

Trial of JM Barrie

And so, members of the jury, you have already hear the defendant admit out of his own mouth that this filthy, malicious, corrupt and obscene article was written especially for children. And perhaps the defendant would care to tell us how much he has profited from his loathsome endeavours? Fifteen million pounds! And that is on **Peter Pan** alone, is it not Mr. Barrie? Corrupting the innocent can be lucrative, can it not?

We are not interested in your excuses, we are interested in the facts. And I'm sure that the jury will agree that in this case the facts speak for themselves. Will you kindly turn to page 76 of **Peter Pan**, in the Puffin Classics Edition:

"You could tell they were fairies of the commoner sort, by their tinkling in the bushes on the way home."

Or again, page 43: "I don't ever want to be a man," Peter said with passion. "I want always to be a little boy and Have Fun. So I ran away to Kensington Gardens and lived a long time among the fairies."

You have been to Kensington Gardens, Mr. Barrie? It's not all nannies and roses now, is it? No the truth is that you ask us to imagine a little golden haired cherub wandering among the bushes all lost and forlorn, when he is accosted by a middle aged man in a black leather kaftan and purple satin trousers, clutching a white poodle under his arm, no doubt, who offers the little boy a wine gum, before leading him back to his

sordid basement flat, conveniently situated close by in Bayswater, where he interferes with him.

No, it is not relevant how I know. Thank you, m'lud.

And again, page 51: It looked delightfully easy, and they tried it first on the floor and then on the bed. "I say, how do you do it?" cried John, rubbing his knee.

Peter showed them again. "You're so nippy at it," said John. "Couldn't you do it slowly just once.?"

Peter did it both slowly and quickly. "I've got it now, Wendy," cried John.

They were all on the bed, and gallant Michael let go first. He did not mean to let go, but he did. "It is naughty of him not to wipe," thought Wendy, sighing. She was a tidy child.

Up and down they went, and round and round. Heavenly was Wendy's word.

And not one of the people described in this scene of juvenile debauchery, members of the jury, was old enough even to join the Woodcraft Folk.

Thank you, Mr. Barrie. That will be all. Call Enid Blyton.