BOOKS

'I have eaten your bread and salt. / I have drunk your water and wine. / The deaths ye died I have watched beside / And the lives ye led were mine.' —Rudyard Kipling

The Father of the Son

John Lockwood Kipling
Edited by Julius Bryant & Susan Weber
Yale, 580 pages, $75

BY MAXWELL CARTER

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RUBAIYAT A blue-ink drawing for a plate by John Lockwood Kipling, ca. 1879.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S FATHER, Lockwood, is little remembered today. Growing up, however, I came across him in Rudyard's Great Game masterpiece, "Kim" (1901), the Anglo-Indian curator in which was modeled on Lockwood; in "Quest for Kim" (1996), Peter Hopkirk's study of the novel's real-life bases; and finally, in connection with Endicott Peabody, the founder of Groton School. In 1899, the Rector, as Peabody was known, received Lockwood's opinion on the school's seal: undistinguished, inappropriate and dull. (The design has since been altered.) Yet I never knew what to make of the senior Kipling. Only now, with the beautiful and illuminating catalogue, "John Lockwood Kipling: Arts and Crafts in the Punjab and London," which accompanies an exhibition presently moving from London's Victoria and Albert Museum to the Bard Graduate Center Gallery in New York, do I fully appreciate the man, his art and his eye.

Each of the 17 chapters has its charms, but the first two by the V&A curator Julius Bryant, the volume's co-editor (with Susan Weber, of Bard), are essential reading.

The first explores Lockwood's fascination with and expatriation to India. While British interest in Indian art and design didn't reach the fever pitch of Egyptomania, the effect of the Great Exhibition of 1851 was profound. Previously, South Asian miniatures, textiles and artifacts collected by officers of the East India Co. were to be found in private residences or the Company's London headquarters. At the Crystal Palace, the public experienced 30,000 square feet worth of "spectacular" Indian displays. These included, Mr. Bryant writes, "carpets, embroideries, Kashmir shawls, saris from Benares . . . carvings in wood, ivory, and stone . . . swords, daggers, musical instruments, and . . . two great diamonds: the Darya-i-Noor ('Sea of Light') and the Koh-i-Noor ('Mountain of Light')." (The former was auctioned in 1852; the latter, said in the 16th century to be worth "the whole world's expenditure for half a day," is the pride of the Crown Jewels.) Jostling in the captivated throng was the teenage John Kipling, who would add his mother's maiden name, Lockwood, in his early 20s.

Lockwood had been born in Yorkshire in July 1837, two weeks after Queen Victoria ascended to the throne. An unhappy student, he was, Mr. Bryant suggests, "destined for the life of an itinerant preacher" until his path-altering visit to the Great Exhibition. Thereafter, he attended art school and apprenticed for the ceramics manufacturer Pinder, Bourne and Hope in Staffordshire. He wed Alice Macdonald, sister-in-law of the Pre-Raphaelite painter Edward Burne-Jones, in March 1865 and, "despite his new professional and social prospects in South Kensington," left for Bombay the next month to teach at the recently established Sir J.J. School of Art and Industry. Alice was pregnant with Rudyard on the voyage; he would be born in December.

Whatever Lockwood's prospects in London, Bombay was booming in the mid-1860s. India's expanding railway network and the blockade of Confederate ports had tripled cotton exports from western India to Lancashire mills. Increased revenue flowed, in part, to the cultural institutions that attracted and employed Lockwood and his peers. He relocated to Lahore in 1875 to become the principal of its new art school, his stated object "to revive crafts now half forgotten, and to discourage as much as possible the crude attempts at reproduction of the worst features of Birmingham and Manchester work now so common among natives." Noted for his eclectic talents, keen eye, "natural charm" and humor—his personal motto was "Fumus Gloria Mundi," or "Smoking, the Glory of the World"—he juggled curating, teaching, writing, design and family for the next 18 years.

> Lockwood Kipling was going to be an 'itinerant preacher' until he visited an exhibit of Indian art.

With the exception of five extended furloughs, Lockwood resided in India between 1865 and 1893. He retired from Lahore for health reasons at 55 and settled quietly in Wiltshire in 1895, avoiding London's intellectual circles and controversy. Alice died in November 1910; Lockwood, two months later. George Birdwood, who peevishly campaigned against British art education in India, remembered him in 1915 as "one of the noblest of Englishmen that ever served their country in India."

Further sections of "John Lockwood Kipling," which highlight his achievements as sculptor, designer, collector, educator, conservationist, journalist, illustrator, "Pater" and teacher, leave no doubt about his powers or versatility.

The book's detail (Lockwood's laborious illustrations for "The Jungle Book" were carved in relief, then photographed for publication) and insight (to Lockwood, there was "no pure, timeless art or truly authentic traditional ornamentation") are interwoven with rich, contextual images. Reproduced here are Valentine Prinsep's rendering of the 1877 "Proclamation" Durbar (an over-the-top public ceremony at which Victoria was proclaimed empress of India), for which Lockwood oversaw the amphitheater, lighting and banners; sepia-toned classroom, workshop and exhibition interiors; Rudyard's intricate Tibetan pen case and Lockwood-fashioned bookplate; and, my favorite, an exquisite copper ewer featured among the "Muhammadan relics" Lockwood sought to preserve.

Lockwood's hands-on conservation and sympathetic character set him apart from William Morris, with whom he is often compared. "John Lockwood Kipling" captures this essential vigor and warmth and happily doesn't fall in with Blimpish nostalgists or the strident movement to discredit all things British in India. Good art is good art and good writing, good writing. On the merits, the works of Kipling, father and son, should be valued irrespective of the Raj and the moral and political failings they sometimes reflected.

Alas, Lockwood's obscure brush with Groton didn't make its way into the text. At any rate, the Peabody link was Harvard professor Charles Eliot Norton, whom the Kiplings stayed with en route to the 1893 World's Fair in Chicago. Lockwood's life spanned the Victorian and Edwardian ages; his career, fittingly, was bookended by the wonders of the Crystal Palace and the White City. He did many things and did them well; traveled the world; enjoyed 45 years of loving and collaborative matrimony; and left an impossibly varied legacy—commissions, disciples and, not least, Rudyard. In other words, Lockwood's life was every bit as remarkable and rewarding as his art.

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Health Care

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the highest prices they could come up with, which led doctors to order more tests and treatments and led device- and drug-makers to come up with ever more sophisticated and expensive products. While many advancements in medicine have clearly offered benefits to patients, Dr. Rosenthal sees it all as a money chase: "No one was protecting the patients," she writes.

She shows the problems of byzantine medical-payment structures and vividly describes the army of coders and consultants who work around rules aimed at containing costs. When Medicare announced that there would be one payment for the first 90 minutes of chemotherapy, with a second payment for any part of each hour thereafter, it started receiving lots of bills for infusions lasting 91 minutes.

But much of the time it seems as if Dr. Rosenthal sees no justification for anyone to get paid or turn a profit, which of course would sink any business. She cites anesthesia as an example of price escalation, since anesthesiologists get paid for supervising less-educated nurse anesthetists while the doctors are "sitting in the lounge monitoring their portfolios." In the next breath she notes that, as the 2014 death of Joan Rivers illustrates, when things go wrong in the operating room they can go very wrong, very fast. You want an anesthesiologist supervising, and she presents no evidence that in most cases they are not doing so.

> To ensure profits, an army of coders works around the rules aimed at containing medical costs.

She is also critical of the trend toward private rooms in hospitals, seeing it as costly, with little medical justification. But more hospitals are going to all private rooms, and studies suggest that they may lower the risk of virulent hospital infections. Anyone who has had to share a room with another sick patient knows the value of privacy and quiet in the healing process.

Dr. Rosenthal endorses a number of solutions that have been put forth by health economists, including turning to models in other countries that have some form of nationalized health care. While she acknowledges that it's hard to imagine the U.S. moving that way any time soon, she sees Medicare as a single-payer