

**Trauma and Literature**  
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**Lecture – 31**  
**Heller's Catch-22 – Part 4**

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Clevinger sat for a moment as though he'd been slapped. 'Congratulations!' he exclaimed bitterly, the thinnest milk-white line enclosing his lips tightly in a bloodless, squeezing ring. 'I can't think of another attitude that could be depended upon to give greater comfort to the enemy.'

'The enemy,' retorted Yossarian with weighted precision, 'is anybody who's going to get you killed, no matter \*which\* side he's on, and that includes Colonel Cathcart. And don't you forget that, because the longer you remember it, the longer you might live.'

But Clevinger did forget it, and now he was dead. At the time, Clevinger was so upset by the incident that Yossarian did not dare tell him he had also been responsible for the epidemic of diarrhea that had caused the other unnecessary postponement. Milo was even more upset by the possibility that someone had poisoned his squadron again, and he came bustling fretfully to Yossarian for assistance.

'Please find out from Corporal Snark if he put laundry soap in the sweet potatoes again,' he requested furtively. 'Corporal Snark trusts you and will tell you the truth if you give him your word you won't tell anyone else. As soon as he tells you, come and tell me.'

'Of course I put laundry soap in the sweet potatoes,' Corporal Snark admitted to Yossarian. 'That's what you asked me to do, isn't it? Laundry soap is the best way.'

'He swears to God he didn't have a thing to do with it,' Yossarian reported back to Milo.

This is an NPTEL course entitled “Trauma and Literature”. We were looking at Joseph Heller's novel “Catch-22”. We just pick the section and the reason why we are picking the section is that we are trying to see how the representation of post-traumatic stress disorder happens in this novel. It is a funny representation. It has got a lot of dark humour and it has a carnivalesque quality about it. It makes all of it more disturbing in a certain sense because it does not have the serenity of tragedy and the grandeur of a tragedy.

It has a flattened out effect of comicality. These are people who are much traumatized, they are actually very sick. They are mentally very unwell and yet they have a very carnivalesque take on life. The quality of comedy in this novel is interesting because it has a very strange proximity to death. It is always very close to the death-like qualities. People die and people make fun about it.

It is a very carnivalesque representation. There is no sort of straight signifier or signified system. They have an image of death; which can be represented in a funny way, in a

comic way so that just makes more postmodernists way in a very dark comic way. This should be on the screen that we are talking about. The reason why this novel is chosen because there is a big godless quality about this novel; and by godless, it means centreless.

There is no rationale behind the activities in this novel and that is the reason why paradoxes play such a big role, as an important role. The whole production of paradoxes becomes the very key quality of representation, very key instrument of representation. So we need to sort of look at the ontology of the centre lessness, the very quality of centre lessness in this novel. There is no centre, there is a rationale. It is very absurdist universe we are looking at.

This is reasonless universe and that almost becomes a comic reference representation. This is chapter-12 of Joseph Heller's "Catch-22" where Yossarian said. The enemy retorted Yossarian with weighted precision, is anybody who is going to get you killed, no matter which side he is on and that includes Colonel Cathcart. And do not you forget that because the longer you remember it, the longer you might live.

It is about who the enemy in the war is and who is a friend in the war and he talks about; Yossarian talks about how the enemies anyone who is going to get you killed, so it can be someone on your side who just puts you in a frontline and gets you killed that person becomes the enemy. We are looking at a very postmodernist's take on the friend enemy binary. If the binary briefly dissolves away; it does not exist, so we have this entanglement of anyone who gets you killed happens to be an enemy.

"But Clevinger did forget it and now he was dead. We look at a representation of death away and we were able to almost come back and look at the brevity of representation. Yossarian is giving some kind of a sermon about enemy that whoever, he should remember whoever wants to get killed his enemies he should always remember it because the longer you remember it, the better chance you have to of staying alive.

Clevinger forgot it and now he was dead. It is almost a pseudo-serious almost a comical representation. At the time, Clevinger was so upset by the incident that Yossarian did not dare tell him that he had also been responsible for the epidemic of diarrhea that had

caused the other unnecessary postponement. Milo was even more upset by the possibility someone had poisoned his squadron again and he came bustling fretfully to Yossarian for assistance.”

“Please find out from Corporal Snark if you put laundry soap in the sweet potatoes again, he requested furtively. Corporal Snark trusts you and will tell you the truth and if you give him your word you would not tell anyone else. As soon as he tells you, come and tell me.” This paragraph deliberately because it does a lot in terms of reflecting the representation in the entire novel; it is full of paradoxes.

It is full of dark humour and it is also full of this very centreless quality, very postmodern centreless quality; and look at the quality of predicament away, look at the quality of danger away. Normally in a war novel, you think about people getting bombed, people getting fired out, people getting decimated by very modern artillery or weapons of destruction; but instead what we have is someone putting a laundry soap in sweet potatoes.

It is almost making fun of war in a sense, but the whole domestic quality of danger or the domesticity of danger over here is very deliberately done because it talks about the very unglamorous representation of war. That war is not just about people fighting each other in a magnificent battlefield, it is also about the bureaucratic hassles, it is also about the daily routines of survival which can also get you killed.

The focus shifts from bombs to potatoes, from bombs to laundry soap; and again that makes it, there is an anticlimactic quality about it. There is a lot of bathos about it, bathos is anti-climax. It is a fall in grandeur or fall in seriousness. This fall is consistently portrayed in the novel and that is very deliberately done because we get to see it is a very unglamorous, very dark, very flat representation of the war in this novel.

“Please find out if he put laundry soap in the sweet potatoes, I think that is getting people killed. And then it is also told to Yossarian just tell him find out from him and tell me, not tell anyone else; you keep the secret for your life and as soon as you know it you come and tell me.” We have some type of logical construction followed by deconstruction.

The first sentence says Corporal Snark trusts you and will tell you the truth if you give him your word you would not tell anyone else. That sentence sounds serious, you give him a word you would not to tell anyone else. It is solemn serious where has some degree of grandeur and the very next sentence says as soon as he tells you come and tell me, so that is bathos, it is a fall in grandeur.

This little section basically reflects the culture of the novel; the narrative structure of the novel, the narrative quality, the narrative mood of this novel. “Of course, I put laundry soap in the sweet potatoes, Corporal Snark admitted to Yossarian. That is what you asked me to do, is not it? Laundry soap is the best way. The best way to get people killed is laundry soap and potatoes and then Yossarian he comes back and says he swears to God he did not have a thing to do with it. Yossarian reported back to Milo.”

We could see this complete play but logic, this complete fabulation with logic deconstruction of logic and every sentence is a deconstruction of the previous sentence, every mood is a deconstruction of the previous mood. Yossarian goes to this Corporal Snark and Corporal Snark tells him of course I put laundry soapy, you asked me to do it that is the best way to kill people.

Yossarian comes back to Milo and says well he swears to God, he had nothing to do with it. So, he swears to God he did not have a thing to with it, Yossarian reported back to Milo.

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'Please find out from Corporal Snark if he put laundry soap in the sweet potatoes again,' he requested furtively. 'Corporal Snark trusts you and will tell you the truth if you give him your word you won't tell anyone else. As soon as he tells you, come and tell me.'

'Of course I put laundry soap in the sweet potatoes,' Corporal Snark admitted to Yossarian. 'That's what you asked me to do, isn't it? Laundry soap is the best way.'

'He swears to God he didn't have a thing to do with it,' Yossarian reported back to Milo.

Milo pouted dubiously. 'Dunbar says there is no God.'

There was no hope left. By the middle of the second week, everyone in the squadron began to look like Hungry Joe, who was not scheduled to fly and screamed horribly in his sleep. He was the only one who could sleep. All night long, men moved through the darkness outside their tents like tongueless wraiths with cigarettes. In the daytime they stared at the bomb line in futile, drooping clusters or at the still figure of Doc Daneeka sitting in front of the closed door of the medical tent beneath the morbid hand-lettered sign. They began to invent humorless, glum jokes of their own and disastrous rumors about the destruction awaiting them at Bologna. ☺

Yossarian sidled up drunkenly to Colonel Korn at the officers' club one night to kid with him about the new Lepage gun that the Germans had moved in.

'What Lepage gun?' Colonel Korn inquired with curiosity.

“Milo pouted dubiously. Dunbar says there is no God.” This becomes very key sentence in the novel. “Dunbar says there is no God.” There is godless, centreless quality that has been depicted on this depicted foregrounded that comes to the surface. “There was no hope left. By the middle of the second week, everyone in the squadron began to look like Hungry Joe was not scheduled to fly and screamed horribly in his asleep.”

“Screaming horribly in his sleep” is a very clear case of post-traumatic stress disorder. One is haunted by the nightmares, one is haunted by dreams which are terrible and have a deep scarring psychological effect on him. But look at the way in which that feeling of being haunted or feeling of being attacked mentally has been depicted, “everyone in the squadron began to look like Hungry Joe who was not scheduled to fly and screamed horribly in his sleep.”

There is a certain mood which is prepared that he was screaming horribly in the sleep and we are supposed to feel sorry for him and look at the very next sentence. He was the only one who could sleep, again so flattening. So, on one sentence we have someone who is having nightmares, someone is screaming in his asleep and we have a certain kind of response to that.

The very next sentence says he was the only one who could at least sleep. In a certain sense, it is giving a very dark representation of the sleeplessness in this entire; this whole ward is an insomniac ward. No one is about to asleep. No one is able to sleep. But we

have someone screaming in his sleep and that becomes a positive thing that is the best thing available.

It is a very relativistic realistic polyphonic universe, polyphonic is many voices and there is a very clear carnivalesque quality. We have a construction of logic and followed by deconstruction and all the logical orders began to consume each other in very so almost cannibalistic way. It is like cannibalism of logic, so logic eat each other, and we have a sort of logicless quality about the whole thing.

Someone is screaming horribly in his sleep and then we are told at least he could sleep. No one else can even sleep. All night long, men moved through the darkness outside their tents like tongueless wraiths with cigarettes. The very spectral representation of images of men walking outside of tents with cigarettes, tongueless wraiths. Tongueless here, signifies silence in a very sort of organic corporeal way.

The tongue had been chopped off, so is silence something not peaceful silence; the silence has an amputive quality, silence has a wounded quality and we have this wounded men with cigarettes outside the tents walking like spectres, walking like curse, it is very costly quality. "In the daytime, the stared at the bomb line and futile drooping clusters or at the still figure of Doc Daneeka sitting in front of the closed door of the medical tent beneath the morbid hand-lettered sign."

Doctors sign as a morbid hand-lettered sign. They began to invent humourless glum jokes of their own and disastrous rumors about the destruction awaiting them at Bologna. Bologna, Italy is where the **so** whole chapter is so set and they are about to go there and they are inventing jokes, humourless jokes, and again humourless depicts a sense of hollowness. The jokes are hollow. There is no content in the jokes.

There is no humour in the jokes to sort of sustain them. They began to invent those humourless jokes of their own and disastrous rumors, lies against lies, fabrications, and fabulations are being spread, manufactured about the destruction awaiting them at Bologna. "Yossarian sidled up drunkenly to Colonel Korn at the officer's club one night to kid with him about the new Lepage gun that the Germans had moved in. 'What Lepage gun? ', Colonel Korn inquired with curiosity."

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'The new three-hundred-and-forty-four-millimeter Lepage glue gun,' Yossarian answered. 'It glues a whole formation of planes together in mid-air.'

Colonel Korn jerked his elbow free from Yossarian's clutching fingers in startled affront. 'Let go of me, you idiot!' he cried out furiously, glaring with vindictive approval as Nately leaped upon Yossarian's back and pulled him away. 'Who is that lunatic, anyway?'

Colonel Cathcart chortled merrily. 'That's the man you made me give a medal to after Ferrara. You had me promote him to captain, too, remember? It serves you right.'

Nately was lighter than Yossarian and had great difficulty maneuvering Yossarian's lurching bulk across the room to an unoccupied table. 'Are you crazy?' Nately kept hissing with trepidation. 'That was Colonel Korn. Are you crazy?'

Yossarian wanted another drink and promised to leave quietly if Nately brought him one. Then he made Nately bring him two more. When Nately finally coaxed him to the door, Captain Black came stomping in from outside, banging his sloshing shoes down hard on the wood floor and spilling water from his eaves like a high roof.

'Boy, are you bastards in for it!' he announced exuberantly, splashing away from the puddle forming at his feet. 'I just got a call from Colonel Korn. Do you know what they've got waiting for you at Bologna? Ha! Ha! They've got the new Lepage glue gun. It glues a whole formation of planes together in mid-air.'

'My God, it's true!' Yossarian shrieked, and collapsed against Nately in terror.

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That is the man who made me give a medal to after Ferrara. You had me promoted to captain too remember? It serves you right.” This takes a satirical dig out the politics of hierarchy in the army. Everyone is a mad person here; everyone is mentally gravely ill and disturbed and that just becomes a comical thing.

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'My God, it's true!' Yossarian shrieked, and collapsed against Natelly in terror.

'There is no God,' answered Dunbar calmly, coming up with a slight stagger.

'Hey, give me a hand with him, will you? I've got to get him back in his tent.'

'Says who?'

'Says me. Gee, look at the rain.'

'We've got to get a car.'

'Steal Captain Black's car,' said Yossarian. 'That's what I always do.'

'We can't steal anybody's car. Since you began stealing the nearest car every time you wanted one, nobody leaves the ignition on.'

“We have this report from the Bologna that is disaster waiting for you, the Germans are waiting with a new gun and just kill everyone and then you know Natelly Captain Black all of the people come in and they address the crowd of people army who are waiting and they just say I just got a call from Colonel Kron. Do you know what they have been waiting for you at Bologna? Ha, ha. They have got the new Lepage glue gun. It glues the whole formation of planes together and mid-air.”

This section does is a how someone manufactures lie, spreads the rumour that becomes truth. In a very interesting way you find that the quality of truth, the ontology of truth, and the function of truth in this novel it has a very strong and interesting correspondence with the quality of post-truth we have today.

We just manufacture something and it begin disseminated and everyone starts talking about it and then that just becomes information. This border between lie information, the border between misinformation and information begins to blur away. It almost does not exist in this novel. Everyone is talking about the German gun, they are waiting with the German gun at Bologna.

“The moment you arrives there, they will decimate you. They will fire at you from midair with a new artillery they have installed in the planes. My God, it is true Yossarian shrieked and collapsed against Natelly in terror. There is no God answer Dunbar calmly, coming up with a slight stagger. Hey, give me a hand with him, will you? I have got to get him back in his tent. Says who? Says me. Gee, look at the rain.



We have got to get a car. Steal Captain Black's car said Yossarian." That is what I always do. The godless quality just comes. There is no God and it almost has a reaction quality to it. One begins to expect something grand and something with the profound depth coming up; but instead we have is discussion about stealing the captain's car.

We have a very interesting juxtaposition of the tragic and the pathetic, the tragic and the bathetic as well, this anti-climax thing. This constant juxtaposition, this constant cognitive confusion shall we say between the different orders of significance makes a novel interesting and psychological representation of what trauma because these are people who are clearly unstable.

They cannot follow a logical narrative, they cannot follow a consistent logical narrative. And the inconsistency in logic is reflected in the inconsistent manner of representation of different moods. The different emotions which are common to each other, cut into each other in ways which are quite carnivalesque in quality. "Steal Captain Black's car said Yossarian that is what I always do."

We cannot steal anyone's car. Since you began stealing the nearest car every time you wanted one, nobody leaves the ignition on. This is a very ridiculous and almost grotesque representation because then people are leaving the ignition on and Yossarian started stealing everyone's car. No one leaves the ignition on, so we cannot steal the car.

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'Hop in,' said Chief White Halfoat, driving up drunk in a covered jeep. He waited until they had crowded inside and then spurted ahead with a suddenness that rolled them all over backward. He roared with laughter at their curses. He drove straight ahead when he left the parking lot and rammed the car into the embankment on the other side of the road. The others piled forward in a helpless heap and began cursing him again. 'I forgot to turn,' he explained.

'Be careful, will you?' Nately cautioned. 'You'd better put your headlights on.'

Chief White Halfoat pulled back in reverse, made his turn and shot away up the road at top speed. The wheels were sibilant on the whizzing blacktop surface.

'Not so fast,' urged Nately.

'You'd better take me to your squadron first so I can help you put him to bed. Then you can drive me back to my squadron.'

'Who the hell are you?'

'Dunbar.'

'Hey, put your headlights on,' Nately shouted. 'And watch the road!'

'They are on. Isn't Yossarian in this car? That's the only reason I let the rest of you bastards in.' Chief White Halfoat turned completely around to stare into the back seat.

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Be careful, will you? Nately cautioned. You would better put your headlights on. Chief White Halfoat pulled back in reverse, made his turn and shot away up the road at top speed. The wheels were sibilant on the whizzing blacktop surface. Not so fast urged Nately. You would better take me to your squadron first so I can help you put him to bed. Then you can drive me back to my squadron. Who the hell are you? Dunbar. Hey put your headlights on Nately shouted and watch the road. They are on. Is not Yossarian in this car? That is the only reason I let rest of you bastards in. Chief White Halfoat turned completely around to stare into the back seat.”

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'Who the hell are you?'

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'They are on. Isn't Yossarian in this car? That's the only reason I let the rest of you bastards in.' Chief White Halfoat turned completely around to stare into the back seat.

'Watch the road!'

'Yossarian? Is Yossarian in here?'

'I'm here, Chief. Let's go home. What makes you so sure? You never answered my question.'

'You see? I told you he was here.'

'What question?'

'Whatever it was we were talking about.'

'Was it important?'

'I don't remember if it was important or not. I wish to God I knew what it was.'

“Watch the road. Yossarian? Is Yossarian in here? I am here, chief. Let us go home. What makes you so sure? You never answered my question. You see, I told you he was here. What question? Whatever it was we were talking about. Was important? I do not remember if it was important or not. I wish to God I knew what it was.” This almost has a “Waiting For Godo” quality about it if you look at it carefully. We have these random conversations coming in, random sentences coming in.

Sometimes they are not even connected sentences. The two sentences spoken in different directions and different logical trajectories and the wrong connect. The question of God comes in and they have this profound conversation about God which can become existential in scope. At the same time, the setting is drunken officer's jeep, someone is driving the car with no headlights on and he claims that the headlight is on.

Everyone is sick or mentally unsettled or drunk and the discussion about God takes place in this setting. There is a very clear, absurdist theater element about this representation and that is that cognitive complexity; that cognitive confusion is very deliberately done, very deliberately foregrounded, very deliberately dramatized because that is reflective of the cognitive confusion in the heads of these people. There is no tragedy left.

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'There is no God.'

'That's what we were talking about,' Yossarian cried. 'What makes you so sure?'

'Hey, are you sure your headlights are on?' Nately called out.

'They're on, they're on. What does he want from me? It's all this rain on the windshield that makes it look dark from back there.'

'Beautiful, beautiful rain.'

'I hope it never stops raining. Rain, rain, go a -'

'- way. Come a -'

'- again some oth -'

'- er day. Little Yo-Yo wants -'

'- to play. In -'

'- the meadow, in -'

Chief White Halfoat missed the next turn in the road and ran the jeep all the way up to the crest of a steep embankment. Rolling back down, the jeep turned over on its side and settled softly in the mud. There was a frightened silence.

“There is no god. That is what we were talking about, Yossarian cried. What makes you so sure? Hey, are you sure your headlights are on? Nately called out.” There is the constant mingling between God and headlight. Someone is wondering there is God and someone says no there is no god, Dunbar says there is no God. And Yossarian says what makes you so sharp? And Nately the other officer calls out and says to Halfoat, are you sure your headlight is on?”

The two sentences whether there is God or the headlight is on operates parallelly, almost connect and disconnect together in ways which makes the entire conversation quite logical less in quality. “They are on, they are on. What does he want from me? It is all this rain on the windshield that makes it look dark from back there. Beautiful, beautiful

rain. I hope it never stops raining, Rain, rain go away.” There is a nursery rhyme quality which comes in, come again another day.

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'- er day. Little Yo-Yo wants -'

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Chief White Halfcoat missed the next turn in the road and ran the jeep all the way up to the crest of a steep embankment. Rolling back down, the jeep turned over on its side and settled softly in the mud. There was a frightened silence.

'Is everyone all right?' Chief White Halfcoat inquired in a hushed voice. No one was injured, and he heaved a long sigh of relief. 'You know, that's my trouble,' he groaned. 'I never listen to anybody. Somebody kept telling me to put my headlights on, but I just wouldn't listen.'

'I kept telling you to put your headlights on.'

'I know, I know. And I just wouldn't listen, would I? I wish I had a drink. I \*do\* have a drink. Look. It's not broken.'

'It's raining in,' Nately noticed. 'I'm getting wet.'

Chief White Halfcoat got the bottle of rye open, drank and handed it off. Lying tangled up on top of each other, they all drank but Nately, who kept groping ineffectually for the door handle. The bottle fell against his head with a clunk, and whiskey poured down his neck. He began writhing convulsively.

“Chief White Halfcoat missed the next turn in the road and ran the jeep all the way up to the crest of a steep embankment. Rolling back down, the jeep turned over on its side and settled softly in the mud. There was a frightened silence. Is everyone alright? Chief White Halfcoat inquired in a hushed voice. No one was injured, and he heaved a long sigh of relief. You know, that is my trouble, he groaned. I never listen to anybody. Somebody kept telling me to put my headlights on, but I just would not listen.” He lied about his headlights when he said that those were on and now he admits those are not on and he admits that he had made a mistake. This is the tone of seriousness begin to creep in. I kept telling you to put your headlights on.

“I know, I know, and I just would not listen, would I? I wish I had a drink. I do have a drink. Look, it is not broken. It is raining in, Nately noticed, I am getting wet. Chief White Halfcoat got a bottle of rye open, drank and handed it off. Lying tangled up on top of each other, they all drank, but Nately who kept groping ineffectually for the door handle. The bottle fell against his head with a clunk and whiskey poured down his neck. He began writhing convulsively.”

This is actually a very dramatic situation and if you take a look at the description over here, they talk about how they were piled on top of each other in the same way as the corpses of soldiers or dead bodies of the soldiers were piled on top of each other. So, in

effect they all dead; symbolically they all dead and they are sort of piled on top of each other, and all drinking.

They are having alcohol, a bottle of rye and the only person is not drinking is Nately and the bottle hits him and he begins to writhe convulsively. The very traumatic situation described away and look at the quality of description is suggested of the claustrophobia, the neurosis, the state of shock that they all happen to be in; lot of signifiers around them, non-military signifiers, they are not military.

It is not an artillery attack, not a bombing. It is just badly driven jeep and a bottle of rye rhyme. It is the claustrophobia that is the shock being signified and described over here. Just like we had a while ago people were about to be killed because someone mixed up laundry soap in sweet potatoes, so the entire squadron could be wiped out because of that. Not because of artillery, not because of bombing, but because of mixing detergent soap with potato.

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'Hey, we've got to get out of here!' he cried. 'We'll all drown.'

'Is anybody in there?' asked Clevinger with concern, shining a flashlight down from the top.

'It's Clevinger!' they shouted, and tried to pull him in through the window as he reached down to aid them.

'Look at them!' Clevinger exclaimed indignantly to McWatt, who sat grinning at the wheel of the staff car. 'Lying there like a bunch of drunken animals. You too, Nately? You ought to be ashamed! Come on - help me get them out of here before they all die of pneumonia.'

'You know, that don't sound like such a bad idea,' Chief White Halfoat reflected. 'I think I will die of pneumonia.'

'Why?'

'Why not?' answered Chief White Halfoat, and lay back in the mud contentedly with the bottle of rye cuddled in his arms.

'Oh, now look what he's doing!' Clevinger exclaimed with irritation. 'Will you get up and get into the car so we can all go back to the squadron?'

'We can't all go back. Someone has to stay here to help the Chief with this car he

“‘Hey, we’ve got to get out of here!’ he cried. ‘We will all drown’. ‘Is anybody in there?’ asked Clevinger with concern, shining a flashlight down from the top. ‘It is Clevinger!’ they shouted, and tried to pull him through the window as he reached down to aid them. ‘Look at them!’ Clevinger exclaimed indignantly to McWatt, who sat grinning at the wheel of the staff car. ‘Lying there like a bunch of drunken animals. You too, Nately? You ought to be ashamed. Come on- help me get them out of here before they all die of pneumonia.’”

Pneumonia is a disease of killing soldiers over here. What sounds comical, which sounds funny and laughable, but it is a very real concern. These are people who actually can die of pneumonia because of the conditions of terrible miserable conditions they all are suffering.

It is not a glamorous war disease, but then that is a disease which can actually get them killed. It does not sound like such a bad idea. Chief White Halfoat reflected. I think I will die of pneumonia. Pneumonia comes in as a disease that can kill soldiers which is not something you expect, but then we have it.

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'Oh, now look what he's doing!' Clevinger exclaimed with irritation. 'Will you get up and get into the car so we can all go back to the squadron?'

'We can't all go back. Someone has to stay here to help the Chief with this car he signed out of the motor pool.'

Chief White Halfoat settled back in the staff car with an ebullient, prideful chuckle. 'That's Captain Black's car,' he informed them jubilantly. 'I stole it from him at the officers' club just now with an extra set of keys he thought he lost this morning.'

'Well, I'll be damned! That calls for a drink.'

'Haven't you had enough to drink?' Clevinger began scolding as soon as McWatt started the car. 'Look at you. You don't care if you drink yourselves to death or drown yourselves to death, do you?'

'Just as long as we don't fly ourselves to death.'

'Hey, open it up, open it up,' Chief White Halfoat urged McWatt. 'And turn off the headlights. That's the only way to do it.'

“‘Why? Why not?’ answered Chief White Halfoat, and they lay back in the mud contentedly with a bottle of rye cuddled in his arms. ‘Oh, now look what he is doing!’ Clevinger exclaimed with irritation. ‘Will you get up and get into the car so we can all go back to the squadron?’ ‘We cannot all go back. Someone has to stay here to help the chief with his car he signed out of motor pool.’ Chief White Halfoat settled back in a staff car with ebullient, prideful chuckle. ‘That is Captain Black’s car,’ he informed them jubilantly. ‘I stole from him at the officer's club just now with an extra set of keys he thought he lost this morning.’” These are things soldiers are doing away; they are stealing each other’s car, stealing captain's car, getting drunk, dying of pneumonia, talking about godlessness.

But it is all entangled together in a way which makes it so logic less and its logic lessness and the absurdity of this entire spectacle and the entire series of events is reflective of the massive logiclessness of the grand spectacle of war. We see that this kind of logiclessness is something which we find running throughout the novel.

The characters do not have a sense of death and they all end up being sinister and cynical together, sometimes sort of combined together the sinister quality and the cynical quality. It reflects is the psychological damage that a war has done on these people and these peoples' minds because we have; this "Catch-22" situation which is a novel, the title of the novel, and the philosophical framework of the novel they are sort of stuck in a situation.

They cannot go anywhere from which is suggestive of a sense of directionlessness, a sense of inertia, a sense of immobility which characterizes this condition and that is something which we will keep saying and the morbid representation of it, this dark humorous representations of it, and there are anti-climactic representations of it as well. There is a deliberate drama of rise and fall of anti-climax.

Anti-climax becomes the instrument of representation just like paradox is and all the logical vectors as mentioned; all the logical vectors that cut into each other, consume each other to produce this logicless world, which is inhabited by this tragic comic soldiers who are just waiting to die of different diseases.