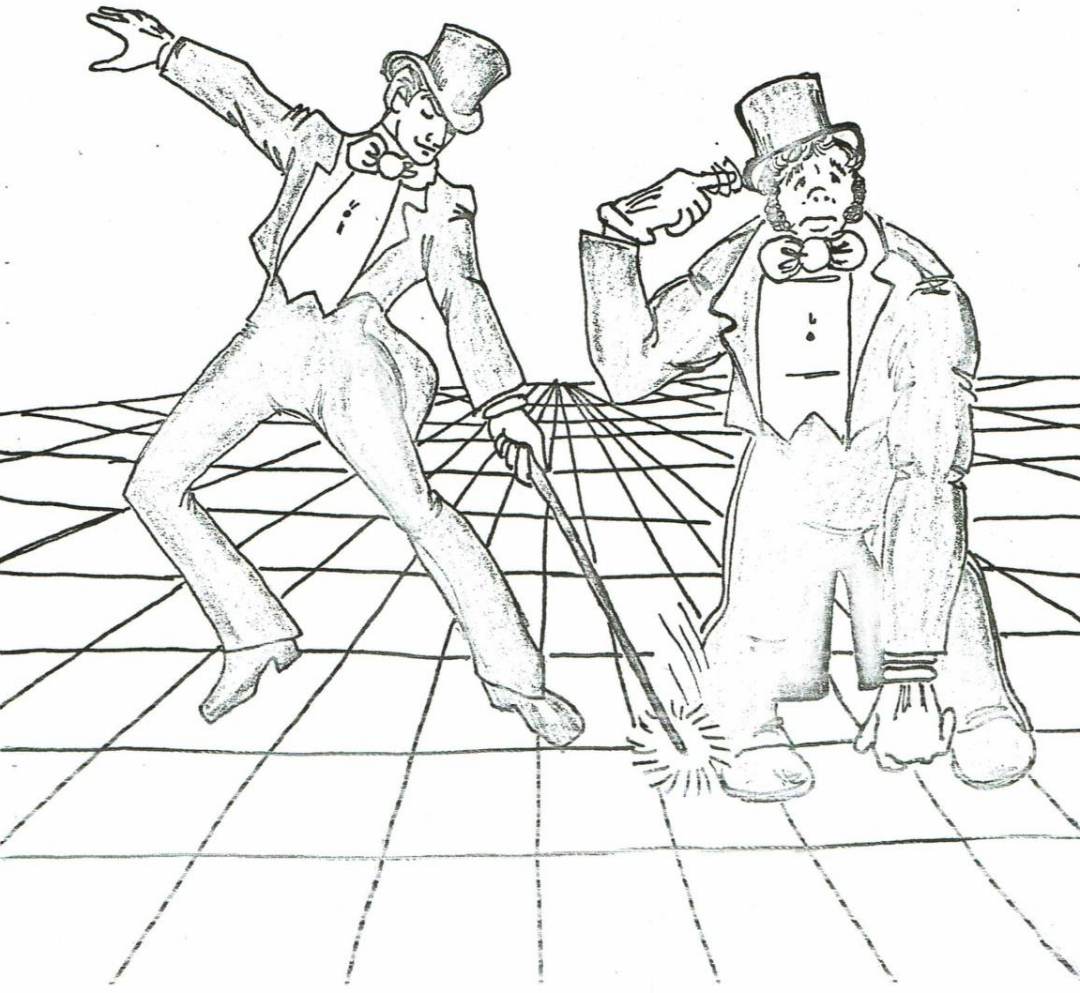
In The Submarine Mystery, two sadistic soldiers whip a boy stricken with pneumonia, and Doc does something he rarely does--- he loses his temper. After "taking care" of the sadists (by smashing jaws, arms etc.,) Doc repairs the damage done to the sadists when his temper has cooled, and with a few crude implements, brings the boy back to health.

In The Crimson Serpent, a tale concerned with a tribe of Cajuns and ancient Spaniards, one of the Cajun boys suffered a blow on the head as an infant, and has been retarded ever since. In a tent with his aides assisting him, Doc performs another act of medical wizardry, restoring the boy's brain so much that he was later college educated.

A murderer who had a bullet lodged in his brain in Czar of Fear, was saved by a miraculuous operation, but the surgeon's identity remained a mystery. I'd bet the knife wielder was Doc, for who else could perform such an operation (and claim no credit for such a deed!).

Undoubtedly, many medical breakthroughs that saved thousands of lives were enitiated by Doc, working at his Fortress of Solitude. But in the end, because of Doc's shyness towards publicity, the credit almost always went to someone else.

That's the way Doctor Savage would have wanted it, though.



"Never Fear, Doc Savage Fans Are Here!"

by Daryl S. Herrick

Author's note: Before reading this article, keep in mind that I am involved in one of the two Doc Savage fan club types that will be covered, and, though I'll try not to be, I may be biased in favor of one or the other, so don't think badly of that type of club.

With the movie, the record, comic book, possible radio show, and even the novels themselves, there are people becoming addicted to Doc Savage. Now they run amok screaming for more Doc Savage but come up empty handed. Slowly they lose interest in Doc and move on to other things and miss the thrill of Doc Savage.

Now enters the Doc Savage Fan Clubs, the glueing element between movie fans, comic book fans, and all the rest. Instead of running around and looking for more Doc Savage, the clubs present their information orderly. Fan clubs are essential for a media of this type to get off the ground and are (know it or not) a God given gift to fans.

The foundation has been set for a fan movement (hopefully a permanent one), but it isn't out of the woods yet. Hundreds of small clubs are spreading second-hand rumors (with only half of them true), and therefore cannot perform well and is almost as bad as the single fan himself. On the other hand, one big club is not good either. This offers no variety to the fan that doesn't like the clubs way of operating, and news, true or not, from these clubs is usually taken as gospel. Probably the best system is four or five clubs large enough to get correct news yet leave variety to collect and distribute such stories.

Basically the clubs fall into two classifications. Oh yes, they may be different, but they still can be classified in two types. First there is what we call the Escapist Club. There is no "sin" in being an escapist since most

Doc Savage fans are escapists. This club offers Doc Savage buttons, I.D. cards, etc. to further the escapism. These fans could care less if Doc Savage was first published in 1933 or 1975 as long as he's there to escape with.

The other kind of club consists of people who do not escape in Doc, but add another dimension to their existence. Let's call these the Adders Club. Adders do not escape, but add thrills otherwise impossible yet not losing reality. They search for meanings behind the stories such as why did Lester Dent make Monk ugly?

Finally, if you ate an Escapist or an Adder, I suggest you join both kinds of clubs for you may find a common interest in the other.

Editors Note: Daryl S. Herrick is the editor of the Doc Savage Newsletter, a publication available by joining The Arch-Enemies Of Evil, a Doc Savage Fan Club. This is highly recommended for all Savage fans.

To join send 50¢ to:

Doc Savage Newsletter
Daryl S. Herrick, Editor
#6 Country Lane
Belchertown, MA.
01007

Daryl has some fantastic project ideas and all Doc Savage fans should get involved. (Be sure to tell him we sent you).

John Boehm
Mark Justice
Editors



SAVAGE VIEWS

by Mark Justice

Doc Savage Magazine #'s 1 & 2

As many Savage fans know, a few years back Marvel Comics brought out a four-color Doc Savage comic book. The pitiful death of this periodical is well-known and a subject I'd rather not go into. Suffice it to say that the last issue of the comic (#8) had one of the worst story/art jobs this reviewer has ever seen.

Marvel brought Doc back twice; first in a freaky science-fiction tale with Spider-Man; and second with his own "Giant Size" comic, reprinting the first two issues of the original comic book.

This summer Marvel made the big move. On June tenth the first issue of the black-and-white Doc Savage magazine hit the stands.

As I rushed to the stand I wondered what form the mag would take. "Would they stick with the Bana version?"

The first sight to greet my eyes was the beautiful painting of Ron Ely by Roger Kastel. I immediately realized that Marvel was going to take Doc Savage seriously this time around.

The story by Doug Moench did indeed capture the spirit of Lester Dent's early Savage tales. Doc's deductions were brilliant and his strength was remarkably conveyed to the comic page.

There were flaws in the story, however. The elevator does not open directly into Doc's office. It opens into a corridor outside of the office.

I was always under the impression that Doc Savage conducted his mental exercises at the same time he strained his massive thews against one another. In the magazine he doesn't.

Also I believed the Hidalgo Trading Co. was devoid of windows. Not so, according to Marvel.

(Editor's note: in this story, for some strange reason, Monk refers to Johnny as Littlejohn.)

John Buscema & Tony DeZungia's artwork fittingly enhanced "The Doom on Thunder Isle".

Three months later I procured the second issue of this bi-monthly (which is now a quarterly).

Ken Barr's cover captured the power of Doc but it would have been more fitting for Conan.

Moench's story was very good, but I for one am getting tired of non-human characters. (Excluding Habeas Corpus, who was a welcome sight).

John Buscema was missing from this. In his place was Tony DeZungia and the tribe.

The artwork started out nothing short of fantastic, but ended up almost as bad as the last issue of the D.S. comic. DeZungia's semi-Bamish Doc was much too emotional at times.

The Ron Ely interview rounded-out the second issue. All in all, it's worth your money.



DEATH TO
THE
WHITE GOAT

Doc Savage, The Man of Bronze: The movie

Everybody from Mrs. Dent on down the line have told me that the movie was good. Personally I thought it was below average.

The film opens with an American flag skirting above the clouds, but you are deceived because the flag is a small one attached to a snowmobile riding through a fog bank. Then the camera zooms in on the words "Doc Savage" written on the front of the snowmobile (the Bantam logo at that). When the people in the theatre (all twenty of us) started laughing, I should have taken my chance and left.

Instead I spent an hour-and -a-half having my intelligence insulted. Granted Doc Savage novels aren't classics (especially the first six which were the worst of the thirties) but the movie was plain stupid.

Instead of boring you by (and myself by writing about it) how much I disliked the movie, I'll draw to a close.

Who knows? You may like the movie. I disliked Jaws too.

Daryl S. Herrick

Editors note: As always in these situations, the opinion of the reviewer does not necessarily agree with the opinion of our staff.

Wanted: Any information on Doc Savage films, mostly "Doc Savage-Archenemy of Evil" and the third film. Contact editor of this fanzine.

Doc Savage Bantam edition #82 The Mountain Monster. Due for publication in December!!!

The editors of this fanzine want to hear from you! Let us know your thoughts on Doc Savage and related material.

We also want to hear from other fan clubs and associated organizations.

Open message to the editors of all other pulpazines:

Pulp fandom is, as is commonly known, quite limited. We believe that a move should and can be made to unite and progress with the expansion of fandom. One way is through fanzines.

Fanzines quench the fans thirst for info and entertainment concerning his hobbies. LET'S GET TOGETHER AND TRADE FANZINES. Find out what makes each other tick and improve our own publications for the needs of the fans. Let's hear from you.

John Boehm
Mark Justice
Editors, Man of Bronze

Wanted: Good articles & artwork for The Man Of Bronze. Query by John Boehm, Editor, 107 Stoneybrooke Drive, Ashland, Ky., 41101 or Mark Justice, Co-Editor & Art Director, 1708 Callihan Street, Flatwoods Ky. 41139.

The Archenemies of Evil, a Doc Savage fan club is headed by Rick Thomas, Rt. 1, box 170A, Desoto Georgia, 31743. The Archenemies publish a very informative news letter. To join send a letter to:

Doc Savage Newsletter
Daryl S. Herrick, Editor
#6 Country Lane
Belchertown, Ma.
01007

You will receive a copy of the newsletter and other special options.

Wanted for research: A copy of the "Cornell Scientific Standard" Volume 24, No. 8, Summer 1971. Or if the whole publication is unavailable, the article "The Culture Patterns of Hopi and Navaho Indians" by professors R. A. Dearing and W. H. Littlejohn is needed. Contact The Man of Bronze c/o Address given in open message above.

Wanted: Many issues of Doc Savage pulps and paperbacks and fanzines. Contact editors of this fanzine.

Needed for filing purposes: Good condition copies of Philip Jose Farmers Mad Goblin, Lord of the Trees, and Feast Unknown. Contact the editors this fanzine.

Wanted: Copy of Avenger #4, The Devils Horns, contact editors Man of Bronze.