

Suite, Sweet

The Date Club

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The Date Club



Congratulations,

Your place has been confirmed for The Date Club's final Elam event *Suite, Sweet*.

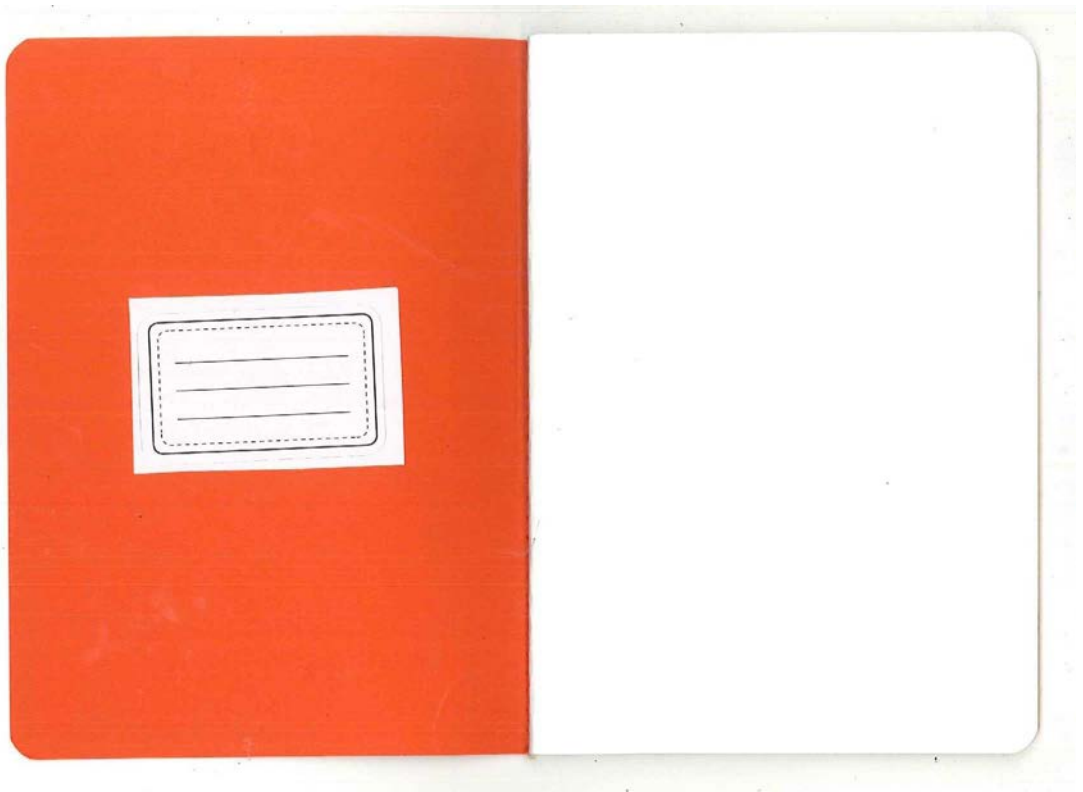
This event will take place on the evening of October 9th and will finish at 9am on October 10th. If you need to leave early for any reason please let us know and we will be happy to accommodate.

Please confirm your availability as soon as possible. Your individual attendance will be essential to the performance. We will provide you with specific instructions regarding the time/place closer to the date. All locations will be within the CBD and overnight facilities will be available to you.

Sincerely,

The Date Club.

Jess and Victoria
0210569051 or 02102337632





*Y*OUR THOUGHTS ARE MOST WELCOME

I hope your expectations were met during your stay and would welcome your thoughts and comments. Thank you.

Franz Mascarenhas
Managing Director

Dear Alex,

For tomorrow evening's performance bring with you an overnight bag and anything else you may want for the night. Food and drink will be provided but you may BYO if you wish. Let us know if you have any dietary requirements.

Please meet Z on the corner of Symonds Street and St Pauls Street at 7pm. (We will text you further instructions on how to recognise Z)

Please walk to the destination. Z has the address.

Take the elevator to Level 2.

If you have any questions or concerns you may contact us at anytime throughout the performance.

Sincerely,

The Date Club







Dear Zea,

For tomorrow evening's performance bring with you an overnight bag and anything else you may want for the night. Food and drink will be provided but you may BYO if you wish. Let us know if you have any dietary requirements.

Please meet A on the corner of Symonds Street and St Pauls Street at 7pm. (We will text you further instructions on how to recognise A)

Please walk to 83 Symonds Street. A knows where to go from here.

If you have any questions or concerns you may contact us at anytime throughout the performance.

Sincerely,

The Date Club



On the day of the performance I was running late. I was not as prepared as I'd hoped to be. I was very nervous, like it was a first date.

I changed outfits a couple times and put some makeup on. Not just the usual minimal 'meeting up with friends' amount. I made a little more of an effort and even used some eyeliner, which I messed up. I proceeded to wipe it all off and basically go with the minimal amount I'd started with. Packing my bag; I didn't know what I was in for. I scrambled together some uni work and extra books. This was a security plan incase it got awkward/ uncomfortable.

I realised I was super late with only 5 minutes to get to the destination. I text The Date Club managers to let them know. In my haste I parked on Whittaker Place. I was wedged between an old rusty truck and a small car that'd parked too far over the line. Pulling my stuff together and feeling like a bag lady from over packing. On the drive there my mind was loud with voices of uncertainty and if this was a good idea. These only got louder as I looked for A on the street.

Approaching what I thought was St Pauls St was actually City Rd crossing. It was at this point I realised I'd gone to the wrong place. I made my way down to St Pauls St keeping an eye out for A who was supposed to be walking towards me. I crossed the road only to realise I had been on the right side and then had to wait for the lights to cross back.

I began eerily eyeing strangers in a knowing way wondering if they were A. I usually would not have paid that much attention to everybody walking past me, however I was on full alert. Black bomber jacket, black jeans and a shirt. I was on the look out! It was at this point that I started to feel kind of sleazy. Like a prostitute looking for her next 'job'. I shared a smile with a young man holding a biker helmet, and kept walking.

Almost there, checking my reflection in the mirrored building window I noticed how short my dress was looking. I didn't feel that great about the situation at this point. I thought of pulling out when I couldn't find A. Walking back up Symonds St nervous as hell, I saw the boy with the motorbike helmet walking back towards me. We made eye contact and I knew it was A! Looking at each other, I can't remember exactly what we said but it was something along the lines of, "Hi ...Date Club?"

Initially F was mistakes ~~is~~ with
the original interaction with Z

Expecting her to be in on
the performance and that she would
guide us as a group to our
destination.

Once we met and began
talking I realised that she was
in the same position as we

and that we were the only
ones meeting up at that location.

From arriving in the room
we stripped the room's
facilities with our eyes
and began exploring.



Dear Hana and Miriama,

For tomorrow evening's performance bring with you an overnight bag and anything else you may want for the night.

Food and drink will be provided for you but you may BYO if you wish.
Please let us know if you have any dietary requirements.

Michael McClelland Taxi Services will pick you up from 24 Williamson Ave at 7pm and take you to your destination.

Sincerely,

The Date Club



Jessica asked me to provide transport for Dunedin-based performance artist, Hana Aoake and her sister, Miriama from a house that Hana had been staying at in Grey Lynn while visiting Auckland. I had lived with Hana Aoake previously and am good friends with Miriama, so it was a nice coincidence to work with people I knew. Miriama had some prior engagement and wasn't able to come. So, it ended up just being me picking up Hana and taking her to The Langham on Symonds Street. I wasn't supposed to mention anything I already knew to Hana, but that was convenient enough as I knew very little. She was dressed for the occasion, which suggested to me there was some formality involved – however, I had little understanding nor briefing of the specifics. All I really gathered was that The Date Club was a performance-based art project of some variety.

I was given the wrong address. I knocked on the wrong door for a few minutes, fearing I was late. Luckily I was able to borrow a friend's wife down the road which allowed me to find the correct address further down Williamson Ave. It was where I had dropped Hana off from the airport a few days earlier as I had suspected. Thankfully my lateness didn't disrupt any part of the project. I contacted Jessica promptly to let her know that everything had worked itself out. I drove straight to the hotel, dropped Hana off and went home.

—
Michael McClelland Taxi Service

Dear Sophia,

For tomorrow evening's performance bring with you an overnight bag and anything else you may want for the night. Food and drink will be provided but you may BYO if you wish.
Let us know if you have any dietary requirements.

Please meet E and L at Vulture's Lane on Vulcan Lane at 7.30pm. Please do not leave until all 3 of you are together. (We will text you further instructions on how to recognise these people)

Please stay and have a drink if you like.

Once together make your way to the destination. E knows where to go.

Catch the elevator to Level 2.

If you have any questions or concerns you may contact us at anytime throughout the performance.

Sincerely,

The Date Club



After being given key identifiers to distinguish my date night counterparts in an unfamiliar bar, I unfortunately focused on the attribute of Doc Martens that were worn by someone dining at the first occupied table I noticed. I sat next to this patron assuming they would notice my characterising burgundy shoes and introduce themselves as my new pal for the evening. Instead I was potentially obstructing the personal space of someone completely unrelated to the project. It was time to look a bit harder for the mysterious faces I only knew as 'E' or 'L'. I began to think me being stood up at the bar was part of the project. Why would The Date Club involve me in such a humiliating plot?

Fortunately my anxiety was eventually cured by the sight of a wee blue necklace around the neck of an approaching individual.

E and I engaged in beverage consumption until the third piece of our puzzle arrived. E had chardonnay while I enjoyed a Baileys on the rocks because, as I told E, the whole occurrence made me want to feel safe and cosy after my momentary confusion. Therefore, a milky drink would be quite a treat. Little did I know, there were many more treats to come.

Dear Emily,

For tomorrow evening's performance bring with you an overnight bag and anything else you may want for the night. Food and drink will be provided but you may BYO if you wish. Let us know if you have any dietary requirements.

Please meet S and L at Vulture's Lane on Vulcan Lane at 7.30pm. Please do not leave until all 3 of you are together. (We will text you further instructions on how to recognise these people)

Please stay and have a drink if you like.

Once together make your way to 83 Symonds Street. S knows where to go from here.

If you have any questions or concerns you may contact us at anytime throughout the performance.

Sincerely,

The Date Club

8 Oct, 6.47 pm. The idea of an overnight bag excites me in a nostalgic kind of way. I haven't taken an overnight bag to a sleepover in years, given they are usually impromptu these days. You may BYO if you wish. Yes, I do wish. I shall take a bottle of wine. Vulture's Lane? Odd choice of bar. It's kind of shitty isn't it? The kind of bar that always has sticky counters and smells like beer? I'm meeting S and L. Do I know them? I do know where we are going.

9 Oct, 2.48 pm. What am I wearing? I don't fucking know. I haven't thought past my immediate task which is occupying the whole of my brain. I suppose I will wear my Docs and blue elephant necklace because that's what I always wear. Yes, yes I'll tell them that.

3.41 pm. Text Message. S will be wearing black, burgundy shoes, and hair out.

I would guess we will get along. I like black, and burgundy shoes sound nice too.





Dear Leah

For tomorrow evening's performance bring with you an overnight bag and anything else you may want for the night. Food and drink will be provided but you may BYO if you wish. Let us know if you have any dietary requirements.

Please meet E and S at Vulture's Lane on Vulcan Lane at 7.30pm. Please do not leave until all 3 of you are together. (We will text you further instructions on how to recognise these people)

Please stay and have a drink if you like.

Once together make your way to the destination. E and S know where to go.

If you have any questions or concerns you may contact us at anytime throughout the performance.

Sincerely,

The Date Club

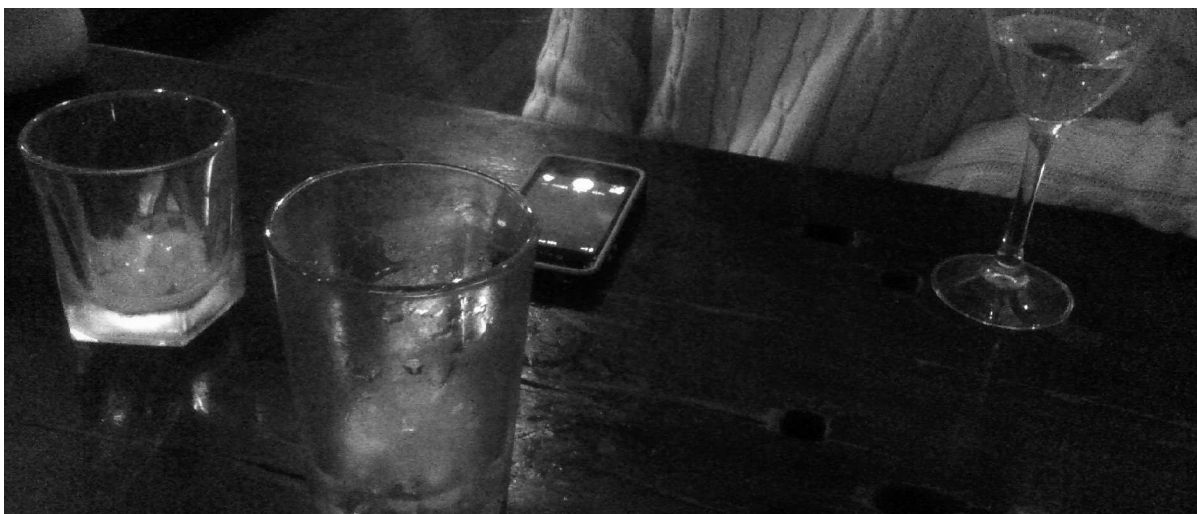


Wednesday 8 Oct 18:49. I received more specific instructions. 'Food and drink will be provided.' I knew we'd be carefully looked after. 'Meet S and E at Vulture's Lane in Vulcan Lane at 7:30pm.' I had about five minutes of apprehension about going to a place I've never been, meeting people I've never seen and then going through a full night of unknown activities. I almost second guessed my decision to be involved but talked myself back into being brave and excited. I wondered if I was being set up to meet people who were in the know or if they had no idea like me. I got the sense that we would be doing something out of our comfort zone and that Jess and Victoria would be on the outside watching us but close by to bail us out if we needed it!

Thursday 9 Oct 14:49. 'What are you wearing this evening?' Gee, I don't know that early in the day but decided to wear a coat and I knew I'd have a backpack with me. 'S and E will be wearing ...' I tried to imagine the girls/guys in these outfits.

7.33 pm. I am almost right on time, this is not as late as I'd usually be. I am a little bit nervous as I'm very tired and not sure I'm up to conversations with strangers. I don't look very nice either, I wore school clothes.

At first I walk past the bar, and then double back. I'm looking at people's shoes. It doesn't take long to spot S. She is also looking at my shoes.



S is very nice. She has the kind of voice that has laughter inside of it. Ok, I know that sounds like a gross line from a love poem, but I hope you know what I mean by that.

I suggest a drink, and she says something about having just spent lots of money on dinner. Shit, I thought we would be eating at our destination. I have a wine (to precede the bottle in my backpack) and she has Baileys. We cover the basics of a first conversation, what we study. S thinks we are staying at Elam so organised to have her pillow and sleeping bag delivered. I find this hilarious. L arrives not long after.

She kind of looks like an angel, maybe it's the curly hair or cheeks or something. I am sure she is a nice person.

I arrived at the bar and walked in slowly, eyeing up peoples shoes. I saw docs and scanned up to see a guy not wearing a blue elephant necklace. I looked again and found burgundy shoes, then black clothes. Then the blue elephant necklace. I asked are you S and E at the same time they asked are you L. We laughed and I introduced myself. Sophia and Emily had drinks so I bought one as well . We chatted away about people they knew and ideas they had about the evening!

Puzzle piece number 3 had arrived. L was revealed and it was her turn to indulge in a drink before being swept away by our Uber taxi. During the bar experience, I felt like I was part of a reality TV show because of the inevitable interaction, the expectation that we would talk, we must talk for the sake of entertaining ourselves and each other.

We took a photo to document our meeting and walked out to catch an uber (which I had just learnt about). Emily directed the driver 'left here, right here...' so we wouldn't know where we were going. We turned right on to Symonds St and I joked, "hah , we're going to The Langham!"



8.10 pm. We are in an Uber. I am the only one who knows where we are going, so I direct the driver rather than telling him our destination. This is fun, I like feeling like I'm in on the secret. When we are on Wakefield Street L says "The Langham". I say, "Yep. Miley left today, otherwise we could've hung out." S and L continue to talk about the Langham.

8.17 pm. It's not until our arrival that I realise they thought I was kidding. S and L lose their shit. We wander in with our backpacks and are clearly far too excited for the other people around. "DO REAL PEOPLE COME HERE?!" We fuck up here because S is overwhelmed and forgets she knows where we are supposed to go now. So instead we approach the desk. "Hi, we're here for The Date Club?" She looks very confused. "That's not on our records but I know people have been coming through for it."

Eventually we figure out where we are supposed to go, but not before I call the room and hear someone answer the phone as J who is definitely not J.

She cuts me an extra key.

We arrived in the foyer and I steered him away from the concierge whilst trying not to make any eye contact with the hotel staff so we wouldn't get in trouble. We had already exchanged texts from The Date Club by looking at each other's instructions so I knew we had to go to level 2.

In the foyer Hana was there. I'd never met her but Alex knew her. We proceeded to the lifts. I had an idea where they were and we subtly made our way to them.



Upon first entering The Langham after getting no information out of my taxi driver I felt flustered and incredibly out of place. The first thing that struck me about the Lobby was this sense of faux opulence. There were little cues, such as lounge music, large floral arrangements (which were fake), reflective mirrors, door attendants and an array of patrons wearing head-to-toe Chanel. It was another world that I will probably never be able to be apart of.

After asking the concierge where the 'The Date Club' was I felt very stupid, as though I had been tricked into hanging out in a lobby. I began to leave before meeting my friend Alex and one other who had more instructions than I had been given.

It felt like the ultimate sense of relief to encounter someone who both looked familiar and who wasn't a suit drowning in affluence and throwing shade like I was some kind of leper. We then entered inside an elevator which had two other very uncomfortable looking people and was playing cliché lounge music. I love those awkward moments with strangers in elevators, especially in hotels.

The doorman opened our doors and we just screamed and giggled at the unbelievable excitement of the prospect of staying at THE LANGHAM HOTEL. Emily sorted out the key and room number while Sophia and I skipped around like little girls taking photos of the chandelier and exclaiming our disbelief.

All around was pure luxury like I've only seen in movies and there I was with my rugged canvas army backpack and my boots that needed a shine.

IN RESIDENCE

Ms Jessica Robertson



THE LANGHAM
Auckland

Dear Ms. Robertson,

A very warm welcome to The Langham, Auckland!

As a valued guest of The Langham Club, we offer you a unique blend of luxury and comfort, which has always been the Langham trademark. The lounge is located on the 10th level and we are pleased to offer you the following benefits:

- ◆ A light breakfast is served in the Club Lounge between 7.00am and 10.30am Monday to Friday and from 7.00am to 11.00am on Saturday and Sunday. You may choose a more extensive buffet breakfast in Eight Restaurant located on the Lobby Level at the special price of \$29.95 inclusive of GST. Eight Restaurant breakfast hours are from 06.00am to 11.00am Monday to Sunday. Please note breakfast finishes at 11.00am, so for your dining pleasure we recommend you arrive 45 minutes prior to closing time.
- ◆ A selection of beverages, fruit, yoghurt, ice cream and other items are available throughout the day. Between 2pm and 4pm daily, afternoon tea is served including sandwiches, scones and desserts.

On level 2 we met Vic waiting outside the elevator. She led us to the room. She took a photo of us before we went in and shut the door. The photo of the three of us outside a hotel room felt like another weird and uncomfortable moment. Hana was in the middle with Alex on one side and me on the other.

Once we got out on our floor we were greeted by Victoria who took us to our room and gave us no other information.

8.21 pm. We head up in the elevator and walk towards room 397. We get to the end of the corridor and 397 doesn't exist. I often get my numbers around the wrong way so assume the correct room is 379. We knock and Z answers.



THIS ONLY
FEELS
LIKE A

DREAM

[am i in a movie?]

Once inside the room I felt an innate sense of luxury and childlike giddiness.

Each of us explored the room, as though it were some sort of dream. I kept discovering more pieces of luxury, bath salts, bath milk, a bath (period). I also enjoy discovering key recurring features of the hotel/motel 'experience', like a bible, gaudy painting of a domestic scene, insanely tightly folded bed sheets and the mix of corporate yet homely domestic features.

There was something so unnatural about some of the features in the room, especially the safe. I enjoyed discovering and wearing both the slippers and robes. It had this feeling as though we were here for a dirty weekend, but we weren't. I don't know how exactly to describe it.

CHUAN
SEWING KIT

CHUAN
COTTON TIPS & PADS

CHUAN
SANTARY BAG

CHUAN
DENTAL KIT

CHUAN
SHOWER CAP

CONDITIONER
CHUAN

SHAMPOO
CHUAN

Shoe Mitt



We went up to the room to find three others sitting around the coffee table cutting into the cheese. Yum. I gave Hana a massive hug and she showed me all the luxurious details of the hotel suite -the slippers, the robes, the soaps and mouthwash, the gold sticker on the toilet paper and the cloud-like comfort of the beds.

We read the note from The Date Club and chose a journal each. We talked about what we thought we were supposed to do, mainly we questioned the generosity of the room and the food -was it really there for us to enjoy, with no catch? We wondered what/how we were expected to do/act. We looked around for hidden cameras. We ate cheese and crackers and decided we were to enjoy and appreciate the room and the company.

Welcome to Suite, Sweet.

First some rules:

Please do not order room service.

Please do not take food from the minibar.

Please do not trash the room.

Please respect each other.

Other than that, enjoy the room for the night.

Please document your evening with the cameras and journals provided. Leave them in the room when you depart in the morning. Remember that you will be required to write a piece that describes your evening after the event. Feel free to take notes throughout.

Please help yourself to anything from The Date Club gift basket. (There is also milk and juice in the fridge.)

We may call the room throughout the evening. So answer the phone. If it is the hotel staff pretend you are either Jessica or Victoria.

Stay as long as you can, but if you need to leave before 9am that is okay! You will be able to leave without a key.

We are very close by if you need anything.

Please do not hesitate to contact us.

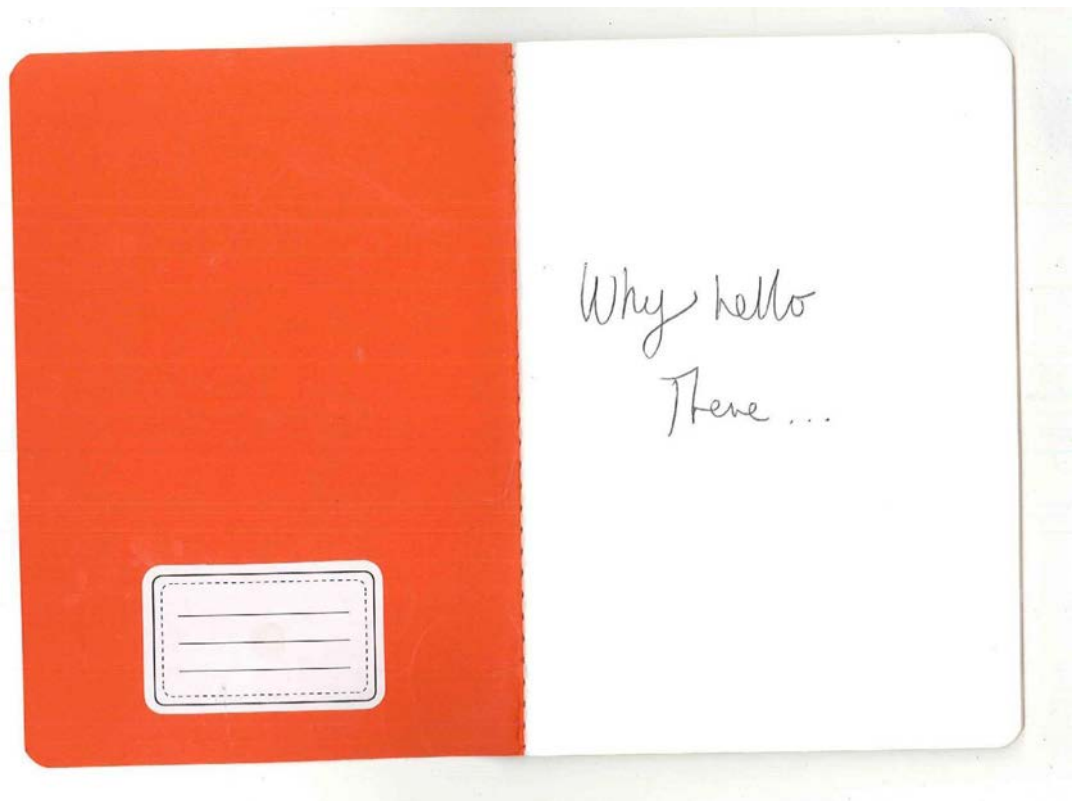
Sincerely,

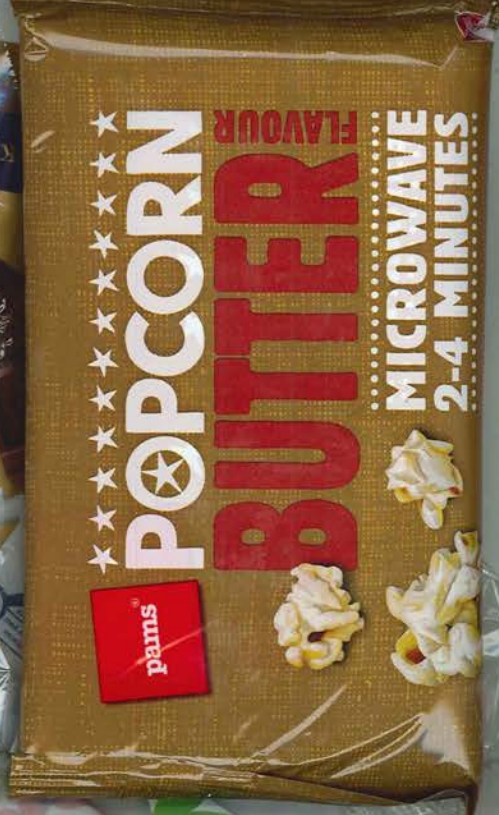
The Date Club
02102337632 or 0210569051

A place for your thoughts, feelings and happenings throughout the evening.
Please express them in any form.

- Descriptions
- Notes
- Drawings
- Accounts
- Stories

Address to The Date Club.





I run around the room checking out the facilities before remembering to introduce myself to the others - H and A. I recognise A, I've seen him around at art things I think. It registers that there are only two single beds. Ha, I knew there had to be a catch. At least the carpet is squishy.

There is an amazing picnic basket full of snacks on the table. We orientate ourselves around it, I sit on the floor because I quite like the floor. Z says she likes peanut butter chocolate, but I think it's a bit much. But then again anything Whitaker's is all right with me.

Our first conversation, of course was about art. Curation, exhibitions, public funding, Auckland, Dunedin, Christchurch. We discussed politics and had a cry about the elections but realised this topic could ruin the evening!

We whiled the time away drinking red wine, eating hamper food, talking, writing/drawing in the journals. Hana and I caught up on recent projects, interactions with old friends, injuries and plans for our futures. We all shared bits and pieces about ourselves.

I thought about the performance; of us –a randomly collected group as the performers, the suite provided for us as the stage, and the events of the night (which were just naturally occurring as we spoke) as the script/plot/action/scenes.

I considered the performative nature of the self, myself. I asked (myself) if I was sharing a genuine experience of me and decided I was a little more reserved than usual. In appreciation and wonder and gratitude and still disbelief and with new people, I talked less than I usually did. I wondered whether I was hiding a part of myself or showing a refined version of myself or acting like a person who stays in The Langham but I didn't work out the answer.

I do think, as performers (I'm a performer), we have different stage personalities/presences/reasons for being in front of an audience. And for the first time in ages I thought about those same reasons effecting my everyday person/character and how/what might change depending on who I interact with. Us being placed in that time and space made me think about that. Usually I barely acknowledge how different I am around my friends/family/new people but knowing that we were the performance brought my attention to my conscious and subconscious portrayal of self.

THE NATURAL
CONFECTIONERY CO.
NO ARTIFICIAL COLOURS
NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVOURS

FORBIDDEN
fruit

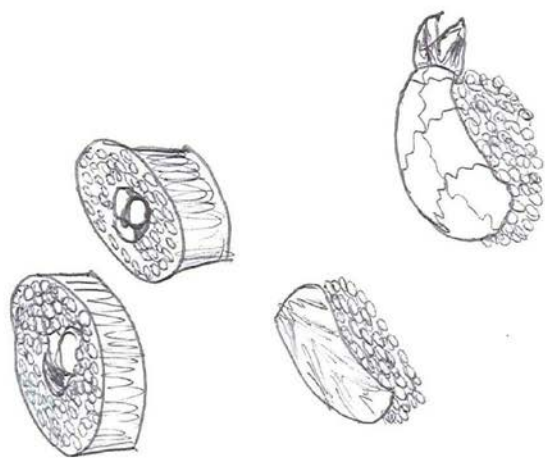
AUS.
MADE!

e 180g



Quite quickly the conversation turns to important social issues. This is mainly led by H. We talk about state housing issues and the justice system, and how fucked things are. I am very conflicted by talking about such issues while sitting in the Langham. I feel guilt, and my mind rapidly flicks through all the better ways the money could have been spent.





A and H got into an in-depth discussion about the differences of art culture throughout NZ cities. I didn't have much to add to the discussion and after forgetting to eat something other than a few pieces of chocolate all day I was fading fast. Drawing about my desires for sushi I munched on an apple, partly listening in on the in-depth conversation about smaller Auckland galleries.

T arrives at some point. I already know about him, although we haven't met. T and H roll a funny cigarette and we all share it out the window. I take a great photo of them sitting symmetrically on the sill.

During the evening we got a text. We opened the door and pizza was just sitting there which was great because we had been thinking about dinner. We marvelled at the way it just turned up. We looked around again for cameras, are we on a reality tv show? The same thing happened later with little pottles of ice cream.

Time flew quite fast sitting around eating cheese, grapes and crackers while drawing in the books. Quite some time later another person arrived. Tristan was someone who I'd met the weekend before at a party he can't remember. At some point a pizza arrived, subtly dropped off outside our door. First meal of the day and it was divine. After that little ice cream tubs.. So cute! We felt spoiled.

11.06 pm. By now I have a Langham robe on. I have had several wines.

Two new guys arrived, separately. They joined in the conversation and general awe of the room.

D has arrived. He doesn't eat pizza crusts.

wine wine wine
got wine on

my mind

Sober October Move over!



As I am sure most of the other audience members of this event would agree, I had no idea exactly what being a part of the performance would entail. I thought perhaps that we would be spending the night in Project Space, and that the gallery would be set up in a way that made it comfortable to spend the night. So I was surprised when The Date Club told me to meet them at the intersection of Symonds Street and City Road. I waited there for about ten minutes (I was early), all the while feeling incredibly seedy and copping dirty looks from a prostitute who must have thought I was encroaching on her territory. Jessica and Victoria greeted me by taking a photo of me looking bewildered as they handed me a tub of ice-cream.

I then realised that I would probably be spending the rest of my night in a swanky hotel room at The Langham, although with whom and doing what was still very unclear to me, so I was a little nervous, especially as I would be joining the party five hours late. Was I going to walk in on an orgy? A game of cards? A raucous hotel room party? Or just an intensely awkward situation with a bunch of strangers?

The situation wasn't awkward at all. Just a bunch of people I mostly didn't know except for my friend Alex, sitting around the lounge of a luxurious hotel room, talking and drinking and giving off generally welcoming vibes.

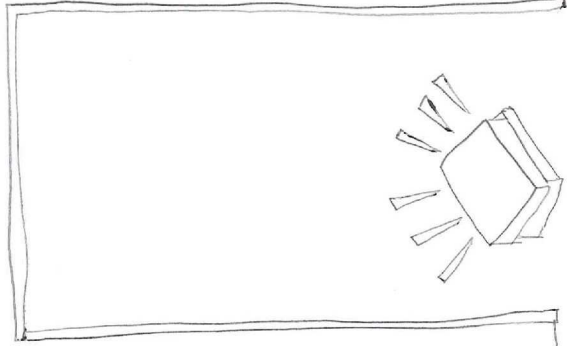
I'm normally quite nervous before things, but I wasn't before this. I reckon it's because Jess and Victoria are pretty trustworthy - and I liked the * on the invitation : 'we won't make you do anything weird.'

I was quite tired from doing a photoshoot, so I splashed out on a cab (I never take them) that happened to be waiting right outside my house. It was funny getting to The Langham entrance because a guy opened the door and said, 'Welcome Sir' (never happens, either). A woman in a nice dress was waiting to get into the cab. An awards evening was just ending at The Langham, and dressed-up people were loitering, which was a nice start to the evening.

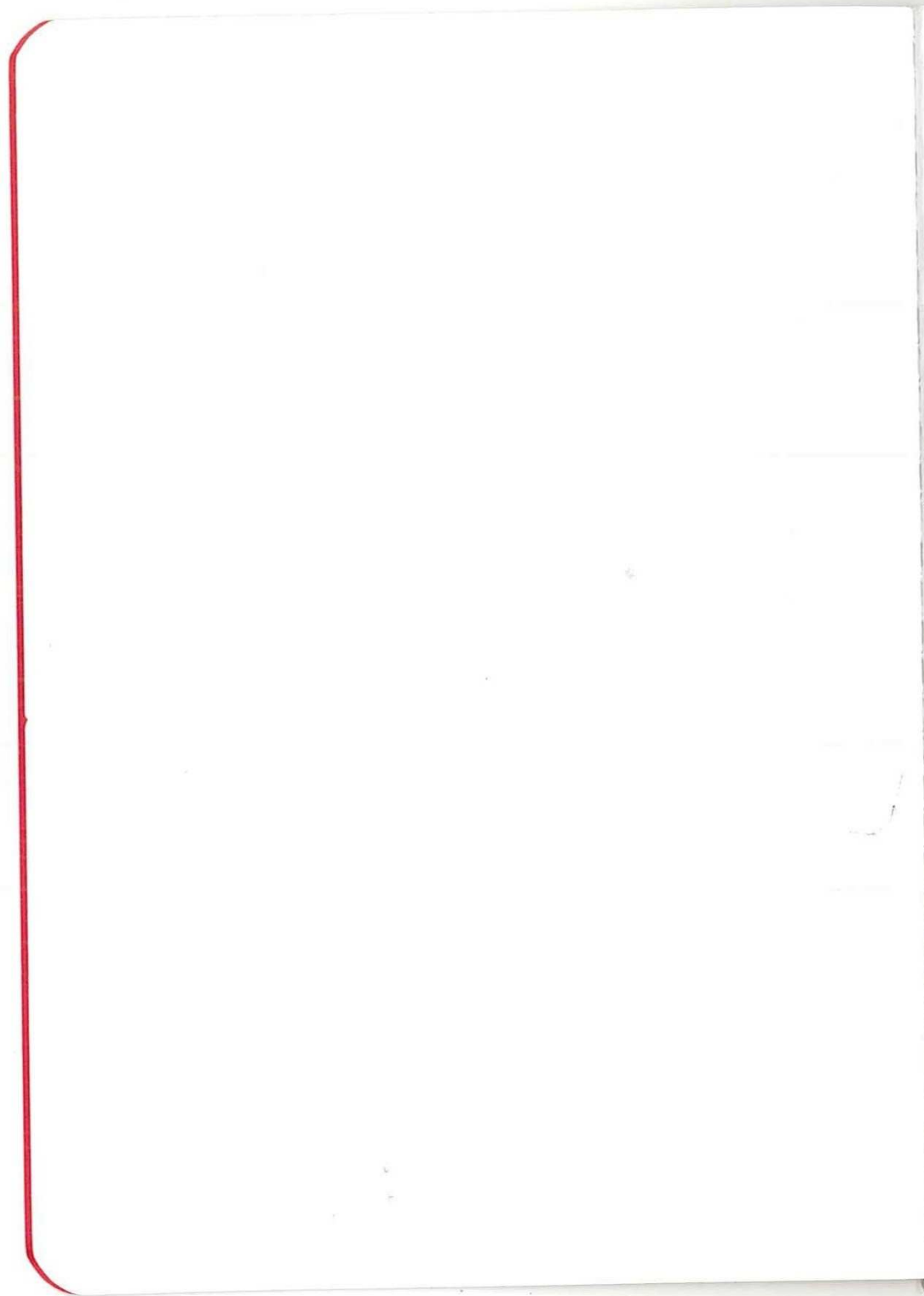
I met Jess on the street and she took me up to the room - love the uniform! 'I can't go in', she said as she opened the door. Of course when you enter the room, you're trying to figure out what's going on. Someone yelled, 'Jess!' - but she had fled into the night.

Alex, a gentleman, got me a seat. There were some intros, and I sat down to join the hang. There was a nice energy, and pizza! The woman next to me was talking about how she didn't like that Beyoncé has commodified feminism. Other conversation topics included how uni is now free in Germany.

EATING CHEESE. DRINKING
WINE. TALKING ART.
POLITICS. SOCIAL
SYSTEMS. PUNISHMENT
AND REHABILITATION.
WEALTH AND IGNORANCE
POVERTY AND LACK OF
OPPORTUNITIES AND
DISEMPOWERMENT.
ASTRONOMY AND
GALAXIES AND WATER
FALLS OF MILKYWAYS
AND INFINITE UNIVERSES.
EATING MORE CHEESE.



PIZZA ARRIVES DISCREETLY



P[☆]izza





bodyshape



Everyone had a couple drinks, or in my case some food and got chatting. Most were keen to check out the facilities. We all headed down to the gym in our bathrobes and slippers. This was chaotic and about 11.30pm at night. A few brought the drinks down and it was a party in the gym. We had originally headed down to have a swim/spa. But we were out of opening hours.

Eventually we felt the need to explore the hotel and decided to go to the gym. Upon entering the gym we discovered a patron who was not impressed with the appearance of eight younger persons who clearly were not there to work out. Although interestingly I found myself getting really into exercising with Leah in an almost competitive way. Maybe it was the wine or maybe I was inspired by the thin blonde woman throwing shade at us with her insistent glares which almost said, 'I'm trying to tone. Fuck off or I'll hit you with this weight'. The rest of the night was spent chatting and getting to know one another, before falling asleep. I fell asleep on the floor and woke up very early, as you always seem to do when you stay in a hotel.

We decided to make the most of our opportunity The Langham and go for a wee wander. None of us had been here before and I for sure do not imagine having the opportunity to go again! We took robes and towels and walked barefoot down the hallway and to the elevator. There are so many rooms. I tried to think of all the possibilities of reasons why people stay there and how they afford it. The spa/pool was closed but the sign said it opened at 6am so Sophia and I agreed we absolutely had to get up super early and come back down for a swim.

Our club card unlocked the gym though so of course we decided to have a midnight workout. Great idea considering we'd snacked all evening. We acted tough and did weights. We acted snooty and went on the cross trainer. We acted wholesome and did yoga. We acted like body builders and took lots of photos. It was funny.

11.17 pm. We decide to go for an adventure to the spa. The spa is shut though so we go to the gym. There is this lady with the most insane body I have ever seen working out. All the muscles are in all the right places. I really need to step up my gym attendance. She must be famous because why else would you be working out at this time of night in a hotel gym with make-up on? I've never seen a person like that in real life.

There was a lady there seriously working out. She looked at us intensely, probably annoyed, she had a banging body and was incredibly sweaty. Why was she working out in the middle of the night. We decided she was famous. And jet lagged maybe. A security guard walked in, looked around, left. We took that as our cue to leave and went back to the room in twos and threes because we were sure that the hotel wouldn't like 8 people staying in one suite.

While we were all working out (mediocly - except for L because she is a dancer), a security guard came in. He didn't say anything but we got scared and split into groups to return to our room, led by Z. I am a massive goody-two-shoes. Maybe we got frightened because we can't shake the feeling that we are incredibly out of place here. We don't, and probably never will, belong in this world. To be honest I prefer it that way. Often I feel like those without the permanent comfort of wealth, and those who have to fight for things, and experience being fucked over by the systems of this world, are in on the secret of how best to feel alive, or something... Does that make sense?

This place reminds me of *The Shining*. Not that I've seen the film, but I've read it in book form with stills. Someone gave me a drawing of it for my birthday, and the DVD the following year. I haven't watched it, because they wouldn't watch it with me, and now it's too late.

In the gym there was this supermodel working out. I think we were quite disruptive with the screaming and drinking and cider spilling on the treadmills. As the sober one I thought I'd better take some control especially when the security guard came through. Right after this I rounded up the troops and told them all there were cameras and we can't possibly get kicked out as that would ruin the whole performance. We all agreed and felt united as we gathered up our things and hastily made an exit to leave the supermodel in peace. Splitting up in the hallways so the cameras wouldn't watch the mob filtering into the same room. After splitting up we all made it back to the room eventually.

→ Lady at the gym is long beautiful
 limbs. Were they
 happy
 limbs
 though?
 Being as
 "beautiful" as
 they were, I can

only assume they were
 not as happy as my
 less "beautiful" but more
 "frumpy" limbs.

We are
 not here
 w/ as much
 purpose as you,

fine specimen, However
 we are in fact here
 for a purpose. What

you suppose, "in fact?"
 I will attempt to
 deliver it to

So we hung out for a bit more, then decided we should use the facilities - a group decided to go find the spa. I kind of felt like lazing in the room, I said, 'I don't have togs.' but one of the guests encouraged me to join the fun, which was nice.

We couldn't find the spa, but found the gym - so like 8 of us walked in and started working out. The woman who was working out at midnight looked a bit perturbed. Ten minutes later a security guard poked his head into the gym, so we thought we better end the workout - I'm not sure how 'I'm Jess' would have worked for me, although some pointed out that guys could be 'Vic'.

So we all got towelled and robed and took our drinks and went off in search of the spa... It had closed already, much to our disappointment. It could have been the kind of sensual activity that might have led to something more romantic happening? Who knows, probably not.

Anyway, we checked out the gym. Got a bit sweaty trying out the different exercise machines and treadmills, gawking at the international model who was working out at 11:30pm and looking slightly annoyed at our presence. I had a speed walking race with one of the other girls and almost won until I lost balance with my cup of cider and spilt it everywhere.

After a security guard came through the gym and spooked us all slightly we made our way (sneakily) back to the room. Had a few more drinks, put some music on, reflected for a while in our journals. I did some doodles on my pants. Pretty soon people were heading to bed... I'd only been there for two hours though so I was still keen to party! But it was bed time so we turned the noise down, put on some south park and fell asleep before 2am



Quality Work outs

- Playing on machines
opposed to the
machines running us.
Playing as a group. Collective humanity.
Package Deal. Very time. ae. ae.
Easier to take part in the act
of play.

We discussed politics surrounding prisons, which was ironic considering we were more or less in a prison ourselves. However, it would have been a very lavish prison.

Conflicting ideas surrounding this topic made me wonder whether we would all have disagreeing views towards how the night should unfold, considering we were in a prison of our own. It was therefore up to us to make it work. I think discussion became our outlet for debate. We did not want to argue over what we should fill the night with and made decisions as to whether we should leave the room or eat a certain snack as a group. There was no "leader" of the group, which made us more of a unit. We did have cliques within our posse, but these cliques did not become exclusive or rival to the rest.



Dear Ms. Robertson,
 Welcome to the Langham.
 Wishing you a memorable stay.
Franz

Franz Mascarenhas
 Managing Director
 DDH: (64 9) 300 2819 franz.mascarenhas@langhamhotels.com



81 SYDNEY STREET, PO BOX 2771, AUCKLAND 1140, NEW ZEALAND
 T (64 9) 379 5152 F (64 9) 377 9567
 langhamhotels.com



SORRY WE MISSED YOU

We have been unable to:

- Service your room
- Replenish your minibar
- Collect your laundry
- Deliver your laundry
- Turn down your bed
- SEND BY**

Because the "Do Not Disturb" sign was on.

Please contact the hotel operator to arrange a better time to service your room.



THE LANGHAM
 Auckland

GUEST FOLIO

Ms Jessica Robertson

INTERIM TAX INVOICE

GST Registration No. 68-443-008

Conf. No. : 21027256
 Room No. : 0379
 Arrival : 09/10/14
 Departure : 10/10/14
 Folio/Invoice No. : 428314 /
 VCH/PO # :
 Cashier No. : 118 10/10/14
 User ID : GSAHONEY

Date	Description	Reference	Debit	Credit
09/10/14	EFTPOS - Debit Card			



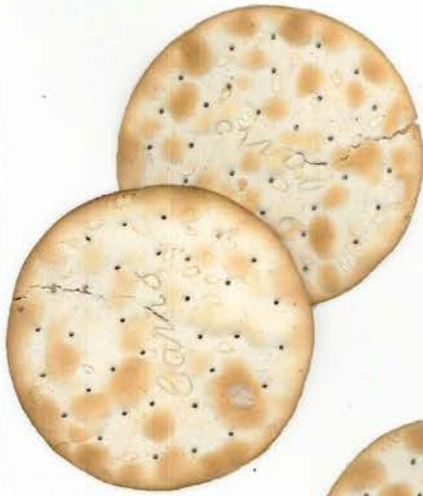
81 SYDNEY STREET, PO BOX 2771, AUCKLAND 1140, NEW ZEALAND
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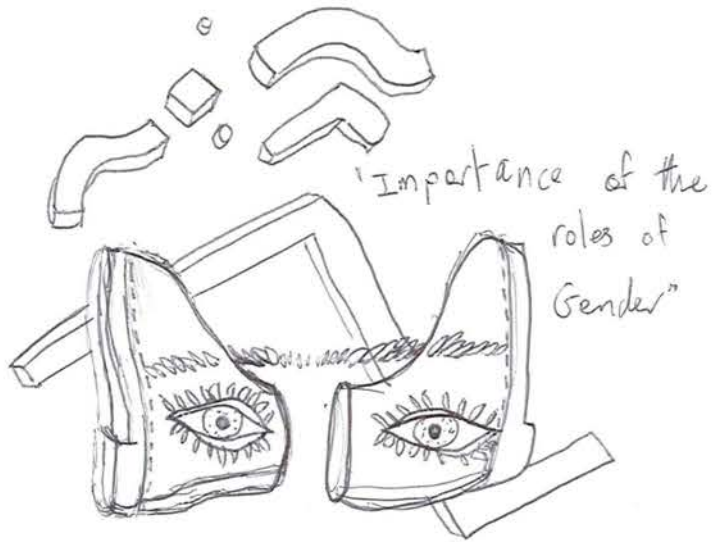
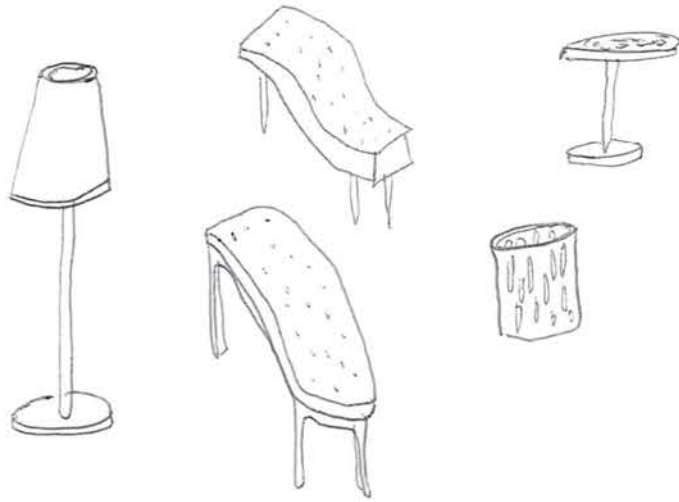
DO NOT DISTURB

LEASE









I became very observant and spent a lot of time listening and digesting what everyone was discussing. I was happy to have that time out of the everyday to be able to do that for a while, which may have been a bit odd in such small confines. I found myself more attentive to listening and taking ideas and opinions in, than directing conversation. At times it sort of felt like I was observing the event from a third person perspective and operating myself from outside myself.

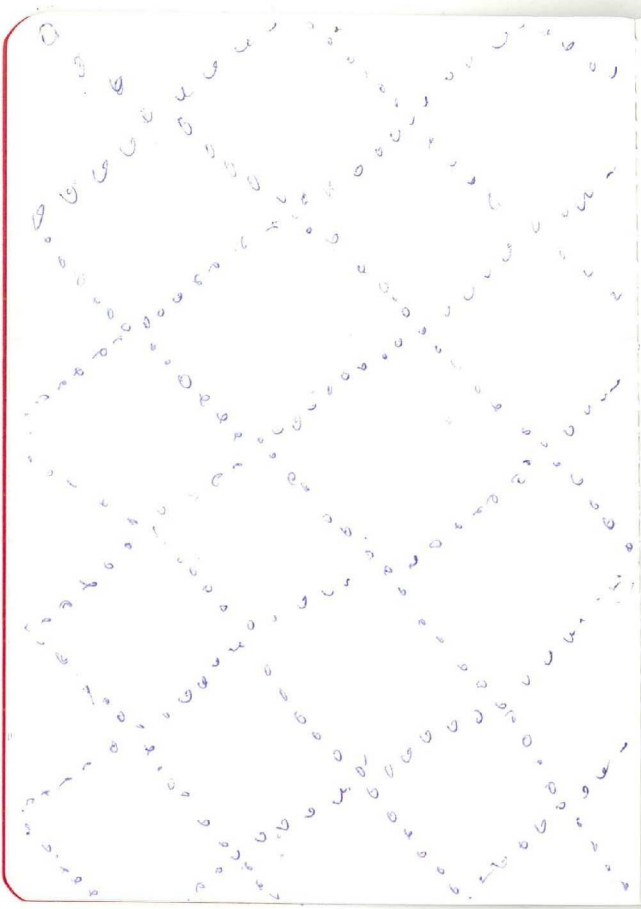
Who are we when we
gather as a group,
random selected people,
or rather we selected
to come, in a room
totally away from all of
our norms?

we interact, talk,
argue, eat as normally
as I would with
anyone. But we are
enclosed in luxury,
trying a life of

Someone rich.
or famous.

LUX
URY

We haven't taken
anything for granted,
~~and~~ every little
packaged product
makes us squeal.



L
C
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K
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T



H
Nicoti
21mg
Nicoti
Each p
releas
DOSA
DIREC
provid
It is im
in ord
Store
Do n
U N
Batch



abitrol[®] STEP 1

nicotine Patch
24hours
52.5 mg

Each patch contains 52.5 mg nicotine with a
release rate of 21 mg over 24 hours.

DOSAGE: Apply one patch every 24 hours

DIRECTIONS FOR USE: The enclosed leaflet
contains full instructions on use and application.
It is important to read and follow them carefully
in order to ensure optimal adhesion of the patch.

Store below 30°C. Do not refrigerate.

Do not use if seal is broken

NOVARTIS

AU-NZ 909232 - 8009337



It was around this time after an in-depth writing session where no one in the room said a word for a good 5 or more minutes, I started feeling pretty relaxed and it was time for bed. I didn't want to be the one who claimed a bed but I wandered in and started getting ready- brushing my teeth. With a hotel brush because somebody had to use it and I forgot mine.

Luckily Emily was ready for bed too. And Sophia. We all agreed that like 4 or more people could fit in the bed and we were happy to share. Emily and I were the first in claiming our places. I can't remember the other girl's name but she came in too. The last thing I remember was taking photos on the fancy French hotel chair, laying in bed and graming them. No one could figure out how to turn off the TV. Blearing ab workout infomercials where one of the models looked like the girl in the gym at 11pm at night. Resolving this we fell asleep whilst the others watched South Park and slept on couches/ extra pillows and sleeping bags in the other room.



Use Only.
Cotton Tips with Care.
Cotton buds should not be inserted
into ear canal or nose.
Do not use the cotton buds in the toilets.

注意
及棉花用途。請小心使用棉棒。
請勿將棉花棒塞入耳窩及鼻孔深處
請勿將棉花棒丟棄於馬桶內

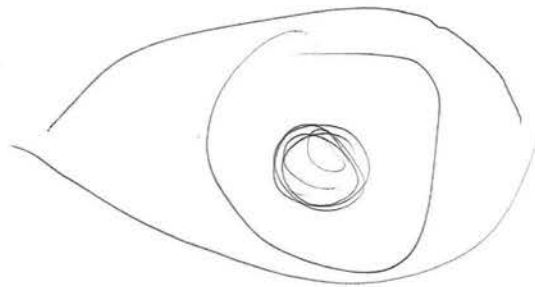
Colgate
Cavity Protection
Drug Facts
NET WT 5g

Active Ingredient Purpose
Sulfur hexafluoride 0.7%
Use this product against cavities
(Do not swallow)

Q-Tips
Professional Cotton Swabs
Ultra Soft
Cotton Swabs

Q-Tips
Professional Cotton Swabs

Q-Tips
Professional Cotton Swabs



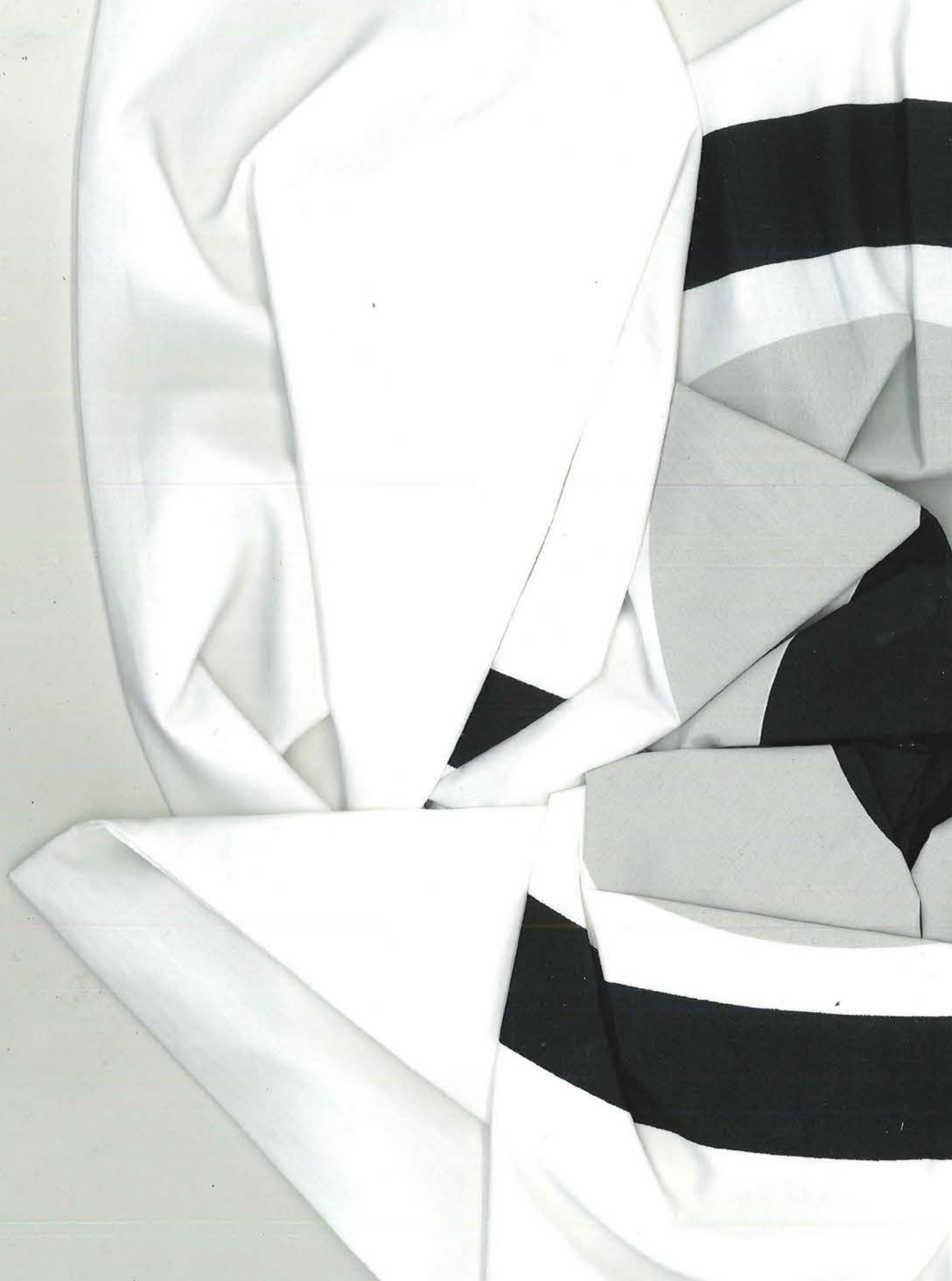
The pillows are
a good motivation
to open one's
eyes.

I'm pretty tired and am considering going to bed. Nobody has brought up sleeping arrangements. I wonder if we will all have to spoon..?

S and Z make the move towards bed, so I join them. I'm exhausted and would like some semblance of a good night's sleep. We compare our cute pyjamas as though we are thirteen at a sleepover.

The beds are AMAZING, it's like sleeping in a cloud. I would happily spoon everybody in this bed - that's how comfy it is. It takes us ages to work out how to turn the infomercials off. I want to do an Instagram but can't see because I took my contacts out. S says "it's kind of very Kandinsky of you to not be able to see." I think this is hilarious.

So if I had one suggestion for the event - we should have paid some cash, and there could have been a few more beds. Four girls took the bed and I crashed out on some cushions by the window. I wondered out loud about going home - I was getting a bit tetchy - but I went to sleep while someone was watching 'South Park.'





The idea of the single hotel room became amusing as more and more people entered the room and realised the division of the luxury of space that was occurring. I think the luxury that surrounds the space of the hotel room was tested but well received as well. No one was bitter about sharing the space. Instead it seemed to hype the luxury of it up even more. We really pushed the provided facilities but owned our usage, even making a sneaky trip outside of the room momentarily to try utilise the opportunity as much as possible.

We stayed up for a bit longer and ate chocolate, maybe had some more red wine. We devised a sleeping plan and managed to fit four girls in the two single beds pushed together. The others stayed up watching cartoons and fell asleep on the ground/couch/cushions.

I feel like the most intriguing exercise was facing the dilemma of bedding for the night. I knew I wanted a spot in the marshmallow looking bed so I managed to be the third to leap in. I did vaguely consider 'accidentally' wetting the bed to have it all to myself. But managed to resist that urge. The bed was shared between four of us in the end and we all were wearing our favourite pyjamas, because when else would this many potential strangers see us in bed wear? It was prime time to flaunt our greatest night garments.

Where are
we all
going to
sleep?



My Pijamas (I feel) were a bit confronting. But so was the scenario of sharing a hotel space w non-familiars. Am I right? Confronting is a fantastic opportunistic sense, of course.

May the date club live on forever as more than just a hashtag. I feel I am part of the club now. Me & Leah basically enjoyed our own separate

mini-date within the date
club experience as a whole.

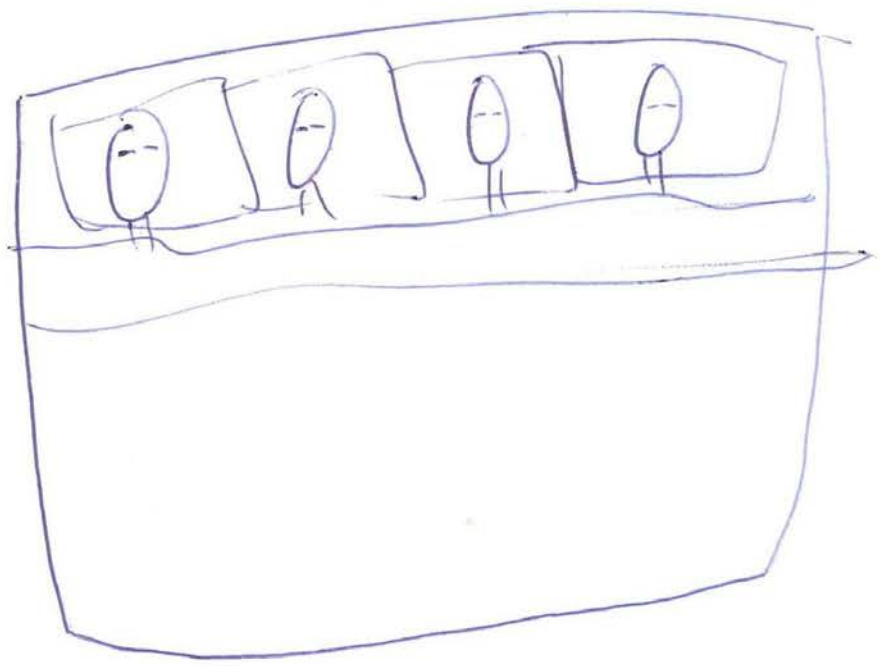
Now it is 7.38 and
I do not want to dis-
connect from this world
of new faces & perfect
conditions. We will always

be connected through this
buzzy memory @ least.

The best part is the
obstacles, getting everyone's
bedding sorted was such a
great lil bonding exercise,



SWEET DREAMZ



↑ MOST
↑ COMFORTABLE
↑ IN
↑ BED
↑ THE
↑ WORLD

The 5.30am alarm I had set for my fellow keen swimming companion and myself had us up before any of the other six "date clubbers". I felt like I was still at the stage of being 'polite' to the others (is one night of interaction enough to become close enough to feel okay about obnoxiously waking people up and potentially ruining their morning?) I felt like I would've needed a couple more nights of getting to know those people to get away with that type of behaviour. So we tiptoed around the sleeping bodies on the ground (the ones who did not claim the squishy bed, nominating themselves to take on the ground and pulled apart couches) in our quest for escaping the room and utilising the facilities of the complex.

L and S wake up at some ridiculous time, around 5 am, and go to the pools. I want to join but am still 98% asleep.

My dream was a continuation of the night, as though we didn't go to sleep. I feel a bit sad that no snuggling happened, as I would've liked an excuse to snuggle someone.

I set my alarm for 5:30am and it was definitely hard to get out of that immense comfort. But Sophia and I knew something better awaited us at the spa. We waited outside the doors for a lady to open them and we walked through candlelit corridors, pretty smells were wafting. We swam in the outdoor heated pool, doing some laps but mainly just moving, floating in the water. We sat in the spa pool, so incredibly relaxed, isolated from the city and watching the sky get lighter. I felt like a princess, like a pop star, like a rich person with famous connections. It was such a treat, physically for my tired muscles, mentally for my needed-a-break mind, satisfactorily for my creative imaginations. It was a treat because it was so unexpected, undeserving. I could not have been more content and stoked with life.

Feeling refreshed, revitalised, reenergised, reactivated, restored, rejuvenated and recharged we went back to the suite and wrote a few more musings and drew a few more disfigured cartoon images.

Morning came and after getting to sleep at 1am, Sophia and Leah got up for a 5.30am swim. I considered it but I am not a morning person at the best of times. 8am came and I got a text that the performance was officially over! I got out of bed. Emily and I decided to head down to the spa for a swim. As the last ones in the room we headed down in our hotel robes and slippers. Feeling pretty lush. Unfortunately the pool was busy and it would have been unacceptable to swim in our underwear and singlet's at this time. Instead we made the most of the sauna and herbal steam room, along with the snail shower (which was awesome).

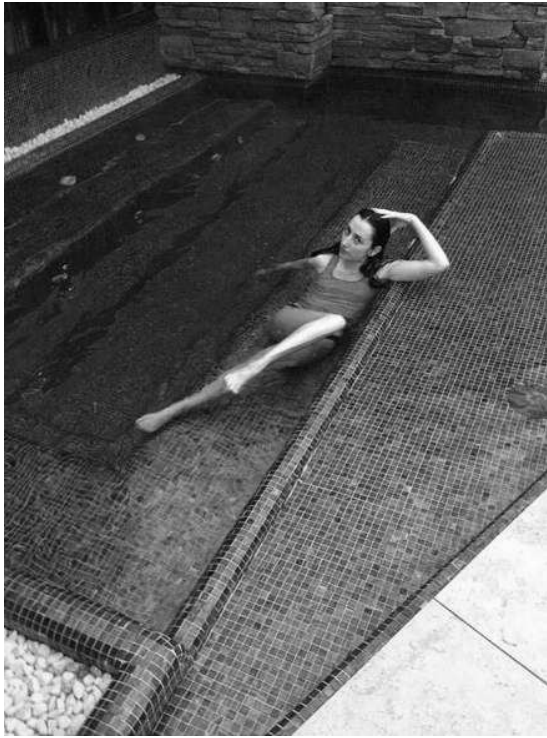


If you would like us to remake your bed with the existing linen,
please place this card on your bed in the morning. If you wish to
re-use your towels, please hang them on the towel rack.

With Langham's "Guest of the Earth" programme, our hotels worldwide take proactive steps
towards protecting our environment. Let us embrace the planet we live in and
love it the way it deserves to be loved. Because, we are all "Guests of the Earth".



THE LANGHAM, AUCKLAND

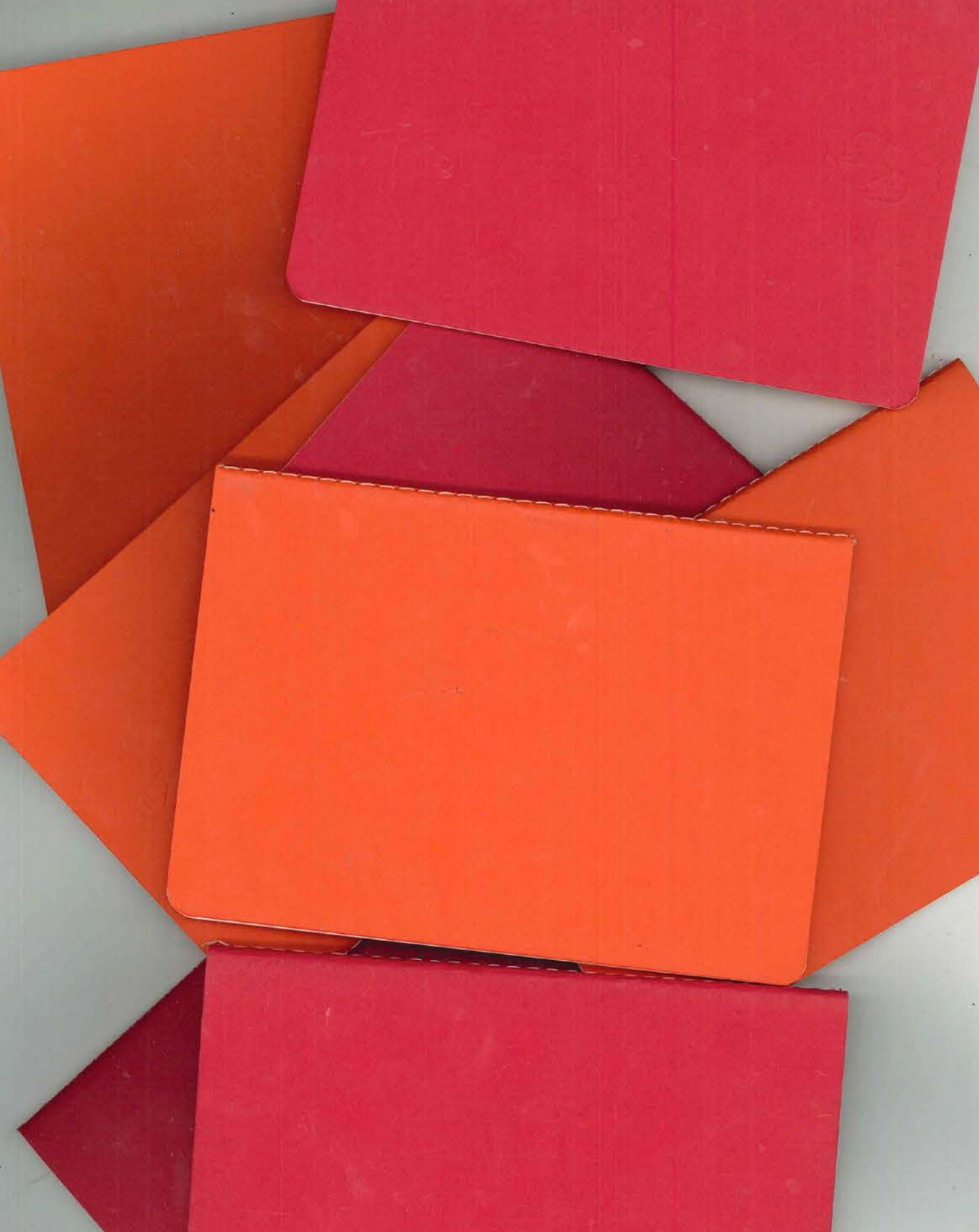


This was the most riveting chapter of my Date Club excursion because only one other from the group and myself were out exploring and indulging in what the decadent environment had to offer. We made it to an outdoor pool the minute it had opened. Lights flickered in the pool water as this was before the sun had even risen. The fabulousness of it all made us feel that merely by interacting with people we did not know allowed us to experience an environment we had only thought accessible to 'celebrities'/ 'fancies'. The fanciness made our interactions more formal than they would have been in a more 'dingy' destination. Being brave and feeling liberated with an awesome sleepover I also tried the ice wash. You throw cold pieces of tricking ice at your body. I felt relieved and contented as I got dressed and went back to the room to get our stuff and give the room keys back. It was a night of surprises, friends and a lot more comfortable than I expected.

Woke up, as someone was going to the pool at 6am. I got up at 7.30. The 'spell' from last night was a bit broken. I looked in the bathroom mirror, had a square of chocky & a piece of bread, said goodbye to the guys, and went to my 8am appointment. I was tired and had a pretty slow day, after a long week - I think I returned a video, watched a movie, did some work and went to a work function - the first thing I told them was about last night.

I sat on the toilet seat with pen and paper and reminisced about the night. It was like I was recording my dreams. I felt so lucky. We had so much fun, just because. I felt immense gratitude to The Date Club and to the others I'd shared the night with. I bottled that feeling, I want to be grateful all the time because I makes me just so happy.

I wrote a list of 'Hows' in the journal. How can I keep this serene luxurious feeling in my everyday life. How can I wake up with this excitement and gratitude. How can I be this intrigued about each new (and old) place I am in. How can I enjoy everyone's company all the time. How can I be so stoked with unexpected surprises/gifts. Well I don't know how I'll get those answers but I'm really glad to have had the opportunity to feel those things and to now ask myself how to keep that experience alive.



I wonder if
they set up
cameras

I wonder if the
hotel has
CCTV

The night was pretty buttery smooth. The hotel and the provisions primed the ambience. Also I think the time frame of the night was long enough to enjoy the experience with out turning it into a comparison of the spectacle of reality programming such as big brother and that vein of fabricated social "experiments".

there is no denying the fun of a Shrewsbury.
"Dun-Dee-Do!"

2 packs
individually
sealed for
freshness

Cookie Bear's Shrewsbury

Big fun in the middle!

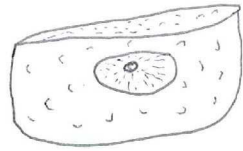


Biscuits 3.0g N 20%

Griffin's **Cookie**

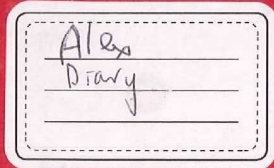


choco
cream
&
amarilla
shrewsbury's
&
creamy milk



Cheese

- Bringing us together
- Dumpster chats bringing communities together





00:14 1413
BB 05 101 12 M

I feel like the concept explored the anatomy of a date without the horror of contrived one-on-one Q and A's. Being in a group meant the idea of a date was realised on multiple levels: the date between two people made separate from the group (for me, this occurred more than once. A discussion about film with one group member and a frivolous 5.30am swim with another), a date between one's self and everyone else, when being an onlooker to conversations and interactions meant you could feel like the group as a unit was your date for the night (when listening to opinions surrounding a Taylor Swift video that I had blurred opinions about, I sat back and let the discussion unfold and provide me with entertainment), and thirdly, the idea of a date with yourself.

I think being in a group, particularly one that requires conversations based around getting to know each other, means a date with one's self becomes quite desirable. Taking moments to think about the events occurring among the group became like little dates with myself, someone who I did not require the obstacle of "getting to know".

Anyway, the point I am trying to make is that there were multiple relationships being shaped throughout the occasion and each of those required different types of communication.

I feel like my experience with the group had me re-enter the world at 9am, (3.5 hours after the most luxurious rooftop swim of my life) feeling satisfied with the idea that all interactions I have do have the potential to take on romantic characteristics. Whether it's the constricting atmosphere of an elevator or discussing the best chocolate milk in supermarkets. There is a possibility that a connection can be made with everyone and the silences can always be filled. But it might be more romantic to let the silence linger.

Hi new friend,
gone to spa.
Come find.

XOXO

It was a very physically comfortable space to facilitate the experience. The social setting of the hotel room was filled with connotations of luxury and accommodation that were gushed about. Often the group conversation contrasted the space's luxury and sort of comfortable complacency, by addressing issues of inequality and alienation of a community which in some way most of us associated with or felt affinity towards, but these feelings and opinions seemed to be mostly cohesive.

IF THIS WAS A
REALITY TV
SHOW MOST OF
US WOULD
PROBABLY ~~FEEL~~
BE SO BORED
BY OUR AGREEABLE
CONVERSATIONS AND
NORMAL ANTICS
(not chaotic)

HOW

- can I keep this serene
luxurious feeling in
my everyday life
- can I wake up with
this excitement & gratitude
- can I be this intrigued
about each new (and
old) place I am in
- can I enjoy everyone's
company all the time
- can I be so stoked
with unexpected surprises/
gifts

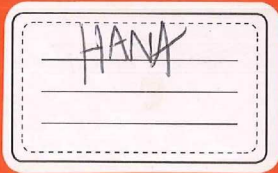
Faux opulence
↓ VS opulence

stock images of
the restaurant



Key items of note
4 hotel.

Tokenistic painting
of domestic scene,
corporate interior,
plant, table etc.



Considering I stayed up until 1.45am and had less than four hours sleep, most of my time was spent engaging with everyone around me. I preferred that because there was a faint possibility I would see none of these people ever again (that is romance, right? Wanting to interact with someone, in fear that the ties between you could loosen and break in the near future?).

To share a room that was so opulent with people who, some of which, I had never met before, instantly had a romantic element to it. The surroundings were what we might typically only share with someone we already knew or loved or wanted to be loved by. The surroundings and the unknown company were not to be wasted by shying away from the group (doing homework or texting our already-loved-ones), so we all wanted to interact and figure each other out, because it felt like a cliché of 'fate bringing us together'.

I had an idea that we had each been chosen because of a certain personality trait that would add a distinguishing element to the group. I feel the eight individuals had been well chosen because we were not 'chalk and cheese' but we were different enough to have conversations that were far from futile.

LOTS OF

LOVE XXX

This constructed situation was choreographed effortlessly. I felt like as a group we really vibed on and challenged each other on a lot of broad issues, everything from classism to Beyoncé to vegetarianism to neo liberalism. These topics all seemed to flow into an endless stream of similar ideas.

Best date ever. Would recommend. 10/10



I like it better when outside is dark or the curtains are shut, as it feels as though we are in an alternate reality. The view outside is the dreary grey ordinariness of the CBD that I experience daily. The proximity to Elam makes me uncomfortable.

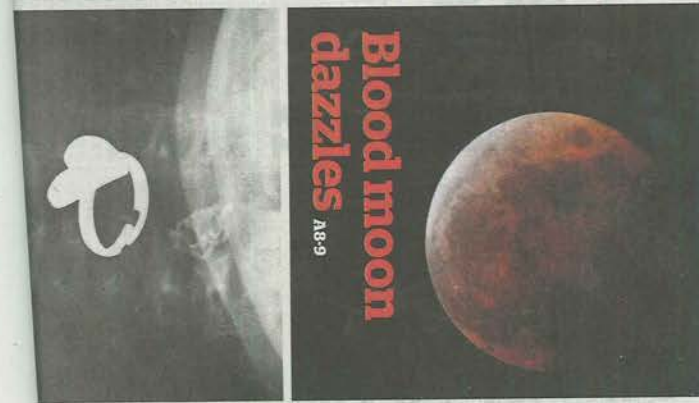
The anxiety of not knowing who I would be meeting and what I would be doing, if I would be pushed out of my comfort zone was slightly terrifying to begin with. However at the end of the performance I felt a sense of content within myself for going through with it and gratitude for Suite, Sweet.

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The New Zealand Herald

**New-look
TimeOut**



**Blood moon
dazzles**

A8-9

123

Editor: \$5938 \$2.40

Advertisement A36-40 **EN A39**

The setting was definitely interesting. Everyone was so amused at staying in a hotel room. We were all lounging around like we were visiting the parent's place or a holiday home, totally comfortable and absorbed in the novelty of having no responsibilities.

In the morning people were leaving, there was no coffee! Two of the girls went down to have a spa but I felt too awkward to join them so I opted for an amazing shower instead. Feeling not too seedy and super fresh, grabbed an apple on the way out with Alex and strolled down to uni.



NOTHING WORTH
SCANNING OR PRINTING
CHECK WITH CUSTOMER

N.B. ONE FILM HAS
EDGE FOLDING - FAULTY
CAMERA ?

Suite, Sweet

An experience curated by The Date Club
Victoria Anne Carran
Jessica Robertson

Many warm thanks to our audience
A, D, E, H, L, T, S & Z

Special thanks to Drus Dryden aka *sensitiveboyfriend.com*
for the 'Bedroom Eyes' pillowcase set.

