

FELLOW
Stefanie Heinze
07.06 – 19.07.2025

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There’s something about people not being replaceable. Once they disappear, gaslight, or ghost, it’s often because they can’t take something anymore. It’s not always within their agency. Maybe sometimes there’s nothing more to achieve. A dead end. Or... Death. I guess this is where transformation starts; as soon as they’re gone, I’m forced to restructure and redirect in a state that I used to think is one of helplessness. ’Cause I do know how to cope with a boundary that brutal.

There is a disparity between Love and Death. In Tarot, Love is number VI, and Death is XIII. The numbers couldn’t be more incompatible, though what they have in common is that both cards point to the direction of change. Love is the Choice, and Death is Inevitable. While having a choice appears to be very empowering, it can also make me spiral, feel confused, and evoke tons of insecurities. When you love, there is little security. Ironically it can even feel like risking your life, like entering a territory of bravery of somekind. It means leaving the display of perfection for what is unique to you.

I have noticed something in the past couple of months. I used to feel so much anger—and sure, it is a helpful protector at times. It redirected me from love when it wasn’t reciprocated, when my perfect idea of love got shattered, only to find out it was never there in the first place. It was a stalemate, a dead end, a condition, almost like a disease, an addiction, a product that I wanted so badly; like, I worked so hard for it, I did all the ‘right’ things, just to find out that people are not products and therefore not predictable.

When someone dies, there’s nothing we can do to change that. Different bodies with different timings.

One of my favorite YouTube tarot readers recently said that when people are about to die, they most likely don’t think about how they should have made more money, or perfected their appearance, or any of the strange little performances we take on to seem untouchable. She said people more often regret not spending more time with their loved ones, not saying sorry to someone they hurt, or not doing the one scary thing they wanted to try. I think that also counts for the fellow loved ones still earth-walking.

So okay—matter decays with death. And Love...? Stays. Whether we want it to or not. I can be mad at it, or sad, or simply grateful it exists without demand or force into matter. Basically, a choice to surrender to our insecurities. I find that very relatable.

Stefanie Heinze
28. Januar 2025

Works

- 1.Stefanie Heinze

0.T (Squirming), 2025

Ink, graphite on paper, collaged

28 × 17.5 cm
- 2.Stefanie Heinze

Clandestine, 2025

Acrylic and oil on linen

228.6 × 315 cm
- 3.Stefanie Heinze

0.T. (In the Flow of it), 2024

Ink, graphite on paper, collaged

22 × 17.5 cm
- 4.Stefanie Heinze

Enduring, 2025

Acrylic and oil on linen

180.3 × 240 cm
- 5.Stefanie Heinze

Ride or Fly (Squirming), 2025

Acrylic and oil on linen

161.3 × 125.7 cm
- 6.Stefanie Heinze

Fellow,enthralled, 2025

Acrylic and oil on linen

208.3 × 176.53 cm
- 7.Stefanie Heinze

(Bobbed,Crowned,more Interwined), but I'll fill

2025

Acrylic and oil on linen

260 × 156 cm
- 8.Stefanie Heinze

0.T. (Fellow), 2025

Ink, graphite on paper, collaged

25 × 20.25 cm
- 9.Stefanie Heinze

0.T. (Clandestine), 2024

Ink on paper

25 × 35.5 cm
- 10.Stefanie Heinze

0.T. (Enduring), 2024

Ink on paper

25 × 35.25 cm

