

the morality of his faculty by having their wastebaskets checked for Coke cans. The broadcaster of the church television station is Orson Spencer Knurd (silent K); wayward youth and other hardies are sent on "wild survival;" and C. Carey Lambert has a popular book out called *I Raise You/ I Call You*, half of which is written on the right-hand side of the page, and the other half of which is upside down on the left-hand side of the page. One needs only a little exposure to Utah Mormon culture to see the reality behind this fiction.

As Fred seeks Flossie's killer among the Fidel-inspired Cubans of Havana (all of whom, interestingly, lack the hostility towards the United States and its citizens that I expected), he is reminded of Utah. The author's device is to have Fred compare the politically-converted Cubans, who are euphoric in their praise of Castro and post-revolution Cuba, with the religiously-converted Mormons who are just as zealous and singleminded in the defense of their faith. This comparison enables Fred to resolve his animosity toward the Mormons in his home town and leave Pecadillo forever. The story is finally Fred's.

The book does have some problems. One of them is the way Fred tells the story. Another is the overall scheme. The attempt to join an in-depth look at Fred and Flossie with a lightweight murder mystery is not entirely successful. Molen can do either type of fiction well, as is evident from her serious stories "Skim Milk," "Mormon Miracle Pageant," and "Always the Nazi War Criminal," and her three-part murder mystery in *Utah Holiday* magazine. But the two types of material just do not come together well in the same piece.

It is my opinion that Patricia Hart Molen is one of our most gifted young writers and that she has a great deal to contribute to our literature. She is very skilled at development, at balance—the structure beneath the work—and she certainly knows how to tell a good story. I would hope, personally, that in the future she will turn more of her attention to her deeper material. Although, in the short run, serious fiction may be more difficult to publish, in the long run it will be of most value to us and to her as well.

Not Quite a Butterfly

The Cocoon by Cheryl Ann Baxter, Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1980, 90 pp., \$4.95.

Reviewed by GLADYS C. FARMER who is an author, teacher, musician, mother of five and occasional housewife living in Provo, Utah.

A book as personal as Cheryl Baxter's *The Cocoon* can't help but evoke a very personal response. I share with the main characters of the book a career as a teacher, an abiding interest in French and an unforgettable experience while doing temple work for a relative. As a result, I related to this short and simple book with much emotion.

Most well-read church members shy away from books that even hint of preach-

iness or schmaltz. Ordinarily I would not have read a Deseret Book publication catalogued under "genealogy." *The Cocoon*, however, was a pleasant surprise: the moral was clear, it was generally well written, the tears occasionally flowed freely and only the most cynical reader would be "put off" by its contents.

The personal interplay between Carrie Langué, a young, empathetic student who craves love, and Marjorie Thorpe, her demanding, emotionally scarred French teacher, is a sensitive drama of communication. In fact, one could eliminate the last thirty pages and market the book nationally as a poignant short story of a human relationship.

The last third of the book, a report of Carrie's conversion and her subsequent genealogical research and temple work for