

WHO KILLED BOBBY FULLER?

It was all Strummer's fault. Just 'cause he sang "I Fought the Law", she became a walkin'-talkin' authority on the Bobby Fuller Four. A bit late in the day for that! Didn't every Wexford teddy boy think the sun shone out of Bobby's arse! Wasn't he in a direct line from the great Buddy Holly? Bein' dead didn't hurt none either!

I might as well have been talking to the wall. London was calling and she was slipping away fast. I had one trump left. "I bet Joe doesn't know who killed Bobby Fuller." I didn't even bother hiding the patronizing tone.

"Joe knows everything." I was serenely informed.

"He's just a fucking singer, not the second coming." I grumbled sotta voce, but then backed off big time. I had gone mano a mano with the White Man in Hammersmith before. There was no winning. A different tack was called for. "I have some information...."

She looked off dreamily and I fought for control. She would never admit that her attraction was sexual. Not that she'd ever been within an ass's roar of him. "Maybe you and I could find out...who killed...."

....Bobby Fuller?" She finished my sentence, then gushed..."And then we could write and tell Joe and maybe we could meet him and....." She broke off, somewhat flushed. Obviously, I wasn't included in this carnal conclusion.

But I was in love, head over heels, and I had piqued her interest. The long and the short of this story is that we never got to the bottom of Bobby's mysterious death. But, by Jesus, did we try!

After some months, her interest in Strummer began to wane. She now spent hours on the phone with an "old school friend from Huntington." I should have smelled a rat or, at least, a horny dentist. But if love is not blind, it's certainly myopic. In the end, she didn't even leave me a dear John note - just a bare, brutal fax from St. Bart's.

The hell with her! I've got a one way ticket to El Paso and a lead on a Spanish woman who says she was secretly engaged to Bobby. I'm gonna break this case wide open. And I can just hear a certain Long Island dentist's wife grind her newly capped teeth as she comes crawlin' back to me - the guy who solved the last great rock and roll mystery. Turn in your grave, Lester, old buddy!