

Fashionably Yard

What's up? What's up? What's up? K-Balla is back again this school year to update you on the tightest styles and to keep all those fashion offenders in check. Only this time, I have recruited some individuals to assist me with my fashion section. This Dream Team is always on the lookout for new trends, hot "yard" outfits and of course, we are always willing to exploit the "hot messes" on campus. So don't fret! Even though K-Balla is not writing for this issue, (and don't worry I will be back) you will still be entertained and informed through Fashionably Yard. Our mission is to make the Yard a better place by keeping it real and calling you out. So don't take it to heart, we are only here for your benefit. Enjoy!

The Yard

By Siobhan Johnson

The Yard. It's about where to meet your friends between classes or before lunch. It's about being a common place for everyone on this campus to enjoy the many aspects of Carolina life. But most of all—and most importantly—it's about posting up. The Yard has become an institution on campus, especially in the black community, as a place to go and do nothing more than to be seen. And we all know as black folks, if we're going to be seen, we have to look good.

Coming back onto campus this fall as a rising Junior and someone who had both experienced the Yard for two years and had done a significant amount of shopping over the summer, I thought that maybe this was the year that I could hang. I could actually walk on the Yard with confidence, and not as fast as I could with my head down and my eyes towards the ground. Unfortunately, as I approached the area between Lenoir, the former Undergraduate grad library, and Greenlaw on the first day of class, I knew I had been mistaken.

The runways of New York, Tokyo, or Paris could barely compare to the scene that lay before me. There were girls dressed as if they would be hitting Gotham or Players after class. I beheld off-the-shoulder sequined tops over black Capri pants and leather flares paired with backless halters. Several pairs of Durangos could be spotted, and I've never seen more four-inch-heeled sandals in my life. Everyone's cornrows were tight and nails were done. You would think it was the fashion event of the year.

Now, I consider myself a pretty secure and self-assured individual, but the Yard was, as it always has been, one of the most intimidating experiences I have faced as a Carolina student. As I quickly made my way to class, I realized that it was to be another year of jeans and tennis shoes, and finding alternate routes around campus in order to avoid the Yard all together.