

the new



style

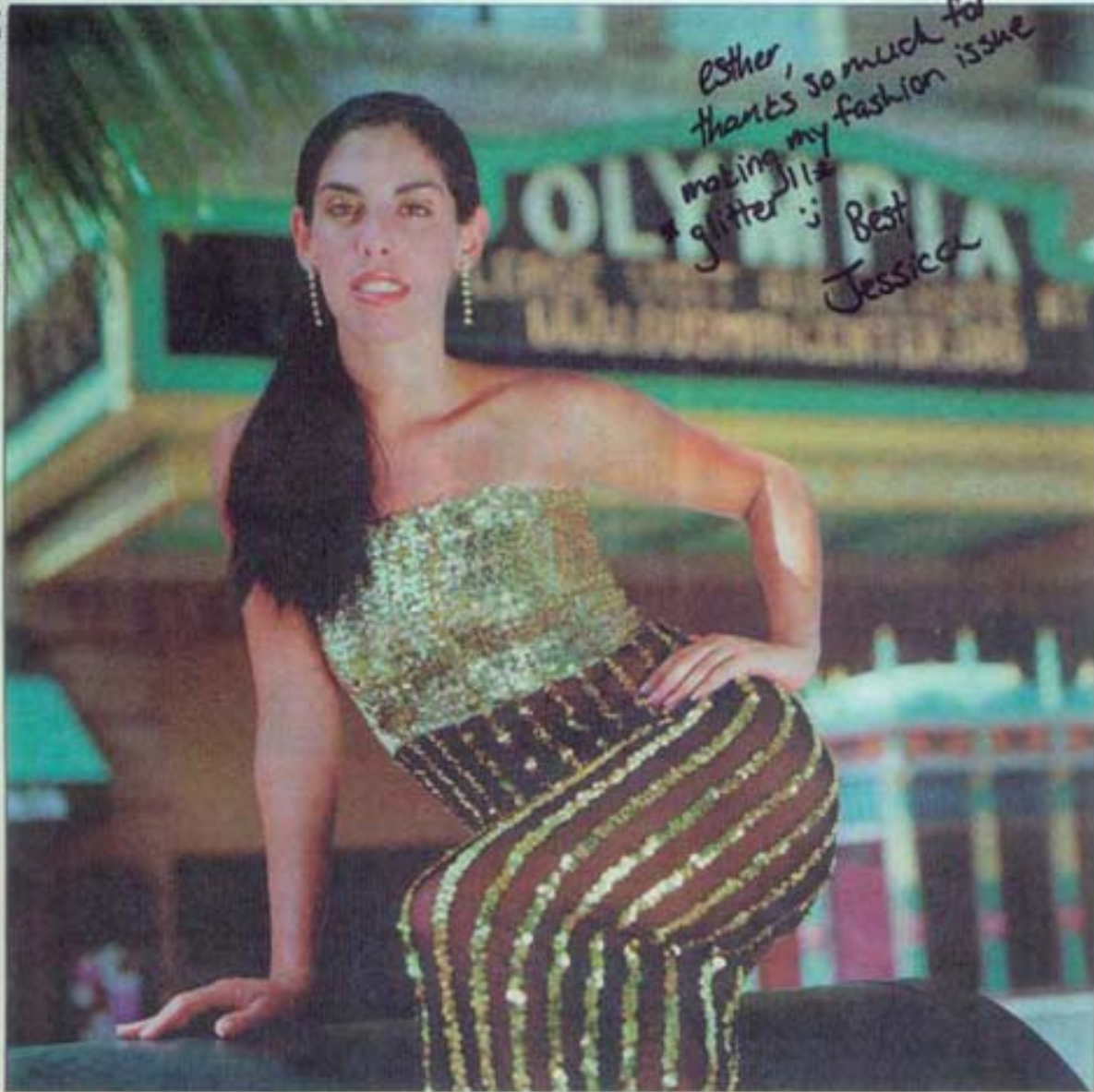
department stores these days feel less like retail outlets and more like theme parks, and the departments, more like "lands."

While perusing men's apparel you'll visit Blingland — Rockafella, Sean Jean, Ecko, Ja Rule Couture, etc.; Ballerland, a maze of UM football jerseys and Shaq-sized nylon shorts; and Nautical Flagland, apparel for men over 40 who enjoy looking like a Coast Guard poster. Visiting women's? Be sure to check out Prairieland (not that you'll be able to avoid it), a fantasy of fringe, suede, peasant tops, basically anything worn during an episode of *Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman*; J.Loland — denim jumpsuits, denim jumpsuits and more denim jumpsuits; and SassyTeeland, where you'll find baby tees with "sassy" words and phrases like

"Flirt" and "Boys Lie."

Bagless and with AmEx unswiped, we wondered if this name-brand hell was the future of fashion, or if Miami actually showed signs of intelligent designer life. Forget Tommy, who cares if it's Prada — style isn't about tracking trends (chances are if you're worried about what's "in," your "trendy" days ended with the Reagan administration). It's about being individual and original, and believe it or not, Miami's got it. You just have to know where to look.

In our fashion issue you'll find (among other stylish stories) five designers — a costumer, a diva, a b-boy, a DJ and an older kid on the fashion block — who are doing their own thing and, in the process, making Miami's fashion scene a little funkier, a little edgier and a hell of a lot cooler.



*Esther,
thanks so much for
making my fashion
glitter ✨
Best
Jessica*

esther **nash**

BABY DOLL

Where she's been: NYC ... Sesame Street ... Europe ... the Middle East ... South and Central America ... South Beach. **Where she's going:** is writing fashion articles for the *Sun Post* and NYC's *Takist in Motion* ... will be featured in the October issue of *Lifestyles* magazine ... and is selling pieces from her couture line.

esther
nash

BABY DOLL

I had a dream that my sister gave my designs to Asian factory owners who intended to steal my ideas for their own profit. I watched through the window. I saw them taking my designs apart and cutting the patterns. I awoke screaming. It was a very bad nightmare.

My Target line would be credit/business card cases for men under the label "Machismo" or "KING" or "Dude," because when you're on the go, you need to move in style and pay with flair.

My perfect fashion show

would be on the runway in Monte Carlo, featuring models such as your's truly, number one diva, too cool babe, enchanting and lovely Esther Nash, and soon-to-be world-famous, urban debu-



tante, princess, socialite and attorney at law, my graceful and glamorous sister, Rachel Nash, a.k.a. "Shelly Starz."

The movie my life resembles most is *The Wizard of Oz*. I'm looking for the yellow brick road, so I can meet the wizard,



MODELED BY ESTHER AND RACHEL NASH

who will divulge all the fashion secrets of the universe and hand me my red pair of sequined slippers, so I can find my way home to even greater stardom.

I'd like to burn the picture of me in my junior high school uniform, which was an ultimate disgrace to the sports world and all athletic gear designers.

If I could play dress-up anywhere it would be in a costume shop or FAD Schwartz. I love to dress in fantasy. My favorite age was 7 — I could wear everything and anything, I always dressed up. It was the best time.

I've always secretly wanted to be Barbie. She attends great parties, takes great vacations, has a best friend, a cool wardrobe and

Ken to drive her around.

If I could go back in fashion history I'd bring back tribal cave wear for men and women, loin cloths and leather underwear as well as wigs.

In the shower, I'm most likely singing "Barbie Girl" by Aqua.

My clothing line in one word? Fun.

In this industry, there's a lot of pretenders, and even more incompetents.

Get her stuff: At *Mosh Pit* and *Joey Nolan* boutiques on South Beach or online at babydollboutique.com. **Make-up and styling** by Judith Prince and Le Tonya Davis-Clayton. **Photographed in** downtown Miami