

Personal Statement submitted by Candidate EVERARD

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Extracted by: G. ██████████ (current Keeper), ██████████/2025

Extract 1: Opening (pp. 1–3)

I have been asked to explain why I wish to enter the service of the Krepost. The question assumes that service is something one chooses. I do not believe this. I believe that service is something one recognises, the way a musician recognises a note that has been sounding beneath the noise of the room for a very long time. The note was always there. The recognition is what is new.

I will attempt to construct an argument. I will fail, because the thing I am trying to describe is not an argument. It is a building. It has rooms and corridors and load-bearing walls. It has a foundation that was laid before I was born and a roof that I will never see completed. I am applying to be a beam. This is not a metaphor. I mean it structurally.

The word 'obedience' has been ruined. It has been made to sound small. In the language of the century I was born into, obedience means capitulation. It means the failure to resist. It means the absence of will. This is a misunderstanding so total that it constitutes a kind of vandalism.

Obedience, correctly understood, is the most violent act a person can commit against themselves. It is not the absence of will. It is the application of the will against the self, with such force and precision that the self is restructured. The obedient person does not stop wanting. They want with a ferocity that would terrify the disobedient. But they direct that wanting upward, toward the source of the instruction, rather than inward, toward the comfort of the self.

A conductor does not play an instrument. A conductor submits to the score. The score is the architecture. The orchestra is the material. The conductor is the force that makes the material obey the architecture. He is not an artist. He is an engineer of surrender.

Extract 2: On the Nature of Music (pp. 12–16)

I conducted my first orchestra at the age of nineteen. It was a student ensemble in [REDACTED]. Thirty-two players. The piece was [REDACTED]. I remember standing on the podium and understanding, with absolute clarity, that I was not in control. The music was in control. I was merely the point through which it passed.

This is not humility. Humility is a performance. What I am describing is a mechanical fact. The conductor is a relay. He receives the signal from the score and transmits it to the players. If his transmission is clean, the music is clean. If his ego interferes with the signal, the music is distorted. The best conductor is the one who is least present. The best conductor is a ghost.

[...]

I have listened to recordings of the compositions attributed to the Principal of the Krepost. I obtained them through [REDACTED], who I understand has since been subject to enforcement action by the church. I make no apology for this. The recordings are of poor quality. They were made secretly, on equipment that was not adequate. The sound is damaged. And yet.

I listened to SCORE-1987-[REDACTED] four hundred and eleven times in the period between March and June of this year. I kept count. Each listening revealed structure that the previous listening had concealed. The composition is not merely complex. It is alive. It reorganises itself depending on the attention of the listener. This is not possible. Music is fixed. It is written and performed and it does not change. But this music changes. I do not understand how. I do not need to understand how. I need to be in the room where it is being played.

That is my reason. I do not wish to enter the service of the Krepost because I believe in the theology. I believe in the theology because I have heard the music. The theology is a frame. The music is the painting. If the frame were removed, the painting would still exist. If the painting were removed, the frame would be firewood.

Previous Keeper's annotation: "Theology as frame. Bold claim for a candidate. He'll either burn out or burn everything else. Recommend advancement to Stage 3." – [REDACTED]

Extract 3: On the Disposal of the Self (pp. 28–33)

I must address the question of what I am leaving behind. The intake documentation requests a list of personal attachments. I have listed two: my parents and my conducting baton. The baton I wish to retain. My parents I do not.

This requires explanation, because it will otherwise read as cruelty, and I am not cruel. I am precise. There is a difference, though I am aware that the result is often indistinguishable.

[...]

My father is a [REDACTED]. He builds [REDACTED]. He is a good man in the way that a well-maintained machine is a good machine. He performs his function. He does not malfunction. He does not deviate from specification. He loved me the way an engineer loves a component that does not fit the housing. He tested me. He measured me. He found that I did not conform to the required tolerance. He did not discard me. He simply stopped maintaining me.

My mother is a [REDACTED]. She plays [REDACTED]. She is the reason I understand music. She is also the reason I understand silence. She has not spoken to my father about anything other than logistics since approximately 1989. They coexist in a house that is perfectly maintained and completely dead. The rooms are clean. The surfaces are polished. There is no sound except the clock and the television and the occasional mechanical exchange of information regarding groceries or appointments. It is the quietest violence I have ever witnessed.

I was raised in a house where obedience meant the absence of friction. Where compliance was indistinguishable from death. My parents obeyed the conventions of marriage, of parenthood, of professional life, with such thoroughness that they ceased to exist as people and became furniture. This is not obedience. This is taxidermy.

What I am proposing is the opposite. I am proposing obedience as combustion. As the total surrender of the self to a force so much larger than the self that the self is consumed. Not preserved. Not stuffed and mounted and placed on a mantel. Consumed. Burned. Made into light and heat and energy in service of the architecture.

My parents will not understand this. When they learn I have entered The Krepost, they will say that I have joined a cult. They will be wrong in the way that people who have never been warm are wrong about fire. They will say it burns. They will not understand that burning is the point.

Previous Keeper's annotation: "The parents will be a problem. Prepare a response for when they come looking." - [REDACTED]

[G.]: They came looking in 2009. Welfare check. Response: "We have no son." The previous Keeper's preparation was unnecessary. The parents reached the same conclusion independently.

Extract 4: On the Principal (pp. 41–47)

I have not met the Principal. I have not seen a photograph. I have not heard his voice. I know him only through the music, and through the accounts of those who have served him, most of whom will not speak about the experience with any specificity. This absence of information is itself information.

I have been told that he is old. I have been told that he does not leave his chambers. I have been told that his body has deteriorated to a point that would, in any other context, constitute death. And yet he composes. He produces work of such structural complexity that trained musicians cannot parse it on first reading. He dictates instructions through intermediaries. He governs a church, an estate, and a performing body from a room that most of the residents have never entered.

The obvious question is: what sustains him? The theological answer is that he is sustained by the faith of the church and the purpose of the bloodline. The institutional answer is that he is sustained by medical apparatus and the administrative competence of the Keeper. Both of these answers are probably true and both of them are insufficient.

I believe he is sustained by the music. I believe the music is not an expression of his will but the mechanism by which his will is made physical. I believe that when he stops composing, he will die, and that when he dies, the architecture will collapse. The Krepost is not a building. It is a resonance chamber. He is the source of the resonance. Without him, it is just stone.

[...]

I do not wish to meet him. This may seem contradictory, given that I am applying to spend my life in his service. It is not. I wish to serve the architecture. The architect is not my concern. If I met him and found him to be a frail, diminished, ordinary man, it would not change the music. But it might change me. And I cannot afford to be changed by anything other than the work.

I know what I am. I am a mechanism for the transmission of his signal. I am asking to be installed in the machine. I do not need to understand the machine. I need to perform my function within it. If I perform my function well, the signal will be clean. If the signal is clean, the music will be clean. If the music is clean, the architecture will stand.

This is all I want. To be a functioning part of something that I did not build and cannot comprehend. To be obedient to a structure so vast and so old that my obedience is, in the final account, irrelevant. To disappear into the wall.

Previous Keeper's annotation: "He doesn't want to meet him. Good. Nobody should want to meet him." - ██████████

Extract 5: Closing Statement (pp. 68–70)

I am twenty-five years old. I am aware that what I am proposing is the voluntary termination of my life as it has been constituted until this point. I will not conduct a public orchestra again. I will not publish. I will not be reviewed. I will not stand on a stage and receive the particular silence that follows a performance that has succeeded. I am trading that silence for a different one.

I have considered whether this is a form of suicide. I have concluded that it is not. Suicide is the destruction of the self by the self, for the self. What I am proposing is the destruction of the self by the self, for the architecture. The distinction is not semantic. It is structural. A demolished building and a building that has been dismantled for parts are both destroyed. But the parts continue to function. I intend to function.

[...]

I am bringing one suitcase. I am bringing my baton. I am bringing a photograph that I will probably turn face-down within a year but that I am not yet ready to destroy. I am bringing seventy pages of argument for my own obliteration, written in black ink on unlined paper, because the Krepost asked me to explain myself and I have attempted to comply.

If this statement is insufficient, I will accept the decision without appeal. If it is sufficient, I will accept the admission without celebration. I am not looking for permission. I am looking for a wall to disappear into.

I am ready to be used.

Previous Keeper's annotation (final): "Either a zealot or a psychopath. Useful in both cases. Approve intake. Assign to Herd. Watch the photograph." — ██████████

[G.]: The photograph was found face-down in a drawer during the 2009 room inspection. It has not been seen since. The previous Keeper watched the photograph. I have watched the man. Twenty-three years later, the mechanism is still functioning. It has not been serviced. It has not been maintained. It is running on fumes and red wine and a conviction so total that it has replaced the need for sleep. He got what he wanted. He disappeared into the wall. The wall is now the only thing holding him up.

ADMINISTRATIVE FOOTER

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Pages not extracted include: theological exegesis of Vechnostist doctrine (pp. 17—27), analysis of [REDACTED] compositional technique (pp. 34—40), extended meditation on the relationship between physical pain and musical precision (pp. 48—54), and a passage on pp. 55—67 that I have chosen not to extract because [REDACTED].

The passage on pp. 55—67 has been flagged for the restricted archive. It has not been shared with the subject. It will not be shared with the subject.

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