

SPIN

March 2004

This man is ready
to party. Really:
Fisher Meehan



DrugMoney

By Andrew Beaujon

Photograph by Conrad Ventur

A tour of Fisher Meehan's Asheville, North Carolina, would not be complete without a visit to the local coffee shop/bar where he has vomited more than once onstage. "You get relaxed playing your hometown," the DrugMoney singer/songwriter explains. "But puking is nothing. One time, this girl danced out her tampon. That was pretty heavy."

Heavy is a good word for the stories that drop out of Meehan after a couple PBRs. Like how he uses open guitar tunings so that he can play all his songs "completely shit-faced." Or the way he got cut off by a Brooklyn drug-delivery service while recording his debut, *Mtn City Jnk*. "The dealer was like, 'I'm not coming back. Get as much as you want now.'"

That album may be the most addictive Carolina export since tar met nicotine. Meehan's gruff voice lends an unusual Grover-fronting-the-Replacements feel to charming pop songs such as "I Know" and "Small Thinking." It's what you would expect from a guy who was weaned off Ozzy and Kiss and onto eccentric indie rockers such as the Pixies and the Archers of Loaf. But it's not always clear which influence is stronger, especially considering that Meehan ingested most of his record-company advance in a mere two weeks: "I was like, 'I already got a couple guitars. I got an amp. Let's party!'"