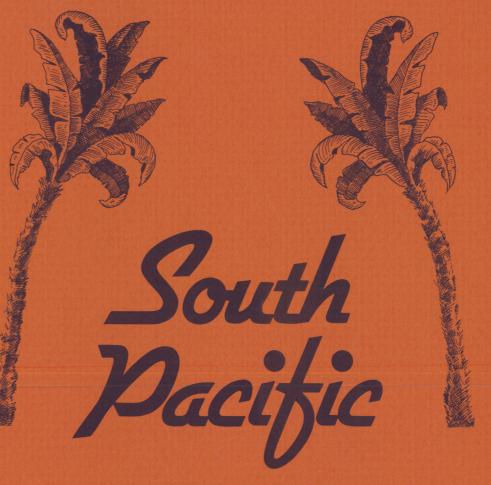
nt of Theatre and Cinematic Arts Presents Rodgers and Hammerstein's



Music by Richard Rodgers
Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II
Book by Mr. Hammerstein and Joshua Logan
Adapted from James A. Michener's *Tales of the South Pacific*Directed by Ivan A. Crosland
Pardoe Drama Theatre
July 3, 5, 8, 16, 17, 18, 19, 22, 23, 29, and August 1, 6, 7, 8, 9,
at 8:00 p.m.
Matinee Performances July 4 at 3:00 p.m. and August 11 at 4:30 p.m.



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Benjamin Simons

Diana Stewart

Scott Nelson

David Miller

Lorna Page

Cast

(in order of appearance)

Deja Simons Wayne Hiram n Nellie Forbush Kave Hancock e de Becque Jim Perkins Pam Murphy ly Mary Timothy H. Stettler David Collette r Billis B. A. "Smitty" Smith Mitchell Hudson seph Cable, USMC Matthew Ricks Mickey Jones George Brackett, USN Richard Stella ndr. William Harbison, USN an Herbert Quale Jeffery Abbett Ryan Tew Kenneth Johnson ee Richard West Richard Cameron ee Morton Wise Timothy H. Stettler an Tom O'Brien John Clark Scott Robinson Operator Bob McCaffrey Jerry Dunn e Cpl. Hamilton Steeves **Brian Roberts** Sgt. Thomas Hassinger Charles Sheppard lack Waters n Lisa Manelli Tammy Rychen Darah Penry n Connie Walewska Cherie Beth Purdue in Janet McGregor n Pamela Whitmore Susan Brand Shauna Eldredge ın Rita Adams Sherri McBride n Betty Pitt Cynthia Newbold in Cora MacRae

ction of the play takes place on two islands in the South Pacific durorld War II. There is a week's lapse of time between the two acts.



Production Staff



Ivan A. Crosland Charles Henson Janet Swenson O. Lee Walker Gary Call and Sandy Gray Dee Fletcher Ruth Nickerson Rhett Fernsten Roy Brinkerhoff James Van Leishout Kristy Merrill Rhett Fernsten John Clark Greg Kierney Alex Starr TH CA 320 Lab Student Dave Buekers, Dean Lorimer William Gray Judy L. Bassett and Stuart Wakefield Mike Wares (BYU Sound Services) Michael Handley TH CA 320 Lab Students Mark Kirkwood

Musicians

Keyboards Flute Harp Percussion Bass

Sign Painter

Publicity Photographer

D. Fletcher Charlotte Webb Alessandra Jones Jim Taylor Allan Robinson

Colleen Bird

Francee Hawkes

Peter Wilt

Rick Nye



These ideas, quotes, and paraphrases are extracted from James A. Michener's Tales of the South Pacific.

The Boar's Tooth

Many of the deeper meanings in South Pacific are discernible through the symbolism of the sacred boar's tooth. The ultimate sacrifice of oneself for friends and country; the unquestioned gift of a most prized possession; the enduring of pain-causing circumstances which produces an ennobling effect—all seem relevant to the primitive boar's tooth ritual.

As with Christianity, where "the central fact . . . is that a living man endured hours of untold agony so that [others] might be saved pain . . . is at the center of all religions . . . almost all beauty too. Fine things, like human beings . . . are born of pain, of great suffering, of intense in-

driving horror. Fine things never come cheaply.'

According to Michener's account of a South Pacific island religious ritual, a young male pig is staked out to a tree on a short length of jungle rope. All his life he lives in that little circle, tied to the tree and hand fed so that he can't root for food and wear down his tusks to the lengths nature intended. The tusks grow into a complete circle, finally growing back through the tusks' own roots. Most pigs die when the tusks start growing back into their faces. Most of those that survive the previous level of ordeal die when the circular tusks reach the jawbone. But those that are kept alive and endure the foregoing agonies become holy pigs. They are then brutally sacrificed, and the meat and tusks are freely given away to friends. Only then is the family who raised the boar ennobled by their years of prayer in which they begged the pig to keep living until the tusks could make a perfect circle.

It takes about seven years for what was considered good tusks to grow. They begin to enter the pig's face about the fourth year. The last years are very painful. It is rare when the tusks make two complete circles. They have then burrowed twice through the face and once through the jawbone

during the nine or ten years of life.

The tusk is rude, ugly, as it is ripped from the under-jaw of a sacrificial wild pig, but when polished, it becomes beautiful. The tusk is cased in enamel, but when stripped of the enamel a solid ivory core is revealed, a pale, golden ivory, soft and lustrous to the eye—a shimmering, golden iewel.

Man is like the wild boar. He is staked out to his own little troubles and trials, his ignorance and prejudice. His tusks are growing in upon him. But, finally these painful experiences bestow great and beautiful

treasures.