# PORTFOLIUM



TARA ŠELÍŘOVÁ

### SAFE SHELTER 2021





THE HEALING STONE

















KAMEROVÉ CVIČENÍ-MUSÍM VÁM NĚCO UKÁZAT 2022





# CAREFUL FRAGILE 2022

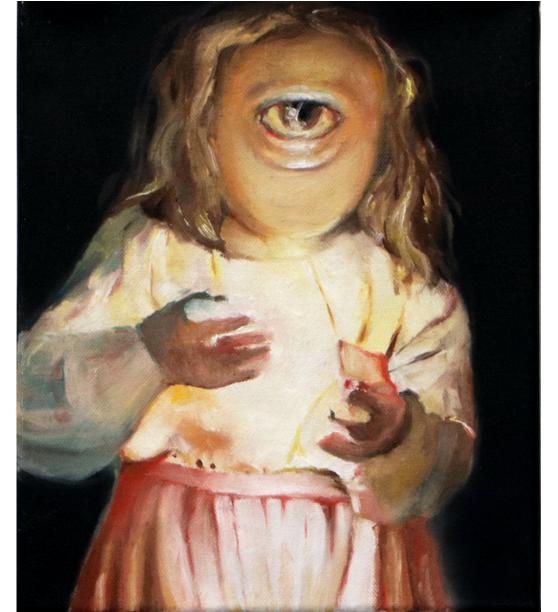




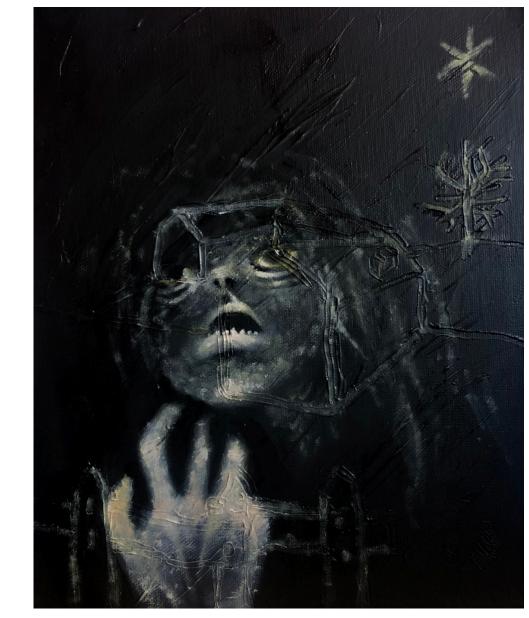


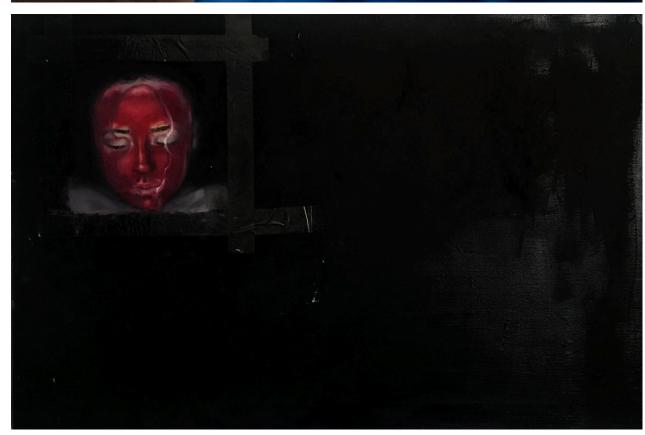














### BODY OF NOSTALGIA 2024



IT WAS A LOT OF DATA THO







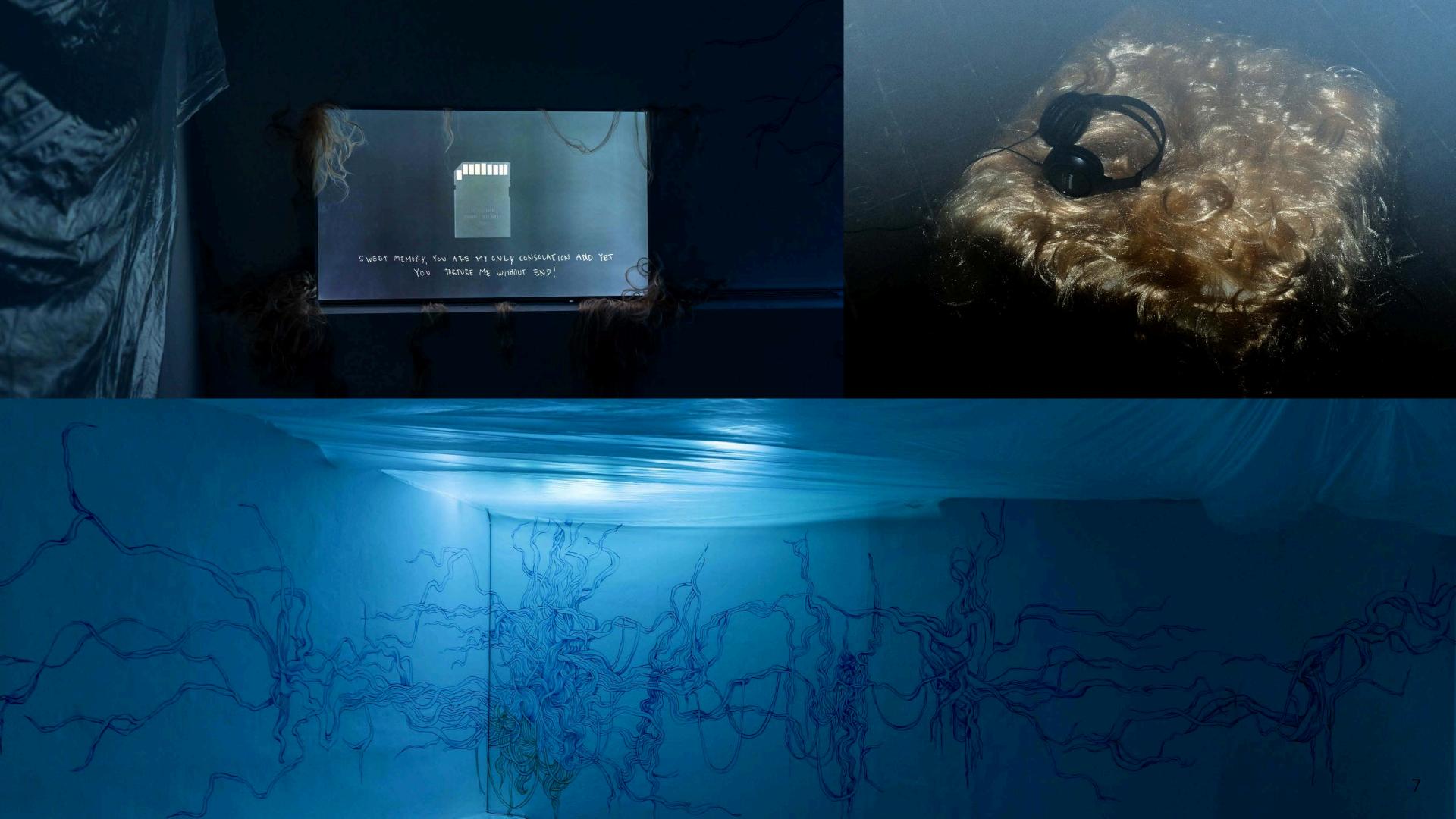








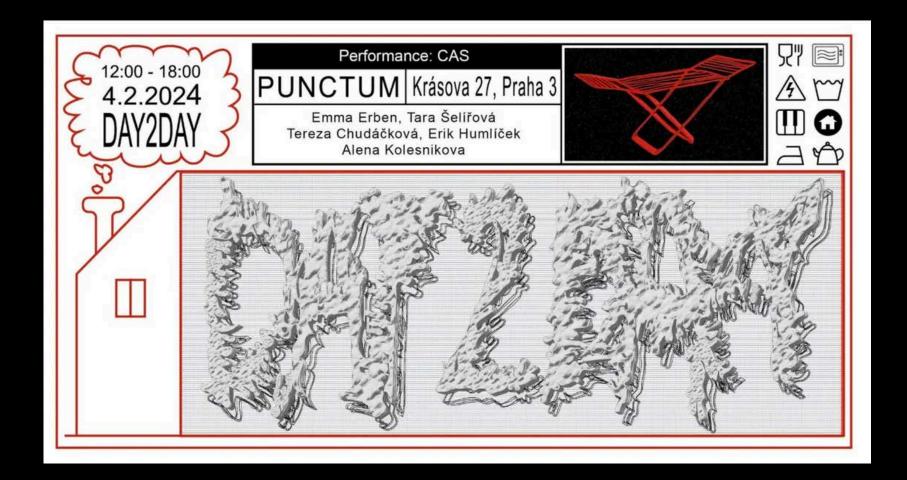




#### DAY2DAY 2024

In the evening I commanded my little machine to wake me up three times. The familial sound anxiously calls me at 7:00, 7:30 and 7:45. I weave my way through the day to the rhythm of unrelenting bustles that I no longer even listen to. They have been assimilated into the body of the urban man who dreams of the abstract tranquility of the Giant's Cottage. Before going to bed, I told the computer to let the sounds of falling rain play, and when the kettle was making water for my tea, its moans sounded particularly plaintive. For a moment I fell into compassion and stayed put until she finished singing. I tried to make sense of the short message in the dying gurgle of the boiling water.

Today is the day we ease our expectations of furnishing our apartment. Objects whose capabilities are surrounded by a wall of human needs. We tear off the label of alienation and discover the hidden potential of a soundscape deep within, or that has fallen into the abyss of the everyday. We will restore the broken threads of relationships in a day spent together. We will quietly listen to stories that we hardly understand, even though their actors are in our uncompromising proximity. Perhaps we will discover a moment of mutual resonance and harmony after all.









grandpa- A2



boyfriend- A2

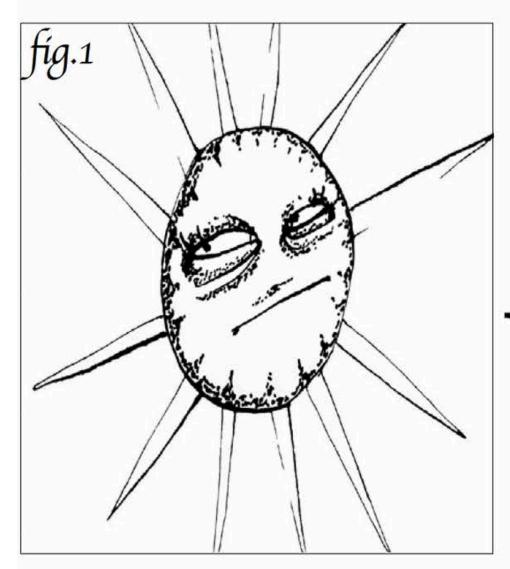


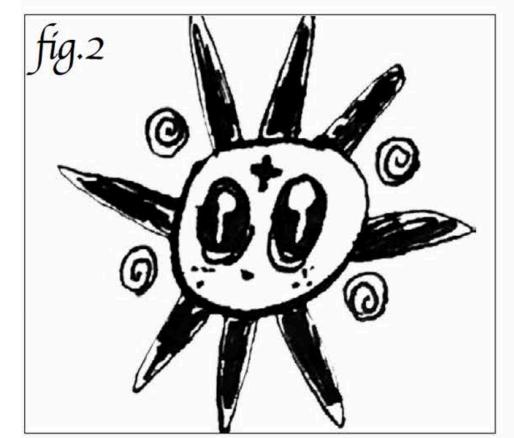


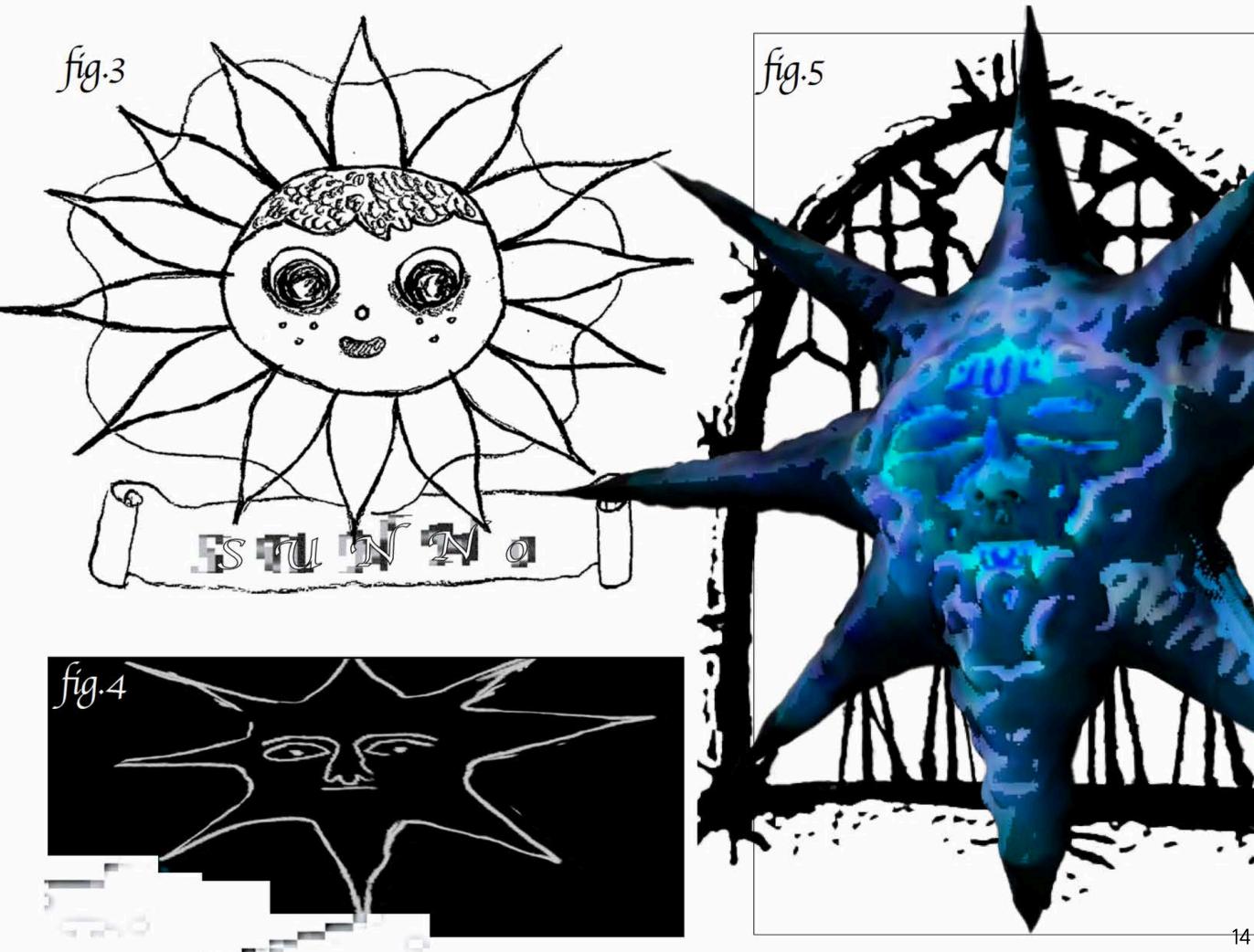












# INTERMEZZO 2.0 2025











