We’ve been listening to you.  
Now, shhh.

We recently held a survey, asking you what you’d like in the library. Some of you said: “a little peace and quiet, for example.” I like your style-- kickin’ it library old school, yeah? So, commence the shushing. The 4th floor is now The Quiet Floor. Basement, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, Shut Up 5th. And, it will be self-regulated by you guys. So if Scarlett Johansson and the Green Lantern Dude reunite, you don't have to put up with others gossiping about it. Feel free to tell ’em to zip it and talk about it on 1st.*

To remind you that you are prohibited from talking loudly, breathing heavily, and slamming books opened and closed repeatedly just to see how far you can push your studying neighbor before she snaps and spits her chewing gum in your ear, we’ve put up signs. For your visual pleasure, these signs feature DropDeadGorgeousSuper-ModelShushersTM, aka the Library Staff. The DDGSMS’s must be obeyed. Otherwise, they get angry and place holds on your library account for sport.

*Tip: If it’s me talking about John Goodman, the only actor I care about, and I’m being adamant, like I am wont to do, call in back-up to escort me to the lower levels.

Library Hours

We’ve extended library hours because according to the Ancient Egyptian Calendar, we should model our mornings and nights after the sun and the moon and be more like the Library of Alexandria. I may have made that up. The truth is that we care an awful lot about you, and I happen to have mummies on the brain. Happens.

Starting on January 5th, you may study pyramids and sphinxes from:

7:45am-11:00pm Mon.-Thurs.
7:45am – 5:00pm Fri.
10:00am-6:00pm Sat.
1:00pm – 11:00pm Sun.

Monthly Cookie Fix: January 18th @ 7:00pm.

The goodies night we held during Finals Week was such an Official Hit that we’ve decided to institute a Monthly Cookie Night. Come by the library on January 18th at 7:00pm and enjoy some cookies while you conduct your library business. Think of it as a night club where the cookies are martinis, the books are dancers, and the computers are over-priced jukeboxes (those ones where you have to pay a whole dollar for a song—or, if you’re lucky, you can find a few songs for 50 cents-- but only the lame ones--, and the Jeff Buckley song is really worth the buck anyway if you consider things for half-a-second). Or, you could just think of it as a library with cookies. Your call.