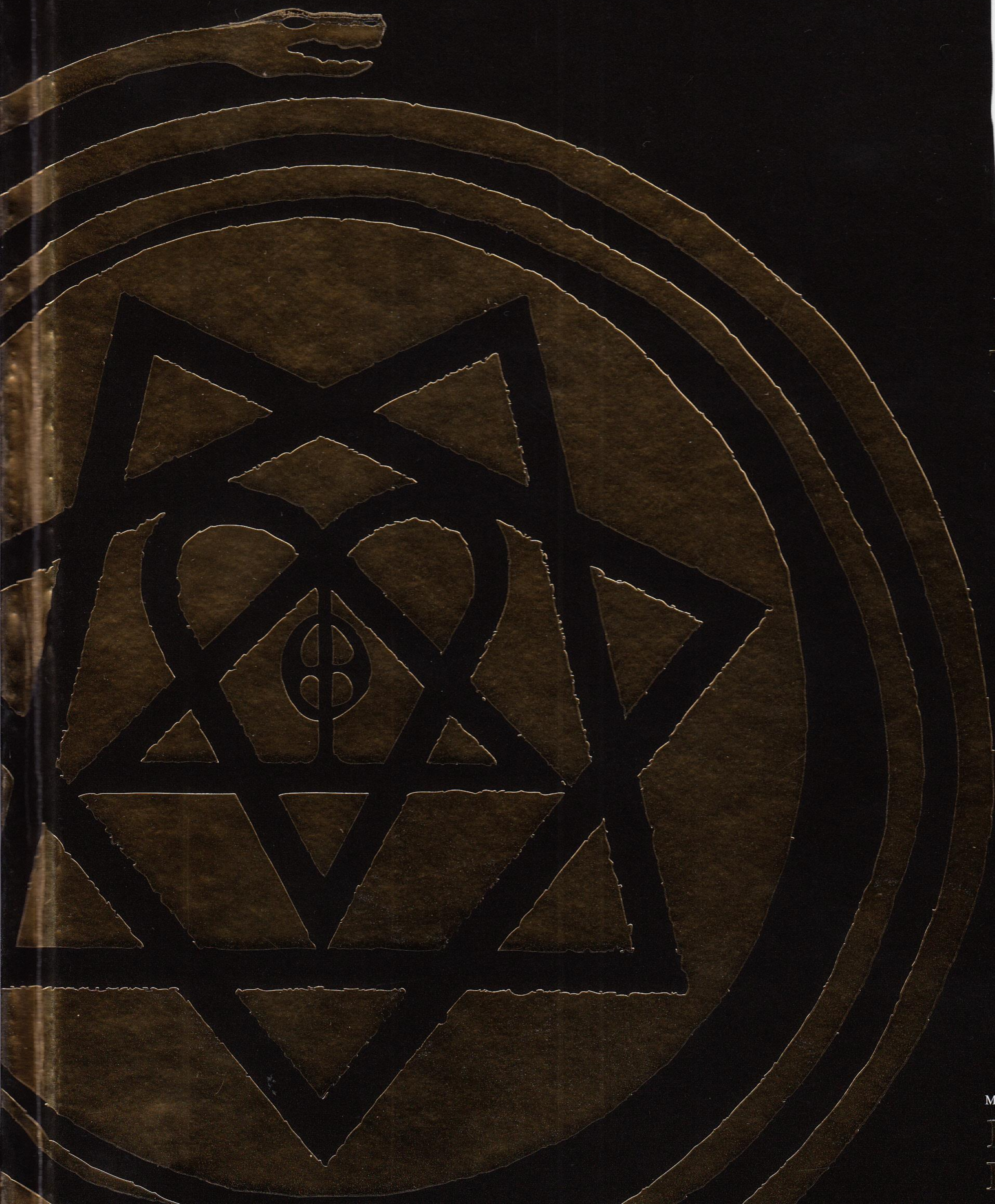


METAL HAMMER

PRESENTS



THE STORY OF  
TEARS ON TAPE



METAL HAMMER ISSUE 243

LIMITED  
EDITION



METAL HAMMER



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## THE RETURN OF VILLE VALO

"I'M BACK FROM THE EDGE"

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*Plus!*

THE NEW ALBUM

"There's a darkness we need to feel"

THE NEW VIDEOS

On the set of Into The Night and Tears On Tape

THE NEXT CHAPTER

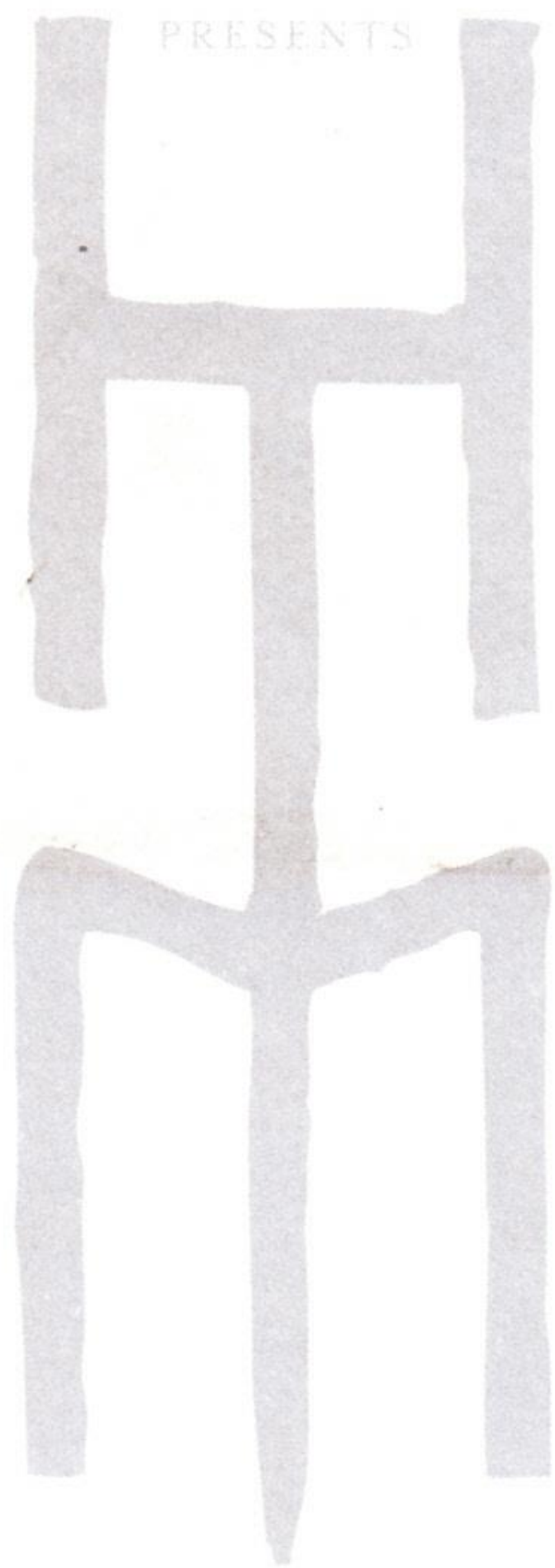
"This is our resurrection"





METAL HAMMER

PRESENTS



THE STORY OF  
TEARS ON TAPE









LARS: "METALLICA FELT F\*CKED, SO WE F\*CKED BACK"

# METAL HAMMER

THE HISTORY OF METAL BIBLE



*"There's a darkness we need to feel"*  
Ville Valo

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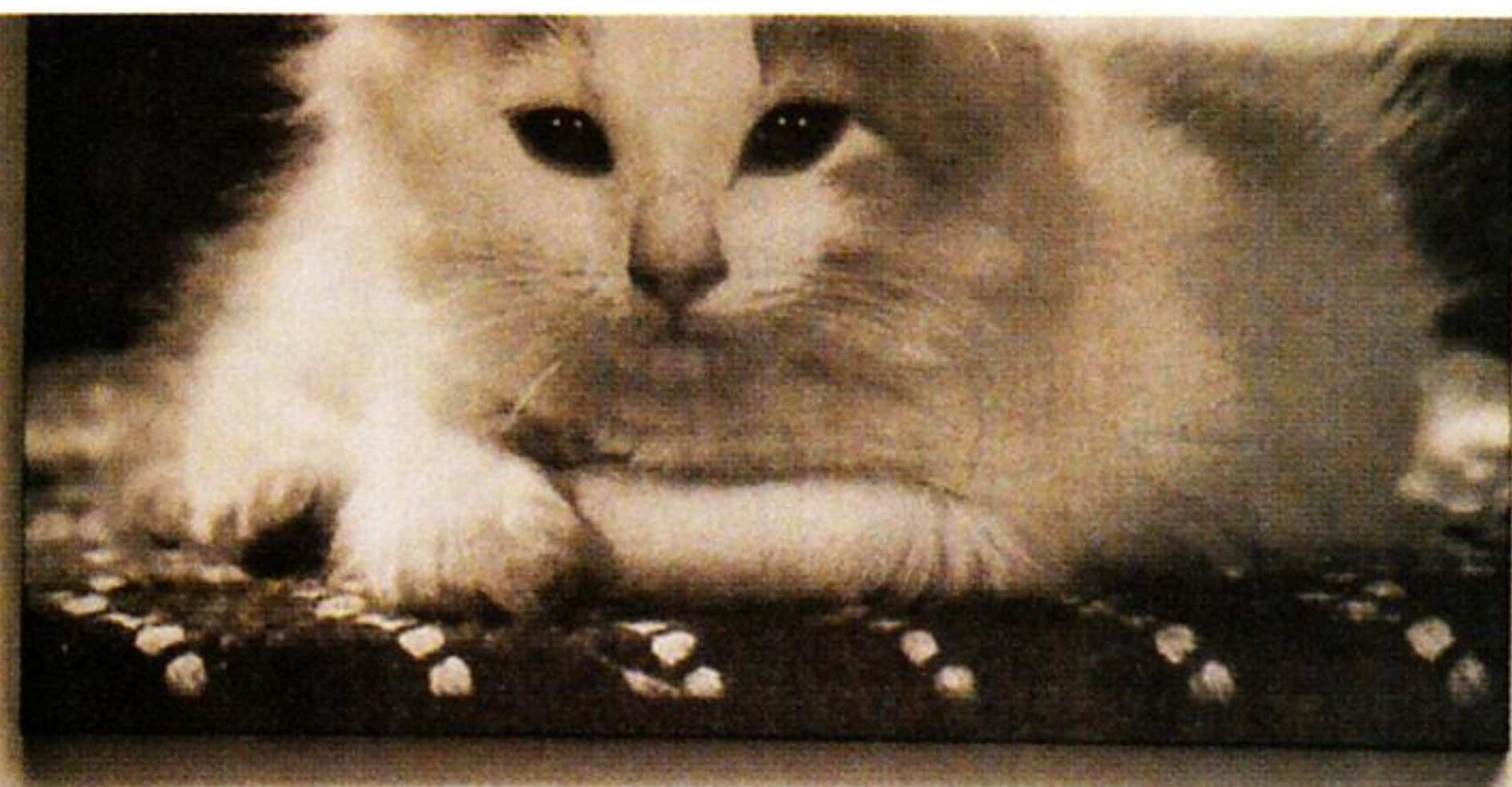



# HIM

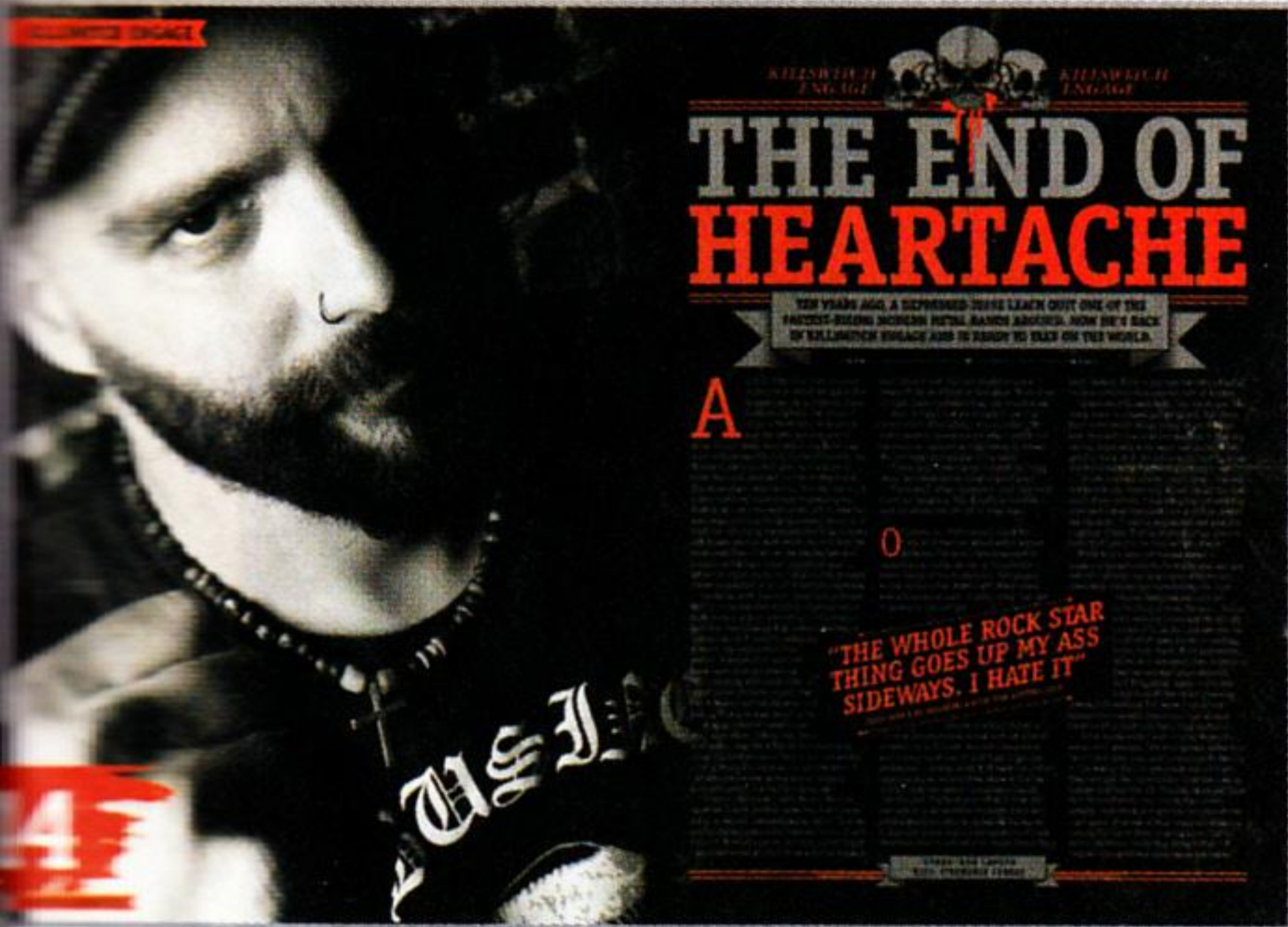
HIM

36

Just two years ago, Ville Valo and his HIM comrades disappeared off the face of the Earth. Now the gothic rockers are back, and they have invited *Metal Hammer* into their frostbitten lair in Helsinki. Better wrap up warm then...

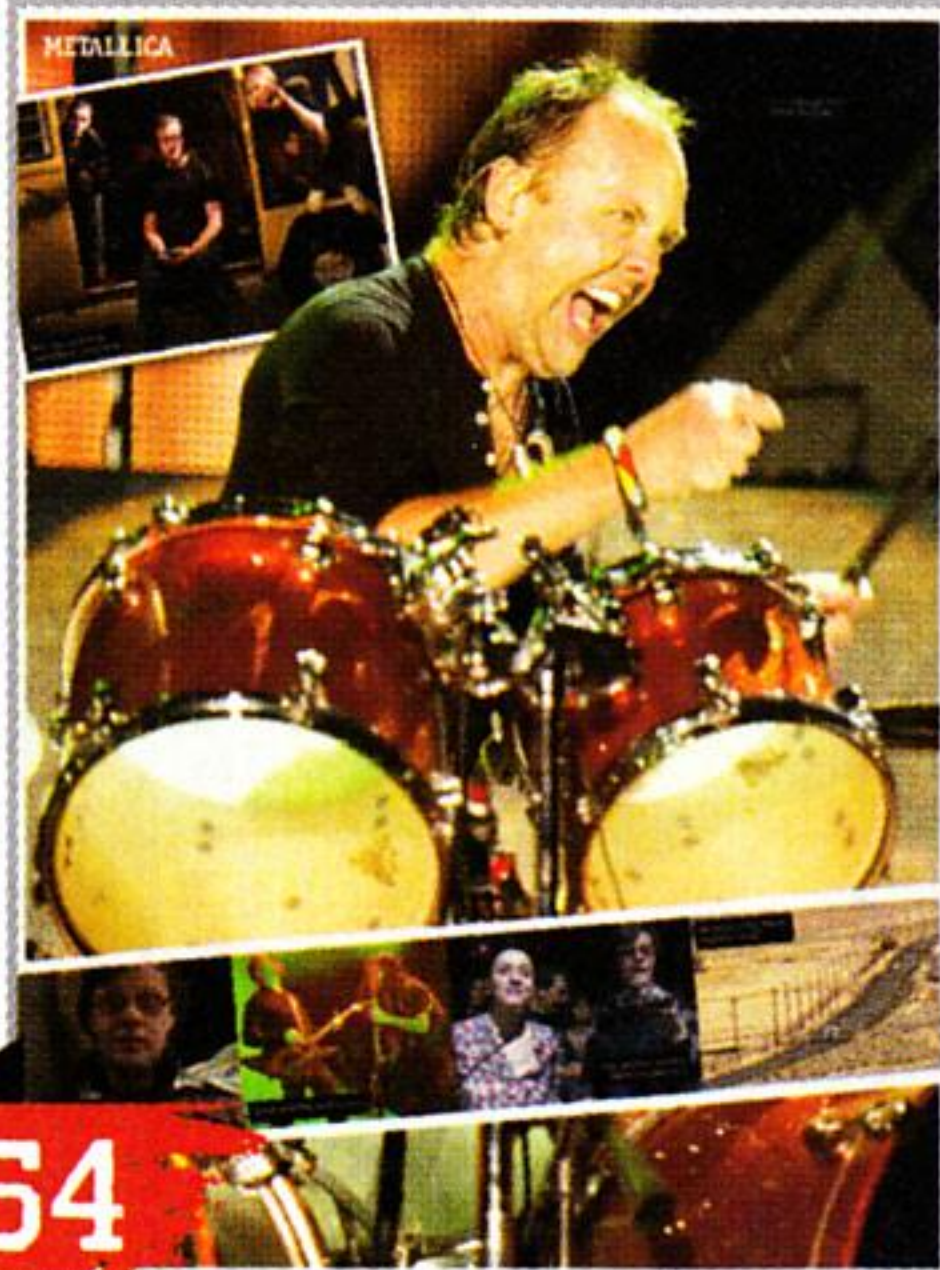


Kruununhaara  
Eläintar



## KILLSWITCH ENGAGE

After recording one raging beast of a comeback, we find out how Jesse Leach is settling back in.



54

## MISSION TO LARS

We go behind the scenes of the tear-jerking documentary.



68

## STONE SOUR

Back with the second part of their *House Of Gold & Bones* double album, Corey and Josh talk about shaking off the side-project tag Stone Sour becoming recognised as a band in its own right.



HM







His Infernal Majesty on thick ice (left to right): Burton, Mige, Ville, Gas, Linde



# MOTHER NORTH

WORDS: ALEXANDER MILAS

PICS: JOHN MCMURTRIE

TWO YEARS AGO HIM'S BEATING HEART STOPPED, AND VILLE HERMANNI VALO DISAPPEARED FROM PUBLIC VIEW. THEY GAVE HAMMER A TOUR OF THEIR HOMETOWN HELSINKI'S VARIOUS HAUNTS, AND A POWERFUL LESSON IN FRIENDSHIP.

**I**n 1835 Elias Lönnrot published *The Kalavela*, an epic poem based on the songs, oral histories, and colourful pagan mythology he'd spent years collecting from up and around the culturally disparate assemblage of frostbitten regions we now know as Finland. Credited as the first expression of a Finnish national identity, the 22,795-line masterpiece was the crucial first step toward the snowy, windswept country's declaration of political independence from Russia in 1917, and its magically laced storyline has sparked the imagination of writers as diverse as JRR Tolkien and British sci-fi legend Michael Moorcock.

Today, as the collected members of HIM will explain from the back of a 12-seater minibus currently giving *Metal Hammer* a guided tour of Helsinki, the preponderance of blue and white Finnish flags blowing in the arctic wind today is no accident, because this

is Kalavela Day, a national commemoration of Elias Lönnrot's literary vision. Unsurprisingly, many Finns choose to ignore days like today as the result of years in primary school having the significance of the Kalavela drilled into them with the kind of bonhomie reserved for guests of Camp X-Ray. And yet, were Elias Lönnrot alive today, you have to wonder whether the celebrated philologist would include HIM in his story, because in just a few weeks the next chapter in Finland's biggest export since Hanoi Rocks' ongoing saga is about to begin.

So then, shouldn't we be having a Kalavela barbecue or something?

"Fuck no," snaps Ville, lighting a cigarette and smirking. "It's a big day for Nazis and black metallers. Let's hit our studio instead. It's our place of turmoil, and..." he pauses, a Cheshire-grin spreading across his chiselled features. "Let's call it our place of resurrection."





A world-first view of HIM's rehearsal room

“WE WERE WEEPING LIKE LITTLE BABIES, TRYING TO FIGURE OUT IF TO CONTINUE, AND IF SO, HOW?”

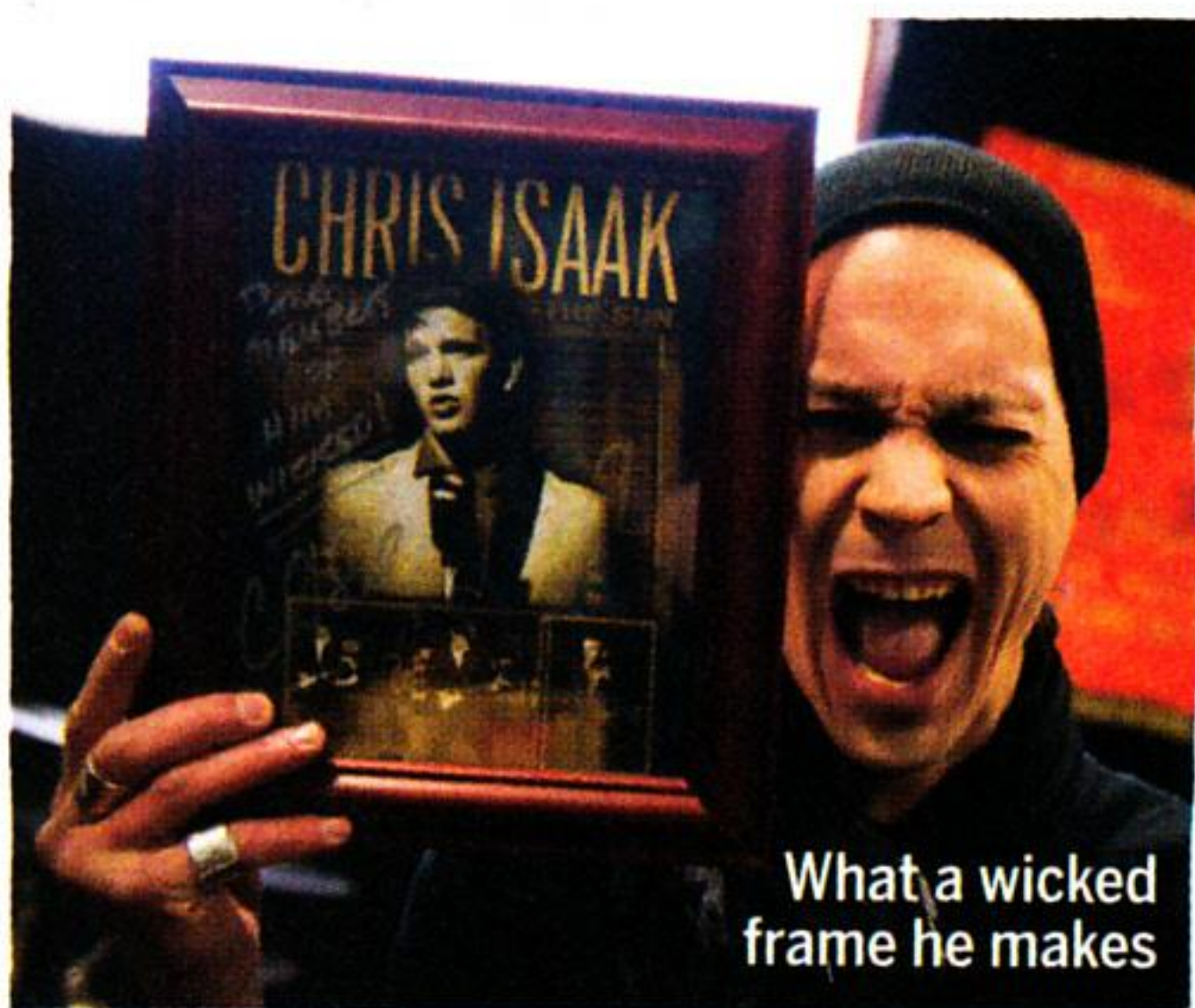
VILLE ON HIM'S HEARTRENDING CONUNDRUM

**I**f there's a hell for OCD sufferers then it probably looks something like HIM's rehearsal room. Secretively tucked away in the upper bowels of one of Helsinki's better-known rock venues, it's in this artfully decorated shithole that HIM have gotten their sweat on to the tune of over eight million records sold. For the last 10 years it's been their hub of writing, demoing and readying for whatever gig or tour sits on the horizon. Strwn about the ceiling-high valve amps and the kind of bizarre detritus you could only accumulate from years on the road are endless tangles of cables, power strips, and strange-looking analogue recording equipment. An ancient setlist is scrawled on a wall by a velvet Lenin, a large assortment of brassieres betray no secrets as they hang from a large neon drink sign, and everywhere – but primarily on keyboardist Burton's comically oversized console – are ashtrays overstuffed with fag-ends from days and nights spent here in exile from Helldrinky's many avenues of excess. Aside from local compatriots Amorphis, who occasionally share this space (and who Ville grumpily refers to as “fucking Amorphis” based on the number of beer cans discarded on the floor from a session the night before), we're the first outsiders here, and yet this visit's as spontaneous as any visit to a local pub. A signed, framed glossy of Chris Isaak which Ville is particularly proud of sits atop a disused piano, and beside it is a fake human skull covered in hair which, as bassist Mige proudly explains, enjoys status as the band's most valued totem. “That's all taken from our heads,” he explains with the enthusiasm of a kid-brother grossing out a tortured sibling. “We've glued it on there over the years. It just seemed like a good idea at the time, but it's brought us a lot of luck.”

Precisely how much luck it's brought is debatable. It's here that the story of *Tears On Tape* began, curiously, with an event that stopped HIM's 20-year ascent dead in its tracks, and forced the quietly spoken quintet to question their motives as artists and as friends, and it's a tale of loyalty and karma repaid that would have easily seen lesser bands dissolve under the strain.



Ville and the band's hairy mascot



What a wicked frame he makes



Heart On A Box

It was two summers ago, when, in the middle of a writing session for the follow-up to 2010's *Screamworks: Love In Theory And Practice*, that drummer Gas Lipstick stood up and confessed he couldn't do it anymore. Far from a statement of desire, a fire-like pain in his right arm – the result of endless repetitive stress placed on it by relentless touring and his superhuman proclivity for taking on side-projects – had become so paralyzing and unbearable that the lifelong sticksman could simply do no more. With that uniquely Finnish mastery of understatement, he simply revealed one day that he couldn't do it anymore.

“We'd started working on riffs and new ideas and suddenly it seemed like Gas wasn't doing so well, and he was playing a bit quieter,” says Ville, looking serious as he recalls the doomed day. “We were like, ‘If something's wrong go to a doctor.’ And he was like, ‘Nah, it'll be fine.’ By the next rehearsal we were in the middle of a song and he just went, ‘Guys, I can't play anymore.’ It was out of the blue. It was like he didn't want to spoil the vibe of the band by complaining about it. I wish he had.”

What would follow would be a life-sapping period of inactivity for the group as their longtime friend would be relegated to the sidelines under doctor's orders to do nothing. As Ville recalls, an acutely frustrating trial would follow whereby every few weeks a specialist would examine Gas's arm and, heartbreakingly, recommend another six to eight weeks of total rest. According to the assembled troupe, it'd have been different if it was a year off, but the hurry-up-and-wait nature of the prognosis held them in a hostage-like stasis that began to drive them bonkers: no gigs, no rehearsals and no progress. Ville has never been one for the passenger-seat, insisting on approving every aspect of HIM's career from tour-routing to merch-designs to dissecting every note of recorded output to the nth degree. For over 20 years being in band has been his sole endeavour, so you wouldn't be wrong for asking yourself why they didn't just recruit someone else, but then there's more to Gas than his almost obsessive-love for Dave Lombardo or his formidable abilities honed in deathgrind projects like *To Separate The Flesh From The Bones*. Sure, his playing anchors HIM's unique brew of heavy-riffing melancholy in the world of metal, but there's more to it than that.







Ville gives his thoughts on ditching bandmates





Ville: purple vein



Gas: still hitting the drums too hard



HIM: bowed, but unbroken

# “YOU CAN FUCK UP ROYALLY, BUT YOU DON’T FALL AS HARD WHEN YOU AREN’T DRINKING, THAT’S ALL”

## VILLE ON THE ADVANTAGES OF SOBRIETY

The answer to their conundrum came many months ago when the band themselves asked the very same question, not out of impatience, but because Gas’s overriding sense of guilt at the holdup was doing him no favours. Solemnly, the group gathered in this very space to face a very difficult question: not whether to fire Gas, but what kind of people they were.

“We had a very fateful evening,” says Ville, twirling a cross around his neck. It belonged to his mother and contains a key to a long-lost diary. Naturally.

“We started speculating what to do, and all of a sudden everybody became so emotional. You try to figure stuff out intellectually – to solve this puzzle, but it falls pieces when your heart starts talking and emotions get involved. It was a very big deal, it was devastating,” he says, clutching at the large, brass crucifix. “You’re waiting for months at a time, rapping your fingers on armchairs, and thinking of what you’d rather be doing, and thinking of poor Gas. He’s been drumming since he was five, we’ve known him since we were kids. We had that meeting and we were weeping like little babies, trying to figure out if to continue, and if so, how? Obviously if I got hit by lightning I’d want the guys to continue. The show must go on...”

But where lightning may have spared these modest troubadours, they’ve not been without their share of career-threatening strife. As documented in these very pages, it was just a few short years ago that HIM faced their greatest challenge when, one day in May of 2007 and having just released their sixth album *Venus Doom*, Ville checked himself into rehab after being told by a doctor that months on the lash had left him so dehydrated that his body was shutting down. A calamitous headliner at London’s Earls Court a few weeks before had left many wondering whether it was the end for the band whose love for the growl of Sabbath and the forlorn, sardonic wit of Type O had earned them the first-ever American Gold record



An ancient Hellzone Festival setlist



Mige does his best Gene impression

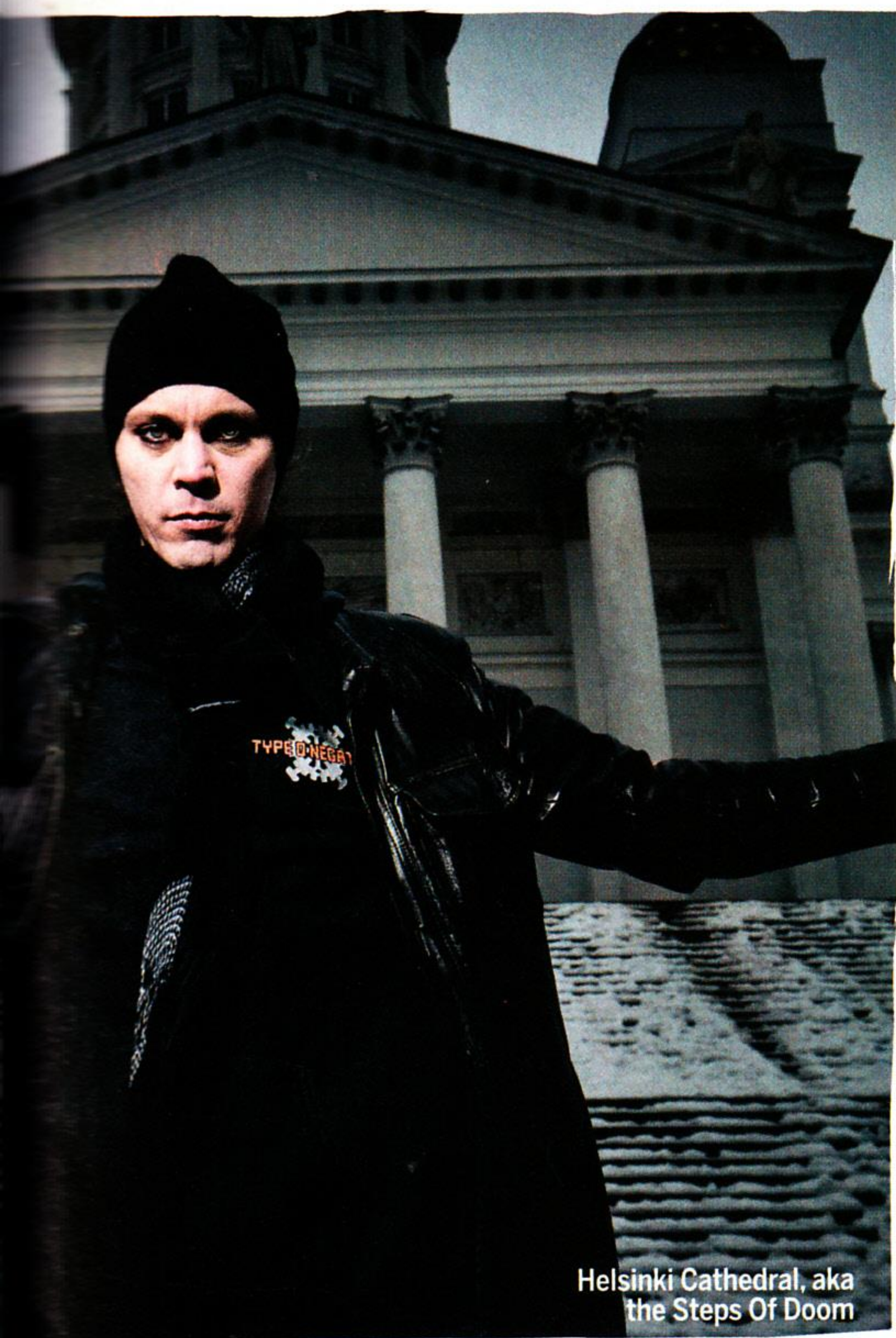
by a Finnish band. But Ville would recover, and his bandmates would stand by him in a gesture of fidelity that could only be repaid by how the band behaved in the face of their most recent experience of adversity. And make no mistake: there have been others.

“There’s been a tragedy every album,” the baritone crooner admits with his usual, disarming candour. “With *Venus Doom* it was my insomnia and drink and drugs, because that’s what you do – you start self-medicating, but it’s good to be close to cracking, you should find out what the edge is for you. You can fuck up royally – your relationships, your relationship with the band, being creative, being uncreative, hurting people’s feelings – you don’t fall as hard when you aren’t drinking, that’s all.”

And with that, he grabs a beer from his bag and the band, without forewarning about what’s to happen strike up what must be the smallest HIM gig in history – *Buried Alive By Love* is storming, and – in these tiny confines, utterly bone-jarring. It’s easy to trip over Linde’s gigantic assortment of pedals before finding a perch near Burton’s keys to get a view of the action. HIM, without blinking, launch into the Stooges-loving tirade of *Into The Night* with a gleeful, almost punkish abandon before *Tears On Tape*, lead by Burton’s expansive keyboards, spearheads something anthemic, memorable, and easily the most powerful condensation of the Finns’ inimitable sound since 03’s *Love Metal* established their global pre-eminence. Inches away from a band that’s played to tens of thousands, it’s hard not to focus on Gas and how hard he pounds the skins. There’s something triumphant in the air now, an urgency and insistence fuelling these songsmiths that, as they’ll later confess, isn’t imagined – *Tears On Tape*, produced by Hiili Hiilesmaa of *Love Metal* fame, is a record they can’t wait to kick out the door, an amalgamation of so many frustrations and delays that the only thing now is to come full circle. But it’s with extra gusto that Gas drums, that he powers







Helsinki Cathedral, aka the Steps Of Doom

through – it's hard not to be moved by the scene, which, reading the faces here – signifies relief and reassurance that they can still do it. They've only played a handful of times since shit went down, just once in front of a home-crowd at Ville's own Helldone festival. For a group shouldering a global fanbase's weight of expectation, they do it with the aid of a few beers.

At 36 years old, Ville Valo still cuts a striking figure but it's with the wisdom of someone who's run life's gauntlet once or twice that he reflects on his life's events. He remains, as ever, a master of metaphor, and relates the raw, Sabbath-loving heaviness to having a hot girlfriend who, after awhile, you politely ask to wear some different lingerie. "You still want the girl," he says, winking. "You just wanna try something new."

It's late and, around the corner from Tavastia, the legendary venue that, many years ago, confirmed HIM's readiness to take the world's stage, Gas is kicking the living shit out of Ville in a game of pool. It's here where they blow off steam, where in the rare down-times that they return to the status of mere mortals, where...

"Ville?"

A girl on an adjacent table stops the game and asks for a picture. "I can't believe you're real..." she says. The band are obliging, Gas patiently taking the photo, and she returns to her match, her day made. As with the rest of the band, Gas is obscured by a quiet humility, a drive to get the job done and leave Ville to do the talking that slightly overshadows a charming jocularity that perhaps understates what he's just been through.

"The truth is I didn't know what I was going to do," says Gas, whose affability and warmth is infectious. A minute with him confirms why his brethren were so very protective of him beyond his formidable skills behind the kit. "I've been doing this since I was a little kid, always hitting things as hard as I could, it was the hardest period in my life."

Conversation swiftly shifts to Slayer's recent, painfully public dramas. Ville downs another beer. It's surprising, but he's bemused by the mention of wagons – the decision to get sober was, after all, his own.



## SIGNS OF THE TIMES

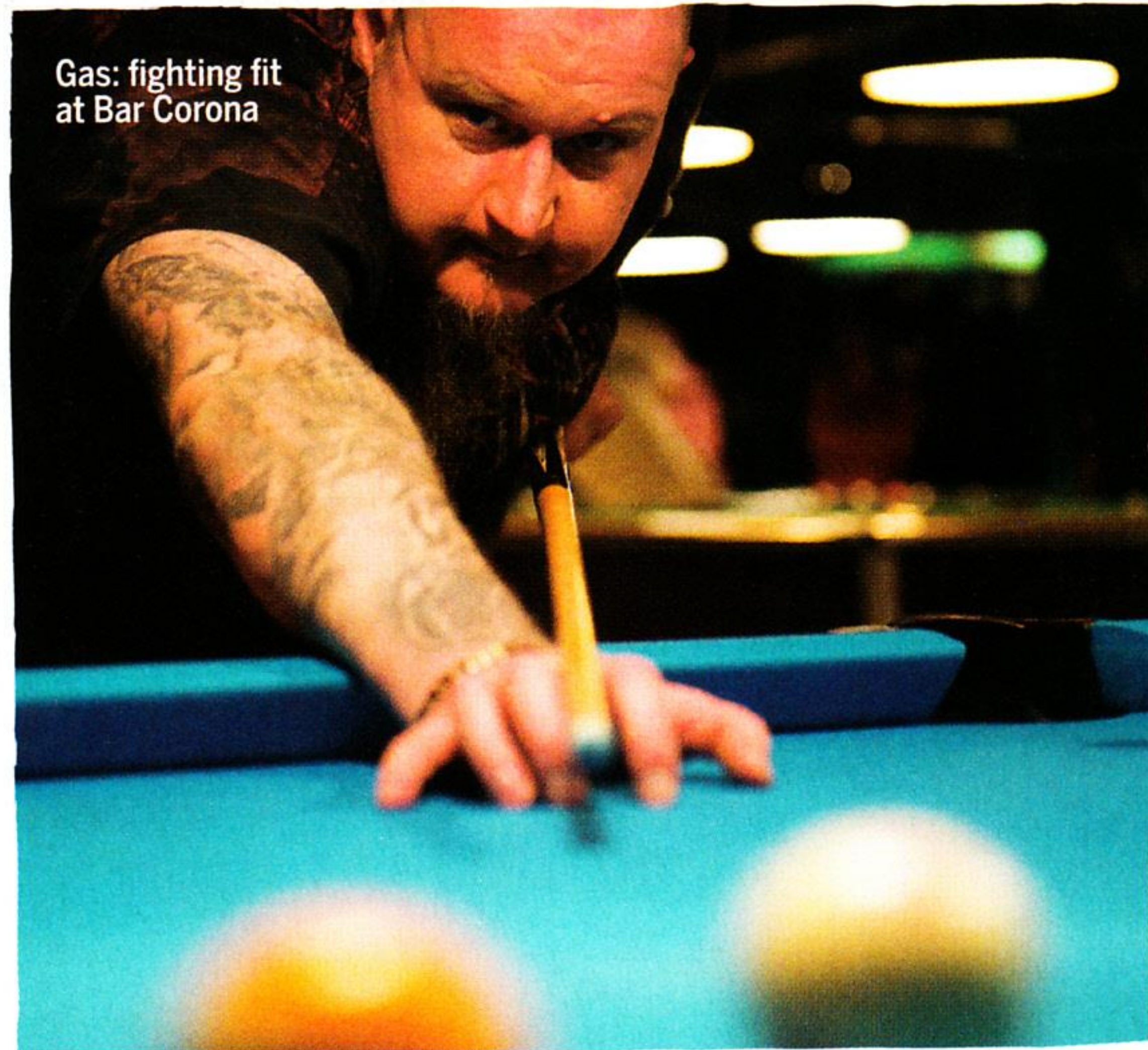
**TEARS ON TAPE HERALDS A NEW, HEAVIER SOUND FROM HIM AND A NEW TAKE ON THEIR MOST ICONIC DESIGN.**

**T**ears On Tape heralds the evolution of the Heartagram via exclusive new artwork designed by Brit rock polymath Daniel P Carter. The Heartagram is HIM's sigil – an icon often associated with the worlds of astrology, magic and the occult that is believed to have some inherent power.

"It's what I call pseudo-occult art," Ville tells *Hammer*. "I like that it mixes up all kinds of occult stuff. There's a Scandinavian influence, Kabbalistic influence and some Crowley involved. I just said to Dan, 'Work your magic!' When someone's really talented, it's great to see how they see the band or see the visuals without you saying too much."

Among the best-known sigils is the one created by 16th century occultist and astronomer John Dee, who blurred the lines between science and magic. Dee claimed to have summoned angels, thus learning the language that provided the basis of Dee's Sigil Of Dei Ameth (the sigil of God's truth). Not every noted sigil derives from such arcane practices, but the phenomenon has been a significant feature of a variety of philosophies and religious beliefs. Sigils have been widely used in underground rock and metal too, most notably by legendary UK goth masters Fields Of The Nephilim.

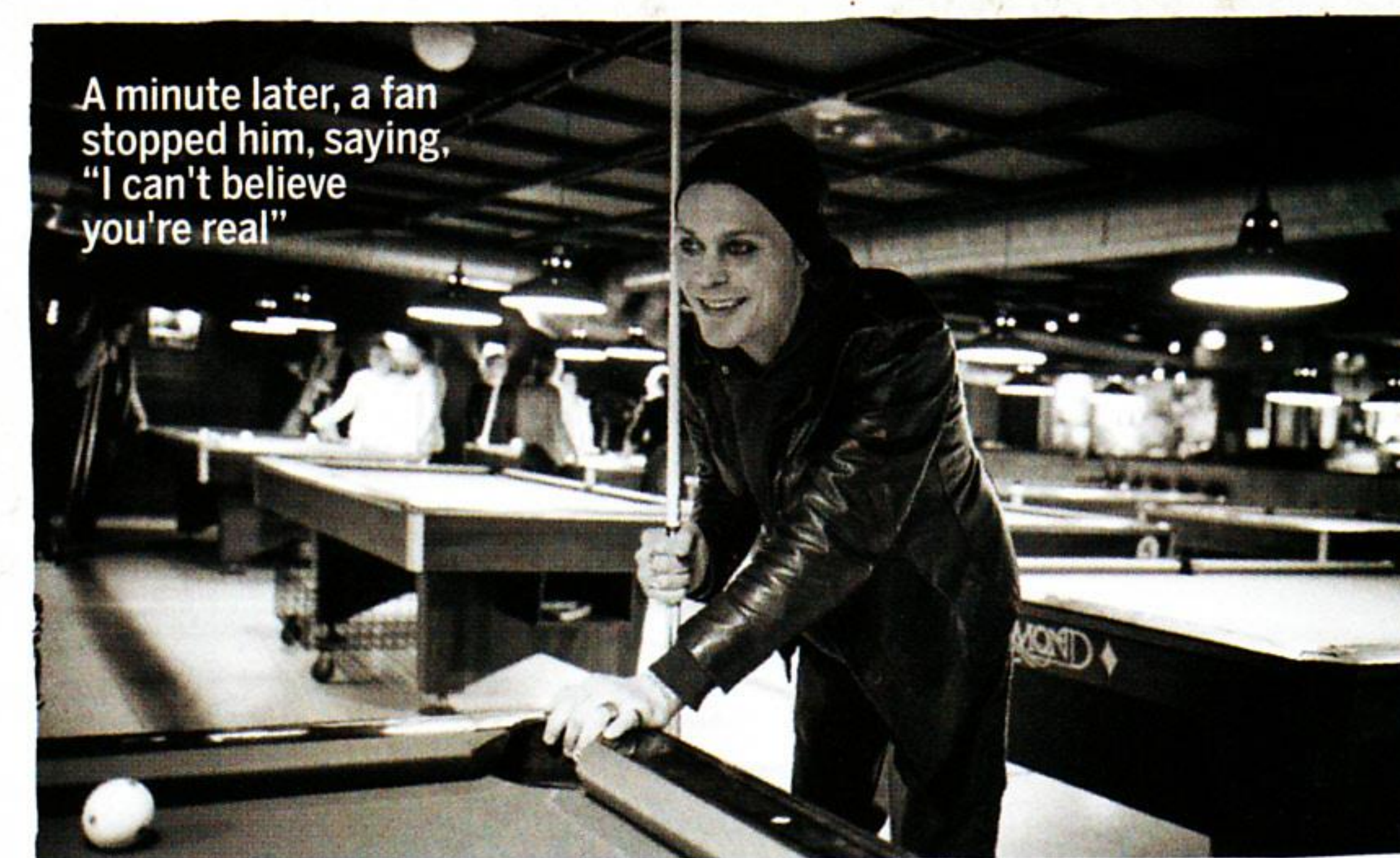
While Ville has never made any claims about the mystical powers of the Heartagram, it is a symbol that has huge value to the band, and to their diehard fans who often get the symbol tattooed. The *Tears On Tape* art will provide those fans with plenty to speculate about, thanks in part to the tremendous amount of detail that Daniel P. Carter has included in the cover and packaging.



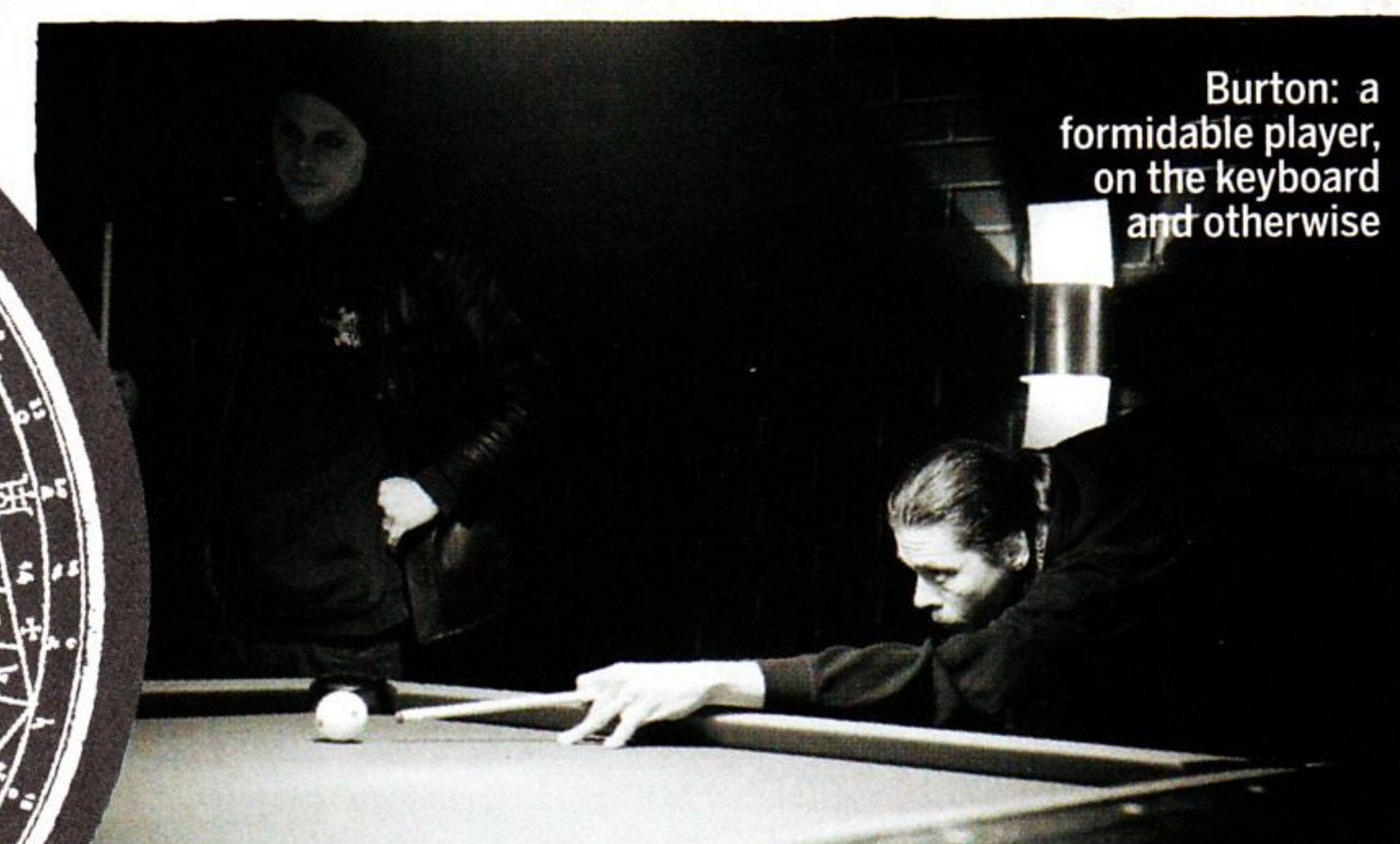
Gas: fighting fit at Bar Corona



Ville Valo: corner pocket



A minute later, a fan stopped him, saying, "I can't believe you're real"



Burton: a formidable player, on the keyboard and otherwise





HIM noir at the Hotel Kamp



"This is what happened to the last journalist who tripped on a guitar lead..."

"I think that you have to play with fire to be alive," says Ville of his rekindled relationship with Bacchus. "Everybody needs to get burned, and I have, but I'm taking it easy. Cracking open a beer and writing? It's a perfect drug for creation. The only thing that's tough, especially for this particular idiot, is to find a balance."

As we filter out into the cold Helsinki air, he'll explain how the beating heart of HIM is the friendship that underlies their every decision – while outsiders may view them as a singer and band, these longtime collaborators stand as equals. The solidarity they showed when Ville was at his lowest ebb was the same unity that kept them together through Gas's tribulation, and make no mistake – it's far from over. As our breath crystallises in the cold night air, we stroll to one of Helsinki's many central squares, where the city's central cathedral casts an imposing figure over the nighttime scene. "Ah yes, the steps of doom," he says. "We've spent a lot of time there."

Are you grateful the band stood by you?

"It's tough to say," he says, the pained expression on his face making it clear this is still a sensitive subject. "Obviously, you know..." exhaling a plume of Marlboro. "I was highly flattered by the patience, but when you are struggling through your own personal maelstrom you don't realise what's going on around you, because you're in the depths of the abyss. All of our shit's hit the fan at some point. Whenever anyone needs a pat on the back, a sincere talk, we're all here for that. That's real friendship. I see it all more clearly now."

Of course, the tribulations for this band are far from over. After all, it's been over two years since their last release and it'd be foolish to simply assume that your fans have stuck around in today's ever-accelerating

METAL HAMMER PRESENTS

TEARS ON TAPE

WHAT TO EXPECT FROM HIM'S UPCOMING FANPACK!



The arrival of the brand new HIM album, *Tears On Tape*, would be a big enough event on its own, but *Hammer* is conspiring with the band to make the release an even more momentous occasion. On April 29, we will be unleashing *Metal Hammer Presents HIM: Tears On Tape*, a special fanpack edition of the album, replete with an exclusive 132-page magazine devoted entirely to the band and their past, present and future, a special edition of the new album with two bonus tracks that will not be available anywhere else and a giant door poster. His Infernal Majesty Ville Valo himself has acted as editor during the making of the magazine, overseeing its dizzying array of brand new features covering everything from the making of *Tears On Tape* and the history of the Heartagram through to a comprehensive review of the HIM back catalogue and an extensive gallery of never-before-seen photos from the band's private collection. The fanpack will be available from newsstands or by ordering from [www.myfavouritemagazines.co.uk/HIM](http://www.myfavouritemagazines.co.uk/HIM) which will earn you the added bonus of an exclusive HIM drawstring bag. Even better, Ville has personally signed 1,000 collectible HIM postcards that will be hidden in random copies of the fanpack.

"I think the whole band was super-flattered about the idea and then we were like, 'Oh Lord! 100-plus pages about our band! It's going to be boring!'" Ville tells *Hammer*. "And that's when the mental struggle began. It's a journey to get there, to make it something interesting and hopefully something that will be interesting to people who are not necessarily well-acquainted with our band. We've never been claimed to have reinvented the wheel. We're just part of a big tradition. All our riffs come from some place... mostly the Iommi place!"



Avoiding the cold at Bar Moscow

"YOU HAVE TO PLAY WITH FIRE TO BE ALIVE. EVERYONE NEEDS TO GET BURNED"

VILLE, IN PRAISE OF BACCHUS

carousel of hopefuls. It's with some anxiety that Ville anticipated the release of his latest opus – in today's ephemeral world of tweets, status updates and our newly developed, highly detailed awareness of the personal goings-on of our world's various heroes. And, in case you're online right now, you're unlikely to learn what he just had for breakfast.

"Ninety-nine per cent of social media is bullshit," he says, flatly. "I want to know what world Carl McCoy is creating, what he's feeling, not what kind of coffee he drinks. I like the fact that I don't know everything about him."

So then, what about your return?

"The fact is there's not a lot to tell – I mean, nothing was going on and then we broke our radio silence, and started rehearsing – we wanted to see if we were still in shape to play, to see if we could still riff, and most importantly to see if we could still smile while we're doing it. You do wonder if the chemistry is still there, people can drift apart, but that's not what we were doing

But it's clear HIM are undergoing something of a resurrection. Early tomorrow, they'll begin shooting two videos with old friend and director Stefan Lindfors, who shot their classic *Funeral Of Hearts* video, and he'll require Ville's full attention. A different man from an earlier chapter may have thrown caution to the wind and plunged into the depths of Helldrinky's many, many late-night dives. We say our goodbyes and he disappears into the frigid night. It's clear that only time will tell what the dawn will bring. ✨

**METAL HAMMER PRESENTS: TEARS ON TAPE IS OUT APRIL 29. TO ORDER YOURS, GO TO [WWW.MYFAVOURITEMAGAZINES.CO.UK/HIM](http://WWW.MYFAVOURITEMAGAZINES.CO.UK/HIM) HIM PLAY DOWNLOAD ON JUNE 14.**



METAL **HAMMER**  
PRESENTS



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EDITED BY  
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INTERVIEWS WITH  
EVERY MEMBER &  
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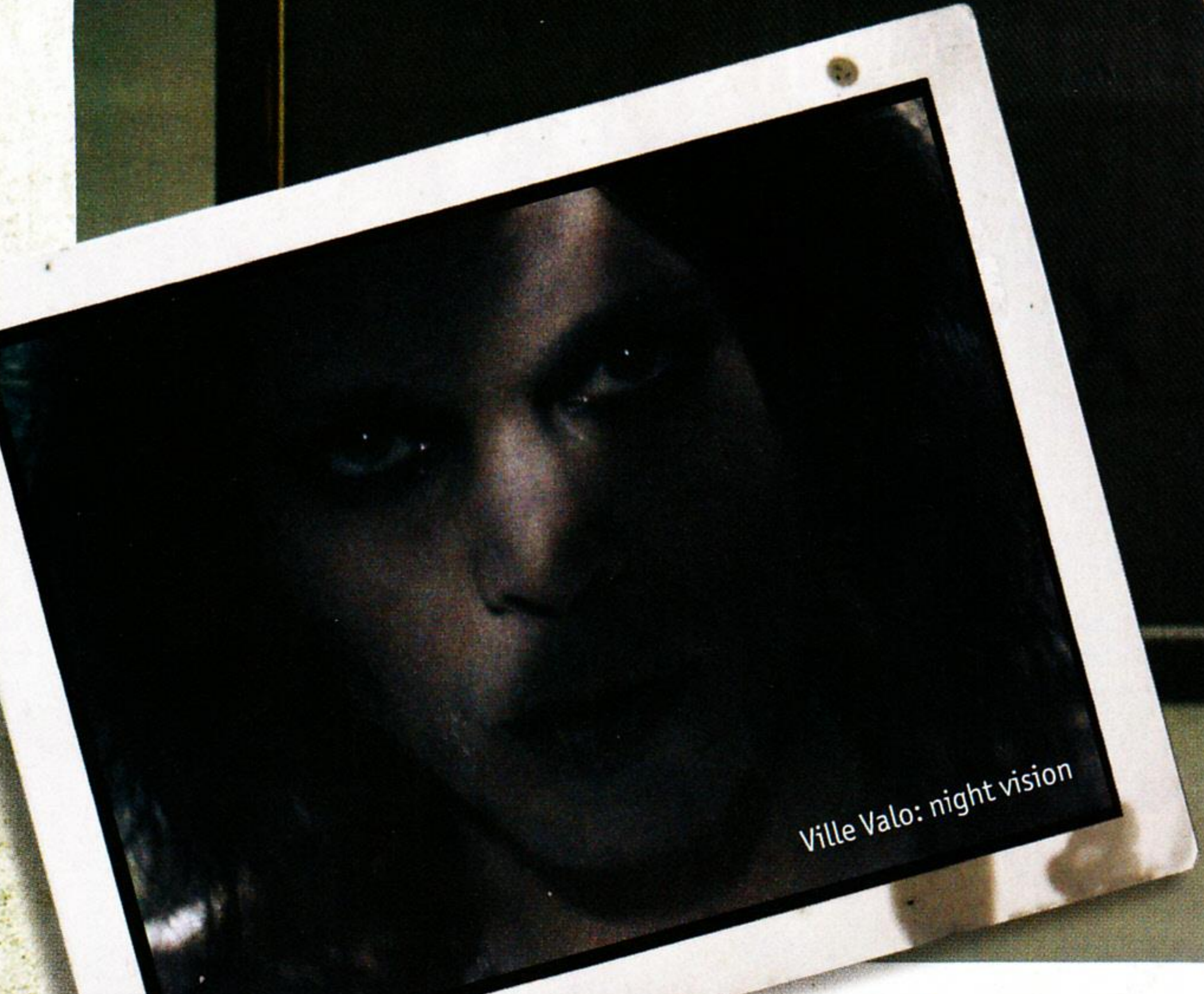
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Ville Valo: night vision





# REFEEL TO REFEEL

HIM ARE FAMOUS FOR THEIR STRIKING VIDEOS SO WHEN ACCLAIMED ARTIST AND *FUNERAL OF HEARTS* DIRECTOR STEFAN LINDFORS INVITED US FOR A LOOK BEHIND THE SCENES OF TWO UPCOMING VIDEOS, WE COULDN'T SAY NO.

"AMERICAN LABELS DIDN'T GET FUNERAL OF HEARTS AT ALL" -STEFAN LINDFORS



HEE



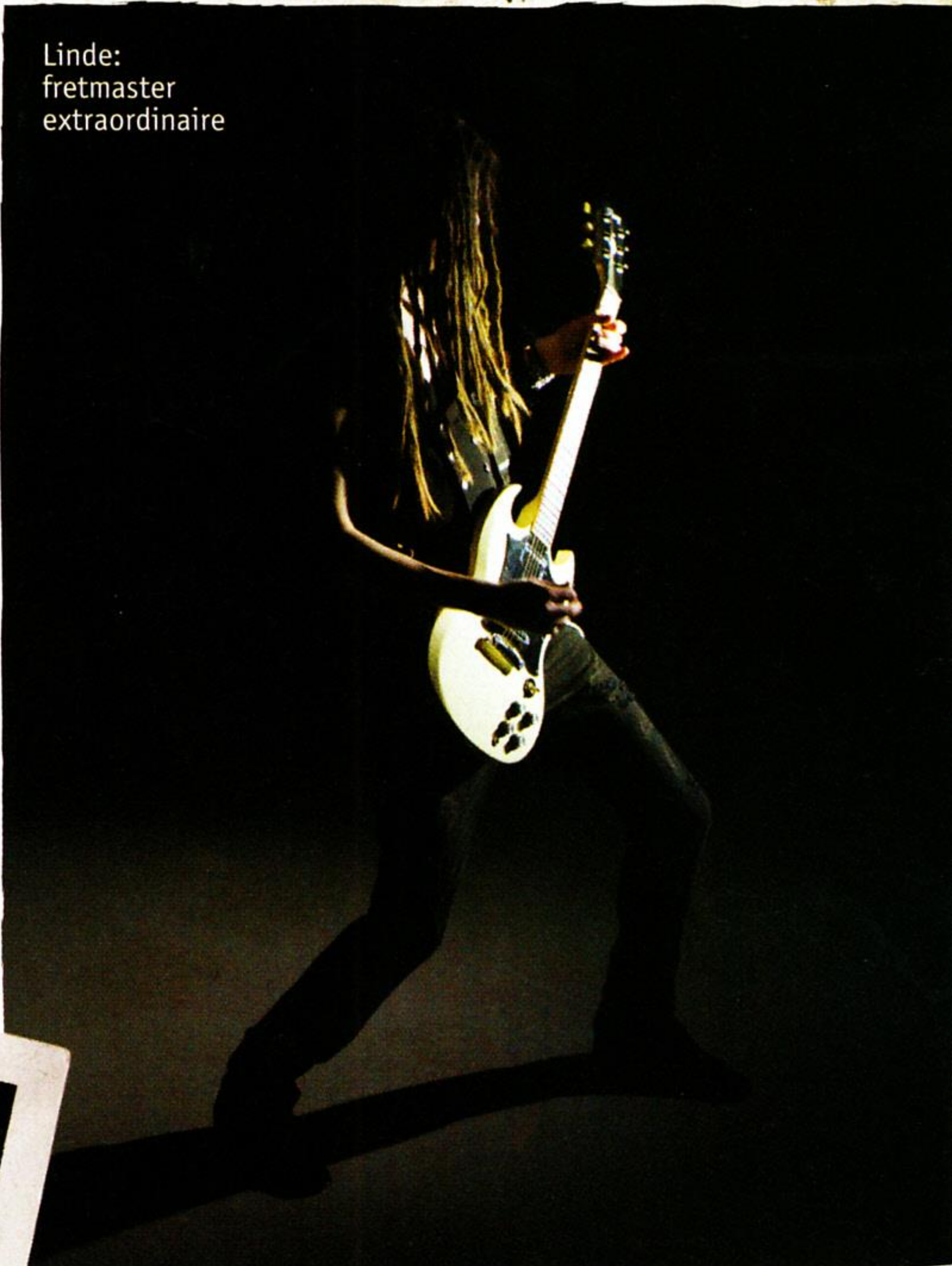
"Is this thing plugged in?"



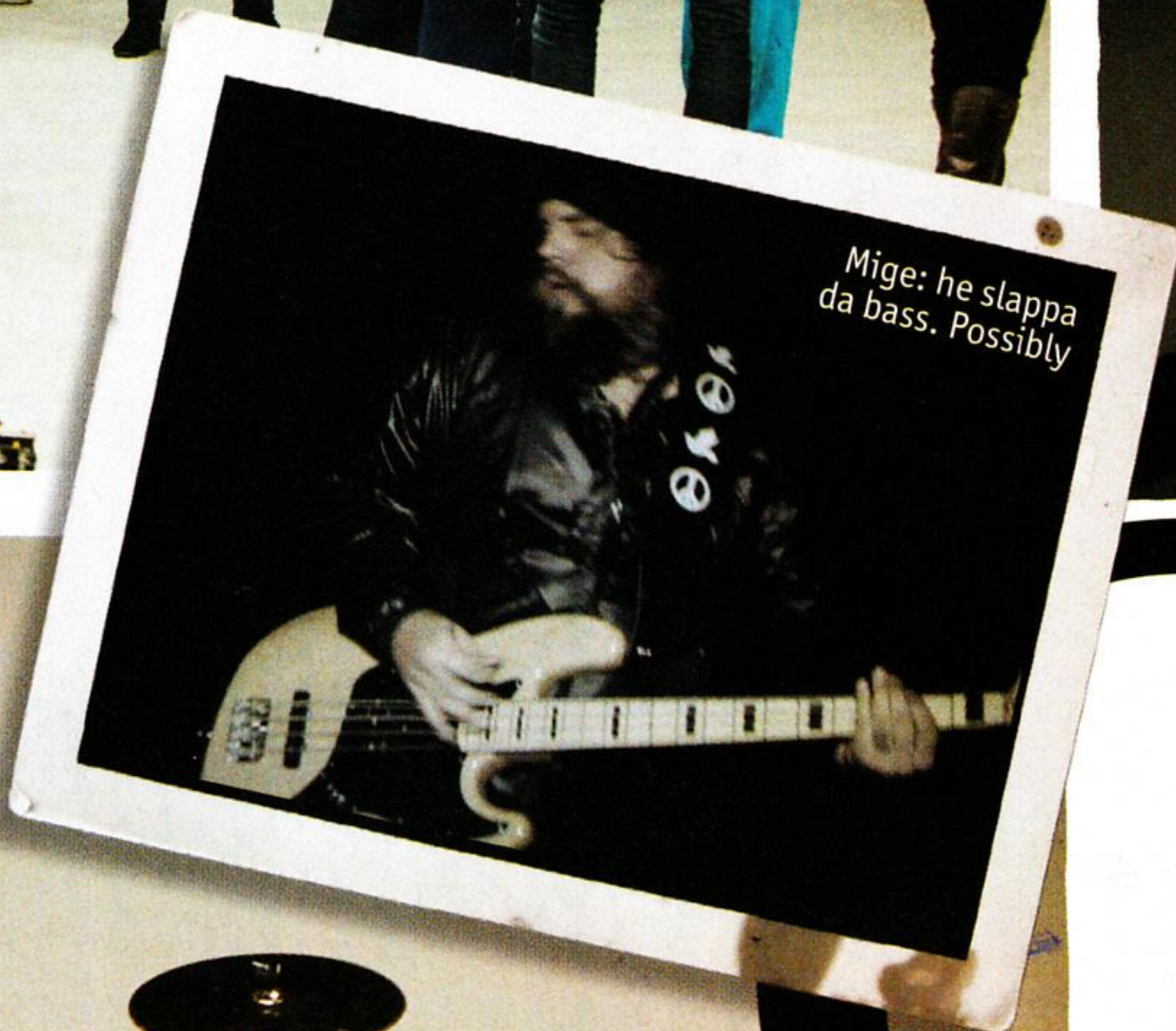
Just another day at the office...



Linde:  
fretmaster  
extraordinaire



Mige: he slappa  
da bass. Possibly



"Slayerrr...!"



Given the options available to Finnish rock legends HIM, one would expect their video director of choice to be an individual with a long history in film, and most likely an extensive track record in making rock/metal promo videos. You probably wouldn't, therefore, expect them to choose a man best known within architecture and furniture design circles, particularly at a time when they were still breaking internationally. But then Ville and the boys – to their credit – don't play these sort of things quite as safely as one might expect, and so it was that they contacted Stefan Lindfors to produce a video for their 2003 song *Funeral Of Hearts*, despite the fact that he had not only never created a metal video, but had never created any music videos whatsoever.

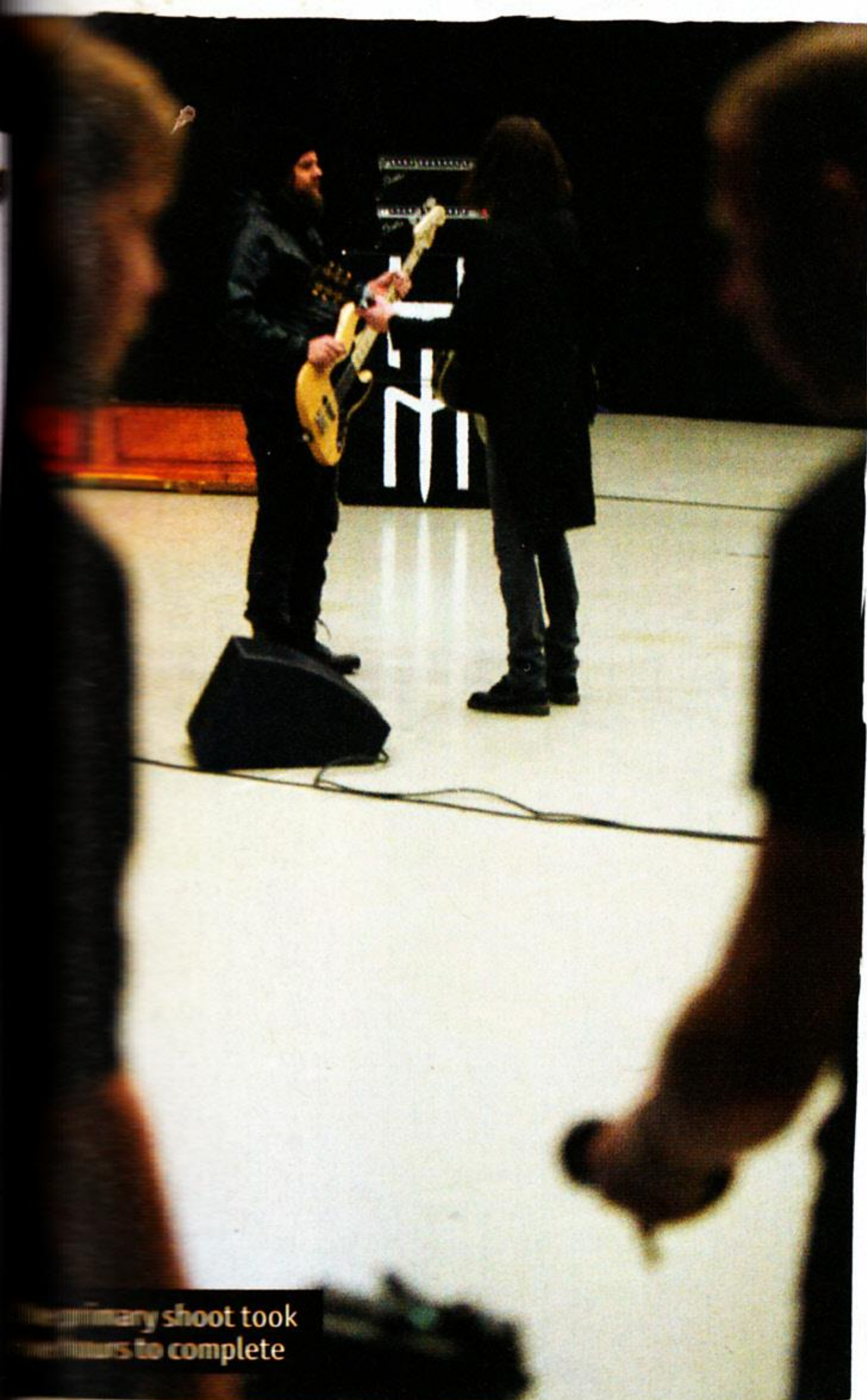
"The first thing I said was, 'You just have to know I haven't done any music videos'," laughs Stefan as we sink a pint of ale in the heart of Soho, a stone's throw from the editing studio he is currently using. "But Ville was apparently looking to get some fresh blood involved, so I said, 'OK, I will send over what I've done so far... but it's very strange stuff.'

Hailing, like the band, from the icy territories of Finland, Stefan's entrance into the world of film-making was a comparatively late one, occurring in his late 30s. But having made the decision, he quickly began combining the medium with his distinctive artistic vision, his efforts bringing him to the attention of the rising *Love Metal* stars.

"They got back to me and said, 'OK, we'd like to see what you would do before we contact more established music video directors,'" he recalls. "I stayed up that whole night writing the story and I recall saying to my wife in the morning, 'Well I won't get it, because this is so out there.'"

Fortunately for all involved, Stefan was hired for the job, the resulting visual accompaniment being a distinctively Scandinavian experience, combining the band with snow, fire, nature and a wide array of characters and animals, the overriding atmosphere seemingly one of arcane ritual. Perhaps unsurprisingly however,

It's never too dark for shades...

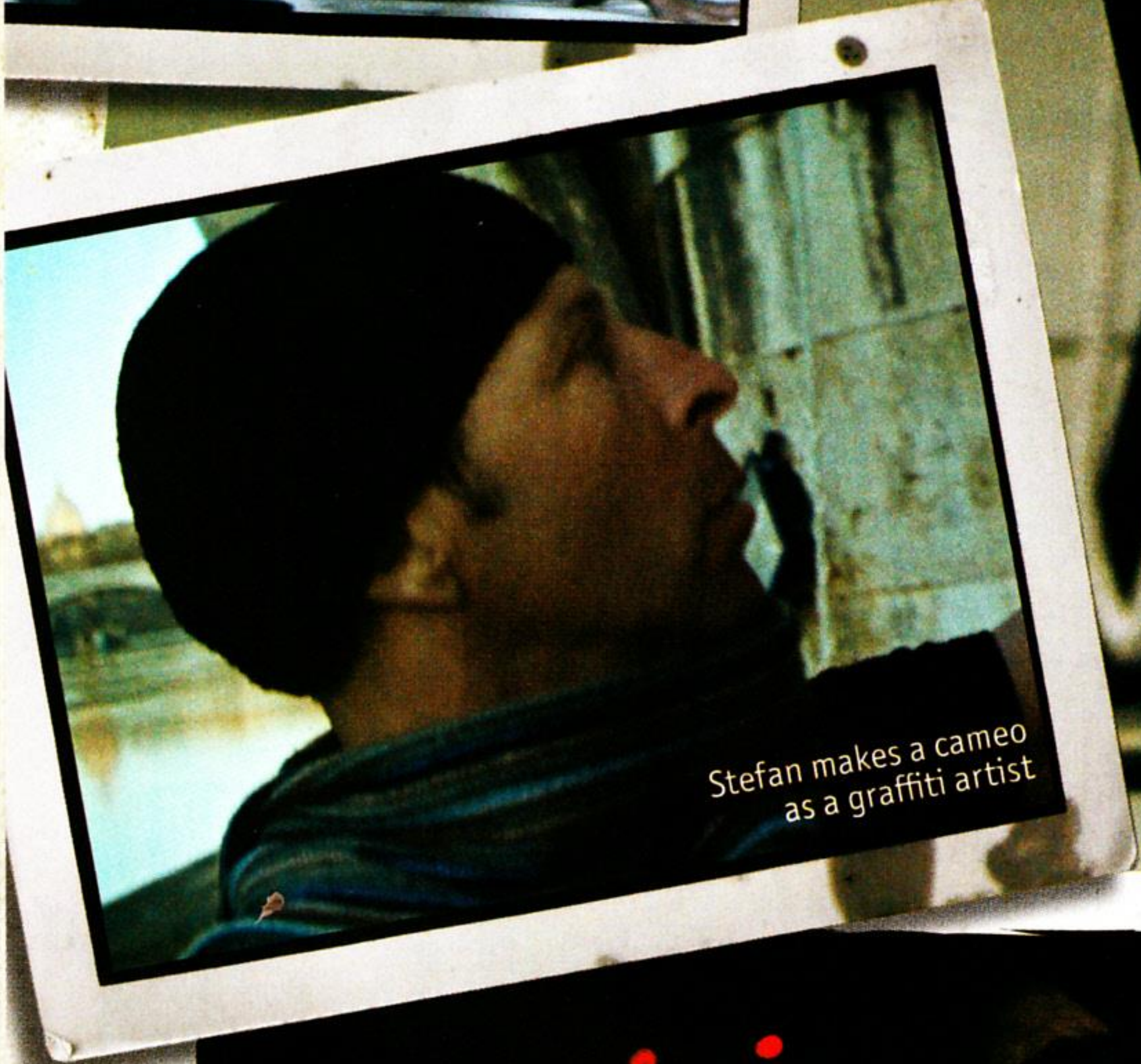
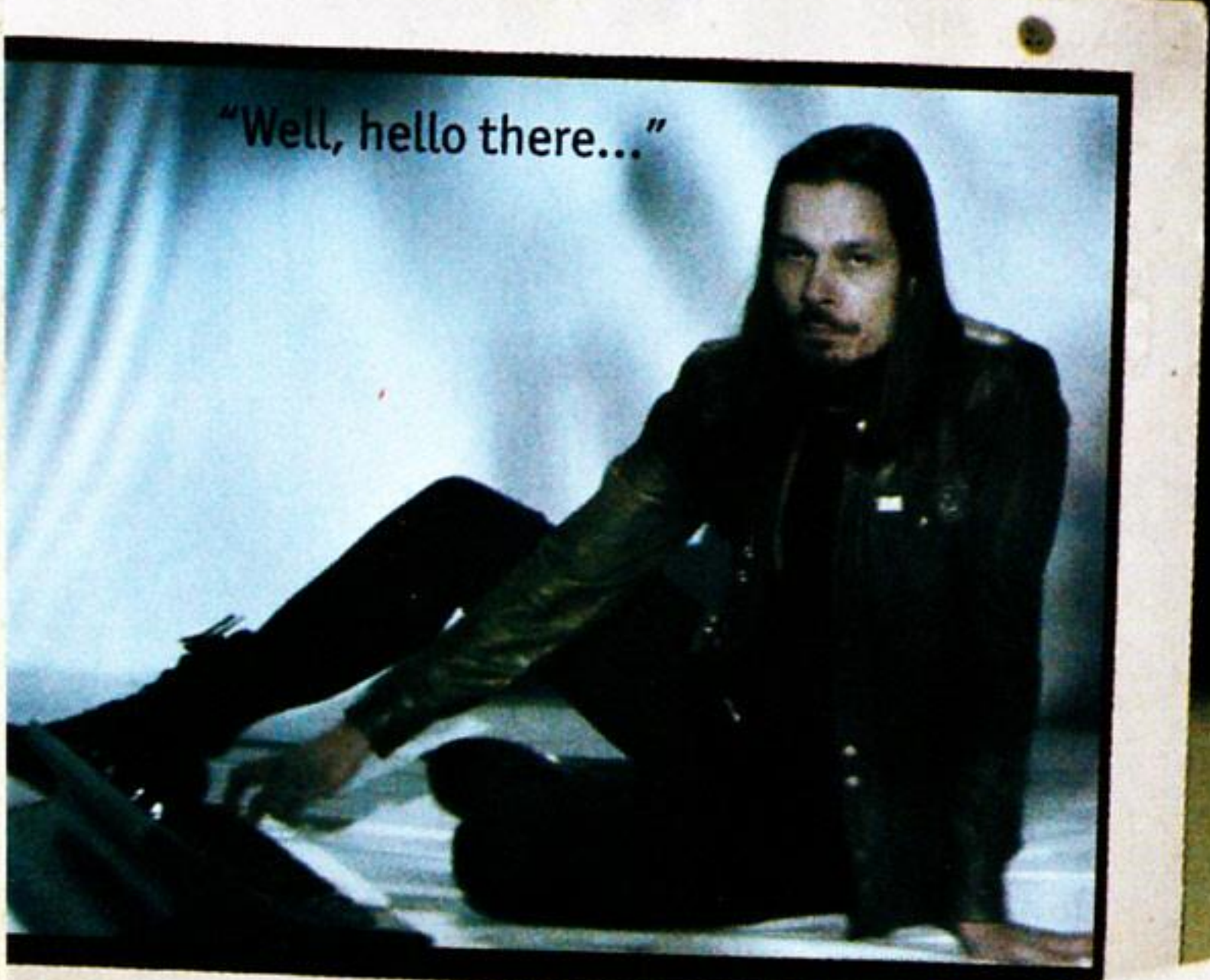


Primary shoot took  
hours to complete



HE

Ville and director Stefan Lindfors: a creative powerhouse



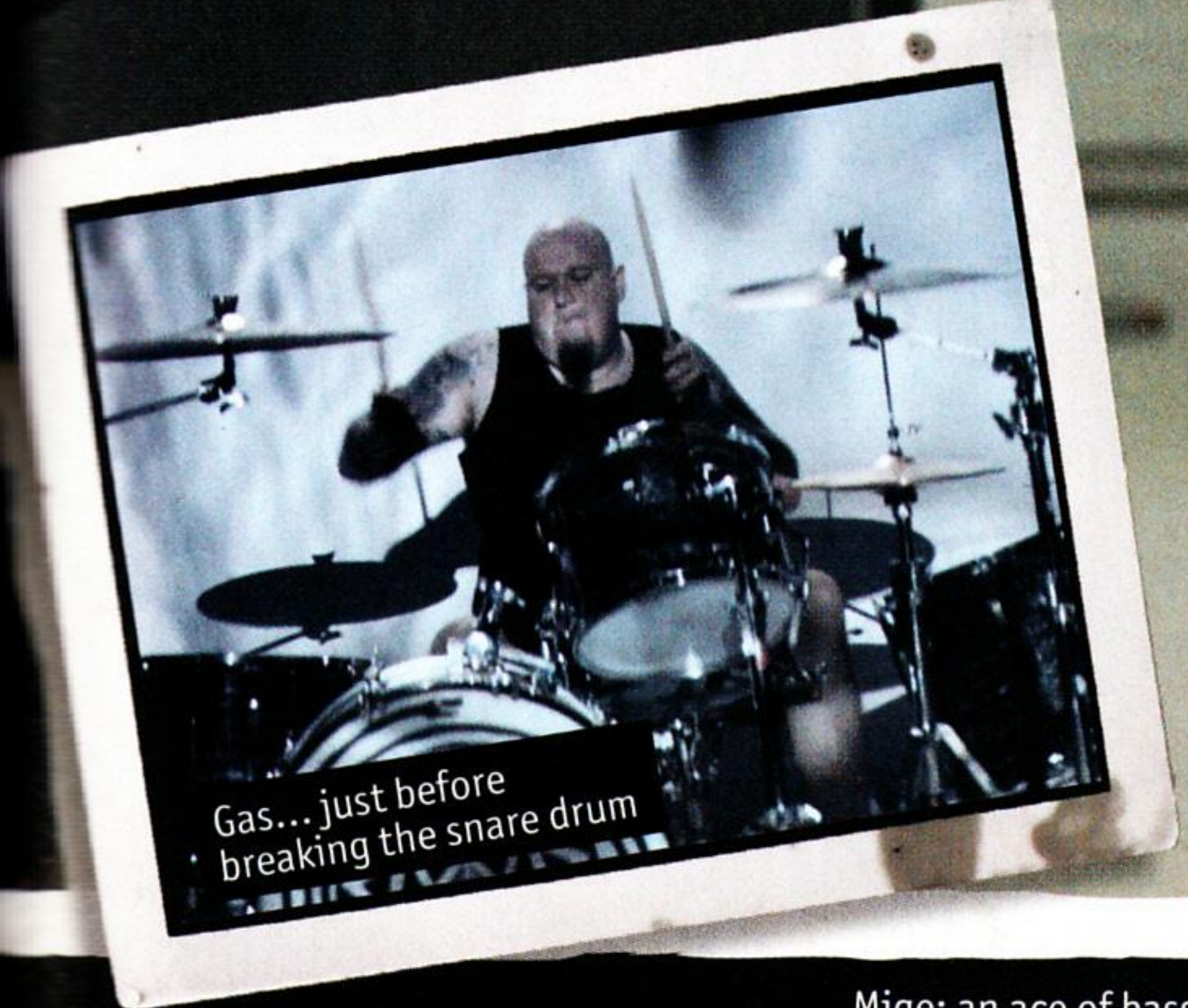
Ville Valo: creature of the night



Most of *Into The Night* was shot in total darkness

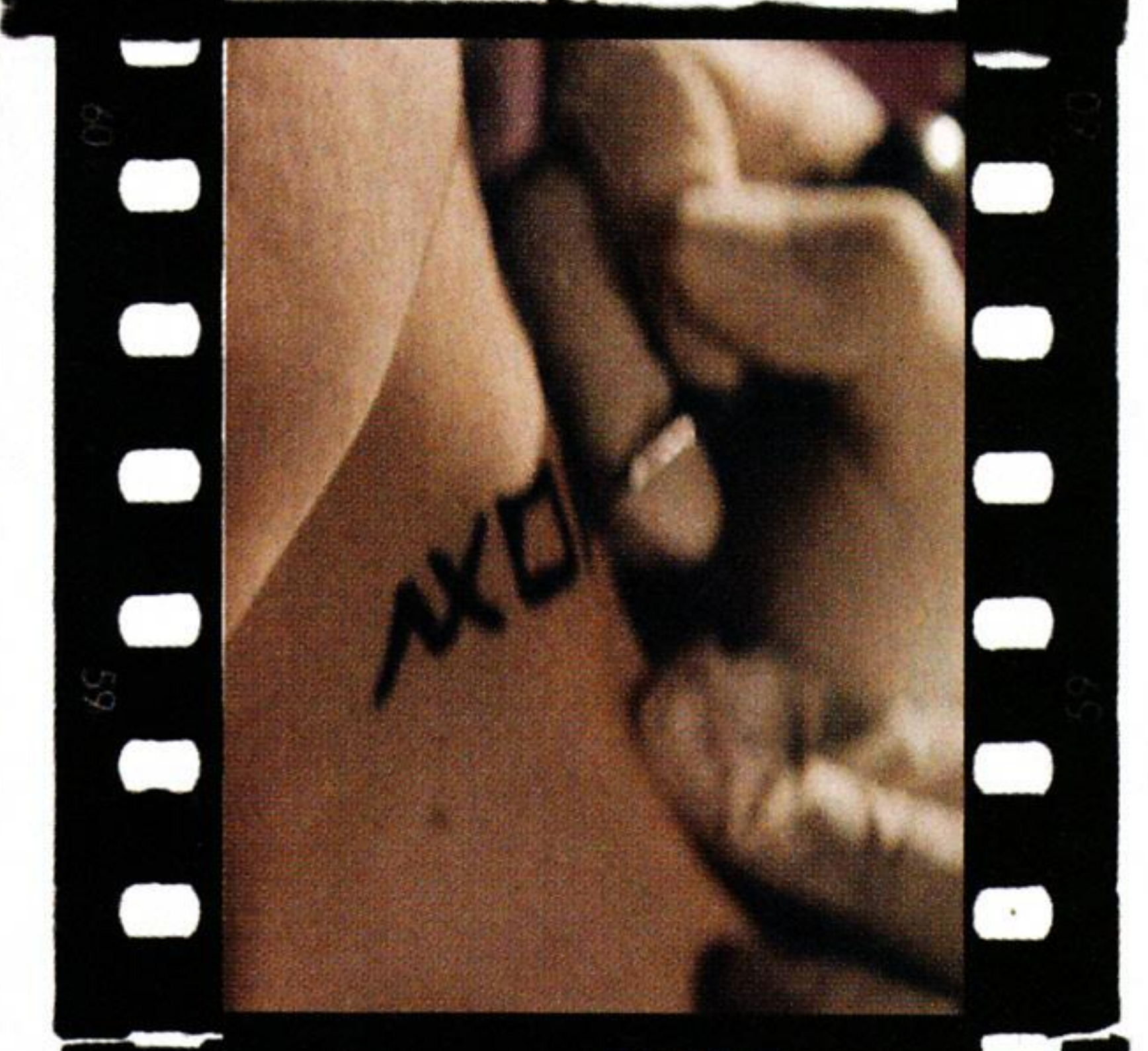






Gas... just before breaking the snare drum

Mige: an ace of bass



the band's label, the behemoth BMG, proved somewhat perplexed.

"They didn't get it at all," Stefan laughs. "They said they weren't even going to air it! After two weeks, a painful wait, we heard that the headquarters in Germany were going to send it to the two main channels out there, and I received a call the same night saying the film was number one on both channels. After that I did a little micro signature film for the band, a 60-second viral, but as far as doing another promo video, Warners [the band's next label] did not want me involved. My understanding is that the Americans are very cautious and conservative in that whole section, and maybe they were thinking, 'Oh no, if we have Stefan doing a music video, we don't know what we're going to get.'" He pauses before adding with a smile, "And they would be right!"

Thus, despite interest from fans and support from the band itself, Stefan and HIM went their own separate ways for the next decade, each continuing to build their names in both Finland and beyond. In 2011 however, the band parted ways with Warners/Sire and began crafting their next opus, *Tears On Tape*. It wasn't long before Ville was in contact with Stefan once more, originally with the intention of creating a music video for the record's title track, though for some time it wasn't clear exactly which song they were actually making a video for...

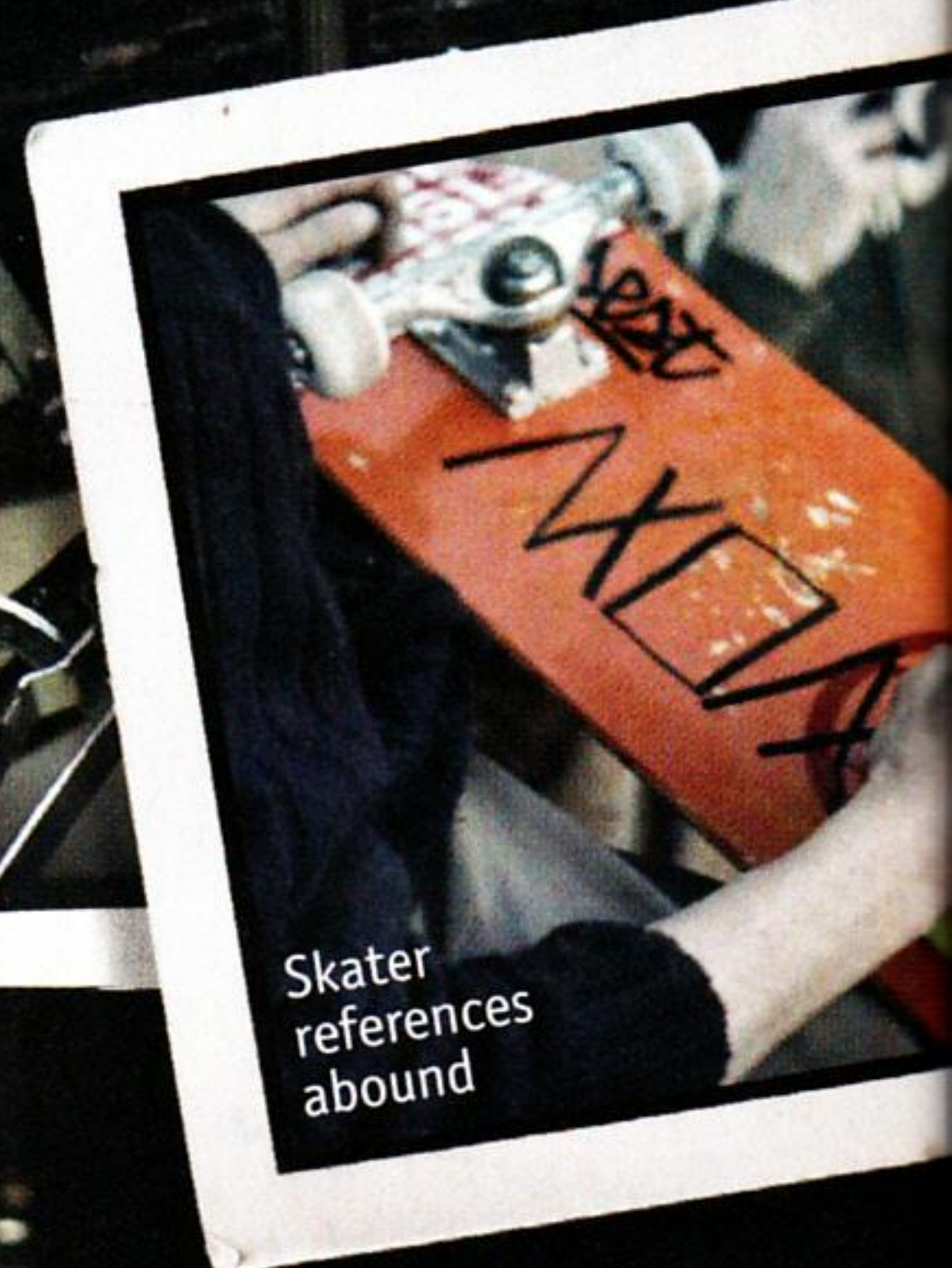
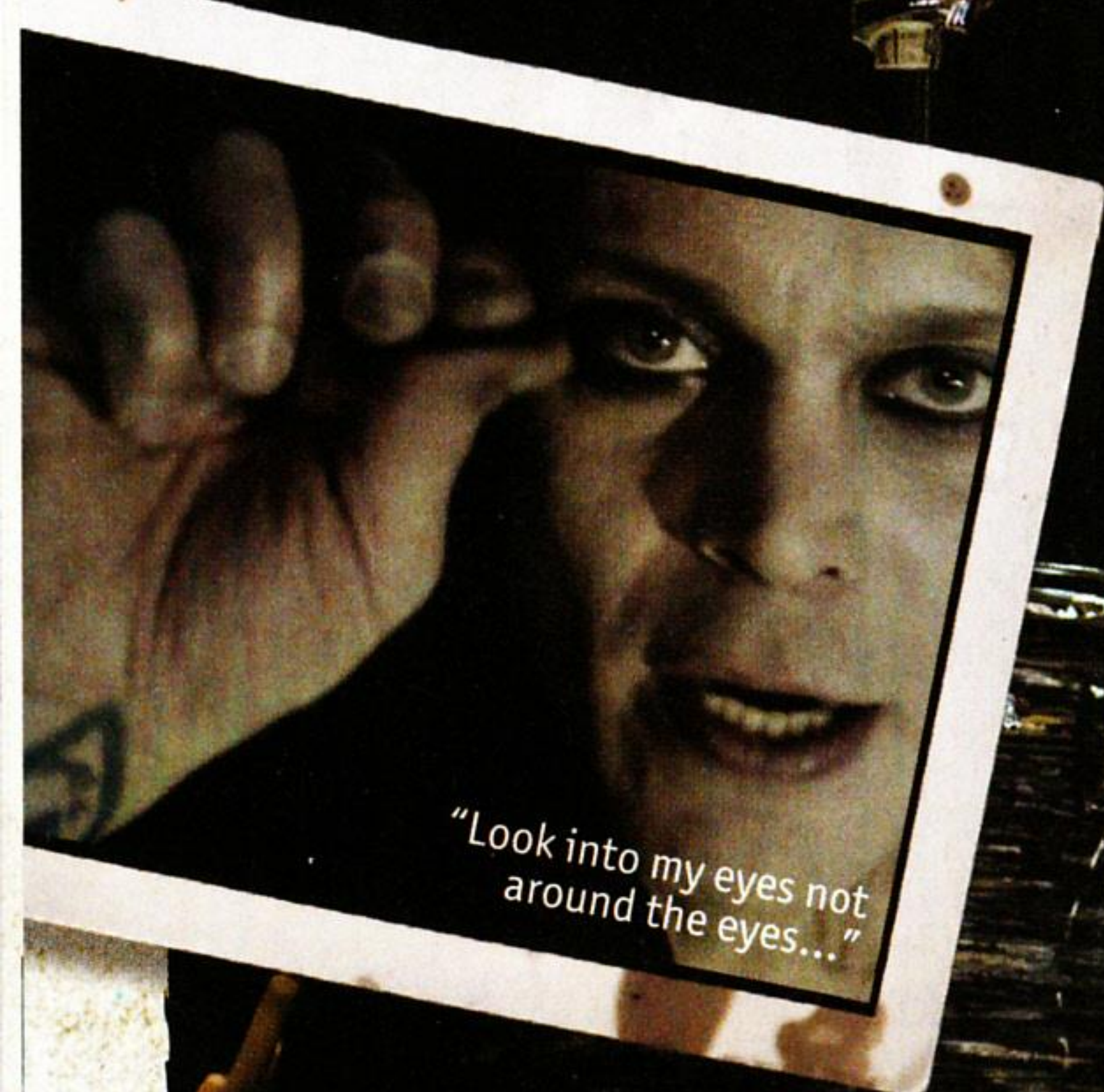
"Ville and I were creating ideas for about two weeks without actually knowing which track the label would choose!" reveals Stefan. "That was the first half of February; during the second half I found out what track it would be and the whole production of the film was done in a time that – to me anyway – is unheard of. Shoot begins March 1st and the whole project is totally finished on the 8th. That's... I don't know how that happens."

Indeed, the short timeframe necessitated a breakneck pace, with shooting taking place on the first day in Helsinki, before Stefan travelled to Rome to film for two days, then headed to London for editing and colouring – a process we witness after leaving the pub. The resulting video has much of the energy one would expect, marrying footage of the band with over 20 scenes of various individuals – none of them trained actors incidentally – writing a mysterious three-character symbol on a variety of surfaces, from paper and skateboards to body parts and toilet mirrors.

"The very first time I heard *Tears On Tape* I thought it was a really strong pop metal track, and I thought, 'Well, wait a minute, this could really go far – let's have *people* launch this.' Then the idea wasn't so far-fetched to have a picture or sign for them to draw, the idea being that people would take this on and draw it everywhere. That was pretty much the thought behind it, but the question came, what would the symbol be? Ville had discovered the Malachim [an occult alphabet formulated in the 16th century] and was using this alphabet on the cover of the CD, so I said, 'OK, I want to use the same alphabet for a sentence that people will be drawing.' But it's a very complicated alphabet so thought why not simply use 'TOT', to underline the title of *Tears On Tape*?"



HE



Remarkably, a second music video was also created during the same week, for the song *Into The Night*, with filming and editing taking place alongside that of the lead number. Symbolism was once again a major part of the concept, though this time the image in question was a much more familiar one, namely the band's iconic heartagram, which is built over the course of the song by a collection of hooded ladies.

"In the beginning I wasn't really sure what I wanted those people to be, but in the end they are I guess you could say witches – we always call it 'the witch film'. I mean, it was shit work for them, it's heavy stone and they don't really enjoy it, but they once in a while crack up, they start laughing, and that brings in a bit of humour. We couldn't use a projection because of the daylight, so the construction was down to a very skilled assistant."

While both videos have distinct identities – indeed, you certainly wouldn't know they were filmed in the same period or country – what they have in common is an honest and unpolished dynamic, refreshing in an age where poor CGI effects dominate many rock videos. Likewise, working under such time constraints has given both videos a tangible spontaneity, much to Stefan's satisfaction.

"I'm a very fast director," he concludes. "I get what I want and say thank you and then move on. I don't shoot [each scene] 30 times so people think I'm a hard-working man – I much prefer to finish before the end of the day, so I can have two more drinks at the bar before I go to bed." He smiles, taking a sip of the amber liquid. "I like to get things done well without overdoing it."



Linde: understated.  
Linde's amps: not understated

