

# THE GREAT SANTARCHY

HAND BOOK



## THE FOUR FUCKS OF SANTA

Don't FUCK with Kids  
Don't FUCK with Cops  
Don't FUCK with Security  
Don't FUCK with SANTA!!!



# THE GREAT SANTA CON

SONG BOOK



## THE FOUR FUCKS OF SANTA

Don't FUCK with Kids  
Don't FUCK with Cops  
Don't FUCK with Security  
Don't FUCK with SANTA!!!

# SANTARCHY

BY DAY

Santa LOVES all good Santa.

Santa loves all forms of Love (Naughty & Nice). If the sight of two grown men consensually enjoying a passionate tongue entwined lip lock bothers you, **PLEASE STAY HOME.**

## FOUR FUCKS OF SANTA!

Please respect the FOUR FUCKS OF SANTA!

- *Santa does not FUCK with Kids* (They don't know any better)
- *Santa does not FUCK with Security* (They don't know any better)
- *Santa does not FUCK with Cops* (They don't get paid enough)
- *Santa does not FUCK with SANTA!!!* (Unless Santa invites you home)

## The Answer to all Questions is "Santa"

Memorize these answers to important questions that may arise:

Q: Who's in charge?

A: Santa.

Q: What organization are you with?

A: Santa.

Q: What are you protesting?

A: Shitty holiday parties.

Q: How did you get here?

A: A sleigh and eight tiny reindeer

Q: Where are you going next?

A: I'm only allowed to tell you if you wear this hat and buy me a beer.



# SANTA CON

BY NIGHT

Dress up.

If you want to feel great and not stand out like the guy who wears jeans to a Fetish Night, get in the spirit with some nice Santa Gear. A Santa hat might not be enough to get you through the door.

Get a Santa suit.

Buy a Santa suit.

Make a Santa suit.

If you don't have any money, be creative. If you don't have any creativity, slap yourself three times and ask your mom to help you.

Glue cotton balls to red long johns.

Make it purple.

Make it pink.

Make it plaid.

Already have a Santa suit?

Bring spare parts for the Santafication of strangers.



## --- Some Examples

Elf, Elf, Elf, Elf, Elf, Elf, Elf, Elf, and Union Elf, and ALF Elf.

Chanukah Harry

Grayscale Santa

Santa Claws

Santa's naughty little helper

Misfit Toy

Grinch

Zombie Jesus

Snowman

Nutcracker

Reindeer, Rudolph

Chicken

Panda

Bunny

and a Gay French Monkey...

Santa is pretty flexible about this, if Santa respects The Four Fucks.



2 Generally speaking TRY to look like you actually give a shit.

# SANTARCHY

## BY DAY

### Don't be an ASSHOLE in the Drunk Tank.

(Or "How to be Nice, while being Naughty, without being Bad")

Twisting the holiday paradigm until it screams for mercy is fun!  
Getting arrested is not.

Santa is friendly, respectful, and cooperative with cops, security guards, park rangers, secret service agents, and store owners; and doesn't break things, or ethical laws!!!

Have your own special twisted fun, but *DON'T FUCK IT UP FOR SANTA.*

Santa does not destroy property, steal merchandise, or do harm to others. The authorities and local businesses usually take Santa's antics in the loving holiday spirit that Santa intends, so be nice to them. They're working while Santa is playing; and they're probably not getting paid enough as it is.

Bad Santa will be stripped of his colors and told to:  
**"Kindly go home and sleep it off".**

### SantARCHY by Day

The "schedule" is open to liberal interpretation by Santa at all times. "SantArchy by Day" is not a pre-planned list of stops (it's Santarchy, not Santa-barcrawl). SantArchy is not "organized" it's generally suggested, with some ideas where Santa might go, but it can turn left at anytime.

There is no Santa in charge to call. If you can't show up for the start, get a cell number of someone who can help you catch up later.



# SANTA CON

## BY NIGHT

### SantaCon by Night

SantaCon is the "Celebrating what SantArchy did in the day by hitting the bars and dancing at Night" part of it all. But sometimes it mixes in with the daytime antics of SantArchy and Visa-MasterCard.

Either Way...

### Suggestions for not being a Whiney Bitch.

Santa is not a whiney bitch. Here are some tips for Santa to help Santa be Santa, and not a Whiney Bitch.

- **Print up a bunch of these and hand them out to Santa.**
- Know the **FOUR FUCKS OF SANTA**
- Bring small bills and change to pay cash and leave a good tip.
- Be nice to the underpaid staff putting up with Santa's antics.
- Wear good comfortable shoes.
- Dress for the weather.
- Welcome all new and unrecognized Santa, with a paddle or a hug.
- If you see a "Poser Bad Santa" get Santa to help you eject "Bad Santa".
- NO SANTA LEFT BEHIND.
- NO SANTA LEFT BEHIND.
- NO SANTA LEFT BEHIND.
- Get Fresh Batteries for your megaphone.
- Ask before you touch.

- **If you bring optional drinking bottles**, please be cautious where you drink the Pine-Sol, Windex, Listerine, Drain-o, etc.  
(And be careful about cleaning them well before using.)



# SANTARCHY

BY DAY

## Dress For the Season

Santa dresses for the season.  
It's December.

When Santa dons his Gay Apparel, Smart Santa wears multiple costume layers when it's cold, and brings options for the rain. Dress to maximize merriment whether singing Xmas carols in the snow, or swinging from a stripper pole.



## Don't Whine.

Santa's not a Whiney Bitch!  
Santa will be outside much of the early day and covering a lot of ground on foot. Bring enough "snacks" to keep your bearded pie hole filled until we get indoors.



# SANTA CON

BY NIGHT

## Bring gifts

Take a bit of time to MAKE gifts, and bring treats (if you can).

### NAUGHTY gifts to give grown ups

- Mutant Toys
- Communist Propaganda
- Capitalist Propaganda
- Paddles
- Riding Crops
- Leather
- Lace

### NICE stuff to give kids.

- Candy Canes
- Chocolates
- Feathers
- Happy Happy Joy Joy



# SANTARCHY

BY DAY

## Walkin' Round In Women's Underwear

Lacy things, the wife is missin'  
Didn't ask, her permission  
I'm wearin' her clothes  
Her silk pantyhose  
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear

In the store, there's a lacey teddy  
Little straps, like fine spaghetti  
It holds me so tight  
Like handcuffs at night  
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear

In the office there's a guy named Melvin,  
He pretends that I am Murphy Brown  
He'll say, "Are you ready?" I'll say, "Whoa Man!"  
"Let's wait until our wives are out of town!"

Later on, if you wanna  
We can dress, like Madonna  
Put on some eyeshade  
And join the parade  
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear

Lacy things- missin'  
Didn't ask- permission  
Wearin' her clothes  
Silk pantyhose  
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear  
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear  
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear



# SANTA CON

BY NIGHT

## Huff! The Nitrous Angels Sing

Huff! The Nitrous Angels Sing  
Glory to the Whipped Cream King  
Peace on Earth and wah-wahs wild  
Suck it up in legal style  
Berkeley Farms and Redi-Whip  
Really gave us all a trip  
Lechter's sells 'em by the case  
Suck some down and lose your face  
Huff! The Nitrous Angels Sing  
Glory to the Whipped Cream King!



## Deck My Balls

Deck my balls with boughs of holly,  
Fa la la la la, la la la.  
Tap the keg, inflate the dolly,  
Fa la la la la, la la la.  
Don we now our rubber panties,  
Fa la la la la, la la la.  
We're a bunch of twisted Santies,  
Fa la la la la, la la la.  
Naughty girls are such a treasure,  
Fa la la la la, la la la.  
These North Poles were made for pleasure,  
Fa la la la la, la la la.  
Fucked the elves, fucked all the reindeer,  
Fa la la la la, la la la.  
Fuck the cookies, bring us COLD BEER!  
Fa la la la la, la la la.



# SANTARCHY

BY DAY

## Crashing thru the snow

Crashing through the snow  
In a one horse open sleigh  
O'er the cliff we go  
Shrieking all the way  
Bells and sirens ring  
Marking where we crashed  
They put us in intensive care  
They don't think we will last

Jingle bells, funeral bells,  
Ringing all the way  
Oh what fools we were to ride  
In that one horse open sleigh  
Jingle bells, funeral bells,  
Ringing all the way  
Oh what fools we were to ride  
In that one horse open sleigh



# SANTA CON

BY NIGHT

## You Better Watch Out

You better watch out, get out if you can  
A red suited menace is sweeping the land  
Coz SantArchy is coming to town

Get out of the way; of our big black boots  
We're flooding the city with cheap red & white suits!  
SantArchy is coming to town

- We know what you've been up to -  
You've made the naughty list  
So cut us in for our fair share,  
you don't want these Santas Pissed

OOHHHH,  
Get out of the way of our red suited wave  
Is this anyway for St Nick to behave.  
When SantArchy descends on your town !!!



# SANTARCHY

BY DAY

## O Come all ye Santas

O come, all ye Santas, Joyful and a bit drunk,  
O come ye, O come ye  
to the big ass Mall;

Come and behold him, Born the King of Christmas;

O come, let us adore him,  
O come, let us adore him,  
O Come, let us adore him,  
Sa - anta Claus.

Sing, choirs of Santas,  
Sing in exultation,  
Sing, all ye citizens of Sa - antarchy;

Glory to Santa, In the highest high;  
O come, let us adore him,  
O come, let us adore him,  
O Come, let us adore him,  
Sa - anta Claus.



# SANTA CON

BY NIGHT

## Let it Flow

The weather outside is frightful,  
but the beer inside's delightful.  
And since we've no place to go,

Let it Flow,  
Let it Flow,  
Let it Flow!

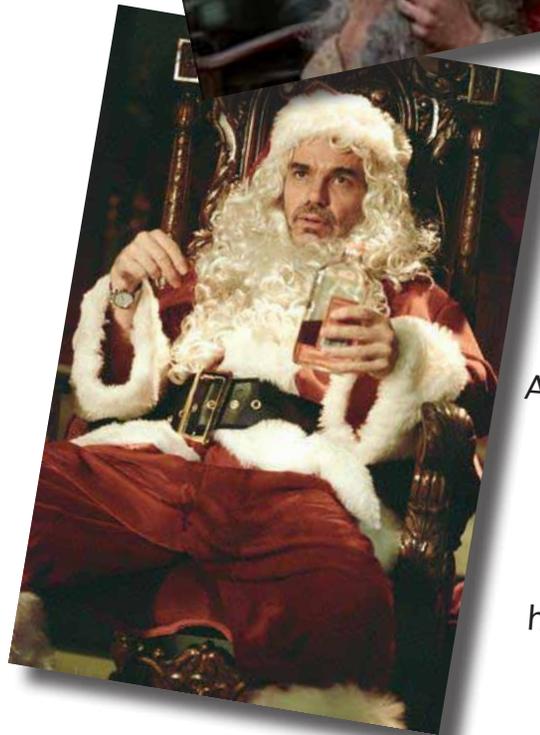
Oh we show no signs of stopping,  
and now we're really hopping.  
And the lights are turned way down low.

Let it Flow,  
Let it Flow.  
Let it Flow!

When we finally drink it dry,  
how we hate going back to the store.  
Maybe we'll just get high,  
and all fall asleep on the floor!!

Oh the party is slowly dying.  
And our friends have all stopped buying.  
Now my bladder really wants to know.

Where to go,  
Where to go,  
Where to go,



# SANTARCHY

BY DAY

## When the Santas Come Marching In

Oh when the Santas,  
come marching in,  
all wearing red and drinking gin.  
You'd better stand back, Mr. Shopper,  
OH! When the Santas come marching in.



# SANTA CON

BY NIGHT

## Santa Is Invading Your Town

You better break out  
The Bourbon and Rye  
Tequila and Gin  
I'm telling you why  
Santa is invading your town

He sees you when you're naked  
And when you're smoking pot  
And when you're masturbating  
Ev'n when you cop a squat, so:

You better break out  
The Bourbon and Rye  
Tequila and Gin  
I'm telling you why  
Santa is invading your town



# SANTARCHY

BY DAY

## Just Another Drunken Santacon

Drunken Santas, will be reelin.  
No pain will they be feelin!  
Red suits will be stained,  
from the booze that they've drained.  
Just another Drunken Santacon!!

You can tell, that they have been a drinkin',  
Pretty soon, they will be a stinkin'  
Drunk as a mule,  
with a beard full of drool  
Just another Drunken Santacon!!

Have you ever seen this many Santas?  
Stumblin and a' lookin like a fool?  
Don't you wish that you could be a Santa?  
Smokin and a' drinkin, being cool?

Why we're out here, is Just Because!  
We are rebels, with a Claus.  
So grab a suit and beard.  
Come on and get weird  
Join us on a Drunken Santacon!!



# SANTA CON

BY NIGHT

## Screwing in a Winter Wonderland

Dish out lines, I am listening  
Chug the booze, snow is glistening  
It's cold, that's alright  
We'll get some tonight  
Screwing in a winter wonderland

At the outhouse we can build a snowman  
And pretend that he is Parson Brown  
He'll say are you married,  
we'll say no man  
But we just fornicate and fool around

Later on, we'll perspire  
As we fuck by the fire  
And face unafraid  
the mess that we've made  
Screwing in a winter wonderland



# SANTARCHY

BY DAY

## CANNABIS IS COMING TO TOWN

(originally sung by the Mushroom Tabernacle Choir)

Oh you better freak out  
You better not drive  
You better freak out  
I'm telling you why  
Cannabis is coming to town

He's rolling a big fatty,  
He's licking it three times...  
Gotta make sure those Zig Zags look nice  
Cannabis is coming to town

He knows when you've been stealing,  
Crashing or awake.  
He knows when you've been eating Reds,  
So please stop for goodness sake!

Oh you better freak out  
You better not drive  
You better freak out  
I'm telling you why  
Cannabis is coming to town

Potheads out in the Valley,  
Will have a big Or-gy  
While Mom & Dad are shooting up,  
behind the Christmas Tree  
(Ho Ho Ho)

Oh you better freak out  
You better not drive  
You better freak out  
I'm telling you why  
Cannabis is coming to town!



# SANTA CON

BY NIGHT

## God Rest ye Merry Heretics

God rest ye merry heretics,  
Let nothing you dismay.  
Remember there's no evidence  
There was a Christmas Day.  
When Christ was born is just not known,  
No matter what they say.

Glad tidings of logic and fact; logic and fact.  
Glad tidings of logic and fact.

There was no star of Bethlehem;  
There was no angel song.  
There could have been no Wise Men  
For the journey was too long.  
The stories in the Bible  
Are Historically wrong.

Glad tidings of logic and fact; logic and fact.  
Glad tidings of logic and fact.

Much of our Christmas customs  
Come from Persia and from Greece.  
From solstice celebrations  
Of the ancient Middle East.  
We know this so-called "Holy Day"  
Is but a Pagan feast.

Glad tidings of logic and fact; logic and fact.  
Glad tidings of logic and fact.

# SANTARCHY

BY DAY

# SANTA CON

BY NIGHT

## Twas The Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas, and God it was neat  
The kids were both gone, and my wife was in heat  
The doors were all bolted, and the phone off the hook,  
It was time for some nooky, by hook or by crook.

Momma in her teddy, and I in the nude,  
Had just hit the bedroom, and reached for the lube  
When out on the lawn, there arose such a cry,  
That I lost my boner, and poor momma went dry.

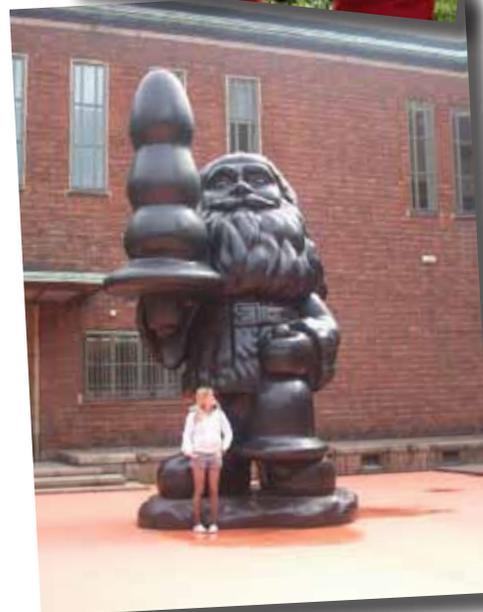
Up to the window I sprang like an elf,  
Tore back the shade while she played with herself.  
The moon on the crest of the snowman we'd built,  
Showed a broom up his ass, clean up to the hilt.

When what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a rusty old sleigh and eight mangy reindeer.  
With a fat little driver, half out of his sled,  
A sock in his ear, and a bra on his head.

Sure as I'm speaking, he was as high as a kite.  
And he yelled to his team, but it didn't sound right.  
Whoa Shithead, whoa Asshole, whoa Stupid, whoa Putz,  
Either slow down this rig or I'll cut off your nuts.

Look out for the lamp post, and don't hit the tree,  
Quit shaking the sleigh, 'cause I gotta go pee.  
They cleared the old lamp post, the tree got a rub,  
Just as Santa leaned out and threw up on my shrub.

And then from the roof we heard such a clatter,  
As each little reindeer now emptied his bladder.  
I was donning my jacket to cover my ass,  
When down the chimney Santa came with a crash.



His suit was all smelly with perfume galore,  
He lookd like a bum and he smelled like a whore.  
"That was some brothel," he said with a smile,  
"The reindeer are pooped, and I'll just stay here awhile."

He walked to the kitchen, himself poured a drink,  
Then whipped out his pecker and pissed in the sink.  
I started to laugh, my wife smiled with glee,  
The old boy was hung nearly down to his knee.

Back in the den, Santa reached in his sack,  
But his toys were all gone, and some new things were packed.  
The first thing he found was a pair of false tits,  
The next was a handgun with a penis that spits.

A box filled with condoms was Santa's next find,  
And a six pair of panties, the edible kind.  
A bra without nipples, a penis extension,  
And several other things that I shouldn't even mention.

A fuck ring, a G-string, and all types of oil,  
A dildo so long, it lay in a coil.  
"This suff ain't for kids, Mrs. Santa will shit,  
So I'll leave 'em here, and then I'll just split."

He filled every stocking and then took his leave,  
With one tiny butt plug tucked under his sleeve.  
He sprang to his sleigh, but his feet were like lead,  
Thus he fell on his ass and broke wind instead.

In time he was seated, took the reins of his hitch,  
Saying, "Take me home Rudolph, this night's been a bitch!"  
The sleigh was near gone when we heard Santa shout,  
"The best thing about sex is that it never wears out!"

# SANTARCHY

BY DAY

# SANTA CON

BY NIGHT

## Jingle Bells, Let's Raise Hell

Jingle Bells, Let's raise hell.  
Santa sluts unite!  
Bondage gear and lots of beer,  
Are all we need tonight.

Jingle bells, let's raise hell!  
We're horny and naughty!  
So cum and sit on Santa's lap,  
And get your gift for free!

Dashing through the streets,  
With one thing on our mind.  
We'll tie you up with tinsel and  
Spank your sweet behind!  
ho ho ho...

Cat O'nine-tails sing,  
While slicing through the air.  
Drop your pants or raise your skirt,  
And lose that underwear!!



## RUDY THE RED-NOSED RAVER

Rudy the red-nosed raver  
Had a very shiny nose  
(LIKE AN ACOLYTE!)

And if you ever saw it  
You would even say it glows  
(LIKE A GLOWSTICK!)

All of the other ravers  
Used to laugh and call him names  
(LIKE A GOTH KID!)

They never let poor Rudy  
Join in any raver games  
(LIKE A HAND MASSAGE!)

Then one foggy new rave's eve  
A promoter came to say  
"Rudy with your nose so bright  
Won't you spin my rave tonight?"

Then all the ravers loved him  
And they shouted out in glee  
(LIKE PLUR!)

Rudy the red-nosed raver  
You'll go down in history  
(LIKE PAUL OAKENFOLD!)

# SANTARCHY

BY DAY

# SANTA CON

BY NIGHT

## WAL-MART YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Wal-Mart you a Macy's Christmas!  
Wal-Mart you a Macy's Christmas!  
Wal-Mart you a Macy's Christmas!  
And a K-Mart New Year!

Good Best Buys we bring  
to your Burger King!

We Pet Mart a Macy's Christmas  
And a K-Mart New Year!

Wal-Mart you a Macy's Christmas!  
Wal-Mart you a Macy's Christmas!  
Wal-Mart you a Macy's Christmas!  
And a K-Mart New Year!

Good Target to you  
Wherever you go!

Wal-Mart you a Macy's Christmas  
And a K-mart New Year!  
Wal-Mart you a Macy's Christmas!  
And a K-Mart New Year!!!



## JOY TO THE WORLD!

Joy to the world! In the form of goods!  
CONSUME! CONSUME! CONSUME!

Bright plastic this and thats!  
For screaming little brats!  
Take the SUV to the mall!  
Take the SUV to the mall!  
And buy, buy, buy, buy, buy, buy, buy it all.

ALL boys and girls! The time has come!  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Rejoice!

Possessions equal happiness!  
Something, anything to distract us!  
We can never have ENOUGH!  
We can never have ENOUGH!  
We can never ever have too much stuff!

JOY to the world! Debt has come!  
Approved! Approved! Approved!!

Credit cards are "free"!  
Don't worry 'bout those fees!  
Then pay it off later on!  
Then pay it off later on!  
And spend! And spend! Til your credit's gone!

JOY to the world! Can be returned!  
If you just heed our call!

Don't let the chain stores fool you  
We've come around to school you  
You don't need all that junk  
We don't need all this junk  
We don't, we don't need so much junk.

# SANTARCHY

BY DAY

## Twelve Days of Xmas - Mother Version

On the [X] day home for Christmas, my mother said to me:

1. You haven't got a decent thing to wear.
2. You've put on some weight.
3. You should get a job.
4. Visit your Aunt Rosie.
5. Still no girlfriend?
6. What's that in your suitcase?
7. You smoke marijuana.
8. Esther has two children.
9. Are you still on food stamps?
10. Herbie's getting married.
11. Your life is a disaster.
12. Both of us still love you.



## Twelve Days of Xmas - Angry Version

On the [X] day of Christmas, my ex-love sent to me

1. a vulture in a crabtree
2. Two tons of mud
3. three dead hens
4. Four dying birds,
5. Five bathtub rings
6. Six geeks a-reading
7. Seven sharks a-swimming
8. Eight maids a-list'ning
9. Nine lawyers suing
10. Ten loonies alimony
11. Eleven pints of poison
12. Twelve drums of strychnine



# SANTA CON

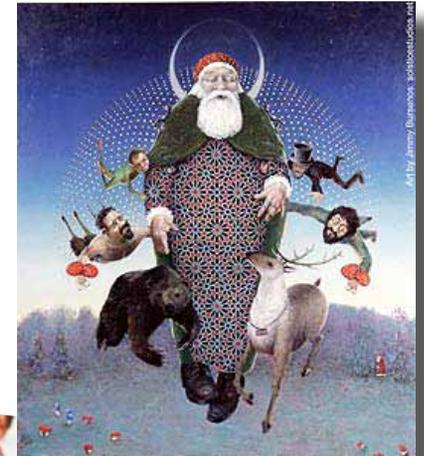
BY NIGHT

## Twelve Days of Xmas - Drug Version

(originally sung by the Mushroom Tabernacle Choir)

On the [X] day of Christmas, my dealer gave to me:

- A Tab of Yellow Sunshine LSD
- 2 Hundred Reds
- 3 Pounds of Grass
- 4 Grams of Hash
- 5 Valiums
- 6 Joints of Smoking
- 7 Whites a-Buzzing
- 8 Spoons of Snorting
- 9 Caps of dropping
- 10 Peyote Buttons
- 11 Magic Mushrooms
- 12 Pints a-dripping



# SANTARCHY

BY DAY

# SANTA CON

BY NIGHT

## Asleep in the Gutter

tune of "Away in a Manger"

Asleep in the gutter  
He looks like he's dead  
The drunken old Santa Fell ass over head...  
The cops on the corner look down where he lay  
and drunken old Santa is taken away...

