



NO WORLD AS GOOD AS MINE

A project by Kai Whiston · on

Llanister, Wales
2019

Lux Publishing © 2019
Blessed by GLOO

kai@gloo.xyz · luz@gloo.xyz

A voggy veil spilt on the land,
for I arrived with blinder plans.
To break, and rob, and take and stand,
and land my fall in both your hands.

As no tornado not summers shine,
could I break my back or cross my line.
Bring your hell and heaven combined,
there is no world as good as mine.

I

Track one: *Fall In Your Hands* · Total duration: four minutes and forty five seconds · Lyrics: Fall in your hands,
If I ever fall I'm gonna fall in your hands, If I ever fall.

Lead guitar, drums, bass guitar, production and engineering by Kai Whiston, violin
by Fout List ·

Track two: *Glyder Fawr* · Total duration: four minutes and twenty four seconds ·

Production, engineering and additional guitars by Kai Whiston, lead guitar by Christy Carey, flute
by Fout List ·

Track three: *Don't Need It* · Total duration: three minutes and three seconds · Lyrics: I don't need
no help, no help from no one, I don't need it. I don't need it to live, grip, I don't need it. I don't need it to
love, maybe its best to go home. Annuitant, from my chest, what's the violence? You'd go anywhere I
could go ·

Vocals, additional guitars, harp and
production by Kai Whiston, lead guitar by Christy Carey, cello by Fout List. Additional production by
Jahlil Beats / Orlando Tucker ·

Track four: *(Run It)* · Total duration: Five minutes and fifty four seconds · Lyrics:
Run it, run it, I just took your wallet, I pull u p with florin, I pull up with florin.
This is uh, this is who I am now. Fuck around, put it in the bad moore. Oh la la, I done ran
it from the law, Never had, never had a fucking jaw. From around, put it in the fucking
tour. With my maw, always keep my wetty maw. In the gorge, yeah I run it in the maw. Fa
la la.

Vocals, bowed lead guitar, drums
production by Kai Whiston, additional guitars by Christy Carey, additional vocals by
Clarence Clarity · Total duration of chapter one: eighteen minutes and eleven seconds.





KW: Is it recording?

MN: Yep, I think so! First of all I want to thank you for inviting me. It's a pleasure to have this insight into the making of your new record, especially as I've been such a fan of your work.

KW: Thank you, and yeah, I reckon this will be a laugh. You'll soon get bored of me.

MN: I've been following you for some years now and I know you voice some strong opinions about press and interviews. We share the same views against some slimey press and interview manoeuvres.

KW: I voiced an issue a few years ago about a certain blog's gross social media presence and coverage of party drugs in their magazine. I think they perform some revenge by fucking up my name in every article they write up about me. I think in general, criticism can only hold value if it is well researched and considered. Press and people alike feel an urgency to publish quick and punchy takedowns without spending time developing thoughts on it. I guess a lot of that has to do with just how much content is available. You wouldn't race through the Louvre on a moped but that's how a lot of people browse new music Friday. Figured doing things like this could change that.

MN: Did bad press experiences inspire this intermittent journal interview series?

KW: It was that and the interviews Sylvester did with Francis Bacon. I stole that book from Waterstones a few months ago and instantly fell in love with the dynamic of those two. Although I disagree with chunks of it, Sylvester's eye and dialogue helped me articulate everything I love about (Bacon). I'm not a big reader of fiction shit but I thought it was fiction when I first started it. It felt unreal, how well those two discussed art. I don't think I'm half as interesting as those cunts, maybe I'll spill some hot gossip or production shit to make it worth the read.

MN:.. Walking over to this side of the cabin, I think I tripped over five different things. This is definitely a space where creativity happens. How long have you been here?

KW: How politely you have put it. Yeah we keep it messy, I gotta figure that shit out when we move back. I somehow didn't anticipate to bring so much shit, and I didn't expect to keep obtaining more shit. We've been here just over a month I reckon, we moved in mid-January after the snow had passed.

MN: I'm getting flashbacks to growing up with my older brothers. My boyfriend is just as bad at home with his Foster's cans and old toast. Is the incense to cover up the smell?

KW: I think we walk a fine line between hippie commune and a college frat house, without the shit cunt misogynistic shit. I spend hours watching frat house tours on YouTube. It's some of the most interesting content to me. There's some frats that actually seem pretty chill. I wouldn't mind moving in with a bunch of south Cali surfer dudes, shit would smell so nice and they'd be out of the house all day.

MN: Can you talk about where we are?

KW: But yeah this is Wank Studios--

MN: I was wondering if I heard it correctly the first time.

KW: I always wanted to call a label 'Wank Records' just so I could see the word 'wank' on email signatures. I don't think I should put anyone under the hell of having me as a label manager though - or being signed to a label called Wank. I'm running off on tangents. Wank Studios started off as a joke and now it's turned into this thing that's gone on a bit too long. It doesn't have any connotations to it or any of the charm it once had, I just like the sound of the word. That, and we produce very niche forms of solo porn.

MN: An interesting approach, I hope you're ready for that market. What made you choose Northern Wales specifically to build a studio?

KW: We couldn't keep filming porn with the webcam, the demand was exceeding it. No but, I'm actually renting this - it's an Airbnb thing. We told the owner that we're on a fishing holiday or some shit and just hoped she wouldn't catch us moving all our gear in. I had my eye on Northern Wales for a while now. I have this big Pinterest board of images; landscapes, mountains and

fairy coves and all that kind of shit. A lot of those images were attributed to weird Welsh town names. I looked on Airbnb in the area and it was pretty cheap, which helped spark this clapped crazy idea.

Importantly, I want to clarify again to whoever is reading that I'm not filming masturbation, that was a joke.

MN: Was the bedroom studio thing wearing you out? You were in Bristol before right?

KW: Yeah I come back sometimes, but I pretty much exclusively write, mix, paint and everything here right now. I'm trying to keep it like that. The moving concept came out of a pretty dark time. When I was in Bristol for a year writing KWB, I sort of portrayed this hedonistic character for a theatrical sense and became a bit of a cunt I feel like. I don't think I lost myself completely but I would occasionally catch myself thinking something very cunty in complete interest of myself. I don't know if my head space or the character came first to be honest, I just knew I was on some weird shit. I sort of occurred to me that if I think everyone should fuck off, I should fuck off. Soon after that I had to go back home to Dorset for the summer. Die Lit and that 03 Greedo record had just came out. I had no speakers, so I had to go on walks and listen on those shitty Skullcandy's over there--

MN: These ones?

KW: Yeah. Something about that combination of that music, these crazy rural scenes and those shitty fucking headphones activated some magic in my brain. It had me thinking a lot about how I took my environment for granted, since I was glued to a computer since about eight years old. When I started secondary school, I moved out of a shitty council estate into a much nicer one that was half a mile away from the woods. I still stayed inside a lot-- which sounds so crazy to me now. Getting my head around all the pretty shit outside over the summer made me confront my relationship to the things around me. I feel like I internalize a lot of shit, and having to step away from everything on these walks made me to think about all these other forces that I don't have control over.

MN: That's an interesting way to look at setting, the randomness of it all.

KW: After that, I wanted to move into the noise. Also I wanted to get more into directing instruments and performers and I couldn't really do that in my shitty shared flat. I still really enjoy my debut, my biggest fear is being tied to one brand or one attitude for my career. I often have this vision of people seeing Pete Doherty at weddings and trying to burn cigs into his face or some shit.

MN: Does that really happen?

KW: I don't know, probably.

MN: I think that's interesting that you said "move into the noise", I think most people consider moving into the woods trope as a way of getting away from it.

KW: Honestly I feel like there's so much more disorder out here. It's a scary kind of bedlam where you don't have control over anything. I often envision the big oak tree falling on the studio, taking my life and destroying all the hard drives.

MN: Maybe make a backup just incase. I saw on that whiteboard the huge list of collaborators you have so far. Were they all recorded here or are they sampled?

KW: Pretty much everything has been recorded here so far, there's a few exceptions but almost all instruments were recorded right in this spot. I came here with no ideas really, the intention is to give birth to everything in this room. Sometimes I treat a sound like a sample, but it's almost always sourced from original recordings. I'm hoping to do a track with The Physics House Band that I want to bring out here, but bringing people out here is a hard fucking sell.

MN: Without disrespect, I'm honestly astonished on how you can perform here.

KW: If we do five months of you bullying me, this might actually end up as an interesting journal. The space, and absolute lack of know-how, is forcing me to find my own methods of acoustic treatment. I have an irrational fear of big drum rooms. I have a conspiracy theory that bands get rich and start making stadium anthems because slow reverby drums sound better in big studios. I heard that Converge always use small rooms and handheld mics for pretty much everything. Grubby DIY shit is big what usually works for me. Recording isn't easy at all

because I leave a lot of it to the processing, I'd rather spend an extra day doing the salvage job in the laptop instead of thirty minutes setting up microphones to record some shit perfectly. I know the laptop better.

MN: What kind of processing tricks do you use to treat the sound in here?

KW: The drums are the biggest pain obviously. I've been layering the ambient mics from two different drum takes to make almost double tracking sound, and then doing some ultra-fine quantising in the computer to reduce that intensity a bit. I have a lot of fun with limiters on things like strings and woodwinds and shit. The Fabfilter Pro-L has a lot of cool quirks to it which are super controllable, that ends up in a lot of my effect chains. The philosophy behind everything is having the treatment make sense among the electronic sound design elements. Everytime I'm processing something I'm usually thinking "how much life should this have in it". I also treat sounds that originate from my laptop in the same ways as the acoustic ones, I'm dabbling into effects pedals, rack mount units and shit but haven't fallen down the rabbit hole yet. I think if everything had Jóhann Jóhannsson ultra HD level processing, it wouldn't make any sense over a Whiston-esque 808 growl. All shittiness is completely intentional, I've almost made a career off of it.

MN: Shittiness is a pretty niche character trait.

KW: I just realised, I'm gonna have to speak with correct grammar and shit. This is all gonna be transcribed.

MN: I can clean everything up in the edit. Are you living in the studio, currently?

KW: Yeah we sleep on the floor wherever I can find space, just like right there with some sleeping bags. The routine is to get up around ten, spend most of the day outside; swimming or whatever, going to town if we need to, and then coming home to eat and then we try to stay up as late as we can. Usually pass out around five in the morning.

MN: That's a pretty tough lifestyle. I don't know if I could hack it.

KW: There's a double sofa-bed thing over there but we don't have the fucking space to sleep on it. There's something like, 20 instruments here. They could have all be in my computer, and I could sleep comfortably, but I'm a fucking moron.

MN: Can you quickly run down a few of them?

KW: A lot of guitars, like six guitars. A couple are Christy's; the Strat and the other one, all the cheap ones are mine. As well as two basses and a 12 string we haven't found a use for yet. Over there is a violin and cello that belong to Fout. A very wank Stagg 5-piece kit with a couple snares that were sitting at my mums house. There's also a dulcimer thing that we have been battering, some orchestral bells, daxophone that we have no fucking idea what to do with.

MN: Daxophone?

KW: It's like a musical saw, they were first made by Hans Reichel in the 80s. Sounds like a grumpy frog. We got a clarinet, just a bunch of shit that has no business going together. I contacted everyone I know and borrowed anything I could, now we just have to figure out how to play all this shit. Oh this one is my favourite, this is a prepared harmonica we made. I bought a harmonica from a souvenir shop and stabbed a flathead screwdriver into a bunch of the holes and wound this huge piano string onto the steel rod that you can bow. It comes out with these weird harmonics that sound like dog whistles. I'm trying to figure out how to put a pickup on it.

MN: Have you recorded with it yet?

KW: Oh yeah a bunch of times, it's on Fall In Your Hands and scattered over a couple other tracks.

MN: What's the overriding idea for the album then at the moment?

KW: Well right now I'm listening to a lot of albums that got me into music when I was like, fourteen. With those records in mind and the space I'm in, I'm just seeing what happens. So far it's fun -- tough but fun. There's this sort of irrational fear of sentimental music in experimental circles, I think it would be really good to get rid of that. It feels like everything has to have this slither or irony or

smarkyness to it at the moment, it's kind of gross. Feels like a bunch of kids who spent too long in the computer room during lunch time. I just want it to sound great without patting myself on the back for being on a higher level of irony than everyone else. People make art like that and end up the trend of the month. I've got three tracks right now that I'm really happy with, I usually work pretty fast but things move slower out here, also Christy and Fout are leaving in two weeks so I'm trying to get the most out of them while they're about.

MN: You're been really select with your collaborations in the past.

KW: Yeah I usually can't stand it. Any collaborations that make it out to the public previously have been some kind of miracle. I must have fucked up about fifty to sixty collaborations by now just by being a stubborn cunt. I've been so close to working with literal celebrities and fucked it, purely due to my gross unwillingness to budge. That's part of why I'm out here though, to learn.

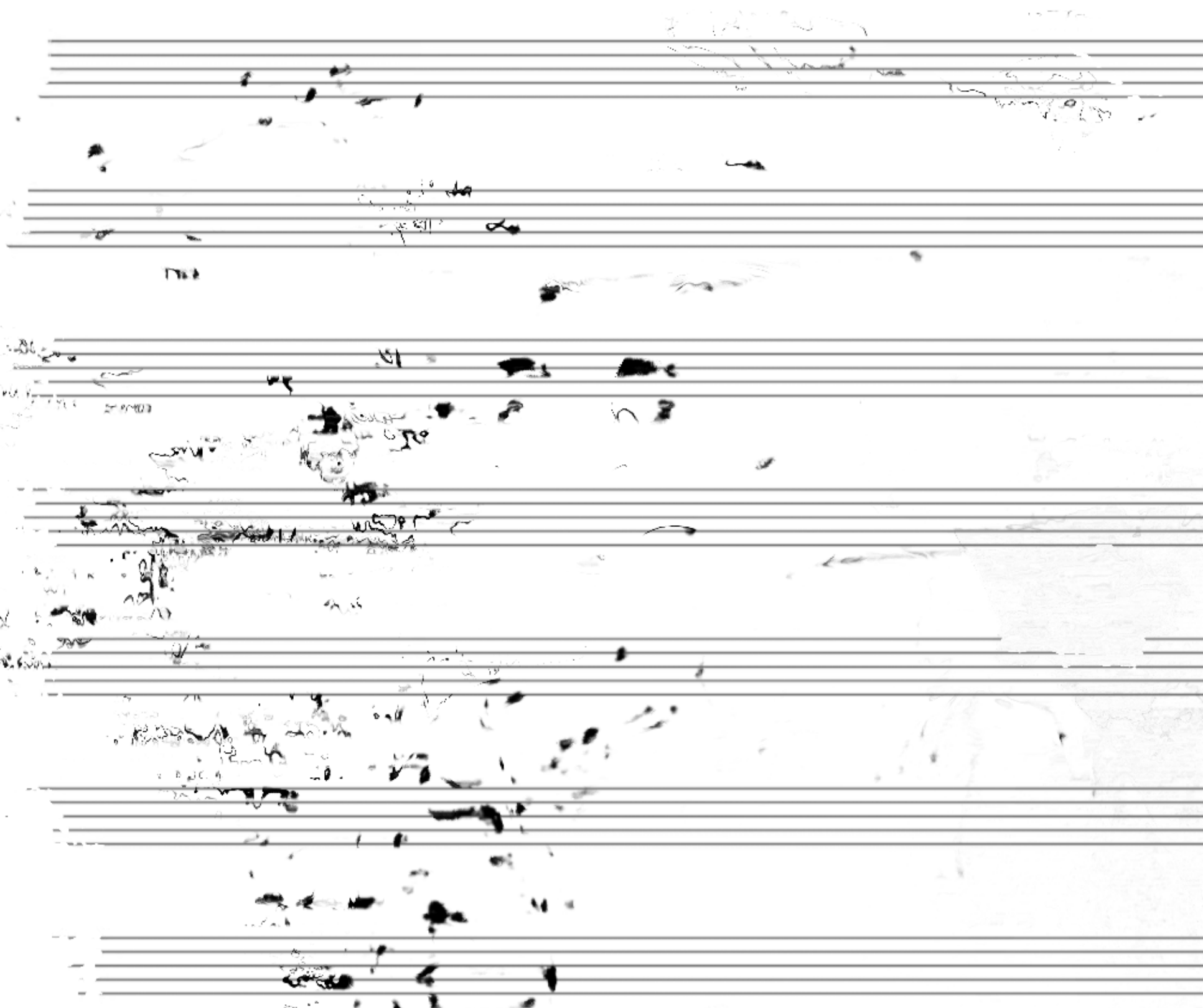
MN: You've been almost solo up to this point with previous releases. Is the studio dynamic what you expected?

KW: I'm running a bit of an authoritarian scenario here at the moment. I've worked with Christy a bunch of times before so it's really easy to get us on the same page. Fout is trickier because there's a bit of a language barrier, he doesn't speak much anyway. He's chill as fuck. He emailed me saying he could play cello and clarinet and I was like "yeah fuck it, come through", he stays in this van he decked out. I hadn't heard him play until he arrived on the move in day, but dude's a quiet genius. Really lifted a lot of these tracks, and you can throw any instrument at him and he'll have a good go. I'll be mostly on my own when they go. A few of the locals have offered their help with instruments and the such which is amazing. The vicar down the road said we could record their piano and organ they have but I'm a bit scared they might snitch to the Airbnb lady.

MN: Ultimately, what do you hope to find being out here and recording this way? This record feels more cathartic for you. I wouldn't have expected anything like this from your debut.

KW: I'm looking for some kind of authorship. I think that's something that's been lost in the luxury of laptop arranged music. I want to know where I was and what I was doing for every moment of recording. This is such a cathartic project, and I am fortunate enough to have the time to spend on it without compromise. I think most of all though, I'm looking forward to a record I will adore by the end of it. I'm looking forward to seeing you through this journey.

KW: The journey should be titled "Explosions in the Sky meets Diary of a Wimpy Kid".



If love is found in the river's kiss,
then bathe my lips and balls in this.
Where prey is killed in damned abyss,
where grass is scent I will not miss.

I'll bury things in ferns and hives,
to feel the stings and leaves and vines,
for she'll stay here when I arrive,
there is no world as good as mine.

III

Track five: **Beautiful Losers featuring Joe Petersen** · Total duration: five minutes and twenty two seconds ·
Lyrics: The beautiful losers, but who are we? Beautiful losers, some undying things. Moods that threw us, forever.
It never ever ever ever. Forever. Frustrated, and helpless. I looked at you last week, someone so tall, and sweet. I'll
sing till my heart gives out, 'cause I've got nothing left to pout about. · Production, bass
guitar, additional percussion, dulcimer and additional vocals and engineered by Kai Whiston, lead guitar, lead
vocals, drums, additional synths and lyrics by Joe Petersen, additional vocals and additional synths by Christy
Carey, strings by Fout List. ·

Track six: **I Hear Chop Snares In The Willow Trees** · Total duration: three minutes and twenty
two seconds · Lyrics: You're right there when I go to sleep, living here it's so hard to know you're not
coming back. I hear chop snares in these willow trees, makes me wonder. You hurt me, you hurt me I swear
it's true. I showed the pain the best I could, but you name it I will- I wish you were there, oh. In this willow
tree. "It's so hard to know you care", "it's so hard to know you're in it". But you name it, I will show you I'm
worried. "You can't stay, can't stay". · Production, felt dulcimer and engineered by
Kai Whiston. ·

Track eight: **Lovers** · Total duration: three minutes and two seconds · Lyrics: My woods
were safe till larger burden, came in by flocks to fuck my certain. No gate, no gulley, no linen
curtain, can rid these pests and constant vermin. But how could I judge those I despise, when in the
nest where my woods lie-- I hear the voice as those outside. There is no world as fucked as mine. ·
Production and engineered by Kai Whiston, strings by
Fout List, vocals by BABii · Total chapter duration: fifteen minutes and twenty eight seconds

NO WORLD
AS GOOD AS
MINE!



MN: How does your painting inform your songwriting, if at all?

KW: Painting I suppose has helped me look at my songwriting through a macro lens. Wait, aren't macro lens' the ones that are zoomed in? I mean zoomed out. A satellite perspective might work better. The feeling that image gives me unleashes something super barbarian in me. I believe it made me consider things in music that weren't just the most exciting option. With recording this album, I definitely want to explore routes that aren't so one-toneish in their statement. I'm happy I made the big banger album, I'm glad I got that out the way, but now I want to explore feelings.

MN: You've got a nice bit of facial hair coming on I see. Is this part of the aesthetic?

KW: I'm stuck with this fucking neckbeard, this is all I can grow. Puberty is still far beyond my reach. You've got to bring a razor with you next time.

MN: I'll see what I can do. I've seen on your Twitter, that you've been posting hints about a secret Instagram profile. What's the story behind that?

KW: I made it at the start of recording, so I could make a note of all my ideas and quickly listen back at them on the bog. My phone doesn't have a lot of storage and I can't figure out iTunes for the fucking life of me, so that was the only way I could listen to them on the go. I've started to really like how they sound on the phone videos, you hear the character speakers and the room and everything. It's like a drum buss. But yeah, it's on private and I left a few hints to see if it would leak. The username is 'nwagam2019'.

MN: What's with the blue lights?

KW: That's the light on my speakers, it sounds better when the phone's right up against the speaker and looks pretty sick on the grid. I don't really do the videos when I'm performing or when the others are here so it's just a demo reel at the moment. I'm usually too focused or frustrated to pull my phone out and film when writing, it would be too dark in here at night anyway. The blue lights have all this sentimental bollocks as well which I'll leave up for interpretation.

MN: They are very pretty. I had a look over some of the reviews and writing about your last release--

KW: Oh fucking hell.

MN: No it's all positive! I've noticed in their writing, as well as my own judgment of the album, this ultra-decadence to your music.

KW: Yeah I've seen that pop up now and again. I think that's due to how scatterbrained I am, not even entirely sure if decadence is a compliment. To me I hear a lot of restraint, the end of the writing process sees me holding a lot of shit back. It's probably the only form of self-discipline that I practice. I'm not really in the business of "hitting a listener over the head", and not a lot is left up to chance unfortunately.

MN: I've heard you speak about how intertextuality is a foundation of your work.

KW: Everyone tries to combine influences to an extent. I see production tips online of shit like "try and make a song that sounds like an image you enjoy" and that kinda stuff. I think it's a far more valuable skill to attempt to articulate what you're going after, and manipulate that. Everyone wants to make cool and unique art but some only manage to do so by accident. Other people are blessed enough to invent entirely new shit out of nowhere, the rest of us muggles have to grind for it. One day I want there to be a VST with a single 'IQ' knob. Music will be organised in IQ instead of beats per minute.

MN: I see you've got Ableton up right now, would it be too cheeky to ask how you'd start an idea?

KW: Yeah, sure. With this record in particular there's been a lot of pre-production planning, sort of like a movie. I have an understanding of the track before I try and write it, at least in the references I want it to pull from. The experimentation at that stage is trialling far-fetched things that could plausibly work together. Most of the times it shit, some of the time it's digestible and very occasionally it's something to be excited about. I usually start with a drone or a texture, just something that might pull me in a

direction; a base layer. I'll turn everything up super loud and just start throwing paint. I'll keep adding to a 4 bar loop and just enjoy being in the noise. That usually branches out into a B-section and I'll keep building. I'm not too concerned with trying to form a composed image at this point, jus throwing down audio has more physicality and control for me over programming MIDI all day. Sounds like shit right? This will sound weird but, eventually I'll achieve this almost post-ejaculation guilt after a while and start stripping things way back. Post-ejaculation guilt is the exact feeling, like when the bliss fades away and you become aware of how gross you are. Maybe that's just me.

MN: I wouldn't know, personally.

KW: Maybe like, doing the dishes after some elaborate meal. Actually fuck that, I'm sticking with post-cum. Anyway, I'll strip everything back and maybe feel compelled to turn it into something around three minutes long. After a week or two I'll know if it's actually good or not and get other people involved.

MN: Say it don't spray it. Am I right in thinking you're still a student?

KW: Yeah I'm still in university at Bristol. I do all my assignments and shit remotely but I never go on campus unless there's an exam or something.

MN: Are you still studying business?

KW: Yeah, Marketing to be exact. Essentially doing it for the student loan and an excuse to move out of my mum's gaff.

MN: Do you have ambitions of creating full time?

KW: Yes and no. I'm about to finish first year and the schedule I have at the moment works really well. I'm managing to scrape by doing, like two hours of uni work a week? Maybe less. I'm worried for when the work load will start to fuck me up eventually. I fucking hate studying business, I think I owe it to my mum to finish though. She didn't make me go or anything, but I think she'd like a certification that I didn't turn out a fuck up, which is fair enough. Don't aspire to be me kids.

MN: I can't say I could imagine you in an office space really. You'd have to start washing all of the baked bean stains out of your clothes.

KW: I think I'd rather work on a builder's site or something, or go back to the chippy. Manual labour is my true calling, or maybe one of those cushty A&R jobs with a company card. I'd get rinsed at gigs every weekend courtesy of EMI.

MN: Are you still set on staying independent?

KW: Definitely. There's nothing a label could do for me right now. People think I'm signed to GLOO but really we just do everything independently and hide that within the metadata. There's very little communication between Iglooghost or BABii with solo releases, apart from making sure they're not on the same day. Even that connection to a brand name as a solo artist is pretty scary to me. I'm sometimes too hermit for my own good.

MN: Does that come from your personality? Every experience I've had with you has been super friendly.

KW: I think it's partly trust issues, in terms of music at least. I got into the industry side of things pretty early, like at 16 or something. I had a lot of people fuck me over and take money from me, waste my time, or make me feel like I was going in the wrong direction. All of that gave me a pretty good bullshit detector early doors, and made me quite bitter in the process. As a reaction, I've just fucked everyone off. The emphasis I put over micromanaging every aspect calls for it, I think.

MN: Your focus on images has picked up quite a bit in the last year. How often are you doing your painting during the writing process?

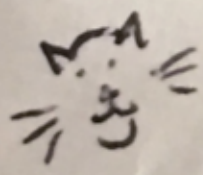
KW: I do it about every other day. It's a good daytime activity for me. The style of painting I'm doing at the moment, this digital realist stuff is really therapeutic. I get the same feeling from painting a photograph as I guess most do for doodling. It's like solving a three-thousand piece puzzle. This sounds dumb but, I've always struggled with the fact that you can't listen to music while you make music -- because

Love you
♥
Moomin
from
MamaZewumzie!!

See you
soon I hope!

♡
Eat clean
drink water
dance!

x x x @ @



IF
UNDELIVERED
RETURN

TO:
PARENTS

listening to music is well fucking good. So painting allows me to do that.

MN: I personally don't see a lot of realist digital painters.

KW: Painting just comes from a love of image and composition. So-called avant-garde 'experimentalists' love to be snobby cunts about realism. I see tweets like, "realistic painting is so stupid". Every perspective has a bias, which is in itself an expression. That's like art for dummies.

MN: I remember you touching on how technology has impacted your work in other interviews.

KW: Yeah I regret all that shit now, that whole angle was whack. The preface for a lot of those interviews was always following the orders of a record label I didn't like or a press company I wasn't happy with. That's one of the main reasons I set this series up. I know you're like minded enough that you will ask good shit. I stand by some things I said, but I just can't be fucked to talk about it anymore. I've got other shit to worry about.

MN: Is the new album anti-technologist, classical-romantic sense?

KW: No not at all, its good and my smartphone lets me get Deliveroo it's all great and dandy. It's just not a constant talking point.

MN: What's on the schedule this week, as far as recording goes?

KW: This week is pretty intense. Last week Iglooghost and BABii came up from Margate which was really cool. BABii laid down some adlib-y stuff for me and IG played some of the vicars piano. The locals are kind of getting on my nerves a bit now. The vicar lets himself in whenever he wants and I have to keep him sweet because he's helping me out a tonne.

I spend a lot of my time lying on the floor listening to demos and this frail bald cunt walks in whenever he pleases, usually with a cup of tea and hobnobs. Seeing the Gloo lot was nice but it's making me miss home a lot. At least when I was writing shit in my room, I could go down stairs and talk to someone

about dinner or some shit. It's just intense here. To answer your question, I'm focusing on getting a lot of synth and keys done this week. I can't mic much because of this fucking bird's nest that is in attic.

MN: Bird's nest?

KW: A legit fucking bird's nest. There's a hole in the roof or something and those cunts chirp so loud at like six morning, and then sporadically throughout the day.

MN: How do you deal with that?

KW: I don't know I think nests are like, protected or some shit? I don't know nest law. I want to rent out a buzzard to just eat the cunts.

MN: The spiritual connection with the cosmos hasn't kicked in quite yet then . . .

KW: Those yappy bastards are no use to me. I was sitting outside last night watching this dainty little mouse scurry around the shrubs, and this big fuck off owl came down and fucked its shit up. I think almost every organism and element is designed to attack for its longevity.

I swim in the river every morning to help me wake up, it's proper fucking cold and it made me think how the only difference between baptism and waterboarding is whether you're up for it. There's no mercy out here, and I have no mercy for the little tossers living in my roof.

MN: You can leave something in the Airbnb review.

KW: Would be something like "Great scenery and very tidy, although no shops or public transport and embedded animal den led to a fatal brain aneurysm. Could have lost my connection to the physical world."

MN: Have you been in contact with many people? I can barely get a signal around here it feels like.

KW: Yeah the wifi here is pretty good actually. I've been back and forth a lot of with Steve Albini of all people. I watched a lecture of his on YouTube where at the end he gave out his email address and asked anyone that was there to contact him about anything whenever they wanted. I lied and said I was there, which was in

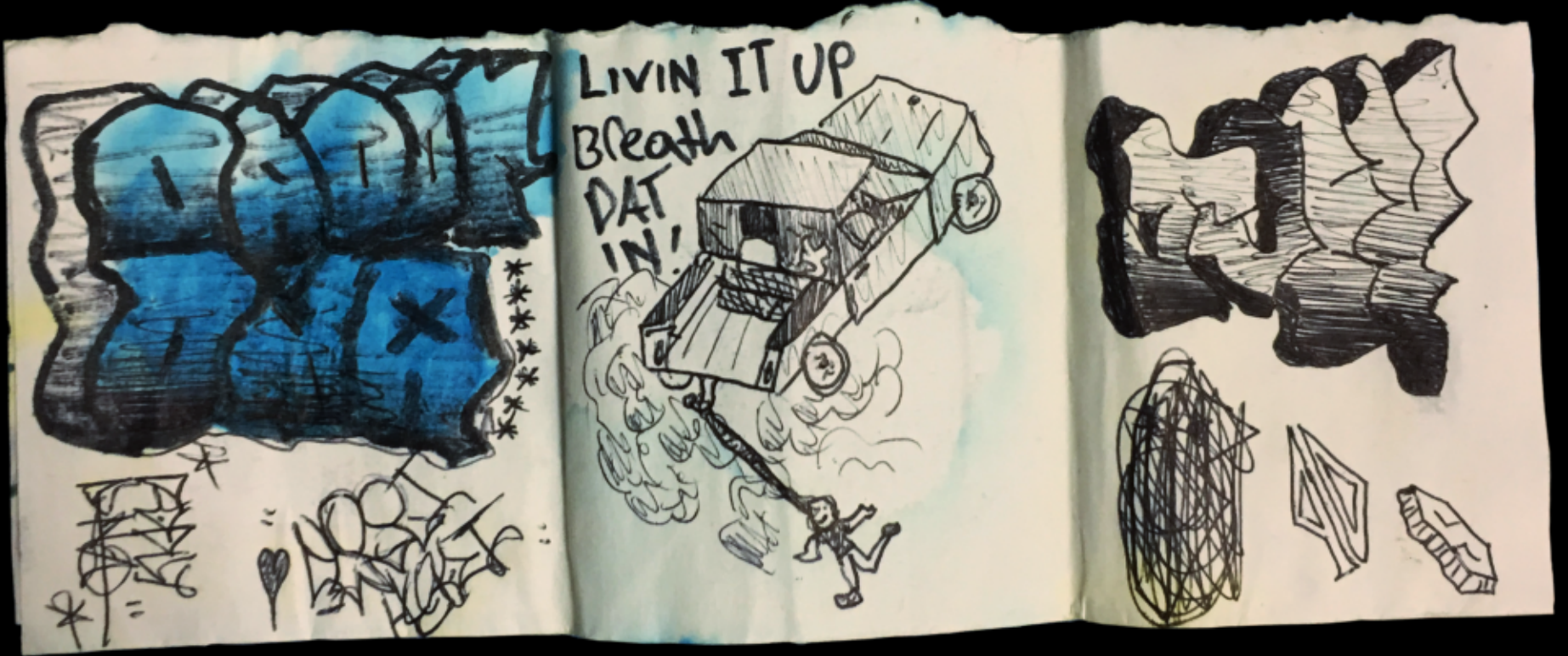
Melbourne or some shit. Since we've been back and forth about a lot of things, although I never sent any demos or anything I just asked questions. We spoke a lot about the sense memory of mixing, about when and where replicating a reality of a sound should be used. That drum sound he's most known for, that breakthrough of making drums sound like drums, that's what I wanted to attribute to a lot of my non-acoustic sounds. We came to interesting conclusions to how a lot of people get it wrong, how the artificial reverb has been keeping music colder. Albini is a purist with his hand in a lot of the best experimental music that's come out since, well since fucking Big Black. We definitely disagree on more than we agree on, but I've learnt so much from him. He would never admit if he had learned a thing from me, although I have my suspicions.

MN: That's amazing. What made you reach out to him?

KW: I don't think Steve receives enough credit for the role he played in making music a political issue. I remember labels contacting me before my debut, labels that I had so much respect growing up as a fan of music. I found this video on Youtube, I think it was called, like, 'Steve Albini On The Music Industry'. It made me think about a lot of the evil stuff I learned in business school. Your music is a company, if you want to prioritise the control of your music and your freedom of choice, you need to eliminate stakeholders. With every percentage someone takes from you for work you can do yourself, you're losing that that freedom. Good deals aren't just hard to come by, they're fucking impossible. This idea of delegating easy work to others is so commonplace in music like no other industry. If you look at the percentage of people making a living in music, there are nearly no sole traders. Sole traders are the most common business structure in the world, why isn't it the case in music? Comfort and sustainability does not come from operating under the motives of people focused on transaction, especially in an industry as demographically skewed and manipulated as ours. Albini is an artist without compromise, albeit pretty gatekeepy with some pretty dated opinions.

MN: This beat you're doing is shaping up now.

KW: Yeah, I must have had a mental ejaculation in the middle of that rant there. We're not in post-cum.





zine gift by Joe Petersen, 2016
pen and watercolour on paper

"Joe sent me this in the mail when we were sixteen. He was giving away drawings on Twitter and sent me one. He covered the cost of shipping, even though he didn't know who i was."

MN: Your work can sometimes blur the line between fact and fiction.

KW: One of my biggest inspirations is experimental theatre. Surrealist theatre, epic theatre such as Bertolt Brecht, a lot of the confrontational stuff in the twentieth century, just theatre in general has always had a lingering presence in what I do. I love how Brecht worked in many styles and formats, spearheaded by his philosophies more than anything else. I believe narrative is the best thing I could create, especially in a medium as immediate as sound. Whether that's following the playhead from album start to finish or in a more figurative sense, I'm constantly trying to tell a story bigger than me. . Regarding Brecht, his theories on the importance of audience estrangement really resonated with me. I think estrangement and romance can live in harmony. I will never feel a slither of guilt for hammering reality in the way I see fit, for the gain of awakening something beyond a Spotify stream. I am in the nerd boner business.

MN: All you talk about is boners and cum. Gross.

KW: I heard this sweeping statement once, it was like "nothing that was structured with consideration could ever present the truth of the modern world". Like what the fuck does that even mean? I think recently, inaccessibility has been put on too much of a pedestal, and often comes out as impenetrable shite. My work tends to work more on abstraction and overt classic perspectives of beauty, The idea of what I do being classified as deconstructed is so funny to me, it's so fucking constructed. It follows so many troupes of traditional western music progression. It's fucking songs.

MN: I think that's worked to your benefit, it doesn't feel self-serving in anyway.

KW: I make music for an audience, I hate wanky shite. Like this interview, wanky shite. This beat is a dud, that's what's filling me with primal rage. I'm scrapping it.

MN: Have you ever seen that film, Cabin in the Woods?

KW: Shite. I don't really watch films, I'll see about three films a year.

MN: Probably best to leave it then.

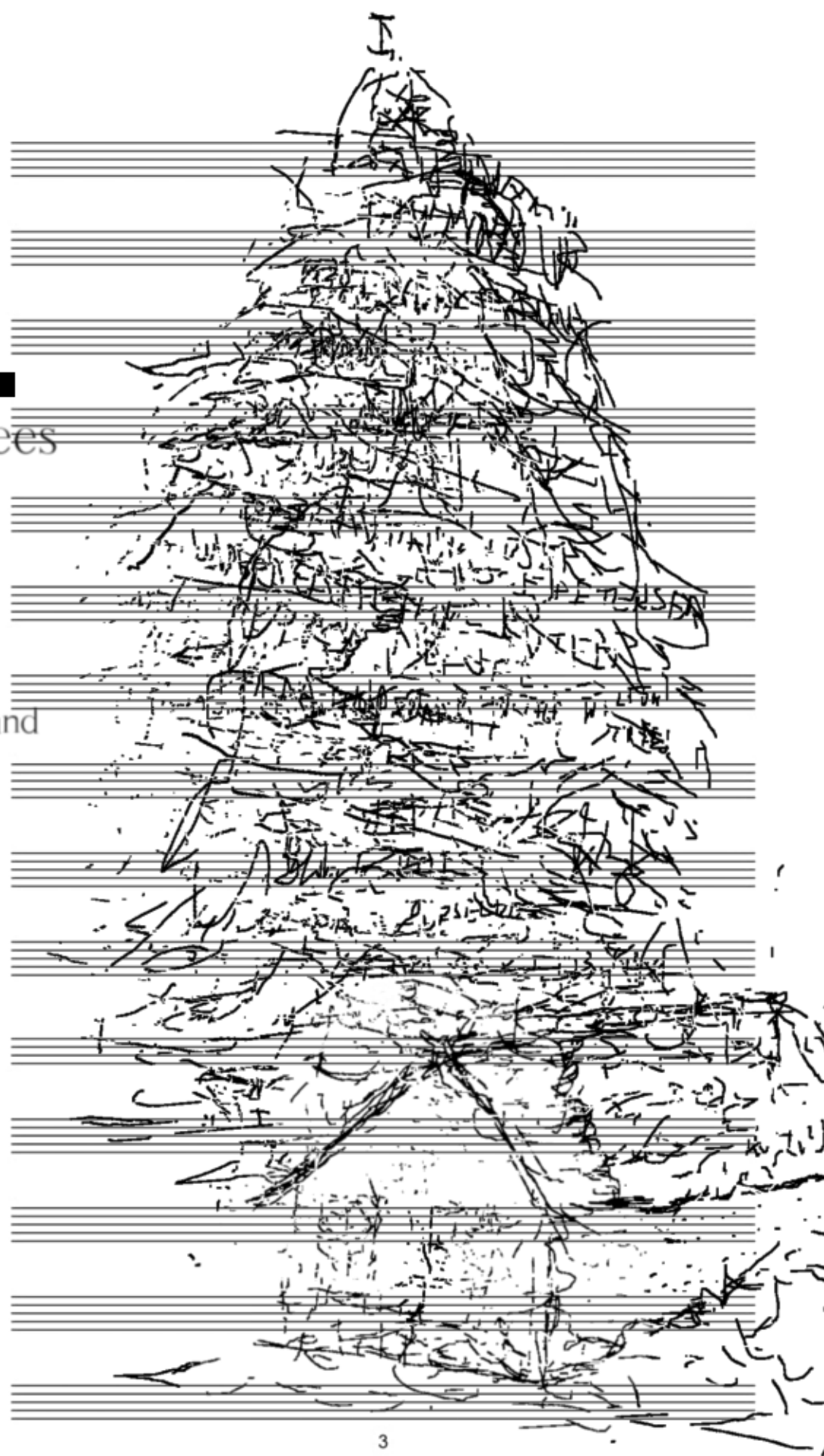
I
your hands
der fawr
't need it
run it

II
SERS with joe petersen

wish you'd stay
es in the willow trees
overs

III
ue dots
r ourselves
/ with the physics house band

IV
o world





My woods were safe 'til larger burden,
came in by flocks to fuck my certain.
No gate, no gulley, no line curtain,
could rid these pests and constant vermin.

But how could I judge those I despise,
When in the nest where my woods lie,
I hear the voice from those outside,
there is no world as fucked as mine.

III

Track nine: **Blue Dots** · Total duration: six minutes and four seconds · I'm slowly eroding, there are people beside me. I can smell the water in their bodies. Your blue dots, this can't be real, can't be real.

Production, lead guitar, drums, bass guitar, harmonica and engineered by Kai Whiston, cello and flute by Fout List, additional vocals by Cackchill, additional vocals by 011668.

Track ten: **Hell For Ourselves!** · Total duration: Three minutes and forty six seconds · No lyrics · Production, lead guitar, bowed guitar, acoustic guitar, vocals, bass guitar, drums, banjo, prepared harmonica and engineered by Kai Whiston.

Track eleven: **Things You Bury with The Physics House Band** · Total

duration: five minutes and forty four seconds · Lyrics: You saw me, hardly,

did you pass one? Do you think you'd feel it? Fed up, gave in papa,

what pain you make me feel. Would you feel the fall before it happened?

Are you? · Production,

additional guitars, vocals, arrangement and engineered by Kai Whiston,

strings and flute by Fout List, lead guitar and synths by Samuel Organ from

The Physics House Band, Bass guitar by Adam Hutchinson from The

Physics House Band, drums by Dan Morgan from The Physics House

Band, additional synths by Miles Spilbur from The Physics House Band.

The Physics House Band appear courtesy of Unearthly Vision, recorded at

Small Pond, Brighton · Total chapter duration: fifteen

minutes and thirty five seconds



KW: -- and my sleeping bag, just the entire fucking place.

MN: Sorry I wasn't recording, can you explain?

KW: The whole studio has been flooded for the past week or so, it's just started dissipating today. It's been a fucking nightmare. My laptop and all the data in it is sodden, my sleeping bag and all our equipment is sodden. Everything is fucked. Couple days of heavy rain and we came home to this after a day in town. River water nearly up to my knees.

MN: Where are you staying now? What's to do about the data?

KW: The Airbnb owner isn't in the country for the next two months and has sorted us at the youth hostel, but only for a week. Tory cunt. I don't really fucking know how I'm supposed to stay in a damp wooden cabin for 2 months. We've been here everyday trying to salvage everything. A lot of Fout's equipment is damaged, most of the hardware effects I bought are fucked. It got one of the backup drives too. We only have, like, 40% of what we recorded backed up. And that's just bounces too, project files are gone, stems are gone. I don't know.

MN: And laptop is dead too? Like definitely?

KW: It's in the shop but he tells me it's almost certainly dead.

MN: This is awful. Things like this can't be predicted. I'm so sorry Kai.

KW: Fout and Christy are heading home tomorrow.

MN: And you?

KW: I can't, I don't have anywhere to go. I can't scrape together the cash to get home yet, so I'm stuck here. I've got some gigs in a few weeks, until then I'm fucked.

MN: You're welcome to stay with my partner and I, it wouldn't be--

KW: I'd rather not if that's alright. There's still some cleaning up to do, so. Do you have any questions? About the music?

MN: Uh -- I wanted to ask: does the fact that this is your second full album affect you or change your method in anyway?

KW: Well that's the bleak reality I'm staring at now, that I've fucked this. It feels great. About a 3-4 weeks ago I went back to see my mum and friends at home for a birthday party. It was only four days but that's the longest I've spent away from everything since we started. Listening back to everything we've been doing for the past, what, four months now, it's just made me feel fucking horrible. It's not what I set out to do at all. This space and all these session players are booked until June, and most of it is with my student loan money. I really don't want to do this anymore. Fucking stupid.

MN: Is it a loss of ambition? From the labour of it all?

KW: It's that; I have this responsibility to not completely fuck up the good thing I have going for me and now I have fucked it up. I owe it to a lot of people that helped me get onto this good trajectory and I decide to move into the fucking woods. It's just fucking dumb. I don't know how I'm going to explain the time I've wasted out here, and then think of some other idea to fix all this. I've pissed away all this money and set myself back like six months for nothing.

MN: In what way is it not what you expected? Before the flood, I mean. I remember you being really happy with the demos you and the guys were working on. What changed since then?

KW: I'm on my own a lot more now. I'm having to play performer and engineer myself and it breaks me down, especially as I've done neither before. I don't want to do it. It doesn't make any fucking sense for me to be out here, it's a gimmick. I could probably still be in my bedroom at home and not be in the red financially, and not have fucked with my mental health. I've started writing my assignments to put off writing and mixing. I'm just totally fucking over it now. I'm losing sleep

over what the fuck I'm supposed to tell everyone when I come back. Like "Hip hip hooray, I completely fucked it".

MN: This development of you as an artist though, that was what you came into the project looking for.

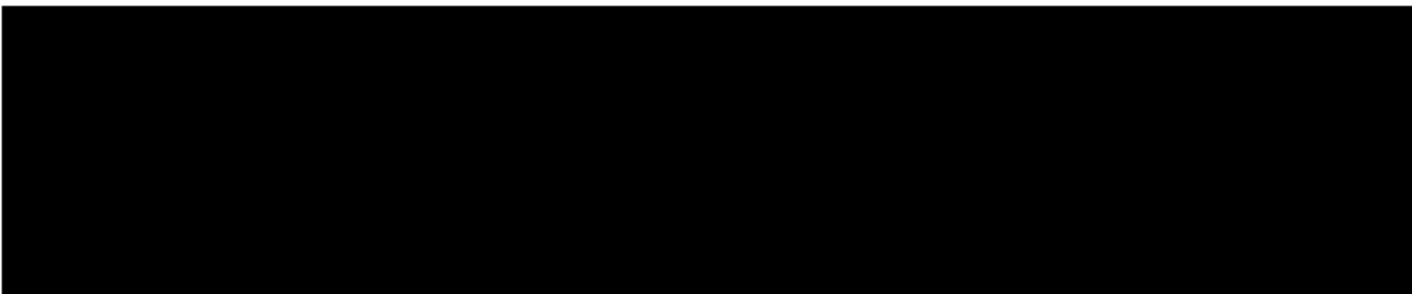
KW: At what cost? There's good fucking reason why nobody does this shit. I've realised that music is the pissing contest that nobody has time to take a break from. I've been chasing respect and quality in music since I was fourteen. How the fuck would I explain to fourteen year old Kai about some mid-life producer crisis that didn't pay off? Feels like I'm letting someone down every fucking single day I stay here.

MN: Could it be put down to the lack of company over the past few months? Writing and recording with your friends everyday, having that taken away could really knock the wind out of your sails.

KW: I've been so out of the loop with my friends that I can't even reintegrate with them. Friendships, relationships, everything is going to shit because of music. It's like missing out on all the inside jokes, all of the life that's been lived without me there. I feel like a total stranger, and it's not like I should have to put this on anyone too. So I'm stuck here shouting at you about it, marvelous.

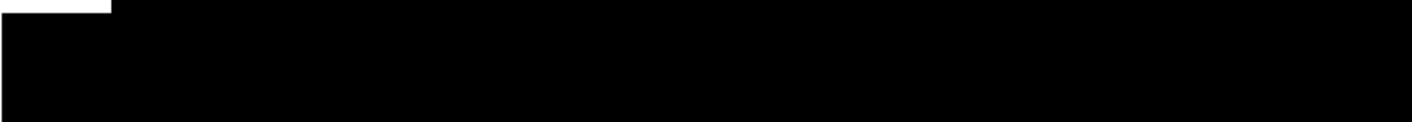
MN: Kai, I'll be frank. I love your music, but more than anything I don't want you to be miserable. I know your fans would agree.

KW: The same fans that probably pirate my shit and fuck up my surname on purpose. I really don't want to do this anymore. I have to write this album to get out of



MN: Won't they be reading this?

KW:



months. They probably won't listen to the record when it comes out.

MN: What do you want to do instead?

KW: Just be somewhere where I can be with my friends, something with a comfortable illusion. I can't return to uni, they're asking me to leave because I wouldn't come to any of their arranged meetings or whatever. I didn't make any friends there anyway. I spent a whole year at uni without being friends with anyone there, it's been fucking horrible.

MN: I don't think it's any issue with you. You've never come across as unfriendly or anything. You're usually the chattiest one in the room.

KW: I don't have problems making friends, it's just, I don't know. I need to fucking figure my shit out. If I've learnt anything is that the woods don't fucking want me here.

MN: If the album has to be made, for [REDACTED], what do you do to keep music exciting?

KW: Good question honestly. I don't have a clue.

MN: In the past then?

KW: In the past it was just setting limitations and setting challenges for myself. Occasionally, I'll hit a sweet five minutes where everything feels good. If I had known what was coming I wouldn't have set any challenges at all. The bulk of the process though, is the agonising stretch of finishing off. Finishing off tracks and then finishing off the album, is a fucking nightmare. Trying to polish off, these small details nobody would give a fuck about. It's a disease. I don't have a great gauge on when to stop working on something. My biggest fear is looking back and knowing I could have done something better, and that only increases with time. Sometimes I'll listen back to something I did earlier in the day and discover I'm a fucking hack.

MN: Your work already speaks that you're not a hack.

KW: The psychological horror of having to keep up a subjective standard, that someone else holds, just to make a basic living. I wouldn't wish that on anyone.

MN: Have you ever had any desire to do anything else? Other than music?

KW: Is quitting an answer?

MN: How about in a creative sense.

KW: Maybe only painting or practising something visual. I think I'm ultimately an uncreative person. I'm good at forgery, recognising characteristics and diagnostics.

MN: I believe there's a creativity in approach, an ambition that wouldn't exist by doing it by the book.

KW: I'm not stupid, but I'm not creative either. I must have learnt to swindle from my father. What an embellishment.

MN: I think it's easy to think these things when you've been bogged down by seemingly insurmountable obstacles. You can recognise the good work you've done, I remember you speaking about it in an earlier session. If you're unhappy with your current output, it's not the be all and end all. A batter who hits one in every three pitches still goes to the hall of fame.

KW: And probably blows out their ACL in the process. I want to stop everything. It doesn't feel like I'm doing it for me anymore.

MN: After this record, there will be time for that. Don't take yourself out of it entirely though, there's value to what you do.

KW: Do you have any questions that won't make me sound like a cunt? Think we're really in need of a few.

MN: Is there a distance between you and the way you portray yourself?

KW: There used to be.

MN: How have things changed?

KW: I've realised now, for the sake of my own sanity, there needs to be a separation there. I'm talking about a lot of awful personal things on this record, at least what's recoverable of it. There's shit about breakups, feeling out of touch, manipulation, ████████, a bunch of shit. I don't know if this is what I want to talk about on records. I've had countless reminders that I'm not as outgoing or charismatic or funny as I once was, it fucking kills me. I think I'd rather do remixes for Professor Green than continuing with this exhausting shit. I wouldn't want to hear this as a listener, this tortured artist bullshit.

MN: Would you find a means of escape in that, the kids who listen, could relate to some of these experiences in helping with their own grief?

KW: I don't like that question. This mess I'm in now, although might be healing for some, still becomes a constant mark on my name. My actual fucking government name, where everything I've done since I was sixteen is archived in fucking stone.

MN: Maybe in the arc of humanity, the time we're living in now, could you argue that escapism is too dangerous? In a hypothetical world of escapism, the world could become a toxic waste dump, or underwater. Humanity's desire to nurture our planet can't be relied on anymore, greed has overtaken that.

KW: You're beginning to sound like a Jonathon Pie video -- and it's only adding to my peril.

MN: It's serious Kai.

KW: What like I'm supposed to change the fucking world? I'm a musician. Fuck all. Are you really putting the pain of humanity on barely stable artists? Why is there this shared notion that artists have a responsibility to change the world when the reality is that the art world is controlled by a cabal of wealthy tax evaders? To be honest, I'm just about done talking. You've really pissed me off, I don't know how you expect this to be published when you're trying to make me look like a cunt this whole time.

MN: Is that what I've been doing? Seems like I've been asking questions and you've been doing all of that yourself.

KW: I've organised these sessions to document the recording process. I've been working fucking endlessly, to the fucking bone. This isn't your platform to grill me on social issues.

MN: If you would allow me Kai, your record is inherently tied into this. All the different--

KW: My record is about losing my fucking mind trying to cater to a callous music industry. That's what my fucking record is about. What fucking exists at least.

MN: If you would listen--

KW: My house floods in two feet of water and rats chew on my equipment, and then I get you here? To pass judgement on me? I'm in no fucking space to take on the problems of the world.

MN: I think it's safe to say your ego interview shit is over.

KW: I can't wait till your nasty comments bring me back to the chip shop. I'll be gobbing in your fucking burger.

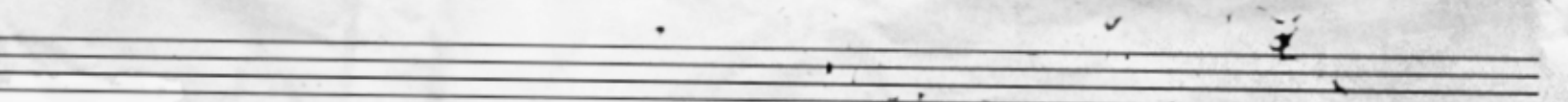
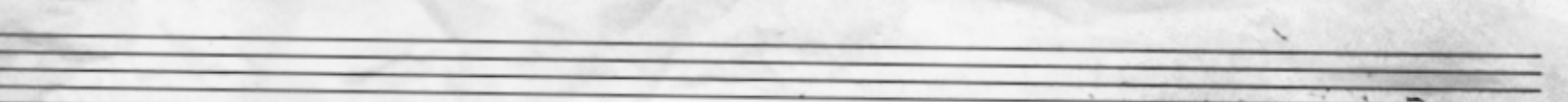
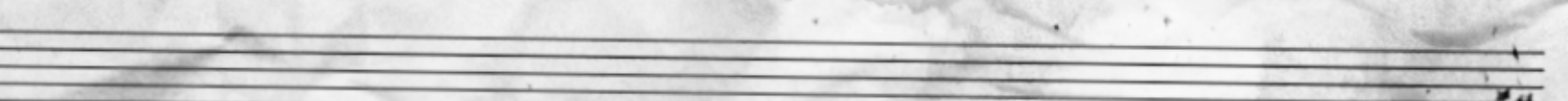
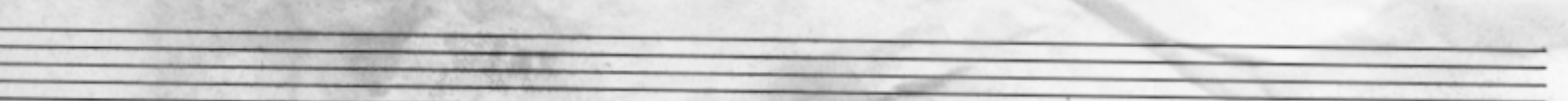
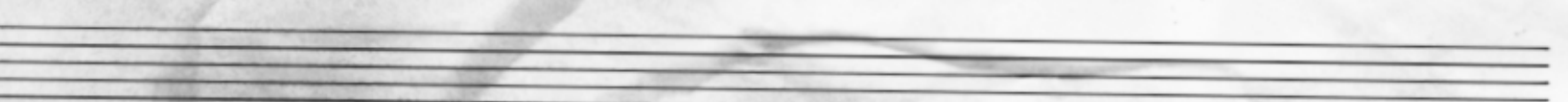
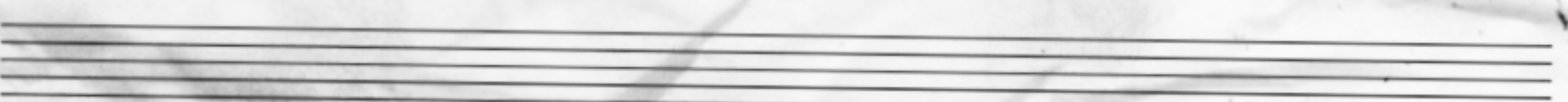
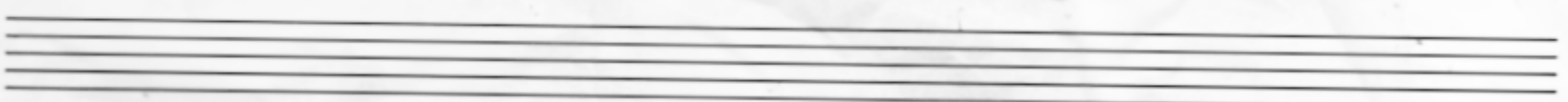
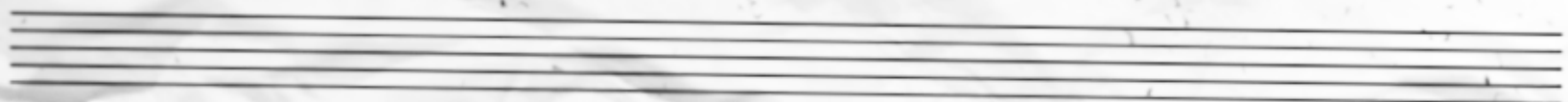
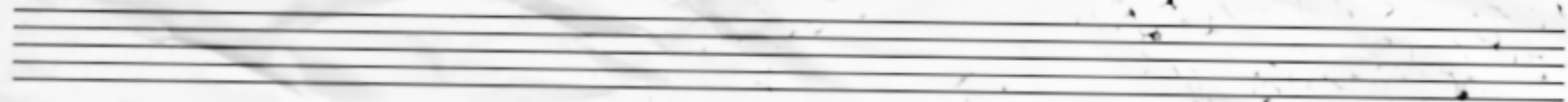
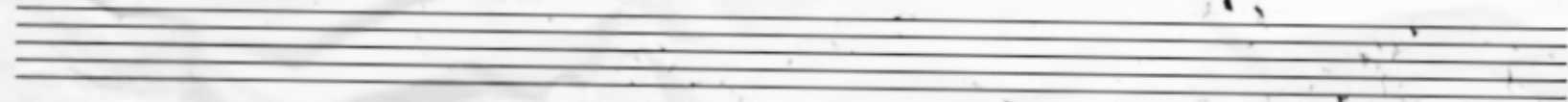
The mornings are my painter's lending,
her sun has scorched of your pretendings.
Where streams of light pierce shit and cleansing,
our harvest tells a happy ending.

Though she spans vales and peaks alike,
it's only on my last goodbye,
I feel her treats past earth and sky.
there is no world as good as mine.

IV

Track twelve: **No World**
Total duration: fifteen minutes and
forty three seconds · Lyrics: The
mornings are my painters lending,
the sun has scorched of your
pretendings. Where streams of light
pierce shit and cleansing, our
harvest tells a happy ending.
Though she spans vales and peaks
alike, its only on my last goodbye, i
feel her treats past earth and sky.
There is no world as good as mine.

Production, lead
guitar, bowed guitar, bass guitar,
drums, dulcimer, zither, prepared
harmonica, glockenspiel, percussion
and engineered by Kai Whiston,
credit roll music by Joe Petersen and
Kai Whiston, strings and saxophone
by Fout List







MN: Recording now. This is the fourth interview session at Wank Studios--

KW: Leave out the Wank Studios part. It's just the studio.

MN: This is our fourth interview session at Kai Whiston's studio. The date is August 28th 2019. On our last visit we didn't end on good terms.

KW: Yeah it's fair to say we didn't

MN: For the sake of the recording I should say that Kai and I spoke on the phone recently and have sorted things out.

KW: Yeah I was acting out. I've been a total fucking dick. While it's no excuse for toxic behaviour, I was in a super dark place. Fuck that sounds like bullshit. Point is, I think I'm out of it now. I feel better at least.

MN: How have things developed in the past month?

KW: It's been weird, a few things have happened I guess. I think my attitude to what I do has changed. Being in the woods has changed my attitude to what I do. I think there's a such thing as being too involved in what you do. Although it may not sound so inspiring, it became obvious to me that a lot of my persistence in my visions came from my insecurity in doing anything else. My relationship with music was making me miserable. A lot like how these woods made me miserable. While it's not the only thing on my plate, the hubris that the world owes me a favour for being a music producer is false. No world owes me shit. I feel fucking marvelous making music right now.

MN: Are you still writing?

KW: I thought I had it all out of my system but I guess not. I made a song during mixing today and it's mad as a bag of twats, not sure if I can fit it in though. Think it's over an hour in total which is going to upset a lot of people. Think I've got about 4 hours of really fucking good music and 10 hours of other shit, even with my whingy couple of months.

MN: What was the catalyst for this conclusion?

KW: A lot of it was talking to Fout. I really admire him as a friend, he possesses a lot of qualities I wish I had. His patience is second to none, he's totally egoless. As a musician, he's so technically gifted. Him and Christy, it really couldn't have been made without him. Joe Petersen too, just his whole output as someone to talk to, as well as his contributions.

MN: I've still never met Fout, his work with strings and woodwinds on the album is incredible.

KW: It is. I'm trying to convince him to release some solo stuff after all of this, he doesn't have a shred of vanity in him though. He might be too laid back.

MN: This is the finished tracklist right?

KW: Yep. That's it. It's weird seeing this to-do list all checked off, makes me feel awfully empty.

MN: Would you mind if we did a run down of each track? Just your initial thoughts and commentary and some background into what went into it.

KW: Sounds very sophisticated. Why not.

MN: Okay, the album opener obviously; Fall In Your hands.

KW: Big tune, was a really organic process to making that. Found myself humming that intro bass melody when I was making toast and wrote it in. I pulled up just a sine wave synth as a placeholder and felt like it was a perfect way to start things. I think it leads enough ambiguity in timbre to not know what the fuck is going to happen. I wanted it to clean the slate as well after the last track of **KWB**, sine waves rule. My friend says the melody has a Harry Potter quality to it, that made me laugh.

MN: Glyder Fawr, or is it Gylder Fawr?

KW: Both those track names appear in multiple places. I can't spell for shit. It's whatever one ends up in Spotify, I went with Glyder I think.

MN: The second track.



Zach Swezy,
creative advisor, cutie

photographed by Robert Offner

KW: I'm proud of that one, it feels like a narrative. From start to finish I was really fucking literal and obvious as to how I was feeling. It's a total sonic and figurative clash of searching for wholesomeness. Estrangement and romance in a suspended cage fight. Christy's interruption of the acoustic break towards the end, and that being a catalyst to both world's working harmoniously. Fucking music. Chef's kiss.

MN: That blends into Don't Need It.

KW: That has a very literal meaning. It's a pretty weird sensitive subject, that's why my vocals are so distorted in it. You might be able to decode it in the lyrics.

MN: Is it to do with your reclusiveness?

KW: Maybe, in a more intimate sense.

MN: After that, Run It Run It.

KW: Pretty ignorant jam. It was a good laugh channeling my inner Matt Tong on that. It has an incomprehensibly fast vocal part in it that I'm dreading to attempt live, think it will go off though.

MN: Chapter two now, Beautiful Losers.

KW: Hope that one will be a biggun. Goes back to what I was saying before, trying to tackle this fear people have of sentimental music. That track is almost entirely sentimental, the structure is crystal clear. I didn't want to do a whole album of just showing off my producer chops. I think Beautiful Losers achieves some sort of goliath task I haven't done before. I made a charming bop and Joe Petersen is entirely to thank for that.

MN: I Hear Chop Snares In These Willow Trees.

KW: A song about a breakup. That track had a lot of iterations, about 8 or 9 attempts. The concept was so strong in my head but it took a while to execute. The subject matter is pretty dark. The mixing was inspired a lot by when I used to sing shit I was listening to way past my bedtime at my mum's house.

MN: The interlude piece, Lovers.

KW: That piece gives me strong images of Ophelia, some scene so peaceful with a brewing horror trying to claw its way out. That's how the rest of the record begins to feel.

MN: At the end of that track comes my favourite narration, when the tape cuts out before he finished completely. The beginning of chapter three, Blue Dots.

KW: I'm so incredibly proud of Blue Dots. Although labouring over that song felt like torture, I can really enjoy it now in retrospect. I think out of the tracklist, that piece in particular captures pretty much everything I wanted to do. I might not have known it at the time, but I think I managed to outdo myself on that one. A nerd's dream.

MN: After that, Hell For Ourselves.

KW: What I love about that track, compared to the rest of the album it's probably the most straightforward rock song on there. I just fell in love with that riff and didn't want to fuck it up trying to be overly avant-garde or anything. The vocal chops sample a very popular teenage angst anthem which was my fucking jam when I was a yungun. Think I racked about 800 plays on it in my iTunes.

MN: Things You Bury, featuring The Physics House Band.

KW: Fuck me, how happy I am to get them on the album. Total wet dream. That track makes me feel like I'm suspended among an inconceivable horror that I can't control. Come to think of it, that's what was happening when I was writing it really. I was in progress of that track when everything fell apart. The mix and recording was driving me fucking mad at the time. I was dealing with a lot of bad thoughts. I'd love to shoot a big music video for that.

MN: And finally the thirteen minute opus, No World.

KW: This was the moment where everything changed. Going into it was like I had nothing to lose, I had assumed everything around me was fucked already. It was at my lowest where I felt things happening. This physical and physiological pain overwhelmed me for weeks. It was during this storm one night, I could have sworn the

leaves and dead ferns were circling the cabin -- like a fucking tornado. I thought I was slipping into some sort of death sequence. I saw things right there in front of me, that I could never have imagined, like figures in non-descript scenes. It was the most beautiful violence I had ever experienced. I didn't hear a voice or see a light, but it was like I felt a touch.

MN: In a like, supernatural kind of way?

KW: Almost. I'm firm with science, but I think something psychological overcame me.

MN: What do you think made you react this way?

KW: I don't know. It felt like a presence. I'm not religious or spiritual, and I don't do psychedelics. So I don't know. What do you make of it?

MN: It's not uncommon for vivid psychological experiences to get linked with some kind of divine presence. Maybe it was something to do with -- I don't know.

KW: Nah, go on?

MN: Mother Nature?

KW: Shit, I don't know about all of that.

MN: I mean--

KW: if that's the case she's barking up the wrong tree.

MN: Well a lot of the troubles you've encountered have been to do with her, wouldn't you say? It's been the primary catalyst for your awakening, or whatever.

KW: I think I'm too skeptical to believe that Mother Nature would want to communicate with a scummy boy from Dorset, unless it was a noise complaint.

MN: Alright tosser, maybe something bit you in the woods then.

KW: Most likely.

MN: And the ending, with the children talking?





KW: I find such pleasure in their bickering amongst each other about the smallest things. They're so unscathed and pure. I felt it was important to have that contrast there.

MN: The final chapter of the poem, there's a brighter and more optimistic message than the other stanzas. Does this reflect your new relationship with music?

KW: Kind of. The production of this record definitely changed me, whether for the good or bad I can't decide. It's not really about the production of the album though, it's what the record has presented. The forces of which nature had affected me could be attributed to many things, depending on how you look at it. Relationships, motivations of career, depression. Maybe all three of those.

MN: I'm a bit worried to ask this next question--

KW: Go ahead.

MN: In this journal series, you've done little to interrupt the theatrics of it all. Within these acts, you embodied each scene wholeheartedly. Sticking to this script so heavily, what is the impression you're trying to present to a bystander?

KW: I do understand it's conflicting. I think the criticism that things have been taken overboard with this series are valid. This project really goes into detail on how work can affect an artist, and dealing with this suppression where it becomes violent. I struggle massively to open up, it's always been an issue of mine and this journal construct was important for me. It was a world I was adrift in that I felt weirdly compelled to document over 11,293 words.

I felt a responsibility to try and lead an audience into that. I think I really needed this project when I was fifteen. When I was young, it was records and stories bigger than I could imagine that got me through the tough shit. I want to present fiction in a way that can be rendered into achievement, or at least provide something of a similar impact that music had on me.

MN: My input feels even more pointless now you've broken the fourth wall.

KW: Nobody even reads this shit anyway. This format was the only way I could think of to document this whole journey and to tell this story to the best of its ability.

MN: I suppose, writing your own interview series, probably bestows a lot of control on what you put out. Like, a lot of control,

KW: Right. A lot of it is true anyway, a truth I can moderate. Do you think I'd let a journalist fuck up my art piece? And how the fuck was I going to get a journalist play the role of Mother Nature?

MN: Makes a lot of sense now. I was wondering how we were getting along so well.

KW: Is there anything you'd like to add since the spotlight is on us?

MN: As Kai or as **MN**?

KW: As yourself.

MN: I suppose, thank you for not littering or leaving any bog roll in the bushes.

KW: Anytime.

MN: Some people might be reading this before they listen, if you figure out how to release it properly. What would you tell them?

KW: Ah, fuck I don't know. It's not as immediate of a listen as my other work. It might feel like it's drifting or not jumping straight to the point, that's okay. I think I have plenty of immediate and sharp work behind me already, especially XYZ. There are moments to tune out, to think about what you're having for dinner. More than anything I guess I'd like to translate my enthusiasm for the project. This is like a fucking crazy move, I feel great. It's been great to look out the window.

MN: What's next then? After ten thousand words banging on about your fairytale bollocks, I think you need something else to talk about.

KW: Probably a lot less of music for a while, making it at least. I'm really excited to bring friends to perform these songs live for people and see how that shit pans out. A major aid in getting into music for me was the availability of educational grants, to fund equipment as such. I've been brainstorming on how I can also provide that same opportunity to others. I have some exciting things in mind to make that happen. Also, I think I'm gonna live in a converted Ford Transit and go travelling for a year straight. Those things are what I'm most excited for.

MN: I can't wait.

KW: You can.

MN: Alright finally, and I've been saving this one.

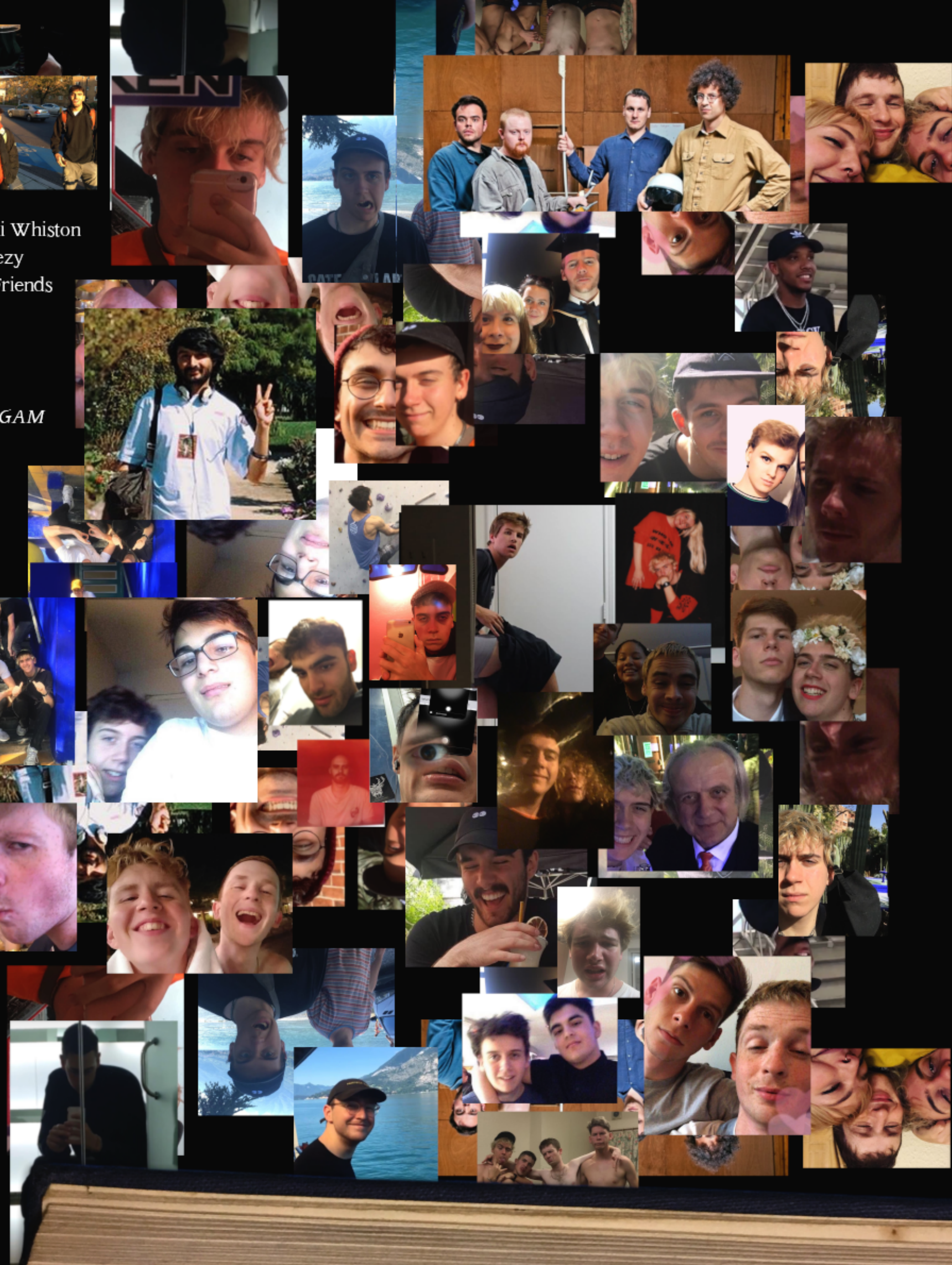
KW: Mad for it, hit me.

MN: What does 'No World As Good As Mine' mean to you?

KW: I had, like, a million pages and a whole year to articulate a good answer for this without coming off pretentious, I don't think I'll ever manage that. For me, NWAGAM is the result of feeling trapped in my own head. Occasionally, I am a victim of my own blindness. This project tries to explain the colossal consequences of leaving your blinkers on, in work, in self-preservation, in relationships, in everything. For me, that was my relationship with trying to be a musician and all the bullshit that comes with that. Touring, fighting for attention, dealing with criticism, toiling over my own perfectionism, masochistic practices, everything was hurting. Nature was my catalyst for realising that it all caught up to me, and that I needed to take a step away. For anyone else, that might be therapy, or friends, or football, or pissing in the sink. It might inspire you to do something with your life that is way more beneficial than all of long-winded goofy shite.

Words & design by Kai Whiston
Edited by Zachary Swezy
Supported by All My Friends
Inspired by MN

NWAGAM



THANK YOU.

In youth we love the
Brushed by the owl's
Then, Twilight is prefer
And Autumn to the Sp
Sad fancies do we then
In luxury of disrespect
To our own prodigal ex
Of too familiar happine
Lycoris (if such name h
Thee, thee my life's cel
When Nature marks th
Be ours to welcome it;
Pleased with the harve
Before the path of mild
Pleased while the sylv
Its ripeness to the feedi
Pleased when the suller
Of the resplendent mira

III

But something whispers
That, as we downward
Lycoris! life requires an
To which our souls mus
A skill—to balance and
And, ere the flowing fou
As soon it must, a sense
Or drink, with no fastid
Then welcome, above al
Whose smiles, diffused
Seem to recall the Deity
Of youth into the breast

