



**英汉对照** 科幻科普名作系列

# 网络独行侠

【加】威廉·吉布森 著



上海科技教育出版社

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Neuromancer

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## Chiba City Blues

The sky above the port was the color of television, tuned to a dead channel.

"It's not like I'm using," Case heard someone say, as he shouldered his way through the crowd around the door of the Chat<sup>①</sup>. "It's like my body's developed this massive drug deficiency." It was a Sprawl<sup>②</sup> voice and a Sprawl joke. The Chatsubo was a bar for professional expatriates; you could drink there for a week and never hear two words in Japanese.

Ratz was tending bar, his prosthetic arm jerking monotonously as he filled a tray of glasses with draft Kirin. He saw Case and smiled, his teeth a webwork<sup>③</sup> of East European steel and brown decay. Case found a place at the bar, between the unlikely tan on one of Lonny Zone's whores and the crisp naval uniform of a tall African whose cheekbones were ridged<sup>④</sup> with precise rows of tribal scars. "Wage was in here early, with two joeboys," Ratz said, shoving a draft across the bar with his good hand. "Maybe some business



## 千叶城里伤心人

港口上空的天色，就如同电视机调到了一个关闭的频道。

“这不像是在服用毒品，”凯斯费力地从围在“茶叶罐”门口的人群中挤过去时，听到有人再说。“倒像是我的身体已变得太缺乏它了。”这是一种斯普罗尔话，也是个斯普罗尔的玩笑话。“茶叶罐”是一家为职业流亡者开设的酒吧。你在这儿喝上一星期的酒，也听不到两个日语单词。

拉茨正照看着酒吧。在往一托盘的杯子里灌麒麟生啤时，他那条假手臂单调地抽搐着。看见凯斯，他笑了笑，他的牙齿上网布着东欧钢丝和褐色龋洞。凯斯在吧台边找了个座位，夹在朗尼·佐手下的一名妓女和一个高大的非洲人之间。那妓女的棕褐色皮肤令人讨厌，非洲人身穿挺括的海军制服，颧骨上凸现着一排排清晰的部落疤痕。“韦格刚才在这儿，还带着两个手下。”拉茨边说边用那只好手将一杯生啤推过吧台。“可能跟你有

① Chat, 下文 Chat-subo 的简写，即日语ちゃつぼ，意为“茶叶罐”

② Sprawl, 作者杜撰的地名，指未来美国东部从亚特兰大到波士顿一带，那时已连成一片城市。作音译。sprawl n. 城市的无计划扩展

③ webwork n. 网状制品

④ ridge vt. 使成脊突，使起皱





with you, Case?"

Case shrugged. The girl to his right giggled and nudged him.

The bartender's smile widened. His ugliness was the stuff of legend. In an age of affordable beauty, there was something heraldic<sup>①</sup> about his lack of it. The antique arm whined as he reached for another mug. It was a Russian military prosthesis, a seven-function force-feedback manipulator, cased in grubby pink plastic. "You are too much the artiste, Herr<sup>②</sup> Case." Ratz grunted; the sound served him as<sup>③</sup> laughter. He scratched his overhang of white-shirted belly with the pink claw. "You are the artiste of the slightly funny<sup>④</sup> deal."

"Sure," Case said, and sipped his beer. "Somebody's gotta<sup>⑤</sup> be funny around here. Sure the fuck<sup>⑥</sup> isn't you."

The whore's giggle went up an octave.

"Isn't you either, sister. So you vanish, okay? Zone, he's a close personal friend of mine."

She looked Case in the eye and made the softest possible spitting sound, her lips barely moving. But she left.

"Jesus," Case said, "what kinda<sup>⑦</sup> creep joint<sup>⑧</sup> you running here? Man can't have a drink."

"Ha," Ratz said, swabbing the scarred wood with a rag, "Zone shows a percentage. You I let work here for entertainment value."

As Case was picking up his beer, one of those strange instants of silence descended, as though a hundred unrelated conversations had simultaneously arrived at the same pause. Then the whore's giggle rang out, tinged<sup>⑨</sup> with a certain hysteria.



什么生意要做吧,凯斯?”

凯斯耸耸肩。他右边的女人格格笑起来,用胳膊肘轻轻地碰了碰他。

酒吧招待笑得更欢了。他那丑模样在传说中才能见到。在这个花钱就能买到好容貌的时代,如此丑陋也算是一种前卫。他去取另一只酒杯时,那老式的手臂嘎嘎作响。这是一条俄国军用假肢,一种七功能的机械力反馈操纵器,外面用污秽的粉红色塑料包装着。“你真是个能人,凯斯先生。”拉茨咕啾道。这种声音在他来说就是笑声。他用粉红色的爪子搔了搔白衬衣罩着的下垂的大肚子。“你是个做稍稍出格的生意的能人!”

“当然,”凯斯说,他抿了口啤酒。“这儿总有得人出点格,可他妈的肯定不是你!”

那妓女的格格声一下升高了八度。

“也不是你,小姐!快点滚,懂吗?佐,他可是我的一个私交极好的朋友。”

她看着凯斯的眼睛,尽可能轻地噗了一声,嘴唇几乎没动,但还是走开了。

“天啊,”凯斯说,“你这儿是个什么下流场所?酒都没法喝!”

“哈,”拉茨边说边用块破布抹着伤痕累累的木吧台,“佐给了提成,而我让你在这儿活动是因为这儿有娱乐上的价值。”

当凯斯端起杯子时,酒吧里一下子出奇地安静了下来,就好像几百个正各自聊着互不相关的话题的人同时缄口不语。接着,那妓女的格格傻笑声突然响起,这声音中略带着某种类型的歇斯底里。

- ① heraldic *a.* 先驱者的
- ② herr *n.* (德语) 先生,阁下
- ③ serve... as, 被... 用作
- ④ funny *a.* 古怪的, 出格的
- ⑤ gotta, = got to
- ⑥ fuck *n.* 性交, 杂种, 他妈的(加重语气时用的粗话)
- ⑦ kinda, = kind of
- ⑧ creep joint, 为避免抓捕而到处游动的聚赌场所, 令人讨厌的人开设(或光顾)的酒店, 下流场所
- ⑨ tinge *vt.* 使带有...的痕迹





Ratz grunted. "An angel passed."

"The Chinese," bellowed a drunken Australian, "Chinese bloody invented nerve-splicing. Give me the mainland for a nerve job any day. Fix you right, mate. . . ."

"Now that," Case said to his glass, all his bitterness suddenly rising in him like bile, "that is *so* much bullshit."

The Japanese had already forgotten more neurosurgery than the Chinese had ever known. The black clinics of Chiba<sup>1</sup> were the cutting edge<sup>2</sup>, whole bodies of technique supplanted monthly, and still they couldn't repair the damage he'd suffered in that Memphis hotel.

A year here and he still dreamed of cyberspace<sup>3</sup>, hope fading nightly. All the speed he took, all the turns he'd taken and the corners he'd cut<sup>4</sup> in Night City<sup>5</sup>, and still he'd see the matrix<sup>6</sup> in his sleep, bright lattices of logic unfolding across that colorless void. . . The Sprawl was a long strange way home over the Pacific now, and he was no console<sup>7</sup> man, no cyberspace cowboy. Just another hustler, trying to make it through<sup>8</sup>. But the dreams came on in the Japanese night like livewire voodoo<sup>9</sup>, and he'd cry for it, cry in his sleep, and wake alone in the dark, curled in his capsule in some coffin hotel, his hands clawed into the bedslab, temperfoam bunched between his fingers, trying to reach the console that wasn't there.

"I saw your girl last night," Ratz said, passing Case his second Kirin.





拉茨发出了咕啾声。“一个天使逝去了。”

“中国人，”一个醉醺醺的澳大利亚人吼道，“该死的中国人发明了神经绞接术。何时让我在这本州岛上干神经活儿。准把你治好，老兄……”

“行了，”凯斯直视着杯子，所有的苦涩突然涌上心头，如同胆汁倒流一般，“这么多废话。”

**即** 即使是日本人已经遗忘的神经外科手术知识，也比中国人迄今所知道的要多。千叶地下诊所的技术是一流的，那儿每月都有整套整套的技术被淘汰，但是他们仍然无法修复他在孟菲斯那家旅馆受到的毁损。

来这里一年了，他还在梦想着赛伯空间，可希望逐夜渺茫。在夜城，无论他以什么速度行走，不论是转一个弯，还是抄一条近路，他都会看到睡梦中的矩阵，那些明亮的逻辑网格正在无色的虚空中展开……现在，斯普罗尔已成了太平洋彼岸遥远陌生的家园。他不再是控制台前的操纵者，不再是赛伯空间的牛仔，只是另一个试图钻空子的不法分子。可是在日本，一到夜晚，梦就像活蹦乱跳的伏都教徒那样袭来。他为此哭泣，在睡梦中哭泣，在黑暗中孤独地醒来，蜷曲在某个棺材旅馆的小间里，双手抓进床板，试图伸向并不存在的控制台，钢化泡沫塑料在他手指间隆起。

“**昨**晚我见到你的女人了，”拉茨说着，递给凯斯第二杯麒麟啤酒。

① Chiba *n.* 千叶(东京湾东北岸城市,在本小说中,由于城市的无计划扩展,已与东京湾西北岸的东京连成一片)

② the cutting edge, 占尽优势

③ cyberspace *n.* 赛伯空间(即电脑网络空间)

④ cut corners, 抄近路,走捷径

⑤ Night City, 作者杜撰的地名,位于千叶-东京城市带

⑥ matrix 有母体、矩阵等多个含义。但这里作者又赋予新的含义,即下文将提到的交感幻觉世界。尚无确切译法,权且译作“矩阵”

⑦ console *n.* 操纵台,控制板

⑧ make it through, 穿过障碍达到目的

⑨ voodoo *n.* 伏都教徒(伏都教是一种西非原始宗教,现仍流行于加勒比海诸岛)





"I don't have one," he said, and drank.

"Miss Linda Lee."

Case shook his head.

"No girl? Nothing? Only biz<sup>1</sup>, friend artiste? Dedication to commerce?" The bartender's small brown eyes were nested deep in wrinkled flesh. "I think I liked you better, with her. You laughed more. Now, some night, you get maybe too artistic; you wind up<sup>2</sup> in the clinic tanks, spare parts."

"You're breaking my heart, Ratz." He finished his beer, paid and left, high narrow shoulders hunched beneath the rain-stained khaki nylon of his windbreaker. Threading his way through the Ninsei<sup>3</sup> crowds, he could smell his own stale sweat.

Case was twenty-four. At twenty-two, he'd been a cowboy, a rustler, one of the best in the Sprawl. He'd been trained by the best, by McCoy Pauley and Bobby Quine, legends in the biz. He'd operated on an almost permanent adrenaline<sup>4</sup> high<sup>5</sup>, a byproduct of youth and proficiency, jacked into a custom cyberspace deck that projected his disembodied consciousness into the consensual hallucination<sup>6</sup> that was the matrix. A thief, he'd worked for other, wealthier thieves, employers who provided the exotic software required to penetrate the bright walls of corporate systems, opening windows into rich fields of data.

He'd made the classic mistake, the one he'd sworn he'd<sup>7</sup> never make. He stole from his employers. He kept something for himself and tried to move it through a fence<sup>8</sup> in Amster-



“我没有女人，”他说，一边喝酒。

“琳达·李小姐。”

凯斯摇摇头。

“没女人？什么也没有？只有生意，能人朋友？献身于交易了？”酒吧招待那满是皱纹的脸上深陷着一双褐色的小眼睛。“我想我更喜欢你和她在一起，那时你还笑得更多些。咳，哪天晚上，或许你太能了，落在诊所的槽子里，只剩些零件。”

“你在伤我的心，拉茨。”他喝完酒，付清了账，便离开了酒吧。他那窄窄的双肩在他那件满是雨渍的卡其尼龙布防风茄克衫中高高地耸起。穿行在仁清的人群中，他能够闻到自己身上的汗臭味。

凯斯二十四岁。他二十二岁时，曾是一个牛仔，一个强悍活跃的人，斯普罗尔最棒的人之一。他受训于最好的名师，麦科伊·波利和博比·奎因，他们是这行当里的传奇人物。他以一种几乎永恒的高昂激情——年轻和技艺熟练的一种副产品——进行操作，插进一个用户赛伯空间的平台，把自己脱离肉体的意识切入交感幻觉世界，那就是矩阵。他是个贼，又为别的更加富有的贼工作。雇主们向他提供奇特的软件，用于穿过联合系统那明亮的隔墙，开窗进入信息丰富的数据区域。

他犯下了那种典型的错误，他曾发誓永远不会犯那种错误的。他的手伸向了他的雇主们。他为自己留下了一些东西，并且试图通过阿姆斯特

① biz, = business

② wind up, (以…) 告终

③ Ninsei, 作者杜撰的日本地名，位于夜城，权且作音译。但有趣的是，仁清又是人名，17世纪日本著名陶艺师，代表作是茶叶罐

④ adrenalin (e) n. 刺激因素，一阵兴奋，肾上腺素

⑤ high n. 高峰，高潮

⑥ hallucination n. 幻觉

⑦ he'd, = he would (注意后面的 make 是不定式，而前面那个 he's = he had, 因为后面是过去分词 sworn)

⑧ fence n. 倒手赃物的人





dam. He still wasn't sure how he'd been discovered, not that it mattered now. He'd expected to die, then, but they only smiled. Of course he was welcome, they told him, welcome to<sup>1</sup> the money. And he was going to need it. Because still smiling—they were going to make sure he never worked again.

They damaged his nervous system with a wartime Russian mycotoxin.

Strapped to a bed in a Memphis hotel, his talent burning out micron by micron, he hallucinated for thirty hours.

The damage was minute, subtle, and utterly effective.

For Case, who'd lived for the bodiless exultation<sup>2</sup> of cyberspace, it was the Fall<sup>3</sup>. In the bars he'd frequented as a cowboy hotshot<sup>4</sup>, the elite stance involved a certain relaxed contempt for the flesh. The body was meat. Case fell into the prison of his own flesh.

**S**is total assets were quickly converted to New Yen, a fat sheaf of the old paper currency that circulated endlessly through the closed circuit of the world's black markets like the seashells of the Trobriand islanders<sup>5</sup>. It was difficult to transact legitimate business with cash in the Sprawl; in Japan, it was already illegal.

In Japan, he'd known with a clenched<sup>6</sup> and absolute certainty, he'd find his cure. In Chiba. Either in a registered clinic or in the shadowland of black medicine. Synonymous with implants, nerve-splicing, and microbionics, Chiba was a



丹一个买卖脏物的人把它们脱手。他至今不明白怎么会东窗事发的,不过现在这已无关紧要了。他以为他们会要他的命,可他们只是笑,并告诉他,他当然可以有一笔钱。他将用得着这笔钱,因为——他们还在笑——他们要确保他永远不能再工作。

他们用一种战争时期用的俄国毒枝菌素毁坏了他的神经系统。

他被绑在孟菲斯一家旅馆的床上,智能被一微米一微米地烧毁。他在幻觉中度过了三十个小时。

这一毁损十分细致、精妙,而且完全有效。

对于为在赛伯空间中能享受脱离躯体的欢乐而活着的凯斯来说,这犹如亚当夏娃被逐出伊甸园。在那些他以牛仔高手的身份时常出入的酒吧里,名人应做出某种对肉体表示随意蔑视的姿态。躯体只是一堆肉。凯斯堕入了自己肉体的牢笼。

**他**的全部财产很快就变成了新日元,变成了厚厚的一扎旧纸币,这种纸币在世界黑市的封闭流通圈中无止境地循环着,就像特罗布里恩群岛上居民的贝壳一样。在斯普罗尔,用现金进行合法的交易非常困难,而在日本,这已经是属于违法的了。

他怀着坚定不移的信念,知道在日本会找到治愈的办法。就是在千叶。或是注册诊所,或是见不得阳光的地下诊所。千叶已成为器官移植、神经绞接和微型仿生学的同义词,它是吸引斯普

① be welcome to, 被允许用(做)

② exultation n. 狂喜,欢腾

③ the Fall, 堕落(取自《圣经》中亚当和夏娃偷吃禁果被逐出伊甸园的故事)

④ hotshot n. 艺高而自负的人

⑤ Trobriand islands, 特罗布里恩群岛上的居民(该群岛位于西太平洋南部。岛上的美拉尼西亚人有其特殊的贸易方式。他们按顺时针方向沿诸岛做红色贝壳项链的交易,而按逆时针方向做白色贝壳手镯的交易)

⑥ clenched a. 被钉牢的,被抓紧的





magnet for the Sprawl's techno-criminal subcultures.

In Chiba, he'd watched his New Yen vanish in a two-month round of examinations and consultations. The men in the black clinics, his last hope, and admired the expertise with which he'd been maimed, and then slowly shaken their heads.

Now he slept in the cheapest coffins, the ones nearest the port, beneath the quartz-halogen floods that lit the docks all night like vast stages; where you couldn't see the lights of Tokyo for the glare<sup>①</sup> of the television sky, not even the towering hologram logo of the Fuji Electric Company, and Tokyo Bay was a black expanse where gulls wheeled above drifting shoals<sup>②</sup> of white styrofoam. Behind the port lay the city, factory domes dominated by the vast cubes of corporate arcologies<sup>③</sup>. Port and city were divided by a narrow borderland of older streets, an area with no official name. Night City, with Ninsei its heart. By day, the bars down Ninsei were shuttered and featureless, the neon dead, the holograms inert, waiting, under the poisoned silver sky.

When he climbed out of the elevator, he saw a Japanese teenager sitting on the desk, reading a textbook. "Good buddy," Case called across the plastic turf, "you don't need to tell me. I know already. Pretty lady came to visit, said she had my key. Nice little tip for you, say fifty New ones?" The boy put down his book. "Woman," Case said, and drew a line across his forehead with his thumb. "Silk." He smiled broadly. The boy smiled back, nodded. "Thanks, asshole," Case said.



罗尔的技术罪犯亚文化群的一块磁铁。

在千叶,他眼见自己的新日元在两个月的检查和会诊中耗尽。地下诊所的人是他最后的希望,但他们先是对使他残废的专业技术惊叹不已,接着便慢慢地摇头。

现在他睡在最便宜的棺材旅馆,那些离港口最近,就在石英-卤素泛光灯下面的旅馆。灯光整夜照着,把码头照得像巨大的舞台。天空如电视般映出耀眼的强光,使你无法看到东京的灯光,甚至看不到高耸的富士电机公司的全息图标识。东京湾只是黑茫茫的一片,海鸥在漂浮于海面上的成片白色聚苯乙烯泡沫塑料上盘旋。港口后面是市区,工厂的圆顶被联合生态建筑的巨大立方体挡住了。港口和市区被一条由老街组成的狭长边界地带分开,这一地带没有正式名称。这就是夜城,它以仁清为中心。白天,仁清沿街酒吧关门闭户,平淡无奇,霓虹灯死气沉沉,全息图毫无活力,在被污染了的银色天空下等待着。

**他**爬出电梯时,看到桌边坐着一个日本少年,他正读着一本教科书。“你好,老弟,”凯斯隔着塑料草皮,朝他叫道,“你不用告诉我,我已经知道,有漂亮的女士来访,她说她有我的钥匙。这里有一些讨人喜欢的小费给你,约五十新日元怎么样?”男孩放下书。“女人,”凯斯说着,用拇指在脑门上画了一条线。“丝带。”他张开嘴笑起来。男孩也回应地笑了,点点头。“谢谢,笨蛋!”凯斯说。

① glare *n.* 强光,耀眼的光(或反光)

② shoal *n.* 大量,大群

③ arcology *n.* 生态建筑学,生态建筑(由 architecture (建筑学,建筑物)和 ecology (生态学)缩合而成,把生态学原理融合到城市建设中,以改善环境,合理利用资源的一种建筑模式)





On the catwalk, he had trouble with the lock. She'd messed it up somehow when she'd fiddled<sup>①</sup> it, he thought. Beginner. He knew where to rent a blackbox that would open anything in Cheap Hotel. Fluorescents came on as he crawled in.

"Close the hatch real slow, friend. "

She sat with her back to the wall, at the far end of the coffin. She had her knees up, resting her wrists on them; the pepper-box<sup>②</sup> muzzle<sup>③</sup> of a flechette<sup>④</sup> pistol emerged from her hands.

He pulled the hatch down. "Where's Linda?"

"Hit that latch switch. "

He did.

"That you girl? Linda?"

He nodded.

"She's gone. Real nervous kid?" She wore mirrored glasses. Her clothes were black, the heels of black boots deep in the temperfoam.

"Want some dry ice? All I got, right now. "

She shook her head. He realized that the glasses were surgically inset, sealing her sockets. The silver lenses seemed to grow from smooth pale skin above her cheekbones, framed<sup>⑤</sup> by dark hair cut in a rough shag<sup>⑥</sup>. The fingers curled around the fletcher were slender, white, tipped with polished burgundy. The nails looked artificial. "I think you screwed up<sup>⑦</sup>, Case. I showed up and you just fit me right into your reality picture. "

"So what do you want, lady?" He sagged<sup>⑧</sup> back against the hatch.

"You. One live body, brains still somewhat intact. Molly,





在天桥上,凯斯开锁时碰到了点麻烦。他想要她摆弄锁的时候,把它多少有点弄糟了。新手。他知道在什么地方可以租到一种能把这廉价旅馆里随便什么东西都打开的黑匣子。他刚爬进去,荧光灯就亮了。

“关门时要慢慢的,朋友。”

她背靠着墙,坐在这“棺材”的另一头。她把双膝曲起,手腕放在膝上;手中露出了多管转轮箭弹手枪的枪口。

他拉下门。“琳达在哪儿?”

“按下门门开关。”

他照做了。

“是你的女人?琳达?”

他点点头。

“她走了。神经质的家伙?”她戴着镀膜眼镜,穿一身黑衣,黑色皮靴的鞋跟深深地陷进了钢化泡沫塑料里。

“要点干冰吗?现在我就只剩下干冰了。”

她摇摇头。他意识到那眼镜是通过外科手术嵌进去的,并封住了她的眼窝。银色的镜片就好像从她颧骨上方那光滑白晰的皮肤上长出来似的,周围散披着剪得一团糟的黑发。弯曲在箭弹枪上的手指细长而又白净,指端呈光洁的紫红色,这指甲看起来像是人造的。“我觉得你太紧张了,凯斯。我一出现,你就直接把我按你心中的现实形象进行定位。”

“那么你想怎么着,女士?”他身子往后倾倒,背靠在门上。

“你,一个有生命的肉体,大脑在某种程度上

- ① fiddle *vt.* 盲目摆弄
- ② pepperbox *n.* 胡椒瓶,多管转轮手枪
- ③ muzzle *n.* 枪口,炮口,喷口
- ④ flechette *n.* 箭弹
- ⑤ frame *vt.* 框住
- ⑥ shag *n.* (头发等)蓬乱的一团
- ⑦ screw up, 紧张
- ⑧ sag *vi.* 倾斜

