

Haoran (Mello) Qiu

邱浩然



Bedroom Copy

2024, 3' 20, multi-screen video

In the summer of 2024, I shared an Airbnb with a man in Cambridge. We discovered that our childhoods had so many differences but also similarities. You might not remember these moments, but just like every summer nap in bedroom.

BITE, Ruskin School of Art, Oxford, 2024





It was during the first summer, when I was eight years old, that I encountered my first seahorse.

I was snorkelling over the seagrass beds, in crystal clear water less than 1 metre deep, when I noticed something wrapped around a clump of seagrass. It was 10cm tall, almost perfectly camouflaged. It looked like no other fish I'd ever seen. It had an upright posture, a long snouted head, and a long snake-like tail.

I noticed the tail was curled tightly around the clump of seagrass, anchoring it to the sea bed. I reached out and touched it; it didn't move. Its body felt like it was covered in bone, as though its skeleton was on the outside of its body.

I placed my finger next to the sea grass, brushing it gently against the animal's tail, and the tail immediately wrapped around my finger. It squeezed surprisingly tightly. I now had the seahorse anchored to my finger, and I brought my hand close to my scuba mask, to get a better look.

It was probably the first truly memorable encounter I'd had with a wild animal; it was choosing to stay attached to me, it didn't seem scared at all, and was happy to stay anchored to my finger. After a few minutes I tried to release it, but it wouldn't move. The tail squeezed my finger more tightly, and I was afraid I would hurt it if I tried to unwind it. So I just waited.

A few minutes later. Without warning, the tail became loose and the seahorse swam very slowly down towards the sea bed, in an upright vertical posture, propelling itself using the tiny dorsal fin on its back.

A few days later I was walking through a local market. There was a stall selling all sorts of marine curios, large shells, dried coral, and even sharks teeth.

I then noticed a washing line, with 20 dried seahorses pegged upside down, dead and drying in the sun. I learned that tourists actually bought these creatures as souvenirs of their holiday. Someone would catch these animals, allow them to suffocate and die in the open air, and then sell them to someone who didn't care about the suffering they had gone through.

The next day I was snorkelling at the beach again. This time I noticed a Spanish man snorkelling nearby, holding a plastic bag. I then saw the bag was full of sea horses, he was actually collecting them to sell to the local market.

For the rest of the holiday, every day I was at the beach, I would spend some time collecting all the sea horses I could find in the shallow water, and then releasing them into the deeper water over the sea grass beds, so they would be out of reach of the fisherman.

James



Sour Crack

2024, mix media

I'm waiting to be cracked

Free Range, Brick Lane, London, 2024











Free Range, Brick Lane, London, 2024





We Just Look Different

2023, 10' 01, video

I am attempting to construct a narrative that incorporates elements of storytelling and exploration of personal past memories. This story revolves around three main elements: the narrator, the protagonist, and the audience. This narrative serves as a refuge, allowing me to experience various events without directly participating in them or bearing the guilt associated with the story.

New Hybrids, JdP Music Building, St. Hilda College, Oxford, 2024

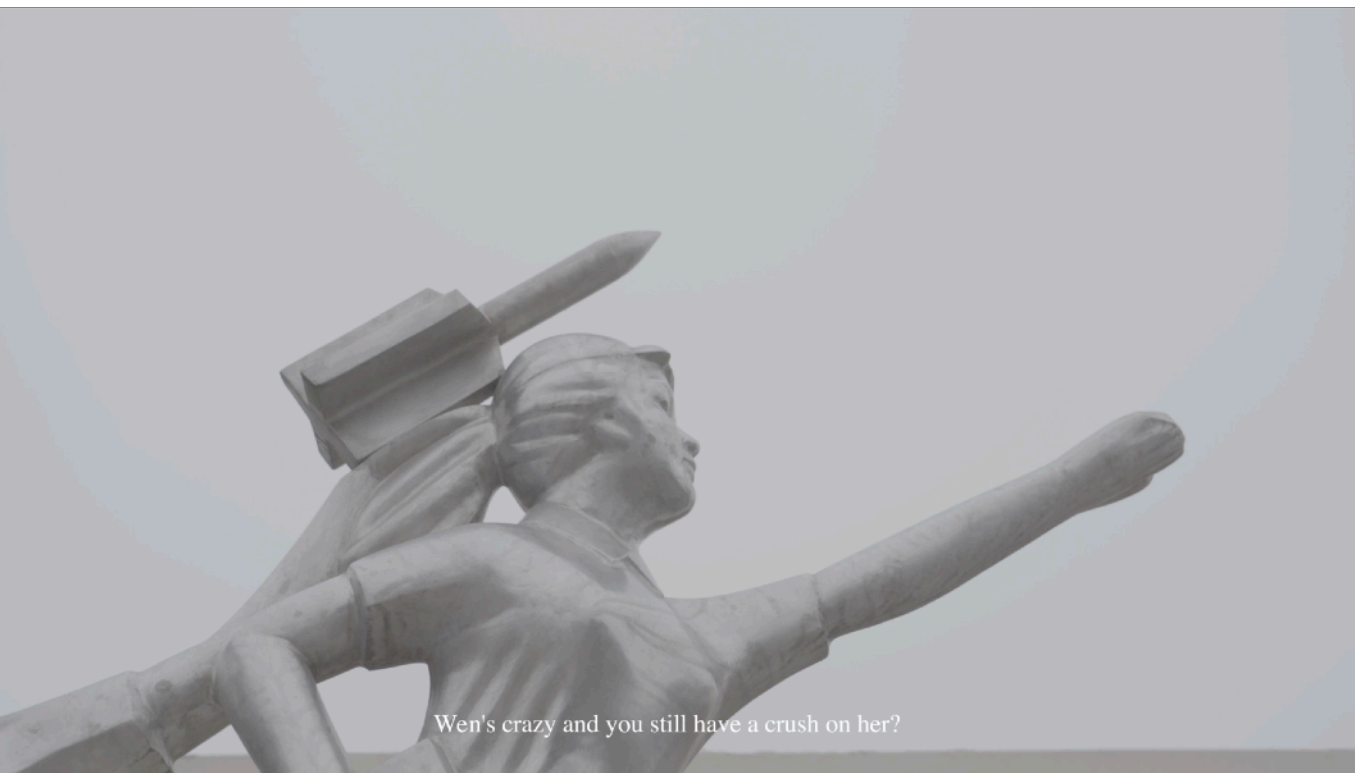




These are all geometric principles, aren't they?



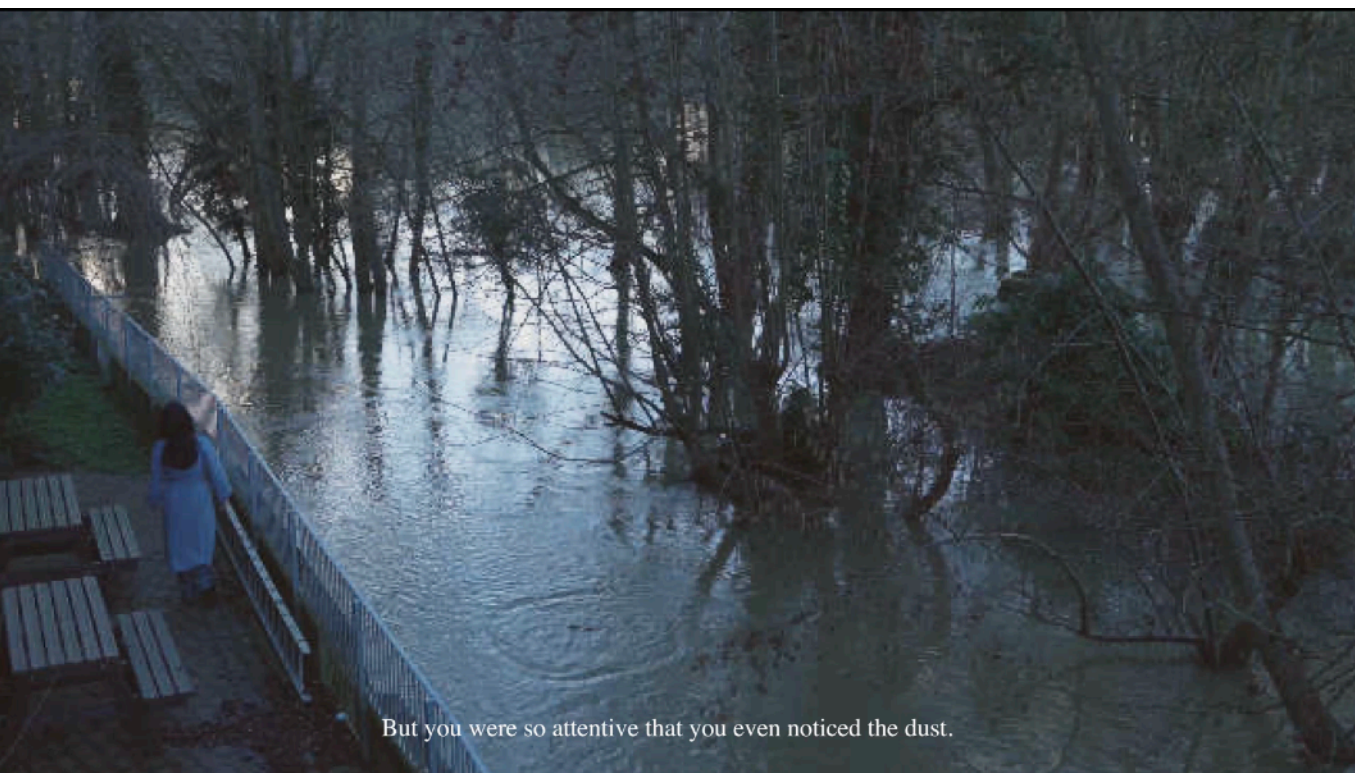




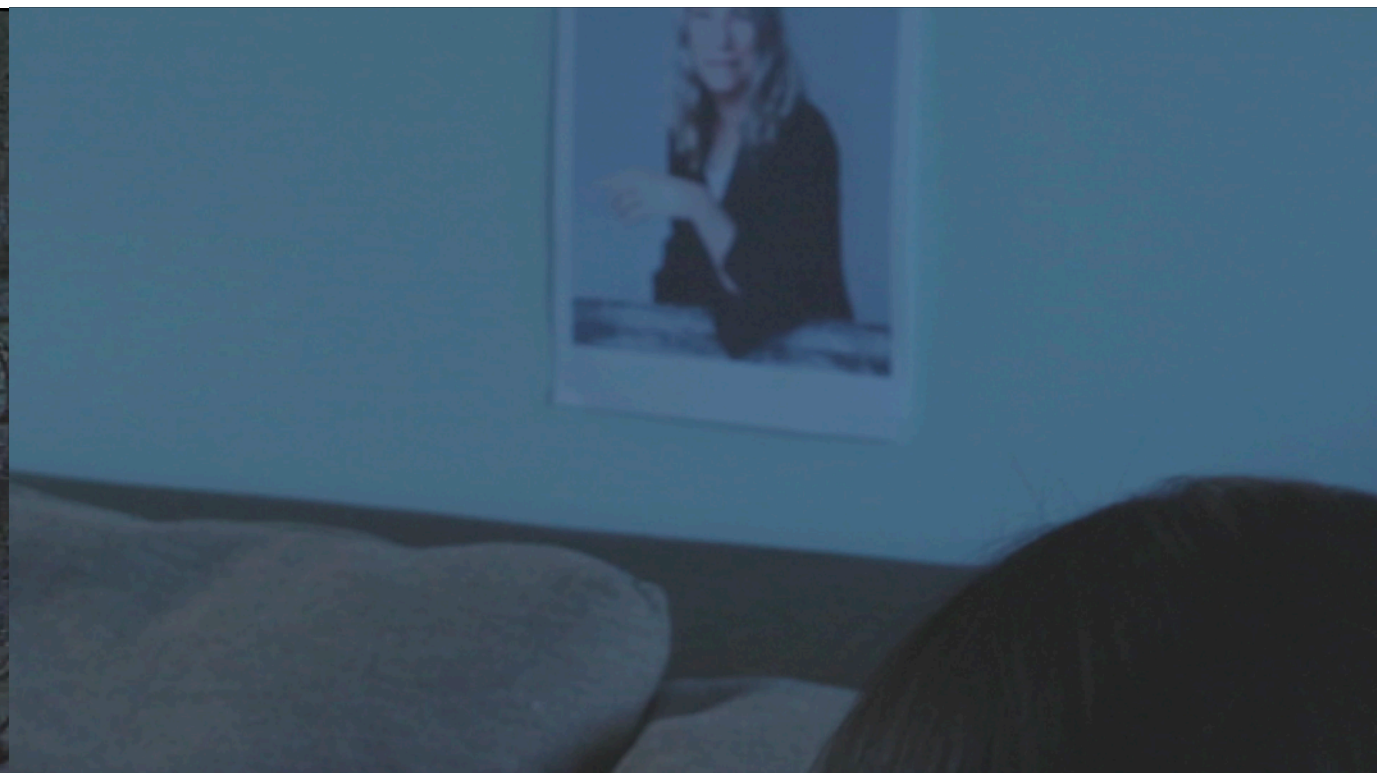
Wen's crazy and you still have a crush on her?



I also loved make-up in secondary school.



But you were so attentive that you even noticed the dust.





ART FILM & MUSIC

**FRIDAY APRIL 26th,
7.30pm**

New Films by:

Valerie Amani
Joni Brown
Yunseo Cho
Stephanie Hartop
Eunjo Lee
Xinyue Liu
Haoran Qiu
Brandon Saunders

**Film Scores by eight
composers from the
Music Faculty**

£20 regular / £5 students
JdP Music Building,
St Hilda's College Oxford



JdP MUSIC
BUILDING

New Hybrids, JdP Music Building, St. Hilda College, Oxford, 2024



Intimacy

2023, 2' 47, video

Who stroked a cat's back at the same time as I stroked my own brow. I stare at the semicircle of my own fingers when someone happens to be looking at the moon for a while. I often think about how we are connected to others and how an intimacy with the sensitivity of distance happens.

When people and events are juxtaposed in an image, a time-based media naturally connects them, building unknowable connections from the boring, the everyday, the inarticulate, the unexplained that emerge.









Re-dive Deeply

2022, 9' 08, video

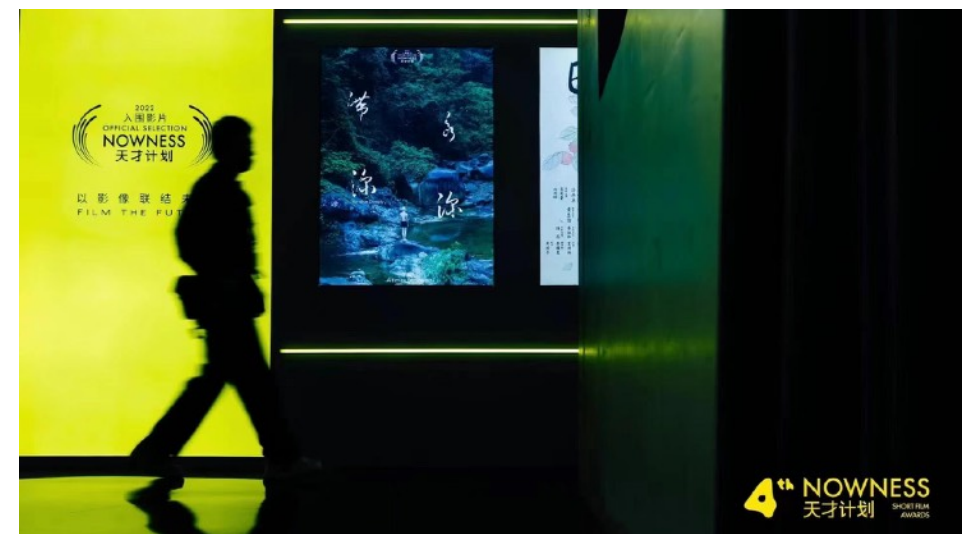
I thought about constructing the river for years. It is what I witnessed but unspecified. In the process of constructing it, I realised that childhood is not a memory but a story with subjective deletion and edition. Those insignificant affection and long-forgotten shadows had slowly returned. The river flowed and soaked my childhood. My remaining choice was to dive deep into the water.

China Wave, Barbican Centre, London, 2024

The 4th NOWNESS Short Film Awards, TANK, Shanghai, 2022



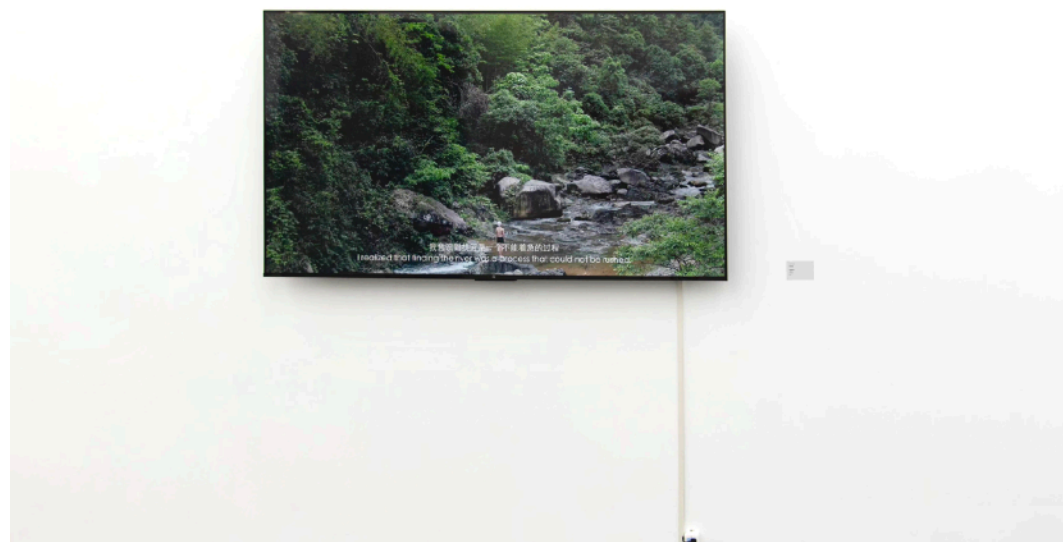


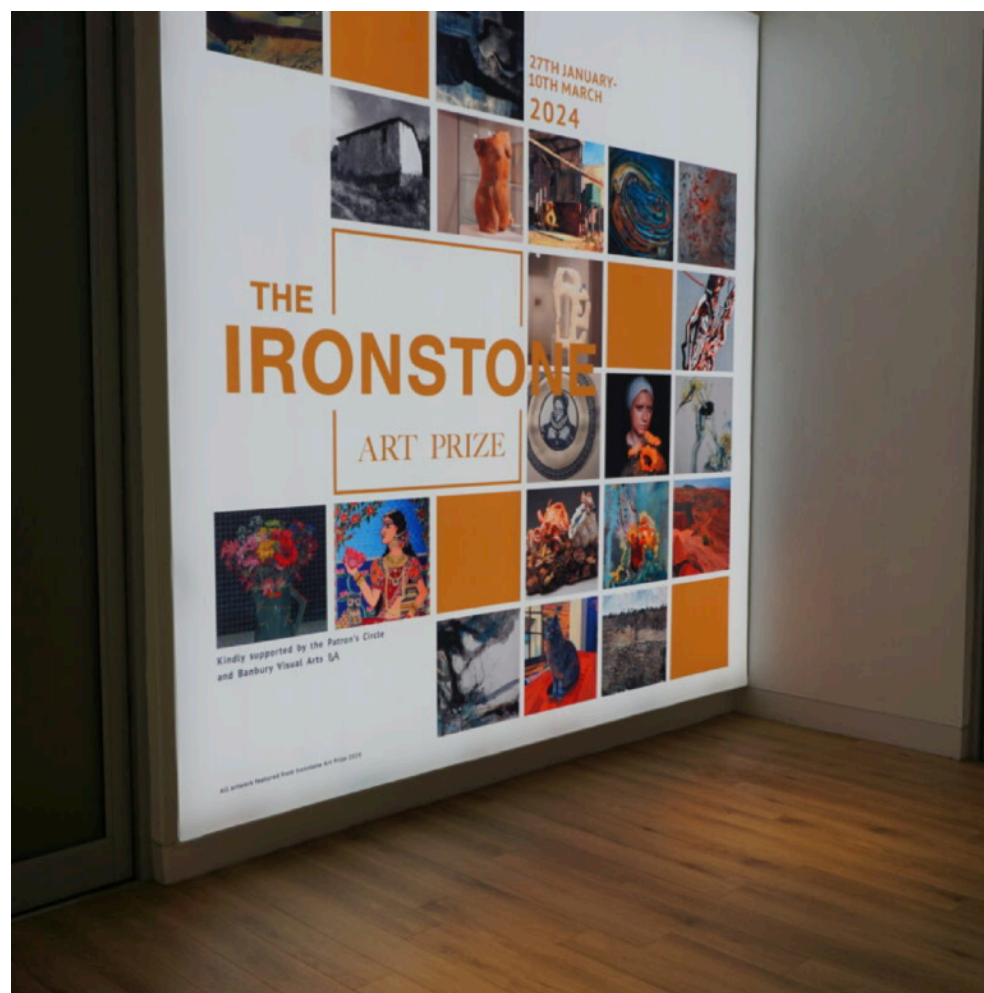


The 4th NOWNESS Short Film Awards, TANK, Shanghai, 2022



INSTANCE ZONE II
2022.11.11-11.20
M50 Art Zone, Room 102, Building 3,
No.50 Moganshan Road, Putuo District, Shanghai





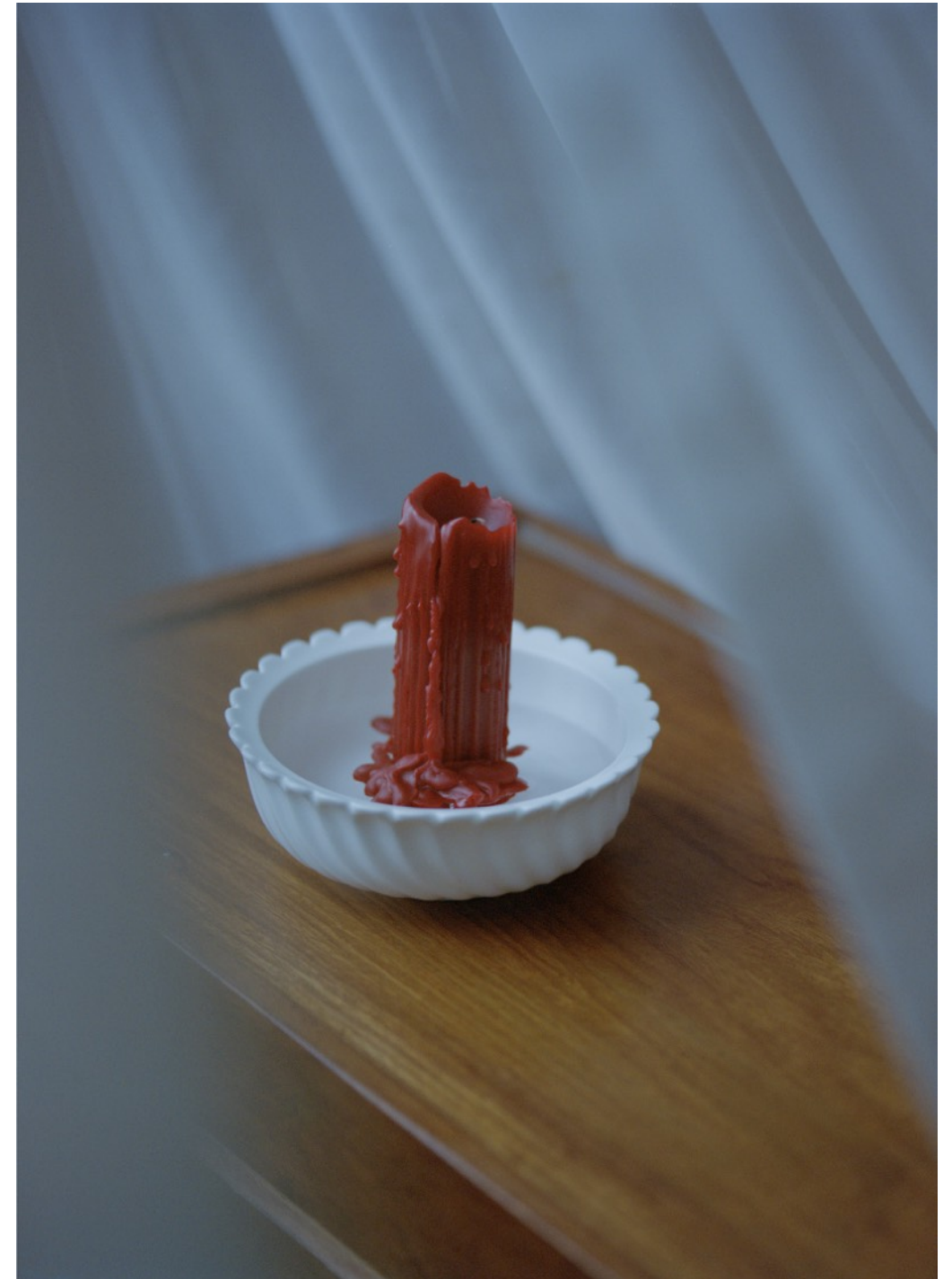
The Ironstone Art prize
2024.1.27-3.10
Banbury Museum & Gallery
Banbury

Lingering

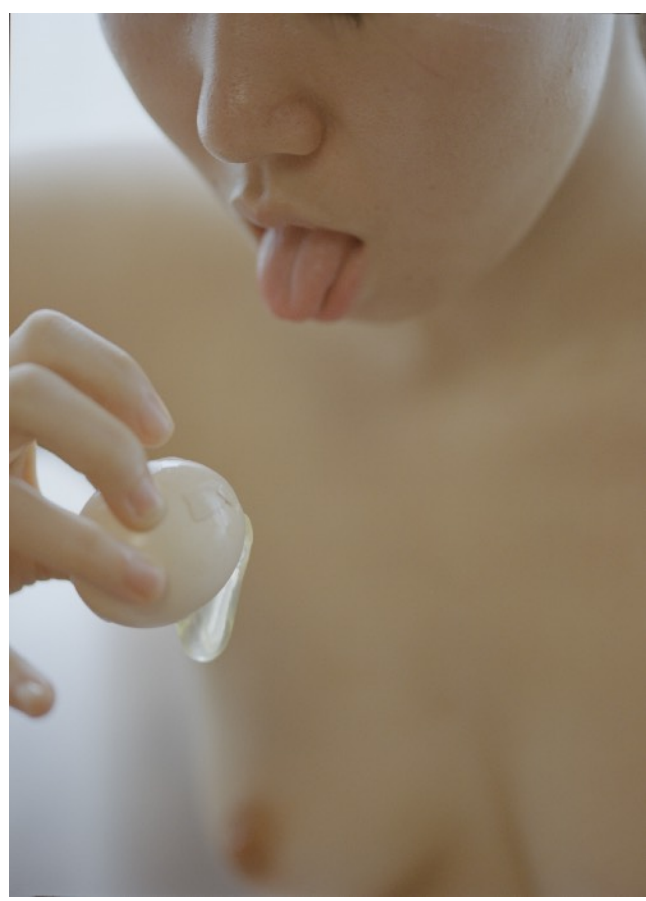
2022, Mix-media

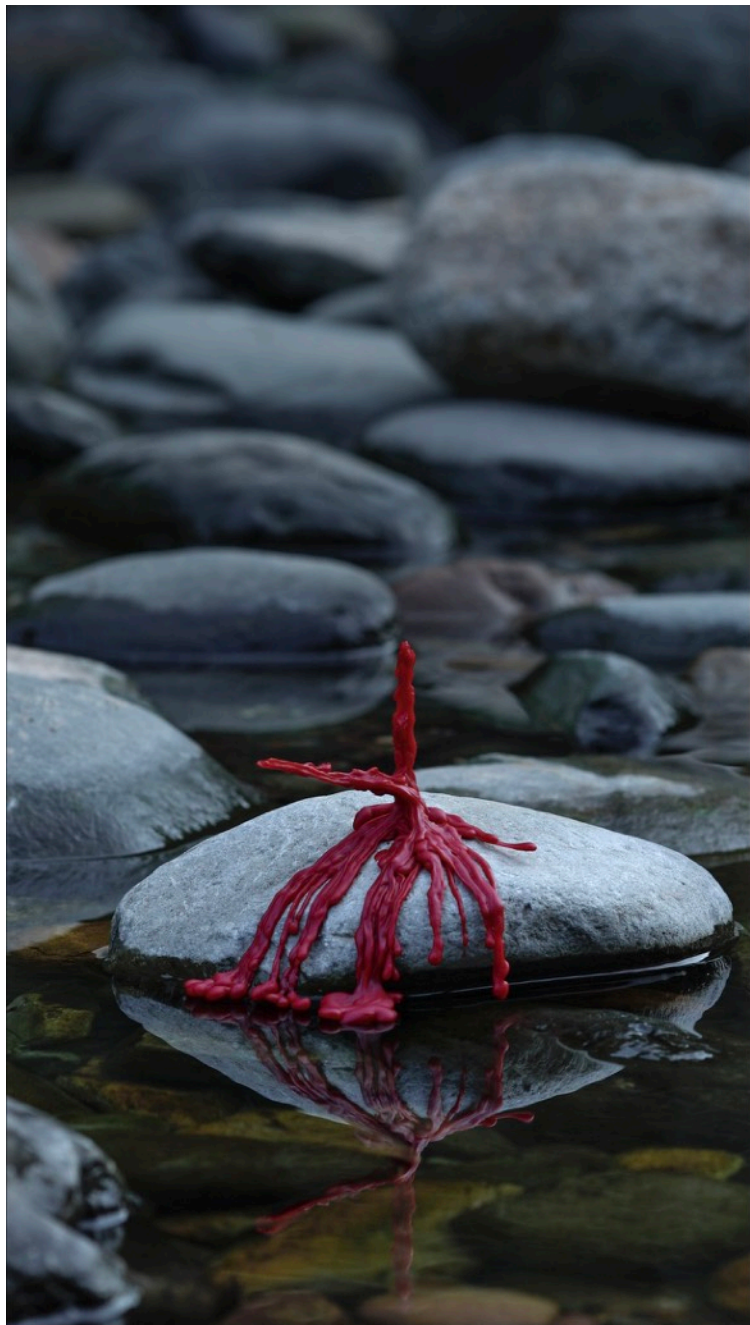
Every night of my adolescence, I would sneak into my parents' room and peek at their respective phone chats. I found out that there was a side to their marriage that I didn't know about. I have forgotten much of it, but there is an insidious knowing that always reminds me that what happened does not go away with the passage of time. I reconstructed in images the interweaving of feelings, family and memories in my mind.

Undercurrents of affection, childish fantasies, physical tingles, the stimulation of voyeuristic secrecy become more and more ambiguous the more I construct them. The images create another memory, so blurred are reality and fiction, so blurred are the memories..









36s, 9:16 video, loop

giuhrmello@gmail.com