



Spa Catcher



Spa from Paris

Review by Peter Myers

Giving the appearance of a high-end beauty salon for ‘ladies who lunch,’ Bangkok’s Paris Spa also caters amply for the metrosexual male.

I have often walked past one of Paris Spa’s two Bangkok branches and appreciated their opulent, French Salon-style window displays; but never went in to enquire whether men can also indulge in their treatments.

Well, enquire I finally did and it turns out that there are three things a man can do here: have a hair cut by a French hair stylist (you can’t get a shave, unfortunately, but I tried to persuade the manageress that it would be a good idea to introduce traditional male pampering), incur a ‘body treatment,’ or endure a Facial Massage. I attempted the latter, it being something that men couldn’t admit to even thinking about engaging in until fairly recently.

Treatment rooms at Paris are elegant, and like the rest of the salon, reveal contemporary French décor with perhaps even a hint of the French classic, yet tastefully localised with Oriental dressing tables and chairs. A small Louis Vuitton trunk sat in the corner. My treatment, I hoped, would mirror the attention to design detail.

An hour-long procedure; it was hard to believe that there is an hour’s worth of things that can be done to one’s face - but there was. And, having dutifully slipped into the ‘something more comfortable’ dressing gown, my face, neck, and even arms and hands were lathered in various Valmont products with names like ‘Rejuvenating’ and ‘Purifying’ in the title (I was surprised to find out later that Valmont products are derived from salmon roe DNA!), and sponged with lovely warm flannels, and sucked with a nasty spot-suction gizmo. I was even ‘steamed’ by a steam-emitting machine that would have looked more at home in a dentist surgery. The basic aim of this procedure is to ‘boost surface micro-circulation, re-balance lymphatic drainage and increase skin receptivity’, which all allegedly slow the aging process.

Amazingly, I was able to snatch a snooze during one stage of this facial foreplay, before being brusquely awakened by a ‘You have dry skin, Sir!’ Sipping a dainty bone-china cup of tea after the treatment, I realised that authentic metrosexuals must have so much fun these days. 🍵



Paris Spa

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