

W E N D Y P R E L L W I T Z

## Conversations

Since childhood, I have adored a family home in Peconic, on the North Fork of Long Island, where I spent idyllic summers with my grandparents. Over the years, the place has worked a magical pull - the connection running deep, tapping early memories.

The house, its interior and the objects still in place, are such a palpable presence in my life, that I often feel in a kind of conversation with them. People have come and go, but the things remain – icons of earlier lives and a continuity with the past. I wonder, 'did Edith have soft-boiled eggs in this egg cup?'

Although I have primarily painted outdoors, inspired by the coastal light and watery views, my focus unexpectedly turned inward to the house one sunny fall. I came indoors and stayed for several months, beginning a series of paintings about the slanting warm October light washing over objects and situations I have always loved.

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