

Peter Wiles

In a Land of Unwashed Brains

A Polish Scrapbook

WHEN the Poznan uprising has been described, and Polish economics analysed for the learned journals, there remains a sediment of *choses vues*, the detritus of two weeks in Poland this summer. These are here presented, should they be of any interest to the general reader. The strong tendency to avoid dates, figures, even facts, is deliberate: I took no notes of these things. I also speak no Polish.

Cracow is fantastically rich in artistic treasures. If one excludes capital cities, where art naturally silts up in galleries, one might rank it fourth in Europe: Florence, Venice, Toledo, Cracow—equal, perhaps, with Siena. It is silly, of course, to try to establish a pecking order among such towns, but compare it more in detail with Siena.* Vit Stwosz—Veit Stoss to you—is vastly superior to Pinturicchio and there is one Leonardo—the girl with the weasel—for good measure. There is nothing comparable to the Simone Martini and the Lorenzetti in the Palazzo Pubblico—Slavs can only paint icons—but the sheer number of excellent baroque churches, the Gothic beauty of St. Mary's, the university buildings and treasure, and St. Florian's fortified gate

in the walls, taken together easily surpass the architectural monuments of Siena. Throw in the view of the Vistula from the castle, and it becomes plain that Cracow must not be done in a day. I did it in a day.

The great Vit Stwosz altarpiece (in painted wood) used to be in the pro-cathedral of St. Mary's. It is now dismounted and set out in a large room in the castle. It has become an object of national pilgrimage, and everyone is intensely proud of it. Stwosz was a late Gothic naturalist of immense learning and Shakespearean comprehensiveness. In one panel he represents the "bad" characters each with a separate disease; their clinical accuracy is said to be perfect, and historians of medicine use it as a source. In others, flowers are shown with an accuracy worthy of Redouté; and botanists also treat the altarpiece as a serious source. Stwosz's vigour and inventiveness are almost vulgar in their excess; certainly one angel floating in his long robe is pure baroque. For years the Poles have claimed Stwosz as a Pole, but alas it is now quite certain he was born in Germany and German was his native language. What does it matter? you will say; nationality meant nothing in those days. But it means something in these days, and a nation does not wish to be beholden to its worst enemy for its greatest artist. Imagine that Handel (spelt Handle) had always been claimed as the greatest name in English music—and then

* But where would one rank Petrograd in such a pecking order? Once you get as far East as Poland you are constantly reminded how little you know of Europe.

they found his birth certificate. Polish chauvinism is so humourless that serious stress is laid on the fact that Stwoszcz's birthplace was then Swiss territory. Anyway, Copernicus, Chopin, and Marie Curie are sound.

THE Germans mined Cracow but had no time to destroy it. But elsewhere they made a particular point of destroying—deliberately, in cold blood, and at much cost to themselves—all visible monuments of Polish history. And when the Russians came they of course did just the same thing in the German towns they were about to hand over to the Poles. Indeed both sides did much more: they destroyed whole towns, house by house, quite outside the fighting. Take the story of the diesel engine in German Silesia. The engine is on territory known to be Polish since a few days. The Soviet troops are smashing it to pieces. A Pole protests—"that engine is useful to us." "We built Socialism from nothing," replies the Soviet officer; "now you start with nothing too." Naturally the Lublin (Polish Communist) government did nothing to stop all this. These Soviet demolitions are a very sensitive subject, like Katyn or exports of coal to U.S.S.R.

Hence the widespread phenomenon of Polish Gothic (brick, latter half of 20th century). To the layman it is some of the best Gothic in the world. I saw only Warsaw and Poznan cathedrals, but Breslau and Danzig are said to be still better. The interiors are bare and simple for Roman Catholic churches. The few baroque memorials that survive look very well in them. A little baroque goes a very long way, and there is now just about enough of it.

Naturally the Gothic sculpture has not been restored, but one feels the Poles are capable even of that. They have spent money like water on the restoration of their cultural heritage. One of the three professors of fine art at Cracow university shows us round his treasure—a treasure such as all Oxford colleges together might just be able to match. I say "his" treasure advisedly: he is a notorious magpie and the terror of the

financial people at the Ancient Monuments Commission or whatever it is called. "Yes," he says, "this government, the same government that you heard called murderers and traitors in Poznan, is much easier to deal with on ancient monuments than any pre-war government. I never have any difficulty with them about money." *Ars longa, vita brevis*—such is my combined impression of Cracow and Poznan.

In one of the main halls of Cracow university, simply and solidly timbered, stands a fantastically overwrought spiral staircase of wood. It leads, like something in a Dali picture, irrelevantly from the floor to a hole in the ceiling. The university "picked it up" when a nobleman's house was converted into an orphanage. An elderly Party member I know has bought one or two things since the war as a private person (quite genuinely, and without using influence). Nothing very much: just a Lucas Cranach, a Gerard Dow, a Houdon bronze, two or three pieces of 14th and 15th century sculpture. . . . They obstruct movement in his study. The sociology of art ownership was always a good subject; in Communist countries its fascination is limitless.

THE Palace of Culture and Science in the Name of Joseph Stalin is an appalling crime against economics and taste. It is a gift—genuinely a gift—of the Soviet people. It is about three times as high as Warsaw's only other tall building, carefully rebuilt by the Communists and still known as the Prudential building. A high gallery runs round it at—would it be?—three hundred feet. It is open and unglazed, a sort of wind-swept gazebo. A natural architectural feature for pigeons, it is so high up they have left it clean. The cost of this single gallery, which by the way is faced in stone, must be about equal to that of a block of working-class flats. But in Warsaw they live 1·9 to a room—and so, approximately, they do in Moscow come to that. The palace is in the same style as, but nastier than, any of the "tall buildings" (you are not allowed to say skyscrapers) in Moscow, which I have also seen. Has it a

rude name? I ask; surely one million people must have thought up a rude name for it by now. But my guide is very *bien pensant*, he will not say. Later I learn that it has indeed a rude name: the Palace of the Cult of the Individual.

When Khrushchev was in Warsaw in March he was horrified by the Palace. He has many times expressed his anger at the wastefulness of Stalin-baroque in U.S.S.R.; here indeed was *ex post facto* justification for his historic speech. But in general I was surprised how little Soviet taste had affected Poland. This single horror was, after all, perpetrated by Soviet architects and builders. There is nothing else remotely like it in the country. Of waste there is plenty and to spare, and especially since 1950 the houses have been ill built. Town planning is very unimaginative, but extremely spacious; the problem is not where the children are to play but how to get to work. But the actual style is either plain and uninspired (as an economy the bricks are still unfaced), or a really splendid evocation of the nation's past. Thus parts of Warsaw have been rebuilt as they were in the 17th (the old market place) and 18th (Nowy Swiat) centuries: indeed better, as 19th century accretions have not been restored. Like Polish Gothic, these parts are intensely moving and genuinely beautiful. Economists, however, feel that much too much has been rebuilt in this expensive manner.

PAINTING again, although certainly no good, is quite un-Sovietised. For at least a year a modern Polish painter rather like Rouault, only very bad, has hung in the national gallery—room after mediocre room. Visiting Communist youth at the international games in August 1955 were astounded, and rightly, for the Tretyakovskaya in Moscow would never have dreamed of hanging him. This, then, was well before the Khrushchev speech and the Polish “declaration of independence”. Or take the really excellent Silesian draughtsman, Pawel Steller. I am indebted to the economists of Stalinogrod (soon, no doubt, to be Kattowice again)

for a beautiful collection of his heads of Silesian types. His speciality is the old, gnarled, and poor. Then in 1950 Socialist Realism breaks in: he switches to young, smooth and handsome Silesians. But the old quality is still very recognisably there. The only real fall from grace is a single picture, executed with an incompetence that can only have been deliberate, of the Stalinogrod Palace of Youth in the Name of Boleslaw Bierut.

But the main thing is that Steller went right on drawing. The pre-war intelligentsia was not destroyed, hardly even demoted. It just ducked under for six years, resisting the worst importations even then; and now sense and sensibility are returning in every field from politics to painting. In the U.S.S.R. not even the children of the 1913 intelligentsia are available, for their homes were broken and their children denied education. There was no continuity, except for a small circle in Leningrad—and the German siege of that town killed most of them. The new intelligentsia has yet to develop its critical faculty: much of the nonsense is actually believed. In Poland the self-same people re-emerge.

THERE has been, then, no “Capture of the Polish Mind.”* These are mostly ordinary Western people with a straightforward Western understanding of events in their own country and abroad, and normal Western tastes. I have been re-reading on my return Czeslaw Milosz's *The Captive Mind*. It is not about the Poles that I have met. It is too intelligent and too emotionally complicated. I do not doubt that it is a true account of Mr. Milosz's own mind, and of his four friends' minds. But poets are exceptional, “of imagination all compact.” Economists and civil servants are simpler and more stable, and also more fortunate, since *innere Emigration* is easier for the uncreative.

* This passage was written before I read the admirable article of Mr. K. A. Jelenski in *ENCOUNTER*, August 1956. He has anticipated me very completely, but the point is so important it can bear repeating.

Thus Mr. Milosz:

The Method, the Diamat—that is, dialectical materialism as interpreted by Lenin and Stalin—possesses a strong magnetic influence on the men of the present day. In the people's democracies, the Communists speak of the "New Faith," and compare its growth to that of Christianity in the Roman Empire.

For several years I carried on a debate with those of my friends who were yielding, little by little, to the magic influence of the New Faith. The debate went on in my own mind also—more than a debate indeed, since that word gives no sense of the emotional stress which I experienced. As the nerve-centres of the country were mastered, one after the other, by the adherents of Moscow, I was forced to abandon my philosophic beliefs one after another, if I was to keep from throwing myself into the abyss. The abyss for me was exile, the worst of all misfortunes, for it meant sterility and inaction.

Ordinary people, however, just disagree with what they read in the newspapers, and leave it at that.

Of course the *quality* of free thought deteriorates, because it is—or was—dangerous to discuss it with others, and difficult to replenish it from new Western books. And no doubt over a longer period than six years this loss of quality would have diminished its attractiveness to youth, which might also have succumbed to sheer educational pressure. But as things are, few heads have been set buzzing with the eternal drone of the régime's agit-prop.

There is a tendency among Western intellectuals to prefer always the most dramatic and psychological explanations of events behind the Iron Curtain. Thus the Soviet confessions and show trials were explained by Arthur Koestler in his *Darkness at Noon* by a most interesting thesis: surrender to the appeal for Party loyalty, self-identification with History, etc., etc.—largely based on the plea in court of one man, Bukharin. Those who were in prison at the time, however, and Khrushchev in his famous speech, barely mention these intellectual excitements. Their explanations are more subliminal: physical torture, deprivation of sleep, threats to families. So too, perhaps, with the Captive

Mind. It takes more interesting minds than most of us have to get captured in such interesting ways, indeed to get captured at all. You can bring us up Communist, but you won't convert us.

CRACOW is the Quartier Latin of Poland; it contains the theosophists, existentialists and other eccentrics. It is also, with its innumerable churches, a religious stronghold. There is even a group of émigré Armenian (Uniate) Catholics from Lwow, who conduct their services in Armenian in a church specially lent to them. In a totalitarian country this sort of thing is intensely undesirable: the citizenry should be atomised and homogeneous. The solution has been to redress the social balance by founding Nowa Huta, a new town of c. 100,000 (Cracow has 300,000) whose sole basic employment is the vast integrated steelworks—"the largest in Europe." Between Cracow and Nowa Huta are about five miles of open country, which it is not planned at any time to build over; there may be an aerodrome and a park. Yet the old artistic centre and the new frontier town are under one municipal administration.

Horrid stories circulate about life in Nowa Huta. Without women or priests the young peasants, recently recruited off the tiny parcelled holdings of Southern Poland, take to crime and drink. Certainly they can't make steel very well. Neither, come to that, can I, but I have watched steel rolled often in Sheffield and can detect gross errors in the handling of the equipment. These were made rather often. Truth lies indeed at the bottom of a well: we all assumed it was because the workers were comparatively new to the job just as we had been told, and when we said so at the time we were not contradicted. But the next day we were told it had been a special training shift for absolute newcomers. In U.S.S.R. I should have assumed this was a lie: in Poland I am much less sure.

THE Thaw since Khrushchev denounced Stalin at the 20th Congress has been terrific. A lady bought a pair of shoes. They were factory-made not hand-made, so they

fell to pieces at once as usual. She took them to the cobbler, and complained in a listless general sort of way about shoes. "Don't you see," said the cobbler, "these shoes were made before the 20th Congress." "It isn't a thaw," said Hilary Minc the planning boss, "it's a spring"—i.e. there'll be no cold snap, the weather isn't changeable. I incline strongly to agree, with one qualification only. If the intelligentsia is quite non-Marxist, as can be discovered at any party where there is vodka, and the youth of all classes is still more non-Marxist, as observation at Poznan showed, where is it all going to stop? In the end, surely only terror can save the day: either the security police must be re-activated, in flat contradiction to present policy, Khrushchev's speech, and everything else, or the Red Army must be called in, which is a violation of Titoism. The Polish Party is no more than a leaky bulwark, full of careerists, ex-socialists, honest Marxists (especially young ones), and other broken reeds.

Which brings me to the fellow-travellers. In Britain I think of these as dishonest or criminally stupid or both, and unlease the catch of my revolver. So also in Poland in 1947 or Czechoslovakia in 1948. But in a Thaw they look very different. Take Mr. X of Pax (the fellow-travelling Catholic body). "There goes X," said a member of the Central Committee of the Party (how solid is *he*, by the way?), "who wants to reconcile the Communists and the Catholics. I hope to God he doesn't succeed, because then everything will be forbidden." The saying goes of Pax that a good Catholic in modern Poland must be honest and clever and a member of Pax, but to be all three together is beyond the wit of man. I talked with X for some time: he is honest and a member of Pax. But he is still a very inspiring phenomenon. First, he voted against the abortion law in parliament: an action which is so far the high-water mark, so to speak, of the Thaw. Secondly, he is quite safe to say what he likes, for he is Exhibit A of the New Polish Look, the walking proof that something has changed. So you don't have to ply him with vodka or coax him for an hour or catch him in the middle of an

uprising to find out what he really thinks. Principally he wants an independent Catholic Party. Of course he can whistle for it, but surely it all helps if he goes on saying so. In normal times we think of a fellow-traveller as a man with a foot in the enemy's camp: in modern Poland he is a man with a foot in our camp. He has, also, more freedom to operate than a simple, honest enemy of the régime. In a Thaw, what fellow-travellers think today Party members will think tomorrow.

And here let us praise the Polish intellectual, from the longstanding Party member to the Catholic nationalist, from the Bohemian of the Cracow coffee-house to the precise young statistician of the central bank. For it was the intellectuals who took the initiative after Khrushchev's speech: they saw their golden psychological opportunity and with magnificent courage they toppled the shamefaced régime into liberalism. Here were *les valeurs éternelles* defended by those whose business it is to defend them—an expiation for the Treason of the Clerks. Particularly the poets. As an economist I have always irritably rejected Shelley's "unacknowledged legislators of the world" as an obvious untruth: has not Keynes claimed that for us? But in the Poland of Wazyk, Slonimski, and Woroszylski the poet is indeed the liberator. It was the poets who spoke first and loudest: Wazyk even before Khrushchev's speech. Nor is this inconsistent with their having been captive minds *à la* Milosz: indeed the first and last named were.†

Not in police administration then, nor in economic policy did the *dégringolade* come first, but in the printed and broadcast word. And naturally, too, for publication is controlled by very few and setting up in type is not a lengthy matter: a whisper, a telephone call, and freedom raises its ugly head over—

* *General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*, ch. 24/v.

† They are not among the Alpha, Beta, Gamma, and Delta of Mr. Milosz's book, however. There is a tradition in these small Slav nations that the poet fulfils Shelley's rôle: Shevchenko and Kupala were the heart of the national movements in Ukraine and Belorussia.

night. To paraphrase Burke, all that is necessary for the triumph of good is that evil men do nothing.

Indeed there is tragedy in this: the Thaw can raise hopes in print that will not be fulfilled in the local police station for months nor in the shops for years. Hence, precisely, Poznan. Under Stalin there was hell for all; it was fair. But in the Thaw some things melt faster than others. The intelligentsia had breathed the air of freedom for months when the workers came out on to the streets for bread. And how unreasonable of them to come out just then: there was as much bread as at any time during the last sixteen years! Clearly their timing was due to the bad example set by their betters. But alas, you cannot print bread.

THE surest way to Polish hearts is to bring reliable information about U.S.S.R. The strikes at Norilsk and Vorkuta, for instance, seemed to be unknown. Anti-Russian jokes circulate, of course.

"Why do the Russians eat ice-cream in winter? Because they have no artificial ice."

"In Ukrainian *khrushch* is a rare word meaning a kind of beetle that destroys the crops."

"Russia has had three great Tsars recently: first a Marxist, then a sadist, then a tourist." "No, four: Vladamir *Mudriy* (the Wise), Josif *Grozniy* (the Terrible, as in Ivan the Terrible), Georgi *Neudachnik* (the Unsuccessful), and Nikita *Kukuruznik* (the maize-monger)."

At the 20th Congress Khrushchev asked what to do with Stalin's body. "Give him to us," said the Chinese. "We expose our dead on towers [*sic*—P.W.], and that will be quite suitable." "No, no," said Nikita, "that will never do, that's ancestor-worship." "Give him to us," said the French, "we'll put him in Les Invalides." "No, no, that will never do, that's hero-worship." "Give him to us," said the Israelis, "we'll stuff him away in a cave in the desert." "My God, certainly not. Last time you did that there was a Resurrection."

Then finally the Russian word for peace has a second meaning: "the world". Thus

Sovetskiiy Soyuz khotet mir—"the Soviet Union wants the world." But the Polish word for peace (*pokoj*) also means: "a room."

However, it must be said that the Russians—troops, civilians, and all—are very much less visible than the Americans in any West European country. The civilians are by nature worse dressed than the Poles, but in the same style; and the troops are sufficiently docile to be confined to barracks. The population believe passionately that their security policemen and army officers are Russians in disguise. That may be so, but I never saw one Russian I could recognise as such. U.S. papers please copy.

AUSCHWITZ (Oswiecim) is a carefully kept memorial. There are acres and acres of decaying huts in fields, most of which will surely soon have to be cleared for agricultural purposes. There is horror enough in the central block, with its torture cells (very few: mostly they just killed people), its *Arbeit Macht Frei* over the main gate, its exhibition mounds of hair, spectacles, suitcases, etc., taken from the victims. And yet is it so very horrible? The brick houses of the central block are pleasant and pleasantly spaced. Polish families with their children do the sights, and a coffee bar stands outside. Also the much lesser horrors of the present weighed heavily upon us: we came almost directly from Poznan, and outside the main gate there loitered a number of the KBW, the militarised security troops or Communist S.S. (they were quite peaceful and definitely off parade, but somehow it seemed appropriate). We also laid a wreath—a very miserable little wreath but there, we said, it's the spirit behind it that counts. Have you ever carried a wreath about for fifteen minutes before laying it? You feel an awful ass.

Quite contrary to my expectations the régime does not try to make capital out of Oswiecim. There it is, set out and explained with admirable clarity, as it would have been in France or Holland. Oswiecim speaks for itself: all possible régimes are better than this. I wanted an ambiguously worded message on the wreath, but am glad now my col-

leagues would not permit it. Nevertheless, when one sees a big vulgar Communist wreath labelled "Down with Fascism" one cannot help thinking of Vinnitsa and Katyn, though they only ran into tens of thousands. From another *faux pas* on this occasion I was not, however, saved. A photograph of naked women going to their death in the gas chamber was displayed as "taken by a member of the resistance movement." What was the name of the resistance movement? I asked a guide with some heat. Why don't you give it its proper name, Home Army? The way you Communists pretend the Home Army never existed is disgusting. Genuinely distressed, he moved off to find out, and came back to tell me it wasn't the Home Army at all, but the local Oswiencim camp movement. Such are the penalties of excessive vigilance; profuse apologies followed.

Doubtless the Oswiencim resistance was independent because the Home Army would not enrol Jews. When all tribute has been paid, let us not forget that Poles are viciously anti-Semitic. Incidentally, another guide was partly Jewish. It was his first visit. We agreed afterwards that we were not as affected as we ought to be: the subject (four million gassed to death as biologically inferior) was too big for us. We were only small people, and would both eat a hearty lunch.

Oswiencim is the name of a flourishing county town.

WHY are the Poles so free? First because they are all brave: if they want to say something, they just say it. Now in a country like Russia or Czechoslovakia—or doubtless Britain—where only a normal proportion are brave, you can afford to arrest anyone brave enough to be indiscreet; moreover it terrorises the rest. But where everyone is that brave you don't know where to begin. Secondly they are all honourable: they are indiscreet but never treacherous. Thus many thousands were in the preparations for the Warsaw uprising in 1944, yet the Germans never got to hear of it (incidentally, no other occupied country in the world produced anything like the Warsaw uprising, and the

defence of the Warsaw ghetto was also unique in world Jewry). Soviet society is riddled with *seksooty*, secret collaborators with the MVD who, owing to some stain on their past, can be blackmailed into spying. But to judge by the freedom with which Poles talk in front of strangers, there are few *seksooty* in Poland. The Polish security police must, it appears, find its own information. Thirdly, Party members seem to be more basically humane and honest than elsewhere. And, finally, genuine Communists, whether in the Party or the security police, are simply not numerous enough. Overt rebellion they can suppress. But mere talk is too common.

In Poznan the security police, when in civvies, wear standard blue shirts under blue coats. They also have bilious-coloured mackintoshes with pulleys all over them. These are rather substantial aids to recognition. Radkiewicz, the last minister of state security (its initials are U.B.), suffered a two-tier demotion. Way back when the Thaw was a twinkle in Khrushchev's eye, Radkiewicz became minister of state farms. After the 20th Congress he went, not as ambassador, to the Peking embassy (in Hungary they sacked the successor to the original minister instead—the principle is the same). Once Radkiewicz was asked, what name would Poland take when it voted its own annexation to the Soviet Union? Polish Soviet Socialist Republic? "Oh, no: U.B.Stan" (like Uzbekistan).

One of my colleagues had a certain embarrassment. On the night of the Poznan uprising he described the fighting he had seen to the British press. He permitted his name to be used, and so it was. Three days later we all arrived in Zakopane. As usual, our Polish guides gave the reception a list of our names, divided into the pairs who would go together in the double rooms. But the hotel had their own ideas where to put us, and did not accept the list. Next day three electricians called to mend the bell in my colleague's room. The piece of the Poznan wireless jammer and some bullets he had collected as souvenirs were removed from his luggage. So now the electricians in Zakopane know there really was fighting in Poznan.

Edmund Wilson

The Messiah at the Seder

A Story

A MIDDLE-AGED group of old friends had gathered for the Passover Seder. The host was the son of a rabbi and had studied for ordination in his youth at the Jewish Theological Seminary, but he now worked on the staff of a Jewish magazine. The men guests were a professor of Hebrew; a Viennese psychoanalyst; and a formerly active Marxist, who had fallen back on editing an encyclopædia. The scholar and the Marxist were accompanied by their wives, but the analyst was at present estranged from his, and the hostess's sister made the fourth woman: a handsome vivacious girl, somewhat younger than the others and unmarried. The Seder is designed to be a family affair, but it happened, on this occasion, that no children took part in the ceremony. Those of the host and hostess were under ten and had been put to bed; the Marxist and his wife were childless; the Hebraist's sons were married and living in other cities; and the adolescent son of the analyst had been carried off by his mother. Though parts of the Seder service are especially intended for children and cannot have their full effect without them, it was perhaps, in view of what happened, just as well that there were no children present.

None of the company in their ordinary lives conformed with the observances of Orthodox Judaism. Only the professor and his wife practised a kosher cuisine, and the

dinner tonight was not kosher. But most had had some schooling in Hebrew, and all had been brought up in the old way. All enjoyed celebrating this festival, which strengthened the family unit, re-enforced the ties among friends, affirmed the solidarity of the Jewish people. In all this it differed much from any feast-day or holy service of their neighbours, either Catholic or Protestant—for it combined a family party like Christmas dinner with a ritual of resurrection that resembled an Easter Mass. The men, although mostly beardless—the professor was the only exception—all wore, for the special occasion, the close-fitting round black caps that made them at home in the Jewish world, and all read aloud from the Haggadah, the traditional Hebrew text, of which each had a copy before him. Two of the wives, who knew no Hebrew, abstained, but the hostess and her sister participated, since they, also, were the children of a rabbi. This text, in its lyrical eloquence, its variety and its flexibility—for it ranges from rhymes for the children to exalted psalms in praise of God—its invocation of sanctions that dignify the meagrest meal, its exultant reawakening of the Jewish sense of consecration, which springs to life among the human actualities of the homeliest Jewish family, was felt by them all as a spell that involved the long dinner-table, white-naperied, gleaming with wine-glasses and studded with the red and yellow bottles that