



The Lust Lizard of Melancholy Cove

Christopher Moore

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Reading a Christopher Moore novel is a little like eating a potato chip--it's hard to stop at just one. And you don't have to look beyond the titles to understand the allure; who could pass up a book called *Practical Demonkeeping* or *Island of the Sequined Love Nun*? Each of Moore's tales skewers a particular literary genre. In *Coyote Blue* he nailed New Age fascination with Native American religion; in *Blood-Sucking Fiends: A Love Story* he put a new twist on the classic vampire tale. *The Lust Lizard of Melancholy Cove* is a companion piece to his first novel, the hilariously twisted horror story *Practical Demonkeeping*, and readers of that book will recognize the setting, Pine Cove, California. In addition, Moore includes plenty of his patented weird sex, occasional gross-out death, several off-kilter but nonetheless affecting love stories, and some fabulous secondary characters such as Mavis Sand:

Mavis first began augmenting her parts in the fifties, first out of vanity: breasts, eyelashes, hair. Later, as she aged and the concept of maintenance eluded her, she began having parts replaced as they failed, until almost half of her body weight was composed of stainless steel (hips, elbows, shoulders, finger joints, rods fused to vertebrae five through twelve), silicon wafers (hearing aids, pacemaker, insulin pump), advanced polymer resins (cataract replacement lenses, dentures), Kevlar fabric (abdominal wall reinforcement), titanium (knees, ankles), and pork (ventricular heart valve).

In a nutshell, the plot revolves around a gigantic prehistoric lizard whose slumber deep beneath the ocean surface is interrupted by a radioactive leak from a nearby power plant. At the same time, a woman in Pine Cove hangs herself; the local psychiatrist (who has been prescribing antidepressants to everyone in town with gay abandon) decides the suicide was her fault and yanks everyone's medication; and an elderly black blues singer named Catfish Jefferson arrives to perform at the Head of the Slug saloon. Into this already strange brew mix one schizoid former B-movie starlet, a pot-head town constable, a bereaved local artist, a biologist tracking anomalous behavior in rats, a crooked sheriff, and a pharmacist with a bizarre sexual fixation on sea mammals, and you have a recipe for the kind of madness Moore does so well. --Alix Wilber

The Lust Lizard of Melancholy Cove Details

Date : Published October 6th 2009 by William Morrow (first published April 1st 1999)

ISBN :

Author : Christopher Moore

Format : Kindle Edition 320 pages

Genre : Humor, Fiction, Fantasy, Comedy, Funny

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From Reader Review The Lust Lizard of Melancholy Cove for online ebook

Daniel Virtue says

I just finished reading this, and as I explained to my fiancee last night when I couldn't stop reading it: it does not hold up the qualities that are necessary for me to classify a book a good book; however it is great escapism. The characters are not real. The author does not reveal anything to me in the telling of the story. He has awareness that he is writing escapism and I like that. He is not your typical escapism writer like James Patterson or John Grisham who turn out one load of crap after another, but never stop taking themselves seriously.

I like that his books are fun to read and I typically laugh out loud a few times during the read. Compared to my normal depressing books, it is nice to laugh and not think too much about everything he is trying to say.

If you have read any of Moore's books you know exactly what I am talking about. This one was better than the last two in the vampire series he was doing, but not as good as some of his more well known books.

I recommend it, if you are in a rut and just want to laugh a little, this book is great for that.

Karl says

“The Lust Lizard of Melancholy Cove” by Christopher Moore takes place in Pine Cove a small Pacific coast town of 5000. Over a third of the population served by local Dr. Valerie Riordan, has been rendered dependent on antidepressants.

Obsessive/compulsive cleaning freak, Bess Leander, is found hanged from a calico cloth rope, a possible suicide, and her friend Val fears she may have been overmedicating. Investigating the death, is the stoned town constable, Theophilus Crowe.

Val next blackmails fish-fetishist and local pharmacist Winston Krauss into giving all antidepressant users in town placebos instead of their regular medication. As the antidepressants wear off, a hilariously uncontrollable erotic revolution takes place in the formerly groggy and uninspired population. A simultaneous nuclear plant leak into the ocean awakens a serotonin-deficit sea beast named Steve, who descends on the town, who is disguised occasionally as a double-wide mobile home.

Enter Delta guitarist Catfish Jefferson who has recently been hired to play at the local ‘Head of the Slug Saloon’, where his marvelously sad blues has added to the local scene’s seductive narcosis. Fifty years ago down on the Delta, Catfish first met the Sea Beast, the hundred foot creature, Steve, that loved his steel guitar sound and has now risen from the depths.

This is laugh out loud funny and a bit zany at times.

This copy is signed by the author Christopher Moore.

Edward Lorn says

I've heard many good things about Christopher Moore, but mostly I've heard that I'd love his sense of humor. In life, I take two things seriously: The health and security of my family. Everything else is fair game. If you can riff on religion, politics, sex and the overall human condition, in a thought-provoking, sarcastic manner, you will find a friend in me. For this reason, I would love to just sit down and have a conversation with Moore. I'm sure we'd laugh ourselves stupid.

The Characters: A pothead constable, an aging b-movie actress, a psychiatrist, a biologist, a blues man, a painter, a pharmacist with a sexual preference for sea life and a barkeep that's more metal and silicone than human, make up the cast of *The Lust Lizard of Melancholy Cove*. And those are just the good guys. Somehow, Moore makes each of these people flesh and blood real. I even felt bad for the fish-f***ing druggist. I love well drawn characters, no matter how outlandish, and Moore delivers by the bucket-load.

Now, I didn't read the synopsis of this book because someone warned me that Harper (Moore's publisher) tends to ruin some of the funnier moments with their blurbs, so I went into this book blind, aside from the title of course. When Steve the Sea Beast finds his first lover around page 60, I almost lost my mind laughing. Which brings me to the synopsis. Harper actually covers that scene in the blurb, so I was very happy I skipped the spoiler.

There's far too much going on in this book to cover even a quarter of it here, but I will say Moore is now one of my favorite authors. One of the other warnings I was given before reading this book was that *The Lust Lizard of Melancholy Cove* was his most lackluster work to date, so if I enjoyed this book, I'd love his other stuff. We'll see about that. All I know is that I've never laughed so hard while reading. Ever. Period. The last forty pages of this novel had my sides hurting.

The Lust Lizard of Melancholy Cove is a far-fetched, foul-mouthed, filthy-minded pedestrian, walking the streets of the Land of Make Believe. If you like your humor lewd and crude, but interlaced with witty social commentary, you will adore Christopher Moore.

E.

Gabrielle says

What would happen if all the inhabitants of a small California town were suddenly off their anti-depressants? Well, the local bar would probably see a boom in business. The general libido would also probably go up a notch. Some people's behavior might become a bit erratic. All this would make life more than a little complicated for the small town's adorable and hopelessly high police constable, Theo. And just to add to Theo's already messy life, an old bluesman decides to set up shop at the aforementioned local dive: his melancholy tunes wake up an ancient beast with an axe to grind... and weird urges to fulfill.

If the idea of a mildly insane B-movie actress and a sea monster having a deep romantic bond is something that weirds you out, my advice is to not read this book. Christopher Moore writes for people who like to stretch the suspension of disbelief to extremes, who find salty humor delightful and who think that weird

stuff is just a part of life. I love him.

Don't get me wrong: in theory, a story about a dinosaur emitting pheromones that drive everyone to frenetically fornicate within a 10-mile radius, while meth dealers do their thing, forcing the one utterly unqualified law enforcement officer to deal with organised crime and an entire town gone mad, could easily become crass and uninteresting. Except Moore writes with heart and laughter, he develops fucked up characters who are human, fun and endearing. That makes the utter ridiculousness of naming a sea monster Steve adorable and hilarious. This book is a great little adventure filled with uncontrollable giggles and oddball characters and I loved it!

If you like zany and twisted humor and haven't read anything by Christopher Moore yet, this is a great place to start.

Adelina Genova says

<http://knigozavar.com/the-lust-lizard...>

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<http://knigozavar.com/the-lust-lizard...>

Peter Tillman says

A pretty good humorous Cal-contemporary fantasy -- which opens with a sea monster mounting a gasoline tank-truck, with, well, explosive results: "... She was gone now, but [the Sea Beast] said, 'A simple No would have sufficed...'"

The Sea Beast (who's named 'Steve', by Kendra, Warrior Babe of the Outlands) "came to the surface in the middle of a kelp bed, his massive head breaking through strands of kelp like a zombie pickup truck breaking sod as it rises from the grave." Laurell K. Hamilton, take note.

'Steve' stirs up the animal spirits of the low-serotonin residents of Pine Cove (aka Cambria) -- of which there are many, as the town's sole psychiatrist has cut off their Prozac, surreptitiously substituting sugar-pill placebos, with the connivance of the town's sole pharmacist, who satisfies his carnal urges with an inflatable dolphin in his bathtub....

[Dr. Val] came out of her office to find her new receptionist, Chloe, furiously masturbating, "her steno chair squeaking like a tortured squirrel."

"Sorry," Chloe said, a bit later... "I just want to stop. My wrist hurts a little. Do you think I could have carpal tunnel?"

Dr. Val, fearful of a workman's comp lawsuit, prescribes oven mitts, strapped on with duct tape.

Well, it's all good clean dopey romantic fun, though with more smiles than laughs, for me anyway, and not quite as good as this outline sounds -- but humor is tricky, and some of you will love it. 3.5 stars, by memory. Review written 2000.

Mauojenn ~ *Mouthy Jenn* ~ says

This was one of his best I have read so far. I could not stop laughing. Very hysterical story line.

Lyn says

Christopher Moore has a twisted sense of humor, his narrative style is Kurt Vonnegut meets the Adams family with a dose of John Steinbeck and a Faulkner chaser.

Very funny.

This one is set in his Pine Cove creation and concerns a Puff the magic dragon with a decidedly lascivious nature.

Danny Foncke says

You like it or you don't - and I do ! Quirky twisted nonsense humor. Ideally for those moments you really do not want to question what you're reading but just want to enjoy it.

Before you start this book, check if you have a sense of humor - if not, move on.

Amy says

Where to start? Where to start?

This book was my maiden dip into Christopher Moore, who should get a Pulitzer for his titles alone! Who can pass up a title like this? I have since moved on to read several other of his books.

Totally improbable, quirky, witty and twisted. My kind of humor.

From the tale of the Bluesman Catfish Jefferson, to poor Steve the Sea Monster, looking for love in all the wrong fuel trucks, to Molly and her narrator, the story just flowed. I loved the way Moore chose to describe things-

ie *"It wasn't that their (the townpeople) anxiety was gone, but rather that it ran off their backs like warm rain off a naked toddler who had just discovered the splash and magic of mud".*

Or Moore's creative if somewhat unorthodox use of a weed wacker. Or of Skinner the dog's perspective of life "Danger, Food Guy! Danger."

Anyhow, I guess you can gather that I liked it...liked it enough to send it on to some very special folks Down Under, in the hopes that it can get released at the Aussie 2005 Convention.

Richard Derus says

Rating: 3.5* of five

The Publisher Says: The town psychiatrist has decided to switch everybody in Pine Cove, California, from their normal antidepressants to placebos, so naturally—well, to be accurate, artificially—business is booming at the local blues bar. Trouble is, those lonely slide-guitar notes have also attracted a colossal sea beast named Steve with, shall we say, a thing for explosive oil tanker trucks. Suddenly, morose Pine Cove turns libidinous and is hit by a mysterious crime wave, and a beleaguered constable has to fight off his own gonzo appetites to find out what's wrong and what, if anything, to do about it.

My Review: Am I too old for this humor to make me do more than chuckle quietly and without conviction? Has my curmudgeonly mask become my face?

I'd say an instant yes and move on, light of heart and wreathed in smiles, were it not for this:

I think there was always some scrawny dreamer sitting at the edge of the firelight, who had the ability to imagine dangers, to look into the future in his imagination and see possibilities, and therefore survived to pass his genes on to the next generation.

Yep.

So up from the Mount of Despairing Good-Enough books! Yay, right? Um. I think, though, it's past time to take a flensing knife and cut to the heart of the Moore Mystique.

Let me know what y'all find. I ain't got so much as a sniff at a clue. Why does Good-Enough transmogrify into sales and gales of laughter?! Quick, someone post an excuse for laughing above the level a work deserves, I'm afraid my face will freeze this way!

? Irena ? says

2.5

You have to be high to read this.

Or drunk.

Or both. Yes, both would be best. Otherwise, the sheer amount of exaggerations would make you crazy.

With its title alone, you have to assume you'd have to suspend your disbelief completely. I don't mind that at all. It is supposed to be a silly book after all. But you don't get *any* respite from all the exaggerations. It's just goes on an on, one crazy situation or a person after another. After a while one gets tired of it.

I wonder if I am too serious to appreciate the type of humour in this book.

Marvin says

The Lust Lizard of Melancholy Cove is a warm-hearted probe into the meaning of inter-species fornication; Fornication with giant lizards, sea mammals, gas trucks, and a ex-soft porn movie actress in Xena costumes with broad swords. In other words, just another day in Christopher Moore's brain. The author has his brain working over-time in this silly little romp. Maybe a little too silly even for Moore. Yet it remains very funny and entertaining. Moore revives some of his Pine Cove residents including H. P., Mavis, and the grass smoking sheriff, Theopolis Crow. Add Molly Michon, a has-been starlet and Steve, a perpetually horny sea lizard and you get the idea this is not exactly *Cannery Row*. But if you can't handle kinky situations and over-the-top slapstick comedy, why are you even considering a Christopher Moore novel?

Yael says

Valerie Riordan, the sole psychotherapist in Pine Cove, California, has switched all her patients' antidepressants to placebos -- a reaction to the apparent suicide of Bess Leander, one of her patients, who, Val thought, might have lived had Val done more talk therapy and less drug therapy. As a result, business is booming at The Head of the Slug, the local Blues bar, run by Mavis, whose clients swear that underneath her ancient, wrinkled, liver-spotted skin there lurks the Terminator. Problem: those lonely Blues notes from her new hire, Catfish Jefferson, have attracted the attention of an enormous, 5,000-year-old marine reptile named Steve who has a *thing* for petroleum tanker trucks.

With the advent of Steve, Pine Cove suddenly turns lustful and is hit by a weird crime wave with no understandable explanation. So Theophilus Crowe, the town constable, must find out what's wrong and what to do about it.

Enter all our other old friends from other novels of Moore's -- Molly Michon, the aging but still-beautiful and deadly Warrior Babe of the Outland (well, she *was*, until a stupid accident that wasn't her fault left her with a scar that got her canned by the movie studio); Mavis, proprietor of The Head of the Slug (originally named "The Head of the Wolf," but the local Greens decided the name was cruel to animals and forced her to change it); Dr. Val, the aforementioned psychiatrist; H. P., proprietor of H. P.'s Cafe, which features

delicious delicacies such as Eggs Sothoth; Skinner, the happy-go-lucky idiot dog belonging to the Food Guy, biologist Gabe Fenton; and numerous others. Enter also some local villians who do meet timely, deserved, and hilarious ends, such as Sheriff John Burton, whose ranch hides a nasty secret, and who has been blackmailing pothead Theophilus Crowe into being the town constable for years; and Joseph Leander, the late Bess Leander's adulterous, murderous husband. With a less-than-together supporting cast of -- well, check them out for yourself.

As one reviewer said, Christopher Moore must have been laughing his head off while writing *The Lust Lizard of Melancholy Cove*, and likely taking hits of nitrous oxide between sentences. The title alone is worth the price of the book, which could be substituted most successfully for every antidepressant in the pharmacy.

As a bonus, the biomedical and scientific aspects of this novel were researched down to the bare bones by the author. All that is missing from it is a lawsuit by Toho Productions for inappropriate appropriation of their star character (we know who he is!) -- and that may be forthcoming at any time.

Amanda says

Christopher Moore is, as always, a genius when it comes to the absurd and warped sense of humor that I enjoy oh-so-much. Who else could give us a plot that includes all of the following: a former B movie starlet who still lives the life of her most famous role as Kendra: Warrior Babe of the Wasteland, a sea beast with a vendetta against a wayward bluesman, a psychologist who decides to put the entire town on placebo anti-depressants instead of the real deal, a pharmacist with a fish fetish (yes, that's right), meth labs and drug dealers, interspecies love, and occasional chapters told from the point of view of a labrador retriever named Skinner? This is not for everyone--serious people need not apply. The plot is wacky and unbelievable; in other words, vintage Moore. While I really enjoyed the book and laughed often, the only reason I gave it 3 stars is that, when compared with his other books, I didn't like it quite as much as *Bloodsucking Fiends* and *Fluke (Or I Know Why the Winged Whale Sings)*. However, the novel is well worth the time of anyone who already enjoys Moore or is discovering him for the first time.

Beth says

When high school English teachers define fiction as "the willing suspension of disbelief", they should distribute copies of Christopher Moore's books to their students to illustrate the concept.

No matter how many time I shake my head or utter the words "he's warped" when I read Moore's books, I inevitably race through them, enjoying every word and chapter as though it were a big bowl of ice cream: deliciously satisfying and fun, fun, fun.

Really, what other author can make you believe that a sex-starved prehistoric sea monster and a former soft-porn actress have a deep, romantic relationship?

Moore is twisted and weird, and you really have to wonder what sort of childhood he had, but I hope he keeps cranking out the books because I have devoured every one of them.

DJ Harris says

Donna says

This book wasn't my cup of tea. It started out as 1 star. Then it went up to 3, but then dropped again to 1, so I will settle on 2. This book was definitely creative. So hooray for that. But even with the creativity points, it was the "everything else" that wasn't pulling me in. I wanted to like this more, but I was just trying to get to the end.

Kwoomac says

I'm not sure how this book ended up in my bookshelves, but there it was. As you may be able to guess from the title, this is not serious literature. The story takes place in a small town on the coast, where a 5,000 year old sea monster has been awakened. He has a taste for warm blooded animals, so he proceeds into town to snack on the townfolk. The unlikely hero of the story is the pothead town constable Theo Crowe. Theo and his friends decide to help the sea monster return to the sea, so he doesn't get hunted down and killed. Fortunately for everyone involved, the sea monster has only eaten badguys, so it's easy to root for him. Complete nonsense, this is a quick read, which leaves the reader as soon as the last page has been turned. Mindless escapism.

Kevin says

[I felt dumb not realizing sooner that the bestiality loving druggist would picture into the final solution (hide spoiler)]
