Carefree Black Girl: Trope or Treasure?

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Carefree Black Girl: Trope Treasure?

by Erin Beatrice Williams
The idea of Black women seeking to live a life with less ancestral, cultural, and personal burden is one that dates back to slavery, as chronicled in this poem by Black poet Phillis Wheatley, in her poem *On Virtue*, published in 1773:

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Attend me, Virtue, thro' my youthful years!
O leave me not to the false joys of time!
But guide my steps to endless life and bliss.
Greatness, or Goodness, say what I shall call thee,
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Abstract: The writing below is an experimental study on the idea of the “Carefree Black Girl,” a term coined in 2017 to define a way of life for Black women to emulate, focused on self-care and self-love. I write about its popularity and meaning, with parallels to my own life and mental health in order to define if this term is actually an attainable state of being or is more of an aspiration. I also paralleled the marriage of Meghan, Duchess of Sussex, conducted an independent poll with a small circle of Black, female contacts to learn about their knowledge of and relation to the term, and interviewed New York Times writer Gina Chereleus, who has profiled several notable Black women and is also a Black woman herself, in order to understand more about this term’s confluence.

Trigger warning: the writing contains vivid details of suicidal ideation and attempts.

The idea of Black women seeking to live a life with less ancestral, cultural, and personal burden is one that dates back to slavery, as chronicled in this poem by Black poet Phillis Wheatley, in her poem *On Virtue*, published in 1773:
To give an higher appellation still,
Teach me a better strain, a nobler lay,
O Thou, enthroned with Cherubs in the realms of day!

Wheatley writes with an air of joy and simplicity, with hope that her actions will lead her to a life of little burden and much happiness - ideas that are the bedrock of being a carefree person, in general.

As the idea has moved and flowed through generations, there are chronicles of Black women searching for comfort and joy: the exuberance of entertainer Josephine Baker, who chose to move to France permanently after experiencing racially-rooted setbacks in her career;1 writer Audre Lorde, who declared her self-care whilst enduring treatment for breast cancer an “act of political warfare”;2 and multi-hyphenate personality Oprah Winfrey, whose financial luck is so rare that she is among a very small club of Black women to have ever netted over a billion dollars. Coming down from the Oprah stratosphere into more normalized air, Black women are more aware than ever of how short our time is on earth – and how little of it needs to be used in defending ourselves to others. No “why” is needed in wanting strong mental health, a sense of purpose and clarity tied to our inner selves, the desire to have fresh sheets and delicious food and seeking out soul-thriving careers and a rich social circle that allows for one to live their most unburdened, gratifying, and carefree life.

The term “Carefree Black Girl” was first coined as a hashtag by writer Zeba Blay, who later wrote the 2022 book Carefree Black Girls:

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1 Eleanor Beardsley, “Josephine Baker To Become First Black Woman Inducted into France’s Pantheon,” from NPR.org. November 26, 2021

Above
Image of Instagram user @evadelaire posting about beachcombing in Cape Verde, Image courtesy of Instagram.
A Celebration of Black Women In Popular Culture. A search for the hashtag on Instagram alone3 garner over 196,000 different results, ranging from affirmations to art, all projecting a mix of confidence, ease, and strength in their view. Women stare directly into - or gaze away from - the camera, expressing an air of confidence and openness, bearing their truth with their eyes and in captions like “There is so much to do, see, and experience! And I want it ALL! From the biggest wonders to the simple pleasure[s] like beachcombing for beautiful shells. Everything. I want all of it!.” 4

In the book’s introduction, the author discusses her way out of the dark depression she became engulfed in around 2020, and how writing about the journeys of iconic and celebrated Black women brought her through: “While we were all collectively grappling with the existential dread brought on by the upheaval, several personal, world-burning occurrences happened to me in quick succession. I recovered long-pressed memories of sexual assault… I fell into the deepest state of depression and anxiety I have her experienced in my life. I became a citizen of the United States after a period of living in precarity as an unwanted immigrant. I turned thirty. I attempted to take my own life, twice. All this to say: the essays in this book came together as I fell apart. And writing about Black women is the thing that put me together again, that got me through, and helped me become reacquainted with the concept of joy and freedom.”

It is often that when we are at our lowest points that we realize our need to ease our burdens, which was definitely the case for me as I began to explore the Carefree Black

3 https://www.instagram.com/explore/tags/carefreeblackgirl/
4 Evina do Ah’s Instagram post, April 13 2023: https://www.instagram.com/p/Cq-5SL_0eow/
Girl topic through both an artistic and interpersonal lens. Spurred by the pandemic, I sought to do more with my life beyond writing press releases behind a desk all day and decided to enter graduate school to earn my MFA. Though the brain has the innate ability to project what things will be like in the best case scenarios and the other side of all of this change, the stretching and shifting that my body and mind have gone through in these past three years has left me begging for peace. My anxiety has skyrocketed in enduring the change of location, dip in income, physical environment, and people and friend groups, and altered daily routine.

I have dealt with a number of emotions, all of which I have sought to suppress through both Western medicine (Xanax, and an additional prescription medicine for my OCD), talk therapy, and a combined spiritual practice of prayer, manifestation, and astrology readings. None of these methods has been successful in the long-term because of the Sisyphean loop my life is stuck in, and the journey has led me to wonder if achieving a better quality of inner life can be done through time and practiced improvement, or a marketable ruse that is aspirational at best.

As online media and the world as a whole would have you believe, leaving the world behind to tend to yourself is the only way to survive and thrive in our turbulent society. What makes the idea of being a Carefree Black Girl so distinct, is how it pushes through generations of systemic stereotyping and racist ideals that are tied up in being a woman in today’s society, and not settling for second class because you as a person deserve the best.

The first cultural figure that I remember noticing who outright demanded more from her life was
Tracy Chambers, the character played by Diana Ross in the 1975 movie *Mahogany*. In *Mahogany*, Tracy is a fledgling fashion designer who works a day job in a high-end Chicago department store. She encounters noted photographer Sean McEvoy, played by Anthony Hopkins, and he ends up whisking her off to Europe where she becomes a model and, in turn, gets to debut her fashion line. Though the movie ends with her returning to Chicago for love (having gotten her European adventure out of the way), she knew she was worth more and realized she had the opportunity to work the room and take what was her due. She wanted to be happy and she wanted to be known and seen, and that – along with her wardrobe, her ebullience, and her eye for creativity – fascinated me. I saw it as a teen, and upon later reflection that the character was played by Ross, one of the most notable Black women of the twentieth century (whose reputation has never failed to proceed her) is not lost on me.

As a reporter for *The New York Times*, Gina Cherelus has interviewed several notable carefree Black women of the 20th and 21st century, including actresses Quinta Brunson, Zendaya, fashion designer Tracy Reese, and actress Jenifer Lewis, whose story was so captivating it made the front of the Sunday *Styles* section with the headline “Jenifer Lewis Opens Up,” complete with a photo of her looking resplendent in a fire-engine red caped dress that stretched across the page.5 I spoke with her as someone whom I regard as an expert, having observed first-hand, and chronicled in observing and chronicling the lives of some of the most notable Carefree Black Women of our time. In an interview

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conducted in March 2023, I asked her what recurring traits she noted in these women. I also gained insight on her own relationship to the term Carefree Black Girl, as she, too, is a Black woman.

Above Film still from the movie Mahogany, starring Diana Ross. Image courtesy Paramount Pictures.
Erin Beatrice Williams

Lewis and Reese, went on to say: "Many of the Black women I speak to — highly intelligent, highly talented women who really try to make time for themselves and their creative outlets, their hobbies, their interests while still maintaining a firm interest and commitment to their work which is very inspiring."

"I think that especially in the society we live in, when we think about creative outlets...the throughline I think amongst these women [is] their tenacity. Their commitment to their craft, whether it's acting or producing or fashion designing. Just having a verve for life. Their creativity really shined through when I spoke to them and I was able to be in their space which is a privilege too and doesn't happen that often," said Cherelus, who did in-person interviews with

Above
Instagram shot from Gina Chereleus of her profile of Jenifer Lewis making the cover of the Sunday Styles section. Image courtesy of Gina Chereleus

Lewis and Reese, went on to say: "...Many of the Black women I speak to - highly intelligent, highly talented women who really try to make time for themselves and their creative outlets, their hobbies, their interests while still maintaining a firm interest and commitment to their work which is very inspiring."

"I think that especially in the society we live in, when we think about creative outlets
I can’t help but think about access and how that can be very limiting for us as Black women depending on what communities we live in, what we’re exposed to, the pressures that are placed on us in this society. I think it is so important and special when we’re able to take it - take it back or just make it a priority in our lives and in our craft. And we have a long list of people that we can look to throughout history of Black people and Black women especially who’ve done that. They are proof that it can be done - and they are also proof that [creativity] can heal. It may not solve all of our problems but it can give us this place of peace, and express ourselves in a way. Use our voice when we’re being told to stay silent. I think art and creativity especially as it correlates with different types of struggles and hardships, I think they go hand in hand, and to survive all of that you kind of need art and creativity to push through.”

Cherelus recognizes that the time she spends with celebrities is just a portion of how their lives are structured and not a picture of their day as a whole, per se – and that their access to money really improves what they are able to have in their lives regarding self care. “The term [Carefree Black Girl] itself is funny to me because I do feel like there has been a shift within the culture where people are calling [access] out. They are calling out the idea of being carefree and [having a] soft life and correlating it with structures of capitalism and having the financial means of achieving that and what can that look like when you’re not
of the 25 Black women with whom I conducted an informal poll regarding their relationship with the Carefree Black Girl ideal in January 2023. Each woman was either a direct contact of mine or a contact of a contact. Ages ranged from their 20s to their seventies, and among the reservations they listed as barriers to being their true selves were money, general life responsibilities, work, and stress. I conducted this poll in order to have more down-to-earth insight from the Black women in my life on how they relate to the term “Carefree Black Girl.” I wanted to know what they think of when they hear the word “carefree,” what it means to them to be a “Carefree Black Girl,” if they had even heard of the term, and what hinders them from being carefree. “I do think that being a “young Black girl,” eg., under 45, makes it harder to be carefree,” said one survey participant in her seventies.

“Work or school is usually a wealthy.”

Added Cherelus: “…I do think that money plays a huge factor and I think it’s up to the individual to determine whether or not they will prioritize money under their definition of being a carefree Black girl or if they will find a way that they can fit it into their own lives. I feel like that was the intention behind it is to not feel stifled by stereotypes that are hurled at us all the time, wearing your hair the way you want to, wearing your clothes the way you want to. Carefree…at its inception, it wasn’t about how other people view you, how men view us, how society views us, how white supremacy has labeled us as all of these different things. It’s being your carefree self and not really worrying about [money].”

Money - namely not having enough of it - is definitely a barrier to entering the Carefree Black Space,
must. When you’re young, you worry more about how others perceive you. As you age, you care less and are usually more content with the way you are. However, turmoil, relationship problems, sickness and financial problems make you less carefree at any age.” More than a few women thought it was unachievable. “I don’t identify with the term because I’ve always had to be responsible,” said one person in her fifties; “Don’t think we’ve ever been allowed the freedom to be a carefree Black girl,” said a woman in her forties; and “It’s both aspirational and temporary,” said another woman in her seventies. But for those who chose to answer the question, respondents saw it as a mood, an aspiration, or as a catchphrase. “I think it’s trying to get at the idea that Black women can separate themselves from social expectations and overdetermining ideas in order to be their truest selves,” said one woman in her forties. “I think it can be an aesthetic that is more easily reached with financial resources, but it’s not unattainable for us all,” added one woman in her thirties.

In recent memory, the most modern ideal of a Carefree Black Girl that comes to mind is Meghan, the Duchess of Sussex. For a moment, when she married into the British Royal Family in 2017, it seemed that Meghan Markle, a born-and-raised Californian who is the daughter of a Black mother and white father, had transcended both American and British ideals of what all women could achieve: a Disney fairy tale. At first, the general public seemed pleased, relieved even, that there was a woman whose presence signaled change, and hope in that Black women could be viewed as just “women,” and that they would be able to carry out an agenda of service and hope, much like that of former First Lady Michelle Obama or

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Survey conducted by the author, January 2023
Erin Beatrice Williams

Oprah Winfrey. But behind the flashbulbs that captured Meghan’s every smile, wave, and hand-to-heart, her presence became a distraction due to her ranking in the Royal Family. The popular regard for Princess Catherine, nee Kate Middleton, upon her marriage into the Royal Family, was also considerable, but never eclipsed the level of respect given to Queen Elizabeth. In short, her presence - the fascination and the sheer spectacle of it all - became her downfall. “Joining this family, I knew there was a protocol for how things were done. It was baptism by fire,” she said in the 2022 Netflix documentary *Harry and Meghan*, of having to educate herself on the fly about certain forms of royal protocol, including curtseying and learning the UK Anthem. “Most of the time
I was in the UK, I rarely wore color. There was thought in that. To my understanding you can’t ever wear the same color as Her Majesty…but you also can’t wear the same color as one of the other, more senior members of the family.”

The racist vitriol spouted at Meghan started nearly as soon as her relationship became public. In 2016 Prince Harry issued a plea to the media asking for them to let up: “Prince Harry is worried about Ms. Markle’s safety and is deeply disappointed that he has not been able to protect her. It is not right that a few months into a relationship with him that Ms. Markle should be subjected to such a storm. He knows commentators will say this is ‘the price she has to pay’ and that ‘this is all part of the game’. He strongly disagrees. This is not a game - it is her life and his.”

But, sadly, the proverbial grenades being lobbed at them led to an unraveling so deep that she became suicidal - and still, wasn’t able to get the help she needed.

“The issue is when someone’s marrying in who should be a supporting act is then stealing the limelight or is doing the job better than the person who is born to do this. That upsets people. It shifts the balance. Because you’ve been led to believe that the only way that your charities can succeed and the only way that your reputation can be grown or improved is if you’re on the front page of those newspapers. But the media are the ones who choose who to put on the front page,” said Prince Harry of the skyrocket of Meghan’s popularity after their marriage - which was built up and torn down by the exact entities that built it. "If you don’t see

8 “A Statement by the Communications Secretary to Prince Harry,” Published 8 November 2016, https://www.royal.uk/statement-communications-secretary-prince-harry
the difference and understand why it’s being reported that way, then I can’t help you,” he said in response to reports where Meghan was lambasted for the same actions that her sister-in-law, Catherine, Duchess of Cambridge.

The only way it seemed that she and her family were able to find some sort of peace was to remove themselves from their public-facing roles as “Working Royals,” move to the United States, and start over. It isn’t lost on any of us that the Sussexes were never financially adrift, but their social and cultural status as wealthy statespeople – at least in the UK – was worth nothing when it comes to preserving her state of mind. And it was heavily rooted in the fact that she was Black.

Thoughts of suicide, and impaired mental health in general, are two common, internal driving forces that led to my personal exploration of what it is to be – and trying to become – a Carefree Black Girl. In 2014, my grandmother died, and at her funeral everyone talked about her family – what a family person she was, what a family she had and raised, the sacrifices she made for her family. No one talked about her career, which was my world at the time, and my being single and childless left me feeling some kind of way about the whole situation, the summation of the 85 years she had led on this earth. While all the remarks were more than deserved – she was strong, selfless, wise, fierce, and kind – I remember my then-28 year old grieving self thinking that if what you need for you life to count is a family; and for that family to happen you have to have a partner, then my having neither made my life look pretty worthless, and that it wasn’t going to amount to much once I was gone. None of my family even knew what my job was, they just knew
where I lived, presumed I was doing ok on the whole, and left it at that. I didn’t have any kids to keep up with, didn’t attend church, wouldn’t be around to hang out next week after everything went back to normal. I left feeling pretty worthless, and ended up spiraling into a pretty dark well.

I finally decided to see a doctor after I had decided to slit my wrists, and did a “practice run” on my left wrist with a paring knife to see how sharp of a blade I would need. I went back and forth on my wrist, making little bloody knicks that (for some very stupid reason) I thought weren’t visible. That is, until the next day in a meeting when the sunlight came in and a line of scabbed slashes caught my eye. I was horrified, pulling my sweater tight over my wrists for the remainder of the meeting. In the summer of 2020 I became so distraught over a relationship ending that I was contemplating jumping off the Taft Bridge in Northwest DC, to the point where I had scoped out a spot and marked “Here.” The first time, it was my own embarrassment that stopped me from going through it; the second time, I worried that the drop wouldn’t be far enough down to kill me, and I’d end up with either a brain injury and/or severe fractures, that my family would determine was worth keeping me alive despite my inward anger at having to deal with chronic pain. Also, as an only child, I didn’t want to cause my mother any sadness and shame at having to grieve a loss she could never grasp the weight of for her remaining years.

I want to say, before going any further, that I am by no means healed. I have experienced ten setbacks for every step forward, and am managing my physical, mental, and emotional health day by day. But in the months that followed, as art became my refuge and
my desire to be in my current state of life waned, I started digging the foundation for a newer, more actualized life. I decided that if God had given me this gift, I wanted to take it as far as I could go, with the end goal of pivoting into a new career where I could be a full-time artist whose works are sold and recognized nationwide. I want to attain success, financial stability, and internal comfort - the three tenants I need in order to be MY most carefree self. But in order to do that, I felt I needed to get formal training to solidify my skills. While there are millions of artists who are notable without even a youtube course under their belt, I wanted legitimacy, and to make connections. I also wanted a break from the intensity of living in the trenches of a career that all but eroded my personal life and gave me anxiety from its daily demands and ever-extending umbrella of responsibilities.

In December of 2020 I applied, and was accepted to, Washington University in St. Louis MFA program for Illustration and Visual Culture, receiving a full scholarship to boot. When I started the journey, I was able to go part-time at my job which allowed me to have an income while also being a student. The transition was more intense than I bargained for, not in taking classes, but in being immersed in a full-time program while also being asked to do full-time tasks on a limited hourly schedule. It didn’t last, and I was fired in January 2022 because of my lack of availability. It stung deeply – I had worked for this company for more than four years, and they had agreed to allow me to continue working on a limited time frame. There was no opportunity for discussion, or even room for me to ask to be reinstated full-time, if I had wanted. But as the days progressed my limited hours – or rather, adhering to the hours we agreed on my being paid to work – proved to
The concentration I put forth in making my work takes me to another level mentally and emotionally, to the point that my daily anxieties and responsibilities fall by the wayside and I forget – just for a moment – what I was supposed to be worrying about. Not having money or a reliable source of income has sent me down a spiraling anxiety I could not have anticipated. I have had to live off of a combination of loans and savings, eventually cashing out my 401(k) in order to make ends meet. And, in the background of that, my anxiety and obsessive compulsive disorder have continued to permeate my psyche. This rollercoaster has sent me down a list of coping mechanisms that have ranged from the twee (buying Kacey Musgraves’ *Golden Hour* on vinyl; manifesting, vision boarding, prayer, astrology, journaling) to the tempestuous (shaving my head to relieve myself from the burden of caring for my hair). I’ve felt that be much less than the time they actually needed for me to be available. After that, things became rough. My art has sold, but not nearly at the rate needed to support myself on sales alone. I have learned to work in art forms I had only heard of when I walked onto this campus, and they will continue to serve my body of work long after I’m gone. I landed my first solo show, a collection of flora monoprints, at the Birmingham Botanical Garden in July 2022. I would have never learned printmaking had I not chosen to take it as an elective in Fall 2021. Additionally, I have sold my work at the United States Botanical Garden in D.C., and have my work featured in numerous publications and exhibitions since starting school.

Carefree is defined by Webster’s Dictionary as “free from anxiety and responsibility.” In considering that textbook definition, I don’t feel carefree at all in my personal life, save for when I am making art. The
of emotions into an outward form that could be tangible to others, and learn more about myself in the process. Having never written poems before, I found that I enjoyed putting my emotions into free verse, leaving behind rhyme and choosing to use the emotional tenor of my words to set the pace of each poem. When juxtaposed against the idea of being a Carefree Black Girl, I’ve learned that, for me, “carefree” translates best as a synonym for “survival,” and that it’s crucial to try and find ways of survival in order to find a personal desire to live.

Kaur’s books of poetry (my favorite being 2017 book *The Sun and Her Flowers*) resonated with me through the raw wording and nonlinear sentence structure she illustrated her hurt, pain, growth, and evolution – especially with sex and relationships. When I discovered her work, somewhere around 2018, I was a brand-new artist and was constantly
they too are also often overlooked, misjudged, disrespected by their significant others and incorrectly perceived by their non-Indian counterparts. I love how clear all of those emotions feel to me in her work. The line-drawn, simple but beautiful style of her illustrations further emphasized the heartbeat in her poetry as if someone had bolded and enlarged the text on each page. In claiming her identity in her poetry, Kaur has searching for different ways to draw and make work and express myself. The sketch drawings she made of flowers, women with no faces, and candles, spoke to me in a way that made it seem like Kaur was not just speaking to everywoman, she was speaking to me. That she is an Indian woman made me feel seen in a special way, in a way that from what I’ve understood from culture in observing the Indian woman’s lived experience,
never explicitly stated “I am an Indian woman,” and though I have chosen to name this project “Carefree Black Girl,” with the majority of the poems it was my goal to have readers be able to relate to them regardless of skin color, as Kaur does with her work. There is nothing carefree about what she writes, but being able to express your feelings in such a naked way, as Kaur does, is in itself a carefree act, because she chooses to put her feeling above all others in order to find the root of her pain and re-seed it with hope.

So what’s the latest wellness trend for Black women? Enter the #delusionalgirl. In a January 2023 story about the term, New York magazine claims the trend was birthed on TikTok and has been around since 2021. The article is titled “Living the Dream: Why endure the dull or excruciating realities of everyday life when you can just manifest your way to a better one on TikTok?”

“Delusional Girl…mostly consisted of Black women encouraging each other to just ‘be delusional,’ It’s perhaps not a stretch to see how, when your reality is so profoundly shaped by racism and sexism, it can be liberating to embrace delusion,” said the magazine.

Refinery29 adds some manifestation thinking to it in the March 2022 online story headlined “‘Be Delusional!’ — Why Black TikTokers Are Unsubscribing From Reality.”

“‘Delusion’ is a reframing of Neville Goddard’s ‘Law of Assumption’ in which he says: “dare to believe in the reality of your assumption and

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watch the world play its part relative to its fulfillment,” writes author Chanté Joseph. “The Law of Assumption asks us to act, speak and feel as if we already have what we want, hoping that our dreams will catch up with us instead of chasing them. When you no longer feel burdened by reality, it is easy to shed limiting beliefs and create a reality for yourself that you are truly fulfilled.”

“When I personally think of carefree, it’s not always the actions that I’m taking but it’s in how I present myself,” says Cherelus. “I think of myself when I was a teenager and I was in college, and I wasn’t shy about using my voice. I wasn’t shy about the way I liked to express myself through clothes, through hair, change it up a lot. As I’ve gotten older, I’ve found myself having more reserved moments, and I’m at a period where I’m trying to unpack what that means...if there is something that’s fueling that, and I don’t want that. I think the idea of being carefree is being uninhibited. It’s knowing that you still believe in yourself and your voice, and when you step into a room you’re bringing in your full self, you don’t have to leave it on the shelf for a little bit because it would make someone else feel less threatened or more comfortable or whatever the case may be.”

“I’ve been doing a lot of looking inward. I think that when you don’t have that foundationally, then how people perceive you, you’ll just shape shift into all of these different things and that’s not being carefree. I also don’t have to be anyone I’m not or feel like I need to conform. The external things that bring me joy, I think that that falls under the Carefree Black Girl umbrella but I think what’s more important for me is making sure that I still rock with how I self-identify, I still stay true to my values and my morals and my personal ethics and that I like my character
because I know that I am being myself and I am pushing boundaries as best as I can."

So, then, one must ask: is Carefree Black Girl a nice idea, a trend and trope, or a level of life worth aspiring to and achieving? Personally, I think that one can have carefree moments, but not a wholly carefree life. In revisiting the work that I have made, it feels cathartic – and a little fun, as poetry is very new to me – to expel some of my feelings out of my head and into the world in verse form, to let others know publicly about some of the pain I’ve been going through on a regular basis. I have included words of fun and joy as well, almost as a reminder to myself that things aren’t always as bad as I feel them to be; or, rather, that it can always get worse. On the other side of that, I have shared only what I wanted to be published. I hope that if my work doesn’t offer inspiration, at the least it extends a hand of solidarity to let other Black women know that they are seen, and
their feelings are valid and that they are not alone.

There will still be death, taxes, jobs that end, relationships that conclude, and many micro-issues of no apparent cause but the orbit of the universe (the Keurig shorts out, the mailman mis-delivers your package, you step in gum). I don’t take my life’s choices for granted, I cherish my freedom, and I try to remain as self-aware as possible and take responsibility when I’ve caused harm. But you find a way to solve the problem, grieve what is lost, and move on. With anxiety and depression, you learn how to cope with it, metabolize your feelings, and move forward. I think that the phrase itself might be a trend, but in the grand scheme becoming a Carefree Black Girl is a status of life worth trying to achieve, because it can bring peace, relief, and a sense of calm. No matter what direction life takes, ups and downs will happen. A direct choice must be made in deciding to not let the bad days get you down, no matter how many there seem to be, and remember that there are moments worth staying around for.
realities of everyday life when you can just manifest your way to a better one on TikTok?" New York. March 10, 2023. https://www.the-cut.com/2023/03/manifestation-tik-tok-what-is-lucky-girl-syndrome.html


Gordy, Berry dir. Mahogany. Performances by Diana Ross, Anthony Hopkins, and Billy Dee Williams. 1975; Paramount Pictures.


Kaur, Rupi. The Sun And Her


“A Statement by the Communications Secretary to Prince Harry.” The Royal Household. 8 November 2016. https://www.royal.uk/statement-communications-secretary-prince-harry


This book was created at Washington University in St. Louis, in the MFA Illustration and Visual Culture program in the Sam Fox School of Design & Visual Arts, in the spring of 2023.

The body text is set in Arial. The title text is set in Maple Black, designed by Eric Olsen.

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Care
Free
Black
Girl