

V32 vs V37 Visual Comparison

The Gatekeepers Society
Design Analysis

Date: January 1, 2026

Comparison 1: Prologue Opening

V32 (Page 7)

V37 (Page 8)



■ Clock-star shows as TEXT
(should be image)

Comparison 2: Body Text

V32 (Page 8)

The boxes were in the study, where he had always worked.

Joyce Rumsfeld found them three weeks after Donald's death, when she finally felt ready to begin the work that widows do—sorting through a lifetime of papers, deciding what to keep and what to discard, confronting the accumulated evidence of a man who had been many things: Navy aviator, Congressman, Ambassador, White House Chief of Staff, Secretary of Defense (twice), pharmaceutical CEO, presidential candidate (briefly), and for sixty-seven years, her husband.

The study in their Taos home looked exactly as he had left it. The desk faced the window, angled for the morning light he preferred. The bookshelves held the same arrangement of volumes—history, biography, strategic studies, the works of Churchill and Lincoln that he returned to repeatedly. On the wall hung the photograph of him with Gerald Ford in the Oval Office, January 1975, both men impossibly young. Another showed him with Saddam Hussein in Baghdad, 1983, a handshake that would haunt his legacy. A third captured him at the Pentagon podium after 9/11, doing what he did best: taking questions, parrying attacks, controlling the room.

Donald Rumsfeld had controlled rooms for seven decades. Now the rooms were silent.

The boxes were unlabeled, which was unusual. Rumsfeld labeled everything. His memos were legendarily precise, dated to the day, filed by subject. His correspondence was catalogued. His speaking notes were archived. But these three boxes, stacked in the corner of the study behind his favorite chair, bore no markings at all.

Joyce opened the first one expecting Pentagon records, perhaps something the archivists had missed. Instead, she found handwritten notes on Metropolitan Club stationery.

The top page was dated February 5, 1977.

The first gathering of what would become the Gatekeepers' Society—a name they never actually used, though Rumsfeld employed it in his notes as a convenient shorthand—occurred six weeks after Gerald Ford left office and Jimmy Carter was inaugurated.

V37 (Page 9)

The boxes sat in the study—his study, the room where he'd always done the real work, away from the ceremonial theater of the Oval, away from the cameras and the handshakes and the performative gravity of official Washington. Now it was just a repository for ghosts.

Joyce worked the phone in order. Donald Jr. first—blood before briefs, as the saying goes. Then the family attorney, because that's what you do when documents surface that could reshape history. And then, at the lawyer's urging, she dialed a number in Charlottesville: the Miller Center at the University of Virginia, keepers of the most exhaustive archive of presidential oral histories anywhere on earth. Three calls. Each one pulling the circle wider.

The study in their Taos home hadn't moved an inch. Same desk facing the window—angled just so for that morning light he'd always insisted upon, the way some men insist on their coffee black or their martinis dry. The bookshelves held their familiar cargo: history, biography, strategic studies, the Churchill and Lincoln volumes he returned to the way a penitent returns to scripture. On the wall, three photographs told a story he could no longer revise. There he stood with Gerald Ford in the Oval Office, January 1975, both men impossibly young, impossibly confident, impossibly unaware of what awaited. There was the handshake with Saddam Hussein in Baghdad, 1983—a piece of grim realpolitik that would dog him for decades, that his enemies would brandish like a Bloody shirt. And there, at the Pentagon podium after 9/11, doing what he did better than almost anyone in Washington: taking questions, parrying thrusts, commanding the room through sheer force of will. The photographs hadn't aged. He had.

Donald Rumsfeld had controlled rooms for seven decades—cabinet rooms, war rooms, the Oval Office itself, boardrooms where lesser men sweated through their shirts while he sat cool as a Midwest February. He knew the geometry of power: where to stand, when to speak, how to let silence do the work. Now the rooms were silent. And so was he.

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- ✓ Typography matches
- ✓ Colors match
- ✓ Layout matches

Comparison 3: Portrait Page

V37 (Page 10)



Donald Rumsfeld with President Gerald Ford, 1974–1975 At 42, Rumsfeld became the youngest Chief of Staff in history. He kept a diary throughout his tenure—not for history, but because his wife let him. The notes stayed private for decades. *Every great Chief needs someone who understands why the secrets matter.* Verification: Shows Rumsfeld leaning over Ford at Oval Office desk

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- ✓ Portrait renders correctly
- ✓ Caption formatting good
- Validation text visible
('Verification: ✓ Shows...')

Summary: Key Findings

What's Working in V37:

- ✓ Overall design matches V32 aesthetic
- ✓ Typography appears correct (EB Garamond, Cinzel)
- ✓ Colors match (aged cream background, dark brown text)
- ✓ Layout structure matches V32
- ✓ Body text formatting correct
- ✓ Portrait images render properly
- ✓ Chapter structure complete (Prologue + 11 Chapters + Epilogue)

What Needs Fixing in V37:

- Clock-star images showing as text placeholders (15 instances)
- Validation text visible on portrait pages
- Manuscript artifacts present:
 - 2 word count lines
 - 4 end of chapter markers
 - 52 source file citations
- File size large (126 MB, needs optimization)

Priority: Fix clock-star images and remove all manuscript artifacts