

Hang on a Mo! Millions do, his every word a precious bird of Paradise. The King of Cool, the Prince of Nice. A baggy trousered Oscar Wilde, the baby Moober, meek and mild. Who is Le Moss? Which planet is he from? This week we leap astride the bucking reptile-steed of Pop Culture to put the man they call MORRISSEY under the very powerful microscope of Ride The Lizard!

Uh oh Tonto, away! Guided of course by DAVID "Safeways Here We Come" QUANTICK and STEVEN "Morrissey, I Theenk I Love You" WELLS



A Survival Guide for the '90s...

This week: MORRISSEY

THEY CALL HIM MOZZER! MOZZER! MOZZER THE DOLPHIN-LIKE ROCK STAR!

In Iran he is called The Mozzatollah. The natives of the North Alaskan Tundra speak fearfully of Momoki—the Penguin God who stalks the floes at night wrestling with Polar Bear and Leopard seals that munch his flipped friends. In Russia they have Mozznost.

In Poland they flock to the banners of Mozzerdarnosc, while in Rwanda the tailless Basenji dog roams free for it is believed

that it mates with the Howling Bush Spirit, Moff.

On Mars the camera shy space-salamanders celebrate Morrybobo Day by sacrificing their replaceable tails on bonfires of salt. His mum (Kali 7 of the planet Phar Noh Ribdog) calls him Kanor Ritell 6. We just call him... Morrissey...

SLAP ME I'M A PATIO DOOR

When futurists Duran Duran sang "This is Planet Earth bopchewopbopchewopetc" they were making like they were alien beings seeing this green orb for the very first time. They were lying. They came from Birmingham which is about as 'earth' as it gets! But some people really are 'alienlike'. They are the ETs of the human race, gifted by God with the strange ability to see Homo Sapien as an outsider would.

Such aliens are few. One such is Steven Patrick Duncan Rocky Stan Trev Mick Del Ron Reg Morrissey. This is his story. Bop



Morrissey beams down from Planet Janet in full effect: Stop The Violence!

chew op. Stop making those fly-chewing noises, Stig, please.

MANCHESTER—SO MUCH FOR AN ANSWERPHONE?

Bring bring click "... Hello... this is Steven... I'm not 'in' at the moment..."

Strange? Weird? Unusual? Consider that calm June morning in 1959 when the skies above Levenshulme Lancs, were ruby red as a small craft plummeted between the dog-carrying sputniks to land... in Pa and Ma Kent's 'gannet' as the gardens in Manchester are known in the local 'Chuffer' dialect.

"Jossticks!" cried Pa Kent, flinging down his ukelele and mushy peas as a small door opened topside the craft and a tiny babe crawled out. "We'll call t'little tyke Morrissey!" agreed dimpled Ma Kent. Suddenly the baby let out a horrible wail and smashed their heads into the gradely reet stavelly soil.

Still chewing on their warm entrails and slimy things, the tiny tot made his way to Sister Kevin's Convent of The Wavering Gladiolus. There he made the acquaintance of other Manchester superheroes like The Incredibly Northern Hulk (Pete Shelley), Wonder Lass (Frank Sidebottom) and Spiderman (Peter Parker). Morrissey hated

possibly slide between his opponents' clenched teeth and maybe choke him. So he told jokes instead. And got the shit beaten out of him. By May 1968 he had lost over £435 in thruppences and things were looking grim.

THAT JOKE IS CRAP

Example: Day trip to 'Hecky' (Heckmondwike), 1965.
BIG LAD: Cludgey, our Mosshead! Tell us a chortler!
MORRISSEY: Er... Why did the chicken go to Sainsbury's?
BIG LAD: Tell us or I'll slam thi' ears down thi' nostrils!
MOGGO: Because truth, like beauty, is immutable.
BIG LAD: WHOOMP!
SPLAMMMOO! PLIT!
THE MOOB: Ouch! Ouch!
Yarhoo! Leave off you rotters!
SIR: Ha! Hold the clever little fugger down, Big Lad, and let me get a boot in!

So times were hard for Mobby. At the age of 12, when other lads and lasses were enjoying the bracing wonders of nature rambles and pop music, Morrissey was coping with the



Above: With this 'Dalek' costume Steven came a plucky 17th in the Didsbury W1 fancy dress.

Right: The modern Mozz! Young, gifted and Manc! El Morobobo says "Yes, I'll take it" to Oscar's pad.



school and wrote a song about it later, 'School School It's For Fools (Sigh)'.

WAR!

Manchester in them days was a rough, tough, jolly sort of place where beered-up rogues would bash your liver out for thruppence. Morrissey, now enduring the nickname Old Mober—the first of thousands of incredibly stupid monikers to be inflicted upon him by the swineish public schoolboys of the NME—was not a big lad and daren't defend himself in case he revealed his amazing 'superpowers', ie the ability to instantly grow a huge, scaly prehensile tail which he could

I WOULD GO OUT TOO RIGHT BUT I HAVEN'T GOT A STOAT TO WEAR

'Mayhap,' thought the young Lord Mobobo Assisi of the Stars (tho' he was in those days ignorant of his title) 'I sh'ld h've been born down South where t'lads are not so rough and wildflowers continue to bloom well into September. The streets maynot be paved wi' gold but ahm certain t'pigeon shit doest not lie six feet deep as dost in Mank Fester!'

"Nay lad stop t'whining!" said an angel hovering over his bed before letting rip wi' some ace powerchords.

"The age of Brutal Punk is done wi'. Spat out like an half sucked spangle. T'world awaits a more gentle age. And thou art its Messiah, lad."

"Th'art right," agreed Morrissey, "happen my poetry'll sound reet nice set to the chiming guitar music of my spotty childhood enemy Johnny Marr."

"Sithee, Morobombo!" spake the angel, tossing back his Beatle cut, "For I am Johnny Marr!"

"Johnny Marr? What sort of name is that for an angel of the Lord?" sp'keth the Moboooo of Planet Mingle. "Tha'll call thissen John Marr and tha'll join my band! I'll call it The Smiths after the family in Beyond Belief, the book about Myra Hindley" (nb LIZ FACT!)

FAME FAME FIDDLE FO FUM

Sure enough the lad they were not calling Mount Morrynoko was a smash hit with the kids, EMI said 'Wow! give me some of that, and gave him a million which he spent on grafted leathery bat wings and flash birds. And Marr was jealous and left. So our hero said good riddance to bad rubbish I never needed you anyway I'm the one the fans love nah nah nah! And so it was.

And geeks and scumbags and lonely nobbers with bad breath and four-eyed virgins and spotters of the train and dog molesters and UFO freaks and teachers' children and comic collectors and drama students and scout helpers and badminton players and playgroup leaders and asthma sufferers and waiters in cocktail bars in Birmingham and kids with really old parents and those weird lads with crap moustaches and spots who smell funny and people who talk to you on buses and fans of The Price Is Right and Alas Smith & Jones and Guardian readers and people who know about motorbikes and crisp packet collectors and people who've won in charity raffles and kids who wash up without being told to by their parents and NME journalists THRUST out their tongues and buried them in the fury fuzz of his cosmic sphink.

"I have created a Frankenstein's monster I cannot control that will probably batter me to death on an ice floe" murmured The Son of God to Len Brown in that week's exclusive NME interview.

And so it came to pass.

the
The