

**From:** "[REDACTED]"

**To:** "jeevacation@gmail.com" <jeevacation@gmail.com>

**Subject:** Fwd: For Lee

**Date:** Fri, 15 Oct 2010 12:14:13 +0000

**Attachments:** Lee.doc

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-----Original Message-----

From: [REDACTED]

To: [REDACTED]

Sent: Sun, Sep 19, 2010 11:10 pm

Subject: Fwd: For Lee

Lee, I once heard that you leave this world twice.  
The first time is when you die, and the last time is when the last person speaks your name.  
Lee, if this is true - then, you will truly live forever.

The first thing Lee would have said to me, is remember it's not about you – it's all about me. (as if i didn't know that already)

I don't really know how to express here today what Lee gave, shared and was to me.  
How can you possibly put those 18 years into words that would even feel close to enough.  
Sometimes I feel that Lee was lost by so many, but he felt he was loved by so few.  
He never knew how much and how many people cared about him, particularly in the wider world, beyond fashion. I don't think any of us really did, people the had never met or dressed or wore his clothes - for their own reasons - felt they knew Alexander McQueen. The man behind this huge talent and genius, touched so many and was admired for his uncomplicated and honest way; he kept true to who he was and where he'd come from....he was a special man not just to all of us, not just in fashion and what he created in London, but to those he inspired - young people all over the world, people from all walks of life.

When I first came to St Paul's cathedral I never thought this would be possible but of course I came here for Lee. I should have reminded myself then, that Lee made the impossible possible, not just in fashion and business but in the lives he changed around him.  
Londoners took him to their hearts as the greatest designer this country ever produced. He was brilliant, uncompromising, shockingly funny, kind, generous, yes a little tricky and the best man I will ever know and the best friend I will ever have.

Lee And I first met in Hoxton 18 year ago, Isabelle had brought me to LEE, this is something I will always be so very grateful for. I was wearing a pair of Vivienne Westwood platforms and a rara skirt, Lee was in a very large blue and white checked shirt, he loved a check.

As lee moved it seems so did I, Lee told me to come to Paris, we both Shared a fear of the Dark, possibly me more than him. I walked into the bedroom we were sharing, Lee had placed 20 pillows down the centre of the bed, I turned to him, I was like, are you serious?, he looked at me with total sincerity and said "it's just in case you get a little frisky." It was like Hadrian's Wall, the Scots on one side, the Romans on the other.

Lee you remember all the Christmases we spent together, you could never wait for Christmas day to open your presents, so we opened them together, just the five of us, you and me, Minta, Juice and Kalem, in the witch's cottage in Hastings --, where the girl came down from the tree.....your cottage by the sea, we'd walk along the pebbled beach, do you remember when you lost your keys?, you prayed to the saint of lost things, I can't remember his name you were always the religious one, you remember Mary Magdalin and then what a miracle you found those keys in a sea of grey pebbled stones on Christmas day the turkey burnt we made it home to the cottage by the sea..

I think of Lee every day, I talk to him in the car as we drive along with Juice sitting down by his feet. He tells me in no uncertain terms how I am going the wrong way and of course he has a far better route, "you know I was born with the knowledge". He turns and looks at me still, with those bright blue eyes, we speed along not speaking for a little while, he's annoyed - of course, we know I took the wrong way.

It starts to rain, a cute boy stands on a corner, the route's not so bad I say. You shout stop, as you would, my foot slams to the floor, as you kiss me goodbye and close the door, as I drive away your laugh rings in my ear, I turn another corner, you wave goodbye and disappear.

I still hear that laughter every day

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