

# Pete Townshend, Meher Baba M3

"CROWD:"

"We demand a universal Grid! We demand a universal Grid!  
We demand a universal Grid! We demand a universal Grid!"

"RAY:"

"ID - Ray High, Gridlife Chronicles. November the tenth, 1992. I'm working on my own in here, going

"RAY:"

"I've been completely degraded by chasing publicity. Degraded! Yeah, I'll never go back. I know too

"RASTUS:"

"You're great, Ray. You know that, man. Here, hold up. This is the place."

"RAY:"

"What? Can't go in here. That bloody cow Ruth Streeting uses this club. She hates my guts."

"RASTUS:"

"It's her job to hate your guts; she's a journalist. It's nothing personal. Oh sod it, I forgot, of course s

"RAY:"

"That cow wrote that I'm ugly."

"RASTUS:"

"Well, you are ugly."

"RAY:"

"I'm not."

"RASTUS:"

"Yes, you are."

"RAY:"

"No, I'm not!"

"RASTUS:"

"Well, you are, actually."

"RAY:"

"Oh bollocks. Oh, let's go in."