

This Band Doesn't Exist

Introduction

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For just one month in 1976, Mercury was the biggest band in the world. At least until July 10th, 1976, when the band's frontman and singer died in a violent car crash. After that, it seemed Mercury never existed at all.

Mercury was a hard rock band formed in 1972 that had a platinum certified album, 3 top ten singles, and played to sold out areas. Surely another classic rock act bound to be remembered for decades, but today only 18 years later, you would be hard pressed to find any evidence of their success. However, there are a few people who still remember Mercury today, including myself. I was a friend of their original singer Andy Albert, and roadie for the band during their month of fame. Their story is a fascinating one, plagued by early deaths and supernatural occurrences, yet shrouded in secrecy. Today I intend to uncover the lost legacy of Mercury.

Chapter 1: The Beginning

In 1972, brothers Glen and Gill Gibson started a band with their childhood friend Anthony Albert. The Gibson brothers played guitar and Anthony was a singer, so they recruited a rhythm section: Sean Steel on Bass, and Jeremy Jefferson on Drums. Even though Glen, Gill, and Anthony knew each other well, the dynamic between bandmates in the early 70's was often awkward and strained. Sean worked at the same gas station as Anthony, and Jeremy was unknown to everyone before he joined the band, only joining when he called the number on a flyer they had put up looking for a drummer. Nonetheless, they started their long and difficult journey as an unsigned band by writing music and promoting themselves in their hometown, San Diego. They eventually started to play small gigs. Bars, basements, local stuff. Even as a friend (and fan) of the band, I will admit in hindsight that at this point they were nothing out of the ordinary. An average band with an average story.

In 1974 a man named Bryan Brines came to see Mercury at a bar which has since been demolished. At the time he thought the band had great potential, he thought they sounded electric. So, he let them use his recording studio

to create a full, self-published album. When I contacted him recently about his memories of 1972, he said,

"Listen buddy, I'll tell you one more time, I don't know what you're talking about. I have no idea who 'Mercury' is, and I don't know why you keep asking me about them."

For the next three and a half months, Mercury worked night and night to perfect the album. Every day from 7 PM 'till midnight the band would meet up with Brines and spend the night making music. Glen and Gill were the main songwriters of the group, Anthony brought their words to life with his angelic voice, Sean held up the track with his killer basslines, and Jeremy, I guess he played drums. Mostly he would just sit around, and he would drum when he was needed. Never really liked that guy. See, even though Sean was not close with the others at the start, their bond grew with time. Jeremy on the other hand never really clicked with the rest of the band. I think he had bigger things in mind.

They soon completed the recording of their debut album *Liquid Metal* and surprisingly, saw decent success. They had yet to attract the attention of a record label, but they had gained a steadily growing and devoted local fanbase.

Chapter 2: The End

Just as Mercury's career was picking up momentum, a tragedy struck the band. On June 6th, 1976, Anthony was found dead in his van. At autopsy they said he suffered sixteen stab wounds to the chest and ultimately died due to blood loss. This was certainly a murder, but to this day, his murderer has not been found. Anthony was a friendly man with no enemies, so it was incredibly strange that someone had murdered him so viciously. Vicky Villaverde, Anthony's girlfriend at the time, had this to say about the incident,

"If you call me one more time, I'm going to call the police, got it? I never dated anyone called Anthony, I don't know anything about any twenty-year-old murders, so stop calling me! How did you even get my number!?"

With possibly the worst timing ever, an executive at ██████ Records heard *Liquid Metal* and reached out to Mercury to offer them a record deal the very next day. Even though Anthony was no longer with us, the rest of the band decided to take the deal because "it was what he would have wanted". There was a problem though: Mercury no longer had singer. Unexpectedly, Jeremy stepped up and volunteered to fill in for Anthony. No one

expected Jeremy of all people to do this, but he filled the role surprisingly well. His voice was certainly not as polished as Anthony's, but he backed it up with an almost arrogant confidence. *Liquid Metal* was quickly released under ██████ Records and was climbing up the rock charts within a week. Mercury was scheduled to play their first show without Anthony at the ██████ Music Festival, and the anticipation was immeasurable.

Chapter 3: The Resurrection

In the middle of a pitch-black desert, a flash of pyrotechnics suddenly lit up the stage. Glen, Gill, Sean, and an unnamed session drummer walked on stage shortly followed by Jeremy. Just a few weeks ago, he was a standoffish and quiet drummer, but today he was rock star. The crowd cheered and the stage lights glowed bright red as the band started their first song.

Mercury's appearance at the ██████ Music Festival was a smashing success. The enormous buzz around them launched them into superstardom at a speed rarely ever seen. Glen and Gill seemed uncomfortable with their new place in the world, but Jeremy welcomed the fame with

open arms. Thus began Mercury's month on top of the world. Their time in the spotlight featured all the hallmarks; television interviews, adoring fans, protests against their supposed satanic messages. Some believed that they were messengers of the Devil, or that they had signed a contract and sold their souls. It was all just fantastical nonsense, but some radio stations flat-out refused to play their music. This only added to their appeal to the contrarian teenager. It seemed that Mercury were destined to have their legacy forever cemented in music history. It seemed nothing could stop their momentum, but something could.

July 3rd, 1976. News has just broken that Jeremy Jefferson has been killed in a fiery crash. Two of Mercury's singers gone in just over a month. What this meant for the band was uncertain at the time, but they recovered the first time, so surely they could move on again, right? With Jeremy gone, Glen, Gill, and Sean were the only original members, and they were never the show-biz type. Once he became the frontman, Jeremy supplied the glamour and charisma that the band needed to propel them up the charts. Maybe this is the reason they would never have another hit, but it doesn't explain how they would soon completely disappear from the collective consciousness.

Often times the tragic and early death of a celebrity only serves to boost their fame, but for Mercury, the world forgot about them almost overnight. Within mere days of Jeremy's untimely death, Mercury's records were impossible to find in stores, all concert dates were cancelled, and strangest of all, no one noticed or cared. All of Mercury's fans had moved on. Any t-shirt, concert ticket, and even memory had been erased. How did this happen? I think this is the most bizarre occurrence in rock music to this day. Was it some sort of social experiment? A government cover-up? Something supernatural? The world may never know.

Have new info on Mercury? Call 