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## BOOM CHICKA WOW WOW: MY CRAIGSLIST INTERVIEW

My interview suit was getting dusty. Thinking about interviewing made me nearly catatonic. I HAD to get out there and actually meet people instead of just sending out resumes.

I'd been unemployed for 5 months, checking all the sites daily for something new to come up, when I found a job for an office manager on Craigslist. Most of the job listings on Craigslist are written by people who clearly need my services as a writer. The number of misspellings and grammatical errors is just frightening, really. Sure, put some character into it, but don't make yourself look like a dumb ass. The job for office manager was well written and seemed to be slightly more professional in nature than "Personal assistant needed. Please send photo." So, I sent my resume like hundreds of times before. This one was different, though. The ad was for an office manager position at an adult production company. Since my last position was at an Orthodox synagogue, I had to say something about it in my cover letter, which I admit was snarkier than usual. Cover letters, as you know, are your potential employers only window into your personality, so if you have one... you should show it. After all that time looking for a job and getting zero responses, I admit that my cover letters started to deteriorate. Even this one was not my best, but at least it stood out. In two sentences I showed them that I'm smart and creative. My 7th grade English teacher Miss Gilbert drummed into me: Show don't tell. It really is true.

They called me! Actually, they emailed me, but who cares? I actually got a response to a resume! Then I got worried because they told me to come to a house up in the Hollywood Hills and not, say, a studio as I was expecting. I called around and found a friend who agreed to come with me and wait in the car. You know, in case it got weird. I figured in all likelihood the guys at the porn company just found it easier to shoot their movies in a real house rather than a studio made to look like a house. I give kudos to them for being successful enough to own a house up there.

I showed up EXACTLY on time and still had to wait. I did wonder as I was sitting in the living room if there had been any scenes shot in there but I didn't wait very long so my daydream didn't get too far. I was shown into an office just after a guy with tattoo sleeves and multiple face piercings left.

I was extremely overdressed for the occasion. My two interviewers were wearing clothes that did not scream out "This is a legitimate business!" But, I managed to sit in a dignified way on the edge of a chair in my suit and heels. They asked me if I knew what they did at their company 3 times during my 15-minute interview. Maybe wearing the pearls was too much? Had they seen me drive up in my beat up minivan? I laughed at their jokes and explained how I could keep them organized. I asked questions about how they did business and tried my best to look unfazed when they told me the job also included production assisting and a bit of wardrobe assisting. I think it went pretty well.

It's two weeks later and they haven't called me back. I'm glad I went to the interview, though. Every bit of experience putting yourself out there adds another piece of glitter to you for when you shine in front of the employer who eventually hires you.

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