Mother is ironing. She is ironing the teapot. The cat is ironing everything that she can get her hands on. Young men are stuffing their faces: one shovelling cereal into his face; one lying on the chest shovelling beans into his face from a plate on his stomach.

"I want more beans. Beans, I said, I'm out of beans."

A knock at the door. The Liberal candidate for parliament is at the door.

This is the "most disgusting family" of the year contest, and the Juddrell family wins again. Lady Orgin announces the winners and we cut to another family watching the results on telly. A cat sticks through the wall by the door. The cat is the doorbell. The doorbell meows.

"A nurse stabbed me," says the patient: "fill out the form."

"What is all this nonsense? Why "Monty Python and the Flying Circus," of course."

Remember the skit in the doctor's office? A patient stumbles into the doctor, blood all over his front: "Your nurse stabbed me," says the patient. "Fill out the form," says the doctor. "We'll see if we can stop the bleeding." Patient on the floor mopping up his own blood while the doctor takes the nurse off to lunch saying "have another bash at the form, Mr. Williams, we're going out for a spot of lunch while we have the chance."

The satirical guns of Chapman, Gilliam, Jones were often levelled at doctors. And clergy. And professors. Politicians and generals also. They aimed at and usually hit the places where bureaucracy, pretentiousness and bombast reside. They were also crazy, charmingly crazy. Men dressed as women, women as men, a mixture of cartoon visuals and actors folded together to maximize the visual jokes. Quick juxtaposition between Stonehenge and some talkative anthropologist in deepest Africa. Broad humor contrasted with subtlety. Mix it all together with a big dose of silliness and you have "Monty Python."

Seattle's Channel 9 gave us a whole day of "Monty Python and the Flying Circus" on the last day of 1980. It was their way of saying goodbye to the craziest show that BBC ever produced. Are there any Python fans out there? Did anyone watch all day? Was anyone watching at all? Was there a whole day's worth of material? Could it have been any other way? It was as good a way as any to bid goodbye to 1980. At times the show was absolutely brilliant, particularly when deflating some cultural balloon of self-importance and pretence.

Satire is such a healthy and robust art form. We need it almost as much as we need fibre in our diet. It provides, essentially, the same much-needed catharsis.