



Intelligence

The Journal of the Zen Commando



Vol. 1, No. 1

Spring Equinox, 2001

COMMUNITY • SUSTAINABILITY • LIVING NETWORKS • DIVERSITY • INTERDEPENDENCE • EVOLUTION TO BETTER STATES OF BEING

YOU'RE RIDIN' WITH THE KING

You and me, baby.

Well, Cousins, here you have it in your sweaty little monkey-paw. The very first, la primera, collector's edition of all the news that's phat to print: *UNDERGROUND Intelligence*. The only rag around to bring you news, testimonials, updates, Elvis Love, recipes, and way more from way on down in the depths of the UNDERGROUND.

Elvis UNDERGROUND: The Church! is founded on the Principles of Community, Sustainability, Living Networks, Diversity, Interdependence, and Evolution to Better States of Being. Our Mission is "To continue and further the Work of Elvis Presley, The King, toward uniting all species in universal rhythm and harmony." As with all Church endeavors, *The Journal of the Zen Commando* is intended to nurture these ideals and help us all walk a little smoother along El Camino Real to our final destination, Graceland.

Everything about Elvis UNDERGROUND has been infused with a King-sized hypo full of Elvis Love. Membership now numbers in the thousands, and on all sides of this crazy spinning ball, your Church Cousins are joining together to break bread and share insights about how we can live by our Principles, even as we "Shake, Rattle, and Roll." Thanks to your nonstop support, Elvis UNDERGROUND: The Church! continues to manifest The King's Work in countless beautiful ways.

This has been a very big job (which is not to say that it hasn't been filled with joy), and it continues to grow. There is no doubt: without whatever you have given, it simply couldn't be done. And because you are integral to what is happening here, you may, at times, wonder just where all of your support and healing love is going. So here is a *very* abbreviated list of important events of which you have been a part.

You and Elvis rolled out the astroturf and barbecue at the gates of the Test Site. Our barbecue horseshoe hoedown was an all-nighter, and as dawn crept over the Test Site, the toughest of the military's hired guns actually welcomed workers through the gates with an "Elvis Loves You!"

You were flying the Jolly Elvis flag in the massive cooperative actions against the **World Trade Organization** in Seattle. Your love was in every cup of hot herbal tea served to rain-soaked activists fighting to secure the basic rights to a sustainable environment, economy, and spirituality in the face of mondo global and greedy corporate powers (for more info, see the article in the February, 2000 edition of *Esquire* magazine entitled *Elvis Says: "Remember Seattle!" The King and the kids strike a blow at the heart of globalization*).

You were hanging out in Elvis's backyard setup at the **Nevada Nuclear Test Site**, the stolen homeland of the Western Shoshone people, and the site of over 1000 full-scale nuclear explosions. You and Elvis rolled out the astroturf and barbecue at the gates of the Test Site to provide the guards with a focus as Native Americans and other peacemakers used the cover of

mother night to erect four prayer tipis to allow the Western Shoshone to pray for healing on their land (which has been an arrestable offense for over 50 years). Our barbecue horseshoe hoedown was an all-nighter, and as dawn crept over the gates of the Test Site, it became clear that Elvis Love had infiltrated even the toughest of the military's hired guns. The guards actually welcomed workers through the gates with an "Elvis Loves You!" You showed everyone there that Elvis is a love force that binds people together even in the most bombed place on Earth.

You and Elvis UNDERGROUND brought truckloads of food and supplies to the Dineh (Navajo) and Hopi peoples resisting forcible relocation from their traditional lives and home at **Big Mountain** in Arizona. For over twenty years, Big Mountain grandmothers have continued to fight as Uncle Sam and Peabody Coal attempt to steal their ancestral homelands in order to mine

"To continue and further the Work of Elvis Presley, The King, toward uniting all species in universal rhythm and harmony."

uranium and coal. Simple home repairs, sheep herding, and tribal ceremonies are now crimes. As in most places around the world, tribal culture at Big Mountain is under an incredibly brutal assault, and indigenous peoples are being sacrificed for someone else's idea of "progress." You went and sought the teaching of people who have held the spiritual Principles of Elvis UNDERGROUND sacred for thousands of years, and made it clear where you stand on the question of cultural genocide. You delivered your thanks to the people of Big Mountain for sharing their prayers and ceremonies (for more information on future missions to Big Mountain, please get in touch).

This list of your activities could go on for a long, long time. Here are a few other things you may not recall in detail. On early New Year's Morning of 2000, your prayers for uniting all species in universal rhythm and harmony were shared before a sizable crowd at the **Arcata Interfaith Fellowship** prayer and meditation gathering for global peace. On Elvis's birthday, you were a real hit with those grilled peanut butter and banana sandwiches you made and served at the **Arcata Service Center** (which provides necessities to homeless people and poor people); The folks felt strong Elvis Love through their full bellies and dancing feet as you helped present the Elvis's Birthday Stage Show. You have made some real strides in community health and spiritual growth as part of the **Campus Ministry Outreach Program** (CMOP). You're on the air with **The King Cobra Flower Hour**, the all-Elvis, all-healin' radio show that broadcasts weekly in Northern California. You are also officiating as Cousins get hitched, and enter and leave our precious world. You're right there doing the Work at motorcycle rallies, Rainbow Gather-

ings, anarchist conferences, temples of the suits and ties, hospitals, punk shows, homes and gardens—you name it. You Are Everywhere.

You have done so much that your Cousins are calling you to the Church's annual Members's meeting, on July 5 at 3:00 at **Graceland Tea Mansion** at the **Rainbow Family of Living Light Gathering of the Tribes**, which will be somewhere in Southern Idaho or Eastern Washington (for details, please see <http://www.welcomehome.org>). Cousin, if you ain't there in the flesh, your Cousins will truly be "Cryin' in the Chapel," but they'll feel your love in spirit, and will keep spreading the great news about all the wonderful Work you have been inspiring in your church.

In order to "Follow That Dream" even better, your church is now a nonprofit corporation, and is currently working on getting federal tax-deductible status. Cousin David Atkin deserves props and love. With the new year, your church gained some new blood, and Elvis UNDERGROUND now has the world's best darn buncha Board Members. They are: Sister If I Can Dream (Melanie Rose; Durango, CO), Cousin Shlomo (Solomon DeMontigny; Arcata, CA), MeatMan (Ryan Sullivan; Oakland, CA), Sister Pistil-Flower (El Camino Real, USA), and Deacon Rivers (El Camino Real, USA). Their love is very evident as they guide us down the freeway of love in the pink Cadillac.

And what else is there to say? Just "Thangyuh. Thangyuh vurra mudge." So, let's help fill 'er up, put the top down, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride. It's a beautiful day, and Elvis Loves YOU!!!

ELVIS SAYS: REMEMBER SEATTLE! THE KING AND THE KIDS STRIKE A BLOW AT THE HEART OF GLOBALIZATION

Excerpted from "Esquire" Magazine; February, 2000

John H. Richardson

... One of the more established affinity groups is an outfit called the Elvis Underground: The Church!. It's been around for ten years and has about two thousand members who believe that "Elvis is the perfect example of nonviolence, a bottomless well of benevolence and love." They do weddings and protests and hand out flyers advertising their eleven commandments, which include "Don't Be Cruel" and "Love Me Tender" and "Return to Sender."

Specifically, in this action, they've hung mistletoe, set up a stereo system, distributed condoms (with a sticker that says, THE KING IS COMING) and clean socks, and run "rumor control." But mostly, they man two large pots of boiling tea, which, like their belief in Elvis, they don't push on anyone. "A popular saying in the church is, 'Although it's for everybody, it's not everybody's cup of tea.'"

"Did the King drink tea? I wasn't aware of that."

"Still does. Better tea than ever, too."

It's hard to tell whether he's being ironic. He says he's a deacon in the church ("My real name? Well, you can call me Deacon Rivers") and that when he heard about the protests six months ago, he immediately decided to come. "We feel

An angelic eight-year-old girl named Megan is serving tea. After she tells me about getting teargassed, I ask her how long she's been working for Elvis.

"About, oh—forever."

that all suffering is caused by alienation from Elvis and separation from universal rhythm and harmony. So, you know, from a moral and spiritual point of view, I really didn't have any choice."

Has he ever imitated Elvis, I ask.

He hesitates, "Well, I think we all imitate Elvis in every way, you know? And I think that some of us are prepared to admit it, and some of us aren't." . . .

... Over by the Elvis Underground's card table, an angelic eight-year-old girl named Megan is serving tea. After she tells me about getting teargassed, I ask her how long she's been working for Elvis.

"About, oh—forever."

I point to Deacon Rivers. "Is that your dad?"

"No," she says, pointing to a man with long hair and a droopy mustache. "That hairy fellow over there is my dad."

She's amazingly self-possessed, a still point in the chaos. "That hairy fellow?"

"Yes."

"And Deacon Rivers?"

"He's my friend."

"And Elvis?"

"He's the King."

Your Church in Action

Reports from Cousins Afar

THE RHYTHM OF EL CAMINO REAL

Mark Dyken

Greetings to all Cousins.

I wanted to speak about my work and how it ties in with the Principles and Mission of the UNDERGROUND.

A good life would be one in which we are living every moment toward uniting all species in universal rhythm and harmony, continuing and furthering the Work of Elvis Presley, The King. There have been many great teachers and leaders who have shown us that love is all we need. It truly is the only reason to be here. The King says, “Love Me Tender,” “Don’t Be Cruel,” and “Treat Me Nice.” Elvis implores us to “Shake, Rattle, and Roll,” while reminding us “It’s Now or Never,” “Follow That Dream.” That’s the spirit I’m working with every day on the job. My job title? Human Being.

Being Human. To that end, the Principles of Elvis UNDERGROUND: The Church! are most useful. Like The King, music is a big part of what I do to be a human. All the Principles—Community, Sustainability, Living Networks, Diversity, Interdependence, and Evolution to Better States of Being—are a part of an activist/artist/humanbeing lifestyle. But for now, I want to talk about Community.

Using the power of drums, movement, stories, and songs, I can bring a sense of the universal rhythm and harmony to classrooms of children in the public school systems. I have regular classroom time with hundreds of students in nine different schools here in Calaveras County, California, every week, and some special assembly programs at other schools. I work with all ages, from kindergarten through high school. I have classes

with the “at risk” kids in continuation school settings and also with kids with disabilities.

One of the biggest lessons we get from working together in this type of endeavor is a sense of Community. You really have to understand what everyone is expecting of you and what you can count on from them when you are dancing, drumming and singing. It also forms a very strong bond when heartbeats, legs, and feet are entrained with the beat. Body temperature rises, senses are heightened and in this state of awareness the whole

Using the power of drums, movement, stories, and songs, I can bring a sense of the universal rhythm and harmony to classrooms in the public schools. Teachers tell me that the day I come to class soon becomes the best attended day of the week.

person—physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual—learns the lesson of Community. We literally “Shake, Rattle, and Roll” together.

Dancing is one of The Kings’ great artistic mediums for delivering the message of universal rhythm and harmony. It is Community in action and a hands-on demonstration in Inter-

dependence. It’s much more fun to dance in a group than alone. Of course, while we are doing this we are also in the process of Evolution to Better States of Being.

I can tell you the effect is immediate. The beings always feel better after the dance, song or story. They take to this kind of teaching very well. Teachers tell me that the day I come to class soon becomes the best attended day of the week.

Elvis is a master musician who understands the power of music and uses it to bring a message of love to the world. I’m very happy to have a role in sharing that love with all my relations and grateful to The King for that inspiration.

“Viva Las Vegas!”

Mark Dyken is an accomplished percussionist, a founding member of the tribal rebel rock band Clan Dyken, and in universal rhythm and harmony, a cousin to Elvis and to all of creation.



ALL SHOOK UP IN DURANGO

Rainbow . . . Rainbow Joe

Howdy, Cousins!

My name is Joe, and I am the Coordinator for the Environmental Center at Fort Lewis College in Durango, Colorado. Once a week my staff of seven and I join together in the Environmental Center for our weekly meeting to discuss environmental happenings, updates, actions, problems, and solutions. During the last several months, we have had the good fortune to be graced by The King at our meetings.

While making a stop in Durango last summer, Deacon Rivers was gracious enough to hand me a copy of the Elvis UNDERGROUND 11 Commandments. Since that time, all of our meetings start out with a reading from this heavenly scripture. For example, one day Aaron (heading up Campus Ecology and carrying the same middle name as Elvis—different spelling, though) reminds us that it’s important to “Do the Clam,” Jen (Office Assistant) reminds us that it is okay to work on our pelvic gyrations, or Nate (Newsletter Editor) lets us know how we are E-volving through connecting with the Elvis within.

Since The King has graced our presence, the Environmental Center has become a virtual Graceland. We have had more volunteers than ever, expanded our programs, and more cheer seems to be floating around the office. Even the plants are happier now that we see how The King is with us.

Through the embrace of Elvis in the Environmental Center office, the Work of The King just continues to grow. All around the campus community, people are becoming more and more

Even the plants are happier now that we see how The King is with us.

conscious of Her presence. Just a few days ago, Amber, a biology student admitted to me that, “Elvis is all we need.” These types of realizations and testimonies give me strength throughout the day, let me know that I am not alone, and show me that Elvis is indeed still alive.

The Environmental Center here at Fort Lewis College is a proud supporter of Elvis UNDERGROUND: The Church!, and all of its Work and guidance with getting the message out. We have come to realize that thru Elvis’s love, we too can know the lesson of “Love Me Tender” and live every moment in universal rhythm and harmony. As Nate, our newsletter editor states, “We’re All Shook Up.”

In Elvis’s name,

Joe and the Environmental Center Staff

Rainbow . . . Rainbow Joe joined up as part of the Graceland Tea Mansion crew at the Gathering of the Tribes and Elvis UNDERGROUND annual Members’s meeting in July of 2000. He hauls all the water he uses in his home, and looks darn good wrestling in panties.



. . . CRYIN ALL THE TIME

Donna Reynolds and Tim Racer

Okay, Kids . . .

Here’s the good word on the good Work coming from some Bay Area Cousins.

Furthering The King’s Work toward uniting all species in universal rhythm and harmony starts with The King’s favorite creature: Pit Bulls.

Everyone knows Pit Bulls got soul. Like Elvis, they are all good and all loving. At one time in history, all Pit Bulls were respected for their larger-than-life appetites for a good lovin’ squeeze, a rockin’ good party and, for better or worse, an occasional rumble. So, as you can see, there’s a whole lot of Elvis in every Pit Bull. Why, Petey from “Our Gang” was a disciple of Elvis! He kept the Little Rascals in line and made sure those little kids had enough rhythm and harmony to keep the “Our Gang” community running smooth. Helen Keller kept the com-

pany of a Pit Bull. She recognized the harmony in her K9 friend and heard his universal rhythm loud and clear.

The anti-Elvis began to see the potential to misuse the tenacious love vibe of the Pit Bull and started to convince Pit Bulls that rumbling was the way to Graceland. Bright-eyed Pit Bulls, willing to do anything to please, were misled by the anti-Elvis and followed him down this path of self-destruction. Soon the Pit Bulls were enslaved to do as the anti-Elvis wished. Since that time, they’ve been mistreated, overbred, misused, unloved, and made to be outcasts by the rest of the world. Folks quickly forgot how all-loving the Pit Bulls were, and began to confuse them with the evil deeds of the anti-Elvis. They’ve been suffering ever since.

The anti-Elvis began to see the potential to misuse the tenacious love vibe of the Pit Bull and started to convince Pit Bulls that rumbling was the way to Graceland.

But as the Pit Bulls suffer, so do we. Alienated from our K9 cousins, we are also alienated from much of the harmony we once knew. It’s time to free the Pit Bulls from their bondage and remind the anti-Elvis of the Second Commandment: “Don’t Be Cruel.”

In an effort to heal our sufferin’ Pit Bull cousins and bring the human and K9 species back to a place of universal rhythm and harmony, an East Bay contingent of Elvis UNDERGROUND : The Church! has created ‘BAD RAP’ (Bay Area Doglovers Responsible About Pitbulls). It’s a way to remind the world that every Pit Bull’s favorite Commandment is “Love Me Tender.” BAD RAP sez: “It’s Now or Never” that we get to work on setting things straight.

To see the Church’s Work in action, visit the BAD RAP website at <http://www.badrap.com>

Donna Reynolds and Tim Racer are agents of spiritual creativity and unabashed lovers of all species, striving for a “Dog Feed Dog” Universe.

What’s your story? How are you doing The King’s Work in your community? Let us know how your gig incorporates what we know from the Mission, Principles, and Commandments of Elvis UNDERGROUND: The Church!.

THE CLASSIC GRILLED PEANUT BUTTER AND BANANA SANDWICH
Elvis Aron Presley

- Makes 1 Big-ass Sammich
- 1 Small Ripe Banana
- 2 Slices Good Bread
- 3 Tbsp. Peanut Butter
- 2 Tbsp. Vegetable Oil (or even less)

In a small bowl, mash banana with the back of a spoon. Toast bread lightly (optional). Spread peanut butter on one piece of bread and mashed banana on the other. Heat skillet with just enough oil to grill sandwich nicely. Grill sandwich until each side is golden brown. Cut diagonally (or not) and serve hot. Feel the warm yummy in your tummy, and love yourself and the Universe from the inside out.

MISSIONARY *Style*

Your Cousins Learning and Teaching The King's Work at Home and Abroad

IF YOU MEET ELVIS ON THE ROAD, SCREW 'IM
Sister Pistil-Flower

Hi, there! Sister Pistil-Flower reporting. The Deacon and I had a summer packed full up with Kingly adventures. We took the show on the road. And the trail, the beach, the airplane, and abroad.

First we set off on our motorcycle. Fuzz, a big old cop bike (just like the one Ponch rode on CHiPs!), was our faithful palomino as we went east spreading The King's word at clean and sober biker rallies, family reunions, the Rainbow Gathering, greasy spoons, picnic areas, and Zion Canyon. Oh—especially on the side of the road when repairs were needed. Donning my black leather jacket on Texas summer days brought me closer to Elvis. Those hours on the back of Fuzz, I merged with the “Comeback Special” Elvis; you know—that sexy black leather, the roar of the crowds, and the sweat. A glandular connection. Our motto: “Love to Ride. Ride to Love.” And that we did.

After our 6,000 mile “all Elvis, all the time” motorcycle trip, we rendezvoused with our dog Old Shep and headed off for the Pacific Crest Trail. Only 92 miles of it, to be exact. With nothing but trail ahead and behind them, many long distance hiking Cousins needed some Tender love a la Elvis. Some reassur-

The trail-side prayer revivals caught on. The Deacon and I even stumbled across a bunch of gorp-eating, sweaty disciples sharing some hip openers and inner Elvis affirmations with neophytes. “See one, do one, teach one,” as Dr. Nick says.

ance that the Trail is El Camino Real and El Camino Real is the Trail. Why endure lousy food, blisters, and poison oak? To be one with our inner Elvis (duh!)! The trail-side prayer revivals caught on. The Deacon and I even stumbled across a bunch of gorp-eating, sweaty disciples sharing some hip openers and inner Elvis affirmations with neophytes. “See one, do one, teach one,” as Dr. Nick says.

By the time Old Shep and I limped off the trail, UNDERGROUND propaganda was appearing spontaneously in the woods, campsites, post offices, bulletin boards, and Forest Service facilities. Tips for the Trail: boots are out, wear sneakers one size too big; that foam pad is just not as good as a thermarest;

corn pasta is overrated; dig your cousins of all descriptions; Elvis the Forest Nymph is loved by all.

The King hiked a little while with us but we couldn't keep up. She had better gear and our dog is old, ya know.

As Old Shep dug in to get reacquainted with her bed, the Deacon and I flew to Romania. No, we took a plane, silly! We landed in Bucharest. Old city, new attitude. Romania rid itself of the Communist regime in 1992 and the Pepsi Regime took over immediately after. The country was morphing before our eyes. Too much to say, but we recommend you check it out, and soon, because if the Pepsi Regime get its way the whole country will very soon be some kinda strip-mine cell phone arcade. From Bucharest it was a train, bus, and horse cart, and then a skip, jump, and five mile hike to the European Rainbow Gathering held in the

Carpathian mountains. Family from all over the globe gathered to spread universal rhythm and harmony. A recap: Russians reading the “Don't Be Cruel” Commandment by firelight; a Czech Elvis impersonator finding Graceland; an Israeli translating “Hound Dog” in tune; and Hunka Hunka Burning Love fire-watch.

An E-normous Elvis Healing Circle. So many beautiful, glowing, multi-ethnic, multi-cultural, multi-lingual, multi-national, multi-age Cousins with diverse body art packed in a giant tipi and getting down—way on down—with King! The healing energy was coursing through all of us, and most of us were hoarse when we finally parted ways, forever united in Elvis. Pleas for additional healing were heard Gathering-wide. We were happy to oblige. Many Cousins joined the Church via this mission. Neil and Crina became our Romanian family. We all sang “Coming in Loaded” while the Romanian military fired big-ass guns off over the Black Sea at midnight. The tracer trails were eerily beautiful. Neil is a super artist; Crina is a lover of language. They were patient with our complete ignorance of their homeland. Romania Loves Elvis, and needless to say, Elvis Loves Romania.

A hike, bus, and train ride took us to Istanbul. You know the song—it used to be Constantinople but now it's Istanbul. Yes, in Turkey. Elvis smiled on us during that 24-hour train ride and

We all sang “Coming in Loaded” while the Romanian military fired big-ass guns off over the Black Sea at midnight. The tracer trails were eerily beautiful.

kicked down the royal hook-up. Our Turkish rainbow Cousins offered deluxe accommodations in their three-floor freaky collective house. Lovingly restored, organic gardens, delicious Turkish food and tea. Nobody was really sure how many people lived at Casa Kismet. Estimates ranged from 12 to 15. They practice “Love Me Tender” with one another, and are not afraid to “Follow That Dream.” It works.

After hosting us for a few days, five of our new Cousins escorted us to “Paradise Turkish Style.” It was only a cab, a train, a bus, a van, and a boat ride away, and worth every second of the 24 hours it took to get there. Butterfly Valley, a nature preserve that looks like Utah desert on the Mediterranean beach, with one cantina and one bar and a whole lot of Butterfly Elvis divas. Daily Healing Circles and prayer Councils brought everyone at least a little closer to Graceland. Elvis chose to kick back in a hammock and stay put for a little while. Vows to continue The King’s Work were exchanged with some tears. Our mission fulfilled, we left Turkey right after finding Elvis in the women’s end of a Turkish bath. The Deacon went home and I went on to celebrate universal rhythm and harmony with my sisters in Greece. How those girls shine with Elvisness!

Thanks, Elvis, for a fantastic trip! You’re beautiful—bloated and all, baby.



CLAIMING WESTERN EUROPE FOR THE KING

Cousin Shlomo

I knew that my mission to Europe would be a success when the get-in-the-plane-and-sit-down music softly floating through the body of the 777 was The King’s “Return to Sender” (See Commandment #9). Not only had Elvis helped me to take the opportunity to go on this trip to Europe, but She was also right there in the aeroplane reassuring me that everything was going to be okay.

I had only been in a plane a couple of times prior to this journey, travelling to either Southern California or Florida to fulfill my father’s childhood dream to go to Disneyland, while simultaneously absolving himself of guilt for being unable to make child support payments during my formative years. Needless to say, those trips through the air were quite heavy with metaphysical parent/child relationship issues. This flight would be different (See Commandment #7).

Why our family didn’t save up that money to send me to Washington D.C., much less Paris for a summer, is quite plain to me: alienation from Elvis. A connection with Elvis would help any parent see what I found out only this summer (ten years too late). Every child would greatly benefit from a good amount of time away from family in a foreign environment—someplace where people do things differently, where people speak languages you don’t understand, and smell funny. It made me think of the Principle of our church entitled Diversity.

Even in Europe (home of my white-ass ancestors), I saw the great variety of humanity there before me, squishing together on trains, trolleys, subways, and buses. Public transportation in the major cities of Europe puts America to shame. There is really no way the United States can claim to be the most advanced or powerful nation on Earth with the pitiful example of Los Angeles Public Transit. It led me back to thinking about the Principle of our church entitled Sustainability. I meditated upon the ways in which I could promote Sustainability in my own community while riding those trains.

On the Metropolitan in Paris, this meditation would be interrupted by a woman with an accordion singing as her performance partner pulled in a small hand cart with a small amplifier that projected her voice through the train as it passed over the Seine. The man then passed the hat while playing a tambourine along with the accordion. I put in a few Francs and thought, “Elvis is everywhere!”

Actually, throughout the subways of France a wax museum was advertising with pictures of the featured statues facing off against each other. The heads were five feet tall all down the walkways depicting Gorbachev, Marilyn Monroe, and other famous people including The King himself. I felt even more reassured by The King’s image and left information and stickers when I could.

The Church supplied me with a huge amount of information to pass out along with stickers, which remained throughout the Eurail train bathrooms from France, Italy, Austria, Germany, Netherlands, Denmark, Sweden, and Belgium. I was, however, challenged by the fact that the literature was in English, but when someone could communicate with me, they were generally in favor of spreading The King’s word. And most folks in Europe know what you mean when you say, “Elvis.”

Perhaps our dear Frenchy Cousins in Paris could do some translating for us.

My travelling pal and I stayed with Church Members Antoine and Janet and their toddler Jade. Immense praise and love should be directed to them for opening their home without ever meeting us prior to our stay!!

Paris calls out for my return. The small shops with incredible pastries or fruits or flowers and the brasserie coffee shops and bars on the street made me so comfortable and in love with humanity. And isn’t that what Elvis is all about?

Church Members can undertake official Elvis UNDERGROUND missions in either their local areas or in distant areas, and missions may take place on either a one-time basis or as an ongoing effort. If you are interested in joining or leading an official Church mission, please make contact so you can get all the training and support your proposed mission may require.

Emergence and Submergence, Convergence and Divergence

UNDERGROUND Ups and Downs, Ins and Outs

EMERGING

Chloe Lynn, to Chris "Buttercup" Bankert and EJ "Elvis Junior" Wray; December, 1998

Lena Rose, to Kathy Goggins and Paul Rendón; February, 1999

Jade, to Janet Roberts and Snake "Antoine" Maron; March, 1999

Tivon Cascadia Leigh, to Sister Catia Julianna and Tim Inglesbee; March, 1999

Thelonius "T." Rex, to Peggy Tormey and Robert Seeds; July, 1999

Elias "Elvias" Nicholas, to Risa Roseman and Rob Katzenstein; July, 1999

Ruth Wolf, to Eileen (E. P.) Wolf and Tom Magee; December, 1999

Henry Torbjørn, to Tracy Cone and Eric Asphaug; February, 2000

Lola Rose, to Nichola Gascoigne and Don Dudas; July, 2000

Spudhead McGee, to Becky Simpson and Mayor Vermin Supreme; July, 2000

Misha Finn, to Rahula Janowski and Jeff Larson; October, 2000

Elliot, to Stephanie "Gretchen" Fraser and Robin Grant; October, 2000

Tyee Kelly Sol, to David Atkin and Kelly Maddox; October, 2000

Galen, to Tracy Cone and Eric Asphaug

This covers just the last two years or so. Deepest apologies to anyone who was left out; if you send word, you will be in the next issue. Please send notifications via telephone, Email (intelligence@ElvisUNDERGROUND.org), or postal mail. Many thanks.

SUBMERGING

Bill Rosse, Sr.; March, 1999

Zeus; October, 1999

Sarah Nelson; January, 2000

Chuck; March, 2000

Liz; April, 2000

Noah "White Boy" Baum; June, 2000

Misha Finn Larson; October, 2000

Elliot Grant; October, 2000

Darla; December, 2000

Calle; March, 2001

Hannibal; March, 2001

CONVERGING

Valerie Lieu and Cory Levenberg; April, 1999

Gail Cunningham and H. Michael McFarland; August, 1999

Eileen (E. P.) Wolf and Tom Magee; August, 1999

Stephani (Guintini) Grace and Ryan Grace; September, 1999

Heather Davison and Julian "Coolio" Borrill; October, 2000

Stephanie "Gretchen" Fraser and Robin Grant; March, 2001

DIVERGING

Nichola Gascoigne and Frank Lucido; March, 2001

Guerilla Peacefare

Zen Raids on the Human Consciousness

MYSTERY TRAIN

Elena Zapata

I met a girl on the train two weeks ago and she noticed that I had a picture of Elvis on my coat and she was so shiny and said "Elvis Loves You." I got freeze, I couldn't move just smile and I started the conversation and two minutes later she gave me the Eleven Commandments in a small book. I was surprised because all what I'm feeling in my 28 years of life I found in that little book and in the 27 years old girl who is having friendship with me. I would like to have more information about the Church. I live in Manhhattan, and I love The King as He loves us with Tender and He Treats us Nice.

EL CAMINO REAL: JERUSALEM, THIS EXIT

Excerpts from a Middle East PeaceMaker

Tycho Sierra

Greeting Couzins.

Carrying a bag full of gifts for the folks under siege and a notebook of dissident contacts, i do my best to courageously deceive the border security guards (thereby maintaining my rebellious integrity), and was surprised that the thing which most

caught their attention ended up being the Elvis wand of power. The man with the gun was at first fascinated, then frustrated by not being able to locate the little floating Elvis in this lava lamp type stick filled with beads and confetti. Finally, he gave it back to me, saying, "Go! GO!" And so i did. The lesson here, if there is one? No matter how expansive or minute the offerings of the moment may be, there are always clever ways to overcome the worst of our fears. If that logic doesn't work for you, maybe you can at least agree that at the very least, we should never be surprised to find yet another reason to give undying gratitude for the compulsive if not compelling power of The King.

With Love,

Tycho Sierra

Reporting from Graceland Middle East, on the road to Everybody's Holy City

1 February 2001

Tycho Sierra is an international carrier of peace, and an inveterate celebrator of the healing power of The King.

Please make the time to boast about your successful peacefare, and let everyone know about it as you promise and threaten to conduct another successful incursion soon.

You Can't Beat the Meat

DIS ORGANIZED RELIGION?

Ryan MeatMan Sullivan

MeatMan here, reporting to you directly from Oakland, California, city of diversified gunfire and love.

For years, I attended Church events without much involvement or, for that matter, much interest. Two of my best friends (Deacon Rivers and Sister Pistil-Flower) have been central to the creation and continued existence of the Church, and I have always tried my best to support them by at least showing my face at the big shindigs. Yeah, free food and good tunes may have helped too, and, damn, throwing around this Elvis shit at parties can be serious fun. Know what I mean? But what is the Church truly about, and do I even care? Why do the Deacon and Sis Pis put so much of their time, energy, and resources into this madness? And, if I'm unclear on what this shit is about or why they are doing it, then why on earth would I even consider putting a significant amount of my time y/o resources into this Church thing?

Strangely enough, I accepted a position on the Church's Board of Directors before it even occurred to me to ask these questions, much less having a clue as to their answers. I had free time, the Church was looking for some new Directors, and I agreed. After I got home from my first board meeting, I spent the night lying in bed staring at the ceiling pondering "What in Elvis's name have I done? That's all I need in my life, another obligation."

Worse yet, I found myself stumbling pathetically while trying to explain to my non-Church Member friends why I accepted this position, much less what the Church was about and why I was even a Member. You see, I have spent my entire life as a fairly non-spiritual atheist completely trashing organized religion every chance I got and these friends were calling me on all of it. At least it seemed that way in my oh-so-very-conflicted atheist mind.

It was not until faced with the responsibility of a time-consuming obligation that I finally began to question what the Church is about and what it means to me. Luckily, The King blessed me with a ridiculous amount of free time this last year, which enabled me to make several trips to visit the Deacon and Sis Pis to discuss these matters ad nauseam and into the wee hours of many mornings.

Through massive sleep deprivation and Kingly Love, I have begun to understand that the answers to these questions are the journey itself. Elvis UNDERGROUND: The Church! is anything you want it be for anyone who wants it to be something.

The first personal hurdle was to figure out how to come to terms with the word "church." Most of my family are hard-core Italian Catholics who use their religion in just about the most negative ways imaginable. Guilt, obligation, exclusion, hate, and the propagation of wealth were principles I associated with reli-

gion, and a church was a place where you went to practice your religion. I have always felt that there is no such thing as a positive organized religion.

So the first question for me became, "is Elvis UNDERGROUND: The Church! about religion?" You need only review its six Principles to find your answer. For me, the answer is no, but I can see how the Principles are integral to spirituality. At the same time, my experience of religion might be a tad bit different from someone who was, say, raised a Buddhist. How about a person who somehow had a positive experience with Catholicism? For them, Elvis UNDERGROUND: The Church! may be about religion, and that may indeed be a very positive thing.

It is our individual connection with the Principles that defines what OUR church means to us. For some, those Principles may be only about spirituality or only about religion. For others, it may be primarily about community action y/o empowerment. The Church may even be about something as simple as having a place to meet new people and to hear some rockin' tunes.

That is the beauty of a church that is anything you want it to be for anyone who wants it to be something. And that, my Cousins, is some powerful shit.

As far as finding answers to the other questions raised here, you'll have to turn onto El Camino Real and complete that journey yourself. When you get there let me know, because I can't always see the El Camino Real sign.

Thanks for listening. This is the MeatMan signing off from Oakland, California.

MeatMan is one of our new Directors and a longtime advocate of sustainable community.

Elvis UNDERGROUND: The Church! offers spiritual services for Members. Please telephone us at 510.THE.KING to find out more about our ceremonies for:

- **Weddings**
- **Memorials**
- **New Family Members**
- **Divorces**
- **Getting "Lucky"**
- **Special Occasions**

*"It was the best wedding ceremony I've ever seen!
Can I have a written copy?" A Bride's Father*

GIVE IT UP FOR THE KING!

Perhaps you are not quite sure as to the function of your church. How does it benefit you and your community? How does fostering its six Principles make the world a better place? Are the benefits of your church spiritual, social, political, y/o tax-deductible?

What has Elvis UNDERGROUND: The Church! done for you lately? Well, The Church has been bringing you to Europe, WTO in Seattle, the Nevada Nuclear Test Site, Big Mountain in Arizona, The Campus Ministry Outreach Program on college campuses, The Arcata Service Center in California, The Arcata Interfaith Fellowship, Rainbow Gatherings, Elvis Councils worldwide—and let's not forget our weekly radio show in Northern California (see the "Missionary Style" section and the "Ridin' with The King" article for more info). None of it would have been possible without your love and support, each and every one of you. We truly are everywhere.

The big question now is, what's next? While we are everywhere, how much noise do we want to make? How effective can we truly be? Maybe it's time to answer these questions for yourself. The possibilities are deliciously endless but, geez, it takes a lot of gas to keep that pink Caddie rollin' along El Camino Real.

Many cultures expect that everyone will set aside 10% of their gross income for worthy causes in the community and for others in need. We at Elvis UNDERGROUND: The Church! agree wholeheartedly with this time-proven tradition, as The King has always been a great example and inspiration in that way. Maybe you are already giving that percentage or even more in your community. Maybe you are hardly making ends meet. Perhaps you are a worthy cause in need of help from your community y/o church. Only you can decide. However, if you are not currently giving 10% of your gross income and are looking for a place to give, please consider Elvis UNDERGROUND: The Church!. And if you are already donating that 10%, would you consider directing some of that amount to Elvis UNDERGROUND?

So, given what your church offers, what is it that you have to offer? For those in a bit of a better financial position, just use your

imagination. It won't take long for you to think of something you feel is important to fund in your magnificently multifaceted church. Or, if you don't have much free time, how about helping to sponsor a church Member in your community to work on a mission or Church project with a Dough-Nation of \$250?

There are some really creative ways to come up with money without reaching into that itty bitty pocketbook. Have a large or small garage sale and get rid of all that junk—er, treasure—taking up space in your crib. Or how about putting on a benefit in your special area of expertise to raise money for the Church?

But it's not all just about money. Because while Dough-Nations are always needed, The King teaches us that you can support your church with by *doing*, a Do-Nation of time, energy, smarts and love. How about helping bring people and supplies on the next official mission? How about setting up a weekly "King Cobra Flower Hour" at your local radio station (pirate, college or otherwise)? How about anything you wanna do and know will help? The best thing about a Do-Nation is helping any way you want and having a blast *doing* it.

Your church is currently working on getting tax-deductible status from the federal government, so Members can write off their Dough-Nations (as of now, we can send you a very good letter from our attorneys that will legitimize your tax deduction). To achieve this goal, your church must be funded by a majority of Members and not by just a few, as has been the case so far. Consider that if each Cousin gave a small Dough-Nation of \$35, it would go a long way toward making us tax-deductible. And hey, isn't this rag worth at least five bucks? For every Dough-Nation over \$50 you can receive a copy of *Principles and Practices: A Traveler's Guide to El Camino Real*, packed with prayers, devotionals, and cover-to-cover spirituatainment.

So there you have it, Cousins. The King teaches us that "It's Now or Never." Let's all dig down—way on down—and support our bootay kickin' church. And remember: Elvis Loves YOU!!!!



Elvis
UNDERGROUND : The Church!
Telephone: 510.THE.KING P. O. Box #4751
Berkeley, CA 94704-4751
USA
www.ELVISUNDERGROUND.org

www.ElvisUNDERGROUND.org

Address Correction Requested

Contents

YOU'RE RIDIN' WITH THE KING 1
 ELVIS SAYS: REMEMBER SEATTLE! 2
 YOUR CHURCH IN ACTION 3
 SECRET RECIPE (SHHH!) 4
 MISSIONARY STYLE 5
 UNDERGROUND ROUND AND ROUND ... 7
 GUERRILLA PEACEFARE 7
 YOU CAN'T BEAT THE MEAT 8
 GIVE IT UP FOR THE KING! 9
 ELVIS EVERYWHERE

Member Registration, Change of Address, and Donation Form
One form for ALL that stuff? Yes way!



"To continue and further the Work of Elvis Presley, The King, toward uniting all species in universal rhythm and harmony."

Date: _____ Name: _____ Address: _____
 City: _____ State: _____ Postal Code: _____ Nation: _____
 Phone: _____ Fax: _____ Email: _____

Dough-Nation: \$35_____ \$50_____ \$100_____ \$250_____ \$500_____ Other: \$_____

Do-Nation: _____
 (Do you have time to volunteer for the Church? If so, do you know the service you would like to provide?):

Please describe how your community church can best serve you: _____

To mail Dough-Nations, separate last page from newsletter and fold into thirds with Church address (on page 9) on outside. Insert check into pocket and tape or staple sides and bottom closed. Stamp that baby and mail it. **Feel the Love!**

Make all checks payable to Elvis UNDERGROUND: The Church!

P. S.: Just 'cause you got a newsletter, don't mean yer a legit Member. So if you got doubts, fill this sucker out an' make it official.