

What the Treat Meant

created by Brian Lobel & Catherine Long for BUZZCUT 2015 at Blythswood Square Spa, Glasgow

What the Treat Meant is an intimate conversation about stigmatised bodies – and what it's like to have one. Inspired by the history of un-ease, dis-ease between disability and illness discourses, What the Treat Meant asked participants to get down to their skivvies to look at their bodies, look at other bodies, share vulnerabilities, and explore the space between illness and disability.

We asked participants to conceive of a treatment which would make them feel beautiful and relaxed. Their treatments are listed here.



The Treatments

My treatment would be holistic. Almost like a car-wash, or production line, each part of my body (and usually compartmentalised symptoms) would have dedicated, appropriately pressured massage/scrubbing/polishing and I would be relaxed and pain free. Then a machine dresses me so I don't get sore afterwards.

In my spa, the right people and the feeling of equality are good for what ails me.

In my spa, there would be a masseuse with giant thumbs who would massage my shoulder pain and back pain until my eyes pop out. And I would like that.

My treatment would take place in nature and would unwind the knot of anxiety that reaches my jaws. The treatment would secondly involve full dentistry to fix the teeth splintered from grinding.

In my spa, listening is effortless, it doesn't suck up every atom of energy.

In this spa, there are signs and notifications that make it clear that you are welcome and your particular need(s) understood and accepted. When you are finished there is someone to accompany you home and continue the explanation for others on your behalf.

My treatment, involves a shoulder massage to realign arms, neck and torso without boring exercise.

My spa would be outdoors with a treatment involving being wrapped very tightly with a silk bind, honey and mud, followed by floating waterfall wash. Wrap and release.

My treatment would not involve a diagnosis. People would arrive kindly questioning what they can bring to the spa, not expecting a return. My mind and body would be addressed as the same thing, faced with equal challenge and respect.

In my spa I will be outside. It will be hot and there will be water. I would be alone and content with that.

In my spa, I do what I need to do for my self without feeling guilty.





In My Spa...

- ...everyone stares at my scars, envious.
- ...no one finds me inspiring.
- ...I don't feel exposed.
- ...my skin and I can breathe together.
- ...I take care of my body, and not people's opinions about my body.
- ...I feel hot.
- ...people don't ask me what happened.
- ...I don't make jokes about my scar like "You should see the other guy".
- ...I have clarity about absolutely everything.
- ...I look at my younger self and smile at the fresh skin and naive mind.
- ...I make ridiculous expectations on my body, and it exceeds every one.
- ...the crick in my neck, which teaches me nothing about self-love or acceptance, goes away, forever.

WHAT
THE
TREAT
MEANT



Experience true relaxation...