I’m going to be slightly elusive here and let you know that the first floor of your beloved John C. Pace Library will be undergoing a renovation soon. The reason for this deliberate obfuscation* is that it’s really too early in the day for me to get into measurements and such as they bear a distinct resemblance to math. So, I just want you to pardon our progress, as they say, and hint that the construction and renovation places you, the student, at the center of this library, as you always have been, of course, in our dear minds. Now, you might think: Student-centered? Does that mean we get to have one of those things like at Chuck E. Cheese where the moles or the gophers or whatever-they-are pop out of the holes and we get to bop them with an oversized mallet thingamabob**-- only instead of gophers they have our instructors’ faces on them? And, I would say, Why not? They have ones with your faces on them in the faculty lounges! But that would be a lie in the first place, and in the second place, I don’t want to strain an already delicate relationship. Y’all seem all dedicated, and then y’all graduate and you don’t call; you don’t write; and you go to your girlfriends’ houses for Thanksgiving.

So, cool changes are afoot. I may miss sitting at the current reference desk and pretending I’m driving the Millennium Falcon, but I keep telling myself that there will be other fulfilling, inner rewards.***

*Someone once wrote this on a short story of mine in a fiction workshop, and I had to look up the word in a dictionary. One should not have to work that hard to figure out an insult. But maybe that made it a double insult on my vocabulary. Dang.

**Microsoft Word didn’t red-underline thingamabob. Let’s use it more often, then.

***Sadly, none of them involve Han Solo and hyper-drive.

She Blinded Me with the Web of Science!

This song was the lesser-known follow-up to “She Blinded Me with Science,” an 80s hit for those who like keeping track of things like decades. For those who haven’t heard it, I’ll tell you that it was a song about a scientist who falls in love with his lab assistant. If you look it up, you’ll see that the songwriter himself says, “I mean, I’m perfectly proud of the song . . . . It makes people very happy.” While I admit that the follow up Web of Science song was not as popular (because people like frivolity in music and not anything serious like a new database acquired by the library to enrich their research lives), I suspect that it’s just because people don’t get it.

But you do. Because you’re not just ANY person. You’re deep. You like substance. You like a database that provides “seamless access to the Science Citation Expanded®, Social Sciences Citation Index®, and Biological Abstracts. [One that] enables users to search multidisciplinary information from approximately 8,500 of the most prestigious, high impact research journals in the world.” In! The! World! Did you hear that? Read it, at least? So make it a Top 40 hit and try it out. Look under “W” in our Database A-Z List. Incidentally, “W” also stands for “Wicked,” boyz.

Send questions, comments, and Clarification tips to Britt McGowan at bmegowan@uwf.edu

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