

BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND



"Beats A Hard Kick In The Face"

Motál Hümmur

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"A BRILLIANT DEBUT ALBUM"
GIRLS-THAT-YODEL QUARTERLY



TEXT BY
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In a career that has spanned 25 years of rock journalism, Stevie still hasn't fulfilled her dream of interviewing James Blunt

BAND FROM THE GAME

THE FICTITIOUS STORY OF THE BAND THAT INSPIRED A GALAXY... OR THE REAL STORY OF THE BAND THAT INSPIRED A FICTITIOUS GALAXY? YOU DECIDE...

☞ The room fills with tension as CCP rock legends Röðv reunite for the first time in a year to start to practice for 2008's Fanfest. Aloof, and aware of my presence, there is an air of drama about the place as lead singer Pétur is running late for the group interview. Who would have guessed those four years ago, when Röðv was just a whisper on *EVE Online*'s lips and a twinkle in CCP's eye, that one accident could have started the snowball effect that would lead to the 30th largest band in Iceland surfacing at Fanfest '04 and taking our hearts and our hearing into their hands? The practice room itself is testament to the band's success. Many arguments with CCP as to the treatment of Röðv whilst in residence at CCP headquarters have resulted in this room – the final say in decadence. I hardly need to rehash the arguments based on demands that were so well published in the national press: 30 porcelain vases filled with white lilies, Europe's largest aquarium complete with

webcam (or ROXcam), bowlfuls of brown M&Ms... The snooker table has been turned into a makeshift bed for Pétur to lounge on and, as I look around, the decadent decor has been mixed with his movie posters and the snapshots from his Japanese advertisement campaign. The fridge has been filled with every kind of dried fish these Icelanders could want to eat. I go to sit down, manage to find space in-between the two Thorax ice sculptures which loom over the shagpile couches, and begin to daydream as two GMs begin recounting to me the story behind the superstars...

OUT OF THE CLOSET – THE BEGINNING

To understand these legends, it is important to go back in time to a simpler decade, a simpler century even. It was lucky for the world that on the 6th of July, 1957 two young brothers in a suburb of Liverpool had learned a small medley of banjo chords from their mother, who worked in the stationery department of a large and successful G



ARNAR CURED LITTLE RED WITH HIS GODLY POWERS, BEATING AN UNHOLY RHYTHM ON HIS CHEST

the distillery, they became pressured for a name for the band. It suddenly became obvious: Got Rocks? Got Ore? Put those hands together – RöXöR was born.

THE OVER-DECADE SENSATION

Soon it was the '70s and the band was recruited by 'Boom McMann' the legendary pool shark, whose blunt, down-the-line attitude made him perfect for band manager as well as Rhythm Guitarist. With McMann's help, RöXöR recruited classical music star and part-time doctor, Kristjan 'Fingers' Mozartsson.

By 1978, RöXöR had finally made enough ISK to record a whole album. Desperate for inspiration, they began to experiment with Brennivín, an Icelandic schnapps nicknamed 'The Black Death' and considered to be Iceland's signature alcoholic beverage. Made from fermented potato pulp, and flavoured with caraway seeds, the brothers found that its hallucinogenic properties were a sure-fire way to deliver the rock-filled performances and heavy belt-vocals the swinging crowds desired.

The band also began to experiment with darker clothing and its appetite for fetishism grew with every new underground performance. Blonde beauty Hafdis put her knowledge of Icelandic crafts to good use and began to fashion leather whips to use during their performances, while Runar, re-christened 'Runi Rock', became famous for being both a rock god and a pimp. The band members, once as pure as the Icelandic snow, soon began to enjoy the darker side of the rock industry. Valerie, now starring in Icelandic action movies under the pseudonym 'Pannuel L Jackson', became roughish and the locals began to refer to her as 'The Red Devil'. Her gentle singing voice, much to the pleasure of the band, infused with the dark Brennivín developed into a hardcore, kickass rock belt.

The people of Iceland took to the new personas like ships take to Jita, and wannabe band members started auditioning from all over the village, but despite these new additions and many hopefuls, the band struggled to find and keep a bassist. McMann decided by the '80s to move RöXöR to the capital city to finally make their mark on Iceland. It was tough on the streets of Reykjavík and the music scene had been darkened by the

famous 'Hip-hop wars' which had kept the residents inside their homes.

GANG WARFARE AND THE CONCEPT ALBUM

As the two brothers cautiously walked into town, Ari Eldon – better known as 'Little Red Rooster' – was shot outside Q-bar by his rap rival 'SharkUnit'. Testament to their true Icelandic spirit, the boys ran to Ari's side and carried him as far as they could to the nearby volcanic streams and prayed to the gods of rock for an answer. Out from the water came Arnar Rythumgod – a strapping Icelandic Adonis who had been taking an early morning swim in the freezing water. Arnar helped revive Little Red with his godly powers, removing his drumsticks from his quiver and beating an unholy rhythm onto Rooster's chest. With strength harnessed from the magma-filled mountains, Ari slowly recovered.

The boys, more determined than ever to wreak their revenge upon the gangsters, threw SharkUnit into the cold Arctic sea, ending the bitter in-fighting for good. Indebted, Little Red asked to join the band as their new bassist and the publicity soon created a much needed buzz for the second album which was released to critical acclaim.

After a veritable plethora of hits, the pressure was on to release their next album. Their first two, *Maxwell's Paper Shredder* and *Tripping The Light Elastic* had become classics, but the people of Iceland were hungry for more. It was the early '90s and songs about falling stationary and coming out of the closet had taken up years of material and caused misguided speculations as to the bands sexuality (the topless publicity photos of Arnar Rythumgod had done little to contradict this). Desperate to market their third album, *The Pen Is From Heaven* to the masses, they decided to harness the power of the World Wide Web. Five years before Radiohead was popular enough to launch an album on the internet, RöXöR, as a true test of popularity, decided not only to web-release *The Pen Is From Heaven*, but to tell no-one on which site it had been launched.

Despite their new achievements, things soon took a darker turn. Whilst embarking on their first tour of Iceland, the band discovered that its humble



'LITTLE RED ROOSTER'

Full Real Name: Ari Eldon
AKA: Little Red Rooster
CCP Name: CCP Arkanon
Job at CCP: Director of Internal Affairs
Position in Band: Bass
Joined Band in: 2006
Likes: Numerology, moonlight walks
Dislikes: The afterlife, haircuts
Famous for: A feathered bottom

Full Real Name: Arnar 'Rythumgod' Valdimarsson
AKA: Manic
CCP Name: CCP ArnarV
Job at CCP: Web Programmer, Video Producer, Photographer, Fishtank Production/Maintenance
Position in Band: Drums
Joined Band in: 2006
Likes: Teleportation
Dislikes: Horizontal scroll bars and Panflute music (KennyG)
Famous for: No reason



'MANIC'



'SPARKY'

Full Real Name: Hafdis Hreidarsdóttir
AKA: Sparky
CCP Name: Hafdis
Job at CCP: Assistant Chef
Position in Band: Vocals
Joined Band in: 2007
Likes: Jumping up and down
Dislikes: Jumping up and down for too long
Famous for: Various party tricks!

Full Real Name: Rúnar Þór Þórarinnsson
AKA: Runi Rock
CCP Name: Skellibjalla
Job at CCP: Game Designer and part-time international terrorist
Position in Band: "Behind, legs spread and screaming, playing guitar and singing backing vocals"
Joined Band in: 2005 (Founder)
Likes: "Runar loves everything!"
Dislikes: "Runar hates nothing!"
Famous for: Igniting eyes through death's vont, sour words beamed through the looking glass – vortex wath gleaming adhorned with innocence bound in adamantine chains of penal fire



'RUNI ROCK'

English bank. Alone for days at a time, the boys would keep each other company by telling stories of world domination, of exploring outer space and of achieving the heights of musical stardom never before reached by modern man.

Pressed for areas to practice, their mother finally allowed young Pétur and Runar to rehearse in the stationery closet. After three weeks of solid plucking on a mandolin with two missing strings and living on a diet of peanuts and bananas, the two unlikely lads had not only written a successful screenplay, but had discovered the three Status Quo-like chords needed to write their first hit single. In jubilation, they jumped up and down, tearing coloured paper and twanging elastic bands at each other, rolling around in the still-to-be-invented Post-it notes. Runar, in creative euphoria, tripped on an elastic band and ran into the shelves. A box dislodged from the top of the closet and fell on him, showering its contents on the unsuspecting pair. After weeks of having no lyrics, they had finally found

what they were looking for. *It's Raining Pens* was born. With the tune and the music as sound as the English pound, the brothers were finally glad to come out of the closet.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO ICELAND

It was then that the journey would truly begin. Looking to escape Liverpool and still desperate for world domination, the brothers ran away from home, stowing away on the earliest flight to as near to the top of the world as they could get. As the plane gently landed on what looked like another planet, they caught a first glimpse of Iceland – their new home. Alone and unsure as to their next big move, the brothers wandered the open Icelandic plains and soon found shelter from the rain in a cave near the mining town of Arkanes. Cold and frightened, the boys heard what appeared to be angelsong and ran up the mountain, desperately searching for the music.

The sound led them to a large wooden cabin where two women with devilish grins and hunger in their eyes called out to them

through the storm. Hafdis and Valerie took the brothers in from the cold, fed them some strong Icelandic goulash and sung to them tales of old Iceland (and Atlanta) which they swapped for tales of swinging England. Having been fed the strong Icelandic soup, Runar became stronger and his fingers began to channel into his guitar the solid rock that would make him a legend. His fingers moved quickly over the strings, almost shattering the windows with the epic winsauce that was the bottled sound of rock. The girls, mesmerised by the magical sauce, asked to join their group.

The brothers were now in their late teens and their chiseled abs and rock-hard biceps made them shoe-ins for hard labour. Desperate for any way to make cash, they accepted jobs in the Icelandic mining industry, working double shifts at the local quarry. Being quarry men was hard in the mid '60s, and mining the tricky Icelandic Veldspar rock to send to ore distilleries began to toughen them up as performers, and as people. Once they had scored their first gig at a hipsters' party held in

Full Real Name: Kristján Valur Jónsson
AKA: Kristjan 'Fingers' Mozartsson (or The Pickle)
CCP Name: Porkbelly
Job at CCP: Senior Software Engineer
Position in Band: Keyboards
Joined Band in: 2005
Likes: Perculators, taxidermy, frottée underwear
Dislikes: Ducks, wooden railings, cotton
Famous for: His herring-flavored cocktails, and he fixed lag



'KRISTJAN 'FINGERS' MOZARTSSON'



'BARA PETUR'

Full Real Name: Petur Örn Thorarinnsson
AKA: Bara Petur
CCP Name: Brokkur Helfari
Job at CCP: Game Designer
Position in Band: Singer
Joined Band in: 2005 (Founder)
Likes: Sex, music and awkward silences
Dislikes: Snot, chewing noises and being on the phone
Famous for: "My hands"

Full Real Name: Boom McMann
AKA: The Boomster
CCP Name: Grimm
Job at CCP: Customer Support
Position in Band: Guitar
Joined Band in: 2006
Likes: Explosives
Dislikes: Cold
Famous for: "My left hook"



'THE BOOMSTER'



'PANNUEL L. JACKSON'

Full Real Name: Valerie Massey
AKA: Pannuel L. Jackson
CCP Name: Pann
Job at CCP: Senior Director of Public Relations & Communication
Position in Band: Singer
Joined Band in: 2007
Likes: Music, games, movies
Dislikes: Rudeness, pee shark
Famous for: First EVE Online Community Manager

profits from *It's Raining Pens* had been quietly squandered by Kristjan on a secret addiction to Icelandic Skyr yoghurt. Life on the road was hard enough without financial backing and the band ended up on FlyBuses for hours at a time with very little in the way of bacon snacks.

As well as the pressures whilst on tour, the two brothers became locked in a bitter rivalry that became well publicised in the national press. Front man Pétur became too complex for one rock persona. His new incarnation, a mixture between Marilyn Manson, Slim Shady and Ricky Martin hit his fans quite hard. Adamant that his new incarnation, 'Sancho', brought a new level to the music, he began to answer to nothing else. Although McMann insisted that the band was still together, Runi began to take time away to fund his Pimpin' and embrace the sweaty musical armpit that was a more successful solo career. The tour was cancelled and after 30 years of pumping the musical teat, the band split.

THE POST-RETIREMENT COMEBACK

It wouldn't be until May 20th, 2003, at the family screening of the series finale of *Buffy The Vampire Slayer*, that the brothers would finally reconcile after years of silence. Although McMann planned a reunion rooftop performance on the CCP roof, it failed to receive attention, firstly because playing outside isn't illegal in Reykjavik, and secondly because CCP's balcony backed up onto the harbor so no one knew they were playing. In a bizarre twist of fate during the eerily quiet concert, RöXöR got wind that CCP had been sending people into space via 'the internets'. Desperate to gain a galactic advantage, but too cheap to afford the subscription fees, their childhood dreams of exploring space took hold and the band got jobs within the company.

Slowly, after hours posting on intelligent sub-forums and taking part

in well-organised fleet fights, they soon realised the true way to reach the most powerful and intelligent people on earth was through MMOs. They utilised their life experience in the mines to enhance EVE by adding exciting 'mining missions' into the game. Soon the company began to realise that not only did they have a unique sound to them, but a unique group of people – a group of people you could be proud of, a group of people who f*****g rock.

After a few days of rehearsal and a mass of press exposure, the band famously reformed as an *Eve Online* Developer Band at Fanfest in 2005, and received the international acclaim they had so long desired...

PRESENT DAY

The story, recounted by the two very emotional GM groupies nicknamed 'The Rockzhoars', is interrupted as Petur finally arrives ready to rehearse. Unsure as to whether I have been awake or dreaming, I watch as the famous eight begin to practice for 2008's Fanfest performance. As they begin to enthusiastically rehearse one of their power ballads, the GM leans over to me and says "Not bad, eh?"

"No..." I smile, "not bad at all, but this story... is it all true?"

"Well..." he smirks, "the real story is yet to be told..."

DISCLAIMER: StevieSG disclaims any and all responsibility or liability for the accuracy, content, completeness, legality and reliability of the information displayed within this account. As the first official piece of Non Erotic Eve-Online Developer Fan Fiction, it should in no way, shape or form be taken as a correct representation of the story of RöXöR, an official CCP timeline or profile, or indeed as a decent piece of storytelling. It's Fan Fiction, dudes. You're lucky the band don't become furrries that end up kissing Captain Kirk. That is all.



Discography

ALBUMS:
Maxwell's Paper Shredder
Tripping The Light Elastic
Bat Out Of Delve
Bat Out Of Delve II
Bat Out Of Delve III
Dev Leopard
Pink Roid
Band From The Game
It's Raining Pens - The Greatest Hits Of RöXöR

NUMBER ONE SINGLES INCLUDE:
It's Raining Pens
Highway To Delve
Paperback Office Writer
American Pie-Chart
Mining In The Name Of?
When The Sheets Have No Name (On Them)
Jove Will Tear Us Apart
Wish You Were Beer

TRIBUTE:
Paragon SouIman
Motley Bluetak
Talk The Mine - A Tribute To Johnny Catch