

WEEK 24, 2019

THE EPOCH TIMES  
**ARTS &  
TRADITION**

RACHAEL MCKENNA



**The Centuries-Old French Tradition of  
Making Pots With Clay, Rope, and Wood... 4**

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THE EPOCH TIMES  
TRUTH AND TRADITION



Journalist Chutima “Oi” Sidasathian (L) and Patima Tungpuchayakul, an agent of the Labour Rights Promotion Network, seeking escaped Thai fisherman slaves, in “Ghost Fleet.”

## ‘Ghost Fleet’ Why Sushi Can be Bad For Your Spiritual Health

MARK JACKSON

Aircraft carrier decks are notoriously the most dangerous of all boat decks. Fighter-jet tailhook arresting cables can snap, whip around faster than the speed of sound, and instantly cut a man in two.

The Alaskan crab boats featured in the hit show “Deadliest Catch” are just as dangerous: There may be fewer ways to die on them than on an aircraft carrier, but the crew members are basically coked-up and sleepless for months at a time.

Thai fishing boats are no joke either, however. In the documentary “Ghost Fleet,” we hear of a man who got his hand caught in a pulley—he lost all his fingers. Another man got his neck caught in a rope snaking across the deck—he was immediately decapitated. And also ... one shipmate witnessed the captain stab a boy to death in front of him.

Wait, what?! Yes. Navy sailors and crab boat personnel go to work out of their own free will—“Ghost Fleet” is about slavery. Thai fishermen are trafficked. Who knew?

Thai fisherslaves do endless, backbreaking work on no sleep, for up to 20 years, unless they die or escape. They’re forced to smoke crystal meth to stay awake. They are beaten viciously with dried stingray tails and lead pipes. They are murdered for insubordination. The Alaskan crab boat show should have been titled “The Second-Deadliest Catch.”

If you found out your engagement ring carried a blood diamond, you would probably reject it. Now, you might want to think twice about that luscious piece of seared tuna on your fork in that upscale Manhattan restaurant. It’s highly likely the fish was caught by a Thai fishing slave who hasn’t seen his family in 10 years.

### Activist Patima Tungpuchayakul is the star of ‘Ghost Fleet.’

**The Horror**

A young Thai man might go for a stroll one evening, maybe meet a pretty girl, get lured to a hotel room, and boom—he’s just been honey-trapped: Goons come out of nowhere, knock him senseless, and now he’s trafficked. He wakes up from his concussion at sea. Water, water, everywhere as far as the eye can see. And then the torture of relentless work begins.

In “Ghost Fleet,” a documentary directed by Shannon Service and Jeffrey Waldron (making their feature debuts), we discover that this current form of slavery involves unlucky young men, predominantly from Thailand, but this form of slavery is now happening all over the world.

How did this come to pass? Supply and demand, naturally—implicating us all, really. As the mainland fishing grounds got fished out, the boats have needed to go farther and farther afield to find fish (and avoid authorities), leading fishing labor to refuse to leave their families for such long periods of time.

What to do? The Thai fishing businesses decided to go the slavery route: own humans illegally, not pay them, discard them when they get injured, and kill them if they rebel.

It’s very difficult to escape. The boats stay far, far out on the ocean and never come back to land. This is made possible by “motherships” that circle around, uploading fish from the various slave vessels and downloading food. You can’t swim to shore from there; you’d very quickly drown or become shark food. It’s a truly fiendish arrangement.

And even if slaves do manage to escape, they’re usually hunted down and slammed into black jails, run, of course, by fishing corporations and ignored by corrupt police forces in the pockets of said corporations.

**The Saints**

Thankfully, there’s an organization called the La-

Mark Jackson grew up in Spring Valley, N.Y., where he attended a Waldorf school. At Williams College, his professors all suggested he write professionally. He acted professionally for 20 years instead. Now he writes professionally about acting. In the movies.

VULCAN PRODUCTIONS

FILM REVIEW

# A Great Monster Movie Slathered With Heavy-Handed Preachiness

IAN KANE

Back in 2014, director Gareth Edwards kick-started a new monster-movie franchise with the film “Godzilla.” Well, sort of. For those not keeping a tally, the 2014 film was actually a reboot of an even more mind-drubbingly awful flick: 1998’s “Godzilla.”

Looking to up the ante and go big or go home, the director of “Godzilla: King of the Monsters” makes the film a direct sequel to the 2014 “Godzilla,” as well as to “Kong: Skull Island,” 2017’s reboot of the Vietnam-era setting of the equally popular big-screen monster known as King Kong.

All of these films are tied together by a shadowy organization called Monarch, which just so happens to specialize in giant-monster research.

The problem is that the Hollywood showcasing of fractured families has seemingly been kicked into overdrive of late, and this film is no different. While there are appearances made by some of the cast and characters from the 2014 film—including monster-researching specialists Ken Watanabe (“The Last Samurai”) and Sally Hawkins (“The Shape of Water”)—the main focus of this latest film is on a family in crisis.

**Meet the Family**

The family in question is composed of doctors Mark and Emma Russell (Kyle Chandler and Vera Farmiga) and their introverted daughter Madison (played by “Stranger Things” star Millie Bobby Brown). The trouble began when Madison’s older brother died five years earlier, while Godzilla was duking it out with some MUTOs (Massive Unidentified Terrestrial Organisms), in the 2014 film.

The boy’s death acted as a catalyst for deeper conflicts between the parents. Mark believes that all of the giant monsters must be exterminated for humanity’s survival, while Emma thinks that they can be communicated with through a special sonar device that emulates whale songs. While the estranged couple bickers, they use Madison as a human weapon against one another.

Meanwhile, Monarch has discovered that the giant monsters they’ve been studying are part of an archaic cavalcade of, well, giant monsters that predate dinosaurs. These big baddies support a Hollow Earth’s dream come true, as it’s explained by the researchers that these massive creatures can travel from one side of the Earth to the other by navigating a sprawling, inter-Earth tunnel system.



(Top) A monster that needs no introduction, in “Godzilla: King of the Monsters.” (Above) Millie Bobby Brown as Madison Russell in the film “Godzilla: King of the Monsters.”

**‘Godzilla: King of the Monsters’**

**Director**  
Michael Dougherty

**Starring**  
Kyle Chandler, Vera Farmiga, Millie Bobby Brown, Charles Dance

**Rated**  
PG-13

**Running Time**  
2 hours, 12 minutes

**Release Date**  
May 31

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**The Preachiness**

What’s interesting about “Godzilla: King of the Monsters” is how the Earth’s various factions perceive the monsters. For instance, while the governments of the world collectively believe that the creatures should be tracked down to their underground lairs and blown up, Monarch views them not as “monsters” but as mighty Titans that once ruled Earth and were duly worshiped by prehistoric civilizations.

There’s another faction consisting of a gaggle of crazed eco-terrorists. Headed up by British ex-Special Forces veteran Colonel Jonah Alan (Charles Dance of “Game of Thrones” fame), this motley crew of unhinged maniacs always seems to be one step ahead of Monarch.

These eco-terrorists see Godzilla and his ilk as a sort of remedy to what they call the “human virus.”

Through some rather preachy, quasi-scientific gobbledegook, audiences are treated to heavy-handed lectures about how bad humans are and why we must be exterminated in order to save the planet from destruction.

Monarch believes Alan to be a war profiteer who sells monster DNA to the highest bidder. However, it is later revealed that the eco-cult’s leader is actually a hardcore ideologue who thinks that the creatures must be awoken as quickly as possible in order to the terrorists’ objective: global genocide.

Early on in the film, Emma resonates with Alan’s nihilistic musings and is onboard with waking the slumbering monsters. In their twisted views, humanity deserves to be punished for its various “transgressions” against the Earth.

Alan plans to kidnap Emma and use her newly invented device, which acts as a dog whistle so powerful that it can awaken the biggest and most dreadful of all the monsters: a three-headed, lightning-spewing dragon called King Ghidorah.

The main bulk of the film focuses on the rush to awaken the ultimate threat, and the counter-force—comprising Mark Russell and an army of Monarch scientists and soldiers—to stop that from happening.

Interspersed between gratuitous heapings of wooden exposition are the giant-monsters’ battles, which overall are quite impressive. Some serious monster carnage goes down once the cantankerous beasts get all stompy-stompy over major metropolitan areas, which act as mere set pieces for orange-fireball-infused mayhem and destruction.

Former low-budget horror-filmmaker Michael Dougherty (“Superman Returns,” “Krampus”) has transitioned into the big leagues with quite a bang, and these scenes are absolutely stunning under his direction. We witness gigantic winged monsters emerging from volcanoes alight with lava. Lightning bursts from dragons that level entire cities, and a monster bug-bird overcoming an F-15 jet and snapping its nose clean off. This is the stuff of the wildest fantasies of an overactive mind of a prepubescent. And that’s the way a giant-monster movie should be.

It’s just unfortunate that “Godzilla: King of the Monsters” is slathered with so many preachy, anti-human, and anti-family messages. Because somewhere underneath it all is a good monster flick.

Ian Kane is a filmmaker and author based out of Los Angeles, California. To see more, visit [DreamFlightEnt.com](http://DreamFlightEnt.com)

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## CRAFTSMANSHIP

THE CENTURIES—  
OLD FRENCH  
TRADITION OFMaking  
Pots  
With Clay,  
Rope, and  
Wood

An interview  
with ‘The French  
Potter’ in New  
Zealand

## LORRAINE FERRIER

The photographs show an almost quintessential French landscape, where a vast expanse of green grass disappears into a distant mountain range. In the foreground, rows and rows of grapevines are all neatly covered in an ocean of white netting. There are even olive trees and what appears to be a traditional French country house, its brown-gray stone softened by roses, lavender, and bay trees, some of which are in pots.

This is the home of Yannick Fourbet, his Kiwi wife Philippa, and their 3-year-old twins, Augustin and Mortimer. They live not in France, but in the foothills of the Pisa mountain range on the South Island of New Zealand, at their Domaine Rewa biodynamic vineyard and olive orchard. Biodynamic farming is an organic method that also takes into account environmental factors such as the rhythms and phases of the sun and moon.

Incidentally, the French-style house was already there when Philippa bought the property. Maybe it was waiting for Fourbet.

Fourbet first met Philippa in 2012 in the South of France, at his pottery studio Le Chêne Vert (The Green Oak), in Anduze. It was love at first sight: “Philippa fell in love with the pots before she fell in love with me, the potter,” Fourbet said on the phone.

Philippa and Fourbet met again in 2013, this time in London, when Fourbet invited her to the Royal Horticultural Society Chelsea Flower Show, where he was exhibiting his pots.

From then on, they began a long-distance romance, traveling between France and the UK, where Philippa was working in investment banking. And then when Philippa moved to Domaine Rewa, both traveled between France and New Zealand. In 2016, Philippa joined Fourbet in France.

Fourbet says he fell in love with Philippa first, and then he instantly fell in love with New Zealand when he visited Domaine Rewa for the first time.

In 2018, the family settled in New Zealand. The primary reason for the move, Fourbet said, was for a good life for the twins: “We want them to grow up in a rural environment with people with good values, and we think New Zealand is a wonderful country for that.”

“We’re both Catholic, and we really believe in achieving something on earth and something positive,” he said.

Fourbet is starting afresh in New Zealand. His sister has recently bought his share of Le Chêne Vert. Now, he will import traditional

Anduze pots from Le Chêne Vert, into New Zealand.

Le Chêne Vert specializes in Anduze pots, a pot design that dates from 1610 and that was inspired by Italy’s Medici vase. Anduze pots are traditionally made from a mold and decorated by the maker’s medallion and a garland.

Fourbet also makes pots by using an age-old traditional technique that uses clay, rope, and wood. The technique allows him to make huge pots; the largest he’s made has been 772 pounds. Fourbet is limited only by the size of his kiln.

At Le Chêne Vert, Fourbet worked with customers such as Christian Dior and the city of Montpellier, to name a couple. The pottery workshop also supplied Anduze pots for the Trianon garden at the Palace of Versailles. In the 17th century, King Louis XIV’s landscape architect, André Le Nôtre, at Versailles was believed to have commissioned Anduze potters to make pots for the Trianon garden, according to Fourbet.

Here, Fourbet tells us how he began making pottery with clay, rope, and wood and what’s in store for his new pottery venture in New Zealand: The French Potter.

**THE EPOCH TIMES:** How did you learn the rope technique of making pottery?

**YANNICK FOURBET:** I learned to make pots with most of my employees at first, and then slowly but surely, I learned from a man I got to meet who actually showed me how to use the rope technique to make pots. Unfortunately, he is dead now, but his name was Dilbert Serrs.

I met him at a ceramic arts festival in a town near where we were making pots in our workshop in Anduze. It was summertime and it was really hot. He was demonstrating how to make his pots. Everybody was willing to watch, but they never really bothered to find out if he was thirsty or not, so I went and got him some water. He was really touched by that.

I started talking to him, because I was physically closer to him. At the time, I had nine employees in France. I said, “I would like to train my staff in this technique that you’re preserving, which is obviously ancestral. Would you be amenable to do that?” And he said, “Yes, definitely.”

This is traditionally how our skills were transmitted from one generation to another. In the past, often-times people took on the jobs that their friends were doing, or that their grandfathers were doing, and this is how you get a generational buildup of techniques.

One of the things that I have noticed from living here now for 18 months or so is that there’s one thing that is missing when looking at New Zealand-made crafts: The country has got wonderful natural resources, but they do not add value to their resources

The traditional use for these Biot pots was to store grain; the teardrop design protects the grain from vermin.



Yannick Fourbet carefully wraps sisal rope around the plywood frame.



Clay is applied directly to the rope in order to shape the pot.



Fourbet embellishes each pot by hand.



An Anduze cup being prepared in Fourbet’s workshop in France; it can take a week to slowly remove all the rope.



An Anduze cup by Yannick Fourbet, at the 2013 Royal Horticultural Society Chelsea Flower Show in London.



Fourbet’s 3-year-old twins, Mortimer (L) and Augustin, hide behind one of his olive jars.



Yannick Fourbet with his family—wife Philippa and 3-year-old twins, Mortimer (L) and Augustin—in their Domaine Rewa vineyard on New Zealand’s South Island.

because they do not transform them. I think what is very important to me is this idea of being able to transform a raw material into a finished product and having an opportunity here to sort of participate in a change and a shift in the New Zealand economy with your hands is not necessarily interesting from a financial perspective. The only interest seems to be going toward making more and more money, and we still never learn: The money in itself is not an end. I don’t want to sound presumptuous, but it’s such a satisfaction to realize five or six pots a day and just to clean up my workshop—and this is probably my favorite part: when I look at what I’ve accomplished at the end of the day, and it has materialized as a pot.

**THE EPOCH TIMES:** How long has the rope technique for making pots been around?

**MR. FOURBET:** This technique may have existed in the Neolithic era, but it’s not proven.

I asked the man who taught me where the technique might have come from. He said there used to be a cabinetmaker in a village called Biot in Provence, who showed an interest in making pottery. He used plywood and ropes to shape the pots by coiling the rope around a plywood frame and then by applying clay onto the rope.

Most people think that these pots were used to store oil due to its water-drop shape. I found out recently that this is not true; they were originally made to store grain, and the reason they have this water-drop shape was to prevent mice, rats, and all kinds of pests from getting into the grain.

This is the way the ancestors used to make things. Everything they made had a function as well as an aesthetic purpose. If I had to define my work today, I would say it’s halfway between art and craftsmanship.

**THE EPOCH TIMES:** It sounds like being a traditional craftsman holds a certain responsibility.

**MR. FOURBET:** Definitely. It’s some kind of a talent. You’ve got to have a little bit of courage as well because in this day and age, where everything is geared toward technology, you may be led into thinking that doing something with your hands is not necessarily interesting from a financial perspective. The only interest seems to be going toward making more and more money, and we still never learn: The money in itself is not an end. I don’t want to sound presumptuous, but it’s such a satisfaction to realize five or six pots a day and just to clean up my workshop—and this is probably my favorite part: when I look at what I’ve accomplished at the end of the day, and it has materialized as a pot.

**THE EPOCH TIMES:** How do you make a pot using this rope technique?

**MR. FOURBET:** I start by drawing the pot on several sheets of paper so I have the basic shape and an idea of what it’s going to look like in real life. Then, I cut a whole set of 12 to 25 pieces of plywood that I fix between two discs, along a vertical axis, with one disc on the top and one disc on the bottom, which basically makes a wheel.

I then coil several lengths of sisal rope around this plywood structure, which gives it rigidity, and on the side of the structure I fix a movable board which adjusts the thickness of the pot against the rope.

Then I shape the pot: I apply clay onto the rope itself and slowly turn the plywood and rope frame, scrubbing off any surplus clay and putting it back on the rope as I go.

I then slowly take out the wooden structure and the ropes during the

drying process; it usually takes a week to remove all the ropes. If the rope is taken out too early, the pot will collapse. So that’s an interesting part of my work, and one that allows for reflection and meditation as well.

Then, the pot has to dry for about month to a month and a half. And then I apply either a patina or a glaze. The pot then goes under fire for 72 hours, up to 2,012 degrees Fahrenheit, but in several phases; you can’t go to 2,012 degrees Fahrenheit straight away.

Here, I have to be really careful and make that temperature transition very slow because, otherwise, everything breaks down and explodes in the kiln.

**THE EPOCH TIMES:** What would you like people to know about your work?

**MR. FOURBET:** We have our own brand of biodynamic wine, and there are wonderful opportunities for my trade in the wine industry, or so it seems, and that is to be able to make amphoras, clay vessels, in which the Georgians have been making wine for 2,000 years. Where it ticks the box for us is that we’re on a biodynamic vineyard and we will be using clay from the vineyard to make the amphoras for our wine.

A lot of vintners have approached me, since they know that I’m settling here, and they’ve asked me if I will be available to make amphoras for them.

I would like to keep The French Potter a one-man workshop, maybe two people, but I don’t want to grow big. I’m not here to make millions. I’m here to maybe transmit something that I know and also make a good living, sufficient enough so I can provide for my family, and that’s all really.

To find out more, visit: [TheFrenchPotter.co.nz](http://TheFrenchPotter.co.nz)

This interview has been edited for clarity and brevity.

(Left)  
The Roman god Bacchus, hand-sculpted by Fourbet on one of his Anduze pots.



THEATER REVIEW

# ‘Enter Laughing: The Musical’

*You exit laughing*

DIANA BARTH

**N**EW YORK—Hilarity is currently emanating from the stage of the East Side’s York Theatre.

Based on original source material from a semi-autobiographical novel by Carl Reiner, the work, which later became a straight play by Joseph Stein, has metamorphosed into the present musical version. Its book is by Joseph Stein, music and lyrics by Stan Daniels, with additional material by Stuart Ross, who also directs the show.

A young Bronx lad named David Kolowitz (Chris Dwan) yearns desperately to conquer Broadway; he introduces himself with a hearty rendition of “David Kolowitz, the Actor.”

David hears of auditions to become a scholarship student at a theatrical school run by Harrison Marlowe (the formidable David Schramm). David’s audition is so abominable that Marlowe wants to reject him, even at a paying “scholarship” fee of seven dollars a week.

But Marlowe’s love-starved daughter, Angela Marlowe (Farah Alvin in a deliciously overdone performance), intercedes and insists that her father accept “the cute one”—David.

Now cast in a play, David’s first rehearsal is so incredible, ahem, that Marlowe takes to drink: He keeps a bottle handy, often hidden in secret places, such as a shelf in the side of the piano. David’s first utterance at rehearsal is “Enter laughing.” Marlowe, not too patiently, explains that that is a stage direction and not to be spoken aloud.

David, who now calls himself Don Colman, in a nod to famed film star Ronald Colman, demonstrates several versions of what he thinks is an appropriate theatrical laugh. You can take it from there.

As well as being enamored with the theater, David appreciates girls. He has a deeply loyal girlfriend, Wanda (Allie Trimm). But he also has an eye for a secretary, Ms. B (Dana Costello). And why not? She is a stunner and moves divinely. (In fact, almost the entire cast of 11 are skilled actor-dancer-singers.)

David’s dotting Mother (Alison Fraser) would do anything for her beloved son, but sings out slyly, in “My Son, the Druggist,” that he would break her heart if he does not attend pharmacy school and live a conventional life.

Father (Robert Picardo), who goes along with whatever Mother wants, later performs a lively song-and-dance number, paired with David’s day-job boss Mr. Forman (Ray DeMattis). As they kick up a storm, the two elders bemoan the un-



CAROL ROSEGG

**‘Enter Laughing: The Musical’**

**The York Theatre Company**  
619 Lexington Ave.  
New York

**Tickets**  
212-935-5820 or  
YorkTheatre.org

**Running Time**  
2 hours, 20 minutes  
(including one intermission)

**Closes**  
June 23

Chris Dwan as David Kolowitz and Allie Trimm as his steadfast girlfriend, Wanda, in “Enter Laughing.”

chael Kuennen (bass) more than amply supports the performers, as does the terrific choreography by Jennifer Paulson-Lee. Costumes by Tyler M. Holland are on the money, and James Morgan’s minimalist scenic design is just right.

Stuart Ross’s direction and musical staging are superior, as are all members of the cast, with particular kudos to Chris Dwan for his charming, perceptive, and often athletic presentation of David Kolowitz, also known as Don Colman. His depiction of stage fright is a classic.

If you know theater, this show is a must. If you simply love theater, it’s a must. In short, see it.

*Diana Barth writes for various arts publications. She may be contacted at diabarh99@gmail.com*

gratefulness of youth, who, they claim, only want to do the “Hot Cha Cha.”

Rounding out the cast are Raji Ahsan as Pike, who runs the backstage doings at Marlowe’s school; Magnes Jarmo as Harry Hamburger, Miss B’s generous boss who shares his tuxedo with David; and Joe Veale as David’s friend Marvin.

David Schramm as Marlowe performs “The Butler’s Song,” a bring-down-the-house turn, mentioning David’s theoretical connection with glamorous film stars of the 1930s. To aid those viewers whose memories don’t reach back that far, the show’s printed program contains a glossary of such luminaries as Joan Crawford, Hedy Lamarr, and the luscious Latin beauty Dolores Del Río.

The orchestra, consisting of Phil Reno (piano and music direction), Perry Cavari (drums), and Mi-



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