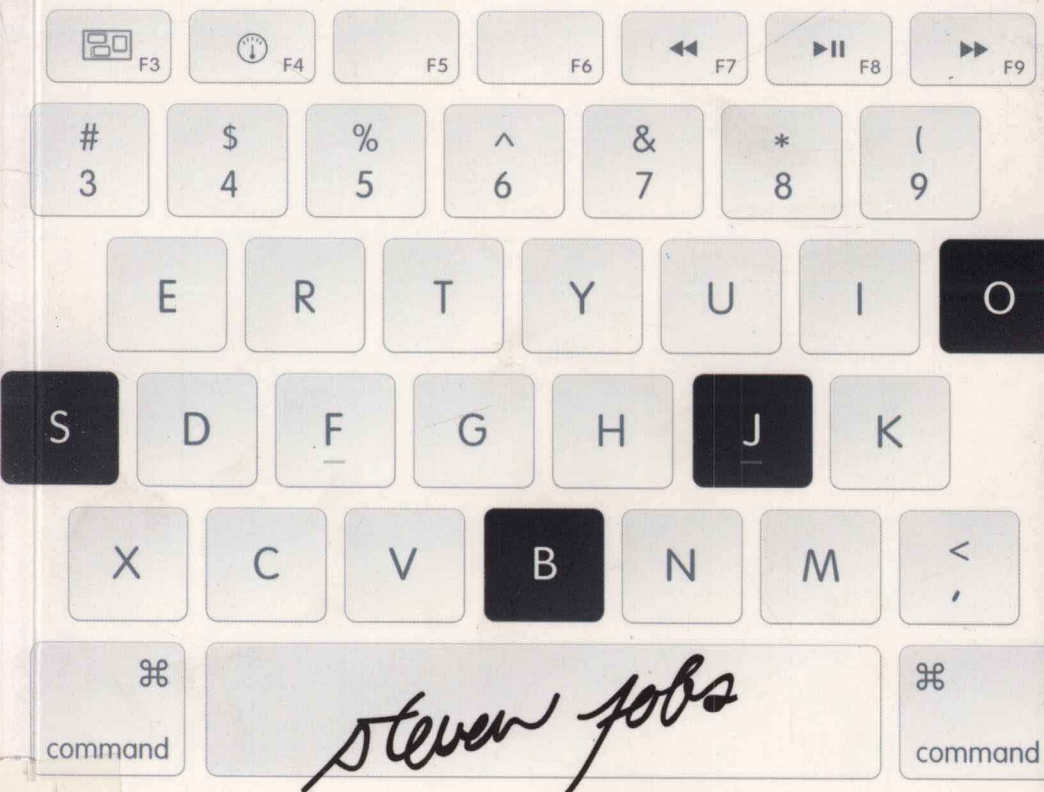


乔布斯自述

STEVEN JOBS 1955—2011

史蒂夫·乔布斯◎著 巨澜 李墨林◎译



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END OF AN ERA

一个时代的终结

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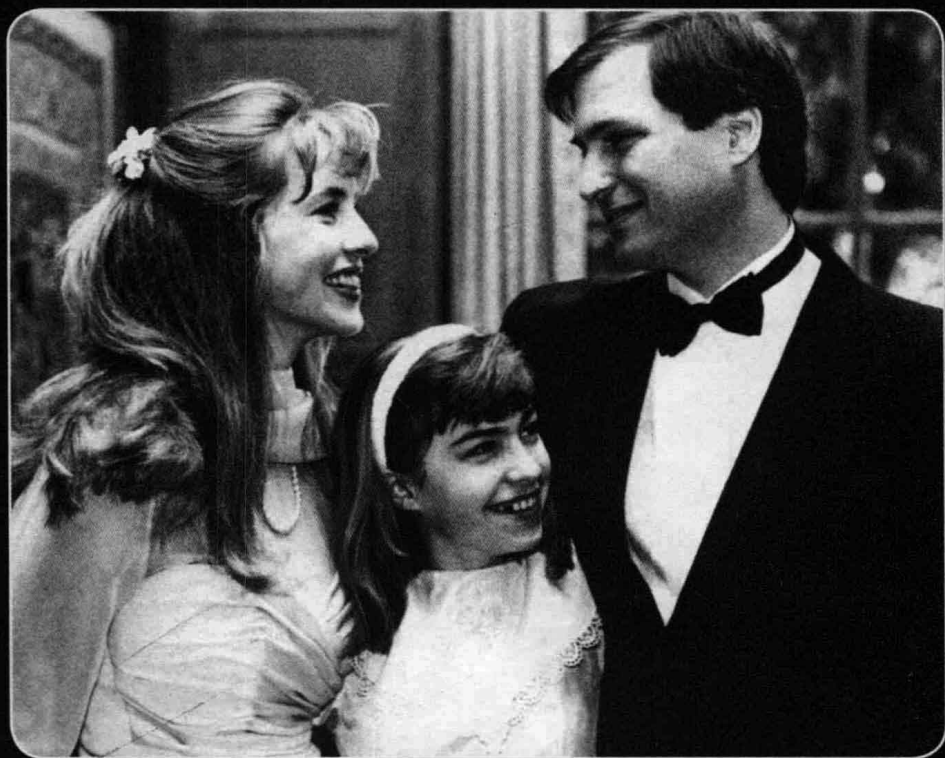
Milestones

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序：追忆

A Sister's Eulogy
for Steve Jobs



| 劳伦、丽萨、和史蒂夫

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2003年，史蒂夫、伊芙、里德、埃琳和劳伦在意大利的拉维罗

SJ, Eve, Reed, Erin and Laurene in Ravello, Italy

A Sister's Eulogy for Steve Jobs

By MONA SIMPSON,
New York Times,
October 30, 2011

I grew up as an only child, with a single mother. Because we were poor and because I knew my father had emigrated from Syria, I imagined he looked like Omar Sharif. I hoped he would be rich and kind and would come into our lives (and our not yet furnished apartment) and help us. Later, after I'd met my father, I tried to believe he'd changed his number and left no forwarding address because he was an idealistic revolutionary, plotting a new world for the Arab people

Even as a feminist, my whole life I'd been waiting for a man to love, who could love me. For decades, I'd thought that man would be my father. When I was 25, I met that man and he was my brother.

By then, I lived in New York, where I was trying to write my first novel. I had a job at a small magazine in an office the size of a closet, with three other aspiring writers. When one day a lawyer called me — me, the middle-class girl from California who hassled the boss to buy us health insurance — and said his client was rich and famous and was my long-lost brother, the young editors went wild. This was 1985 and we worked at a cutting-edge literary magazine, but I'd fallen into the plot of a Dickens novel and really, we all loved those best. The lawyer refused to tell me my brother's name and my colleagues started a betting pool. The leading candidate: John Travolta. I secretly hoped for a literary descendant of

追忆

莫娜·辛普森

《纽约时报》

2011年10月30日

我从小跟着母亲在单亲家庭长大，因为日子过得拮据，加上父亲又是叙利亚移民，所以我一幻想着他能有奥玛·沙里夫一样的容貌，富有而慈祥，有朝一日能出现在我们的生活中（不嫌弃我们家徒四壁的房子），帮帮我们娘俩。后来，我终于见到了他，我还尽量让自己相信，他之所以换了电话号码甚至连个寄信地址都没有留下，是因为他是个理想主义革命者，正为阿拉伯人民规划着新的世界。

即便我是个女权主义者，在我整个人生中，也都在期盼着能有一个我爱的且也爱的我男人出现，二十年多年来，我一直觉得这个男人应该是我的父亲，而在我二十五岁的时候，终于遇到了这样的一个男人——我的哥哥。

那时候，我住在纽约，正在埋头撰写我的第一本小说。我在一家小杂志社上班，办公室小得像衣橱一样，还有三个同事，也都是心怀理想的作家。一天，我接到了一位律师打来的电话——我，一个来自加利福尼亚中产家庭的，整天吵着让老板给我们上健康保险的女孩——律师说他的委托人是位有名的富翁，居然是我失散多年的哥哥，那些年轻的编辑们听到都疯掉了。那是1985年，我们供职的是一家先锋文学杂志，可狄更斯小说中的情节却突然出现在了我们的生活中，我们所有人都乐坏了。律师拒

Henry James — someone more talented than I, someone brilliant without even trying.

When I met Steve, he was a guy my age in jeans, Arab- or Jewish-looking and handsomer than Omar Sharif.

We took a long walk — something, it happened, that we both liked to do. I don't remember much of what we said that first day, only that he felt like someone I'd pick to be a friend. He explained that he worked in computers.

I didn't know much about computers. I still worked on a manual Olivetti typewriter.

I told Steve I'd recently considered my first purchase of a computer: something called the Cromemco.

Steve told me it was a good thing I'd waited. He said he was making something that was going to be insanely beautiful.

I want to tell you a few things I learned from Steve, during three distinct periods, over the 27 years I knew him. They're not periods of years, but of states of being. His full life. His illness. His dying.

Steve worked at what he loved. He worked really hard. Every day.

That's incredibly simple, but true.

He was the opposite of absent-minded.

He was never embarrassed about working hard, even if the results were failures. If someone as smart as Steve wasn't ashamed to admit trying, maybe I didn't have to be.

When he got kicked out of Apple, things were painful. He told me about a dinner at which 500 Silicon

绝告诉我哥哥的名字，于是我的同事们开始打赌猜测起来，票数最多的候选人是约翰·特拉沃尔塔，我却暗自幻想着会是亨利·詹姆斯的文学弟子——比我出色，不需努力，也会才华横溢的人。

我第一次见到史蒂夫的时候，发现他和我年纪相仿，穿着牛仔裤，有一张阿拉伯或者犹太人的面孔，比奥玛·沙里夫英俊。

我们一起散步，走了很远——我们俩都喜欢散步。至于我们见面第一天都谈了些什么，我已经不太记得了，只记得我们像是相识已久的老朋友，他说他从事的是计算机方面的工作。

我当时对计算机还知之甚少，使用的还是Olivetti打字机。我告诉史蒂夫我最近正考虑买一台Cromemco计算机。

史蒂夫说，这个东西还算不错，而他正在研发一台超级美好的电脑。

我想告诉各位一些我从史蒂夫那里学到的东西，在我们相处的二十七年中，大致可以分为三个阶段。我说的并不是年份上的时期，而是生活状态上的阶段——他充实的生活，他的疾病以及他的离去。

史蒂夫热爱他的工作，而且非常努力，天天如此。

说起来简单得令人难以置信，但确实如此。

他从来不会心不在焉。

他努力工作，不在乎结果如何，即便最后失败，也不

Valley leaders met the then-sitting president. Steve hadn't been invited.

He was hurt but he still went to work at NeXT. Every single day.

Novelty was not Steve's highest value. Beauty was.

For an innovator, Steve was remarkably loyal. If he loved a shirt, he'd order 10 or 100 of them. In the Palo Alto house, there are probably enough black cotton turtlenecks for everyone in this church.

He didn't favor trends or gimmicks. He liked people his own age.

His philosophy of aesthetics reminds me of a quote that went something like this: "Fashion is what seems beautiful now but looks ugly later; art can be ugly at first but it becomes beautiful later."

Steve always aspired to make beautiful later.

He was willing to be misunderstood.

Uninvited to the ball, he drove the third or fourth iteration of his same black sports car to NeXT, where he and his team were quietly inventing the platform on which Tim Berners-Lee would write the program for the World Wide Web.

Steve was like a girl in the amount of time he spent talking about love. Love was his supreme virtue, his god of gods. He tracked and worried about the romantic lives of the people working with him.

Whenever he saw a man he thought a woman might find dashing, he called out, "Hey are you single? Do you wanna come to dinner with my sister?"

I remember when he phoned the day he met