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Spa@theWit A One Word Wonderland

Hipster hang out has services too

By [ERICA BETHE LEVIN](#)

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If you can't get on the roof at theWit, the spa is a superior option.

Who doesn't want to be rubbed, touched and lathered with oil? Oh, oh, oh...we're not going there. We're talking about massages here.

New Slideshow

The new and oh-so-hip hotel, theWit, is most certainly the talk of the town. Hipsters, professionals and socialites alike are flocking to Roof for their happy hour martinis; (some) people are digging the street level gastropub, State and Lake; and people are going crazy for their newest contemporary Italian installment, cibo matto.

Take a sneak peek inside Chicago's new luxury hotel.

Few people are going stark raving mad for the spa, however. That's because they're overwhelmed by all of the food and beverage choices housed within one hot hotel on the corner of State and Lake. Stop overlooking the [Spa@theWit](#)

because it is most certainly your answer to detox-ing after Roof, hydrating after cibo matto or just plain relaxing after a Monday thru Friday work week.

theWit's signature massage is not. to. be. missed. No way, no how, no sir. It is single-handedly the best massage in the city (especially with Elie at the helm of your hour of relaxation). Their soothing signature treatment uses a combination of Swedish massage, hot stones and aromatherapy to clear your mind, calm your nerves and relieve your stiff, stubborn (potentially wine-drenched) muscles. At \$125 for just 50 minutes (or \$185 for 80 minutes), relaxation certainly doesn't come cheap. Whoever said 'the best things in life are free' was wrong. At least, in this case.

As you await your signature massage (or the 'Tranquil', 'Therapeutic', 'Stone' or 'Short on Time'), head into the Whisper Room. Grab an ice cold, citrus water, a copy of [US Weekly](#) (did you know Jacko died?!?) and conjure up images of the perfect massage you're about to have. After your 50 (or 80) minutes of bliss, you'll return to the Whisper Room for more citrus water, a cup of tea (please try the raspberry truffle) and, perhaps, a nap. That is, until you hit up the locker room showers with your own personal tray of organic sea salts and soaps.

Was it Elie who made theWit's signature massage to-die-for? Was it the heated massage table? Maybe it was the hot rocks on my back and in-between my toes? Could it even be the post-massage, individually wrapped toothbrushes and toothpaste in the very clean locker room?

To the [Spa@theWit](#): Thank you for one of the best 90 minutes of my life. You can stick hot rocks in between my toes any time.

[Erica Beth Levin](#) is daydreaming about hot rocks and raspberry truffle tea while she writes and edits for [CheekyChicago.com](#).

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