

Casebook of Bippy, the Clown Psychologist

Case: #071400
Daisy Willikers

The constant pounding on the door woke Daisy Willikers from one of her chronic naps. The knocking she could fathom, but not the bicycle horn that honked in counterpoint to the steady beat of knuckles on wood.

"Who is it?" She croaked from her supine position on the divan in her living room. She blew a strand of mousy-brown hair out of her eyes and hauled herself up on her scrawny elbows.

"It's Bippy the clown psychologist," came the creepy yet cheerful voice from the other side of the door. And then "Honk! Honk!" went the bicycle horn again. Daisy hoped she was dreaming, and she parted her faded blue bathrobe to pinch herself on the thigh. Ouch! No. No such luck.

"Go away," she yelled, her voice cracking. "I'm trying to get some sleep"

"Well, roly polly pudding and beer! That is just why Bippy's here!" Honk-honk.

Daisy sat up. "You're alarming me. I'm going to call the police."

"Don't do that," said the muffled voice beyond the door. "I'm really a certified clown psychologist, here to help you with your sleeping sickness. Your husband, George, sent me. Call him if you don't believe me."

Daisy was always tired, and fell asleep at the drop of a hat. Being married to her was no great shakes, even for a good-humored man like George. He was always doing things to wake her up. He once put a salamander in her panties, but the salamander disappeared and Daisy just kept on snoring. Another time he put a gun in her hand, covered himself in ketchup and laid down on the floor with his tongue hanging out. After waiting an hour for her to wake up, he got hungry and walked to the MacDonal'd's on Pringle Street. The local police, who didn't know Heinz from hemoglobin, picked him up for questioning. He wasted his one phone call on Daisy. She kept snoring.

It was just like George to hire professional circus help. But Daisy hated clowns. She opened the door anyway, if just to humor her well-meaning husband.

There was indeed a clown on the other side of the door, replete with a white face, a bald head sporting a ring of spiky, red hair around the sides, a big red rubber ball of a nose, a dignified beard, and a curved pipe. His costume was a three-piece suit of purple and green striped satin and a pair of oversized bunny slippers. He held a huge bicycle horn in one hand and a rubber chicken in the other.

"Rolly Polly pudding and beer. Bippy the clown psychologist is here!" He handed her the rubber chicken. There was one of those laugh boxes inside that kept on going "har-har-har...har-har-har...har-har-har..."

"Cute," said Daisy. "But how are you going to help me with my prob —"

Daisy fell asleep. Bippy had to catch her before she hit the floor. He carried her over to the couch and sat her down.

Bippy had a lot at stake here. He was the first of his kind, and if clown therapy was going to find a place in the already circus-like panorama of psychotherapeutic technique, his first case was going to have to be a rousing success.

"That's all I need," he said, shaking his head. "I haven't slept for weeks from worry and this isn't going to be a walk down Freudian Lane." He pulled a pink feather out of his jacket pocket and jiggled it under Daisy's nose.

"Ah-choo," sneezed Daisy, coming around.

She wrinkled her nose at the oily smell of greasepaint and cleared her throat. "As I was saying, how are you going to help me with my problem?"

Bippy pulled a big notebook and a tiny pencil out of his jacket pocket and sat down. Not on a chair, just in the air. He crossed his legs.

"Did you hate your mother?" he said.

"What? No. Of course not."

"Hmm, " said Bippy, scribbling in his notebook. "Your father?"

"No."

"Your siblings?"

"No. Not at all."

"Did you have any pets when you were a child?"

"Yes. A goldfish."

"Did you hate it?"

Daisy shrugged her shoulders. "It was a fish."

Bippy shot her a disapproving look. "And what do you have against fish?"

"Nothing."

"I see," said Bippy, still scrawling. Suddenly, he closed the book and honked the horn.

"I think I understand now. I want to try a little word association. I'll say a word and you say the first thing that comes into your head. Okay? ... Daisy?"

Daisy had fallen asleep again. He roused her with the feather and filled her in on what he had proposed.

"Okay," said Daisy.

"Ready?"

"Set," said Daisy.

"No, no," Bippy stopped her. "I haven't started yet."

"Oh. Okay."

"I'm going to start now. Are you ready?"

"Yeah. Okay."

Bippy took a deep breath. "Black."

"White," responded Daisy.

"In."

"Out."

"On?"

"Off."

"Flaming scrod?"

"Breast Milk," said Daisy.

"Ah-ha!" cried Bippy. It's all as clear as a Baltic afternoon! I have the answer to your problem."

Daisy scooted to the edge of the couch, eager to hear the solution to her miserable malady. "Yes, doc — umm — clownie. What's wrong with me?"

Just then an alarm went off in Bippy's pants. He removed a huge double-bell clock from his pocket and looked at its face.

"Rolly Polly pudding and beer. It's time for Bippy to get out of here! The little hand is on the two and the big one isn't. Time's up! We'll continue tomorrow, same time if you're -- HONK-HONK -- up for it." With that he stood up, bowed and left. Daisy watched him leave

"Flaming scrod?" said Daisy. Man, she hated clowns. She started to drift off to sleep...

But then she got up and made some coffee.