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# 101 Uses Of A Dead Roach

Simon Bond and Howard Marks

**SIMON BOND AND HOWARD MARKS**

**101 USES OF A  
DEAD ROACH**



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Version 1.0

Epub ISBN 9781407089898

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Roaches sometimes seem to scurry away from the bright light and are often forgotten but later emerge and appear behind fridges, under cushions, in suit pockets and magazines, and on car seats, dining room floors, and bookshelves. These roaches do not suffer the ignominy of visibly extinguishing their vital forces. No death occurs before disappearance. When too small to hold, roaches are not stubbed to lifelessness but join fellow roaches in pipes to be smoked and enjoyed for the last time or shrouded in new virgin white crinkle-free skins to be recycled in yet another marijuana spliff. Don't let them die before they get rolled.

In Europe, nearby hashish consuming cultures of the Middle East, nicotine addiction, enthusiastic absorption of American beatnik culture, and kinky fascination with Japanese origami each contributed to the now widespread custom of smoking spliffs made from a mixture of hashish and tobacco painstakingly rolled in multiple cigarette papers joined together in a variety of ways. Due to its thickness, the resulting European 'joint' necessitates the insertion of a filter made from paper, cardboard, or the end of a cigarette to prevent bits and pieces from entering the mouth. Unlike their American predecessors, these poor inedible roaches cannot be usefully cremated, reincarnated, recycled, or re-mortalised in insect coils. The blast was all in the past. The rave is firmly in the grave. The future sucks: no perennial puff rewards the peak of potency, no brassbowed opium pipe houses the funeral pyre, and no joint roller lights the fire. So pencil and propel it into perpetuity; etch it into eternity. Don't drag a dead roach: draw it.

Howard Marks  
London, 2002



## EPITAPH

The first puff of a spliff, like the first sip of fine red wine, awakens a smooth and dreamy state of consciousness. The second puff sends comforting and optimistic thoughts flowing sweetly through the mind. Exaggerated past memories tickle fanciful futures. It has always been wonderful, and now it is going to be even better. After the third puff, seemingly profound ideas suddenly introduce themselves but immediately become uncontrollable, fantastic, plentiful, and impossible to articulate in traditional discourse. It is absurd, irreverent, hilarious and ridiculous, yet more significant than anything previously contemplated. Uncontrollable mirth threatens to invade from every aspect. You have no defence or control. Everything seems funny, because everything is funny. Earnestness, solemnity, and seriousness suddenly reveal themselves as mere clowns in life's big top. You are laughing. You are stoned, spannered, shitfaced, smashed, and starfished. Puff some more. With life and love, spliff and cigarette, the bigger the drag, the more you get. So suck it again and again.

Butt at the end is the roach.

The first published use of the word 'roach' to denote the stub of a thin and tobacco free marijuana cigarette appeared on the pages of the March 12th, 1938, issue of the *New Yorker* in a feature written by Pulitzer prize-winner Meyer Berger. Buck Washington's 1944 jazz classic 'Save the Roach for Me' paid due acknowledgement to the roach's desirability and ensured the word's already long lived security of parlance. A roach increases in strength as



it nears its end and finally metamorphoses into a small flat burnt brown creature, wrinkling and straining to absorb every psychoactive juice and resin available.

# SPLIFF ETIQUETTE



