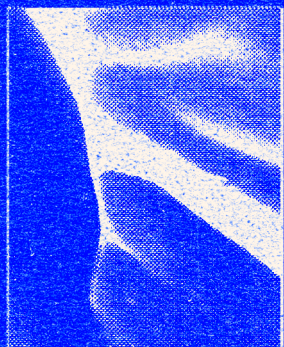
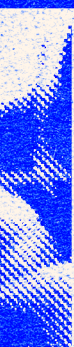
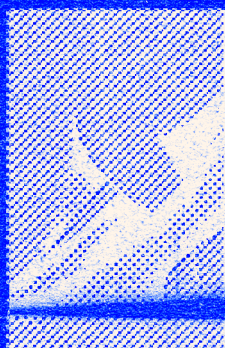
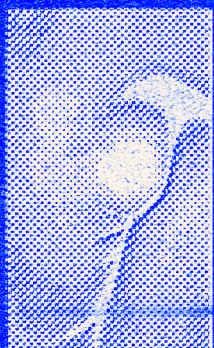
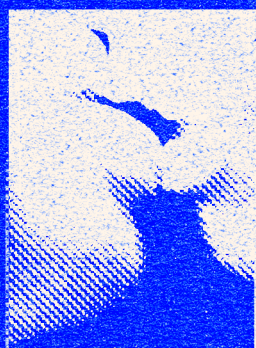
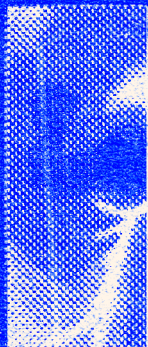


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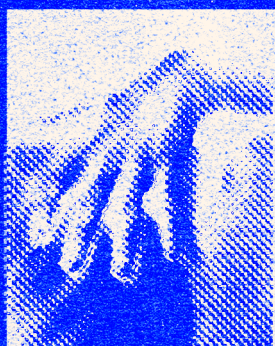
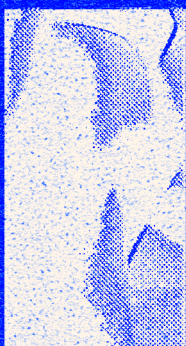
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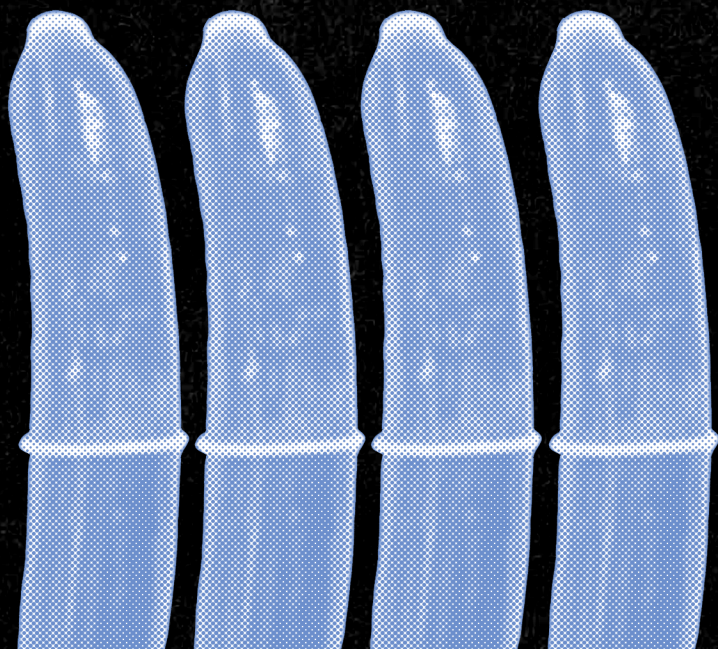




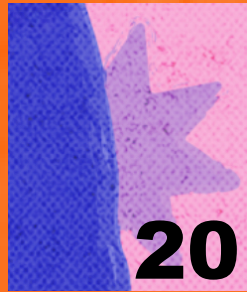
LET'S

**TALK
ABOUT
SEX**

with
grain of salt mag



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DRACO MALFOY IS NOT A GYNECOLOGIST:



There's never been a better time in history to be on the receiving end of an orgasm.

Attitudes about sex and sexuality have been evolving for the last 100 years in the direction of full sexual liberation. Despite that, many teenagers are left completely in the dark in regard to their own sexual proclivities. In theory, the highest percentage of my knowledge of sex should have come from my household or my school's sex education program. According to a study conducted by the Journal of School Health, 48 states require schools to have some sort of sex education program, and my school was no different. My freshman year, the kids in my gym class gathered into the mezzanine for a slightly uncomfortable lecture about the importance of abstinence delivered by my very cool but also very-over-it physical education teacher. At the wizened age of 14, even I could see the inher-

ent flaw in the stance that the school was preaching. Of course I had seen the scene in “Mean Girls” where Coach Carr tells his class that if they had sex in any way shape or form they would die, but I had written it off as hyperbolic — surely our teachers knew that my classmates would have sex anyway (in fact some of them already had).

My concept of sex was mostly that it was this foreign thing that some man would come along and try to force me into it and that it would be my job to keep that from happening. Most sexual education primarily target women as the sole actor in the decision of whether or not to have sex. Most communities believe that the purpose of sexual education is not to inform students on their bodies and what they can do, but to serve as a preventative measure for pregnancy. Aside from teen pregnancy rates still being prevalent (according to a Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) study, teen pregnancy is on the decline but is still more prominent in low-income neighborhoods), this outdated and ineffective method of education neglects the needs of LGBTQ+ students. LGBTQ+ students receive little to no sexual education oriented toward their needs because the mandate for sexual education does not include an intersectional curriculum. Schools are able to pick and choose who is able to access necessary information, which only exacerbates the gap between those who have been disenfranchised within the classroom environment. This lack of information is problematic because an improper understanding of sexual health can have devastating consequences. A study conducted by the American Journal of Epidemiology found that a number of STIs (including gonorrhea, early syphilis and anal warts) were statistically more common among queer men than their heterosexual counterparts. A similar study by the Journal of LGBT Health Research found that insufficient education is the impetus for a lot of these health issues which may explain why the CDC found that people between the ages of 15 and 24 are diagnosed with almost half of all new sexually transmitted diseases. By not educating students, schools leave them susceptible to increased rates of STIs, dating violence and risky sexual behaviors.

ON HOW THE EDUCATION SYSTEM IS FAILING SEXUALLY ACTIVE TEENAGERS BY KENNEDY BROOKS

Sexual education within the school system is just one of the different forms of sexual socialization in an adolescent's life. As a result of its insufficiencies, adolescents often have to turn to other sources to form their sexualization. For heterosexual men, this source is often pornography, which often depicts a harmful image of male-female sexual relations. Pornography often centers around the scopophilic male gaze, creating a situation in which men are led to believe that sex involves a specific kind of mistreatment of women. Most heterosexual scenes find the woman screaming in heightened orgasmic glee as the man ruthlessly jackhammers into her. Anyone who has actually had intercourse could tell you that there is essentially nothing accurate about that. For members of the LGBTQ+ community searching for sexual scenarios that mirror their own personal experiences, pornography presents a fetishized version of what those situation will look like accompanied by demeaning taglines that have the propensity to create a negative internalization of their own sexuality.

As a result of the lack of productive female or LGBTQ+ forms of popularized socialization (such as pornography), women and LGBTQ+ individuals often have to find other ways to undergo their sexual socialization. One popular form of this socialization is through fanfiction. Fanfiction stories typically romanticize and sexualize preexisting relationships in media. Fanfiction's primary audience are the adolescent women and queer individuals who craft the stories, and thus they center around their pleasure. A reader can learn about the Gräfenberg Spot (aka The G Spot) from an "Adventure Time" fanfiction about a steamy night with Marshall Lee the Vampire King. Another reader could learn about the different forms of birth control and abortion from a particularly stressful Percabeth ficlet. From a story where Draco casts a love spell on Hermione, readers are familiarized with the clitoris (an organ largely ignored by sex ed curriculum). With fanfiction, women and LGTBQ+ individuals can flip the script of unhelpful sexual education curriculums and the misleading depictions of sex in pornography, and learn how sex can be built on a premise of love, trust and mutual pleasure.

While there is nothing wrong with watching porn or reading fanfiction, this can not be the basis upon which an individual's full sexual education comes from. Despite the arguable usefulness of fanfiction in this respect, there are still numerous pitfalls to basing one's entire sexual schema on the authorial whims of a 16-year-old



With fanfiction, women and LGBTQ+ individuals can flip the script of unhelpful sexual education curriculums and the misleading depictions of sex in pornography, and learn how sex can be built on a premise of love, trust and mutual pleasure.

mental image of what sex needs to look like in order to be fulfilling. There is nothing inherently wrong with these kinks, but they should be practiced only with a full understanding of how to explore them safely, which fanfiction does not often do. There is no mention of aftercare or safety precautions and sometimes the lines of consent are blurred in a way that is sensationalized, and thus sends the wrong message to impressionable youths. In the same way that the male gaze creates a harmful image of what sex looks like in pornography, fanfiction creates an unrealistic expectation of how sex should be that has shortcomings in other areas.

Luckily there are numerous organizations that assist in making up the educational gaps. One such organization called Sex Ed for Social Change (SIECUS) recognizes adequate sexual health education and access as a human right and works to make education accessible for all. The nonprofit hosts webinars to educate students on things like bodily autonomy and sanitation, raises money to donate to schools, and makes calls for legal action when injustice (such as barring access to certain sexual healthy resources to teens) comes about. Another organization called Peer Health Exchange trains college students to go into underfunded schools and teach sexual health curriculum. Since the inception of the program, they have reached 133 schools in nine different states. For a more casual and contributive source, ScarleTeen's online publication has a variety of different entries on various topics related to sexual education, orientation, and interpersonal and independent sexual relationships.

All in all, I am eternally grateful to the girls on Tumblr and Fanfiction.net for turning me into the sexual creature that I am today. Though I sit in reverence of their ability and worship the ground that they walk on, I recognize the need for new resources and education and so I continue to build upon what they have instilled in me to stay happy, healthy and sexually active.

on DeviantArt. When it comes to information on having safe sex, fanfiction is severely lacking and should not be used as a source for accurate information. There is no mention of means of preparation or contraceptives that are important to maintaining one's sexual health. It also has the potential to create false ideas about sex, such as the idea that it is very easy to bring any women to climax (which is simply not true as every woman is different). Furthermore, there is a romantization of more extreme forms of sex (such as consensual nonconsent (CNC), ageplay, breeding) that can create an unhealthy



You
Nail Polish
Can't
Hide Your
Misogyny.

RAPE CULTURE ON
LIBERAL ARTS CAMPUSES

by Aiden Nelson

**Content notice: sexual violence, rape*

When touring my liberal arts college for the first time,

the student guide pointed out a little box on a lamp post and said it was called the Blue Light System. Essentially, there were similar alarms set up all over campus so that someone in danger could call for help if needed. It was heavily implied that this was a preventative measure against sexual violence.

I was taken aback—I thought that sexual assault was reserved for party schools with a strong Greek life presence, where frat parties went all day and all night—where weekend football games were THE event to attend. Rapists were strangers who drugged their victims at bars, or jumped out of bushes. I understood rapists to be the Brock Turners of the world, to be a term synonymous with frat bro who loved sports and cheap beer.

At a school of artists and creatives, where the music department was foundational to the institution's history and the coveted film program was regarded as one of the best on the east coast, how could there be sexual violence? I was surrounded by indie soft boys who carried guitar cases and sketchbooks—shouldn't I be safe?

Needless to say, during my time at college this illusion of safety was shattered. I have experienced sexual violence, and every perpetrator has been a so-called creative, sensitive type. The stories of my friends and classmates are the same. Rape, and the culture of sexual violence on college campuses, is not reserved for frat bros and jocks, who radiate toxic masculinity. Liberal arts students are just as capable of harassment, assault and rape. No amount of nail polish or Joan Didion quotes on their Instagram feed can cover up their misogynist views that manifest into sexual violence.

A common factor in sexual assault in college is alcohol—this is not some outlandish, unfathomable fact. According to this study from 2016, “two-thirds of student rape victims are intoxicated or impaired by drugs at the time of the incident.” The same study states that football and other sporting events “increase daily reports of rape with 17-24 year old victims by 28 percent.”

This statistic is supplemented the Rape, Abuse, and Incest National Network (RAINN), who states on their campus sexual violence page that “more than 50% of college sexual assaults occur in either August, September, October, or November.” One semester at college and you know that those months are the ones of lots of sporting events and heavy day drinking—so, it seems obvious that sports and the subsequent partying DO play a role in sexual assault on campuses. But what about the schools where sports go relatively uncelebrated?

Here's the thing: the idea that rape is a phenomenon exclusive to party schools – to frat parties, sporting events, the like – is misguided. In reality, the number of sexual assault cases reported are relatively the same across the board between different classifications of campuses. In 2020, the peer reviewed journal *Violence Against Women* released a study entitled: "Do Party Schools Report Higher Rates of Violence Against Women in their Clery Data?" Through their data, it was found that party schools – which are defined by Greek life presence and athletic programs, among other factors – "did not report more rapes, domestic violence, dating violence, stalking, or fondling than other classes of universities."

Even if alcohol does play a role in sexual assault, what people seem to forget is that liberal arts schools have their own culture of parties and substance use. At my school, thesis films are funded by "fund-ragers," and people black out listening to local bands at DIY venues every weekend. People offer weed as an act of hospitality with the casualty as someone asking if you want a glass of water. Where to get LSD and shrooms is a badly kept secret. Just because people aren't drinking and doing drugs with the backdrop of a frat house doesn't mean it's not happening.

In their study "The Relationship between Alcohol Use and Sexual Assault Incidents in Educational Settings," researchers Enid S. Colon, Julian Wells, and Catherine Chambliss found that – against their initial hypothesis – the small liberal arts college had the highest rate of alcohol usage of all the schools they studied and that "no significant differences in reports of sexual incidents were found among the campuses."

Sexual violence is an issue across all types of campuses. This 2015 poll found that 20% of women and 5% of men are sexually assaulted during their time at college – that's one in five women and one in twenty men. Think of how that statistic looks in real life – how many people are in your classes? How many people do you pass while walking to your dorm, while in line at the dining hall, while in the library? Who among those people are victims? Who are the perpetrators?

dr. jenn m. jackson (they/them) · Jan 4, 2020
@JennMJacksonPhD · Follow
Replying to @JennMJacksonPhD

Men who look at women and ask things like "why is she wearing that? Does she know what might happen?", y'all are just as bad as the men who assault women.

You support and maintain a culture that shifts the focus to women's bodies and away from the men who abuse us.

dr. jenn m. jackson (they/them)
@JennMJacksonPhD · Follow

I saw a meme the other day that said, "Why is it that every woman knows another woman who has been raped but no men know any rapists?"

I can't stop thinking about it.

1:12 PM · Jan 4, 2020

458 Reply Copy link

Read 11 replies

I often find myself thinking about this tweet, which suggests that rapists are hard to identify. Most rapists don't even realize they've enacted sexual violence – that they've violated another human being.

Rape culture is rampant at liberal arts campuses, but the misogyny flies under the radar, hidden by stick n poke tattoos and paint covered Carhartt overalls. It is the subtle iterations of rape culture in alternative spaces that often make it so hard to unpack and define because they

deviate from popular culture and the scenarios posed by Title IX programming. In my social circles, sharing complicated feelings have allowed us to understand

and label our experiences as sexual assault. Through feedback from peers in safe spaces, we can see clearer that what happened was wrong, we're allowed to be upset about it, and see that it was, in fact, an act of sexual violence.

*I've had too many conversations
on dorm room floors where
the response to someone's
hushed confession is:
"that sounds like sexual assault."*

I am tired of students not being given accurate language and tools to understand and prevent sexual violence. The hypermasculinity of frats and sports and alcohol have become a synonym for rape culture, leaving liberal arts students at a disadvantage in understanding the misogyny that permeates their school. Someone isn't harmless just because they have a septum piercing and a pair of Docs.

When it comes down to it, a frat bro spiking a girl's drink at a party has the same intention as an artsy stoner type smoking up his Tinder date so he can coerce her into sex. One of those situations is ranted about as the pinnacle of rape culture. The other is accepted as just how things are in college.

At my freshman orientation, there was a lecture about rape and us first years were told the basics: don't walk alone, never leave a drink unattended, check in with your friends when they're on dates, etc.

I do those things. My friends do those things. College students all over do those things. And still, campus sexual violence is a pervasive issue. Rapists can be the art major, the musician, the photographer, the STEM student. They can be unassuming, and can even seem like avid feminists. But when it comes down to it, they perpetuate a system of violence and of silencing victims - just in more covert ways.

When I walk across campus under the glow of blue lights, I wonder how many people have actually used the alarm system and been protected. I don't know. I do know this: I am not afraid of the stranger in the shadows like I used to be. I am afraid of the rapists who sit next to me in class, who hide their true selves under paint stains and nail polish. They are just as sinister and far more real.

are you a nice girl

content notice: sexual
violence, rape

by
cait
andrews

“Where such men love, they have no desire, and where they desire, they cannot love.”

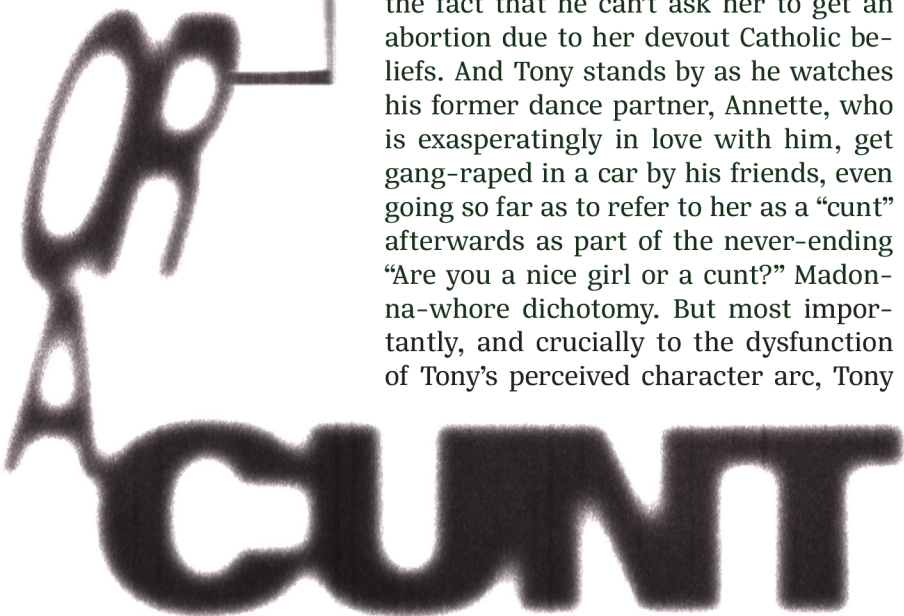
Six months ago, I watched “Saturday Night Fever” for the first time, and though it did trigger some cross-generational questions in me (like, “Do I want to get mid-70s John Travolta out of his clothes to see him naked, or do I just want to steal his clothes?”), it also occurred to me that, as a smug little Gen-Z, my viewpoint is probably very different from that of the cool cats and kittens who rolled into the original 1977 screening on their tangerine roller skates. “Saturday Night Fever” is one of the greats. Little kids still bang on their dying parents’ chests to the sound of “Stayin’ Alive,” purely as a result of

the cultural renaissance that came from giving John Travolta a dagger-collared shirt and a packet of hair gel. If “Grease” made waves for widening the “Good Girl, Bad Girl” stereotypes in a culturally relevant way for women, then “Saturday Night Fever” is its teenage-boy equivalent, set in a slightly later time period and considerably more salaciously. But much like other interests predominantly held by teenage boys, it unfortunately contains a seedy underbelly — or rather, backseat. For those who’ve never seen “Saturday Night Fever,” the plot is this: There’s an Italian-American kid named Tony who wears Goblin King-level crotch-hugging trousers and has an entourage of equally greasy male friends, most of whom

struggle with menial tasks, like wearing condoms and hobbling around in their four-inch platforms. Tony, being a young, handsome guy in 70's Brooklyn, is legally obligated to boogie on down to the sound of the Bee Gees every weekend, which he is (admittedly) very fucking good at doing. John Travolta can dance, man. Anyway, after a lot of smoking, cussing, and flirting with a young, cute Fran Drescher — a woman I could not imagine being better suited to play Travolta's discothèque squeeze in this cultural context — Tony stumbles upon a woman named Stephanie at the club. She's a good dancer, so he ignores the fact that she's

overdoing the “aloof female love interest” routine and pursues her until she agrees to enter a dancing competition with him. This feels like a win for Tony. Many of the film's central concepts revolve around notions of masculinity and working-class identity, so by giving him an opportunity to escape the violence and machismo of the culture he grew up in, it's easy to give in to the hope that by the end of the movie he'll be less of a misogynistic asshole. Unfortunately, that's not what happens.

As the film progresses, the tone gets significantly darker, and a series of disturbing events occur in quick succession. One of Tony's friends is attacked by a person they mistakenly assume to be a member of the Barracudas, a neighboring Puerto Rican gang, and so they decide to crash their car into the window of the gang's hideout as an act of revenge. Bobby C., another of Tony's friends, played by the curly-headed comedian kid from “Fame,” gets his girlfriend pregnant and laments the fact that he can't ask her to get an abortion due to her devout Catholic beliefs. And Tony stands by as he watches his former dance partner, Annette, who is exasperatingly in love with him, get gang-raped in a car by his friends, even going so far as to refer to her as a “cunt” afterwards as part of the never-ending “Are you a nice girl or a cunt?” Madonna-whore dichotomy. But most importantly, and crucially to the dysfunction of Tony's perceived character arc, Tony



is not just a witness to all of this hardship. Twenty minutes before the end of the movie — well into the average “come-to-Jesus” denouement for a film with such a spectacularly reprehensible main character — Tony attempts to rape Stephanie in the back of a car.

Yes. The handsome, flashy (bordering on camp), shallowly enviable protagonist whom decades of real-life men have since come to try and emulate — though, thankfully, without shaving off their sideburns — actively attempted to rape his love interest at the post-climax point of his so-called character development. But if you ask any middle-aged man, or any of the community of young, hot-toxic “He’s just like me” men who have adopted “Saturday Night Fever,” “Fight Club,” and “American Psycho” into their cultural repertoire, they’ll probably describe the film as:

“Good dancing. Nice lights. Flares. Bee Gees. Birth of mainstream disco. New York-Italian macho men. What I imagine I look like when I walk down the street.”

*“How can the premise of ... acknowledging the dead-end nature of your existence be the focus point for the audience’s empathy when there are women doing all of those things on top of being raped, getting pregnant, and being called **CUNTS?**”*

I’m not necessarily shocked or even critical of this perspective, in the same way I think it would be naive to watch “Pulp Fiction” and say, “I can’t believe this Tarantino movie has violence in it.” Upon watching a film released in a different era, there’s an obligation to remove your

“modern woman” glasses and immerse yourself in the perspectives of the would-be rapists rather than the would-be rapees in order to try and understand the men who grew up in a context that more overtly valued violence as masculinity and sexual assault as macho. But I do think being able to witness “Saturday Night Fever” in the culture it was born in and the culture I was born in bodes something interesting for intergenerational media literacy.

The main thing that throws me off about “Saturday Night Fever” is the fact that, due to the decade it was released in and its subsequent cultural sentimentalism, I can’t tell if Tony’s character was intended to be perceived by the viewer as a “rapist.” Consciously, I know that physically restraining another person under the threat of sexual assault, at the very least, puts you into the Bad Man Camp. But in 1974, when marital rape was legal (or partially legal) in every American state and the Ramones couldn’t release a track without a sex-infused “Hey, little girl” lyric, how much

abuse could be swept under the rug under the guise of “masculinity”? Did Norman Wexler, the writer of “Saturday Night Fever,” intend for Tony’s character to be a predator — and therefore, presumably, pretty difficult to redeem — or was that characteristic something that showed up in the afterimages, like blobs on a Polaroid?

After all, the two defining moments in the film that shook up Tony’s worldview had almost nothing to do with his maltreatment of women. The first was when he realized he had won the dance competition with Stephanie because he was white rather than because he was the best dancer — in comparison to a pair of notably superior Puerto Rican contestants. The second was when his friend Bobby C. jumped off the Verrazzano Bridge, inadvertently committing suicide, to escape his aforementioned pregnant Catholic girlfriend and the isolation that came from the absence of male bonding. Sure, Tony might deserve a little credit for his behavior in the former, in that he handed the dance trophy to the Puerto Rican contestants instead of taking the glory for himself (albeit right before attempting to rape Stephanie out of rage). But in a film trying to make a statement about why “machismo” is harmful to men, is a man

jumping off a bridge because he got a woman pregnant really the most sympathetic example? How can the premise of working in a paint shop, being married to a person you don’t love, or even acknowledging the dead-end nature of your existence be the focus point for the audience’s empathy when there are women doing all of those things on top of being raped, getting pregnant, and being called cunts?

In the end, Tony is acquitted of his crimes. He forces his way through Stephanie’s door and is almost immediately forgiven by her — and by default, the audience, given the film’s looming credits — en route to their new relationship as “friends.” There is no conversation about whether or not a man who abuses women (even if it is the result of a cultural scourge that pressures him to be “macho”) deserves to be redeemed or deserves to escape from the social microcosm that made him sick. There is only the lingering message that as long as you’re troubled enough to warrant blaming “society,” any behavior that entombs your pain in women is acceptable. And yet again, it is the “nice girls” and “cunts” who suffer.

“It’s a fine line between Saturday night and Sunday morning.”



CALLING IN WITH PMS:

MY EXPERIENCE

NAVIGATING

PREMENSTRUAL

DYSPHORIC

DISORDER

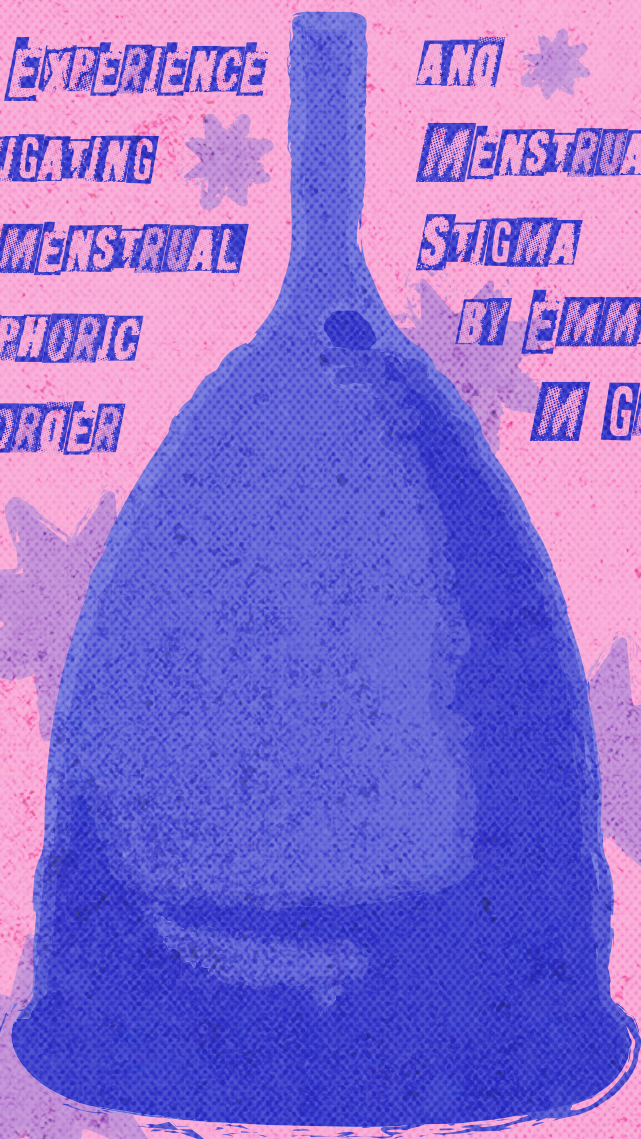
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MENSTRUAL

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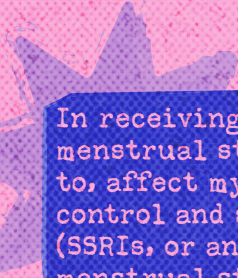
M GREEN



When you first receive puberty and sexual health education, they typically teach you about things like body hair and BO. They'll tell you that you'll start menstruating and that it's a very normal thing to happen. Maybe, if you're lucky, they'll tell you how your body is likely going to feel when you begin menstruating. They won't tell you about what might go wrong. They won't teach you about ovarian cysts, endometriosis, menorrhagia or all the other disorders related to menstruation that might affect you. If they're not telling you, a person who menstruates, this, you can be certain they aren't telling those who don't menstruate. This blindness to menstrual disorders creates stigma and reinforces misogynistic perceptions about women and other people who menstruate.

Since hitting puberty, I've always felt like something was off. I often assumed I had undiagnosed depression or anxiety. When I began taking birth control, I found that the wrong prescription made these symptoms of depression and anxiety worse. By the time I was in college, I found myself overwhelmed by my emotions, facing difficulty managing and navigating my interpersonal relationships. At one point during my freshman year of college, I felt like I had lost the entire plot as I experienced complete emotional overload over what I can only describe now as a "spilled milk"-level incident. It wasn't until three years later, in late 2020, I came across a Tik Tok exploring a menstrual disorder. Resonating with it, I began tracking my own symptoms for the next several months, and to my simultaneous joy and chagrin, I found a pattern. I took this pattern and my hypothesis to my OBGYN during a regular checkup, and was met with a confirmation to my hunch: I had Premenstrual Dysphoric Disorder (PMDD).


PMDD is a menstrual disorder which leaves a menstruating individual feeling anywhere from unmanageably irritable to anxious to depressed the week before their period. In my own words, PMDD is pretty much exactly what you would expect of premenstrual syndrome (PMS), but a million times worse. While 75% of menstruating people experience PMS, only 3% to 8% are affected by PMDD.




In receiving my PMDD diagnosis, I acutely recognized how menstrual stigma and misogyny had, and would continue to, affect my life. Though I treat my PMDD through birth control and selective serotonin reuptake inhibitors (SSRIs, or antidepressants), I still struggle to navigate menstrual stigma when asking for compassion or accommodations. PMS is already the butt of many jokes, coming both from non-menstruating people as well as those who do menstruate. It is often cited as the reason why cisgender women cannot hold positions of power or political office: the mood swings associated with PMS would launch a company into financial disrepair or a country into nuclear war.

If this is the perception of PMS, what can I expect from sharing with others my PMDD diagnosis? Can they even wrap their head around the disorder with a limited understanding of the human menstrual cycle? Can I expect to be treated as the same professional woman instead of an unstable feminist lunatic? If I ask for accommodations and compassion from colleagues and friends, will I be taken seriously?

Every day, menstruating people are told to get over the lethargy, mood swings and physical pain associated with a non-disordered menstrual cycle. Many people with non-disordered menstrual cycles rightfully struggle to navigate their symptoms of PMS. However, most academic and medical sources use the word "debilitating" to describe the symptoms of PMDD. With PMDD, life without compassion and accommodations can be impossible to manage. The same goes for others who experience other menstrual disorders, many of which result in immense physical pain.



To resolve these challenges, our society must dedicate itself to two solutions: improving sexual health education, and destigmatizing the menstrual cycle. By improving sexual health education, menstruating individuals can better identify symptoms of menstrual disorders and advocate for themselves in medical spaces.



At the same time, non-menstruating individuals can be equipped with information that leads to a clear understanding of the physical and mental challenges associated with menstruation. Then, by destigmatizing the menstrual cycle, menstruating individuals can be better empowered to advocate for themselves in spaces like school and the workplace. While they do this, destigmatization should mean that non-menstruating individuals don't feel grossed out or disgusted by the discussion of menstruation, leading to honest and compassionate discussions about the menstrual cycle.

In an ideal world, a menstruating individual should be just as respected calling in, missing class or asking for accommodations for their PMS or their period as they are for the cold, flu or COVID-19. Just as much, they shouldn't have to worry about being disparaged or disqualified in their credentials from colleagues, superiors or the public for experiencing menstruation. Every month, 1.8 billion people across the world menstruate. We need to stop acting like it's an anomaly to be ashamed of.

Author's note: If you or a loved one believe you are experiencing symptoms of PMDD, please seek care from a healthcare professional. According to Johns Hopkins Medicine, "PMDD is a serious, chronic condition that does need treatment that may include lifestyle changes and sometimes medicines."

Frequently observed symptoms of PMDD are: depressed mood; anger or irritability; trouble concentrating; lack of interest in activities once enjoyed; moodiness; increased appetite; insomnia or the need for more sleep; feeling overwhelmed or out of control. Other physical symptoms include belly bloating, breast tenderness, and headaches. Symptoms that disturb your ability to function in social, work, or other situations, and symptoms that are not related to, or exaggerated by, another medical condition may also be indicative of PMDD.



thank you

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grain of salt mag is an online publication for people who just want to blab their fucking mouths.

in a culture defined by patriarchal standards, those brave enough to color outside the lines are ignored, belittled and scrutinized. grain of salt mag is a space to explore and reclaim your creativity freely. together with young creatives of marginalized gender identities who have never been taken seriously, we approach topics about culture, lifestyle and current events through various forms of art and writing. using collaboration and feedback, we remove the pressure to have perfectly crafted ideas or to already be a practiced creative in order to share your thoughts about the things that matter most.

all that we ask is that you come to this space as you are. be loud. be bold. be unashamed. it's all taken with a grain of salt anyways.

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about grain of salt





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