

Number One • \$2.50





HOT STUF' NUMBER ONE

Summer 1974

Entire contents Copyright © 1974 Sal Quartuccio

All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted.

Printed in the United States of America

\$2.50 per copy

Order from:

Sal Quartuccio • 770 East 45th Street • Brooklyn, New York 11203

HOT STUF' Number One
 an illustrated story book.
 Published occasionally by:
 Sal Quartuccio
 770 East 45th Street
 Brooklyn, New York 11203
 \$2.50 per copy in the USA
 \$3.50 outside the USA
 Dealers please inquire
 about quantity discounts.

**Front Cover Art
 and Logo Design**
 Ken Barr

BUG
 story and art
 Rich Corben

The Proposition
 story and art
 Dan Recchia

Shadow of the Sword
 story and art
 Rich Buckler

The Apple
 story and art
 Mike Snyder

**Uncle Sal and
 Cousin John go
 Planet Trippin'**
 Story – Bob Keenan
 pencils – George Perez
 inks – Bob Garrison
 letters – Ed Manley
 Thanks to:
 John Coover – Judy Marinar
 George and Yvette Perez
 Jim Glenn – Naomi Harris
 Bob Keenan and Uncle Sal.

Mice in Veloe
 story and art
 Bil Maher

**A Thought
 in the Egg**
 story – Doug Moench
 art – Ernie Colon

FLYS
 story – Ed Faust
 art – Rich Corben

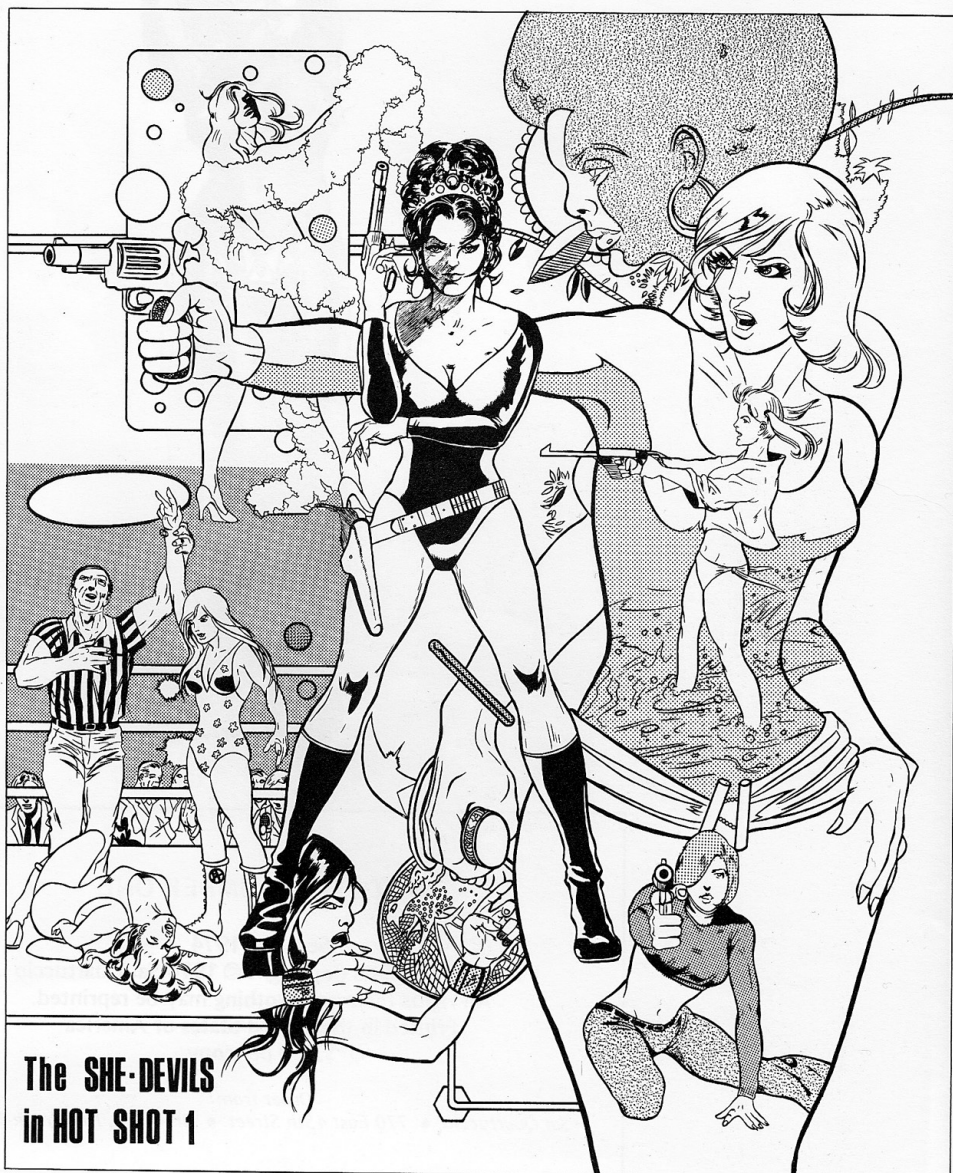
Back Cover Art
 Rich Corben

**Story and
 Art Direction**
 Sal Quartuccio

**A Special Thanks
 for their help
 and encouragement:**
 Kathy Barr
 Ernest Toth
 Rich and Maryann Basile
 and super thanks
 to Jim Glenn.

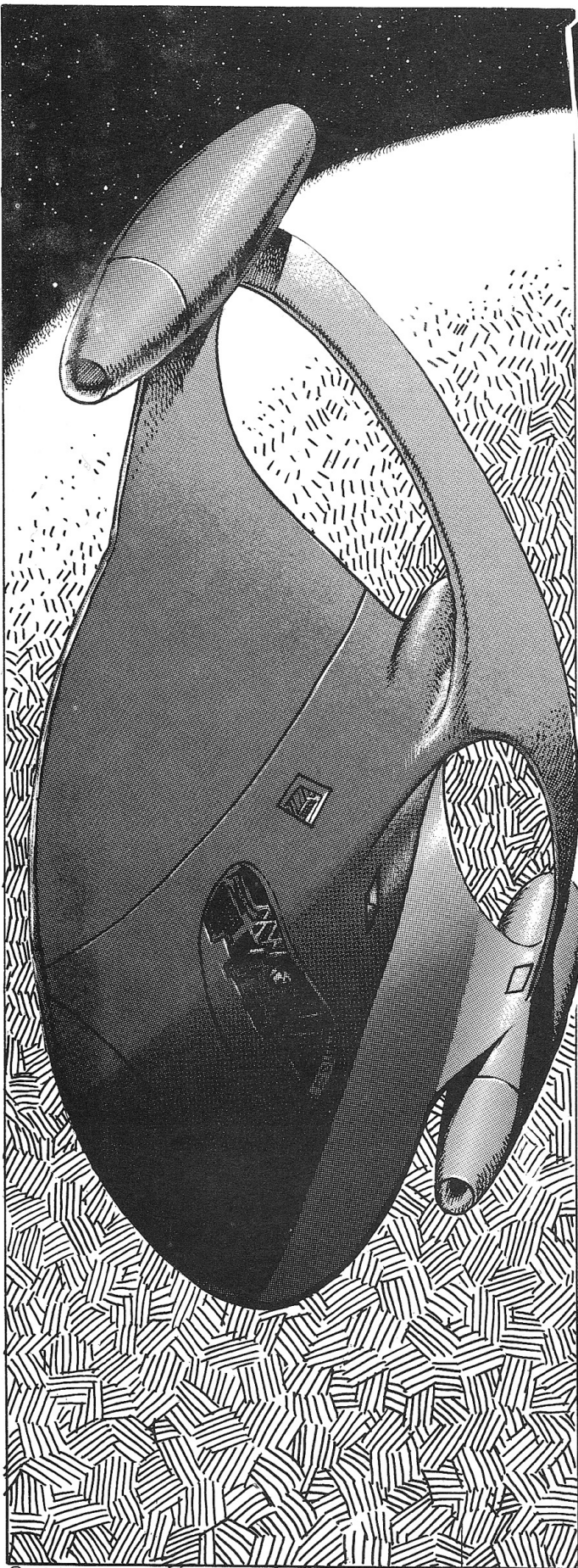
**FUTURE ISSUES
 OF
 HOT STUF'**
 featuring
 stories
 by:
 Neal Adams
 Ken Barr
 Rich Buckler
 John Buscema
 Ernie Colon
 Rich Corben
 Bob Garrison
 Archie Goodwin
 Billy Graham
 Bob Keenan
 Bil Maher
 George Perez
 and
 Alex Toth

Watch for our ads
 in future issues of
 The Buyer's Guide
 for publication date!

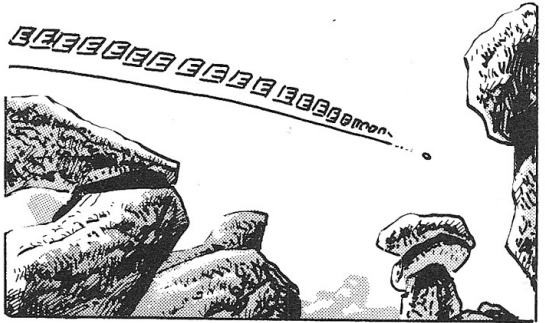


**The SHE-DEVILS
 in HOT SHOT 1**

BUG



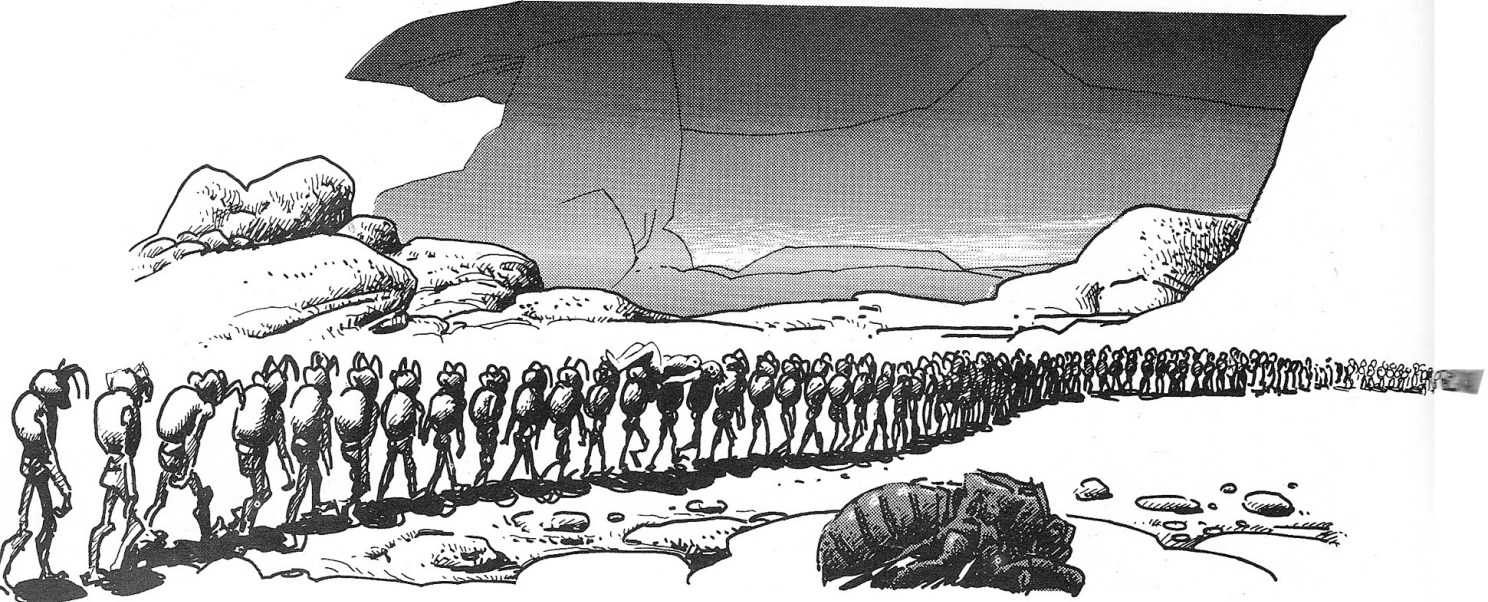
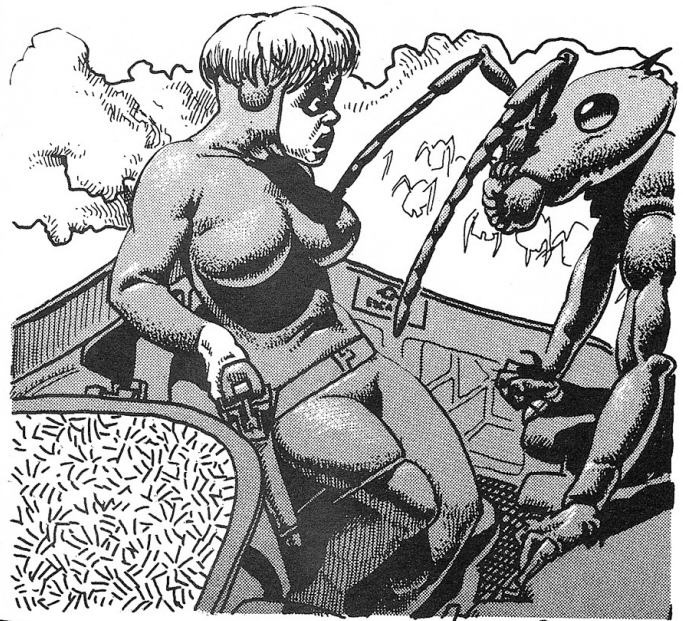
GOD! - CONTROL LINES ARE OUT. I'M FALLING TOWARD THIS PLANET.

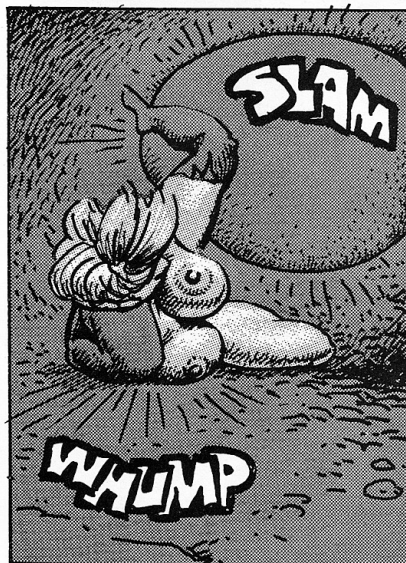
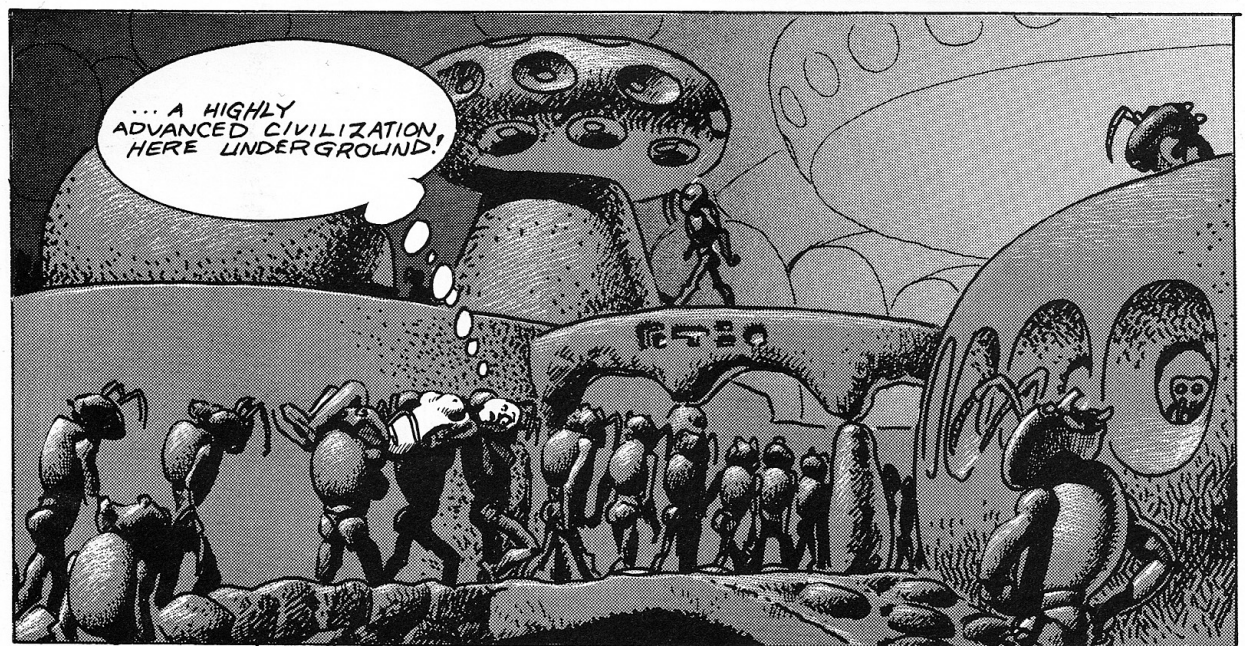


... WILL THIS BE MY DEATH?

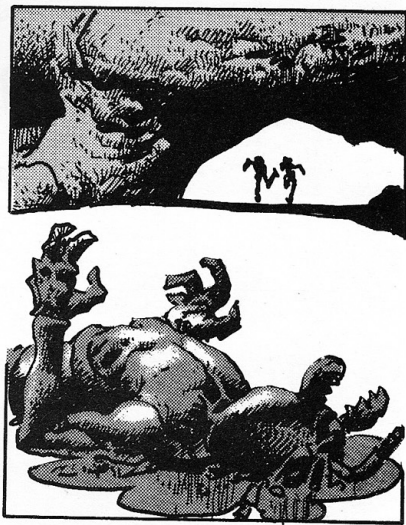
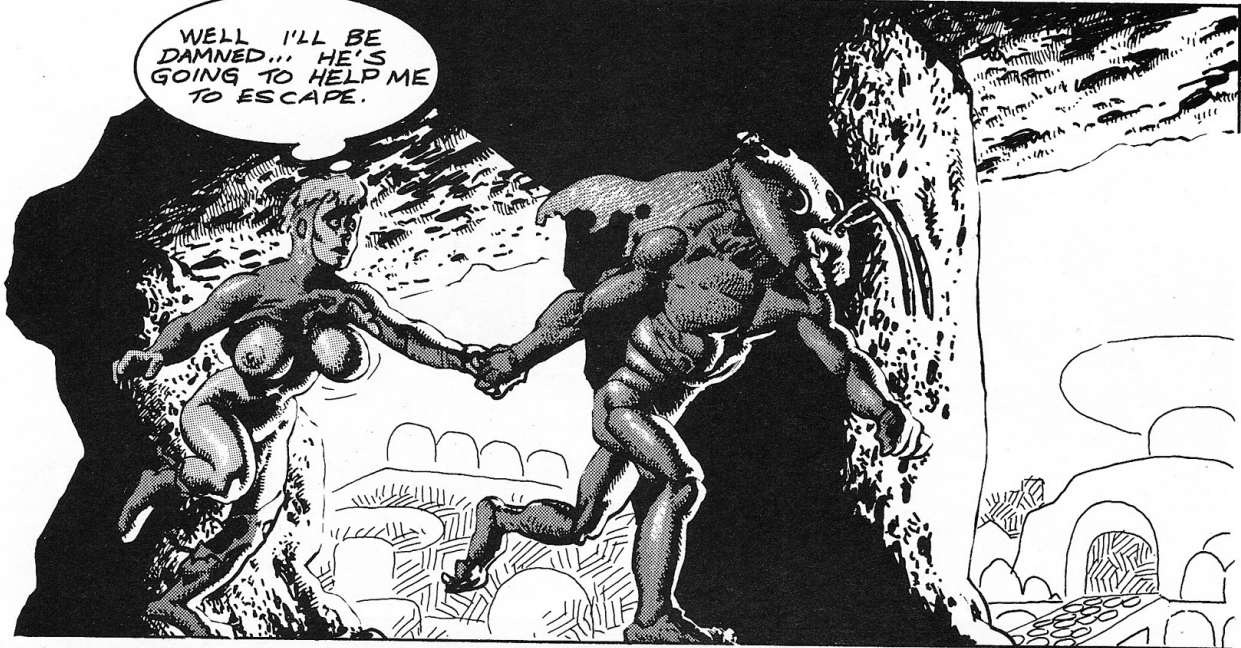


CRASH SCRAAAAP

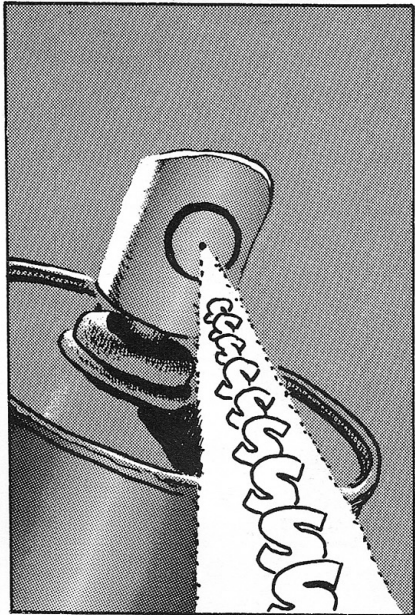
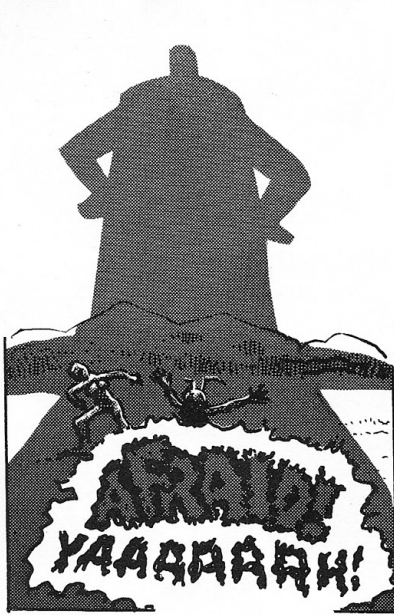
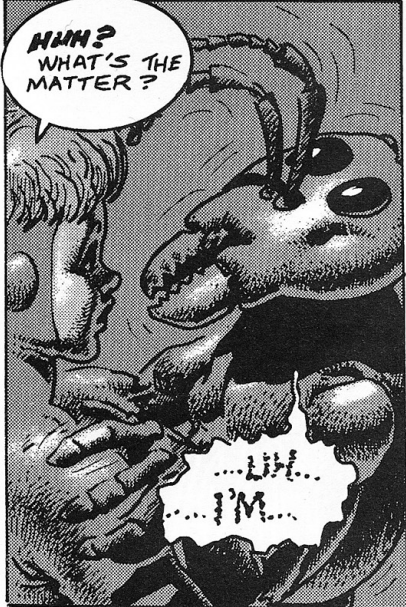




WELL I'LL BE DAMNED... HE'S GOING TO HELP ME TO ESCAPE.



THANKS SO MUCH ROACHY.. I OWE YOU MY LIFE.



THE END



SHADOW
of the
SWARD!

BEFORE THE FIRST GREAT BATTLE, AHAI HAD VISITED THE MOUNTAIN OF WISDOM AND CONSULTED THE GODS. UPON RETURNING, HE HAD AN ALCHEMIST FASHION A GOLDEN HEADBAND WHICH RECEIVED THE BLESSINGS OF THE GODS. THIS DID KING AHAI BESTOW UPON BARESARK, HIS FIRST-BORN SON, WHEN KING AHAI DIED BY THE HAND OF THE ENEMY. BARESARK BECAME EMPEROR OF XANA-DU. THUS DID BARESARK RULE DURING THE REIGN OF SILENCE, WHEN THE SPIDER-GODS LAY IN WAKE FOR THE MOMENT THEY NEXT WOULD STRIKE!

--LEGACY OF THE WARRIOR-BORN



R. Buckler



THE NIGHT CAME SWIFTLY, AND WITHIN THE EMPEROR'S CASTLE...



...THE EMPRESS LAURA FELT THE CHILL OF THE NIGHT AIR ...AND SENSED VAGUELY THE EVIL THAT CAME WITH IT...





...BUT SHE DOES NOT BECOME AWARE OF IT IN TIME...

BARESARK SENSES THAT HIS MATE IS IN DANGER, AND HIS MUSCLES GALVANIZE INTO RAGING MOVEMENT--



LALURA-- NO...NO!

EEEEEE-IT-EEEE



TOO LATE!! SHE'S GONE!!



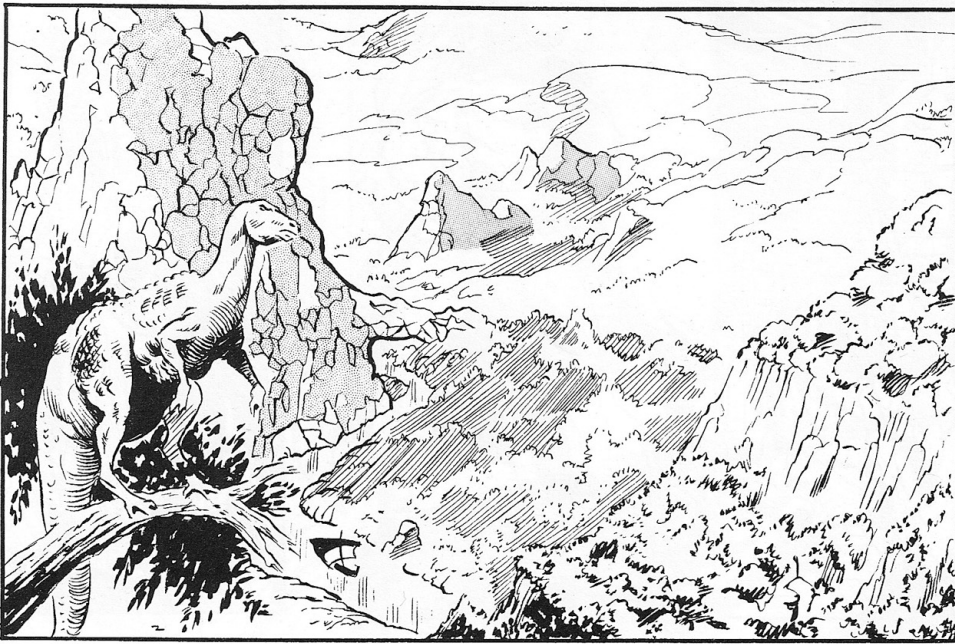
ONLY WHEN HIS FOOT SLIPPED ON SOMETHING WET DID HE NOTICE THE SPOTS OF BLOOD ON THE CLOAK, AND THE SOURCE...

--A MESSAGE!

I HAVE CHALLENGED YOUR THRONE AND HAVE STOLEN YOUR QUEEN LOOK TO THE MOUNTAINS WHERE THE SKY IS UNSEEN!
The DARK KING

BAREARK LOOKED DOWNWARD. DROPS OF BLOOD LEAD AWAY FROM HIM, SMEARED HERE AND THERE BY A MISSHAPEN FOOTPRINT...

"THE MOUNTAINS WHERE THE SKY IS UNSEEN..." THEN ...LALURA WAS NOT SLAIN! THEN WHO...?





BARESARK'S
QUEEN
SUFFERED THE
IGNOMINY OF
HER DEMONIC
CAPTOR...

...AS THE EMPEROR
OF XANADU PONDERED
THE WONDROUS RIDDLE
THAT FILLED HIS HEAD
ATOP THE SACRED
MOUNTAIN, THE ANSWER,
HE FELT, LAY SOMEWHERE
WITHIN THOSE CRYPTIC
WORDS...

...AND HE KNEW
HE HAD TO DEFEAT
THE DARK KING--

--OR ALL MANKIND
WOULD SUFFER THE
CONSEQUENCES!

THE MESSAGE WRITTEN IN BLOOD ON HIS CASTLE WALL BURNED IN HIS MEMORY, AND FOR THE FIRST TIME BARESAK FELT HIS HEART CHILL WITH UNHOLY DREAD...

HE WAS PLAYING INTO THE SORCERER'S HANDS--BUT HE HAD NO OTHER CHOICE!

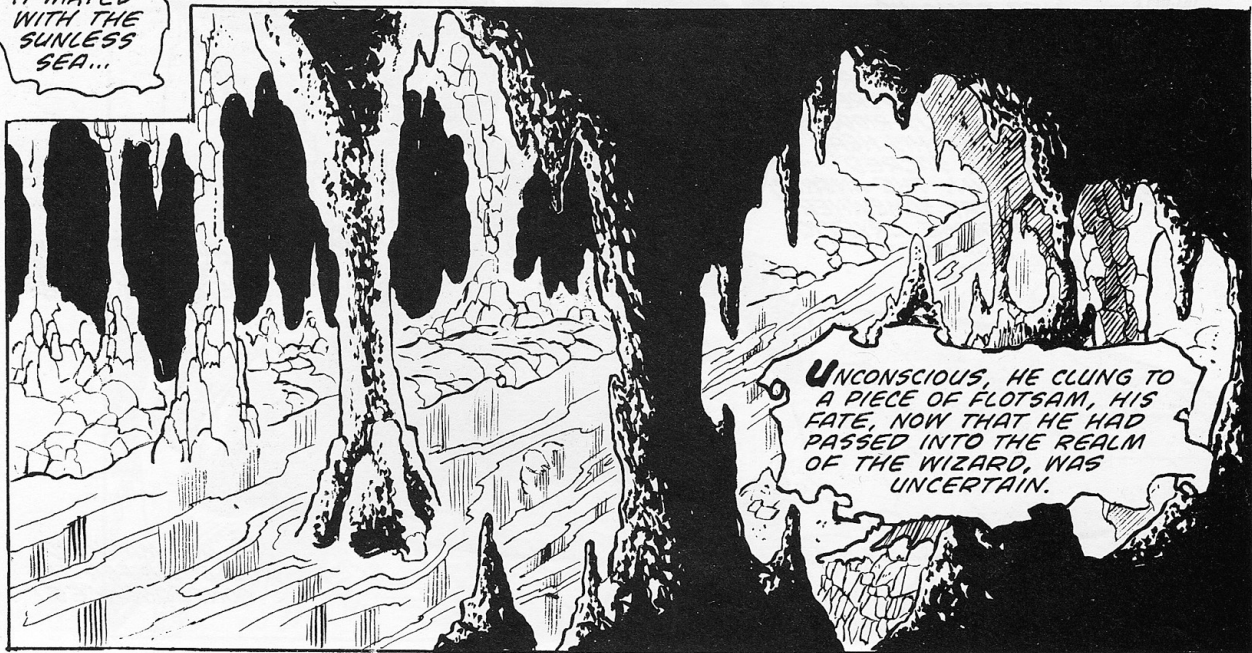
And from this chasm,
with ceaseless turmoil
seething,
As if this earth in fast thick
pants were breathings,
A mighty fountain momentarily
was forced:
Amid whose swift half-intermitted
burst
Huge fragments vaulted like
rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the
thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks
at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the
sacred river.

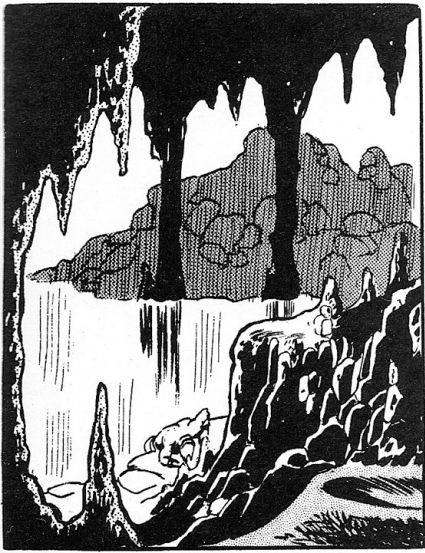
HIS ROYAL VESSEL TRAVELLED UNKNOWN WATERS, AND HE TRUSTED NOT THEIR SAVAGE TRANQUILITY!

WHEN HIS BOAT CRASHED, HE FELL INTO THE SACRED RIVER, AND FLOATED TO WHERE IT MATED WITH THE SUNLESS SEA...

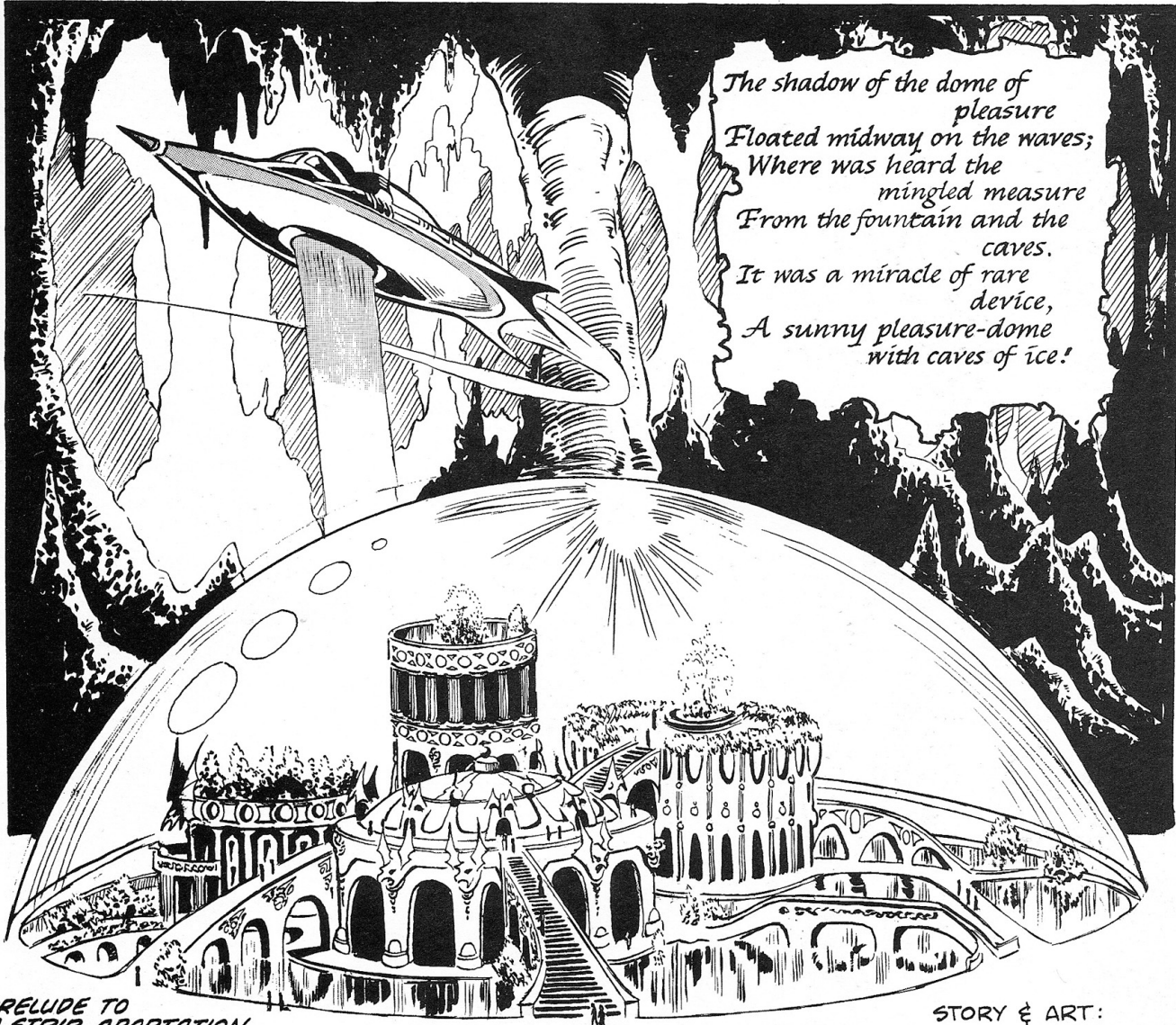


UNCONSCIOUS, HE CLUNG TO A PIECE OF FLOTSAM, HIS FATE, NOW THAT HE HAD PASSED INTO THE REALM OF THE WIZARD, WAS UNCERTAIN.





BARESARK SURVIVED THE WATERS, ONLY TO MEET THREAT UPON THREAT--PROLONGING HIS TREK TO THE WIZARD'S CASTLE, UNTIL ALL HOPE HAD FLED, AND HE FELL VICTIM TO THE LURES OF THE PLEASURE DOMES...



*The shadow of the dome of
pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the
mingled measure
From the fountain and the
caves.
It was a miracle of rare
device,
A sunny pleasure-dome
with caves of ice!*

PRELUDE TO
A STRIP ADAPTATION
FROM THE UNFINISHED POEM
BY SAMUEL COLERIDGE.

STORY & ART:
Rich Buckler

the proposition

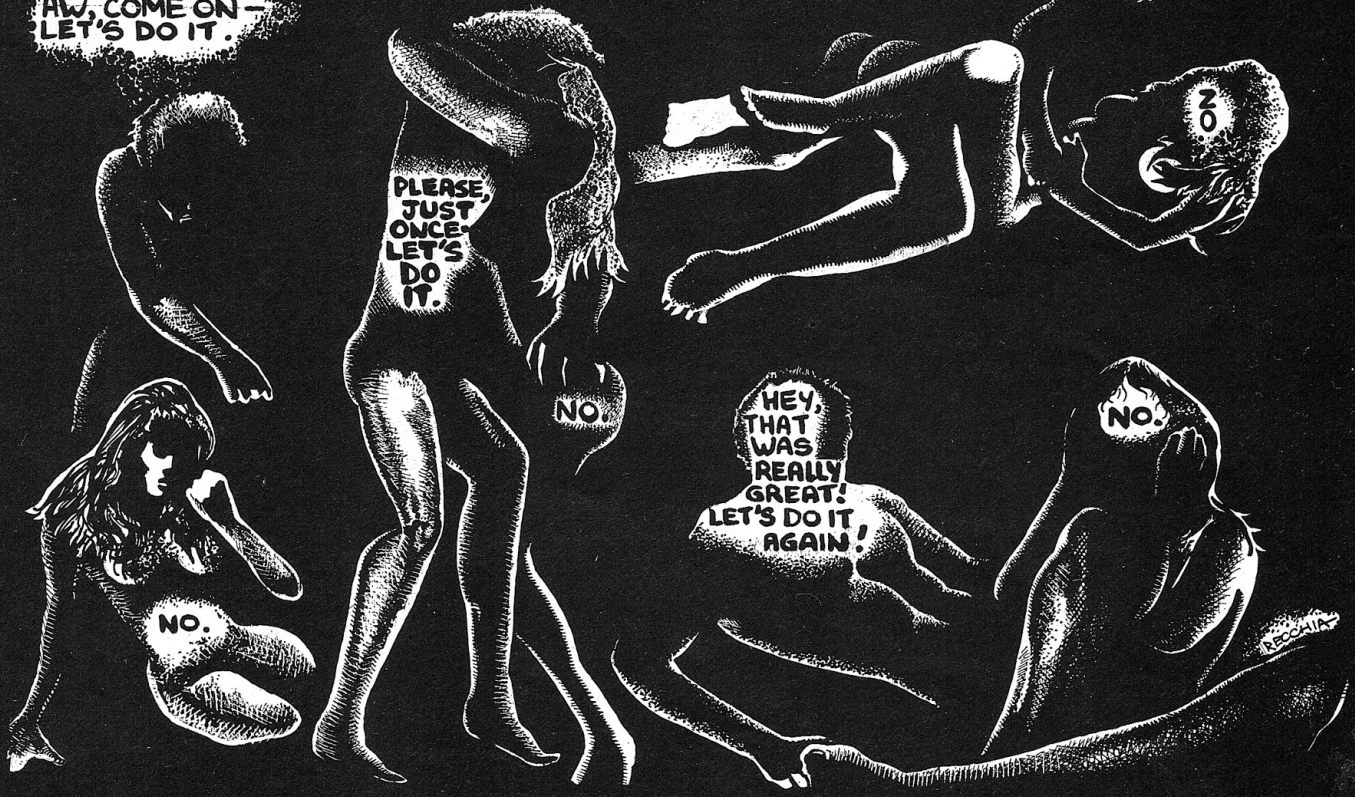


COME ON -
LET'S DO IT.

NO.

LOOK--WE'RE
GONNA DO IT!

AW, COME ON -
LET'S DO IT.



PLEASE
JUST
ONCE -
LET'S
DO
IT.

NO.

NO.

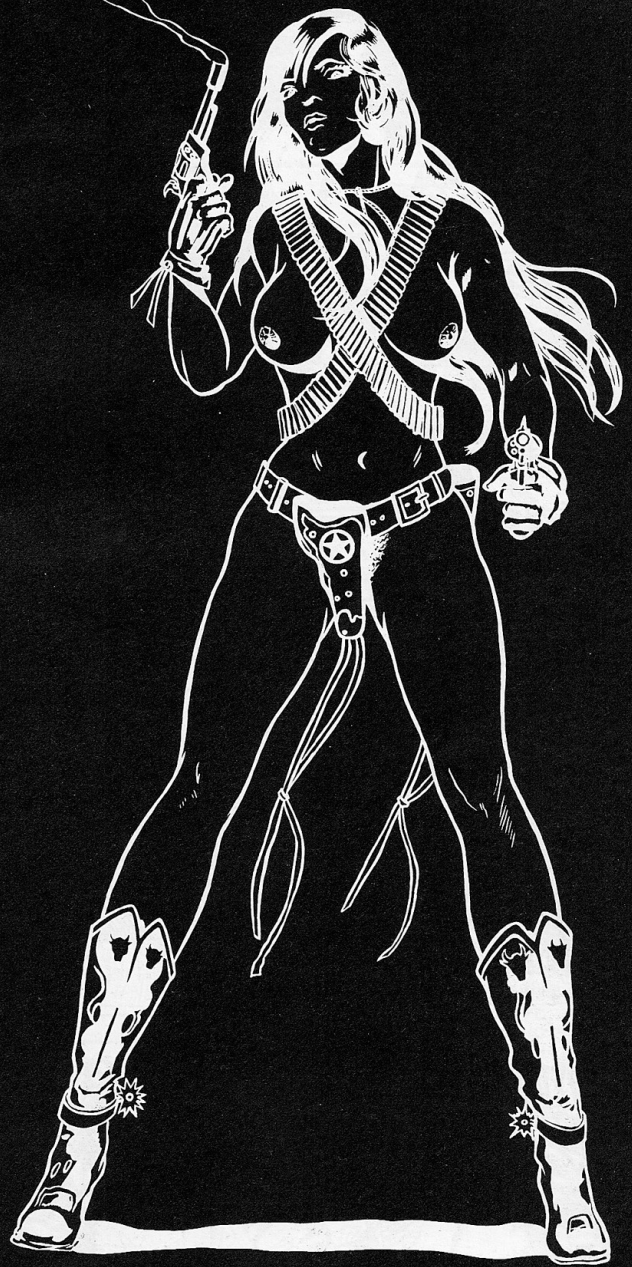
HEY,
THAT
WAS
REALLY
GREAT!
LET'S DO IT
AGAIN!

NO.

NO.

RECCAMP

HOT SHOT

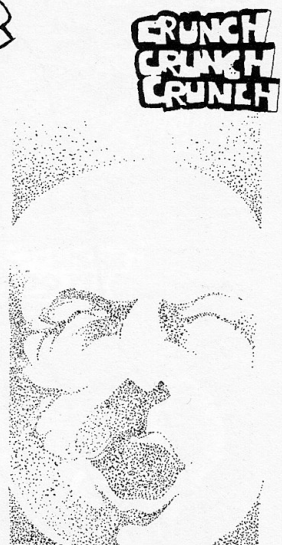
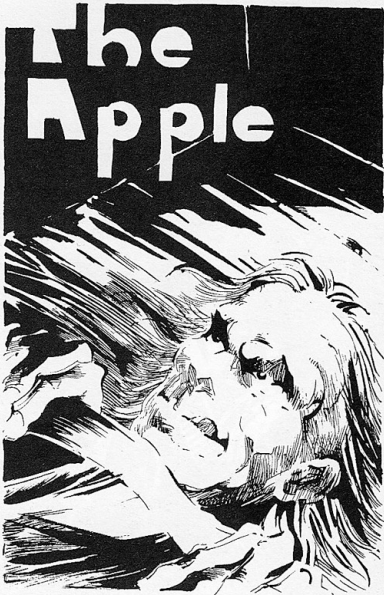


PÉREZ/
GARRISON

Yep! That's right. Hot Stuf's got a kid sister! **Hot Shot** has more graphic adventures for your eyes, by most of the nasty sex-maniacs that brought you this book. **Hot Shot** is a smaller, experimental book, 32 pages of a new kind of story, and as always with our usual high quality stories and art and lavish production techniques unknown to common man!

So, watch for the little sister with the 45's — **HOT SHOT!** Make checks or money orders payable to: James Glenn, 517 East 39th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11203.

P.S. — The price is only \$1.50 — it's worth every penny.



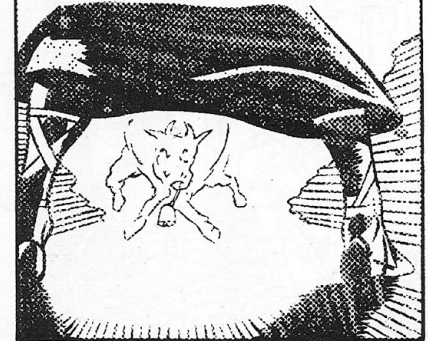
SINCE THE GOVERNMENT HAS NOT DETERMINED THE NATIONAL DAILY REQUIREMENTS OF SEX, VIOLENCE, FILTH AND SMUT, HOT STUF', IN ITS EFFORT TO PRESENT TO YOU MEANINGFUL DOCUMENTARIES INTO THE WORLD OF FANTASY, GIVES YOU:

SCRIPT- ROBERT KEENAN INKS- BOB GARRISON
PENCILS- GEORGE PEREZ LETTERING- MANLEY

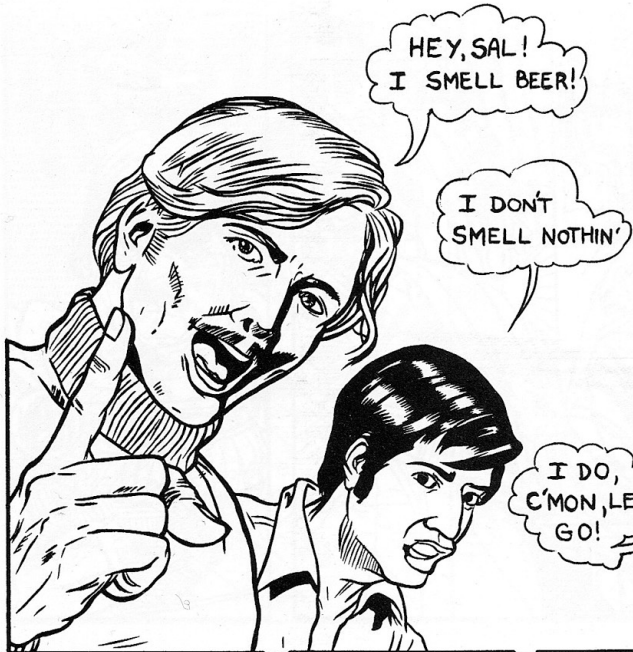
"UNCLE SAL AND COUSIN JOHN GO PLANET-TRIPPING!"



ALLRIGHT, HERE GOES ... OOCHEE GOOCHE, PUDDIN' AN' PIE, THREE WITH BOURBON, ONE WITH RYE, LIBBITY, LOBBITY, ONE TWO THREE, THROW IT IN THE AIR AND MARK IT WITH A PEE!



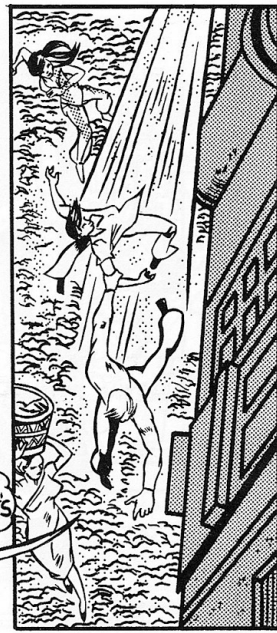




HEY, SAL!
I SMELL BEER!

I DON'T
SMELL NOTHIN'

I DO,
C'MON, LET'S
GO!



YA SEE, I TOLD
YOU I COULD
SNIFF OUT A BAR
A MILE AWAY

SURE, ITS
THAT IRISH
BLOOD IN YA



OK, LES HAVE
TWO BUDS!

EH?

LEMME HAVE
TWO BEERS

EH?

FAIR MAIDEN,
PERCHANCE
YOU WOULD
BE SO IN-
CLINED AS
TO FETCH
US TWO
FROTHY ALES?

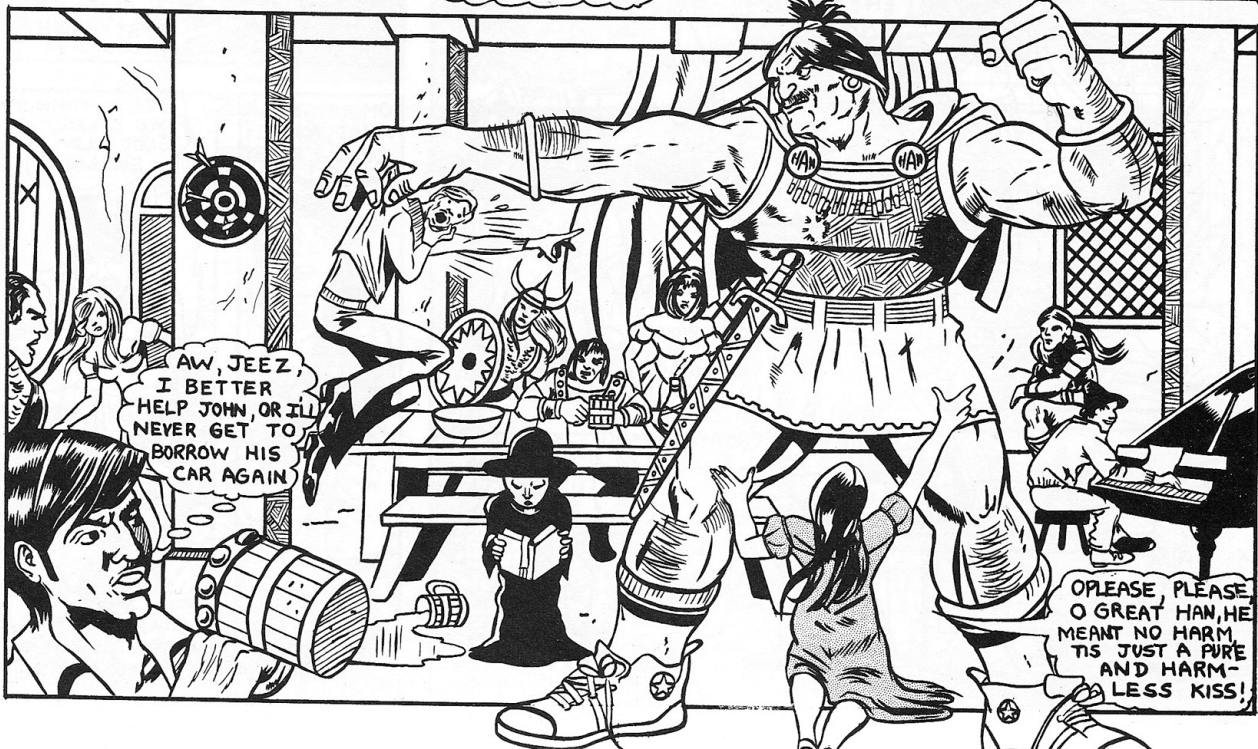


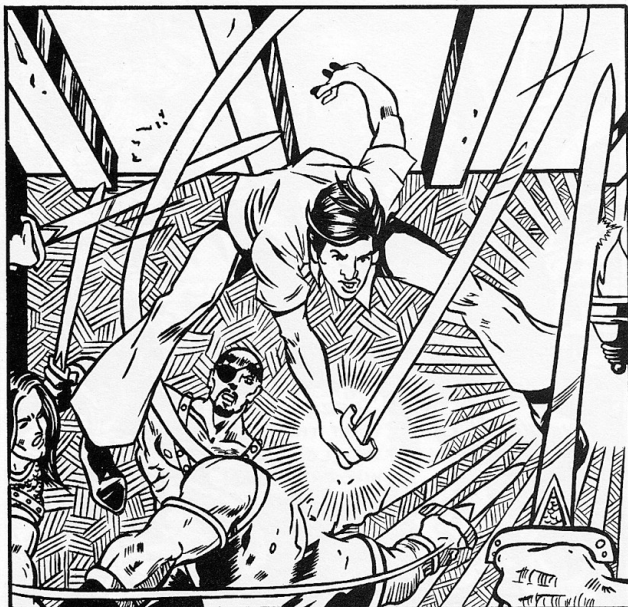
OH, IS THAT
WHAT YOU RE-
QUIRE? RIGHT
AWAY!



JEEZ, JOHN,
YOU SPEAK
GOOD OLD
ENGLISH!

WELL, I DIDN'T
WATCH ROBIN HOOD
17 TIMES FOR
NOTHING







JEEZUS, WE GOTTA GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE, WE COULD GET HURT



OH, KIND SIRRS, FOLLOW ME, I KNOW OF A SECRET PASSAGEWAY...

I JUST WANNA GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE AND FIND A HAYSTACK!



NIZE PLACE...



NIZE ASS...



NIZE TRAP, YOU SHITHEADS



JEEZUS, CHRIST, WHAT THE HELL... HEY, LOOKOUT WIT DAT SWORD!



HEY, YOU'RE GONNA HURT, SOMEBODY LIKE THAT!



HA, HA... YOU FOOLS!... I AM COUSIN TO THE KING, AND YOU SHALL BECOME HIS SLAVES!



OH, MAN, WE'RE UP SHITS CREEK NOW

DON'T WORRY, I GOT A PLAN

WAIT HERE, DOGS, WHILE I GET SOME RAZORS



HOLY SHIT... DIDJA HEAR THAT?

DON'T WORRY, I GOT A PLAN



OK, GENIUS, LET'S HEAR THE PLAN

WELL, HERE IT IS. WE LOOK AROUND FOR A CHAINSAW, AND WE CUT THE BARS OF THE WINDOW...



...THEN WE LOWER OURSELVES DOWN ON A ROPE THEN WE CHOP DOWN THE GUARDS WITH A MACHINE GUN, BEAT UP THE KING, GRAB JUDITH, SHOOT BIG GEORGE, GO BACK TO THE WIZARD AND WE'RE HOME. SIMPLE?

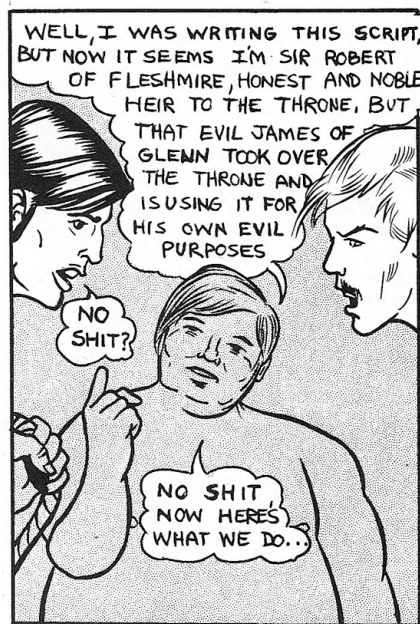
THAT IS, WITHOUT A DOUBT, THE STUPIDEST...

MOST RIDICULOUS IDEA OF A PLAN I'VE EVER HEARD. LIKED IT...



EXCUSE ME, FELLOWS, BUT I COULDN'T HELP OVER HEARING YOU. I COULD GET US OUT OF HERE, IF YOU COULD GET ME OUT OF THIS THING

OK, PORK CHOP, WHO ARE YOU?



WELL, I WAS WRITING THIS SCRIPT, BUT NOW IT SEEMS I'M SIR ROBERT OF FLESHMIRE, HONEST AND NOBLE HEIR TO THE THRONE, BUT

THAT EVIL JAMES OF GLENN TOOK OVER THE THRONE AND IS USING IT FOR HIS OWN EVIL PURPOSES

NO SHIT?

NO SHIT NOW HERES WHAT WE DO...



BOY, ARE YOU GUYS GONNA GET TORTURED, I GOT... HUH?

HEY, STUPID!





SAL AND JOHN ARE KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS AND BROUGHT TO THE KING



OH JEEZ... MY HEAD

SILENCE IN THE COURT OF KING JAMES OF GLENN!!!!



THANK YOU, GEORGE

OH WELL, IT WAS NOTHING.



HEY, LISSEN, WHAS GOIN' ON HERE, FER CHRIS SALES?



YOU HAVE BEEN CLEVERLY LED HERE, IN ORDER TO BECOME MY SLAVES, SO WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?



LEMME SEE, IT WORKED ON THE ROAD PICTURES....

... I WONDER...



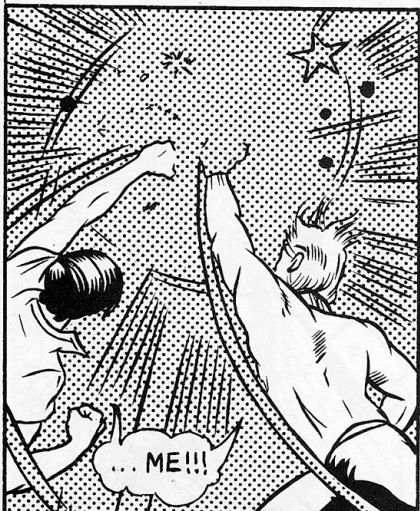
PATTYCAKE, PATTYCAKE, BAKER'S MAN,

PUT IT IN THE OVEN AS FAST AS YOU CAN,



FLUFF IT, ROLL IT, MAKE IT WITH A P,

PUT IT ON THE TABLE FOR BABY AND....



... ME!!!



JEEZUS... OHH, AHH... OCH...

HEY!

HEY MAN, YOU TRIED TO HURT ME, YOU CRATZOR EYESTU...



GUARDS, SEIZE THEM PUT THEM IN THE TORTURE ROOM... THAT WILL TAKE SOME WIND OUT OF THEIR SAILS, EH QUEEN NAI?

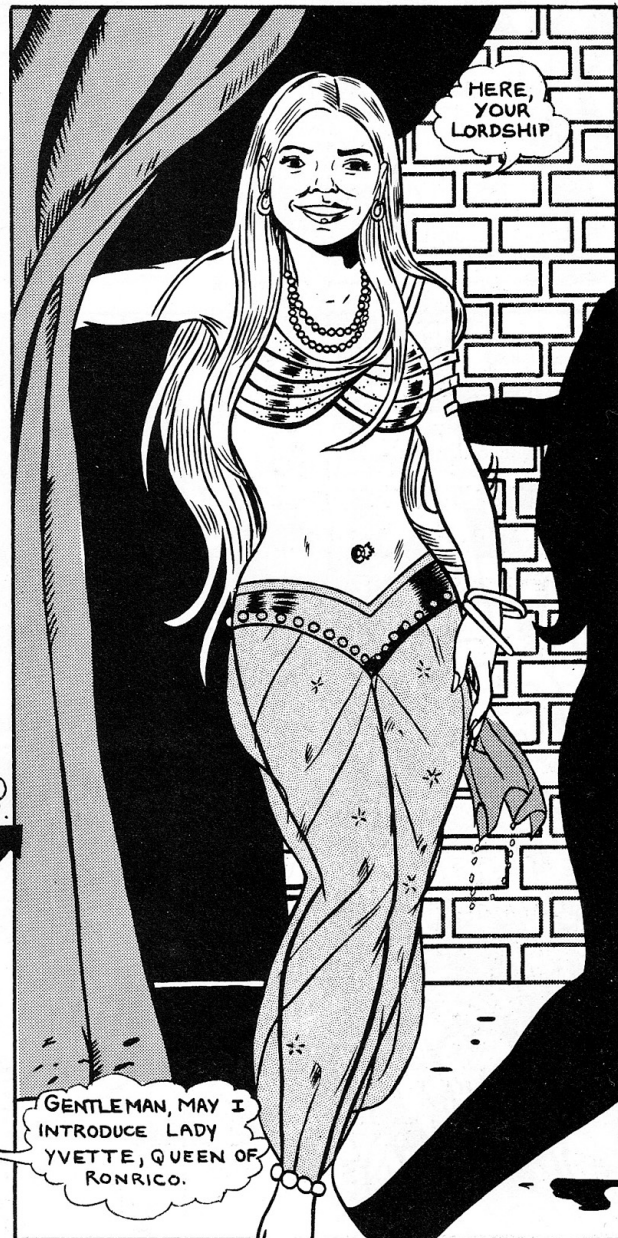
OH, JIMMY, YOU'RE SO IMPRESSIVE WHEN



FLOOM!



YOU FOUGHT BRAVELY, MY FRIENDS, AND I'LL REWARD YOU, BUT FIRST, WHERE IS MY QUEEN?



HERE, YOUR LORDSHIP

GENTLEMAN, MAY I INTRODUCE LADY YVETTE, QUEEN OF RONRICO.

