



## Storms: My Life with Lindsey Buckingham and Fleetwood Mac

*Carol Ann Harris*

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“At the epicenter of Fleetwood Mac’s inner circle, Carol Ann Harris experienced all of the brightness and darkness of the rock ‘n’ roll lifestyle. She has brought it to life in a beautifully written, passionate classic.” —Danny Goldberg; Fleetwood Mac insider; former head of Atlantic, Modern, Mercury, and Warner Bros; and author, *How the Left Lost Teen Spirit*

As the girlfriend of Lindsey Buckingham, Fleetwood Mac’s singer and guitarist, Carol Ann Harris was the consummate insider. Here she leads fans into the very heart of the band’s storms between 1976 and 1984. From interactions between the band and other stars—Mick Jagger, Eric Clapton, and Dennis Wilson—to the chaotic animosity between band members, this memoir combines the sensational account of some of the world’s most famous musicians with a thrilling love story. Illustrated with never-before-seen photographs, the parties, fights, drug use, shenanigans, and sex lives of Fleetwood Mac are presented in intimate detail.

With the exception of one brief interview, Carol Ann Harris has never before spoken about her time with Fleetwood Mac.

## Storms: My Life with Lindsey Buckingham and Fleetwood Mac Details

Date : Published July 1st 2007 by Chicago Review Press

ISBN :

Author : Carol Ann Harris

Format : Kindle Edition 401 pages

Genre : Music, Biography, Nonfiction, Autobiography, Memoir, Biography Memoir



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Carol Ann Harris**

## From Reader Review Storms: My Life with Lindsey Buckingham and Fleetwood Mac for online ebook

### Melanie Griffiths says

Well if you are a hardcore Fleetwood Mac fan, you will probably read this book, however if you are a fan you'll be very dubious of Harris' claims and question her account of the band on the whole. Clearly Harris is trying to paint herself like some naff, innocent, doe-eyed girl who 'stands by her man', who she's placed high on a pedestal. Everyone around her is out of control and selfish which really wears thin along with her 'oh my gosh' naivety. Harris' retelling of certain events just don't seem true, and she seems also deluded regarding Buckingham's real feelings for her (at one point, it's clear that Buckingham is hooking up again with Stevie Nicks), her drug taking and more bizarrely her place in FM machine (she talks about FM as if she was one of the members). At the end of the day, it's tawdry reading and not that well written but like everyone has mentioned it is quite salacious in parts, you just won't fully believe it.

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### Orchid says

Fascinating stories of jamming and doing coke in Eric Clapton's "Palace" while he was with Pattie Boyd, partying with Dennis Wilson and of course, touring with Fleetwood Mac, but while reading it I found myself trying to get outside "her version" of the story and wondered how events "really" happened. The part where she is incredulous that Stevie Nicks related Carol Anne nearly losing Lyndsey during a seizure to an incident where Nicks nearly lost her beloved dog to heat stroke just showed that the author has no concept of how *deeply* some people love their pets. Indeed, I wonder if Lyndsey ever loved either woman even as much as some men love their dogs. The way Carol writes about his love for her doesn't match the hostility I hear in his songs in "Tusk", especially in *What makes you think you're the one?*", but also in the opening lines of the song *Tusk* itself: *"Why don't you ask him if he's going to stay?"*.

Stevie has flat out denied ever requesting rooms be painted pink, but blithely admitted that "all [she] ever asked for -and got- was the presidential suite", and the book mentions the pink rooms, which makes me wonder how accurate some other facts were and how many things she repeated that she simply heard, but overall, a very entertaining bit of fun escapism.

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### Robin says

I read Howe's STEVIE NICKS: Visions, Dreams and Rumors -

[https://www.goodreads.com/review/show... -](https://www.goodreads.com/review/show...) and decided I needed to read this to get Harris' side of the story, and what a tale it is! She chronicles her love affair with Lindsey Buckingham--complete with stories of abuse--and dishes dirt on the rest of the band members and their inner circle. This is one of the books that you can't tear yourself away from but all the while you are going "Hmmmmm... interesting, but did that really happen?" and "How can anyone remember that much detail from 30 years ago [I had originally written "20" years but my math was off], especially when there was so much drug use?"

If you can't get enough of Fleetwood Mac's members' life stories, give this one a whirl, although I warn you that there is a lot of drama, plus it's not particularly well-written (there were a lot of unneeded adjectives and

descriptions) and rather lengthy.

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### **Siduri Moonshine says**

Carol Harris has weathered the, "storms" of the inner circle of Fleetwood Mac! Living in a world of drug abuse and other abuses that caused tears to fall in a torrential downpour at the drop of a hat. Carol lived in fear of when the next storm would blow in causing Lindsey's terrifying temper to blow up into a full scale category five force hurricane that resulted in wave after pounding wave of rage. Stevie sang, "Thunder only happens when it's raining!" Or does it? Seems where Lindsey is concerned thunder happens anytime! After all, Stevie did refer to this in one of her songs, "Storms", "Never a calm blue sea!" One really has to consider why Stevie wrote so many songs about stormy weather after reading, "Storms." I've seen Lindsey in concert a few times since the storm clouds have cleared out of his life. It seems a warm calming breeze has blown into his life. Lindsey is a tormented musical genius who seeks solace within his music.

And speaking of Stevie....this book is it Stevie fans, the closest we are ever going to get to a biography or other tale on her own tumultuous stormy life. Carol depicts the rise of Fleetwood Mac from being just another fledgling rock n roll band to super stardom glory with Rumours. She was in the right place at the right time and her account of life in the inner circle of Fleetwood Mac is the best primary account other than Mick Fleetwood's own story. Mick doesn't reveal to his readers the full scope of the inner torment and pain of this band consisting of egos and musical geniuses, but Carol does. Carol no longer had a vested interest in the band after she broke up with Lindsey so she was able to write such a voyeuristic saga. Carol reveals what the others wouldn't or couldn't. Many critics of her book are quick to point out she is dramatic and perhaps stretching the truth herself. One does have to question how she could possibly recall accurately and objectively details from the drug fueled days. Speaking of recall, sadly, the time has passed for any kind of accuracy in a book written by any one of the five band members that comprised the version of Fleetwood Mac that rose to rock and roll fame and lavished themselves in the excesses of the, "good life!" Stevie falters frequently in her renditions of the old days and stories from the past so much so that her credibility is questioned. Fans even wonder if dementia is setting in. The secrets of the inner circle shall naught be revealed. Tight lipped they are and the tales will go to the grave, no ghosts to haunt either! We only know what Mick, Lindsey, John, Stevie, and Christine want us to know. Lately it seems the band has given Stevie the power and she reigns as the voice for Fleetwood Mac in more ways than one. Soon all the members, one by one, will be carried out to that place in the Wide Sargasso Sea where The Chain will never be broken and storms rage and the Peacekeepers don't exist.

In the end Carol Harris has written of all the books out there on Fleetwood Mac and Stevie Nicks, the one with the most accuracy. Carol had the guts to write her book, "Storms" which has created a fury and storm among fans. Either way, love her or hate her, this is as close as fans are going to get to that long awaited auto-biography of Stevie or any of the Fleeting Five members. I rate this four stars due to it's lack of depth.

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### **Curt Basner says**

First off, I feel compelled to say that there were many passages in this book that were very well written, to the point where I found it difficult to believe that this lady, not a trained or experienced writer, could put such down on paper (or in electrons). There was some very nicely phrased writing, here and there.

With that compliment out of the way, this book was agonizing to read, and I am embarrassed to say that I completed it. Similar to the 'Making of Rumours' book by engineer Ken Caillat, but orders of magnitude worse, this book was all about the author. This woman simply could not say enough about how she was a 'part' of Fleetwood Mac. Clearly, she was, at the time, and remained, at the time of the book's writing, impressed with herself. For what earthly reason, one can only guess. She was merely 'there' contributing nothing but, apparently, to serve as a punching bag for Lindsey Buckingham. The writing became so repetitive and cloying that despite a desire to see how it all turned out, it was painful to continue on to the next page and read more of the same drivel. I must say, however, that one should not expect anything more from a book written by someone who claimed a desire to be an audio engineer, and further claimed to have some expertise in the field at age 22, when she obviously couldn't tell her posterior from a hole in the ground. Yes, sour grapes from someone who should have put the book down within the first 50 pages, as any hope that the book would improve was lost at every turn.

The melodrama couldn't be any greater, the hyperbole of everything she encountered could not have been greater. Because of this, any descriptions of things that may have genuinely had a serious impact on the author, like the episodes of violence she purported to experience at the hands of the brilliant but presumably unbalanced genius guitarist of Fleetwood Mac, Mr Buckingham, should be met with skepticism, perhaps not about whether they happened, but surely whether severity was even remotely close to how she described them. When small, insignificant things are described as monumental, there is nowhere left to go when describing things more significant. Thus, the book rapidly becomes tiresome, as does her incessant fawning over Mr. Buckingham and her impressive narcissism. If, however, you want to read what is most likely a fairy tale based on some level of reality, and want to try to get a feel of life with a rock star, this might be an okay read. If you're looking for a realistic account of what this kind of lifestyle is/was like, I'm guessing this would be far down an a list of such tomes.

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### **Sarah says**

This book was so so funny. It was like reading fan fiction with an author self-insert and the self-insert is a total Mary Sue.

My favorite thing was how at the beginning she tries to make Stevie Nicks out as super jealous of her. Yes yes Carol, I'm sure the woman who is so fierce that *Beyoncé herself* sampled her music is jealous of YOU.

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### **Belinda says**

I have been on a sort of Fleetwood Mac bio journey recently and this book had to figure in. My main interest is Stevie Nicks, but I am a huge fan of Fleetwood Mac as well and they are inextricably linked. Like most Stevie fan girls, I have also been very interested in Lindsey Buckingham and this book is one of the more Lindsey-centric books about Fleetwood Mac that is out there.

The book is written by a long term partner of Lindsey's who clearly had a profound effect on Lindsey and his music. Carol Ann Harris was the first real long time girlfriend of Lindsey's after his relationship with Stevie ended. She has an interesting background recording concerts before bootlegging was an illegal activity. She's a big music fan and is compelling figure on her own. This is a very interesting book--it has some big, juicy events in it and some gossip-y type material that is entertaining but overall for this type of book it is not particularly trashy. What makes it more compelling is that Lindsey Buckingham basically disputes almost everything in the book--as he would--he comes out very badly. There is physical abuse alleged, extreme

neglect and some really dark behavior that would make anyone ashamed. I'd like to believe it's false as I admire Lindsey as a musician but to be honest, it matches up with most of the other material I have read about him. The biggest conflict in information here is that each blames the other for their drug habits and bad behavior. Ms. Harris is pretty open about her drug use and that most of it began with her spending time with Fleetwood Mac. She admits that Lindsey mostly smoked weed which is pretty minor league considering the alcohol and cocaine use described here and in other books about the band. Whatever the reality is, this was a very rough period for this woman. It's pretty clear that Lindsey was the great love of her life and she highlights his positive qualities as well as the negative --he's clearly a very attractive figure--beautiful, intelligent and very gifted--but also vain in the extreme and extremely self involved. He's the type of Heathcliff figure that most women run into at some point in their lives and fall into like a black hole. It definitely took way more than I would have put up with to get Ms. Harris to walk away but she was financially dependent on him (partly due to his disliking her to work) and in his favor, he did help her financially for a period after the relationship ended. Despite how badly he seems to have treated her, she definitely still retains fond memories of him and their relationship so I don't dismiss her claims out of hand. My biggest criticism of her comes in her recollections of Stevie Nicks. She attempts to sound "fair" but really--who could be fair in her situation? Forced to be around her current partner's great love and a woman that would make most women feel inadequate, I can see why she would resent Stevie, but frankly she often comes off sounding like a mean girl. I know Stevie Nicks is not perfect, no matter how big a fan I am, and most people doing massive amounts of cocaine do some damn questionable stuff but I honestly do not believe some of the stories she tells about Stevie. They have an air of "I am trying not to sound like I am completely influenced by jealousy" but in reality, I suspect that colored much of her interactions with Stevie. Like most biographies, you will have to judge for yourself based on what passes the smell test with you and other information you read.

Overall, it was a very easy read, sad and complicated but enjoyable. Recommended if you are trying to form a complete picture of the band.

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### **Esther says**

So Fleetwood Mac were a guilty pleasure in my younger, trying to be cool days. They are still a pleasure in my older don't care days.

I was wondering if there was a history of the band type book, something salacious that gives the inside view of all the drama/drugs/inter band affairs and came across this book written by Lindsey Buckinghams girlfriend of the time. So its all that, gossip and scandal but sad as well. She's a pretty young girl, he's a controlling abusive dick and beats her up a few times. And how all of them are still alive given the blizzards of blow consumed is pretty incredible. The 70s were a strange time.

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### **Asm says**

This is definitely an interesting read for anyone who's a big fan of Fleetwood Mac, especially during the periods of "Rumours" and "Tusk", but it's hard to take everything that Carol Ann says at face value. If we are to believe her entire account, Lindsey was the one with all of the problems, while Carol Ann maintained the roll of martyr throughout their entire relationship.

While I'm sure that a lot of this book was based on her perception of the truth, I find it difficult to believe

that all of the conversations she cites were recalled verbatim (though it doesn't surprise me if she and Sara Fleetwood really did record a number of their gossip sessions). I do think that this sheds light into some of the inner workings of Fleetwood Mac, from the touring, drug use, affairs, health issues, etc. But does it paint an entirely accurate picture of the relationship between Lindsey and Carol Ann? Probably not.

I'm sure Lindsey's got his own side of the story, which may not be told through a tell-all autobiography, but through his music. Songs like "Caroline", "Go Insane", and "I Must Go" spin a bit of a different tale. Guess it's true when it's said that there are 3 sides to every story - in this case, hers, his & the truth.

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### **Hadessephy says**

I'm having a really bad case of book hangover. I finished this book and just stared at the back cover trying to figure out why this book was so god damn interesting and hard to put down. The hangover is horrible, gonna take an advil and go to bed.

\*\*edit\*\*

Now for a real review... Loved this. Great insiders peek into the rock star life. Other famous musicians showed up as well which was cool.

And lastly on much more serious note I have to say that this was a really eye opening account of domestic violence. It's just shocking and heart breaking that some people have gone through stuff like this and my heart goes out to her.

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### **Erin says**

This is one of the most horribly wonderful books I've ever read. It was poorly written and meandering and sometimes just didn't make sense, but it was also juicy, shocking, unintentionally hilarious, and filled with guilty pleasures.

The first thing to note is that, even if only half of this is true, Lindsey B. was a grade-A butthole. Carol Ann deserved whatever riches were coming to her for putting up with him and the rest of the band for over five years. Carol Ann certainly had lingering jealousies against Stevie; not only did she spell out Stevie's entire name upon every single reference of her in the book, but she made Stevie out to be a nasty witch. Carol Ann's lack of self-awareness here certainly underscores her portrayal of herself as the naive innocent in her time with FM.

And the writing. The writing! At one point, Carol Ann takes a paragraph to describe garlic bread. You're writing a book about Fleetwood Mac, lady. STOP IT. And the adverbs! There were so many, they ate some of the verbs whole.

This is a must for any Fleetwood Mac fan, but take it with a grain of salt. I kept craving more specific details about the band itself -- behind-the-scenes details about recording, writing, etc. -- but realized as I finished it that this was Carol Ann's book. As much as she probably saw in her years with FM, she wasn't a band member herself -- making this account limited in scope.

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### **Nina says**

Carol Ann Harris' account of her years with Lindsey Buckingham and the Fleetwood Mac family will resonate with anyone who has ever been a band chick. She writes of being shy and uncertain as to her place in the band family, as well as her early recognition that the band and the music would always come first. Having a relationship with Buckingham was a package deal; she would automatically have a relationship with his band as well.

Harris explores her frustration over her desire to care for and protect the health of Buckingham, while knowing that for him, the music was all that mattered. This is a well-written stereotypical story of a young girl who willingly surrenders her interests and career options for the man she loves. As the role of rhythm guitar player is to hang back and enable the lead guitar to shine, the role of band chick is to remain in the shadows, always supportive and encouraging, never voicing an opinion on musical direction.

Harris' descriptions of the prodigious drug and alcohol use within the Mac family, coupled with constant turmoil and tension, provide the framework for the disintegration of her relationship with Buckingham. Her pain is palpable when reading of her dream life turning into a nightmare. Avid Mac fans may not enjoy reading of the excess, nastiness and internal dissent, but Harris needed to tell her story in order to reclaim herself. This is her truth, her life, and another side of rock and roll.

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### **Dave says**

Guess I missed the part about the gun being place to her head, forcing her to participate in the madness known as late 70's era Fleetwood Mac.

This is the ageless story of girl meets boy and she falls in love despite his shortcomings. Except here the guy plays guitar in the world's biggest rock band. Harris easily plays the role of a hanger on and wanna be, putting up with shenanigans and domestic violence in exchange regular communion in the party lifestyle. Fortunately Harris doesn't transcend to play the role of a Yoko Ono. Unfortunately, she offers precious few insights into the music—but it's not like LB was routinely writing killer tracks anyways at this time. These were supposed to be the good years; massive concerts, jet setting, music awards, 6 figure checks, drugs and parties galore, meeting celebrities, quitting the day job to travel with your boyfriend's band, being asked to pose nude, etc... Yet in the end our bubble headed heroine paints it as an awkward, dark and dreary time. "Storms" does include some good FM tour stories - Lindsey's Philly gran mal seizure and Lindsey's walking out of an Elvis (Almost Blue era) Costello concert in disgust are hard to beat. It seems the biggest jab she can muster against Lindsey's is naming the book after a Stevie Nicks song! (A key song from "Tusk" – a very much "Lindsey" record.) She's sweet as pie thru out, but putting up with it all for 8 years, does not necessarily a survivor story make.

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### **Jacinta says**

I just finished reading this book and tend to agree with other reader's comments that there are many inconsistencies in this story that leave the reader wondering how much is true and how much is fantasy...it's

also difficult to believe certain incidents took place the way they are described by Carol Ann when all the info I can find on the breakup between Lindsey and her describe it very differently. That is, that Carol Ann was evicted from their Bel Air house for her drug addiction problems by Lindsey, and not how Carol Ann would have us believe in her book. There are many instances in this story where things are left out, Carol Ann's role in them is not spoken about, and other times when things come across as blatant lies, such as the car accident in which Carol Ann claims to haphazardly glance down at her seatbelt which is undone, buckle it up as an afterthought, then ploughs her car headfirst into a tree. This, and similar incidents, struck me as the typical manipulative behaviour of someone with a Personality Disorder's desperate attempts to hold on to a relationship. The drug use by Carol Ann herself is also brushed over, and knowing personally and professionally (from my work as a drug and alcohol counsellor) the addictive qualities of cocaine myself, I found it hard to believe that she did not suffer withdrawals or any other after-effects from going cold turkey after touring, as she claims to have done in this book. It left me wondering, above all, what elements of her relationship with Lindsey were actually true, as given the inconsistencies throughout the book, her story does not seem very credible. Many other questions went through my mind as I read this story, and that in itself, was distracting and added to my difficulty in believing her version of events. Watching the grammys she described on youtube last night, I once again was left wondering when Lindsey appeared to have no trouble getting up on stage, whereas she describes him as having needing to be carried up....hhhmmmm...

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## **Victoria says**

My top read of 2007!

As anyone who knows me will attest, I'm a sucker for a tell-all rock autobiography and this is certainly one of the best.

No one in the Fleetwood Mac inner circle has ever written their memoirs, so this book provides a highly anticipated and fascinating insight into the decadent world of 70's rock.

Harris's style is unapologetically dramatic and wildly romantic - it's all chiffon and velvet, candles and cocaine. It could irritate many readers, but not me. Her tone perfectly matches the era and the fantastical story she's telling. To do it any other way would be an injustice.

From the (literal) highs of the band's uber success with Rumours, to life on the road and the druggy stage rituals, from the on-going fights to the eventual descent into drink and drug hell, Harris revels in revealing all, leaving no stone unturned.

It's both predictable (cocaine and alcohol abuse, Nick's hatred of Harris) and surprising (Buckingham's alleged physical violence towards Harris, his epilepsy). It opens the lid on Fleetwood and Nick's affair and his eventual defection with Sara Racour (Harris's best friend), Fleetwood's financial ineptitude, Christine McVie's turbulent affairs with Curry Grant and Dennis Wilson and Nick's brief, bizarre marriage which she later came to completely forget.

It's a cracking Jackie Collins-esque read. As soon as I'd finished, I turned back to the first page to start again. There's so much to absorb and every word of it's a cracker.

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