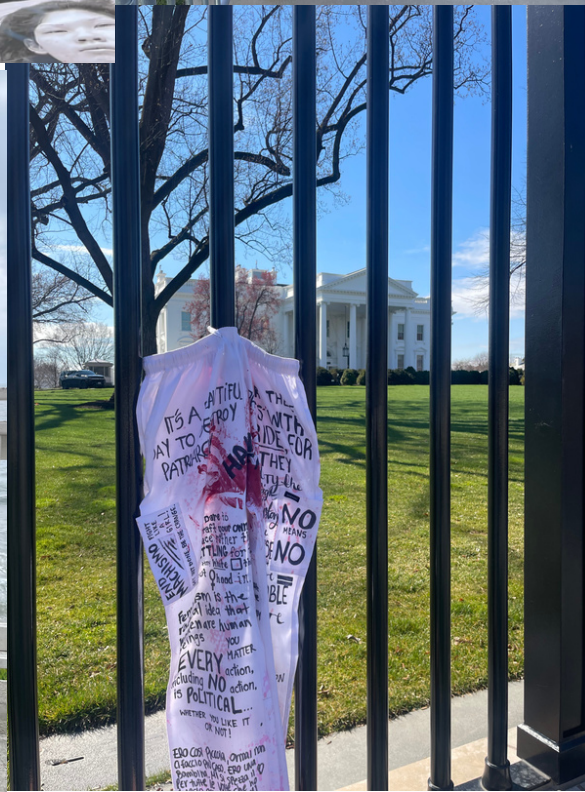


# THE BLOODY PANTS

HISTORY IN THE MAKING

ISABELLA BENETTI



I see you there  
Trying and showing up  
and pushing through.  
Choosing forward over stuck.  
Holding your own hand  
when it gets hard.  
Learning to love yourself first.  
You're my kind of people.  
-Rebecca Ray



# This project:

## *Feminist Manifesto*

The Bloody Pants is a feminist manifesto with a dual purpose – to issue a call to action and provide a platform for women to share their experiences. Driven by a commitment to empower women, the manifesto seeks to navigate societal landscapes and serve as a guiding light for collective action. It aims to bring together cisgender and transgender women, breaking down barriers, challenging prejudices, and contributing to a more inclusive society. Through interviews, I intend to amplify the voices of survivors and activists, creating an inspirational piece by the year-end. This political feminist manifesto is profoundly personal, rooted in my experience as a survivor of domestic abuse. "The Bloody Pants" establishes a connection for those with similar experiences, fostering understanding and inspiring positive change. The manifesto addresses intimate partner violence (IPV), advocating for legislation and support for survivors. Aligned with my broader goals in politics and civil rights law, this project is integral to my undergraduate education and commitment to building an equitable society.

\* EQUALITY FOR ALL \*



# Let's get deep...

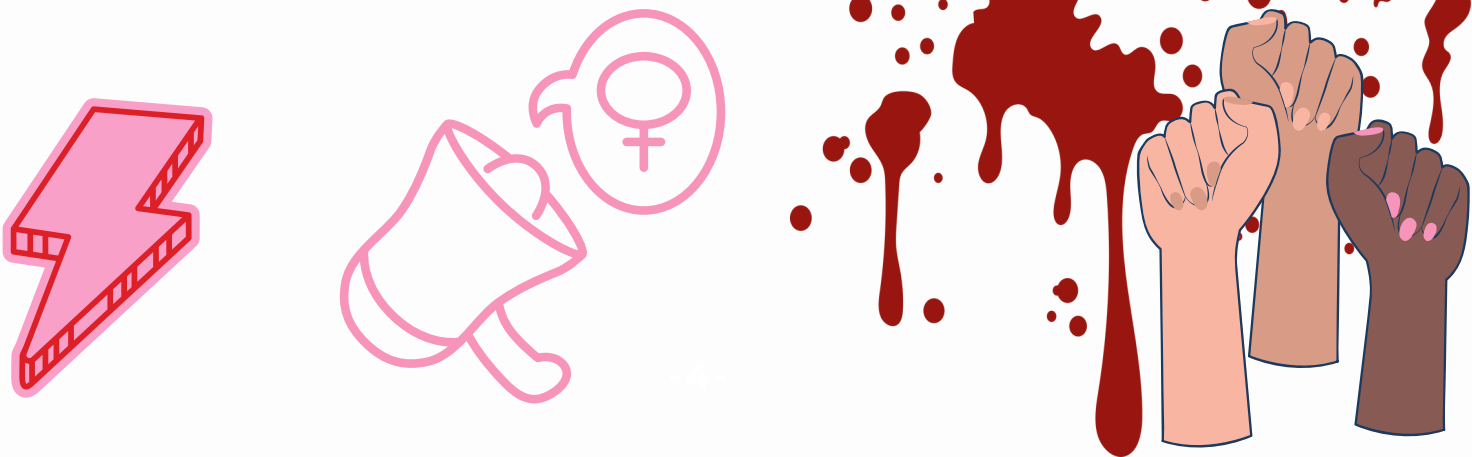
This manifesto is a declaration of my identity and a testament to the struggles I've faced as a woman. Growing up, I was consistently told that I was too masculine, and the absence of a mother figure coupled with a domestic violence situation further distorted my understanding of womanhood. This manifesto serves as a rallying cry, a consolidation of support for all women who have been made to feel unseen and undervalued by societal norms. The absence of feminine guidance during my formative years denied me the opportunity to fully embrace my womanhood. Despite the challenges, this manifesto aims to remind every woman that she is acknowledged, seen, and inherently valuable, irrespective of external judgments. The symbolic representation of "bloody pants" serves as a stark reminder of the dire consequences women face when fundamental rights, like Roe v. Wade, are jeopardized. Women's lives are at stake, and this manifesto vows an unwavering commitment to fighting for equality.

Embedded within this manifesto are quotes from other women, expressions of solidarity, and shared experiences. These words were exchanged during a social event where women came together to connect, emphasizing the importance of unity and understanding among women. This manifesto is a call to action, a promise to never give up on the pursuit of equality, and a celebration of the strength that arises when women support each other in the face of adversity.

# THE HISTORY OF THE TRAVELING PANTS

These pants have been my steadfast companions through thick and thin. I vividly remember wearing them on the day Roe vs. Wade was overturned. That summer, I dedicated three months to daily protests, and these pants bore witness to my commitment as I added fake blood to them in solidarity with the cause. They carried the weight of my convictions as I fought for women's rights.

These same pants were there with me during numerous protests for Palestine, symbolizing my unwavering support for justice and equality. They have become more than just fabric; they are a tangible record of my activism and a reminder that silence is not an option. These pants send a powerful statement – a testament to the importance of taking action and standing up for what is right. They serve as a reminder that, in the face of injustice, every act of protest and every voice raised makes a difference.



# Who is the author?

**My manifesto as a call for revolution,  
was inspired by my Mothers's call to  
action.**

My name is Isabella Benetti, a 22-year-old senior political science major at UCSB, and as I navigate the final chapters of my academic journey, I find myself wrestling with a question that echoes in the recesses of my mind: "Who am I?" It's a question that, like me, refuses to be confined to a mere sentence. I am a complex tapestry of experiences, dreams, and aspirations that defy easy categorization.

Growing up in Italy, I witnessed the harsh realities of an imperfect legal system. The move to the United States promised a different perspective, yet the flaws persist. My passion for law emerged from a profound need to shield children from the injustices I endured. Describing my own painful experiences is a challenge, but attached is a call to action, a plea from my mother in 2012, urging people to rally against the unfair system she fought against.

So, why this project? It's a bridge between my personal struggles and the broader canvas of activism. In a world where injustice lingers, I believe that activism and social unrest are the pathways to ensure that women's voices are not silenced, that surrender is not an option, and that the battles fought by our ancestors won't be in vain.

# MY MOTHERS CALL TO ACTION:



**A Mother's Love**

Jul 22, 2013 · 🌐

Dear Supporters!

Thank you all for joining my cause. I started this page as a last resort. My name is Marina Koukis and I am the mother of two beautiful girls, Katie and Isabella. At the end of July of 2012 I was suddenly and unexpectedly diagnosed with a very rare form of Leukemia. I was fortunate enough to be accepted and undergo therapy at the City of Hope here in Los Angeles. Upon making my decision to come to Los Angeles for treatment and all the support of my family and eldest daughter Katie, my ex husband suddenly would not allow my youngest daughter Isabella to leave Rome and come with me. Needless to say, I was completely devastated. I was confronted with the choice of saving my life, leaving my daughter behind or taking her illegally with me. With my heart and my Isabel's completely destroyed I left her in Rome with the understanding that her father would bring her constantly to see me. It is a decision that will haunt me for the rest of my life. I left a piece of my soul behind that day. I could not even attempt to place in words the suffering that my Isabel and I felt.

Christmas vacation came and my daughter was excited and dying to see me. I much more desperate to see her than she was. She packed her bag and was ready to go, she went to the airport. It turns out that her father staged an entire scene at the airport about how her name/passport were blocked and she could not depart to see me.

Devastation, heartache, pain deep inside your soul are words that do not even come close to how Isabel and I felt. We cried for three days straight. I believe from Christmas until January, I must have sent her father 30





to 40 emails asking him what happened and to straighten everything out and send her to see me. I believe I must have called his number 100's of times. He never answered even once!! I found out later through my attorney that my ex had placed the illegal block on my daughter's name/passport. And that he had done it back in June of 2012 (completely without my knowledge) so that I would not be able to go to Los Angeles and visit my family and my daughter now away in college. We did this every summer and every end of summer we returned - he knew this very well. It was one of the few opportunities to spend with my elderly parents.

I won't bore you with the lack of Skype, cell phones, calls etc. He never informed me of my daughter's progress in school, any necessary medical apt, when and if she was ill etc. I had started to accept this as part of the course with him. His complete lack of support of me being a parent. Christmas passed, Spring passed and now summer is almsot over - and Isabel's father refuses to allow her to see me. Due to my compromised immune system from Lukemia, I can not jump on a plane and see her. Thus the importance of her coming to Los Angeles.

As if things weren't already bad, today we were finally granted a court hearing for my daughter to see me this summer. Please keep in mind that up until less than one week ago, my daughter could not wait to come to LA, see me, see her sister, her grandparents, friends etc. Today, it appears that she was so immensely intimidated, manipulated, threatened and brainwashed that MY DAUGHTER ISABEL, who I know loves me dearly, stated that she was afraid to come to LA because I would not allow her to ever return back to Italy. And that she was happy and did not need to see me! If you could only understand the love that I have for this child. And that when I had left in October, I had a courageous, strong young girl. And I know without a doubt that she loves me

life is a climb



# These are some of the quotes on the pants:

HUMAN  
YOU  
MATTER  
TRIARCHY  
THIS IS FOR  
the women whose  
Blood swims in  
me - I won't let  
you Drown

Feminism is the  
radical idea that  
women are human  
beings  
EVERY  
MATTER

NO  
MEANS  
NO

HANDS  
OFF

ERO COSI Piccola, ormai non  
ci faccio piu caso. ERO UNA  
Bambina. MI SI SPETTA IL  
PER tutte le volte che ho  
chiesto aiuto E NON MI  
Credeva nessuno. ora raccolgo  
I pezzi rotti E provo a  
Godermi la MIA vita.  
quella bimba sara' sempre  
un pezzo di ME.

I Promise you  
A promise to myself  
I Dreamt that I was  
Unconditionally loved  
and accepted. Then I  
Woke up. I Realized that  
because I don't have  
Parents I fundamentally  
believe I cannot be  
loved.

rocket full of  
Sunshine.  
Pocket full of  
baggage!

WE WANT  
GIVE UP

It's been  
LINGERING MY  
Whole life, how  
MY Mother  
Never hugged  
me. My father  
had a loud  
and terrible  
Anger. And  
I WAS  
very happy

I AM  
THE  
DAUGHTER  
OF A  
WITCH  
YOU  
couldn't  
Burn  
being abused by my dad.  
And I could never blame someone  
for leaving an abusive situation  
I can't blame her either.

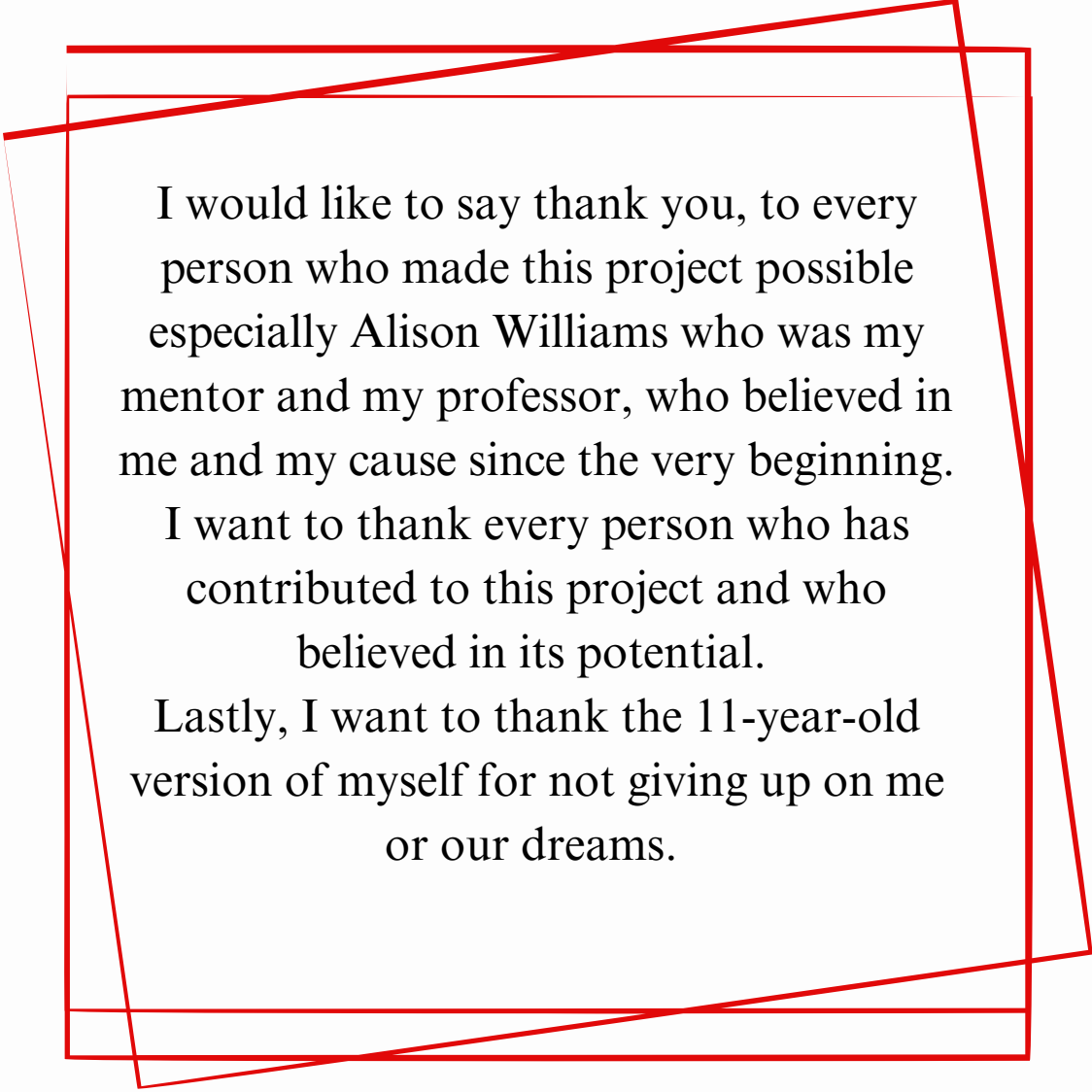
Shoutout to all the  
childhood trauma  
survivors who are  
labeled as weird  
or different.  
of course you  
were, they  
got to be  
kids while you  
were trying  
to survive.

REJECT  
LIKABILITY  
BE YOURSELF

I've always felt like the  
black sheep. The truth is that  
excluding black sheep is  
too easy. The real challenge  
would be to integrate them.  
And yes I am the black sheep  
there is nothing wrong with  
that. THE PREMISE SHOULD BE

I Experienced  
Heaven on earth. I didn't  
realize how beautiful our  
beginning was.  
- Marina Koukis

CANCER  
SURVIVOR  
It's Never too late to  
leave.  
LEAVE  
NOW  
I've fought this battle  
once. I Can do it  
AGAIN!



I would like to say thank you, to every person who made this project possible especially Alison Williams who was my mentor and my professor, who believed in me and my cause since the very beginning.

I want to thank every person who has contributed to this project and who believed in its potential.

Lastly, I want to thank the 11-year-old version of myself for not giving up on me or our dreams.

I hope that by seeing this project you felt inspired to make real and long-lasting changes in this world.

**Visit this link to see the project live:**

**<https://isabellabenetti4.wixsite.com/the-bloody-pants-mod>**

**If you have questions, want to collaborate, or want to join the movement please contact me at [Isabellabenetti@ucsb.edu](mailto:Isabellabenetti@ucsb.edu)**

Hey you. Yes, you.  
All of you. Yes, all of you.  
Every piece of you.  
Every second of your story.  
Every inch of your body.  
Every branch of your history.  
Every corner of your mind.  
Is worthy of deep, unwavering, soul-  
shaking, home-feeling love.  
Got it?





Your story matters