

know what I mean. He would come and pick me up from the station sometimes and he generally had his shoes in his hands or I would find him asleep in the drop down hood of his 'Beetle' car, oblivious of the titters from passer byes. That was my Marcus! I secretly adored him, not in a sexy way I don't think. He was very rich and came from York or somewhere up there. He used to say to me that he didn't need money and he carried a suitcase around filled with the essentials in life, like a toothbrush, matches, an umbrella and spearmints. Later in life I think he was right, we all have so much baggage we cart around with us, keeping us from flying away and being free!

One day we decided to go to Majorca for a holiday just Peter, Marcus and me. We spent most of the time drinking too much, especially Negroni's, our newly found special drink. It was during a rather liquid lunch that we decided we would buy a piece of land and build a Bird's Nest on it! Well we did buy about an acre of seafront land, the price was £800. The Notaire said we had to buy it through him as it was against the law for a British person to own land. So we fell for it and many years later when I tried to contact the Notaire his son said he had retired and there seemed to be no papers in the archives. Well the lovely man who sold it to us was after all just a crook! It was during that holiday that Marcus opened up a little more. I suppose it was the wine but I could see he needed someone to talk to. It seemed that, reading between the lines, he thought he was gay. Yet he was telling me this as if he didn't believe it because he was in love with me! Well I think that's what he meant. I never asked him and he never told me directly but I'm pretty sure that is what he was trying to tell me, but I was too inexperienced to sort that sort of problem out.

Peter had to go back to Trinidad, as there was a problem with the manager of his Coconut Estate. Marcus called me and asked me to go to a party with some of his friends. I was interested in meeting them and thought perhaps it would answer some of my questions about my dear friend. There were not many people there and it was more of a 'sit on the floor party' as we all sat on cushions on the floor discussing various subjects. I sat beside someone called



*Terence Conran as a young man*

Terence Conran who was going out with Fenella Fielding and

we all chatted about his idea of simple furniture that was not going to cost the earth. Furniture for the middle classes and he was going to call his first shop Habitat. Well his dream came true didn't it? Sarah my daughter is actually working with his daughter Sophie, small world.

Well I didn't learn anything more about Marcus. I always felt he was on the verge of telling me something but he just looked at his feet and said nothing. I know he admired Philip Larkin but little else.

But In time something in Marcus's life would change my life completely. I will tell you later but it is a terribly sad story.