

My father and I returned to Temple Lodge late, about 11pm. There was a man in his pyjamas in the lounge, holding a credit card and the telephone in one hand and pressing buttons with the other. He was trying to call his bank in Canada, but he didn't know the county code, or the dial out number of the guesthouse system. Using my I-Phone to look up the code, and guessing number nine to dial out (it usually is number nine) I helped him make his call.

In the morning at breakfast I saw the man again, this time with two female companions. I had just come in from the garden with my video camera. He asked what I was doing, and I explained that I am an art student, and was taking footage for a work I was making for my degree show.

A few minutes later, the man sparked up a conversation with Lizzie, the guesthouse's daytime manager. He was in England to attend a conference at Emerson College about geomancy, with workshops by American land artist Marko Pogacnik, about exploring the Earth's energy flow. During the conversation, I learned that the College was linked to Temple Lodge via the Rudolf Steiner Foundation. The guesthouse, which describes itself in its publicity material as '*An oasis in the middle of the city*', is run by a Christian community that emerged from Steiner's philosophies, and profits from the business help fund a church. Emerson College also emerged from Steiner's philosophies. I had always assumed the artwork up around Temple Lodge was all by Frank Brangwyn, an artist who used to live in the house, but most of it was actually made by Steiner students. Lizzie showed us a charcoal drawing by Brangwyn hanging on the wall, which was quite different.

The buzzer for my boiled egg sounded and I sat down to eat, thinking about the guesthouse and the guests I had met there over the past year.

Temple Lodge is a crystal.

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