

## ACTRON: THE END

#6

by Stanley Lieber

Either the sound had changed or he had changed. Nothing sounded the same. He spun the dial up and down the spectrum. So far, 1987 was diminishing returns.

"Tom, you're senile." Piro laid a hand on his shoulder. The gesture had always annoyed him.

"You're too familiar," Tom said, and shrugged his hand away.

Contrary to expectation, plugging in the balanced cable had *reduced* apparent bass response. Subjectively, another hundred bucks down the drain. He didn't really understand what he was doing, but this didn't make any sense. He diddled with the connectors to no effect.

"I hate music," he said, to no one.

"It's not all bad," said the Chrysler Building Classic.

But what if it were?

Tom muted his visor.