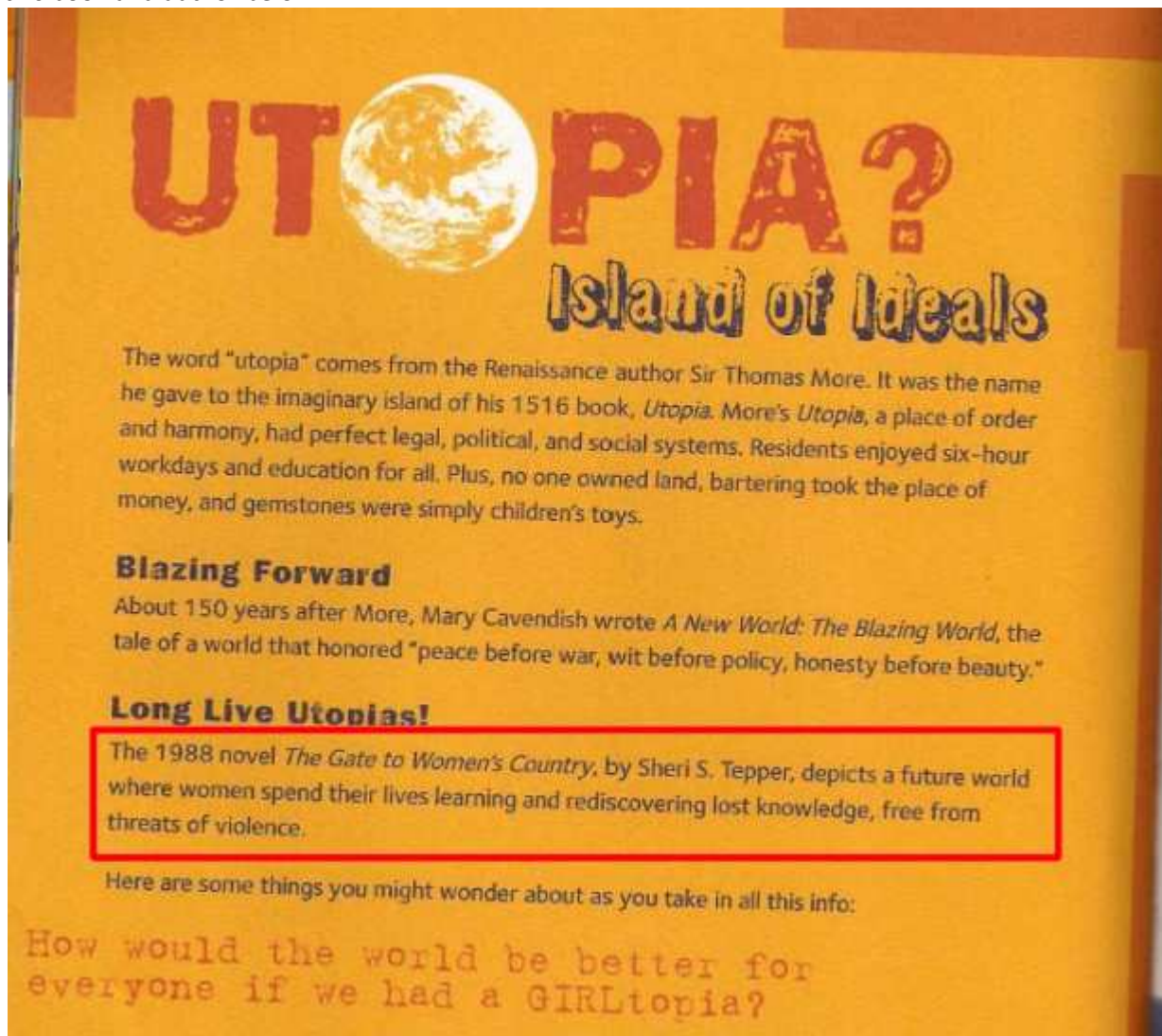


In Girl Scout USA's (GSUSA) book entitled "Girltopia" recommended for troops in 9<sup>th</sup> and 10<sup>th</sup> grade, the book *The Gate To Women's Country* and author Sheri S Tepper are promoted by name on page 10. GSUSA presents Tepper's book as a "utopia". *Girltopia* has been in print since 2008 and is still being actively used by troops and sold by GSUSA online and in local council stores. See the page referencing this book and author below:



Author Sheri S. Tepper was the Executive Director of the Rocky Mountain Planned Parenthood for 20+years. See her bio dated 1998 here: <http://www.locusmag.com/1998/Issues/09/Tepper.html>  
*The Gate to Women's Country*, a science fiction novel, is inappropriate for girls and adults alike. Here's a recap of the story on Wikipedia:

***The Gate to Women's Country*** (ISBN 0-553-28064-3) is a *post-apocalyptic novel* by Sheri S. Tepper written in 1988. It describes a world set three hundred years into the future after a catastrophic war which has fractured the *United States* into several nations. The setting of the story is *Women's Country*, apparently in the former *Pacific Northwest*. They have evolved in the direction of *Ecotopia*, reverting to a sustainable economy based on small cities and low-tech local agriculture. They have also developed a *matriarchy* where the women and children live within town walls (so-called women's country) with a small number of male servitors, and most of the men live outside the town in warrior camps.

The question of the causes of human violence is also a major theme, and in the novel Tepper's society hopes they are successfully breeding violence out of humanity. In the novel, violence appears to be

*biologically determined. By selecting only nonviolent individuals to breed, the society is slowly increasing the number of such nonviolent members.*

*It is more apparent that violent men are being weeded out, but women are also given hysterectomies and tubal ligations at the discretion of the medical officers.*

(END WIKIPEDIA REVIEW)

In Tepper's story, the women kick all the men out of their community unless they are willing to remain as servants. They do see the men twice a year for a "Carnival" where women are encouraged to have sex with the warrior men to satiate them and/or pro-create. Women use the men only for sex, babies and servants. Is this what we want to teach girls? What about the dignity of marriage and the vital role men play as fathers and the importance of the family unit? You can find another summary of the book here: <http://www.angelfire.com/or/sociologysshop/gate.html> The book is full of foul language (four letter word used not as a curse word but as a vulgar verb), and other inappropriate language and content ~ see excerpts below. Many will find this offensive but what we're showing you is an excerpt from this GSUSA approved resource. It's important we understand the materials GSUSA is promoting to girls. Keep in mind GSUSA is calling this book an example of a utopia and recommending this book and author by name to young high school girls.

“**T**HERE IS NO FUCKING IN **HADES**,” ELEVEN-YEAR-old Stavia had declaimed, striking a dramatic pose for Beneda as she did so. The two girls had been sitting in the sun on top of the city wall. Stavia had agreed to help Beneda with her math—though Beneda was almost totally impervious to math—if Beneda would cue Stavia in Iphigenia's part. The test on the play was to be given the following week. “I like that line. It has a ring to it.”

“I watched rehearsal yesterday,” Beneda commented. “Michy won't say ‘fucking.’ She says it isn't womanly.”

“Michy's mother is a very strange person. Morgot says she almost never takes part in carnival. She doesn't like sex at all!”

“Some women are like that. You know what I heard? I heard some men are like that, too. Do you believe that?”

“Not like sex?”

“Can't do it or something.”

“Oh well, sure. That's physiological. Or sometimes psychological. There's stuff about it in one of my medical books.”

“Can I read it?”

“If you want to. It's kind of dull, though. All about hormones and the prostate gland.”

“Oh. I thought it was about penises.”

“Well it is. Except the penis is just a protrusion of everything else, you know. It doesn't exist independently.”

“Except to warriors.”

“What do you mean?”

“They must think it exists independently.” Beneda

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pointed at the barren field below them. “Look at that

More book excerpts below from the GSUSA approved resource. In the story, there are some women who choose not to live within the gate to women's country because they don't want to abide by the strict rules. These women are prostitutes under the ownership of an obscene pimp. These prostitutes are required by women's country to undergo regularly scheduled crude gynecological exams which is described in the pages below:

Why would GSUSA promote this book to young minds? Given that the GSUSA book, *Girltopia*, which endorses this inappropriate literary work, has been in circulation since 2008, how many young girls have been exposed to this courtesy of Girl Scouts?

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ward toward the sea. It came from the eastern hills, through the marsh, then over a series of little dams and weirs which irrigated farmland from the foot of the hills almost to the shoreland in the west. There, near the shore, a road came down from the northwest to cross the river at a shallow ford, and near this ford the Gypsies had their perennial though not continuous encampment, a ragged and fluid collection of shacks on wheels, some brightly painted and others the faded gray of sun-dried wood, a sprawl of messy domesticity around the blackened stones of a central cooking fire.

Morgot, in her role as chief medical officer of Marthatown, went out each week to inspect the Gypsies, or sent a delegate. True to her word, she had brought both Myra and Stavia with her on this particular occasion.

During the medical visits, there were seldom any men around—except one.

This man, who called himself Jik, met them as they pulled off the road. "Back too soon, Doctor. You women just got done with them yesterday." He had a narrow face with a lopsided jaw. His teeth pointed in various directions, some filling in for others which were missing. One shoulder was lower than the other, and his laugh was a sneer made large. "Just yesterday I got them working."

"You had all of them but one, Jik. A sick one."

"Off the whole week, and not a coin out of her."

"She's cured now, Jik. You've probably already got her flat on her back milking the warriors for their amusement money." Though this wasn't Jik's only source of income, Morgot knew. The man dealt in beer and scarce commodities and information and rumor, as well, all of which the Council was well aware of and used for their own purposes from time to time. Morgot got down from the wagon and pulled her bag from beneath the seat. "It'll go quicker if you line them up for me."

Jik made a rude gesture, but started his circuit through the wagons. Women climbed from the wheeled huts, lining up around the fire, hoisting their skirts, some wagging bottoms while others thrust pudendas in the general direction of Morgot's wagon, laughing and catcalling, "Want some, Doctor? Want a little puss-puss, girlies? Hey?"

Morgot stared down the row, looking at each woman

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deeply and calmly, and in a moment the catcalls stopped. "Just in case you've forgotten, ladies," she called, "I've got the seal, and there won't be another doctor out until next week. No seal, no business."

The mockery became muted.

"Swabs," Morgot said to Stavia. "And remember to keep the vials labeled."

"What shall I do?" whispered Myra, her face very pale.

"Just sit there," her mother told her. "And watch."

Stavia kept telling herself it was never as bad as she remembered that it was. They smelled, sure, but it was mostly just dirt and smoke. Morgot took two swabs from each of them, one vaginal, one rectal, dropping them into the vial that Stavia held ready before she sealed the woman on the forehead with indelible ink. Last week's seal was still there, too, a faded circle on the left side. This week's went on the right. The date and the medical officer's initials. MRTM. Morgot Rentesdaughter Thalia Marthatown. No one else in Women's Country had those initials. No one else had Stavia's, either. SMRM. Stavia Morgotsdaughter Rentes Marthatown. Thalia was her great-grandmother's line.

Plop, the swabs went into the vial.

"Is it labeled?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Over in the wagon, Myra was looking at everything except the line of flabby buttocks and bushy vulvas on display.

Morgot had it down to a kind of chant. "Left leg up. Thank you. Bend over, please. Thank you. You're Vonella, aren't you?" she asked. "I thought so. Go climb into the wagon, Vonny. You'll have a week in the quarantine house. You can be thinking up the names of all the warriors you've fucked since your last clean seal, too. I'll need them all." The women were supposed to keep a contact book, but few of them were accurate about it.

When they had finished, Morgot asked, "All right, Jik. Are you harboring any elopers? Any silly little girl some handsome warrior has talked out here for his pleasure?"

He shifted from foot to foot. "The warrior paid me. . . ."

"He could have paid you and gone to bed with you," Morgot snapped. "He might have told you she'd never