



Basso profundo, busker, brother, storyteller, goofball, and grump. Rochester's freest musical ideologue, Andy Hammond, passed away on February 6. In delight, his forehead furrowed like the folds of his accordion. His brow: an eternal shrug in earnest. He nearly enveloped the squeezebox that huffed and heaved in the second-hand smoke of his seasoned growl. Andy loved black coffee with friends, scenic routes, rolled cigarettes, and candy. The crow's feet of his downturned, moony eyes meandered like so many tales told in his sultry timbre of a life rich in travels, mischief, music, and theater. Few live with all of their heart like Andy Hammond. He survives as the spirit of Gibbs Street and his beloved resting place at Hoel Pond in the Adirondacks.

—*Carlie Fishgold*