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FREYA

WORK (ONE)

001: My name is Freya Glennon, and I work as the Assistant Manager at Typanum, a record store in the Lakeview area of Chicago.

002: I've been working there for three years, since it opened.

003: No, I was made assistant manager last fall.

004: I got the job because Barry, the old assistant manager, got sick of putting up with Don and finally quit.

005: The manager, yes.

006: I don't know. The normal kind of stuff. Puts off everything he doesn't want to do onto you, because you're the assistant.

007: Right. I'm probably more responsible for the day-to-day operations of the store than anybody else. I work with the clerks a lot. I make up their schedules, I help them tally their drawer, I make sure that they keep their sections organized—all that kind of stuff.

008: Don does the ordering for the store—which is frustrating, because the clerks are really the ones who know what people are in here looking for, or what's out of stock in their section, and Don seems to just order what he wants to hear; he more or less just disregards anybody else's input. He's also the only one authorized to buy used stuff for the store—same deal there. If it's something really good coming in he'll buy it himself directly from the person selling it, and then he'll turn around and sell it on eBay.

009: Yeah. Monitoring eBay auctions, talking on the phone to his girlfriend. Oh, and snorting cocaine.

010: His girlfriend, yeah. She's in Florida. Don't ask me how that works. He talks to her at work because the store budget pays for the phone bill.

011: The owner has no idea. He lives out in the burbs. He's in here once a week or so to make sure the whole place isn't going up in flames, but he doesn't know a *thing* about the day-to-day operations, not a thing, not shit. He's certainly not auditing the phone bill.

012: I could tell him, but, see, I don't care. The owner makes more money off of the store than either Don or I, and he does the least amount of work of all three of us.

013: Well, yeah, sure, but I don't see that there's a way around that. You're going to be exploited anywhere you go. At least at this job I can dress how I want, I don't have to hide my tattoos, and I can listen to records. Don leaves me alone, so—I don't know. Don't you think that's better than most jobs?

014: I don't know. I guess maybe it makes me more of a bitch than I'd be otherwise.

015: No, probably not. I think I'd be a pretty big bitch either way.
[laughs]