



ASHER ROTH SIZES UP HIS CHANCES

Suburbia's most promising rapper weighs in at 140 pounds, and he'd like to add another 10 to 15. Right now he's mostly bone. His face is carved in sharp angles, like a cartoon sketch. His chin comes to a point. His hair is tousled. His cheeks are unshaven. He's 23 years old, his name is Asher Roth and he's decided that—even though he's got a record deal—he's gonna keep his Toyota Corolla.

He's a wise-cracking, self-deprecating, stereotype-busting word nerd who grew up playing Little League in Morrisville, Pa., and started rapping seriously as a teenager once he got cut from the baseball team. "The first time I got in a battle rap," he says over chicken wings and beer at Dantanna's, an Atlanta sports bar, "I said, 'Yo wassup, I'm Asher Roth and I'm the best / You shop at Ross, where you dress for less.' And the funny thing was that I was shopping at Ross."

Not long ago, Roth was a pizza-delivery boy ("always on time," he says). Now he's a major-label recording artist with a debut album, *Asleep In The Bread Aisle*, freshly on shelves. He takes great pleasure in noting that he used to work at Best Buy, and now his own CD is sold there.

His profile has shot up due to "I Love College," a frat-boy anthem about hookups and beer pong. "I guarantee people have formed their opinions based on 'I Love College,' and that's

it," Roth says. "There's no coming back: 'Asher Roth—fuck him. Not feeling it.'" Stick around, though, and you may be surprised—*Bread Aisle* is an ambitious, rangy album by an MC with real talent. Roth spits double-time lyrics and internal rhymes, cracks some jokes, gives a motivational speech and pens an earnest ode to his dad. The album ain't *Straight Outta Compton*, but it's legitimate hip-hop that proves Roth is more than a rapping John Belushi or Eminem wannabe.

"People are gonna hear it," Roth says, "and be like, 'Alright, what's going on? I don't know what this is. Is this rap? Is this hip-hop? Is this rock? Is this alternative?' They're gonna say I'm not hip-hop enough. They're gonna say I'm not alternative enough. Call me corny, they're gonna call me everything under the sun—and some people are really going to like it." **NICK MARINO**



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MIKE BIRD m.c.f. @ WHERE DOES ASHER SLEEP?

OUR FAVORITE ENTERTAINING BITS OF WHATEVER

1 Austin L. Ray, Web Editor → David Foster Wallace's *Consider the Lobster* It took a special talent to effectively and hilariously cover, in one essay collection, topics including John McCain's 2000 presidential campaign, a pornography awards show and the ethical quandary of consuming lobster. We miss him already.

2 Mark DiCristina, Production Coordinator → Field Notes If you're the kind of person who likes to make lists, jot notes and scribble calculations, Field Notes will change your life. If you're not that kind of person, you should be. **FieldNotesBrand.com**



3 Nick Purdy, Publisher → Chill Pill mobile speakers The coolest set of iPod speakers yet, this pocket-sized capsule is actually two little, rechargeable speakers that pack a punch despite their size. **ChillPillAudio.com**

4 Rachael Maddux, Assistant Editor → Saturday Night Live's Kristen Wiig Wiig's deft turns as deadpan fool (the recurring "Two Assholes" bit), spot-on impressionist (Suze Orman!) and totally unbridled weirdo (last October's "Lawrence Welk" sketch) give me a major case of the sillies.

5 Nick Marino, Managing Editor → Lightning bugs The blinking beacon of summer.

6 Kate Kiefer, Associate Editor → The Corduroy Appreciation Club What could be cooler than a gentlemen's-style corduroy fan club? For \$11.11 (the number that most resembles the fabric's wales), you get a membership card, certificate and a "cryptic badge"—all in a discretely labeled CONFIDENTIAL envelope. **CorduroyClub.com**

7 Jason Killingsworth, Games Editor → Vuzix's Wrap 920AV sunglasses I'm a sucker for any technology that could've been in *Back to the Future Part II*, and these sunglasses more than qualify, offering a "see-thru" video experience, simulating a virtual 60-inch display as viewed from nine feet. **Vuzix.com**

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