

## Charlotte Edey

## Arcade

28.04.2026

09.05.2026

**The Game of the Goose**

1. The tile is cool and smooth beneath my feet. I am in the shadow of a De Chirico archway, through which yellow light rakes the path ahead. To be yellow can suggest cowardice, that one is gutless, pigeon-hearted, lily-livered, craven. I am pigeon-toed and trembling in the face of Fortuna, who places a pair of dice in my cupped hands and reminds me that *chance* shares a root with *to fall*.

5. I roll a one and a three. A fat goose strides toward me, buff-coloured feathers dappled in that same amber light. The goose exudes an air of authority; it greets me like an old friend. Its neck curves like a question mark. *Pourquoi l'oie?* It invites me to move forward again, and commends me on my good fortune.

9. O elegant blached goose, second fortuitous fowl before me now. Feathers of snow, as if washed clean of the lost dreams of travellers past, my fellow fortune-seekers for whom this game tempted an escape from destiny.

19. Six and four. Advance to the Hotel. The Hotel is a corridor of many numbered doors. All the rooms on the right side of the corridor have views of the stuccoed Italianate city, and all the rooms on the left side have views of the courtyard cored out of the Hotel's centre like an apple. The Hotel is a spiral in the form of a square, a closed loop of trodden carpet and wallpaper yellowed by cigarette smoke, and an old Madam behind the desk says I must stay here a while.

30. Five and six. I wandered the corridor for a day and a night, palm outstretched against the textured walls, trying to anchor my body to a place where each corner felt like the last. After a while I gave up, ordered a strong whisky to my room, rested my head on the eiderdown. When the first fronds of dawn crept under the puckered curtain, I returned to the corridor, and encountered a large illuminated sign I had not seen before. The sign read FIRE EXIT.

37. Five and two.

42. Three and two. I pass a goose who seems not to notice me at all. All of a sudden, great thickets tower

up from the tiles, a geometry of walled hedgerows. I enter The Maze, all light blocked out but the smallest beads, all sound hushed now as though I had wrapped my head in furs. I begin to run, seeking a way out, darting this way and that. When at last I burst free, it is, inexplicably, back at

39.

46. Two and five.

53. One and six.

58. Four and one. A skeleton dances through the gloom like a jester, and places its hand on my shoulder. At the end, I feel less fear than I imagined I might. The yellow light at last gives way to a milky cirrus white. High overhead, a silver ball balances in an open window. Death is just a new beginning, and I bow my head, swallow my pride, pray for my soul, and return to

1.

- Phoebe Cripps

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**Charlotte Edey**

Charlotte Edey is a British artist (b.1992, Manchester) based in London.

Charlotte Edey's hybrid, multimedia works explore architectures of the interior, both bodily and domestic. Edey combines pastel, embroidery, beadwork, and woodworking to reveal, conceal, and pull viewers through spatial and psychological scenes that are immersive and illusive. Working with materials like glass seed beads, freshwater pearls, and stained glass, the artist creates transfixing surfaces that shimmer and shift with changing light, imbuing her compositions with a slippery, fragmentary quality. With a practice anchored in the language of drawing, mark-making and gesture are explored through extensive hand-embroidery and beading on woven tapestry; relating thread, line and surface. Edey employs found objects and artist frames as narrative devices to blur the boundary between the real and the represented, reconciling divisions between the metaphysical and material, the internal and external.

Her work has been featured in The New York Times, The Observer, Financial Times, Autre, Artnet, Elephant, Metal Magazine, Dazed & Elle. Artist commissions include Apple, Miu Miu, The New Yorker and The New York Times. Her work is held in the permanent collections of the Nasher Museum, Durham, North Carolina (USA) and The Royal Collection, London (UK).

Recent solo and group presentations include: *Arcade*, MASSIMODECARLO Pièce Unique, Paris, FR (2026); *All Words are Written in Water*, Anat Ebgi, Los Angeles, CA (2024); *framework*, Ginny on Frederick, London, UK (2023); *Stillwater*, Roberts Gallery, Glasgow, UK (2022); *Echolocation*, Public Gallery, London, UK (2019) and *AOTD*, Flowers Gallery, London, UK (2018).

**Phoebe Cripps**

Phoebe Cripps is a writer, critic and curator. Her work has appeared in *frieze*, *Flash Art*, *Art Monthly*, *ArtReview*, *CURA.*, *TLS* and *Vittles*, and she has written for a number of galleries. She is currently Associate Curator at the Warburg Institute in London, and lives in East Sussex.

**Artwork details**

Charlotte Edey

*Next Turn*, 2026

Soft pastel on sanded paper, spindle hourglass, sapele panel frame

23 × 53 × 4 cm / 9 × 21 × 1 1/2 inches

Charlotte Edey

*Goosechase*, 2026

Soft pastel on sanded paper, glass beads, aventurine, woven jacquard, wooden beads in sapele panel frame

163 × 163 × 4 cm / 64 1/4 × 64 1/4 × 1 1/2 inches