

An abstract painting featuring a central, teardrop-shaped area filled with vibrant red and orange hues. This central area is framed by thick, expressive brushstrokes in shades of blue and green. The background is a complex, layered composition of various colors, including deep blues, greens, and hints of purple, creating a rich, textured effect. The overall style is expressive and gestural, with visible brushwork throughout.

# THE VIEW FROM HERE

new & selected poems

Avis Rasmussen



THE VIEW  
FROM HERE

new & selected poems

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To my siblings: John, Alan, Elisabeth and Lorna,  
who all, in many ways, from the beginning have helped me  
along my path as an artist.

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## THE VIEW FROM THE ARCHIVES

by Heather Dean and Lara Wilson

University of Victoria Special Collections and University Archives

Seen alongside the poetry in this collection is artwork from the Avis Rasmussen archives at the University of Victoria Libraries' Special Collections and University Archives. As an UVic alumna and an artist deeply respectful of, and connected to, the land and waters of ləkʷəŋən territory, it is fitting for her archives to be a part of our university collections, specifically through the artists' archives acquisition initiative. The archives are housed in the McPherson Library, where Avis walked as a student, viewing the campus' art collection on display.

Avis' archives provide insight into her artistic practice, and as the title of her retrospective exhibition and this accompanying publication suggests, what "here" might mean for Avis both creatively and personally. In her archives, we see works from throughout her life, including sketches, linocut prints, and watercolours, dating from 1959 to 2018. The places and people Avis portrays not only depict the landscapes of Vancouver Island and her travels near and far, but also the personal relationships which give meaning to place. A note found on a sketchbook reads "Denmark—no sketching but much visiting"; a cross-Canada adventure with her children in a vintage VW van is celebrated in the illustrated chapbook *Take Five Coast to Coast*; and a jazz performance at the Church of St. John the Divine becomes a linocut incorporated into a cherished family message.

We also see in the archives Avis' personal connections and feminist networks. In her art and poetry, Avis responds to the gendered biases in the art world, such as the "mystified male visual art professors / of the 1970s" grappling with "my self-portrait / as nurturer / as painter" ("Food For Thought II"). Her painting *Seven Women Artists*, created in recognition of Women's History Month, reveals an alternative network to the dominant male artists and educators. In this work, Avis celebrates her creative and intellectual circle, painting herself in community with other women artists. In 1979, Avis designed

a poster for Women's History Awareness Week (a copy of which can be found in her archives), illustrating how she applied her creative eye to her advocacy work. Avis' involvement in the Victoria Branch of the Status of Women Action Group (SWAG) can also be found in the collections, and the SWAG archives include her 1978 address to the Women's Institute Conference. Certainly, it is not without satisfaction Avis writes about inclusion in spaces once closed to her; in "Out of the Blue," Avis reflects on "An invitation from the Union Club—/ once a male preserve, / to exhibit my paintings in the McGregor Lounge."

Through her artwork and writing Avis gets the last word, and through her archives her voice continues to speak.

## THEY SAY THAT SEEING IS BELIEVING

by Roland George Rasmussen

I often use a guide to find what's on in the local art world, but my best insight to discovering Victoria's art scene is my mother, Avis. Mum has painted in Victoria since the early 1970s, and if you ask her questions about her artwork, she will most likely defer with humility, speaking instead of the qualities of other artists or how Vancouver Island has changed for artists in recent years. This place has become a sort of national sketchbook, full of artists from across Canada who have come to paint the West Coast. Many who have made Vancouver Island home have built a nurturing artistic environment, creating spaces of artistic integrity and, in the process, contributing to our society and our understandings of identity through images, forms, and styles which come from the land around us. As her son, I have witnessed many such discussions, and I know how much Mum must paint this world in her own way. In truth, I have tried to imitate that painter's will my mother has, which is a struggle for any artist. What I see in my mother's work is a facet of colour that shades in the twilight and inspires others—including me. Not everyone is an artist, yet many can find realms within the imagination and explore all the possibilities that come with hand and eye and something that makes a mark.

Avis Rasmussen believes that art-making should be cherished by society because creating and expressing speaks for the people of that place. And my mother has that sense of history, as many mothers do, for something passed on generation to generation. In a matriarchal family such as mine, this sense of purpose is to be cherished and respected. As a watercolour artist, Mum has a full archive of people and places throughout her life of travel, rendering many muses she discovers while moving along her interesting paths. I came to see into the world of art by watching my mother paint in her parents' garden. It all began for her as a child, free to paint without criticism; "for all little hands are artistic hands," my mother likes to say. How different it was to see her work on a beach or quickly sketch from

a Gulf Island ferry. To watch Mum as the light changed, rushing to capture an image, was to realize the challenge was not as much in accuracy, but in seeing, making, and tricking the eye through illusion. I believe that, for Avis, the act of painting reflects a story of shifting light and blending colours, and these are the attributes that define her life as an artist.

In my experience, it is rare to find an artist who has not travelled or found inspiration by opening up to new and unfamiliar realms. Yet art is always in relation to the realities of making a life—work, family, hard choices—even though Wassily Kandinsky proclaimed, “there is no must in art because art is free.” As the son of a painter, I wonder if Kandinsky’s words are still true today. Can art be free? In my view, the “must” in art doesn’t always exist. My mother’s lifetime as an artist has always involved teaching art as well: teaching children, teaching other artists, teaching the curious who watch her paint. It is far too common for one to need a “real job” to be free to pursue art. And the teacher-artist is another kind of artist—someone who is social, who communicates with a generous spirit and has the confidence and willingness to share their own process of creating. Avis has built a strong network in the regional arts community, and I feel that the infusion of energy and inspiration comes to my mother from others, and in turn, is passed on to those who are open and willing to listen.

Looking back at her formal education, the three choices available to young women in the 1950s were secretary, teacher, or nurse, and Avis chose to be a teacher. Then came marriage and family, but unlike some, she didn’t put her art aside; instead she embraced it fully while raising a family. In the 1980s, Avis finally pursued her master’s degree in art education. It was then she took up printmaking and discovered art that challenged the boundaries of her work. This marked a shift in my mother’s career, and her graduate studies became a key turning point in her artistic development. Avis the painter, the printmaker, the poetess, or the activist, speaks about her education as the most precious of commodities, never to be taken for granted. “Painting first, for otherwise there would be no time,” she says, just one of many expressions a lifetime as an artist has generated. Mum has always followed her artistic vision, and where the voice calls from, and where

it calls to—whether be it forest, a shoreline, along a wooded ridge, in front of an easel, or at practically any art festival on Vancouver Island—Avis is there. These are the moments of real value in an artist's life. And for me, they are also the memories of Mum sketching at almost every point when we travelled through nine provinces to Prince Edward Island with five kids in a VW Van. Then she wrote a poetry book about it. That sums up the whole of Avis' "can-do" spirit.

Dear to her heart are also sketches made throughout the years of jazz musicians, for my mother is a jazz enthusiast, perhaps not fully aware of how she has visually documented the evolution of jazz culture in our city. This is another aspect of Avis that is not conventional, but rooted in experimentation with wild reliefs and innovative monoprints. In recent years, printmaking is something she has shared with inquisitive children and adults during many art fairs throughout the year. This is the "free tenor" which comes from her "must," demonstrated by an artist who keeps working hard and producing an extraordinary body of work well past retirement.

Painting all her life, always close to family, and always open for conversation, perhaps the greatest of Avis' artistic skills is listening to what people see in her art, in her use of colour, or the movement in a line sketch which might be translated to woodcut or linocut. When Avis spent her seventy-third birthday with family in Rouen, her focus was on the artwork of her grandchildren, knowing that something will be passed along to them, some aspect of how art can still be "free." I imagine she feels lucky to have travelled for art, like Kandinsky, and to have taught by example.

This is my postscript for my mother and her reflections because so many conversations have occurred about art in the city of Victoria. There are many art works yet to come by new faces and talents. Most exciting for me is knowing that to truly live, see, and believe, one must take time to make relationships and interact with the land where we work our craft, leaving something behind for future archaeologists. We were artists. We lived along the inland waterway, behind those Olympic Mountains, sheltered in rain shadow. The conversation with art is never over, yet it is always apparent to those like Avis Rasmussen who have the freedom to see and believe.



## THE SILENT TIDE

My boots crunched footsteps in the snow  
Down to the water's edge,  
Where floating islands of crystal  
    capped logs  
Nudged each other along the shore.  
High around the bank the neap tide  
Filled the bay with silky  
    Green-grey water  
And silence.

## THE ORCHARD

The red light on the hillside flashes  
    round and round  
over the cold morning orchard  
    shadowed and still.

The last star fades.

Glimmerings from the Eastern sky  
    appear  
    grey and pale green.

Another dawn.

I, leaning on my kitchen windowsill  
night gowned, slipper shod, hair rolled,  
    thinking of mornings,  
    thinking of days,  
    thinking of people,  
I have known.

Rows of trees fan out before me  
    pointing to the flashing light,  
branches budlumped reaching upward  
    still and stark.

The red light fades.

Sunlight spreads across the sky  
    across the land.

Another day.

I, leaning on my windowsill  
    thinking of mornings spent  
free skirted, sandelled, hair blown,  
    looking onto waters,  
    looking onto groves,  
looking onto roofs,  
I still remember.

These mornings, days and people  
will never come again.  
The mornings fade  
the days pass by  
the people change and move.  
Those waters, groves and rooftops  
are there to look upon  
but circumstances change their aspect.  
I'll not be free again.  
So leaning on my windowsill  
I will every morning see  
the Light,  
the Sun,  
the orchards,  
to conjure memory.



## ALLOTMENTS

Garden plots  
for highrise urbanites  
lie fallow  
until frogs sing  
and spring  
brings out jeans  
shovels and seeds  
on every weedy strip.  
Soon furrows grow.  
From the right earth  
thrust pea green shoots  
leafing copiously.  
Sunbeams burst prism buds  
scattering a spectrum  
of flowers and fruit  
across the allotments.

The exuberance we see  
in the vital land use  
of our vanishing arable soil.  
These passionate tillers are  
swinging a new age fiefdom.

## TAKE FIVE COAST TO COAST

*For “the family team” ...*

*Karin completed Young Canada Drivers’ license, shared driving  
and helped plan trip.*

*Tove wrote every Provincial Tourist Bureau to get maps and  
planned trip.*

*Roland purchased a hatchet to chop firewood.*

*Anna looked after snacks, songs.*

*Helen looked after travel games.*

*Mom, who got a bank loan to buy a 1973 Volkswagen Van  
complete with seat belts, sink, stove, fridge, radio, table,  
hammock, and pop-up top sleeping quarters.*

*Karin and Tove brought a pup tent.*

*Dad met us in Montreal to tour Expo ’67, now ten years later.*

*All children earned their spending money in various ways.*



Trans-Canada here we come!

Five kids

plus camping gear

in Volkswagen caravan

and Mom!



Vancouver Island disappears  
sailing Saanich Queen,  
gliding past Gulf Islands to  
the mainland start of a journey  
once a family dream.



Along the Fraser River  
Hope, and hills beyond  
Manning Park forests to sagebrush  
flourish Lake Okanagan orchards  
marketing apples, pears, peaches and plums.



Mountains loom in cumulus clouds  
mirrored in Lake Louise.  
Our camp in Banff  
warns of Bears.  
“Do not feed,” it pleads.



Like sci-fi moonscape  
under a charcoal sky  
my children climb  
the Badlands of Alberta  
for a dinosaur treasure-hunt try.



Cypress Hills campsite exit  
through fields of golden grain  
elevators silhouette the horizon  
linked by CPR  
railway tracks and freight train.



Mom’s van stalls  
at Portage and Main  
to host Winnipeg Marg’s dismay.  
Perimeter Road to St. Germain  
shortens this delay.



Chi-Cheemaun, Lake Huron boat  
Tobermory, Georgian Bay in moonlight.  
Scout camp wake-up—like Canada Geese we fly!  
Visit Tottenham family, Black Creek Village,  
Toronto, U of T, Rosedale sights.



Like six seals in slickers  
on the sleek decked  
Maid of the Mist  
we ride the spray of Niagara Falls  
a highlight of the trip.



Over the Plains of Abraham  
through city walls of Quebec  
former “au pair” Dominique  
leads us to Chateau Frontenac on  
St. Lawrence River’s parapet.



Two cultures and one country  
meet on Native Land.  
In the Bay of Fundy National Park  
we share campfire and coffee  
exchange east-west views in the dark.



Posing in beaver hats, maple canes  
and tailored morning coats  
Fathers of Confederation ride  
Nova Scotia’s  
Annapolis Royal parade of floats.



Prince Edward Island by ferry  
Northumberland Straits at that time, we  
sun on the sands of Cavendish beach  
feast on lobster and Charlottetown’s  
*Anne of Green Gables’* acting and music sublime.



## DANCE OF VENUS

*For glass artist Stuart Reid*

On the Richmond bus bench  
a lanky figure stooped to tie shoelaces.  
“What time,” he asked as I approached  
“Does the next bus go downtown?”  
“No idea. I just flew into Vancouver,  
took the wrong bus.  
The driver dropped me off here.  
I’m meeting my Toronto sister.”  
“Oh! West Coaster’s time is so different.  
My workers stop at three—don’t work today.  
I’m doing a mural for the Mississauga Living Arts Centre.  
Deadline April third, and I teach at OCA.”  
“An OCA painter taught my first Visual Art class  
At the University of Victoria,” I reply.  
We pool our change as the bus arrives.

In Toronto a year later I bus to Square One,  
Mississauga Living Arts Centre, one enormous wall  
a spectrum of gleaming laminated glass, a kaleidoscopic wonder,

*Dance of Venus*

Created by the artist I met by chance.

ON THE WAY

*Aix en Provence*

Crossing crowded Cours Mirabeau  
to Cinema Renoir  
you and I queue  
just two  
for *On the Way*  
foreign film  
American  
French subtitles—  
sixties guys driving miles  
mid-west USA same scenery  
miles and miles  
contrapuntal commentary  
Juxtaposed with endless  
automatic narrative and descriptive music—  
sudden duo of laughter in the Cineplex.  
I assumed you were French!

Painting *en plein air* next day  
easel by the Dolphin Fountain  
you—the stranger—pass by, stop,  
in English say “I drove from L.A.  
miles and miles into the desert  
like in the movie *On the Way*.”

ARS LONGA

*for Patricia Beer*

Ebony Place

Pat's studio

with printing press

snake stone

smoking ground

zinc plates burnished

noir sec and

French black inks

hand wiped with

tarlatan

into grooves.

Acid bath

biting plates

for deepest darks.

Etched raven imagery

Foreshadowing death—

Etched lifelines

of hand pulled prints,

artist proofs,

editioned for eternity.

## MY ACHILLES HEEL

I shall  
    go hopping  
island to island  
across the Aegean Sea  
where set in aquamarine  
    like white washed  
    stepping stones  
Siros, Skiros, Lesvos  
Paros, Naxos, Patmos  
Milos, Mykonos and Ios  
hold hidden mysteries  
    for me.



## MY WORK, 1979–1999

Moving among my canvases  
culled to thirty  
stacked against studio walls  
pulling certain paintings out  
like Pedder Bay Boats  
Emma Lake Boat III and IV  
appraising resolve and scope  
on five foot canvases  
expressionistic  
images with slabs of colour  
flattened into fields, pools  
pushing against hard edges  
revealing glints  
stained in contrast  
continued in another series  
as cast shadows, reflections  
around and beneath  
flat iron boat shapes,  
art dealers  
encourage new oils  
of jazz  
shaped rhythms, highlights, pigments  
emerging on my easel.

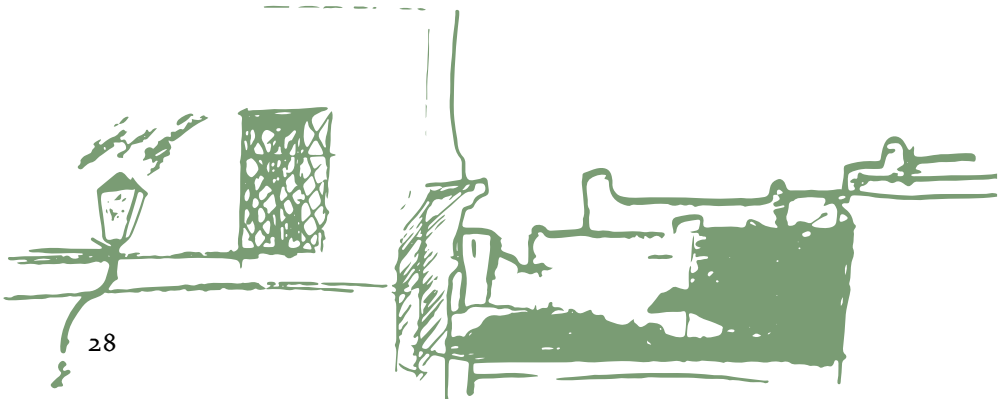
This feedback is very fine.  
Twenty years of work has been seen by dealers  
with experienced eyes.  
I see those works in a different way.  
Each one evolved as I painted  
Some of them hung in shows,  
Sold canvases have gone.  
Others I destroyed.  
Removed from stretchers.  
Some are gessoed over  
to use again.

## FAME

In Pitti Palace  
Florence  
hangs  
*Judith Killing Holofernes*  
an Artemisia Gentileschi  
painting  
c. 1530.

Storytellers dwell  
instead  
on Agostino Tassi's  
studio rape  
of Artemisia.  
At the trial  
the painter stood her ground.  
She continued to paint.

Tassi's attempt  
to denigrate his fellow artist  
he might have left  
to art historians  
who only now  
recognize her work.



## DOORS OF THE DEAD

*Italy, 9/11/2001*

Our model  
at breaktime  
heard news  
so startling  
artists dropped  
charcoal sticks  
followed him TV tavernwards  
past studios, shops, dwellings  
Doors of the Dead  
through arches, passages,  
stairways, shadowed streets  
to San Francesco Piazza  
heart of this medieval  
crenellated stonewalled  
Umbrian, Etruscan, Italian  
fortified hilltop town.

Encircled  
wedged between townfolk  
we watched live  
screen-filled horror  
toppling towers  
shattered glass  
crumbling steel  
crushed people  
deliberate terrorist  
demise of New York's World Trade Center  
I saw for the first time  
last July  
now  
becoming  
Doors of the Dead.

## A PAINTER'S TRAJECTORY

«Victoria?»

«Oui. L'Île de Vancouver qui est située près de Vancouver, Canada. »

I am visiting Normandy, painting *en plein air* the ramparts of Castle Caen built by William the Conqueror and saved by the Canadian Forces in 1944. Passers-by often think I'm American or British, or if Canadian, from Quebec. They are surprised when I tell them there are thousands of kilometres between Quebec and Vancouver Island on the West Coast of Canada where I have my studio. What a distance to travel!

Since 2000, I have painted one month of every year in Europe. I went to Normandy on my latest trip in part because that is where I have roots. From Normandy, Dad's ancestors brought their art of gardening across the English Channel to Wales and along the Thames. Dad emigrated from Reading, England to southern Vancouver Island's Saanich Peninsula in 1919. Here my world began in Sidney by the Sea, surrounded by the kaleidoscopic two-acre garden my parents called Arbourfield.

My earliest memories involve art-making, and I soon took the crayons used for colouring books to draw my own pictures. Some of these early works recently surfaced in my mother's belongings: drawings of roses, hyacinths, cherry blossoms, and Japanese plum trees down the drive with Quila, our spaniel. To witness my first steps again I saw how my surroundings inspired me to paint what was to become my passion: the ever-changing light of the seasons. Arbourfield's colourful garden, through which there were glimpses of the sea, caught my imagination, and my desire to express with paint how I saw my world on the far West Coast. In fact, illustrations for *Charms of the Seashore*, *Saanich Fields*, and *Garden World*, chapbooks of poems for children I wrote about Brennan's Beach, came from my sketchbooks growing up in Sidney on the Saanich Peninsula.

My connections to this place are lifelong. I was born on a tiny island in Shoal Harbour, which I cycled past to attend North Saanich





High School in my teens. I roamed this tip of the Saanich Peninsula in my formative years, sketching log-strewn beaches overhung by twisted arbutus trees, farms nestled in fir forests, John Dean Park, the glorious view over Sidney to the San Juan Islands, and snow-capped Mount Baker. As a young adult I commuted to Victoria, working for the British Columbia Forest Surveys making maps by looking through a stereoscope. This paid my fees for Senior Matriculation and one year of Education majoring in Art. In college I became familiar with reproductions of international paintings hung on the library walls, and I felt inspired by the many art books my brother sent from London, England. Along with exhibitions at the then recently established Victoria Art Gallery, I whetted my artist's appetite to travel to make and see art in other places.

After two years teaching elementary school, I boarded the Canadian Pacific Railway to Vancouver with my sister. We travelled on the CPR train to Montreal and finally onto the *Empress of Britain* for Liverpool. Seeing the vast expanse of the Canadian landscape for the first time—plus a week crossing the Atlantic Ocean—opened my eyes, as did seeing London's National Gallery, the British Museum and the theatre. We cycled to Cambridge, toured Britain by train and local buses, visited Denmark, Germany, Austria, and travelled with the National Union of Students by steam engine through Yugoslavia to Greece. That sketchbook survived too and, looking back, I am intrigued by what I chose to draw—the stately Georgian Marden Hill where we stayed with family, Salzburg at night, and Old Corinth in Greece. All places so different from anything I had ever seen or drawn in Sidney. On my return I made a painting of Itea, a town of white buildings on the edge of an aquamarine sea, with a background of receding blue Greek hills. Although the journey gave me a fresh perspective, I eventually returned to teaching, finding ways to balance my art-making, work, and family.

I have come to understand travel is an essential part of my ongoing practice and central in my artist identity. Geographically, I am isolated from major art centres and galleries of the world, as well as the landscapes painted by the Impressionists or Renaissance masters.

I understand artists like Emily Carr, who was born on this island a century ago, wanting to paint elsewhere in order to study and see landscapes she had heard about but could only imagine before making the long journey abroad. She then returned here, to her passion, painting her greatest works: these forests of the West Coast. On the last leg of my flight home from my most recent venture to Normandy, I was reminded of this beauty as we came to the Gulf of Georgia's scattered islands, blue-green on ultramarine, over ochre fields, multi-hued houses and bejewelled gardens in the evergreen forests of the Saanich Peninsula. I saw with a bird's eye my southern Vancouver Island West Coast palette. These are the colours I have absorbed all my life.

I joined friends on a fish boat in Tsehum Harbour shortly after my return, gliding on glistening seas past those blue-green islands. I tried to catch the colour by mixing paint as the light constantly changed the landscape on Sidney Island. Clouds scampered over the sun as the day progressed. The vast surface of water rippled, undulated, and caught reflections and the sky's mood. Trees, rocks, boats, even if stationary, changed hue, created and became shadows, figures, shapes, moving colours. The process of *en plein air* painting is one of rapid, innate, intuitive selection from panorama.

In my Victoria studio these images are often transposed onto large canvases. This is a method I developed during my days as a painting major at the local university, yet my absorption of the immediate surroundings—whether by drawing linear, textural, or tonal impressions, or by painting shapes in colour, or variations of the visually fluctuating light—all began in my parents' garden. As Dad gardened, I painted. As I got older, my family gave me gifts of sketchbooks, high-quality paper, brushes and paint. And by picking strawberries, raspberries, and loganberries on the local farms, I began to purchase my own art material in Victoria, a twenty-mile bus trip along the winding East Saanich Road to the city. At that time Sidney had no art stores, no book stores, no library, and no art galleries. Fortunately for the artist in me, the school hired an enthusiastic art teacher when I was in eighth grade.

Now I see I simply painted because I liked painting. My four

siblings and my five children have been amazingly supportive of my artist lifestyle. Some still live close by, others far away, but all in various ways facilitated my progress. Their understanding sustained me through my visual arts degree, where I finally took up painting and printmaking at the University of Victoria as a mature student, and their encouragement helped me participate in the first Metchosin International Summer School of the Arts over twenty-five years ago. From that painting workshop emerged the large charcoal drawings of boats laying around the Pedder Bay docks of Pearson College of the Pacific. These became a series of place-based watercolours, Japanese woodblocks, and oil paintings which, combined with oil paintings of fish boats of French Creek, were exhibited as *Coastal Life* in a gallery up island. In fact, I painted this series in an old button factory while staying with my sister—perhaps the most generous supporter of my artist life—who still lives in Waterloo, Ontario. With this series of boat paintings, I applied to the Emma Lake Artists' Workshop in Saskatchewan, noted for nurturing Canadian talent and for its renowned international art faculty. When accepted in 1992, I received help from my family, which made the fees, lodging, painting supplies, and flights possible. That summer, thirty artists came together, and in my studio at Emma Lake, I painted a series of boats from sketches made lakeside.

In recent years, I was offered the great opportunity to paint in Venice, Italy, and saw with my own eyes Renaissance paintings I had studied from slides and books many years ago. I painted a series of boats, bridges, and churches reflected in the canals. The ambient light created a magical colour, a transformative experience for a painter. I filled a sketchbook with drawings of sculptures, the Duomo of Florence, the Piazza del Campo of Siena, and Saint Peter's of Rome, which I painted on canvas upon my return to Victoria. These, along with watercolours of Venice, were exhibited as *Ambient Italy* at my alma mater. With these paintings I was accepted in residence at the International School of Drawing, Painting, and Sculpture in Umbria, Italy. Our instructor, a New York painter of some standing, commented on my natural sense of colour and invited me to paint the next year in his art program set in another beautiful hilltop Umbrian

town. Again I returned to Victoria with a renewed appreciation for setting up my easel to render Vancouver Island topography onto my panels.

This year, my trip also took me to France, and I painted in the northern towns of Rouen, Honfleur, Caen and Mont Saint-Michel—places of contrast to the Mediterranean coastal towns of Provence where I had explored painting in the footsteps of Cézanne and Van Gogh last year. Although I painted on my own in Normandy, I visited my daughter and family in Paris, and spent time painting in the Jardin des Plantes and visiting the Kandinsky and Calder exhibitions in the Pompidou Centre. Returning from France, and en route to family in Toronto, I also took the opportunity to see contemporary art in the new Art Gallery of Ontario, ceramics in the Gardiner Museum, and our National Gallery in Ottawa. Each centre of the arts offered me further inspiration as I prepared for an opening of the Normandy series in Victoria. I have spent my life painting colour on paper, panel, or canvas in my studio or *en plein air*.

My art has always been in movement: an exploration of seeing, literally and figuratively, sometimes close to home, sometimes far away. As a visual artist, seeing colour and light is the key to my expression, and a poem from my *Garden World* chapbook, written when visiting a painter friend on Hornby Island, captures that way of seeing:

#### STUDIO GARDEN

Mirror'd on your studio walls  
your garden  
green-leaved, lush  
flourishing through French pigments  
on paper and panels,  
pinks,  
marigolds and magentas  
glowing  
amongst the verdant growth.

In your island coppice  
you have come  
to your flowering time.



## WEST COAST ART COLLECTION

Whistler mountain skiing paradise  
now houses in the snowy village  
Audain's vast collection of B.C. West Coast art,  
an elongated rectangular ebony building  
over a drawbridge.  
Rows of First Nations' daunting carved spirit masks  
multi-layered exhibit behind glass  
leading to the entrance  
rooms filled with paintings by Emily Carr,  
E.J. Hughes, Jack Shadbolt, Gordon Smith, B.C. Binning,  
Takao Tanabe,  
Geisha exhibition of exquisite kimonos—  
more and more contemporary works  
through to Brian Jungen's tall totem of golf bags.

I spent a day looking at these artworks, a private collection  
exhibited publicly in their Audain Art Museum.

In 1957 I was gifted from this now amazing art collector  
an album of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.  
The passion for art as a collector continued, escalated.

To him I gave one of my hand-painted cards.  
With me the passion for painting carries on.

## ISLAND FALL

Fog horns mooing beyond  
Willows Beach  
wrapped in cotton wool.

Fog – silently, slowly dissipates  
around russet oaks  
looming yellow elms  
burgundy plums  
copper beeches  
multi-hued leaved dogwood branches  
towering teal spruce  
golden maples  
scarlet Japanese maples.

Soft colour washes,  
tree shapes appearing  
along Estevan Avenue.

Glimpses of an opalescent sea  
through some far bare branches.



## WALKING MY BABY

I walked the *Jensen Sisters*  
through the Uplands  
along Beach Drive  
Cedar Hill Cross Road  
across University of Victoria campus  
to Maltwood Gallery  
Alumni Show.  
As tall as I  
but a lighter canvas  
than *Outer Space*  
restretched, framed  
after thirty-five years  
skulking in a cold garage.

Emerging from Prestige Framing,  
arms outstretched, hands clutching  
five-foot frame  
I maneuver walkers, wheelchair,  
walking stick, ski pole challenged  
Oak Bay Avenue  
arriving at the Winchester Gallery  
owners having seen this work  
fifteen years ago  
now destined for a public collection.

## ART LIFE VICISSITUDES

After gifting  
one of three  
woodblocks  
*Sproat Lake Boat*  
languished  
twenty-five years  
resurfacing  
digitally  
under a bell jar  
juxtaposed by  
an Emily Carr  
oil on panel 1908/9  
New Acquisitions 2014  
Alberni Valley Museum.

Sketching from an eyrie  
over forested Sproat Lake  
inspired the carving,  
the hand printing  
of the woodblocks  
so long ago,  
now come full circle.

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT II

Frenziedly beating birthday cakes  
for my September twins  
before class,  
transposing this image into oils  
on forty-eight by fifty-eight inch canvas  
mind sourcing action painting  
big rush  
broad strokes  
colour swirl,  
my self-portrait  
as nurturer  
as painter  
mystified male visual art professors  
of the 1970s.

Now like vintage wine  
*Abstraction Seven*  
is lauded for bold vision.

WOMEN HOLD UP HALF THE SKY

*International Women's Day Show 2016,  
Community Arts Council of Greater Victoria*

Toni and the Jensen sisters high-five me  
from way up near the sky  
above other women's large paintings  
as I enter this Bay Centre  
Community Arts Council Opening.

Jazz pianist Toni Blodgett leading her CANUS musicians  
"On the Sunny Side of the Street"  
next to the Jensen Sisters' quintet  
playing "Chelsea Rain,"  
Montreal composer Christine on saxophone  
New York City-based Ingrid on trumpet  
heralding the world of professional jazz musicians  
via linocuts from my sketches at live performances.  
Two juried into this show  
from my jazz linocut editions of 20 years  
where women jazz musicians are featured  
to hold up half the sky.



HAIKU MARCH 30, 2016

*Gadrian Group at Eleanor's*

One lifetime looking  
assessing visual viewpoints  
painter's trajectory

UNTITLED HAIKU

West Coast painter seeks  
new far flung fresh perspectives  
inspiration plus



## ANTICIPATION

Made seven stretchers  
pulling stapled canvas taut  
Gesso-ing I dream.

MY TALK: BURNABY ART GALLERY 2016

*The Victoria Point Group Serigraphs*

“Come to the Point!” Siebner said

silkscreening his *Figure Group*

monumental, squared and sexy

for the POINT GROUP Portfolio.

Transcribing into serigraphs drawings

by other Victoria artists:

Mayhew’s *FAREWELL*, a poignant memory

a final farewell to her RCAF pilot husband in 1942

Forrest’s *COWS* from painting in Oldfield Fields

cows pushing over easels

de Castro’s *FOSSIL MEN* based on

his wooden sculptures,

Ciccimara’s *NUDE*, a solitary figure’s back view

Privett’s *IN THE HARBOUR* like Victoria’s harbour

De Kergommeaux’s *CITYSCAPE*

calligraphic rendition

Bill West silkscreening his own imagery

*PASSING SHIPS* with strong Salish Sea overtures.

MY TALK centred around these 8 serigraphs

of the POINT GROUP of Victoria artists

who met and exhibited in Don Adam’s Interiors on Fort St.

to 1962 until the shop sold. Some of these artists morphed into

LIMNERS in 1971.

## SUBTLETIES OF SEEING

Lifelong looking at sunlit leaves, trees  
backlit petals, flowers,  
kaleidoscopic garden highlights, landscapes  
changing hues momentarily, seasonally  
flickering shadows  
deep, dark shade  
patterns, textures  
cast light, reflections  
evolving shapes  
informing my ways of looking, of painting.

Photographs now digital  
delight the eye  
capture scenarios  
can be manipulated,  
missing with paintings  
“the full feeling of an encounter in the flesh.”  
As art dealer Philip Mould points out in  
*The Art Detective*  
“Buying art through the computer  
is like tasting with a cold.”

Yet today art is juried that way.



## TOUR MEMORY LANE

### *Spring Tour*

Through my printmaking “studio” door  
on the Oak Bay Artists’ April 22/23 Studio Tour  
came interesting, interested people  
Recreation Centre brochure in hand.

“I’m Adrian,” he announced.

“Do you still have the Polperro linocut?”

“Yes, there it is on the hall wall,” I responded.

“That’s red, yellow & blue,” pointed out Adrian.

“On my cell phone here it’s black and white.

Do you have it in any other colours?”

“No, it’s not a digital print.

But I will show you *Polperro Summer* in the same series from my  
Cornish, UK sketchbook.”

He liked the pink palette, paid a deposit and took it to show his wife.  
They purchased it the next day.

In walked Suzanne. “Remember me? We were at UVic late 1970s  
Visual Arts.”

“Yes! I bought two canvases off you, I think,” and gave her a hug.

She’s retiring at 60 from a Government job. Time to paint!

Showed her the Sybil Andrews’ Day Exhibition brochure  
from Campbell River Museum April 19th, 2017.

“Make Your Own Cards” is part of my studio tour.

A girl drew an overall flower design on Styrofoam, inked it up and  
printed it off on my press.

Her dad took a photo of us with her printed card to put on Twitter.

“Tour Memory Lane” linocuts from childhood paintings in my  
parents’ garden, Arbourfield, in Sidney, B.C.

Later, from painting trips to Cornwall, UK, Spain, Turkey, Greece  
Linocuts hung on my “studio” walls along with several “rubblings”  
of local sidewalk covers, Victoria Foundry, Molly’s Cake  
Shop, and the Hudson’s Bay Company.

Much discussion about these which anyone could do! That’s the  
idea of hanging them.

Not only did the people who visited my studio buy linocuts & cards,  
chapbooks about the “Garden World” with a woodcut cover,  
they absorbed, hopefully, some idea about printmaking.

PARIS—CAPETOWN—INTERNATIONAL ARTISTS'  
EXHIBITION EXCHANGE FRAUGHT!

Ground Zero Printmakers' Celebration December 4th, 2018  
packing our prints for *Latitude 48* exhibition in Atelier aux Lilas, Paris  
—16 artists' etchings, drypoints, mezzotints, reduction linocuts  
editioned to three per artist plus one for our studio archive,  
Paris rioting, world news flashes!

September 2001—9/11  
New York World Trade Center  
toppled by deliberate air attack  
causing custom delays 2002 for  
our box of artist/printmakers' prints  
labelled "Ground Zero Printmakers"  
Fisgard Street, Fan Tan Alley,  
Victoria, B.C. Canada  
en route to *Micro/Macro II* Exhibitions  
National Library of South Africa  
Capetown, South Africa  
due to confusion of our  
Ground Zero Printmakers' name with  
the World Trade Center tragedy.

Our boxed 2001 *Micro/Macro* show in  
Victoria Community Arts Council Gallery  
finally hung as *Micro/Macro II*  
Capetown, South Africa exhibition.



OCTOBER 2022

Like autumn leaves  
a whirlwind of art activity  
a flutter of Peninsula Plein Air paintings  
scattered around Sidney's ArtSea Gallery  
arrangements of fruits and vegetables,  
a flurry of hats for the weekly "Still Life" sessions  
of the Victoria Sketch Club  
shuffling through oak and maple leaves  
on a Thanksgiving family walk  
down Lansdowne,  
settling in the Royal Theatre balcony  
for Carmen's operatic solo gusts,  
the chorus swirling in ruby, gold and ebony costumes

Soaring through the air, hovering then descending  
over Toronto's vast kaleidoscopic city,  
a deciduous scarlet and golden glow along the Humber River trail  
continuing to hug the highway to the 100 acre swath  
of autumn landscape surrounding the McMichael Gallery  
showing Kurelek's painted prairie scenes  
of gallery owner Av Isaac's immigrant Jewish family  
Gathie Falk's canvases of water and gardens,  
shiny red ceramic apples piled high  
hanging pale green porcelain cabbages  
The angel of the house hovering over all  
with her washing machine  
Wanda Koop's flutter of monochromatic squares  
red shards down the sides  
her palette of painted sticks striding down both sides of a white gallery  
Elisapee Ishlutaq's lifetime *My World* works  
igloo to skidoo in Nunavut  
crowned by the original Group of Seven, Thomson & others'  
paintings titled: *October Gold, Red Maple, Tamarack,*  
*Pump and Pumpkin*  
Paterson Ewan's gouged plywood pieces

Whisking through city street to the AGO's top floor with  
Denyse Thomasos' whacking huge canvases  
of structural architectural cityscapes,  
winding up at the Power Plant's exhibition of  
Sami's ancient system of recording by hanging twisted cloth  
with knots,  
hanging mittens, a sleigh in ice  
then over to the Muse Gallery's showing  
and Robert's Gallery  
Monpetit autumnal landscapes



OUT OF THE BLUE

*May 29, 2019*

An invitation from the Union Club—  
once a male preserve,  
to exhibit my paintings in the McGregor Lounge  
months of April and May, 2019.

Selecting framed paintings from my travels  
in the UK, USA, France, and Italy  
I hung nine *plein air*  
plus four larger paintings  
from “on site” sketches: *Il Campo, Siena*;  
*Mews with Windsor Castle; Boboli Gardens, Florence*;  
*Monet’s Bridge, Giverny, France*.

“Out of the blue”  
A man phones from Vancouver,  
purchases *Monet’s Bridge*.

I continue to paint, to do printmaking as  
the unexpected happens.

GUEST SPEAKER

*Victoria Visual Arts Legacy Awards, 2018*

“A copier.

Visual arts office York University: one copier machine  
when I was a student there,  
1970s technical innovation.”  
announces guest speaker, Amos.

Five Visual Arts Legacy Awards 2018

\$1000 each from our donations.

Five visual arts students representing:

Victoria College of Art, Camosun College, Vancouver Island School of Art,  
UVic Visual Arts and Education.

“To you knowing always the digital world  
what advice can I give for your future in visual arts?  
My best wishes to you all!”

Like the speaker, I recall Visual Arts of the 1970s.  
In UVic’s Visual Arts army hut office copier machine  
I placed lacy lingerie  
issuing forth on paper, grey granulated gradations.  
Clipping shapes from these  
I collaged them onto my drawings of crumpled bedclothes.  
Such a manual process.

## ARTWORK, 2019

Art exhibitions round-a-lay  
under way  
selecting, assembling, photographing  
framing, labelling, pricing  
writing artist statements, cv, bio  
completing exhibition forms  
emailing jpegs,  
documenting, recording for artist files  
invoicing, packing,  
delivering art works:

February 28: Two more *Latitude 48*

Linocuts to Ground Zero Printmakers' Studio  
Mailing GZP group works to  
Atelier aux Lilas, again!

March 8: *Jazz* Linocuts for James Bay Library show

April 13-14: Promo for Oak Bay Artists' Studio Tour

March 19-24: Victoria Sketch Club Glenlyon Gym Show

Paintings to include *Top Bridge Park, Parksville  
Cyclists, Cherry Point, Cobble Hill Lost Airmen of  
the Empire, Pat Bay Airport, Kite off Dallas, Salish Sea*

March — May 2: EYE APPEAL Fundraiser

*Spa & Terrace, Oak Bay Beach Hotel*, watercolour;  
*Swans Amongst Cornish Boats*, linocut.

March 31: LOOK Show Victoria Arts Council

April 1-14: Paintings at the Union Club April/May Exhibition

May 13: One painting for Peninsula Plein Air Painters

Alexanders' Coffee Shop Show

Shows *ad infinitum*.....

Distributing posters, emailing invitations

Attending OPENINGS

Volunteering during VSC, VAC shows

Picking up artworks after shows ended

Storing art works

Keeping art accounts of sales

Seeing other artists' shows, in

Galleries here and elsewhere,

Creating new art works:

Carving linoleum blocks for printing

Painting studio works,

Warmer weather *plein air* painting

for the art work round-a-lay

making happy days

as an artist.

## THE VIEW FROM HERE

by Kegan M'Fadden

*"I have come to understand travel is an essential part of my ongoing practice and central in my artist identity."*

—Avis Rasmussen

Avis Rasmussen's poems read as lists, diaries, and directions for taking in the world. Point form, strung together, the way an artist might drag a line or shade in a colour... that's how she writes. But this is also how Rasmussen talks—one thing leads to another and all of a sudden, over tea, we've covered art history, world events, geography, her family history, local friends, and faraway acquaintances. Not that they're all in equal measure, but more to the point, they are part of the composition. Perhaps closer to reportage—the journalistic imperative to distill the scene by widening it to the whole world—this poet recounts various events, whether major catastrophes or minor inconveniences.

It's clear there are recurring themes in Rasmussen's writing—nature, in particular Canada's West Coast and more specifically "Arbourfield" (the Sidney homestead where she grew up); jaunts around town with visits to various galleries, especially where her own artwork is exhibited; running into friends or striking up a conversation with strangers. Her history and how it informs her art practice is highlighted by various clues tucked into her prose: "As a young adult I commuted to Victoria, working for the British Columbia Forest Surveys making maps by looking through a stereoscope." Whereas "Island Fall" is a poem that might as well be an instruction on "how to pay attention to the world around us" from the point of view of Rasmussen's studio for the past four decades.

Rasmussen can flex her minimalist ability through haiku (just as the *Jazz* linocuts offer the precise amount of visual information required), whereas other poems read like fantastic laundry lists of places to visit and astonishing artworks to appreciate, as is the case of the long poem/travelogue *Take Five Coast to Coast* (2010).

At 85 years old, Avis Rasmussen has been painting in earnest since the late 1950s and published her first collection of poetry, *Charms of the Seashore*, which she also illustrated, in 1975. The early sketches and the majority of her writing focuses on nature and often affords the point of view of the narrator struck by something whimsical, awe-inspiring, and maybe even a bit cheeky. With the more recent poem “ARTWORK,” she is able to emphasize just how much labour goes into being an artist in today’s world, beyond the never-ending looking. In a few other pieces she laments not so much the digital era in which we find ourselves, but the lack of understanding for the handmade (or, hand-pulled) works of art. However, throughout this collection of assembled and new writing, it is clear that Avis Rasmussen embodies the *joie de vivre* so associated with a life lived artfully, and it is in her words where we find countless instances of how stopping to pay attention to the view (from anywhere) is what makes an artist.



## NOTES

### Text

The writings in this collection were chosen and edited by Kegan M'Fadden, and are comprised of works previously published (1975-2018), selected (1994-2019), and new poems (2014-2022). The collection was further copy edited by Christine Walde and Samantha MacFarlane.

"They Say That Seeing is Believing" by Roland George Rasmussen was originally published to accompany Avis Rasmussen's essay, "A Painter's Trajectory," in *Living Artfully: Reflections from the Far West Coast* (Anita Sinner & Christine Lowther, editors, 2012, 209-211). Reprinted here as a foreword, with the permission of the author.

"The Silent Tide" was originally published in *Charms of the Sea Shore* (1975); "The Orchard" was originally published in *Saanich Fields* (1985); "Allotments" was originally published in *Garden World/Victoria to Sidney* (1988).

"Take Five Coast to Coast" was first published as a chapbook in 2002, with a revised edition in 2003, and a third printing in 2010. "Dance of Venus" and "On the Way" were both originally published in *Images on the Way* (2018).

"Ars Longa" originally appeared in *Gadrian* (1994); "My Achilles Heel" and "My Work, 1979-1999" originally appeared in *Gadrian II* (2000); "Doors of the Dead" and "Fame" were originally published in *Gadrian III* (2005); "Island Fall" was included in the series *Poems as I Wander*, originally published in *Shifting Landscapes: An Anthology of West Coast Writings* (Wandering Words, Vol. 2, 2021).

"West Coast Art Collection" was originally published in *Wandering Words: An Anthology of West Coast Writings* (Victoria Independent Authors Collective, 2018).

In "Food for Thought II" (2015), the artwork *Abstraction Seven*, referred to in the poem, was acquired by York University as part of the Teaching Collection in the Goldfarb Education Centre.

Other dates for new poems in the collection not dated or otherwise mentioned include: "Art Life Vicissitudes" (2014); "Walking My Baby" (2014); "Women Hold Up Half the Sky" (2016); "Subtleties of Seeing" (2017); "Tour Memory Lane" (2017); "PARIS—CAPETOWN—INTERNATIONAL ARTISTS' EXHIBITION EXCHANGE FRAUGHT!" (2018).

## Avis Rasmussen Images

Front and back cover: *Emma Lake Boat III*, 1992. Oil painting, 87 cm x 102.5 cm. University of Victoria Legacy Art Galleries Collection, U008.28.1.

Page 8: *Self-Portraits*, 2012. Reduction linocut, Edition of 7. 30.48 cm x 30.48 cm. Courtesy of the artist.

Page 14: *Sidney Wharf*, 2008. Watercolour, 12.7 cm x 17.78 cm. University of Victoria Libraries Special Collections and University Archives, SC 2014-045.

Pages 17, 26, 28, 43, 47, 57, 63, endsheets: Details of sketches from the sketchbook of Avis (Bosher) Rasmussen, 1959. 21.59 cm x 27.94 cm. University of Victoria Libraries Special Collections and University Archives, SC 2019-062.

Page 22: *Front Steps*, 1977. Watercolour, 13 cm x 16.5 cm. University of Victoria Legacy Art Galleries Collection, U008.28.35.

Page 31: *Amstel Canal Boats II, Amsterdam*, 2011. Watercolour, 27.94 cm x 43.18 cm. University of Victoria Libraries Special Collections and University Archives, SC 2014-045.

Page 32: *Mount Baker from Cattle Point*, 2011. Watercolour, 12.7 cm x 17.78 cm. University of Victoria Libraries Special Collections and University Archives, SC 2014-045.

Page 37: *Mother's Sweetpeas*, 1976. Watercolour, 13 cm x 10.5 cm. University of Victoria Legacy Art Galleries Collection, U008.37.3.

Page 40: *Untitled (Primulus in Green Ginger Jar)*, 1978. Watercolour, 29 cm x 21.80 cm. University of Victoria Legacy Art Galleries Collection, U008.28.26.

Page 45: "On the Sunny Side of the Street", 2016. Reduction linocut, artist's proof. University of Victoria Libraries Special Collections and University Archives, SC 2014-045.

Page 51: *Adobe Still Arbourfield, back 2136 Samuel Avenue*, 1963. Ink, watercolour, coloured pencils, 9 cm x 11.5 cm. University of Victoria Legacy Art Galleries Collection, U008.37.4.

Page 55: *Untitled (Wild Rose)*, 1961. Ink, coloured pencils, 8 cm x 13.50 cm. University of Victoria Legacy Art Galleries Collection, U008.37.7.

Page 68: *Self Portrait*, 2001. Woodcut, Edition of 23. 35.6cm x 30.9cm. Courtesy of the artist.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

My great appreciation to the Victoria Arts Council, and special thanks to Kegan M<sup>c</sup>Fadden, Executive Director, the Curator of my retrospective exhibition whose creative vision, editing expertise, and collaborative efforts has culminated in publishing *The View from Here: New & Selected Poems*.

Many thanks to the University of Victoria's Special Collections, including Lara Wilson, Heather Dean, Artie Goshuluk, and Fine Arts Librarian Christine Walde. I'd also like to thank Anahita Ranjbar, Collection Management System Coordinator of UVic Legacy Gallery, for their considerable contribution to this publication accompanying my survey show, generously sponsored by Prestige Picture Framers and including the super promotional website by Kate Cino of ArtOpenings.

I gratefully acknowledge the many years of friendship and encouragement of the Gadrian poetry group from which my poems have been selected from *Gadrian I, II, III*, for this book. Also, for the more recent support from the Victoria Independent Authors and Publishers' Association from whose two anthologies my poems have been chosen.

With thanks for including the chapter describing my experiences painting abroad in *Living Artfully: Reflections from the Far West Coast* edited by Anita Sinner and Christine Lowther. I treasure the fact that Roland George Rasmussen's essay "Seeing is Believing," from the same book, is reprinted here.

I wish to thank my wonderful family, friends and so many others who over my lifetime inspired and supported me as this splendid publication illustrated with my art reveals.

Avis Rasmussen  
Victoria, BC  
Spring 2023

**Victoria Arts Council** wishes to thank Avis Rasmussen; Roland George Rasmussen; Prestige Framing; and Heather Dean, Lara Wilson, Christine Walde, and designer Artie Goshulak at UVic Libraries. The Victoria Arts Council is funded by the province of British Columbia, British Columbia Arts Council, the Capital Regional District Arts & Culture, the City of Victoria, the Victoria Foundation, and supported by individual members and community partners.

[vicartscouncil.ca](http://vicartscouncil.ca)

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[uvic.ca/library](http://uvic.ca/library)

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

**AVIS RASMUSSEN** is a Victoria painter and printmaker of national significance who brings a West Coast narrative to her *en plein air* paintings. She has had a lifelong passion for painting in the ever-changing light of the Pacific coast. This inspired her to travel, seeking other coasts and rivers to paint in France, Italy, England, and the US. In the 1970s Avis majored in



painting at the University of Victoria and minored in printmaking with Pat Martin Bates, obtaining a BFA with distinction and an MEd in Counseling and Art Curriculum. Avis has been advocating her whole life for the arts community in Victoria through a number of organizations, including Peninsula Plein Air Painters, Ground Zero Printmakers, and the Victoria Sketch Club. She has participated in international exhibitions in Pretoria, South Africa (2000); in Montecastello di Vibio, Italy, with the International School of Drawing, Painting, and Sculpture (2003); in Hastings, New Zealand (2006); and in Paris (2019). In 2019, as part of the Victoria Arts Council's fiftieth anniversary celebrations, and in recognition of her artistic contributions, Avis was made a Lifetime Member. That same year, the Avis Rasmussen Award was established at the University of Victoria to support mature graduate students in the Department of Visual Arts with a focus on painting, drawing, or printmaking.

This publication features new and selected poems from 1975 to 2022, complemented by original artwork by Avis Rasmussen.

**AVIS RASMUSSEN** is a Victoria artist of national significance whose work is imbued with a Pacific Northwest narrative. A lifelong advocate for the arts, she is an active member of the Peninsula Plein Air Painters, Ground Zero Printmakers, and the Victoria Sketch Club. Rasmussen has participated in international exhibitions in South Africa, France, Italy, and New Zealand. In 2019, as part of the Victoria Arts Council's fiftieth anniversary celebrations and in recognition of her commitment to the local arts community, Rasmussen was made a Lifetime Member. That same year, the Avis Rasmussen Award was established at the University of Victoria.



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