



Martians, Go Home

Fredric Brown

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THEY WERE GREEN

THEY WERE LITTLE

THEY WERE

BALD AS BILLIARD BALLS

AND THEY WERE

EVERYWHERE

Luke Devereaux was a science-fiction writer, holed up in a desert shack waiting for inspiration. He was the first man to see a Martian...but he wasn't the last!

It was estimated that a billion of them had arrived, one to every three human beings on Earth—obnoxious green creatures who could be seen and heard, but not harmed and who probed private sex lives as shamelessly as they probed government secrets.

No one knew why they had come. No one knew how to make them go away—except, perhaps, Luke Devereaux. Unfortunately Devereaux was going slightly bananas, so it wouldn't be easy.

But for a science-fiction writer nothing was impossible...

Martians, Go Home Details

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Author : Fredric Brown

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From Reader Review Martians, Go Home for online ebook

Bradley says

Wow I didn't know what to expect except that this was heralded as one of the best humorous alien invasion novels of all time. Upon reading, it worked quite nicely as pure satire. It didn't even have a tongue in cheek vibe to it. Instead, overnight, we've got 60 million little green aliens from Mars standing around in our living rooms heckling everything we do.

Yikes! This is the complete reversal of MST3K!

And nothing is off limits. Humanity is their version of animals in a zoo, and we can't even blast them away since they just teleport by thought. Yikes!

Better yet, things get wonky in a completely different way, too. Writers and fans of writers who write about writing will get a big kick out of this twist. No spoilers. But it was delightfully hackneyed.

Now, in case you're wondering, it really doesn't have much in common with Mars Attacks, but you know, I like both of these, so for me it's a win/win.

This is a great quick read, and it's thoroughly enjoyable. Absolutely fun, fast paced, and utterly solipsistic. Not that it's a bad thing, mind you. In fact, in this novel, it's pretty fantastic.

Yay for SF humor!

Hákon Gunnarsson says

I think this book may be one of the best example of why one shouldn't judge a book by the film that was based on it. The film that was based on this novel starred Randy Quaid, and was in my view dreadful. The film makers lost pretty much all the humor from the novel when they made it into film. Granted it is a low budgeter, but still, with talent they could have done something with it.

The book on the other hand is pretty good. It tackles the idea of what happens to a society that all of a sudden has to deal with the truth that it is hiding. All secrets come to the surface which causes, to put it mildly, some problems for everyone. I think James K. Morrow uses the idea of total truth better in City of Truth, but Martians, Go Home is way funnier. In fact it got me seeking out stories by Fredric Brown.

Jokoloyo says

From the title we could expect another invasion from Mars novel, but in light/humor tone. After read it, I put this story as feel-good story. There is not much trope conflicts.

I admit the invasion on this novel is different, I never imagine this kind of invasion. It is not the standard

invasion by using UFO and laser beam weapons.

Can't say much without risking a spoiler. I don't rate it five star because I wish the story could be longer and has more explanations.

Origen says

Divertida y disparatada historia que seguro que hará pasar un buen rato a cualquier lector de Ciencia Ficción y/o humor que quiera apartarse unos días de historias profundas y complicadas.

Aunque si escarbas, el texto tiene cositas interesantes.

P.E. says

What if little telepathic, ubiquitous pricks were prying into each of your secrets and made fun to disclose them to anybody? Here we go.

Matching Soundtrack :

Weidorje - Elohim's Voyage

Loreta?ska says

He de reconocer que al principio tenía mis reparos. ¿Y si la ciencia ficción de Brown no es como su obra policíaca? ¿Y si no me gusta? Quizá el hombre destaque en el otro campo mucho más de lo que destaca en éste.

Tonterías, bobadas y paparruchas. Delirios de una lectora que no sabe lo que dice. ¡Un hombrecillo verde! Exacto. Un hombrecillo verde que intentaba comerme la cabeza con sus insolencias, nada más.

Es impresionante. Otros han traído marcianos a la Tierra, pero nadie de esta forma.

Quizás, dado el caso, sería preferible una guerra interplanetaria, ¿no?

Malditos marcianos.

tENTATIVELY, cONVENIENCE says

review of

Fredric Brown's Martians, Go Home

by tENTATIVELY, a cONVENIENCE - November 7, 2018

Since having 'discovered' Fredric Brown this yr, 2018, I've read & reviewed his Night of the Jabberwock (<https://www.goodreads.com/review/show...>), The Lenient Beast (<https://www.goodreads.com/review/show...>), Here Comes A Candle (<https://www.goodreads.com/review/show...>), What Mad Universe (<https://www.goodreads.com/review/show...>), Rogue in Space (<https://www.goodreads.com/review/show...>), The Mind Thing (<https://www.goodreads.com/review/show...>), The Fabulous Clipjoint (<https://www.goodreads.com/review/show...>), The Screaming Mimi (<https://www.goodreads.com/review/show...>), & Honeymoon in Hell (<https://www.goodreads.com/review/show...>). He had an imagination & a sense of humor. It'll be a sad day when I've read everything by him.

Martians, Go Home is one of those SF bks that's not particularly preoccupied w/ being scientific but is more, instead, concerned w/ humorous psychological possibilities. As an aspect of setting the bk's 1955 scene, the "Prologue" states:

"Not only was the Western Hemisphere affected. People everywhere were becoming ready to believe anything. There was the Jap in Yamanashi who claimed to *be* a Martian, and got himself killed by a mob that believed him. There were the Singapore riots of 1962, and it is known that the Philippine Rebellion of the following year was sparked by a secret cult among the Moros which claimed to be in mystic communication with the Venusians and acting under their advice and guidance. And in 1964 there was the tragic case of the two American army flyers who were forced to make an emergency landing of the experimental stratojet they were flying. They landed just south of the border and were immediately and enthusiastically killed by Mexicans who, as they stepped from their plane still wearing space suits and helmets, took them to be Martians." - p ix

Is Brown pulling our leg(s)? He doesn't appear to be pulling our 3rd leg(s) or I might have an erection. Let's do some extremely cursory research shall we? (OK, it's just me) This 3rd printing of the bk was published in 1981 — was the prologue written after the original bk was written? It appears to me that the prologue was written in 1954 or 1955 when the rest of the bk was. As such, references to things happening in 1962 & 1964 are a part of its fictional context. There is a Yamanashi Prefecture in Japan but I found no mention online of a man killed there for declaring himself a Martian. There were plenty of riots in Singapore but I found no mention of any in 1962. I found no mention of a Philippines rebellion in 1963. There *was* such a thing as a "stratojet" but no story connected w/ them such as Brown's above.

"The **Boeing B-47 Stratojet** (company **Model 450**) is a retired American long-range, six-engined, turbojet-powered strategic bomber designed to fly at high subsonic speed and at high altitude to avoid enemy interceptor aircraft. The B-47's primary mission was as a nuclear bomber capable of striking the Soviet Union. With its engines carried in nacelles under the swept wing, the B-47 was a major innovation in post-World War II combat jet design, and contributed to the development of modern jet airliners.

"The B-47 entered service with the United States Air Force's Strategic Air Command (SAC) in 1951. It never saw combat as a bomber, but was a mainstay of SAC's bomber strength during the late 1950s and early

1960s, and remained in use as a bomber until 1965. It was also adapted to a number of other missions, including photographic reconnaissance, electronic intelligence, and weather reconnaissance, remaining in service as a reconnaissance aircraft until 1969 and as a testbed until 1977."

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Boeing_...

I was hoping those prologue stories were true. But, no, they're all part of Brown's dastardly self-referential fictional universe.

"On stage at the rise of curtain: Luke Devereaux, alone.

"Why do we start with him? Why not; we've got to start somewhere. And Luke, as a science fiction writer, should have been much better prepared than most people for what was about to happen." - p 3

Of course! Who else but a Sci-Fi writer wd have the necessary vision for turning the tide of a Martian invasion?! He cd try out exposing the Martians to alcohol as a variant on the Martians of H. G. Wells's War of the Worlds being unexpectedly killed off by germs. But, no, these invaders were.. *different* from the invaders of previous SF. They were just plain *obnoxious*.

"Luke took another pull at his drink. He counted ten and tried to be as calm and reasonable as he could.

""Listen," he said. "I was rude at first because I was surprised. But I'm sorry and I apologize. Why can't we be friends?"

""Why should we? You're a member of an inferior race."

""Because if for no other reason it'll make this conversation more pleasant for both of us."

""Not for me, Mack. I like disliking people. I like quarreling.["]" - p 11

Now, *that's* a twist on the invasion theme. Humans aren't being wiped out, they aren't being enslaved.. they're just being driven crazy.

"Dorothy said, "We were married this afternoon." Proudly.

""Good," said the Martian. "Then I do want something. I've heard about your disgusting mating habits. Now I can watch them."" - p 27

"And then there was the theory that all Martians were alike sexually, being either bisexual or having no sex at all, as we understand sex, and that possibly they reproduced by parthenogenesis or some means we couldn't even guess at. For all we knew they grew on trees like coconuts and dropped off when they were ripe, already adult and intelligent, ready to face their world, or to face and sneer at ours." - p 42

I don't know about these Martians but there's an excellent educational film about the reproductive cycle of Martian unicellular life forms here: <https://youtu.be/SRJMijBzjwo> .

Attempts to kill the Martians, who were untouchable, were dangerous in ways that one might not've expected:

"It was dangerous, too, to drive *through* a Martian, unless you were sure that he wasn't standing in front of some obstacle to block your view of it." - p 48

This bk has everything: the 2 poles of my existence: parthenogenesis, solipsism, & Cockney Rhyming Slang:

"It was early evening, of course, in London. Let's let Alf tell it in his own words.

"Take it, Alf.

""Well, Guv'nor, 'ere Hi am fresh from a moon in a flowery, and Hi'm poppin' out of an oozer after a pig's ear that took my last smash. Blimey, Hi'm on the rib. So when I gets a decko at this connaught ranger takin' a pen'worth of chalk down the frog lookin' like 'e'd 'ave a dummy full of bees and honey, 'e looks ripe for a buzz. Hi takes a decko around—no bogies. Hi see a greenie on a jam-pot near but 'ow'd Hi know 'e was a grass? Hi *got* to speel or there's no weeping willow for my Uncle Ned. So I closes up and uses my fork to blag—"" - pp 54-55

The rest of the novel is in rhyming slang w/ no translation. As near as I cd make out, it's all about ventriloquist's figures in the shape of geckos struggling for politically correct speech w/ Humphrey Bogart campaigning on their behalf. But I cd be wrong. Meanwhile, in a different universe, Luke is locked up in a marsy bin:

"["I don't mean the *case* is complicated, Mrs. Devereaux. But he is the first and only paranoiac I have ever known who is ten times as well off, ten times as well adjusted, as though he were sane. I hesitate to *try* to cure him."" - p 96

Exactly. I persist in believing that Martians haven't invaded the Earth so leave me in peace.

"["What I should have said is that his systematized delusion might change to another and less happy one."

""Like believing again in Martians, but not believing in human beings?"

"Dr. Snyder smiled. "Hardly so complete a switch as that, my dear. But it's quite possible—" His smile vanished. "—that he might come to believe in neither."

""You're surely joking."

""No. I'm not. It's really a common form of paranoia. And for that matter, a form of belief held by a great many sane people. Haven't you heard of solipsism?"

""The word sounds familiar."

""Latin, from *solus* meaning alone and *ipse* meaning self. Self alone. The philosophical belief that the self is the only existent thing. Logical result of starting reasoning with '*Cogito, ergo sum*'—I think, therefore I am—and finding oneself unable to accept any secondary step as logical.["]" - p 110

Not even '*Cogito, ergo necesse est quae excreturi*'?! Nothing's sacred, not even Bughouse Square.

"Bughouse Square is a city park one block square and it has another name but no one ever uses the other name. It is inhabited largely by bums, winos and crackpots." - p 144

I 1st read about it in Brown's The Screaming Mimi. I'm currently having my retirement home built there by trained moles.

I'm not going to tell you whether they got rid of the Martians b/c I died as I was turning the last page. I'm now in suspended animation as all Nobel Prize winners are joining together in the race to find a woman that I'm compatible w/. Good luck. In the meantime, think about this:

"In the summer of 2007, Earth is under clandestine attack. Slug-like creatures, arriving in flying saucers, are attaching themselves to people's backs, taking control of their victims' nervous systems, and manipulating those people as puppets. The Old Man, the head of clandestine national security agency called the Section, goes to Des Moines, Iowa, with Sam and Mary, two of his best agents, to investigate a flying saucer report, but much more seriously the ominous disappearance of the six agents sent previously. They discover that the slugs are steadily taking over Des Moines, but they cannot convince the US President to declare an emergency.

"Sam takes two other agents and returns to Des Moines to get more evidence of the invasion. They fail and are obliged to leave the city quickly, but in the confusion of their fleeing the city's television center a slug sneaks onto one of the agents. Back in Washington the team discovers the slug and captures it, but later it escapes and attaches itself to Sam, using Sam's skills and knowledge to make a clean escape.

"Thoroughly puppetized, Sam begins to infiltrate more slugs into the city, using the Constitution Club as a recruiting center. The Old Man captures him, takes him to Section's new headquarters, and coerces Sam into being taken by the slug again. Under drug-induced hypnosis Sam reveals that the slugs come from Titan, the sixth moon of Saturn. Being forced into a traumatic situation strains Sam's relationship with both Mary and the Old Man. Later, Sam finds that the President and Congress are ready to accept the idea that the United States has been infiltrated and they mandate a law that requires people to go naked to demonstrate that they are not carrying slugs."

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Pup...

Do you think we cd convince President Rump to institute a nakedness mandate? I'd like to make sure *he's* not carrying a slug AND I'd like to get a closer look at the First Lady too.

diegomarcapaginas says

A pesar de que esta historia ya tiene algunos añitos me ha dejado fascinado. La elegancia con la que entremezcla Brown el surrealismo y el humor es maravillosa. Me he reído mucho y sin muchas pretensiones he disfrutado como un niño. Solo puedo decir una última cosa: ¡¡¡Marciano plasta vete a casa!!! ?

A.J. Howells says

All across the world, Martians arrive to wreak havoc. They do not accomplish this through physical means, but rather by psychological assault. They all appear of the same stock: short, bald, and green. In my mind's eye, they were basically green smurfs in Star Trek uniforms. Also, they all share a penchant for belittling human beings. They cannot be touched, nor can they touch us. Really, they're harmless, but they are driving

mankind insane and are putting the kibosh on the entertainment industry due to their merciless pestering. For Luke Devereaux, who had just sat down to pen his long-overdue science fiction novel, the martians are particularly affecting, especially since he may or may not have mentally sparked their appearance.

The entirety of the book is as ludicrous as the premise, relying heavily on cheap laughs (witness the Martians' effects on reproduction as they can teleport, can see in the dark, and have x-ray vision), though it is an enjoyable romp through the science fiction pulps of the time. Despite its silliness, Brown's vision of the pests' effects on daily life and global economics is very well thought out, covering changes to the Cold War and general psychology.

Perhaps this playful vision is *Martians Go Home's* main strength, as the narrative annoyingly shifts frequently away from its protagonist's plight so much that it is difficult to care about him by the end of the story. This is particularly disappointing considering the brevity of the novel, which was hardly 100 pages in the anthology I read. The original shortened version from *Astounding Science Fiction* (1954) was most likely a more enjoyable read that focused more on changes in the world's infrastructure (Martians sitting on the hoods of vehicles tend to have a major impact on driving) and general human relations.

Oh, in case you were wondering, the book was indeed adapted to a hit movie in 1990 starring Randy Quaid:

To be fair, I didn't say what the movie hit.

The other John says

This book isn't spectacular, but rather a nice amusing little tale that one can devour in a couple of hours. Simply put, the book is about a Martian invasion of Earth. Unlike *The War of the Worlds* however, the Martians here aren't out to conquer the Earth. Instead they've come to observe and heckle it. To quote the back cover of the Del Rey October 1981 edition, Brown's Martians were "obnoxious green creatures who could be seen and heard, but not harmed, and who probed private sex lives as shamelessly as they probed government secrets." It makes for an amusing tale, and for something first published in 1954, it reads quite well. Aside from obvious anachronisms like typewriters (remember those?) and the cold war, the story could have been written today. (Or maybe I'm just getting old.)

Pablo Bueno says

Creo que es una de las historias de invasiones extraterrestres (o no, la verdad es que tampoco estoy seguro) más disparatada, entretenida y divertida que he leído. Y, de paso, una de las lecturas que da más pie a reinterpretaciones y discusiones frikiológicas.

Timothy Mayer says

This has to be one of the most hilarious science fiction novels ever written. Frederic Brown (1906-72), who had spoofed space opera with *What Mad Universe* in 1949, returned a few years later to write the perfect

alien invasion novel, *Martians, Go Home*. Brown was in rare form with this book. It was the triumph to his prolific writing streak in the 1950's.

Luke Deveraux is a failed writer specializing in science fiction who's decided to shack it up with a friend in the desert so he can work on another book. He's also failed in his marriage and is smarting from the divorce wounds. One morning, after suffering from the latest drunken binge, he awakes to find a little green man at the front door. Thinking this is the result of too much alcohol he makes his way to a nearby diner only to discover there are little green men everywhere. Earth has been invaded.

But this isn't the usual 'People Of Earth' invasion. The martians, and there are millions of them, have come to earth not to conquer, but to amuse themselves. They can teleport anywhere they want and see through objects. But anyone who tries to kick a martian finds their foot going through empty space. The martians have no material substance.

Mass chaos breaks out as humanity has to concern itself with little green men who appear everywhere, making fun of people. The entertainment industry goes into a slump since it's impossible to produce anything when the martians teleport in and start making comments. A psychologist trying to conduct a seminar dealing with the aliens finds himself reduced to a gibbering mass. When a martian appears in his office, it begins revealing secrets about his personal life.

Even primitive tribes suffer. They can't easily hunt wild game when little green men show-up and start scaring off the quarry. And everyone hears the martians make insults in their native tongue.

Sexual activity nearly draws to a standstill. No one wants to make love when a little green man is likely to appear in their bedroom and start laughing.

Although the over-riding issue of *Martians Go Home* seems to be about privacy and secrets, the novel also discusses solipsism towards the end of the book. Luke Deveraux suffers a shock and becomes one of the few people on the planet who can't see the martians. From here, he begins to wonder if the martians were created by his own imagination. It's an issue which the book never really resolves, down to the authors own postscript where he points out: "I invented Luke. So where does that leave him or the martians? Or any of the rest of you?"

I'd like to answer, but there's this little green man who keeps telling me to type faster.

Doug Dandridge says

Much better than the movie.

Sure, there was a movie made of this book. It wasn't very good. *Martians Go Home* was a very good book though, with lots of humor. The Martians invade Earth. Only there are no spaceships, no death rays, no explosions. The Martians can teleport, turn invisible, and watch everything. And they are a bunch of sarcastic wisecrackers who make life hell for everyone on Earth. A really humorous story that I thoroughly enjoyed, and I recommend to anyone who wants to read something light hearted and funny.

Álvaro Fernández says

Olethros says

-Una invasión marciana bastante peculiar.-

Género. Ciencia-Ficción (marginalmente, en realidad).

Lo que nos cuenta. Luke Deveraux es un escritor en horas bajas que busca en el alcohol y el aislamiento una inspiración para crear cuando, a la puerta de su cabaña, llega un pequeño hombrecillo verde. Es uno de los marcianos que nos han invadido, pero sin ánimos belicosos y si con enorme curiosidad, capacidades muy superiores a las nuestras, tendencia al cotilleo, falta de tacto y gusto por molestar. El mundo cambiará por completo.

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