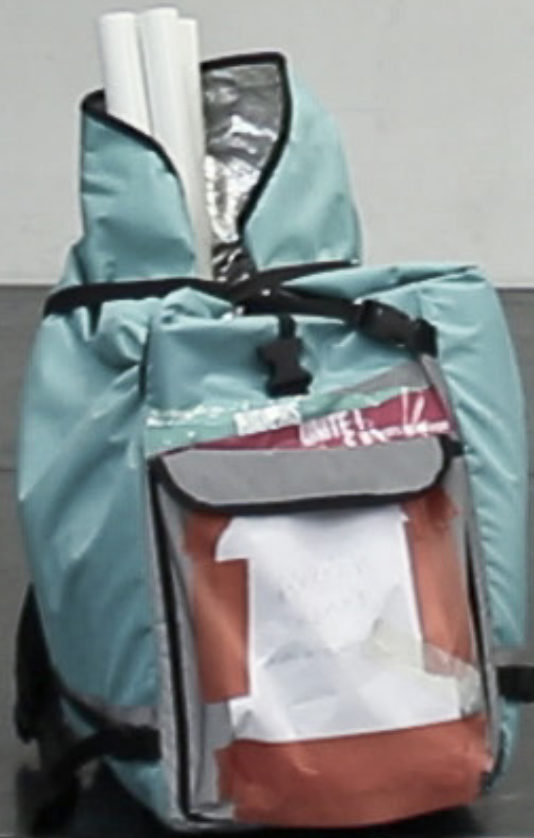
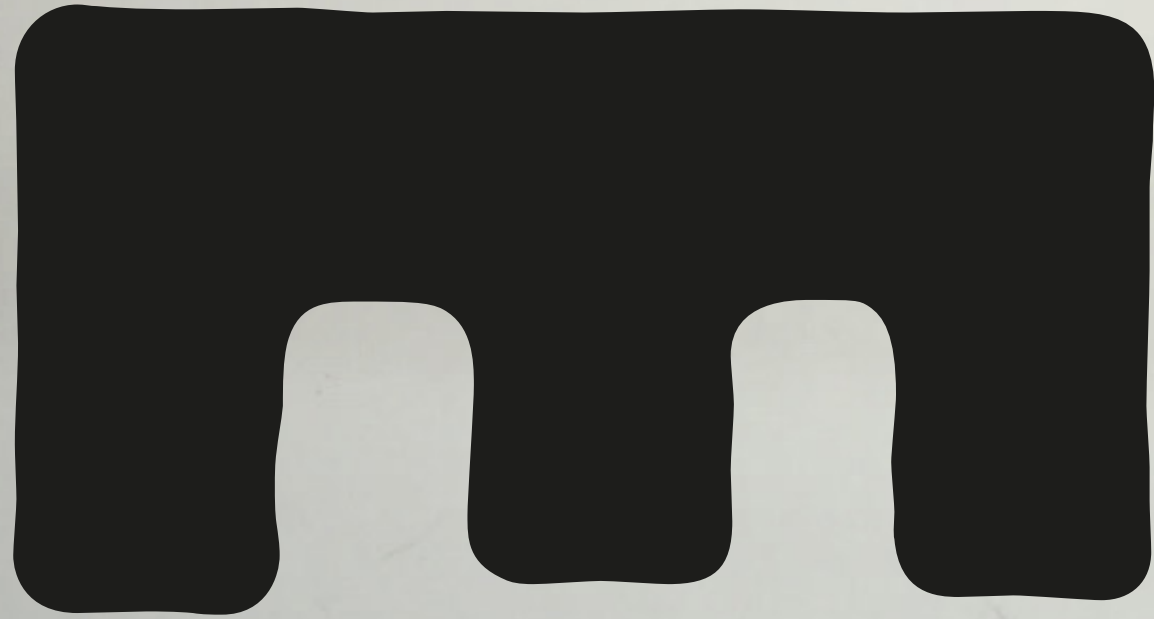


Akseli Aittomäki
Work in Progress





Nicht Hamburg. A solo piece by Akseli Aittomäki, premiered 12.4.2019 at Höyhentämö – Pluckhouse in Helsinki, Photo: Eeva Hannula & Ville Kumpulainen



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W We have our pride in working on the streets on our bicycles, we have our dignity in being free to wear whatever we see fit for our work day. It can be called *schein-selbständigkeit*, and it is, it is entirely fake form of supposed entrepreneurship. Yet it gave us a bit of space, in accepting our fake-independence, we also embraced the few freedoms they had to grant to us. They could not supervise us, they could only manipulate our working conditions. The bicycles are our territory. We find our pride and dignity in what is ours, in our survival. They created this fake-micro-market where we are forced to compete against each other. But the streets are ours. The traffic, the wind, the rain, the exhaustion, the boredom, bicycle break down – we survived. We never loved Deliveroo. We just loved the streets despite of Deliveroo.

It's true those venture capitalists did not care to pay pension insurances or health insurances or accident insurances. They cared for nothing. They only gave us "opportunities", opportunities to compete with each other over who got the nicest orders and made the most out of what work happened to be available that evening. But we still preferred our bicycles to some other crappy minimum wage job. At least we felt we had some agency. We could earn more by riding faster. We could choose not to go to work next week, if we worked enough last week.

We would curse those venture fund asses any time we met each other – but a rider did not want someone to come tell them that we were victims. Someone to come and tell them they had no agency and needed to get it from a union. Of course we knew we only competed with each other, on terms set by the company, but we just didn't think of it that much. Many didn't believe the game could be changed. So we played, thinking we wouldn't do it for that long time anyway. There was solidarity between the regulars, but there were always enough newbies who didn't know anyone. One works alone in this job, and has no means to contact anyone. It takes time before one finds friendly colleagues on the streets, gets connected, and can learn from the fellow riders.

We were dispersed on the streets. How does one organise one's colleagues for a strike when one does not know how many are on this shift and where they are? In the beginning we had a chat platform, but the company took it down. It was more valuable to them to make it more difficult for us to get into contact with each other, than to listen to what we were talking about. They did not care what we were thinking and talking about. Their only concern was to have every order delivered. They chose to treat us as an anonymous crowd of production animals. We had to chase each other on the streets to reach out to our colleagues. To build a bit of that community the management of the company was so scared of. Solidarity that is a disturbance to the games they play with us.

30.8.2019
Akseli Aittomäki