

Nuvole Bianche (Ludovico Einaudi)

By Laura J Harris

When I painted *Nuvole Bianche*, I was listening to the piano track featured on Einaudi's album *Una Mattina* — and so everything in this piece is shaped by piano alone.

For me, piano — particularly when played as it is here, using scales and simple, but beautiful, arpeggiated melodies that aren't fussy — lives on a spectrum: very dark blues at the low end, rising through silver and soft blues, into baby pink, and finally a kind of perfect, cloud-bright white — like a Pixar sky you could almost touch. This music feels suspended in the air: weightless, luminous, hovering somewhere between night and morning, where the horizon holds a faint pink glow and the world below is only implied.

It honestly takes my breath away.

There's a calm, floating ease to it — and then, briefly, a flicker of urgency, as if time reaches up and brushes your ankle... before letting you go again.

Now, this painting holds an additional emotional layer for me, because it reminds me of The Boat Shed — our creative community hub. For a time, it hung on the wall by the entrance, one of the first things to greet you as you stepped inside. Since losing that building, which brought so much joy to so many (myself included), listening to the piece now brings mixed emotions — joy and loss, resilience and fatigue — but ultimately, it remains what this piece has always been for me: moving and uplifting.

I'd love to know what you see in this piece — and whether you can sense the low, mid and high ranges of the piano moving through the colours.

Let me know your thoughts.



Stone Heart (Titanium / Pavane — The Piano Guys)

By Laura J Harris

Stone Heart is one of two pieces I created in response to the same piece of music — its twin is *Ricochet*. I worked on them side by side, because the landscape of this track shifts so vividly for me that I knew I wouldn't be able to hold it all in a single painting.

I was listening to The Piano Guys' version of *Titanium/Pavane* — a piece that feels fully sensory, intensely moving, and almost tearful in its emotional weight. It carries cello and piano, with underscoring voices throughout, and I believe violin too: layers that weave together until the whole thing becomes its own ecosystem.

In *Stone Heart*, colour arrives as a cascade backdrop of vibrant yellow, rolling burnt orange, slipping into minor-key reds and punctuated by 'spots' and 'blurs' of harmonic voices. Blues swirl and dance through the landscape too, sometimes caught in the vocal parts, sometimes threading through the piano parts — rushing, dipping, swooping in fine strands of motion.

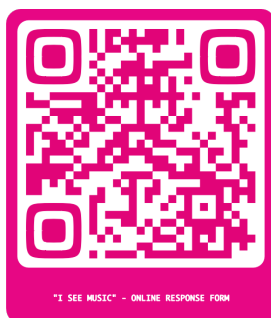
The movement of the piece is soft and sharp in the same breath, and I've tried my best to capture that. Many strands thread their way through the landscape, almost as if they are leading me along a path that has no solid form. They weave together in parts as if making the finest net — and then they are gone, lifted away by the lightest wind. Like sand dispersing, but without the grit.

There's something warm and fragile in the way the threads dissipate.

What I wanted to capture here was the movement of the strings — the quieter, closer landscape within the music. In some ways, *Stone Heart* feels like a microcosm of *Ricochet*: more focused, more zoomed-in, holding the subtler dance.

If you look closely, can you sense the pizzicato at the very start of the track?

Let me know your thoughts.



Ricochet (Titanium / Pavane — The Piano Guys)

By Laura J Harris

Ricochet is the bolder, more chaotic twin of *Stone Heart*. I created both pieces in response to the exact same track — The Piano Guys' *Titanium/Pavane* — working on them side by side, on two easels, as the music unfolded. I needed two canvases because this piece contains two landscapes for me: the still centre, and the unstoppable whirlwind around it.

Where *Stone Heart* holds the quieter, closer world of the strings, *Ricochet* leans further into the piano — and with it, the sense of percussion, impact, and drive. Colour arrives against a deep backdrop of vibrant blues, cut through with curves and blasts of darker blue and deep purple. Intense, minor-key reds flare through the movement, while higher-register piano notes pull up into pinks and whites. There's even a 'basket' of green, threaded into the turbulence like a sudden change of air.

The motion here is everything at once: impacts and blasts, bouncing and racing, gliding and snapping back. I wanted to capture the rougher weave of the song — the way its elements come together and fly apart again, weaving and dodging, dancing and sliding, always with pace and determination. It feels like a kind of emotional propulsion: a forward surge that refuses to soften.

For me, *Ricochet* holds up a mirror to the turmoil of passion — for anything, or anyone. The landscape of all-consuming chaos you cannot refuse.

The other side of love.

The howling, victorious lament of the storm.

I'd love to know what you hear in it — whether it feels like flight, collision, or something else entirely.

Let me know your thoughts.



The River (Down by the River — Neil Young)

By Laura J Harris

When I painted *The River*, I was listening to Neil Young's *Down by the River* — the original recording, as featured on his Greatest Hits compilation. This piece is all texture for me. It's a treat. It lights up my senses in a way very few tracks do.

Even my saliva glands, apparently! This is the involuntary, fully bodily reality of synaesthesia.

There's a path running through the piece: sleek, dark stepping stones — flat, shiny, a little wet, but inviting, like something you're meant to tread. I see them and feel them in the bass, but also in the drums and percussion. Sometimes those stones are distant, barely visible — more a sense of them being there than anything solid. And then, suddenly, they're right under your feet: touchable, slick, undeniable.

Silver runs through the work too — I think it comes from the static in the recording, and the electric buzz of the guitar amps. The guitars themselves arrive in colours that feel almost storm-like in their atmospherics: soloing electric pinks and vibrant purples, and driving acoustic yellows/oranges.

Later, the electric guitar hits like locks of silver-white, almost phosphorous — and then there's a splash of deep blue, purple and silver where percussion, guitars and vocals collide. Neil Young's vocals sit in shades of orange and yellow throughout — warmth beneath the distortion.

The movement shifts from a calm stroll into a beckoning skip through the first chorus — then invites you to pause again, as if you've reached the water's edge. At points, I see towers or bridges running through it, like a distant raised aqueduct or train track, with the percussion driving that train-like rhythm forward. And somewhere in the flow, the music becomes strangely serpentine — my mind trying to shape it, the way we find images in clouds — until a face appears, coiled into the sound.

This painting holds memory for me too — particularly the quiet joy of losing myself in music while working at Borders: stacking books, sorting shelves, living inside colour and texture like a private meditation. Years later, I painted it in The Boat Shed with the track on repeat... out loud. My fellow Shedders may have suffered. I'm sorry about this, Alice and T!

What I wanted to capture was that stepping-stone journey: the groundedness of the track, and the counterpoint between the sleek path and the static shimmer of the instruments — the atmosphere and the solid 'structures', existing at the same time.

Let me know your thoughts.



Experience (Ludovico Einaudi)

By Laura J Harris

When I painted *Experience*, I was listening to the original instrumental recording by Ludovico Einaudi and Daniel Hope, from *In a Time Lapse*.

From the first notes, my breath always catches — I know exactly what this track is going to do to me.

Colour arrives as motion: yellow-gold and green, violin-threads sweeping in long curves that drift and swirl as the music builds. The piano flashes lighter blues, pinks and whites, before the left-hand chords pull everything into darker blues and purples that dominate for a time. And still, it's all held in golden light: too bright to look at, like sunlight hitting water at golden hour. You want to stare straight into it... but it almost hurts.

This piece becomes a whole elemental world.

There are pools of colour, a smoothness like ice — not cold, but glassy — holding layers beneath the surface. We skate through the beginning, then ascend — lifted, pushed, pulled — until the elements batter you, drawing you towards the edge, where you fall again and again with the strings.

There are winds too: soft at first, then turbulent, shifting through fierce and muted hues. The colours don't sit still. They move as if they have weather, gravity, and force.

The track lifts me, physically. I am caught entirely in its flow — beautiful, and devastating in equal measure. The more I listen, the more it takes hold: entwining itself until I feel propelled over a precipice of colour with the strings, like a waterfall of green, bronze, copper and gold.

I had this track on repeat while I painted, as I always do. And the deeper I let myself go with each listen — the less I tried to 'capture everything' perfectly — the more I was drawn into the world the music was building.

By the final playthrough, I wasn't just emotional... I was sobbing. Moved, exhausted, delighted — as if I was experiencing every emotion that could be named at once. It was overwhelming.

Beautifully and incredibly overwhelming.

Let me know your thoughts.



Andromache (Bear McCreary)

By Laura J Harris

When I painted *Andromache*, I was listening to Bear McCreary's track of the same name from the *Black Sails* album — a piece that feels strangely earthen, dense, and alive with threat. It's close and complicated in its texture: clicks and ticks, thundering drums, and percussion that seems to press in from all sides.

The colour world arrives in greens and browns — deep, grounded tones, like undergrowth and soil — but it refuses to stay calm. Sharp, screeching flashes cut through: reds, and sudden bursts of white that won't hold still long enough to be pinned down. They're almost gone before you can fully register their shape, like a flare or a flash-bang in the dark.

The movement begins almost static, but with a creeping sensation, as if you're pushing through foliage and feeling the path shift beneath you. Then come the charges — controlled detonations of sound — that run through the piece in bursts, tightening everything into a coil.

By the end, there's a real sense of danger: the air feels charged, the landscape narrowed, the music wound tight.

What I wanted to capture was the strange, shifting range of sounds being created by different instruments — pipes, flutes, stringed instruments used in unfamiliar ways — and the way Bear McCreary uses these to constantly reconfigure the world of the track. In this painting, the landscape is never fixed. The path itself feels as though it's moving, changing. Rope bridges of colour appear before you, before dropping into nowhere, and vanishing completely.

I approached *Andromache* as a challenge — to expand into different instrumentation, rhythms, and flows — and I'm glad I did. It pushed my senses into uncharted territory — an entirely new terrain — that demanded I follow.

Does this feel like a place you're entering... or something that's coming for you?

Let me know your thoughts.



Other Worlds ('Atlantico' — Roberto Cacciapaglia)

By Laura J Harris

When I painted *Other Worlds*, I was listening to *Atlantico* by Roberto Cacciapaglia — a piece that opens out into vast depth and expanse for me, as if the music itself contains an ocean.

Lower-register piano and double-bass arrive first as deep, dark purples and blues — bowed and pizzicato weight, anchoring the whole world. Over that, the cello brings copper, bronze and burnt orange, while additional strings thread through in gold-yellow and green. Throughout the piece, there are metallic 'tings' — bright, ringing bursts — like glints of light catching on something hard and hidden.

Pinks and lighter blues ripple through as moving piano-colour, like water shifting across a surface. The threads of violin and cello move like underwater plants: swaying, drifting, curling as if the music is growing itself into shape.

And then there are the vocal strands — shapes I can't quite pin down at first. A globe? A skull? Then they present as deep red, moving back and forth into gold and copper, entwining with the strings. Other voices waver and flutter like sea grass in a tide.

The movement pulls on me as though I'm underwater — walking along the bottom of the ocean, but wading unhindered. A visitor. An explorer. Everything wanting to reveal itself. Colours and shapes float above and around me, suspended in layers, as if the whole piece is an environment you step inside rather than something you simply listen to.

What I wanted to capture here was that submerged magic: the sea-grass motion, the deeper pools of colour, and the feeling of a world beneath the world — alive, shifting, and endlessly other.

Even now, *Other Worlds* still feels special to me. Otherworldly in the truest sense: not imaginary, but discovered.

*How does the piece make you feel?
Do you feel like you're observing this world... or moving inside it?*

Let me know your thoughts.



Maybe Revolutions (Only Revolutions — Biffy Clyro)

By Laura J Harris

When I painted *Maybe Revolutions*, I was listening to Biffy Clyro's 2009 album *Only Revolutions* — not one track, but the whole album!

This painting holds multiple songs at once, layered into a single canvas, because I wanted to capture the full 'Biffy landscape': the through-line of colour, rhythm and momentum that runs across the record.

There are so many shapes and movements here because the music is constantly shifting. Percussion and drums arrive as impacts — explosions of cymbals and hi-hats — while the bass drives deep in blues, pushing everything forward. Brass flashes through in silver-white slices that want to follow the curve of strings, then snaps into punctuated bursts of copper, orange and red. Electric guitar surges alongside violin threads in yellows, greens, golds and burnt orange — even a mustard warmth that feels almost bruised.

Simon Neil's lead vocals carry gravel and heartbreak, and the additional voices of James and Ben Johnston move through golds and yellows into a kind of white that isn't quite white — more like gauze: stretched, bright, and barely holding together.

The movement in this piece is ever-changing. The drums pace it relentlessly, while everything else skates, flows, surges and pulls: trampolining vocals, driving guitar, drawing brass, and a sense of the album unfolding with unstoppable propulsion.

It doesn't lurch into chaos for the sake of it — it stays thrilling without becoming unpredictable, and that steadiness is part of what made it so exciting and satisfying to paint.

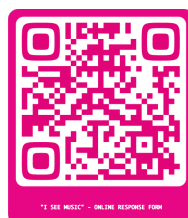
Looking back, it was a huge undertaking — especially because this was my first synaesthetic painting, the first time I thought: Do you know what? I'm going to try and capture what happens when I listen to music.

This canvas began it all.

I believe I painted it in 2019, and it remains incredibly special to me — a first attempt, a first leap, and the start of me developing a whole new visual language.

Where do your eyes land first — and what do you think that moment is 'saying'?
Does this feel like one song... or many happening at once?

Let me know your thoughts.



Misinformed ('I Don't Know Why I Like You, But I Do' — The Wombats)

By Laura J Harris

When I painted *Misinformed*, I was listening to 'I Don't Know Why I Like You, But I Do' by The Wombats, from their album *Beautiful People Will Ruin Your Life*.

This track arrives for me as a world of sharp edges and bright impact — playful, driving, and slightly dangerous in the way it keeps moving.

Visually, it feels like neon caught in stormcloud: crumpled foil, torn signal, distorted broadcast — silvered ridges and purple-blue pressure underneath. Cymbals and hi-hats smash through as yellow-gold bursts, sudden bright strikes that flare and vanish.

Electric guitar distortion arrives as silver bolts and flares, like a signal glitching under strain. Beneath it all, the bass drives in dark blue and purple: pacing, pushing, holding the weight of the track steady as everything else sparks around it. Even the vocals carry an edge of electric distortion — flashes of lightness threaded with something sharp — with presses of green-yellow and streaks of blue moving through the sound.

The movement of this piece feels angular and solid, with hard textures and strong contrasts: shadow and light, surface and depth. It moves the way the music moves — pausing, watching, then shifting quickly again. There are places to hide... but not for long. Shadow if you can find it, scorching silver sunlight on your heels.

What I wanted to capture was the full interplay of bass, guitar, piano and vocals — the push and pull between impact and momentum. There's also a sense of a distant tower in this piece, something you're trying to reach: a fixed point ahead, half-glimpsed through distortion, as the music keeps driving you forward.

What's here for you in this piece — and can you see the tower?

Let me know your thoughts.



If You Wanna (The Vaccines)

By Laura J Harris

When I painted *If You Wanna*, I was listening to the track of the same name by The Vaccines. The first thing that hits me is the bass — followed immediately by the drums and percussion. There's a train-track rhythm that runs along the bottom of this painting, and it lands in a strangely three-dimensional way: a line of motion you can almost step onto.

The tambourine rattles that really pick up and punctuate the verses add a vibrant and insistent press, alongside the thump of the kick drum — building, racing, pulling you forward. This piece has a sense of speed that doesn't politely increase; it changes gear without warning. It feels like being carried on a conveyor belt of rhythm, dragged into momentum before you've decided you're ready.

Shapes arrive as things you have to dodge: winged creatures, flashes of colour, solid objects moving at speed — even a cube, suspended like a sudden obstacle. Some forms remind me of birds or angels. I've picked out one in green — almost a Liverbird — and facing it, a small anthropomorphic winged creature in blue and purple, blasted by the haze of sound surrounding and engulfing everything. There's also a thread of violin-green-yellow running through, like something bright trying to weave order through the chaos of blues, purples, and reds.

This track pounds inside my chest. It moves me physically — like a heart beating so fast or so hard that it's ready to burst — and I tried to capture that in the painting.

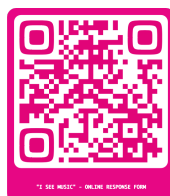
The heart matters to me here. I live with a number of heart (and other health) conditions. I have a pacemaker to assist in 'keeping me going', and this painting holds that connection — the way rhythm can feel like both exhilaration and survival.

And I've always loved that my brain decoded a green Liverbird in this music... which feels especially fitting now, with this debut exhibition showing in Liverpool, at the Everyman Theatre. There's something quite special and full circle about that.

The whole experience of this piece (music and painting) leaves me breathless, as if I've just done a spin class! I feel energised, exhilarated, slightly overwhelmed... and completely alive!

*If you stepped into this painting, what would you be dodging — and what would you be chasing?
And somewhere in the rush... can you see the heart?*

Let me know your thoughts.



Recomposed (Spring 1 — 2012, Max Richter / Vivaldi)

By Laura J Harris

When I painted *Recomposed*, I was listening to ‘Spring 1 — 2012’ from *Recomposed by Max Richter: Vivaldi, The Four Seasons*. I’ve always loved Vivaldi, but this reimagining struck me as vivid, thrilling, and deeply moving — familiar and new at the same time — and I knew I wanted to paint it.

A subtle, distant layer of piano begins the piece, then slowly builds until it swells into something more consuming, more present. Over it, the violins arrive in glorious gold, yellow and green — threads and swirls unfurling with increasing joy, like parading songbirds desperate to be noticed. They grow more adventurous as the music unfolds, showy in the most exquisite way.

But beneath that brightness, there’s an undercurrent: a slower, sombre movement driven by the cello in deep orange-red, with the double bass darker still. It gives the piece weight — a steadiness that feels achingly close to breaking, even as the surface dances.

In this music, I also see a dome of the finest glass — as if it’s been accidentally formed in a desert blast. Only here, instead of sand becoming glass, it’s the strings: the interplay of solo, first and second violins, held up by the bass, shaping a delicate structure over a blue landscape beneath. The space feels vast, yet intimate — close threads you could almost touch, and then a rolling expanse stretching towards a horizon where you can’t quite tell sky from land: sleek plains of light and dark blue, purple, pink and white.

What I wanted to capture most was the emotional balance at the heart of the piece: joy always on the edge of heartbreak, and heartbreak lingering at the periphery of joy. The colour swells and builds, then ends without warning — as though the birds have been startled into flight. I echoed that with the gold-yellow-green sweep of the violins on the left: building, reaching, then abruptly changing direction and disappearing.

And yes — a few people have told me the glass dome looks like a happy narwhal! I don’t mind that at all. In fact, I love it. I can see the smile now, too, and I think it adds something wonderfully reassuring to the world of the painting. Like that happy guy is saying: “It will all be okay.”

Can you feel the joy first in this piece — or perhaps the heartbreak beneath it?

Let me know your thoughts.



The Seven ('The Light of the Seven' — Ramin Djawadi)

By Laura J Harris

When I painted *The Seven*, I was listening to 'The Light of the Seven' by Ramin Djawadi — a track that begins with quiet piano and ends in a vast crescendo of strings, organ, and voices. It carries a kind of controlled inevitability: beauty with warning signs embedded inside it.

Colour arrives in dark blue, pink and white — piano tones that feel cautious, alert, as if something is approaching. Even in what seems like silence, there's a constant whirr: a presence hovering at the edge of hearing. Minor keys bring red, orange and mustard, and the organ pipes deepen the atmosphere into droning browns and shadowed weight.

Violas and violins weave through the piece, but never with the free, dancing openness of other music. There's a guarded reserve here — a restraint that tightens the whole landscape. In the lower frequencies, I feel cages: dark, imposing structures that hold the sound in place even as it tries to expand.

The movement bobs and dips and flows, circling and threatening. The strings build into something web-like — a net tightening in slow motion — working with the organ and piano to draw you inward. At times, it feels like being on the ocean, carried without permission. The music swirls around you, and it moves you too: as if you're a chess piece being slid across the board with no say in what happens next.

What I wanted to capture was the sheer scale of the journey — the way the piece starts so singular, then becomes enormous. The landscape keeps shifting as it extends, widening and tightening at once, until the crescendo arrives like something inevitable.

Looking at it now, I could easily return to this track and explore it again across two or three smaller canvases — there's so much in it. But honestly, I'm thrilled with what it holds here, both visually and physio-emotionally. It still feels vast.

Still moving. Still impossible to escape.