

never late for work. At the peach field they strapped on a special wearable bucket—a metal frame with a cotton insert inside. In the morning because of the dew they wore transparent rain gear in the orchard. Though their sweat would eventually soak through their clothes anyway and no rain gear could help that. They picked the peaches very quickly, with two people on each tree moving down the orchard in a line. Their cart fills up as they go. Keng was the fastest picker; he was always ahead of people around him. While they worked they are talking and joking with each other. Rooster, another picker, would talk the most, but I couldn't understand his accent, I imagine he was telling stories.

At 10am they had a ten-minute break, many people just have a rest, drink water and call their families. Everyone has a cell phone, this is their mode of communication to their families and communities back home. The break is so quick, then back to work again. Lunchtime is at noon and they return to their house for food and to dry clothes. They take their shorts, boots and socks off to let them dry a bit until they have to go out again. Depending on the day and season their lunch might be half an hour to one hour long, today they had an hour break. It is the hottest time of day when they return from lunch. In the orchard, the heat makes you extremely uncomfortable and it is hard to breath. The navigation around closely planted trees couple with the labour of picking is hard exhausting work. At 4pm they take an afternoon break for another ten minutes. People looked very tired, many of them sit on their ladders and for a short nap. After the break they work until 7pm and then return home. It's an extremely long day.

There are several workers over 60 and the others take care of these older workers, they have the job of driving the car to the packinghouse. I met Derek, he was 62 years old and had worked for 15 years in the region and wants to work 3 more years so he can be eligible for Canadian pension plan. He has three kids to look after. I noticed his eyes were all red, he said the peach fuzz has been going into his eyes for years and causing damage. I asked him what kind of eye drops he used, because I wished to buy some for him. He was a very passionate person, during the break he gave us all a peach to eat and washed it with his bottle of water. The washing of the peach was a small gesture but indicated his passion of caring for others. After the job was finished for the day, they changed clothes, showered then started to cook dinner. The 18 people in the house all ate together. They use their 4-element stove to cook food for everyone. They made beans, roots, jerk chicken, making sure to cook extra for breakfast and lunch the next day. It was the end of the season, so after dinner they would build 4 x 4 x 4 feet crates to fill with supplies to send home. They buy the materials together, things like rice, cooking oil, flour, coffee mate, and toilet paper. I couldn't believe how much cheaper they said it was to buy here and ship it home then to buy there.

When I looked at them compiling things to pack in crates, I had a complete vision: their hard work on the farm equals these materials, this is the connection between work transforming to the supplies for their family. Each week more and more work, so more and more supplies, then finally they both go home. It was awakening for me, this is why they come to work so hard—to support their families and to have a better life in their country. Confronting this notion reminded me on my time as a worker on the countryside during the Cultural Revolution. We had to buy, chicken, pork, eggs, cooking oil, and bring them back to the city because people there were shorted food. Families couldn't buy enough of what then needed to survive. Each family was allotted, ½ lb. of pork, ½ liter of oil and 20 lbs. of rice per month. Our time—though in different spaces and different regions—both are instances of life, the struggle and discomfort but what exists is now, the present.

Every second Thursday night the farm owner sends a school bus to the workers house to take them to St. Catherines to go to the super market Fresh Co. to buy two weeks of supplies. The school bus first took them to a bank to get cash from a bank machine because they don't have credit cards. In the superstores they have Jamaican foods for sale, like Dasheen, Yucca root and Cocoa yams. We followed them to see what types of food they chose. Mostly they always selected the cheapest option and the Jamaican foods. After shopping was done, everyone helped pile the food on to the bus, loaded through the windows.

On Saturday, Andrew Hunter, the Canadian art curator for AGO, came to visit us to see how our research was coming along. I was very pleased that he came because he is creating a show called Canada 150 years at the AGO next summer and is very interested in the project.

I wanted to introduce Andrew and Maggie to A. We walked through his farm and found him grafting new leaves onto older trees. Andrew asked A what it was like to be a farmer today on Canadian farmland? A told him all about the corporation of Vineland Growers Co-operative farms, and how his focus—unlike theirs—was on the fruit trees and how he could make his product better and better. A talked about how most Canadian farmers are over 60 years old now and in 10 years there will be tremendous change as most farmer's children have not pursued a career in farming. Now, all the farm workers were migrant workers, and he told Andrew, without them the farm couldn't run. Andrew had a great conversation with A. Before Andrew left, he invited us to participate in the Canada 150 years' exhibition.

The migrant workers worked all day Saturday and finished at 6pm. That evening the local church charity association organized a trip to take them to Niagara Falls. At 6:30 we went to their house to pick them up to go. We picked up Barrie and Uton because we had two extra seats in our car. After we parked the car it was very close to 7:30 the time the boat to the falls was going to leave. We had to run to the marina to make sure we didn't miss it—we were the last people on. Everyone wore red plastic raincoats on the boat. There were about 200 migrant workers along with the people who organized the trip. On the top deck of the boat people were lined up taking photos of the falls all crowding the railing to get the best picture. The red jackets and the crashing whitecaps of the falls looked like a Canadian flag. It was a weird visual juxtaposition at this iconic Canada destination, a glory of Canada coupled with a population most Canadians ignore. Today when the workers stood on the boat they were brought into view, the invisible to the front stage, no one could ignore them. The waterfall cascaded and it hit the river aggressively making the air around us wet with mist. When the sky was rid of sunlight, strong light projections turned on and danced coloured light across the water. It was a romantic, dreamy and unreal sight. When the workers stood in front of the illuminated falls, it looked as if they were in a virtual space, but their eyes held the passion and truth of their reality.

Sunday evening, the Grace United Church had planned a music concert. This church is a separate organization from the Bethany Mennonite Church close to the farmlands, but they organized with them to hold the concert there. The Bethany Mennonite Church was walking distance from where the workers lived so we walked all together to the concert. They hired a three-person band from Toronto to preform. The church was full with people, music and sound, it made my blood pump. The musicians walked on the stage to sing. At one point there was a man who came up onto the stage, took the microphone and said "I just got a message that my mother passed away, and I would like to sing a song for her to let her know that I am coming home to bury her." He was very passionate, he moved everyone in the room. I had tears in my eye when I heard him sing. I thought about the wealth of passion in the room when the man was singing.

On the 29th, we finished our shooting at Niagara-on-the-Lake farmland and said goodbye to the workers and the farm owners. Jane made a banner outside her house it read "Thank You" and had 5 flags from different countries hanging from it. We want to thank the migrant workers, farm owner and the local migrant workers organisation for letting us visit and film here; we will see each other again next year.

August, 2016