



THE MAC ATTACK

The Wellington press conference for Fleetwood Mac is held in the Summit Room, thirty-one storeys up in the Williams Building. Every time I look out the window I feel ill, and have to pass up the free grog.

Four band members appear; Fleetwood, Nicks, McVie and McVie. The scratching of Buckingham is a major disappointment, considering the attention attracted by his contribution to *Tusk*. A great deal has changed in the world since Mac were last in New Zealand, and Buckingham seems the one chiefly responsible for any reflection of this in the band's music.

A little over two years ago, Fleetwood Mac played Western Springs at the height of the phenomenal success of the *Rumours* album. The punk-wave was still out-group chic in those days, and Mac's gold-strike seemed part of a benefit season of comebacks by hoary old veterans. (Frampton, the Bee Gees et al). In the last summer of the old wave, *Rumours* sold something like fifteen million copies.

QUESTION TIME

The inevitable questions are all asked about *Tusk* and the pressures on the band in producing it. How did it feel trying to live up to the success of *Rumours*? Did the band feel pressured by the knowledge of the hopes being pinned on them to help revive an ailing American recording industry? Weren't they under pressure to produce something more quickly? Wouldn't it have made more sense commercially to have made a single album?

Mick Fleetwood, musician and businessman, fields such questions politely and patiently, only occasionally betraying boredom. Press conferences are part of the job, and treated accordingly.

The band were aware of all these factors, he says, but did not feel acutely pressured. They made up their own minds about what to do and how to do it. They are satisfied with *Tusk* as the product of their labours. Yes, they hope the public accepts it, but are not about to give up in despair if it doesn't. The record industry can find its own salvation, Fleetwood Mac are looking after their own.

TUSK

Tusk was recorded at the Village Recorder's studio D in Los Angeles. Recording took from September 1978 to June 1979. Fleetwood Mac spend a long time in the studio and Mick Fleetwood is only half joking when he says that had the band bought the studio, it would have proved cheaper than hiring it for so long.

In an effort to cut the amount of studio time, the band rehearsed material for a couple of weeks beforehand. The ploy did not work. According to Fleetwood, only one track appeared on the album as rehearsed. The rest were arranged in the studio, or built up around Buckingham's home-made tapes.

It is an expensive way to work. The album is reputed to have cost a cool million to record. Fleetwood is blasé. It was the band's money, he says, and they were happy to spend it to produce the record they wanted to make. The object of all the time was not perfect sound reproduction, so much as to allow experimentation to find "the right sound". Fleetwood is as unimpressed as the rest of the civilised world with California studio-perfection recording.

The band's more abstract approach to the studio is, he is at pains to point out, a team thing, and credit is constantly given to engineer/producers Richard Doshut and Ken Caillat, and the absent Buckingham. It was a joint effort — a description which might be extended to much of the Fleetwood Mac operation. Fleetwood describes many of the band's entourage as "friends with jobs."

JUST SONGS

"Thank you Helen, I wish I were in Troy", John McVie writes on a record cover for a young lady. Fortified with numerous "trouble vodkas and orange" he talks freely about his years in the business. Having travelled from the purist blues-booming of Mayall's Bluesbreakers to the chart-topping pop of the current Mac, McVie is familiar with accusa-

tions of selling out. "It's all just songs," he protests. He regards critics with some hostility, and becomes heated on the subject of critical hatchet jobs. Purists he observes with the sort of amusement one might expect from someone who has been there, but since learnt the error of his ways.

He laughs heartily as he recalls the angry reaction of his fellow blues musicians to the studio experiments of the Beatles. He seems to enjoy the irony of now finding himself on the receiving end of the same backlash. The world of music goes round in circles, he claims, and the only things which change are the lyrics.

THE SHOW

It was a cold night at Athletic Park, too cold for anything really to be fun. Then there was the usual interminable, shoulder-to-shoulder battle to get into the ground through an inadequate number of gates. By the time the music began, half the punters were suffering from exhaustion and exposure.

Opening act, Street Talk seemed to have psyched themselves out before they started. They adopted a sarcastically apologetic attitude towards the crowd, but still played well enough to deserve a better response than they got.

Fleetwood Mac started strongly, and then faded, just when one would have expected the show to peak. The majority of the old hits from *Fleetwood Mac* and *Rumours* were placed early in the set, leaving the new *Tusk* material to carry the show. From then, the level of audience excitement just seemed to slowly fade. Lyndsay Buckingham, performing energetically, shouldered the major burden of carrying the battle, but just failed to manage it. The new material, with a few exceptions, didn't seem quite as strong as the old songs. Some of Buckingham's songs, in particular, were pretty inconsequential.

By and large, the band performed extremely well, but faced with a shivering audience, which seemed to consist largely of young people, not regular concert-goers, who didn't quite know what to expect, the show never took off as an event.

Don Mackay

When Johnny Comes Marching

Home



Marching Girls (L-R) Ronnie Dawson, Johnny Cook and Des Hefner.

Since they left in November 1978, the *Marching Girls* (formerly the *Scavengers*) have been steadily gaining a following in Melbourne. Ironically, it seems that their homecoming tour will give the band the financial boost they need to go onto greater things. Rip It Up writer Paul McGowan spoke to Des Hefner and Johnny Cook on the second-to-last day of their stay.

Des looks a little the worse for wear as Johnny paces the floor listening intently to tapes of the last *Marching Girls* gig. The playing leaves something to be desired in places and the room erupts in laughter as a really bad piece of feedback comes through.

"Oh," says John, "that sounds good. I think I'll do that all the time."

"You've done that millions of times."

How does it feel to be back in Auckland?

Des: It was great for the first couple of days.

Are you Melbournites now?

Des: Sort of Tasman Sea. Shane (soundman and part-time drummer) is a true-blue Melbournite — Melbourne bitters and Melbourne sheilas.

How about Ron? (Ronnie Dawson, their vocalist/bass player)

Des: I saw Ron this afternoon. I said, "Hey Ron, what about the *Rip It Up* interview?" Ron said, "F**k the interview." He's got better things to do. Ron's probably deciding which end of the Windsor to go out. "Will I go out the front or the back? Or shall I have another beer and think about it? I'll have another beer."

When will you tour NZ again?

Des: I'm never coming back if the audiences are like they were at the Windsor this afternoon. They were just sitting there. They're all punks and they just talking about raging. Even my dad says "hassle" now!

What's your definition of rage?

Des: Let's wreck the party!
John: In Aussie, a rage is when you're all at a party, standing around trying to be cool. And some f**kwtit rips open a bag of Cheezels and throws them all over the room. Everyone goes, "let's have a rage. Rip the place to bits."

Des: Yeah, smash chairs and hippies. The skinheads come and the Police come and everyone gets dragged away. That's a rage. Whenever we haven't got enough food, we go to a Melbourne party where there's supposed to be a rage and while everyone's smashing things, we slip out the back with all the food.

John: Yeah, trays of steaks, loaves of bread and wine.

What do you think of Auckland punks?

Des: They've all got their own personalised, in-

dividual ... uniform.
Shane: In Aussie they all dress up like Sid Vicious.

Des: Yeah, I've been in a pub with about six Sids in it. All are tall and sick looking, with black hair and padlocks around their necks.

Their reactions towards Auckland groups is generally quite favourable. Everyone agrees that Terrorways are the best band they've seen here.

Des gives his verdict on some of the locals. Spelling Mistakes "excellent", Primmers "okay", Proud Scum "a wonderful band", Swingers "a load of shit, no, sorry Buster, they're alright."

They're not so favourably disposed towards Toy Love.

"Aussies aren't into all that rolling around the kit. That's wank," says Shane.

"That's a wank," echoes Des. "Chris Knox has to think when you say something to him in the pub. He has to think really fast of something really witty."

What do you think of AK.79 album?

John: Bloody terrible!

Des: I think it misrepresents the band.

What's your Australian management like?

Des: They're okay.

John: Our manager (Dave Russell) used to be with Ray Columbus and the Invaders. "She's A Mod" went to number one in Aussie.

Was it hard getting places to play?

John: Des is a great PR man. Everyone in Carlton knew about us before we'd even played there.

Did they come and see you?

Des: Yeah, they thought we were great and wondered why they hadn't seen us earlier.

What are the audiences like?

Des: Oh, they're ugly. Doesn't matter what their age is, they're f**king ugly.

John: Melbourne crowds are great. They get up right from the start.

Des: They really enjoy wrecking parties. We've really taught them how to wreck parties.

John: We've probably got more fans from wrecking parties, than from actually playing.

What are you gonna do when you get back to Aussie?

Des: We're straight back into playing down the Champion Thursday, Friday and Saturday, then maybe a tour of Adelaide.

What about records? Are you thinking of doing an album?

John: No.

What's the next single?

Des: "First In Line" and "Breaking Up".

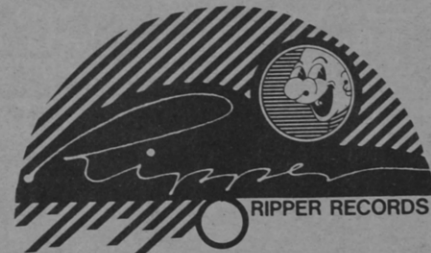
Hey quick, tell me something else, the tapes running out!

Des: Well, what would you like to know Tommy? My favourite colour's red. I like eating pizzas. I'm a Sagittarius, born in the beautiful year of 1956 ...

The End

RIPPER STRIKES AGAIN!!

TWO HITS ON ONE SINGLE!



Short Haired Rock & Roll
THE TERRORWAYS



Suicide 2
PROUD SCUM

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& Mike Chunn

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