

巴金：「家」第十版代序

To a Cousin—

Preface to the 10th Edition of "Family"

By Pa Chin

Translated by Shang-lan Mui Yeh

Please forgive me for my long silence. I should have written this letter to you long ago. To be truthful, when I unexpectedly heard from you in Tokyo, I thought of composing such a letter. Because of petty annoyances of all kinds that tied me down, I only scribbled a short note which could not possibly unburden my bosom to you. Consequently, you still misunderstood me. In your later letter when mentioning my work, *Chia*, (*Family*), you still insisted:

Chien-yun¹ may not be I, necessarily, but I swear there is
a great resemblance . . .

I did not bother to refute this contention, letting it slip, but a desire was conceived in my mind: in the future I shall find an opportunity to explain everything in detail, not only to you, but to many others who have more or less misinterpreted this novel.

Many people believe *Chia* to be my autobiography; not a few have written to designate me as Chio-hui.² My saying that this is all a mistake accomplishes nothing. In their eyes the oft-repeated denial is a cover-up—and a very ineffective one. Your letter is an example. Recently, one of our uncles has even asserted this:

Up to the present people claim that in *Chia* I was excluded,
for better or for worse. If this is true, I beg you to consider this
matter . . .

You see, even our sixth uncle, with whom we played together many years ago, erred. Now I believe you when you informed me that all my relatives are disconcerted over my work of fiction, which, they are convinced, is autobiographical.

At that time I assured you I do not fear the censure of our relatives. I maintain

¹A minor character in the novel, a weak, morose person who is Chio-min's unsuccessful rival for the hand of their girl-cousin Chin.

²The young rebel in the novel, brother of Chio-sin and Chio-min.

the same stand now. By fancying this novel to be a medium which I have employed to give vent to my grudges, our relatives misunderstood me. Yet, they would never understand me. They and I belonged to two different generations. Their education and training colored their glasses through which they scanned my novel for their own images. Without examining closely, they would clutch at some vague shadows assumed to be the pictures of themselves, and if these should possess some undesirable traits (which are present, of course), they would become enraged instantly and accuse me of satirizing them. Only you were so generous as to read my 250,000-word novel patiently without a word of reproach. Even when I terminated Chien-yun's "insignificant life" with a "very serious case of tuberculosis"³ at the end of the book, you did not shout out your grievance. I admire your magnanimous spirit. But as I thought of the time so long past, when by an oil lamp I read certain English novels word by word under your guidance, a melancholy feeling crept over me. You have altered greatly. Could it be that the vicissitudes of life have so changed you? In those days it was you who always gave me advice; it was you who introduced me to a large number of books and magazines; and it was you who first opened my eyes to interests outside of the home. Not only was your family fortune limited, but also you lost your father at an early age and had to be brought up by your devoted mother. We knew that your life was filled with loneliness, but you managed to go everywhere and to make plans independently. For the time being we saw you emerging victorious in your struggle with a hostile environment. In those days I worshipped you and I admired your courageous and wholesome personality, so rare among our relatives. I was grateful to you for your role in the development of my intellect in its early stages. The more liberal-minded relatives looked up to you then, and they believed you had a promising future. But now all this has become merely a fleeting, nebulous dream. You once confided in me, remarking that if it were not for your mother, your wife, and your children, you would resort to suicide. Upon receiving such a letter from you in a hotel in Canton, I felt quite miserable. And not knowing how to comfort you, I scribbled a few simple words. Nevertheless, they were ineffective. You wrote again, stating that "aside from fondling the baby, one could say that there is no joy in living," and that you "are at best a living corpse." I could not have reproached you in stronger terms than you did yourself. You were not mistaken. No one could bear such weighty burdens on his shoulders, not to say the additional strokes of fate (fate is used here to mean man-made decrees, not predestination), without being affected. Your transformation has not been sudden. I personally saw how the first blow fell upon your shoulder and how bitterly you writhed under it. Following upon its heels came the second blow. The first capitulation paved way for the second, the third. . . . Although in our circle you were considered a strong-minded individual, you could not but gradually yield to your menacing surroundings. I saw and I heard how you sank day by day, and how one burden after another oppressed you. You tried unceasingly to keep afloat, and several times you came up to the surface, but you

³In the first edition, Pa Chin put an end to Chien-yun's life, but because this "insignificant" person was needed to play a minor part in the sequel following this

novel, *Spring*, he prolonged his life. The revised edition read: "He has tuberculosis and should rest one or two years." (*Chia*, Chapter 40.)

were weighed down again. Up to this moment you still said, "I was passively unwilling." This sentiment proves that you and Chien-yun are entirely two different personalities. The latter is weak. The latter never revolts, never complains, and never thinks of defying fate. He meekly endures all things. He lacks moral fibre to a greater extent than does Chio-sin.⁴ Fundamentally devoid of will-power and ambition, he is redeemed only by his love for a young girl Chin,⁵ the one light in his life. Yet, not daring to let her suspect his tender feelings, he concedes her to another man. You are not made of such calibre. Perhaps there is a Chin in your life; at least I have once entertained such a suspicion. If my guess approximates the truth, then you are like Chien-yun burying this new born emotion in your heart. Still, you are not identical with him; you are not devoid of spirit; it is merely that you do not have a chance, because not long after, "bowing to the will of your mother and the word of the go-between," you plighted your troth with another. Otherwise, Chio-min can never be your rival; and in the end you may still have the opportunity to declare yourself to your Chin, now that your wife has passed away and your first child is fourteen years old. I suppose I should not have uttered such words. But as I am lifting my pen to write to you concerning certain aspects of *Chia*, memories of old times together, both clear and vague, drift into my mind. These reminiscences fill me both with sorrow and with anger. Although I can do nothing to help you, I offer you my heartfelt sympathy, you who have been so badly treated by circumstances. I want to clamour against fate on your behalf. You may not be Chien-yun, but you share the same plight. This is unjust.

But among those tormented by this unjust fate, you are neither the first nor the last. Sacrificed on its altar at the same time are countless souls, both those we know and those we do not. All so ruthlessly trampled upon are loveable, talented, young lives. Because of the compassion I feel for them, I must fight against fate.

Yes, I want to fight it. My thoughts and my works originate from this desire.

My motive for writing *Chia* proceeds from the same source.

I once wrote in a novelette the following paragraph:

What a horrible nightmare that ten years of living had been! I read clothbound classics, sat in the prison of propriety, and watched as the multitude struggled, suffered, wasted away their youth, deprived of happiness, and forever offered up needless oblations, but nevertheless unredeemed. I myself underwent physical and mental torments . . . During those ten years I have buried countless corpses in tears—those superfluous victims wholly murdered by decadent traditions and the caprice of two or three persons. I left the old family, feeling as if I had escaped from an ominous shadow, without one bit of lingering regret . . .⁶

⁴A central character in the novel, the eldest and most submissive of three brothers in the Kao family. It is based on the author's own eldest brother, who committed suicide just prior to the novel's serialization, as related in this preface and also in "Dedication to My Eldest Brother" which served as a preface in the

1932 revised edition of *Chia*.

⁵A leading female character in the novel, who strives for emancipation and triumphs over the fettering old traditions.

⁶From a literary magazine, *On the Threshold*. (Author's footnote.)

These words mean more to you than to others. You know how real they are. Only the last statement should be corrected. I said I had no regret; I hope I can reach that stage. Yet, reason and feeling do not always coincide. Those people, those places, those events are indelibly imprinted on my mind, never to be erased. I wish I could forget them—I feel I ought to forget them—but in practice it is not possible. And now I know I cannot flatly infer I have no aching longings. But it is precisely these longings that accompany still heightened wrath which compel me to write the story of an old family—the story of the joys, the sorrows, the separations, and the reunions of a large, wealthy, middle-class family in the process of disintegration. But longing and wrath are not enough in themselves. I must add another prerequisite: belief—belief that is built on recognition. The old family system is slowly perishing. I watch it daily approaching the brink of annihilation, a natural process determined by the changing economic and social factors. This is my belief. It gives me courage to ring the death knell of a narrow and arbitrary institution; and as it is dying, I want to cry, "J'accuse!" I cannot forget that even in its disintegrating stage, it can still catch many more sacrificial victims in its net.

Therefore, I am bent on writing a novel to be the organ of expression for the



ENTRANCE TO THE KAO MANSION, by Liu Tan-chai. From an English edition of *Family*, Foreign Languages Press, Peking, 1958.

youths of our generation. I long to cry out a word of accusation! I want to rescue from the jaws of hell these victims who have lost their youth. This crusade may not be successful, but I am willing to do all within my power.

The idea of writing *Chia* had been in my mind for three years. Eventually I started the first few chapters. While I was composing the chapter of "The Eldest Brother" (the sixth chapter), a telegram announcing the suicide of my eldest brother unexpectedly arrived. This was to me no small blow. But on that account I was all the more spurred on to write, and I felt more conscious than ever of my responsibility to fulfill my purpose.

When I first conceived the idea of creating this family epic, I briefly considered its plot. Flowing first into my mind were certain familiar faces, then many unforgettable memories, and finally numerous places where I passed my childhood. I did not want to write about my family or about the people I knew. Moreover, I did not want to use this piece of fiction as a weapon in attacking personal enemies. What I hate is not people, but outmoded systems. This you know. But unconsciously, those people, those events crowded out of my pen; among them the most obvious was the face of my brother. They stood opposite to my original plan. My scruples troubled me. On one occasion, in a letter to my brother I mentioned this matter, saying I feared I might put him into a novel (or perhaps I said I wanted to write a novel for him, I do not remember clearly which), and further elaborating on all my anxieties and cares. Contrary to my expectation, he not only encouraged me, but even advised me not to hesitate "using members of our family to be its leading characters." He expounded further:

In reality, our family history can represent all family histories. After I read *La Jeunesse*⁷ and other magazines, I longed to write such a story, but I was unable to do so. Now that you wish to attempt one, I feel elated. And I hope you have enough spare time to bring it to completion . . .

I knew these words were spoken from the depth of his heart. Grateful as I was for his encouragement, I hesitated to act accordingly. What I should write is not a sensational account of our family history, but the history of the typical upper middle-class family. Its leading characters should be those we often see in such a family. I wanted to write about the inevitable annihilation of these families which are daily approaching the graves they have dug for themselves. I wanted to include in that novel the conflict, the struggle, and the tragic drama. I wanted to write about these loveable young lives who, wrestling with all their might, could not prevent themselves from being exterminated. Finally, I wanted to create a rebel, a young and courageous rebel who bears the torch of hope and brings in some fresh air to relieve those of us suffocating under this old family system.

At last I followed my plan of starting the novel. I was hoping that my eldest brother could read it and give me his opinion. But the day after it came out in *Time Press*, that ill-omened telegram arrived. The night it reached me, the manuscript

⁷Or *New Youth*, a magazine devoted especially to the expression of new ideas, founded in 1915 by the Dean of Peking National University, Ch'en Tu-hsiu.

of the sixth chapter was not yet sent to the newspaper office. As I re-read the chapter, I suddenly discovered I had put my eldest brother into print. That was my first impression and, try as I might to escape, it became a fact. Without a shadow of doubt, my feeling was not in error as I perused the chapter once more. In those ten or more pages I almost predicted his inevitable tragic end. At the moment he naturally did not realize he was trudging step by step toward the precipice, while on the other hand I saw it only too clearly. I should have opened his eyes to the abyss before him, but alas, I had failed to do so. And now, even if there were that opportunity, he had already hurled himself into the abyss, beyond my power to rescue. This regret can never be effaced. I can blame only myself.

That night I did not close my eyes; after one night's pondering, I decided on the skeletal structure of *Chia*. I used my eldest brother as one of its leading characters. He is the only person delineated from actual life.

I create Chio-sin, Chio-min, and Chio-hui, three brothers, to represent three types of personalities who meet dissimilar outcomes by virtue of their differences. Chio-hui is very similar to me, although our actions may not be the same. My older brother was more active and daring than I, so he cannot be Chio-min. As for female characters, I have created Mei, Chin, and Ming-fung to represent three different personalities with three different careers. Regarding Chin, You can point out her living counterpart. But can you find the models of Mei and Ming-fung? These types of girls we have seen, but you will not find them in our family. And speaking of Chien-yun, do you think there is such a person among our relatives? Do not look at yourself when you cannot locate him. You must realize that the characters I depict are not necessarily members of our family clan. Be not disturbed over the thought that they do not exist among us; they exist in Chinese society.

I am not a detached writer. In my life there have been love and hate, sorrow and hope. When I write, I experience love and hate, sorrow and hope. Otherwise, I can not write a novel. It is not that I want to be a writer that I take up the pen. You understand this point better than anyone else. Thus, if I hold forth the assumption that there are no personal emotions of mine in *Chia*, you can rightly accuse me of hypocrisy. When re-reading and revising this novel recently, I saw on every page, nay, in every word, an eye—my own eye. My eyes connect these persons, these events, and these places together to form a story. I scrutinize every individual; nor do I gloss over anything. It is as if even a trivial matter has me at its side as a witness. I follow each person in tribulations or in bondage of the evil spirit; I weep with them; and I also share their smiles and laughter. In other words, my characters and I endure and suffer together. And thus, if I am severely criticized, I shall bow my head in shame, but will not change my attitude.

I can truthfully declare that I am not portrayed in *Chia*, but if some one asserts that I am found in every place, I shall not deny it. You see, this novel has come into being because I exist. Change the writer and the theme will change accordingly. What I have written is what I have witnessed. Therefore, even if I do not put myself into my works, I am always there. At one time I have stated that "I have not put myself into my stories, but they are drenched with my blood and tears, my loves and hates, my sorrows and joys." While working on *Chia*, I have never thought of using Chio-hui to represent myself. Of course, Chio-hui does what I have done, such

as studying at the Institute of Foreign Languages,⁸ making new friends, publishing newspapers, forming a reading club, etc. Like me, he has two older brothers, and the temperaments of his brothers are not dissimilar to those of mine. And lastly, he also cherished a desire to leave the family. But these cannot constitute evidences for other people's attack against me. I have earlier made this claim:

Suppose by accident I drew my personal experiences into the novel, they would only serve to make the novel even more realistic; and on this basis I was careful of the integrity and unity of the plot and consistency of character portrayal.⁹

Chio-hui's personality and mine are very much alike, but our fortunes are not. I was able to leave Chengtu in the open with my three brothers, whereas he could only slip away secretly. There has never been a Ming-fung¹⁰ in my life, for in those youthful days I did not think of finding consolation in love. I was more adventurous-seeking then. The usual theme of security and home did not come up even in my dreams; for others I wished that all lovers be united in wedlock, but predicted for myself a life of hardship. This attitude of bravado was undoubtedly influenced by people and books. Now I cannot think of all the arguments I have written in its favor. I am only relating a passing phase of my life.

In *Chia* I put in a Ming-fung not because there was a bondmaid by that name. Of this girl I have no recollection. I remember one thing, however. We had a distant relative who wanted a certain working girl for his concubine, but she strenuously objected. As she was a maidservant entitled to monthly wages¹¹ and as her uncle was an old family servant, she had freedom of choice. Later she was happily married to a poor man, and our family praised her for her courage in refusing the offer of an old gentleman in favor of a common laborer, a thing not easy for a maidservant to do. Thus, when I had Ming-fung drown herself in the lake to escape becoming the concubine of old Mr. Feng, I was not pushing a matter to absurdity. Not that the novelist deliberately willed that Ming-fung pursue such a tragic end, but her character, training, and circumstances induced her to find a resting place in the lake.

Our old mansion is now in the hands of others. I have not returned home since leaving Chengtu more than ten years ago. I have no idea what it looks like now. (I have heard that it has been turned into apartments for ten families.) You who used to come visiting knew that we did not have a lake; even the pond into which I fell at the age of four was filled in at our grandfather's order. In its place was a pavement of square bricks covered with green mosses, and cinnamon trees and camellias were planted along the border. In the autumn after a night of rain, cinnamon blossoms, like gold sands, covered the ground. Their delicate fragrance drifted into our study

⁸A college in Chengtu, Szechuan province, the home town of Pa Chin, and the scene where *Chia* is laid.

⁹From the General Preface of Pa Chin's *Three Melodies of Love*, 1930. (Author's footnote.)

¹⁰A bondmaid whom Chio-hui was in love with but

could not marry because of social differences.

¹¹There is a difference between a bondmaid and a maidservant entitled to wages. The bondmaid is bought for life, whereas the latter may quit when she so desires.

room with the breeze. The flower garden lay outside of the window. Our bald-headed tutor, like a dead log, lacked feeling, whereas our hearts were young and merry. After morning classes we brothers and sisters¹² would rush out into the garden to fill our laps with cinnamon blossoms to decorate our rooms. In the spring camellias fell one by one to the ground, and we gathered them after school. We would pluck petals to form numerous words of "spring" on the pavement.

These have become fleeting, elusive memories. You were not a witness of these activities, but you probably have heard of them from other sources. I do not wish to review memories of the past, but other people cannot forget them. Even our sixth uncle reminded me of them in a recent letter:

Do you still recall forming words of 'spring' with petals of
camellias in our little garden?

By this you can see that traces of the past are still fresh in some people's mind. It is precisely that tradition-bound past which has ruined many a young life. I almost became one of those victims, but youthful ignorance and innocence saved me. Like Chio-hui, I—filled with childish faith—pursued a simple goal with big strides: I wanted to be my own master! I insisted on doing things frowned upon by others, and often I went to extremes. In my own publications I wrote quite a number of articles, the subject matter of which was often vague. What I remember were certain trite slogans. At one time you were my advisor, and your reasoning and understanding were more lucid than mine. But under these circumstances, a certain slogan helped me achieve what you have not—freedom. It was: "Worry not, fear not, yield not." (But this was only the first step to freedom.) Chio-hui, influenced by this slogan, was able to escape from an old, disintegrating family to build his new world; whereas the philosophy of appeasement and non-resistance¹³ of Chio-sin, a potentially superior youth, ruined him. After a second reading of my novel, can you not deduce this obvious moral lesson? If not, one cannot marvel at our relatives' interpretation of this novel as a mere slandering piece of work.

Perhaps you may ask me concerning Mei,¹⁴ one of the leading women characters. If you want me to identify that pathetic figure, I must straightway answer I cannot, because there is no such person in our family. Nevertheless, you may not believe me, or if you do, others will not. You may designate one girl, another may designate another girl, and still someone else will point out a third person. Either you are all right or all wrong, for I have used three or four living personalities to form a Tsien Mei-fen. You all assume you really know her by seeing her from one angle, but only I see her whole personality. There is a reason why she always wears a "navy blue satin vest." She was a distant relative who had lost her father and was badly treated at home. She frequently mentioned wanting to "cut her hair to become a nun." She left us after a few days' visit. I never knew her name or what had happened to her. And it is well nigh impossible to trace her now, but the memory

¹²By which term the author includes paternal cousins who live in the family.

¹³Tolstoi is given credit for this. Chio-sin follows this philosophy throughout the novel in dealing with

problems.

¹⁴A maternal cousin of the Kao family, with whom Chio-sin was in love.

of her in her "navy blue satin vest" is still deeply engraved in my mind.

My heart is filled with sympathy and indignation, and often with hatred, as I write about Mei, Shui-chio,¹⁵ and Ming-fung. Later, in *Spring*, I relate the affairs of Shu-ying, Shu-cheng, Hui, and Yun¹⁶ in the same mood. I secretly pride myself for being able to project my own feelings into my novel; in behalf of many female victims who have sacrificed themselves needlessly, I shout: "Unjust!"

My attitude might not be understood by others besides you. As a child of five or six years, I found in my sister's room a copy of the *Biography of Distinguished Ladies*,¹⁷ with stories above and illustrations below on the pages. Children like illustrated books, so I leafed through the copy. The detailed illustrations were all of beautiful women in ancient costumes, who wore sad and melancholy expressions. Some held knives to cut off their arms; some plunged into scorching flames; others floated on water; and still others severed their necks from their bodies with swords. Then there was a young woman who jumped to her death from a tall building. What sadistic tales! Why should such fates befall only the women? I did not understand. I asked my sisters who told me that this book contained the stories of eminent and virtuous women. Still I could not understand. I continued questioning. They claimed that the ladies in the book were examples of model womanhood! Yet I did not seem to comprehend at all, so I asked my mother. Truly, it was she who knew everything. She explained: One was a widow who cut off her arm because a strange man had taken hold of it by accident; one was an imperial concubine who perished in the flames when the palace caught fire because her lady-in-waiting had failed to appear, and she, according to custom, could not go out alone; one was a daughter who was drowned in her attempt to find her father's corpse. (Mother narrated to me many more such gloomy tales which I have now forgotten.) Judging from her tone of voice, I believed she admired the fate of these women. However, I was unimpressed. Why had these women of ancient times endured so much pain, even to the point of sacrificing their lives, for such ridiculous customs? Why should the *Biography of Distinguished Ladies*, which reeked with blood, be the model for womanhood? My childish mind disbelieved this book and my mother's words. I was a stubborn child; I could not believe in a philosophy that smelled of blood. Yet, my parents, my grandfather, and countless other persons supported it. I wanted to rebel. I still remember the unfortunate lot of a girl cousin, whose father refused to let her be educated, and forcefully had her feet bound. I often heard the piteous wailing of that eight- or nine-year-old child.¹⁸ At that time I was in my teens, but I had seen several older girls pining away their days under that corrupting and enslaving custom.

My indignation is too great. I cannot endure such injustices. I have always been forced to witness how these sweet tender lives were ruined by others. At these times

¹⁵Wife of Chio-sin, chosen for him by his family, who later dies in childbirth.

¹⁶All girl cousins of Chio-sin. Shu-ying and Shu-cheng, minor characters in *Chia* play a more prominent role in its sequels. *Spring* is the story of Shu-ying's unhappy experiences in the old family, ending with her escape to Shanghai. Shu-cheng, pessimistic over life and hindered by bound feet, commits suicide during one of her parents' quarrels. Hui and Yun

suffer at the hands of their tyrannical father. The former dies of miscarriage shortly after an unhappy, prearranged marriage.

¹⁷*Lieh-nü chuan* (烈女傳), a book of precepts for young women, originally compiled in Han times, in which chastity and fidelity to one's husband were extolled as the highest of feminine virtues.

¹⁸Shu-cheng in the book is such a person.

my heart was filled, not only with compassion, but also with hate. I have felt as Chio-hui did over the bier of Mei. I have even uttered what Chio-hui said in the presence of his brother: "Let them be the ones sacrificed!"¹⁹

I cannot bear digging the grave of my reminiscence, in which are buried countless stories that could break one's heart. My growing wrath against this arbitrary system can only be released now. It is as if I am using this novel as a weapon.

The star of hope occasionally shines over the gloomy night of the outmoded family system. Chin appears. No, Chin's shadow. Even Chin cannot be considered an example of modern womanhood, not to mention her shadow. We cannot expect to entertain extravagant hope, for our family is incapable of producing an ideal personality. But a certain relative could have become a Chang Yun-hua (Chin's real name), and she might have attained even greater heights, but fortune slighted her; so she fell back once more into the mire of old tradition, allowing her streak of courage to be washed away in the course of time, and eventually ending her life locked, so to speak, in a narrow cage like Si-Chun²⁰ (a character in *Dream of the Red Chamber*).

If you call it sin, then you should inquire whose sin it is. Whatever has ruined you has also ruined her. You both once possessed hopeful futures.

Nevertheless, I hold the beacon of hope over Chin. It may be that another girl, Hsu Tsien-ju,²¹ is even stronger and more courageous than she, but in *Chia*, we only see the flitting of Hsu Tsien-ju's shadow; Hsu Tsien-ju refused to appear fully.

I trust that in the future Chin will not disappoint us. In *Chia*, we have already seen a spark of hope.

Must it be because for several thousand years this road has been drenched with the blood and tears of women that presently and in the future girls must continue to sacrifice their youth, weep their eyes out, and vomit their heart's blood?

Can it be that woman is only a toy of man and an instrument for man's lust?

Ah sacrifice! Who will be benefited by such sacrifice?²²

Chin is questioning. She raises her voice unceasingly. Her cry is echoed by the sisters of her generation.

Concerning *Chia* my comments are many. And I hope they will clear your misconceptions and those of others. I have nothing more to say. I have read the novel five times. This time I re-read again thoroughly the novel I wrote five or six years ago, and I patiently revised it from beginning to end, not being able to control my emotions all the while. I wanted to laugh and I wanted to weep. I had my sorrows and I had my joys. But now I know one thing: youth is truly beautiful.

Yes, I must keep in mind that youth is beautiful. And may it be a source of encouragement for me.

February 1937.

¹⁹*Chia*, Chapter 31.

²⁰A cousin of Paoyu, well versed in poetry and Buddhist philosophy, who, because of dissatisfaction over living, became a Buddhist nun.

²¹A minor character in *Chia*, known for her progressive ideas and actions, one of which is the cutting of her queue.

²²*Chia*, Chapter 25.