

# LA CONQUÊTE DE MARS

Grégory Jarry & Otto T.



Éditions  
**FLBLB**

New edition regrouping both volumes published in 2008

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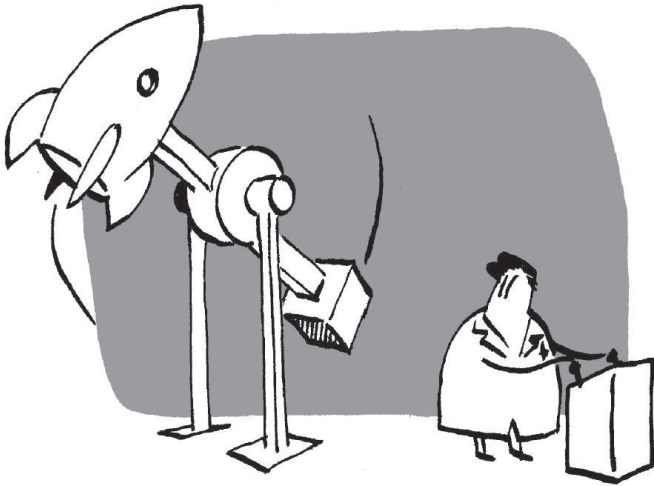
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## THE CONQUEST OF MARS

Grégory Jarry & Otto T.

On the 5th July 2009, the Vespucci lands on Mars. Representatives from each continent are on board. They all won a record-breaking international game show contest. Makéléélé Chow, from China, has the honour of being the first man to set foot on Mars. As this historic moment is taking place, the rocket suddenly blows up. Humanity is petrified: opposite Makéléélé Chow, in a red spacesuit, stands Adolph Hitler!

*A Science-Fiction saga that spans time, space and celebrities such as Wenher von Braun, Stanley Kubrick, Neil Armstrong, Léni Riefenstahl and Makéléélé Chow, this book asks the million-dollar question : do descendants of the Nazis also become Nazis? The authors of A Little history of the French Colonies leave historical popularisation aside in favour of a sci-fi epic that holds a mirror up to our manipulative, war-hungry world.*



### The Authors

Grégory Jarry and Otto T. are the founders of FLBLB editions. They have also co-authored numerous comic books, fotonovellas and flip books. Their work offers a fresh spin on the relationship between text and image in the comic medium. Their irony and black humour help condemn the dominations of people and territories by imperialism, colonisation and propaganda.





# LA CONQUÊTE DE MARS

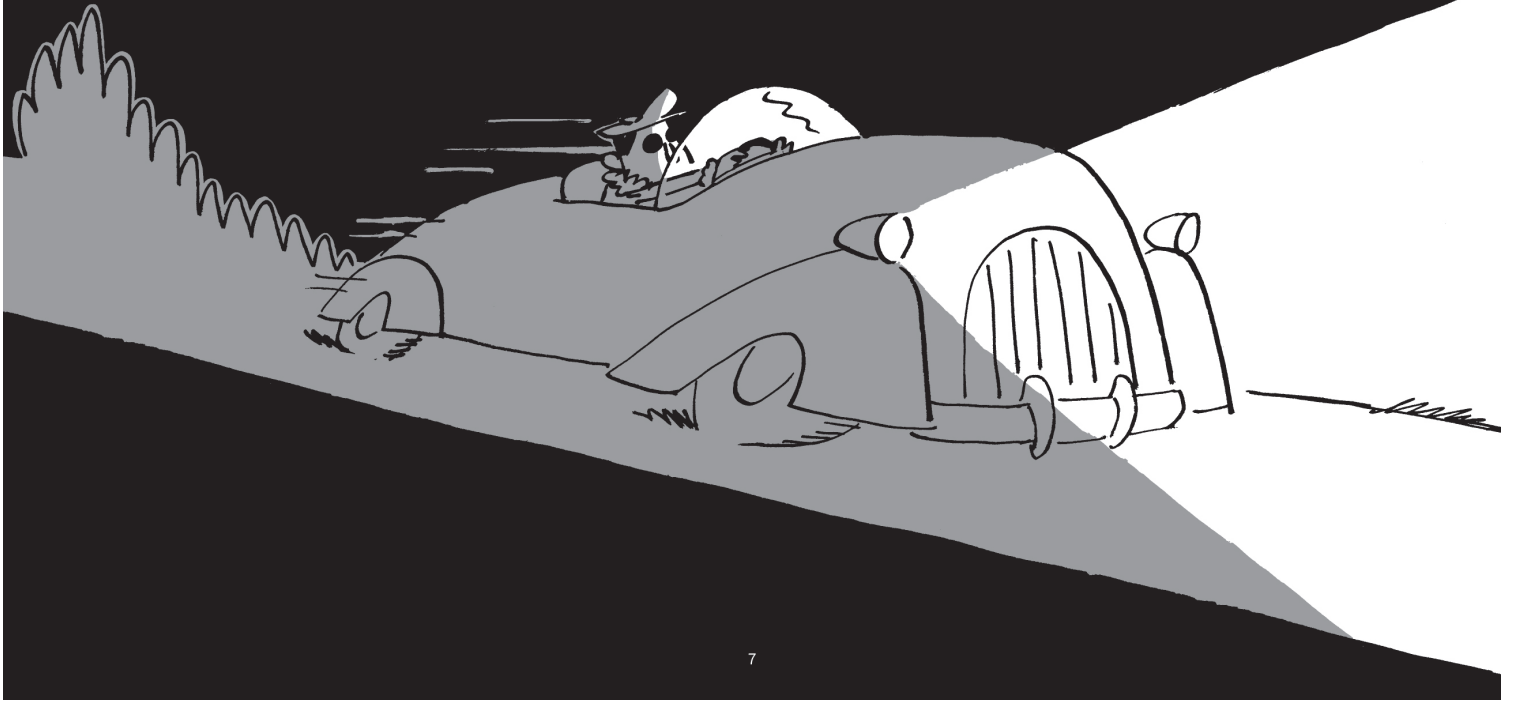
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# CHAPITRE 1



My name is Wernher von Braun, I'm thirty-three years old and I'm a dead man.

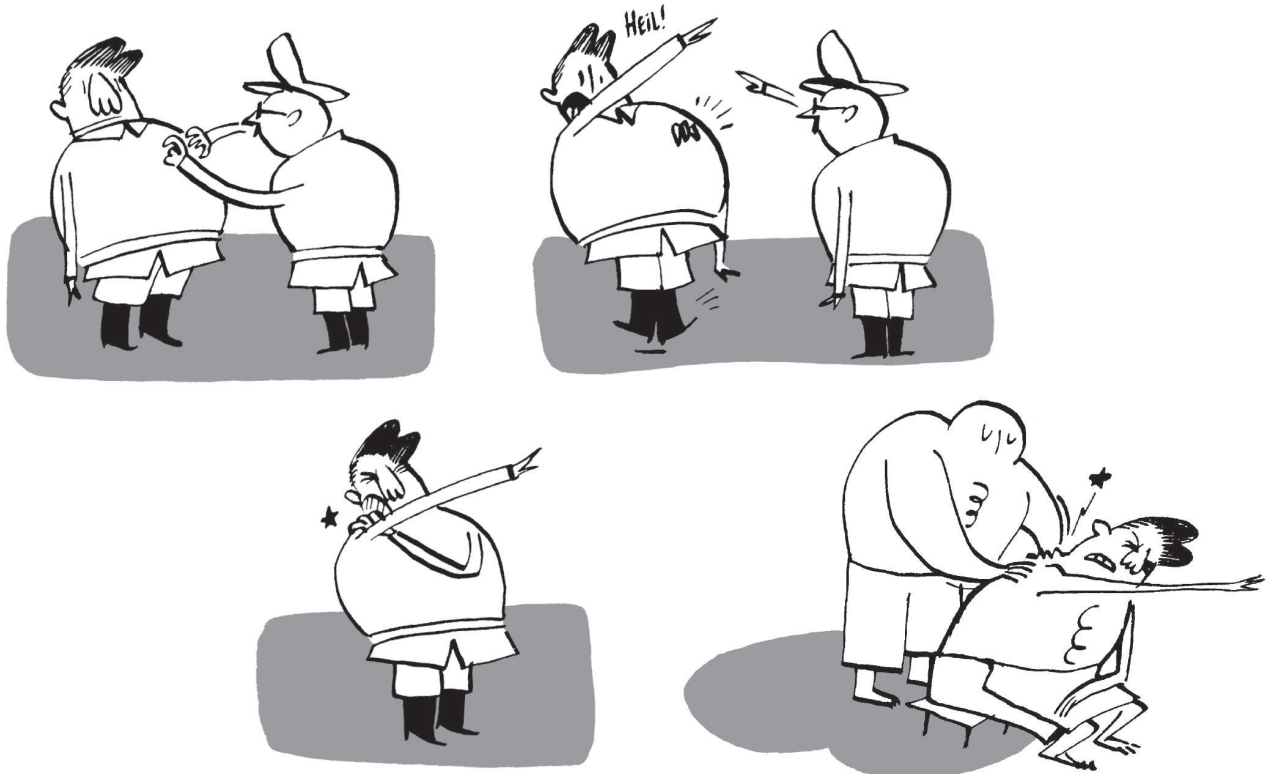


I'm a dead man because I served my country as a scientist. It was I who invented the V2 rockets which were used over London and Anvers. In exchange, my country granted me wealth and respect. Who can claim to have climbed the ladder faster than me?

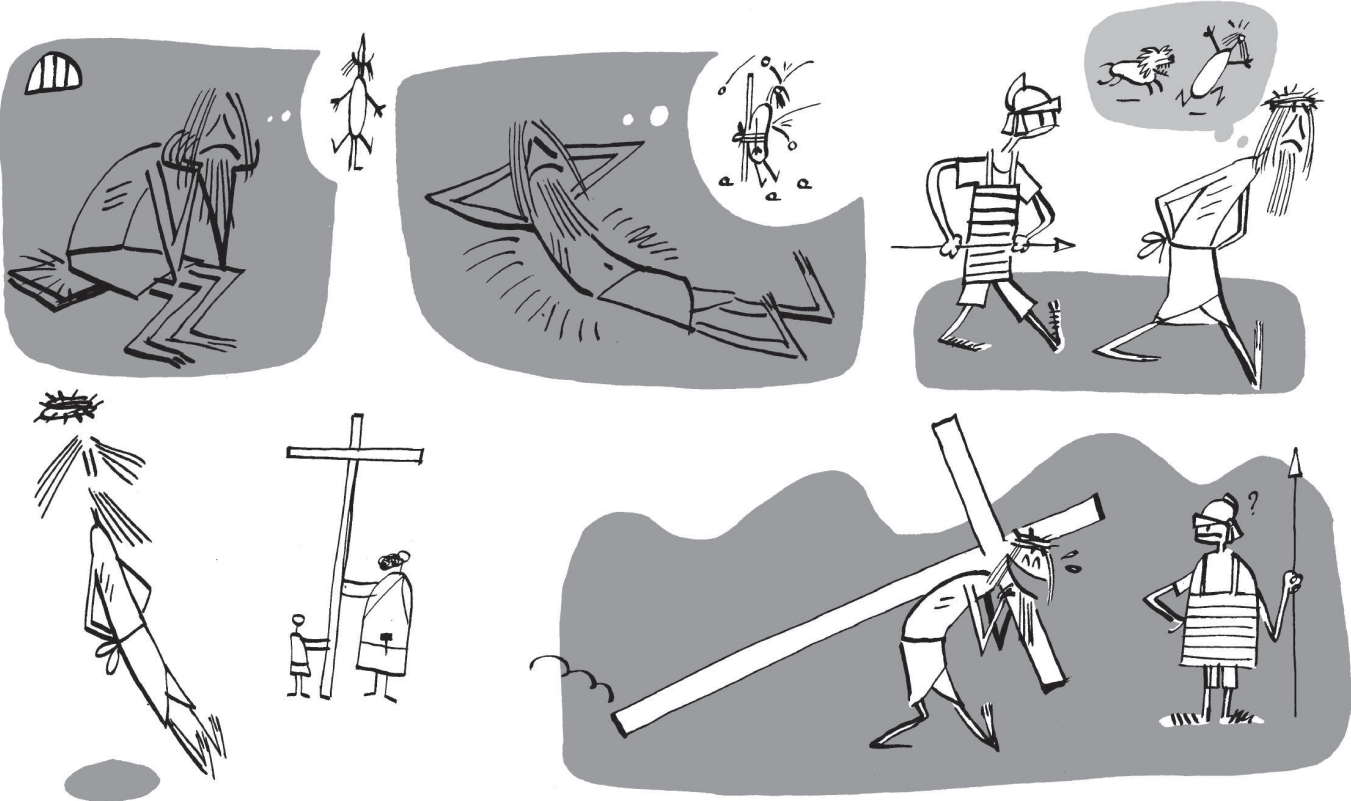




I am part of the SS, I received the rank of Sturbannführer from Himmler himself. It was a pretty big deal and I must confess I felt very proud that day and I thought to myself that if it came to it, I would gladly die for my country. Well, the time has come, today I will die for my country. I'm going to die at the age of thirty-three. No one can do anything about it, but thirty-three seems a bit short all the same.



It's funny because I'm going to die at the same age that Christ did. I wonder if he thought thirty-three years was a bit short. What bothers me the most is that Maria and i only made love once. I suppose Christ and Mary Magdalene only made love once, but he was Christ, so he probably knew what to expect.



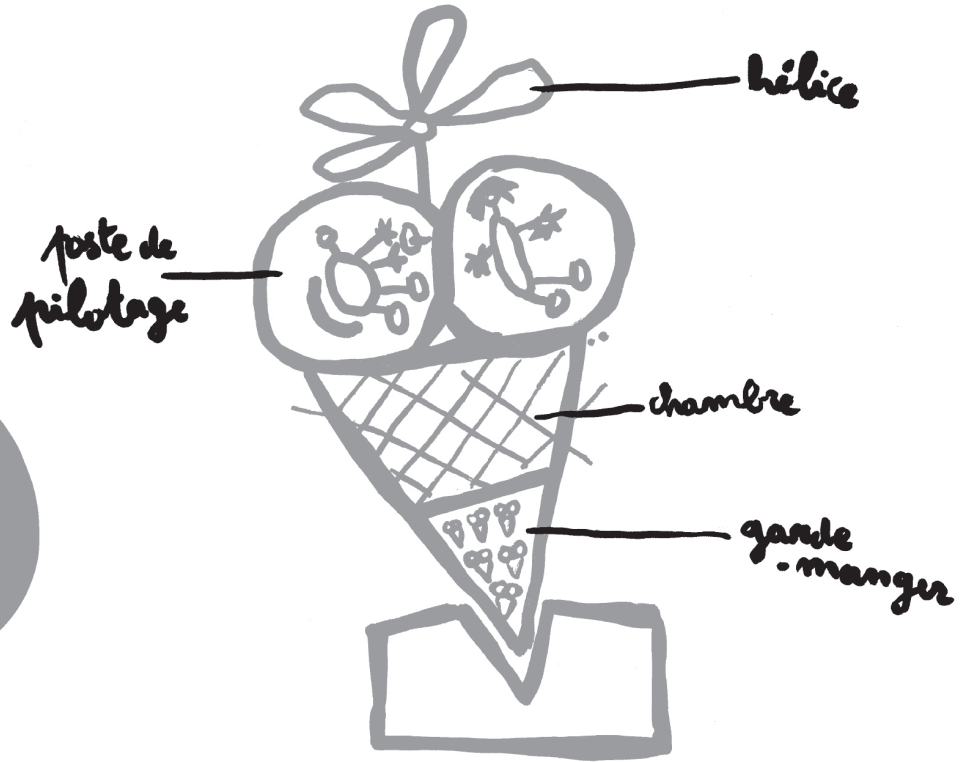
Maria is my cousin. Maria von Quistorp. We made love in Berlin, in a half-destroyed building. The city in flames and the planes in the sky were terribly exciting, but I didn't feel very comfortable because Maria's hair was so dishevelled. Afterwards, I recounted to her how I had fallen in love.



It was the first time we had gone to the cinema together. We saw A Trip to the Moon by Méliès. We were only twelve years old, but Maria von Quistorp was already a real woman. From that day onwards I always imagined the same fantasy : Maria and I would go to the moon in a space rocket I'd built myself, and together we'd rebuild a great civilisation.



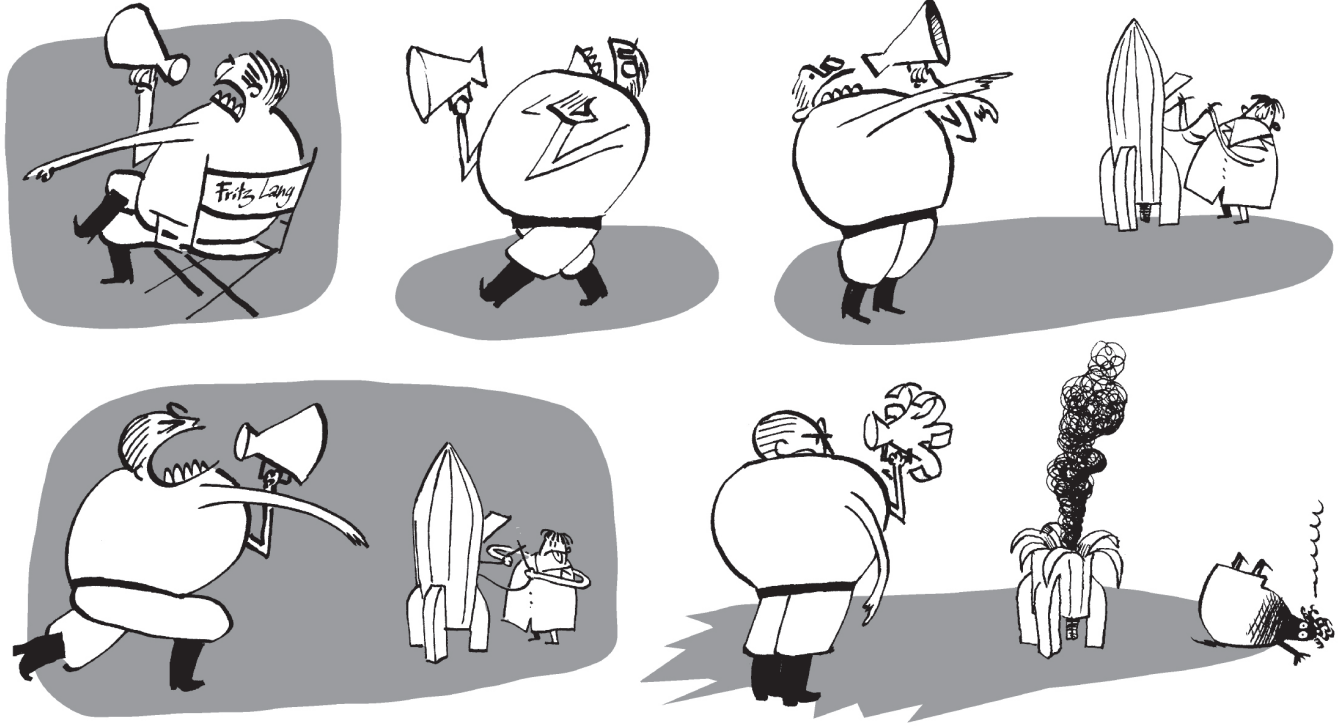
At first my dream focused mainly on our romance and in time took on a more technical aspect. I concentrated on the rocket itself and started mentally drawing up the plans to build it. I soon became obsessed with this rocket dream.



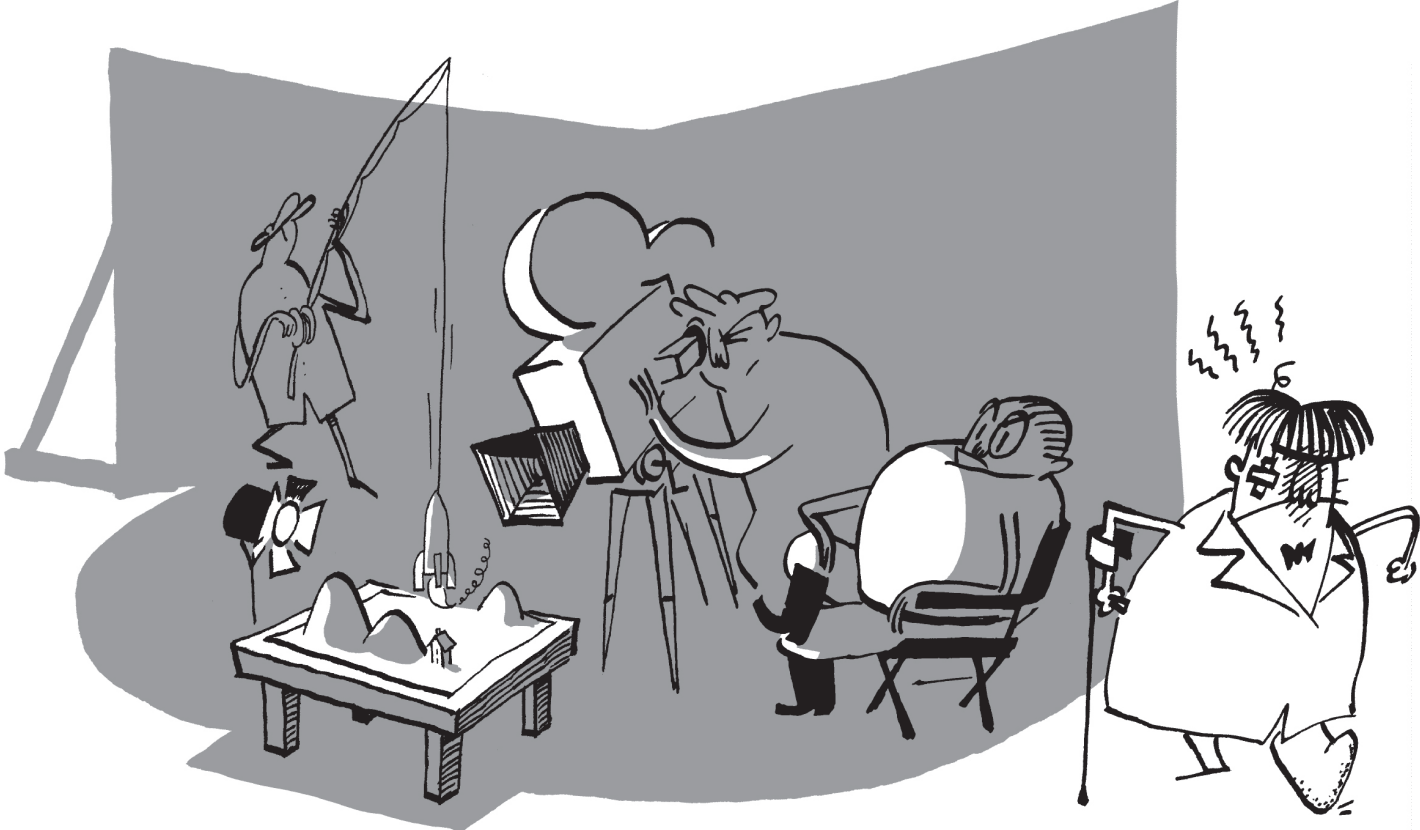
When I was eighteen I joined an amateur rocketry club called «the space-travel society». Thanks to them, I realised that building a spaceship requires considerable funding.



One day while he was making *Woman in the Moon*, Fritz Lang expressed his wish to film a real take-off. He called on the «Space-travel Society» and a two-meter rocket was built, but an explosion occurred which nearly cost me my life.



In the end Fritz Lang abandoned the idea and used a model for his take-off. I'll never forgive him. Particularly as he treacherously deserted Germany in 1933 after Goebbels offered him to take charge of the ministry's cinema department. I swore to myself I'd never pass up a chance like that.

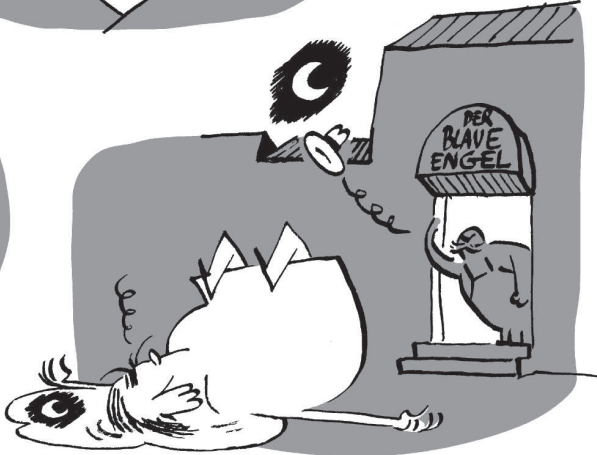
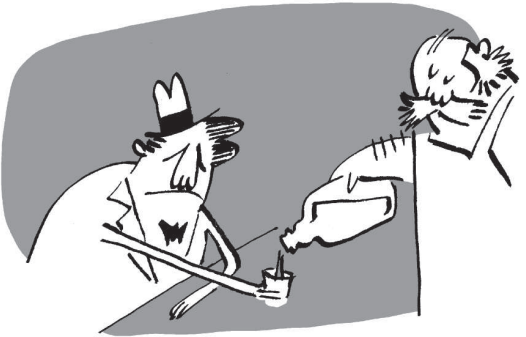




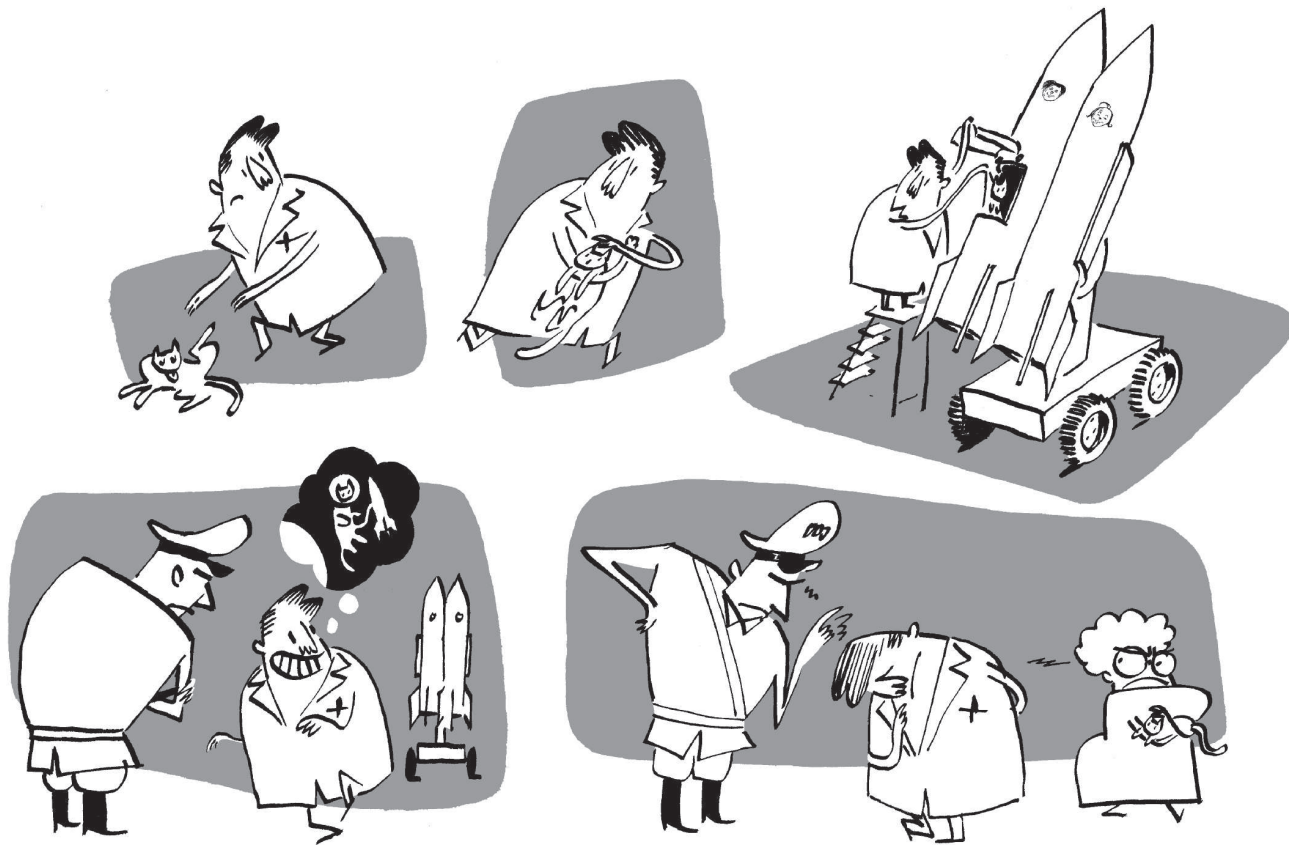
Which came the following year. I was twenty-two years old, I had just completed my degree on liquid combustibles. The Wehrmacht offered me a position as an engineer at the Kummersdorf experience centre, under the condition that I abandon space travel in favour of ballistic devices filled with explosive charges.



The general-in-chief gave his word that my missiles would only be used to defence, never to attack. I accepted, safe in the knowledge that this research would sooner or later allow allow me to focus on my dream.



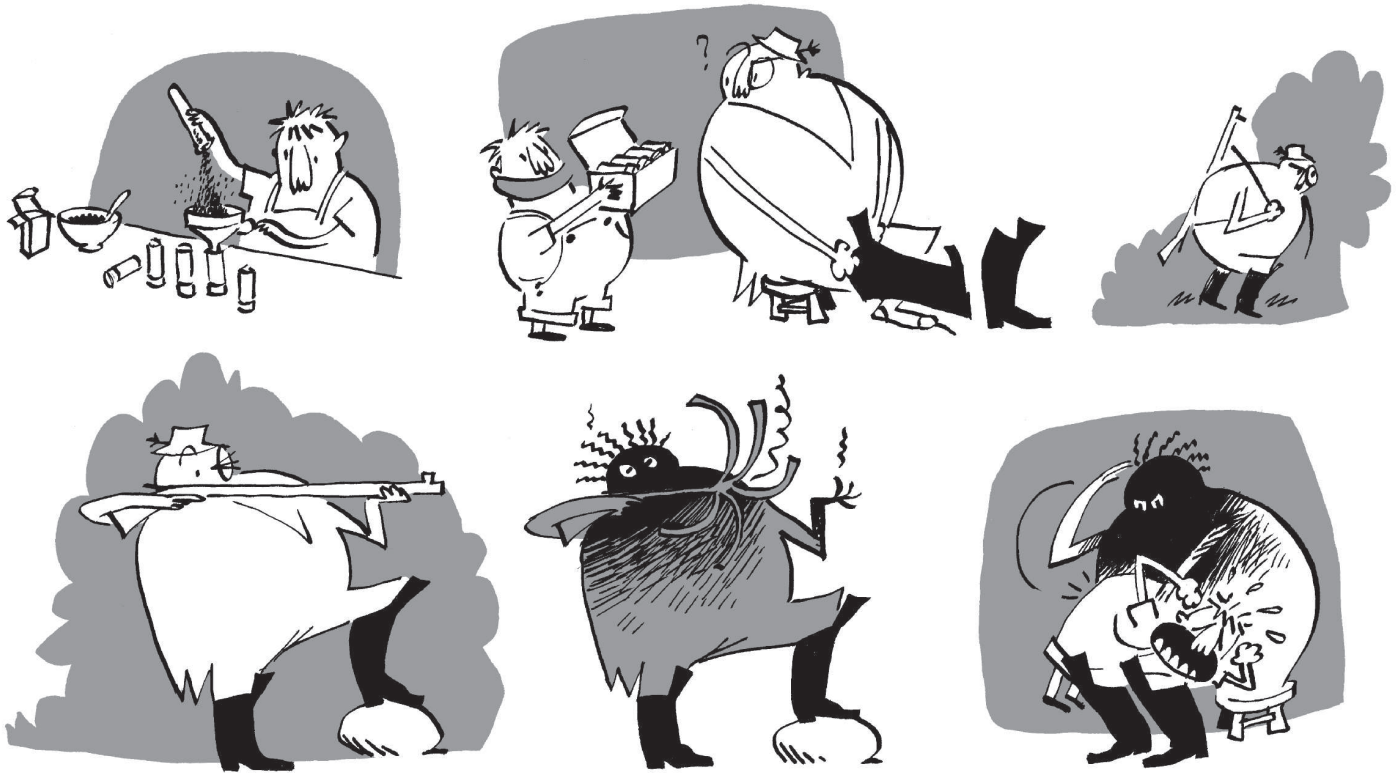
Less than two years later I had finished developing two rockets which I called Max and Moritz, in tribute to a comic book I liked and also as a way to make these engines of destruction seem a little more sympathetic.



I managed to send Max and Moritz two kilometres into the stratosphere. Following this triumph, the Luftwaffe made their entrance. They offered to pool their resources with those of the Wehrmacht in order to make Kummersdorf the greatest ballistics site ever. They placed me in charge of it, I wasn't even twenty five, I was already at the top.



It soon became apparent that Kummersdorf was too small and I was charged with finding another site. I ended up choosing Peenemünde, a village ion one of the Baltic islands, near which my father used to take memorable hunting trips. My father, Baron Magnus von Braun, a man who was appointed minister twice.



From 1937 I had hundreds of scientists under my command helping me to engineer the largest missile ever made : the A4, a 14m high behemoth capable of holding either 750kg of explosives or 750kg of multicoloured confetti. The preliminary research dragged on, swallowing millions of marks. In 1940 I joined the Nazi party in order to gain the Reich's trust and to secure more time.

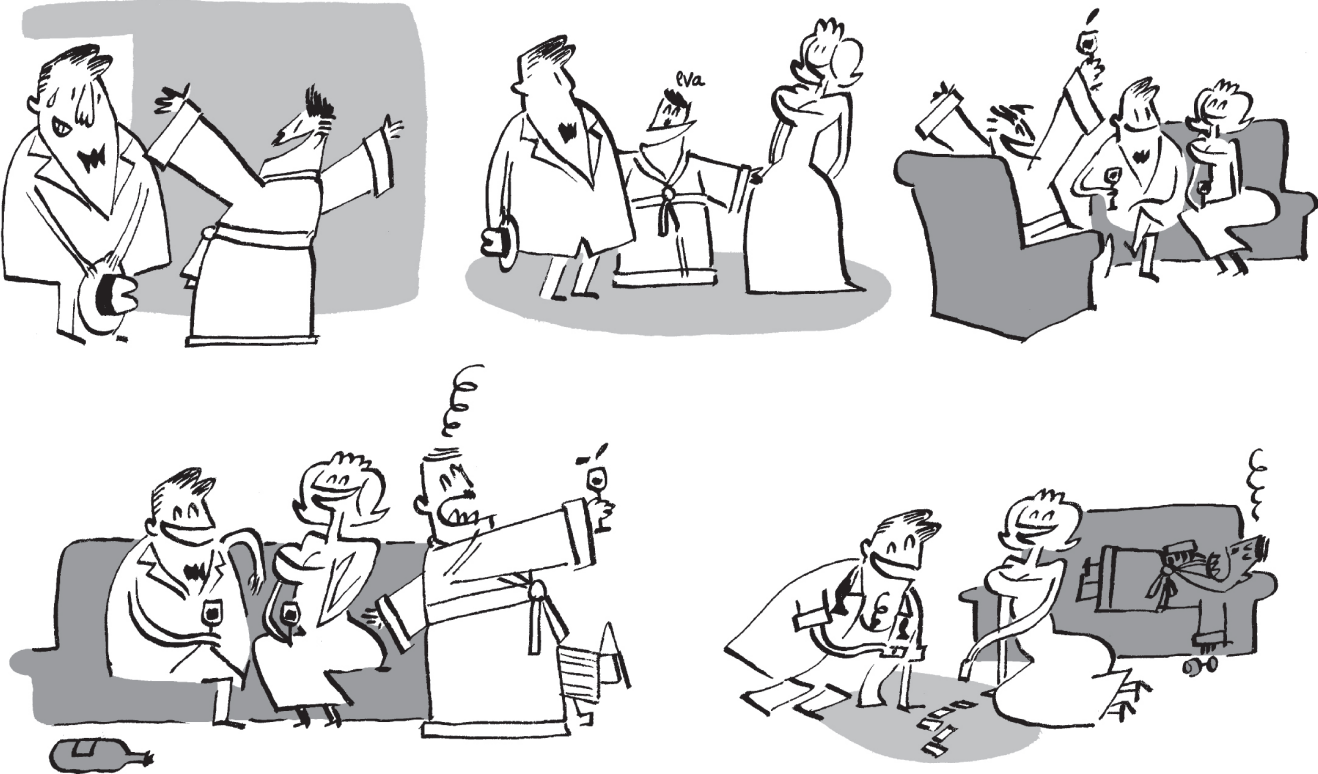


Sorry, we're full

The A4 tests were held in 1942. If we failed, the army would abandon the project in favour of the development of a poison gas that would only kill soldiers and spare civilians. Luckily, we exceeded our expectations : the A4 broke Mach 5 and soared 90km high.

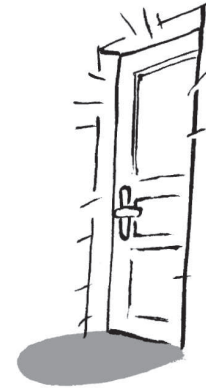


In celebration of our success, Hitler invited me to his Prusso-Oriental headquarters. He was impressed by my young age and compared me to Alexander the Great. I was afraid I'd be intimidated by the Führer, but in the end my fears dissipated and I greatly enjoyed our game of dominoes.





When the evening was coming to an end and we were both alone, Hitler gave me a secret mission, for which i would be awarded unlimited funding. I was overwhelmed by what he asked. That night, I dreamt Maria von Quirstop and I were making love in a rocket that was taking us to the moon.



The A4 rockets were renamed V2 and started being mass-produced. But the allies bombed Peenemünde and the site was destroyed. Himmler asked me to resume production using labour force from concentration camps. Seeing as it was the only way to make my dream come true, I accepted. But I did so with no enthusiasm at all, I swear to God.







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