

Steamy, sizzling date alternatives at Tubbery

By CHRIS BENDET
Staff Reporter

Rest and relaxation are two words seldom synonymous with college students constantly on the go. But there is one alternative, a place so quiet and relaxing it'll take you away. No, this isn't a bubble bath advertisement, but it is close.

The Tubbery, 818 P St., in Lincoln's Haymarket, is a quaint heaven away from the stress and pressures of life. In a town with plenty of bars and movie theaters, The Tubbery offers a steamy alternative to the monotony of the same old, same old.

"It's a unique, creative date idea. People come in here for their anniversary or whatever," said Mike Siffring, owner of The Tubbery. "Most of our business is from word-of-mouth. People come in and tell their friends, 'you've got to try this out.'"

The business does not fit into any niche already filled in Lincoln. It has hot tubs, but it's not a health club. Visitors can bring alcohol, but it's not a bar. Four separate rooms rented by the hour make up The Tubbery with hot tubs and other added luxuries.

"For some, it is romantic. For some, maybe it isn't. We have everyone from faculty members to 18-year-olds," said Siffring. "It's just a unique, hot-tubbing experience. And it's cheaper than buying a hot tub."

Originally opened in 1983, The Tubbery has changed hands since the first owner and is now owned and operated by Siffring, a UNL third-year law student. He bought the business from his brother, Monte, two years ago. "It's become a family-run business. My mom even works here during the day," Siffring said.

From the outside, it seems as if the hot tub rooms must be tiny and cramped. Once inside the room, however, visitors will find that each is spacious and comfortable.

Each of four private rooms is equipped with a hot tub and a shower so visitors can rinse off after tubbing. In the tub, visitors can sit and soak in the 102 degree water while listening



AARON STECKELBERG/DN

to the music provided.

Three tubs that hold two to four visitors each are available, as well as one giant six-to-eight person "party" tub. Pop is available at the front desk and visitors are welcome to bring anything to eat or drink. Alcohol is allowed for those over 21.

"We've even had people order pizzas and bring them in and that's fine," Siffring said.

The sanitary conditions of the tubs are frequently asked questions by visitors, he said.

"We have a reputation that's really impeccable as far as sanitary use.

We've been here 13 years and never had any problems," Siffring said.

The Tubbery is regulated by the state and inspected by employees every two to four hours for cleanliness. Two pool filters are used and the chemical Bromelain takes care of other bacteria.

For the amount of rest and therapy found at The Tubbery, prices are reasonable. Before 6 p.m., adults get in for \$6.25 an hour. After 6 p.m., the price goes up to \$8.75 per hour.

"If you have children and want to bring them along, go ahead," he said.

Children under 12 and under get in

for a \$3 an hour and children under 6 are admitted free.

The Tubbery also has dinner packages for a romantic evening. The packages include dinner for two at the Ramada Haymarket Restaurant and an hour of hot tubbing at \$40 to \$50 depending on the price of the meal. Monthly packages are available for \$29.95.

The Tubbery is open Monday through Thursday from 2 p.m. to 10 p.m., Friday and Saturday from noon to midnight and Sunday from 4 p.m. to 10 p.m. Walk-ins are welcome, but Siffring recommends making an appointment for weekends.

Emma

:an 18th century 'clueless' comedy

Film stands out from rest of British period piece pack

By TARI MILLER
Film Critic

If you're looking for a good "gun at your head, let's have sex and smoke crack" movie, you've probably never heard of "Emma." But if you've read Jane Austen's novel of the same name, or don't mind sitting two hours to watch an elegant and beautiful film, you may want to take a look.

Douglas McGrath directs this tale of richly-colored fairy land in 18th century London, which is home to Emma Woodhouse (played by Gwyneth

"Swan Neck" Paltrow, who proves she just might be able to do roles other than the passive victim).

Emma is the wealthy, fair and fashionable matchmaker of the town. A bit shallow but good-hearted, Emma attempts to hook up the new-in-town and shy Harriet Smith (Toni Collette) with socially acceptable Mr. Elton. Naturally, things get entertaining.

Harriet falls for a farm boy, who Emma sees as lesser in value. Emma tries to persuade Harriet into falling in love with Mr. Elton. Mr. Elton falls for Emma. Emma falls for the suave and hunky Frank Churchill. Harriet also falls in love with Frank. The love

triangles just keep multiplying.

If the plot sounds at all familiar, it's because the '90s version is "Clueless," where the incessantly shallow Alicia Silverstone plays Cher (Emma).

Overall, the film is slow and all talk, no action, like most British time pieces. Fortunately, the cinematography is breathtaking with vibrant hues and lush woods as the seasons change around the characters' fruit-picking, carriage-strolling and cross-stitching scenes. There's a couple of funny moments worth chuckling at as well.

The ending is no big surprise, but it may cause a warm fuzzy feeling no matter how hard you try to avoid it. If

The Facts

Film: "Emma"
Stars: Gwyneth Paltrow, Toni Collette, Jeremy Northam
Director: Douglas McGrath
Rating: PG
Grade: C
Five Words: Dancing girls and lotsa love

you happen to be one of the few who are keen to literary, intelligent movies, this one will trip your trigger. If you've never actually seen one, this is probably the only one in which you'll find an inking of interesting material.

Deja Vu

By Alexis Thomas

MTV loses viewer to new dream

Remember when "I want my MTV" was the "in" phrase that would let you hang out with the popular kids in the neighborhood, Martha Quinn was oozing with coolness and you could sit and watch music television all day and never once have the itch to touch the remote?

MTV, what the hell has happened to you?

There was a time, in my rosy childhood, when my brother and sisters and I would all run in the house, every hour, on the hour, from playing kick the can or some other endlessly entertaining game and click on the tube.

We would turn the TV from Channel 12 (clean, wholesome educational TV) to Channel 15 (what my mom described as sordid) and watch Michael Jackson turn from skinny guy at the movies with his girlfriend to superfreak Wolfman. Those were the days. That had to have been when I developed my life-long dream: to work at a shoe store and have three guys on motorcycles drive up, look at my legs, take off my glasses and whisk me away.

But everything in life changes, right? Somewhere between watching "Thriller" and getting ready to graduate from college, MTV has changed from a close, familiar friend to a complete stranger.

And it has been a hard break-up. The most disappointing fact has to be that I have matured (or think I have), but MTV has actually digressed. What seemed at one time to hold the key to everlasting knowledge about how life was supposed to be has turned into bad shows and hopelessly unhip VJ's like Tabitha Soren trying to seriously interview Bob Dole in the back of a Greyhound.

Why did MTV suddenly decide to take itself seriously? The most revolting example I have of this has got to be "The Real World." An idea with promise (in theory): take a bunch of Gen-Xers from across America, put them in an MTV-decorated apartment and wa-la — interesting conversation and wacky events are sure to develop.

Can MTV be saved? I think a step in the right direction would be if they give the fuddy duddies like 'ol Tabitha the boot and hand the mike over to Kennedy. Yes, I said Kennedy. While many of you out there love to hate her, I would say she has more personality in her virginal toe than Tabby or Kurt Loder.

Another word of wisdom: go back to playing videos. Sadly, the reason most of us fell in love with MTV no longer exists and the term music television has become an oxymoron.

Until these changes are in place, I'll keep hoping for those motorcycle guys.

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