Kaeto is not the new anyone. There are no immediate reference points; no pop stars to stick her alongside. She’s an anomaly. An always inquisitive artist, writing songs about the questions we all ask ourselves. Like, why do we seem to be complicit in our own anxieties? Why can’t we stop doing things for the sake of our own vanity? Why are we hellbent on living through everything twice: once in the moment, and again on our phones, barely minutes later? “I’m not trying to be preachy,” Kaeto says. “I’m exploring these things because I’m doing them and I can’t stop.”

It’s in those fringes that Kaeto dredges out the finer details from the darkness and puts them into the songs she’s writing. But this is not a straight genre – it’s a confluence of many. How she found this sound is a lifelong story of sonic discovery.

In 2019, Kaeto got into the studio with producers for the first time, figuring out exactly what she wanted to say and how to say it. She went to Clown School, squeezing out the kind of creativity and spontaneity the mundanity of modern life drums out of us, and learned from it.

It’s no more apparent than on her opening statement “Good Morning”, an apt and feral introduction to her sound that she chose precisely because “it was so unhinged,” she says. “I thought, by releasing that first, no one afterwards would call anything I made ‘too weird’.” She made it with Pete Robertson and Tom Stafford. If you get it, you’re hooked for everything else still in the pipeline.

“Why are we all watching ourselves?” Kaeto asks on “No Body”, a Brendan Grieve produced track built around an incessant, scuzzy bass line and Kaeto’s reverb-heavy voice.

On these tracks, her voice, weapon-like, veers from violent and caustic to raspy and old-school alluring. “I didn’t think I was very good at singing until I started singing my own songs,” the Scottish, London-based artist admits. But what you hear is conviction in her own thoughts. “That conviction, I hope, is part of my music.”

That soft, soulful, synthy side of Kaeto’s sound bleeds through “Don’t Ask (This is Violation)”, a song about our desire to “commit violence on ourselves all the time,” she says. If it feels unflattering, that’s the point.

“I’m so unashamed of myself,” Kaeto says now, “but music is where I go to explore those things.” Call it a cliche, but it’s true: her music has become a therapy for her, “my subconscious vomited into the microphone.”

“If I discover something I don’t like about myself,” she says. “That’s fine. It won’t be a threat to me.

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