

一只特立独行的猪

王小波

插队的时候，我喂过猪，也放过牛。假如没有人来管，这两种动物也完全知道该怎样生活。它们会自由自在地闲逛，饥则食渴则饮，春天来临时还要谈谈爱情；这样一来，它们的生活层次很低，完全乏善可陈。人来了以后，给它们的生活做出了安排：每一头牛和每一头猪的生活都有了主题。就他们中的大多数而言，这种生活主题是很悲惨的：前者的主题是干活的，后者的主题是长肉。我不认为这有什么可抱怨的，因为我当时的生活也不见得丰富了多少，除了八个样板戏，也没有什么消遣。有极少数的猪和牛，它们的生活另有安排。以猪为例，种猪和母猪除了吃，还有别的事可干。就我所见，它们对这些安排也不大喜欢。种猪的任务是交配，换言之，我们的政策准许它当个花花公子。但是疲惫的种猪往往摆出一种肉猪（肉猪是阉过的）才有的正人君子架势，死活不肯跳到母猪背上去。母猪的任务是生崽儿，但有些母猪却要把猪崽儿吃掉。总的来说，人的安排使猪痛苦不堪。但它们还是接受了：猪总是猪啊。

对生活做种种设置是人特有的品性。不光是设置动物，也设置自己。我们知道，在古希腊有个斯巴达，那里的生活被设置得了无生趣，其目的就是要使男人成为亡命战士，使女人成为生育机器，前者像些斗鸡，后者像些母猪。这两类动物是很特别的，但我以为，它们肯定不喜欢自己的生活。但不喜欢又能怎么样？人也好，动物也罢，都很难改变自己的命运。

以下谈到的一只猪有些与众不同。我喂猪时，它已经有四五岁了，从名分上说，它是肉猪，但长得又黑又瘦，两眼炯炯有光。这家伙像山羊一样敏捷，一米高的猪栏一跳就过；它还能跳上猪圈的房顶，这一点又像是猫--所以它总是到处游逛，根本就不在圈里待着。所有喂过猪的知青都把它当宠儿来对待，它也是我的宠儿--因为它只对知青好，容许他们走到三米之内，要是别的人，它早就跑了。它是公的，原本该劊掉。不过你去试试看，哪怕你把劊猪刀藏在身后，它也能嗅出来，朝你瞪大眼睛，噢噢地吼起来。我总是用细米糖煮的粥喂它，等它吃够了以后，才把糖对到野草里喂别的猪。其他猪看了嫉妒，一起嚷起来。这时候整个猪场一片鬼哭狼嚎，但我和它都不在乎。吃饱了以后，他就跳上房顶去晒太阳，或者模仿各种声音。它学会汽车响，拖拉机响，学得都很像；有时整天不见踪影，我估计它到附近的村寨里找母猪去了。我们这里也有母猪，都关在圈里，被过度的生育搞得走了形，又脏又臭，它对它们不感兴趣；村寨里的母猪好看一些。它有很多精彩的事迹，但我喂猪的时间短，知道得有限，索性就不写了。总而言之，所有喂过猪的知青都喜欢它，喜欢它特立独行的派头儿，还说它活得潇洒。但老乡们就不这么浪漫，他们说，这猪不正经。领导则痛恨它，这一点以后还要谈到。我对它则不只是喜欢--我尊敬它，常常不顾自己虚长十几岁这一现实，把它叫做“猪兄”。如前所述，这位猪兄会模仿各种声音。我想它也学过人说话，但没有学会--假如学会了，我们就可以做倾心之谈。但这不能怪它。人和猪的音色差得太远了。

后来，猪兄学会了汽笛叫，这个本领给它招来了麻烦。我们那里有座糖厂，中午要鸣一次汽笛，让工人换班。我们队下地干活时，听见这次汽笛响就收工回来。我的猪兄每天上午十点钟总要跳到房上学汽笛，地里的人听见它就回来--这可比糖厂鸣笛早了一个半小时。坦白地说，这不能全怪猪兄，它毕竟不是锅炉，叫起来和汽笛还有些区别，但老乡们却硬说听不出来。领导上因此开

了一个会，把它定成了破坏春耕的坏分子，要对它采取专政手段--会议的精神我已经知道了，但我不为它担忧--因为假如专政是指绳索和杀猪刀的话，那是一点门都没有的。以前的领导也不是没试过，一百人也逮不住它。狗也没用：猪兄跑起来像颗鱼雷，能把狗撞出一丈开外。谁知这回是动了真格的，指导员带了二十几个人，手拿五四式手枪；副指导员带了十几人，手持看青的火枪，分两路在猪场外的空地上兜捕这就使我陷入了内心的矛盾：按我和它的交情，我该舞起两把杀猪刀冲出去，和它并肩战斗，但我又觉得这样做太过惊世？俗--它毕竟是只猪啊；还有一个理由，我不敢对抗领导，我怀疑这才是问题之所在。总之，我在一边看着。猪兄的镇定使我佩服之级：它很冷静地躲在手枪和火枪的连线之内，任凭人喊狗咬，不离那条线。这样，拿手枪的人开火就会把拿火枪的打死，反之亦然；两头同时开火，两头都会被打死。至于它，因为目标小，多半没事。就这样连兜了几个圈子，它找到了一个空子，一头撞出去了；跑得潇洒之极。以后我在甘蔗地里还见过它一次，它长出了獠牙，还认识我，但已不容我走近了。这种冷淡使我痛心，但我也赞成它对心怀叵测的人保持距离。

我已经四十岁了，除了这只猪，还没见过谁敢于如此无视对生活的设置。相反，我倒见过很多想要设置别人生活的人，还有对被设置的生活安之若素的人。因为这个缘故，我一直怀念这只特立独行的猪。

A Unique Pig Who Goes His Own Way

by

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(translated by Shen Ge)

When I went out to the countryside back in the day, I fed pigs and herded cattle. If there were no one around, these two kinds of animals would still know how to live. They would wander around idly, eating or drinking when needed. When spring comes, they'll make love. Just like that, their lifestyle is very simple, lacking anything to take advantage of. The arrival of man gave their lives certain arrangements: every cow and every pig now has a purpose. For most of them, this new lifestyle was quite sad with the former working in the fields while the latter growing meat for slaughter.

I don't think there's anything to complain about here since back then my life wasn't much better with boredom only relieved briefly by some board games. A small number of pigs and cows had other arrangements. Taking pigs as an example, after certain male pigs and the female pigs have eaten, they had other things to do. From what I could see, they didn't much like these arrangements either. The role of the male pigs was to mate or to put it another way, our policy allowed him to be a playboy. Yet, the tired pig would often display the behavior of that of a castrated pig, behaving like a gentleman and refusing to leap onto the mother pig's back. The mother pig's role was to make more pigs but some of them actually ate their young. In any case, man's arrangements made the pigs' lives go to hell. They still accepted their lives though since this is what pigs do after all.

To make restrictions and norms in life is a typical human trait. Humans not only direct it towards animals but also to themselves. We all know of ancient Greece's Sparta where the restrictions were placed to the extent that life lost its meaning. Men were turned into warriors that fought to die while women were turned into birth machines that made more people. The former were like fighting cocks while the latter were like the mother pigs. These two types of animals were very unique but I believe that they definitely didn't like their own lifestyles. But what can they do even if they didn't like it? Humans are not that different from animals in that neither can change their fate.

The pig that I describe now is different from the crowd. When I was feeding them, he was already four or five. Nominally, he should be one for slaughter but not so due to his physique. He was black and lean with shiny eyes. This guy was as agile as a mountain goat and could jump over the meter high pigsty fence. He could also hop onto the pigsty roof, and kind of like a cat he would wander around everywhere and never stay in the fence. Every young guy who fed him treated him like a pet; I was no exception. The reason was that he was only nice towards the young folks and allowed them to come within three meters. For anyone else he was long gone. He was originally supposed to be castrated but anyone who dared to bring a knife to him he would instantly smell it. He would open wide his eyes and start grunting.

I always used the fine rice sugar mix to feed him and only after feeding him did I give the others wild grass. The other pigs became jealous when they saw this and they would all start grunting together.

At this point, the whole pigsty would be a cacophony of noise but I wouldn't care and neither would he. After eating, he would hop onto the roof for some sunbathing or he would mimic different sounds. He learned cars and tractors with remarkable resemblance. Sometimes he would disappear for the entire day, probably so that he can visit some female pigs in the nearby village. We also had some but they were all locked up in the pigsty and all of them were overweight, dirty, and smelly. He wasn't interested in them since the ones in the village look quite a lot better. He had a lot of exciting stories in the past but since I only fed pigs for a short while I don't know them well so I'll just skip these details.

Anyways, every one of us youngsters who has fed pigs liked his independent streak and his rather carefree lifestyle. But the older party cadres were not nearly as romantic and thought the pig to be an abnormal misfit. The local officials hated him which I'll mention more in a bit. I didn't just like him - I admired him and would call him "bro pig" regardless of the age difference. Like I said before, this pig could mimic a lot of sounds. I think that he tried to learn human speech in the past but didn't succeed. If he had, we would have had some good heart-to-heart talk. But you really couldn't blame him for failing since the difference between human and pig speech is immense.

Later, bro pig learned to mimic the sound of a whistle, an ability that led to trouble. We had a sugar factory there and at noon the whistle would sound to indicate a switching of personnel. When our team went to the fields to work, we would finish our work when we heard this whistle. My bro pig would jump on the roof every morning at 10 and practice learning the whistling sound which led to everyone in the field to come back an hour and half earlier. Frankly, the blame doesn't fall on bro pig because he's obviously not a furnace and the mimicked whistling was still different from the real one but the older party cadres stubbornly said they couldn't hear the difference. Because of this, the local officials held a meeting and decided that he was a bad element that destroyed the spring planting. They went ahead and set on a plan of action.

I knew what they would decide but I wasn't scared since if they decided to use rope or knives that won't work. The previous officials have tried that and even a hundred people couldn't capture him. Even dogs were useless since he'll run like a torpedo and knock aside all the dogs. Who knew this time they were serious to the point that they brought around twenty people armed with pistols and the vice director brought around ten people armed with flintlocks? They split along two paths on the pigsty grounds and surrounded him. This made me feel rather conflicted since if we went with the bond between us, I should have charged in there waving two knives and stood side by side with him for the fight.

Yet, at the same time I felt doing so would be rather extreme since he was still just a pig. There's one more reason: I was afraid of going against the leaders and I suspect that this was the true reason. Anyways, I just watched by the side. Bro pig's composure was incredibly admirable; he calmly stayed between the guns and never strayed from the lines despite people shouting and dogs barking. This way the people with pistols would hit the ones with flintlocks while vice versa if both sides fired at the same time both sides would be hit. Since he, the target, was small a hit would be unlikely. Just like this, he ran around in circles before he found a gap, rushed out head down, and ran away carefree. Later, in the sugarcane fields I saw him once and he had grown a pair of tusks. He still recognized me but wouldn't let

me get close. This coldness pained my heart but I admired his caution in keeping his distance from these humans with their unfathomable motives.

I'm now over 40 years old but aside from this pig I have never seen anyone else who dared to go to this extent to ignore the trappings of life. Quite the opposite, I have seen many people who tried to control other people's lives and I have also seen those people whose lives are controlled do nothing but calmly bear it. Because of this, I have always thought fondly of this special pig.