

# Neuromancer - Wintermute

*William Gibson, 1984*

"Wintermute," the Finn said, and did a strange little shuffle, feet clicking on the floor of his warehouse. "It's a name, an AI name. Tessier-Ashpool SA built two AIs, okay? And they're big, real big. One of 'em's called Wintermute, and the other one's called Neuromancer."

"The Turing people," Case said. "They know about this?"

"The Turing Registry? Sure they know. They don't do much about it, though. Tessier-Ashpool's real private, Case. They own Freeside, at least a big chunk of it. They got their own uplink, their own bank. An AI like Wintermute, it's way out of line for a corporate entity to own. The Turing cops are supposed to watch for that kind of thing. But Tessier-Ashpool, they got the old money, the kind that makes governments nervous."

Case nodded. He'd heard stories of Tessier-Ashpool, rumors and half-truths. A family that had built its fortune in the orbital manufacturing years, back when space was a new frontier and there were fortunes to be made. They lived in a sealed compound at the spindle of Freeside, rarely seen, their wealth a thing of legend.