



# **Web components** and the future of the editorial CMS



Bring it to Brooklyn



downtown is the battery, where that noble mole is washed by waves, and cooled by breezes, which a few hours previous were out of sight of land. Look at the crowds of water-gazers there.

Circumambulate the city of a dreamy Sabbath afternoon. Go from Corlears Hook to Coenties Slip, and from thence, by Whitehall, northward. What do you see?—Posted like silent sentinels all

around the town, stand thousands upon thousands of mortal men fixed in ocean reveries. Some leaning against the spiles; some seated upon the pier-heads; some high aloft in the rigging, as if striving to get a still better seaward peep.

Edit



**Everything after that seemed different, almost magical.**



Write a caption...

But look! here come more crowds, pacing straight for the water, and seemingly bound for a dive. Strange! Nothing will content them but



SOME COMPANY HISTORY



# ONE

On the bright afternoon of September 2, 2009, two men sat on a bench in Stockholm. One was medium height with a reddish-blond beard and sunglasses. He wore a gray suit with an open-collar shirt. The other, a squat man with dark hair and an olive complexion, had on a green military-style jacket. The bench was one of a half dozen along a marina on the north end of Skeppsholmen, a small island situated where the fresh waters coursing around the city begin to mingle with the Baltic Sea.

Connected by a single bridge to Stockholm's mainland, Skeppsholmen offers a picturesque spot to conduct sensitive business. It's home to Stockholm's Museum of Modern Art, which draws just enough tourists that a group of conspirators can remain unremarkable and undisturbed. Across the water to the southeast, the two men could just make out the upraised arms of passengers careening down a roller coaster.

A third man arrived, parked his car behind the museum, and walked toward the boats. He was at least six foot three—associates referred to him as the

## TWO

Bojovic , meanwhile, drove to the airport and flew to Belgrade. From there he hopped to Montenegro and then Thailand, with the RKP in virtual pursuit. They continued to track his phones, amassing volumes of cryptic, seemingly  coded conversations. The messages pointed everywhere and nowhere.

Bojovic, 38, clearly was a first-generation enlistee. He'd been in Sweden for "a project" and his parents emigrated from Montenegro. But not all was well. Bojovic was looking to hire someone.

Living in Stockholm, definitely no one afternoons.



"Not totally. But he hasn't been in touch. Fuck it. He made his point.... We have these other two, one in Switzerland. Now they are looking for the other person, to see if they want the job, straight up."

"You know what? I called a school here and asked what it costs, you know, to learn," Bojovic

Of the trio, the Tall One was the only man Persson could positively identify. His name was Goran

2/28

July 2009

**SERBIAN SURVEILLANCE**

Serbian authorities begin monitoring Goran Bojovic, in Sweden, speaking with Milan Sevo, in Belgrade.

August 27, 2009

**SWEDISH SURVEILLANCE**

Serbian authorities alert the Swedish government of a potential robbery plot involving Bojovic. The next day Leif Görts, an international prosecutor in Stockholm, requests surveillance on Bojovic.

September 2, 2009

Spoiler alert! You haven't reached this point in the story yet. Tap "Show All" below to see it anyway.

September 9, 2009

**THE PLOT COMMENCES?**

Wiretaps capture Bojovic saying "this is done," leading the RKP to believe the robbery plan is set for September 17 at an airport-based cash depot.

September 17, 2009

**FALSE ALARM**

The designated day passes without incident.

September 23, 2009

**CHARRO STOPPED**

Police stop Charbel Charro, an ex-con, in a car with for friends, and photograph a cellular phone store receipt in his trunk.

September 23, 2009 2:30 AM

**CALM IN MYTTINGE**

Police helicopter pilots return to their base from the final routine flight of the evening.

September 23, 2009 4:12 AM

Spoiler alert! You haven't reached this point in the story yet. Tap "Show All" below to see it anyway.

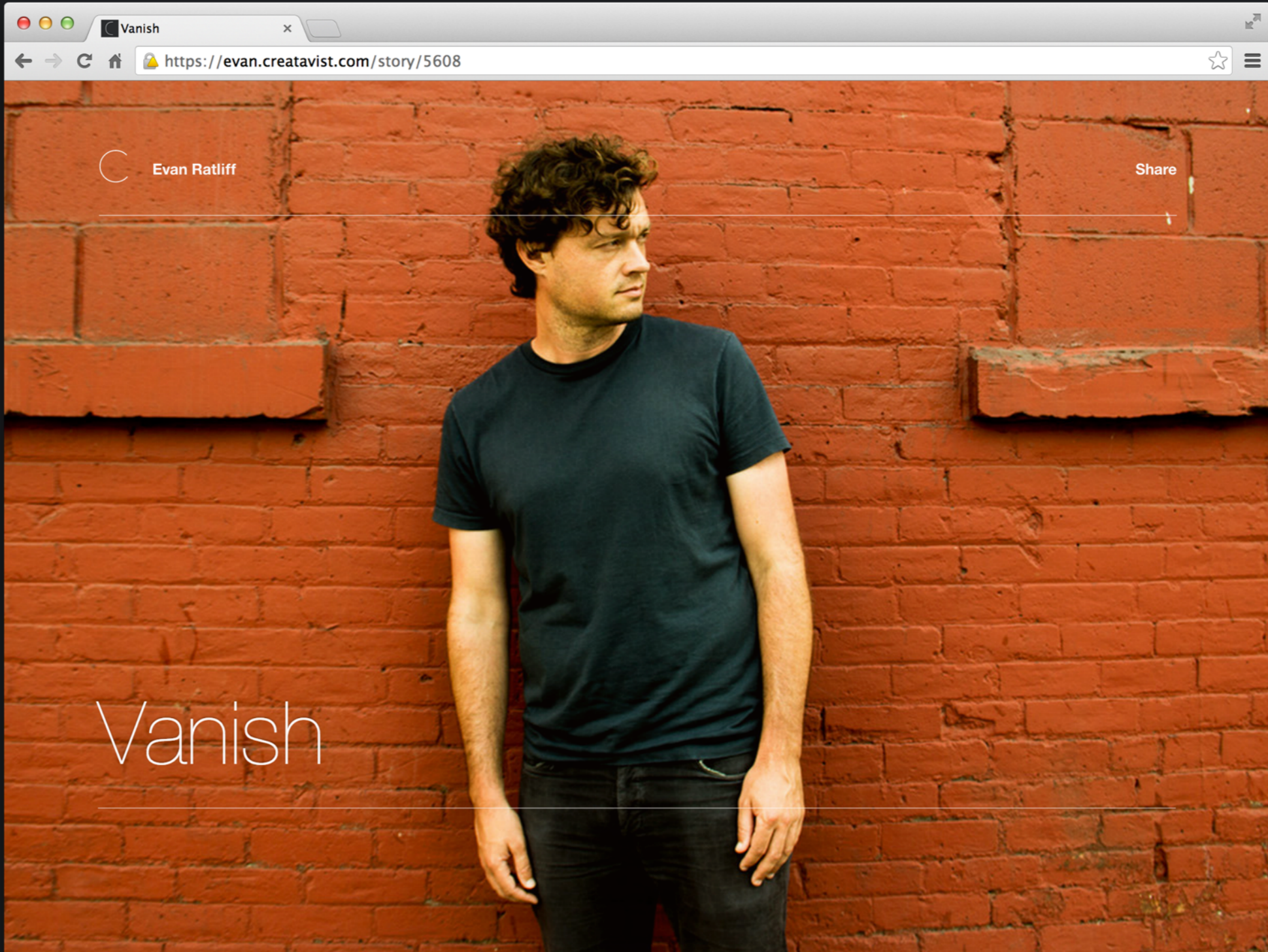
September 23, 2009 4:30 AM

**MEN STOPPED WITH CHAINS**

Västberga vicinity: Local patrol officers stop two men dressed in black and carrying chains near the E4 freeway and then release them.

SHOW ALL

knew neither the time nor the location of the planned crime, but they did pass along two



Vanish

https://evan.creatavist.com/story/5608

C

Officially it will be another 24 hours before the manhunt begins. That's when *Wired*'s announcement of my disappearance will be posted online. It coincides with the arrival on newsstands of the September issue of the magazine, which contains a page of mugshot-like photos of me, eyes vacant. The premise is simple: I will try to vanish for a month and start under a new identity. *Wired* readers, or whoever else happens upon it, will try to find me.

The idea for the contest started with a series of questions, foremost among them: How hard is it to vanish in the digital age? Long fascinated by stories of faked deaths, sudden disappearances, and cat-and-mouse games between investigators and fugitives, I signed on to write a story for *Wired* about people who've tried to end one life and start another. People fret about privacy, but what are the consequences of giving it all up, I wondered. What can investigators glean from all the digital fingerprints we leave behind? You can be anybody you want online, sure, but can you reinvent yourself in real life?

It's one thing to report on the phenomenon of people disappearing. But to really understand it, I figured that I had to try it myself. So I decided to vanish. I would leave behind my loved ones, my home, and my name. I wasn't going

opping out to live in a cabin. Rather, I would actually try to drop

Close

#vanish

"There are only the pursued, the pursuing, the busy and the tired."  
(*The Great Gatsby*)

https://evan.creatavist.com/story/inlineContent/31411

HOW CAN WE TAKE THIS FURTHER?



# A Game of Shark and Minnow

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In a remote corner of the South China Sea, 105 nautical miles from the Philippines, lies a submerged reef the Filipinos call Ayungin.



SCROLL



ago enough now, perhaps, but older songs and singers can be heard to blow through this music, strains in the American songbook that we know were there, from before the Civil War, but can't hear very well or at all. There's a song, Geeshie's "Last Kind Words," a kind of pre-blues or not-yet-blues, a doomy, minor-key lament that calls up droning banjo songs from long before the cheap-guitar era, with a strange thumping rhythm on the bass string. || "If I get killed," Geeshie sings, "if I get killed, please don't bury my soul." There's a blues, "Motherless Child," with 16-bar, four-line stanzas, that begins by repeating the same line four times, ► "My mother told me just before she died," AAAA, no variation, just moaning the words, each time with achingly subtle microvariations, notes blue enough to flirt with tonal chaos. Generations of spirituals pass through "Motherless Child," field melodies and work songs drift through it, and above everything, the playing brims with unfalsifiable sophistication. Elvie's notes float. She sends them out like little sailboats onto a pond. "Motherless Child" is her only song, the only one of the six on which she takes lead to my ears — there are people who think it's also her on "Over to My

## Body

Aa Text  Image  Video  Audio  Geography  Character  Link  Timeline  Slideshow  PDF Story End Mark

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And it was Gil who had recruited and handled Red Falcon, who for over two decades was Israel's most valuable agent in the Arab world.

On March 24, 1999, Yehuda Gil was found guilty of espionage and theft in a secret trial — though he was released not long after, in December 2000, after his term was reduced for good behavior. For the next ten years, Gil refused to tell his story.

Over that time, I spoke with many others in the Israeli intelligence community about why such a revered operative would so profoundly endanger his own country. Their theories varied. According to some, Gil was a sociopathic "evil genius." Others suspected he had been undercover for too long and confused the good guys with the bad. Still others said he was driven by an inexplicable, egomaniacal desire to turn his unique gift — the ability to lie to and manipulate others — against his own side.

But no one could be sure why Gil had committed the crimes he'd committed. Or even what, exactly, those crimes were — though the consequences of them were severe. He had profoundly damaged the international credibility of the Mossad, whose false information — going back how long, no one was quite sure — had been shared with the major intelligence agencies in the western world. He had put Israeli lives at terrible risk. He had even endangered his own family. One of Gil's colleagues told me that Gil's son was a paratrooper stationed at the Syrian front on that September day that the Israeli military prepared for war. "What kind of person is he?" the man said. "That he would risk the life of his own child?"

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Geography

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Timeline






Slideshow







PDF




Story End Mark













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




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











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



















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

Types

Visual

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







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








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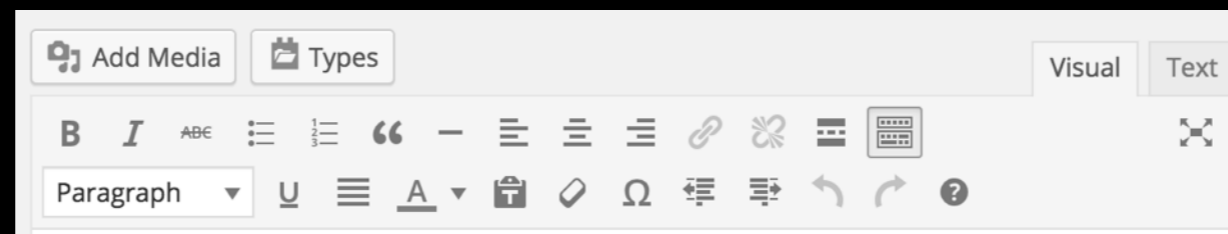
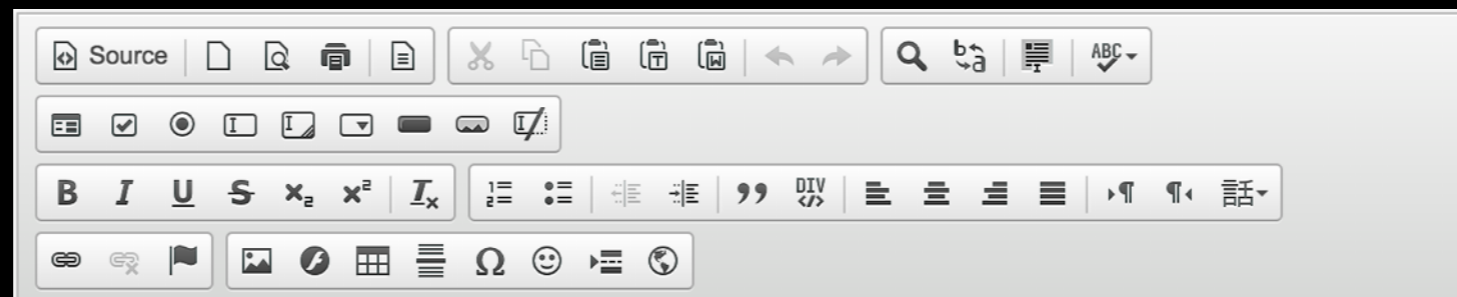
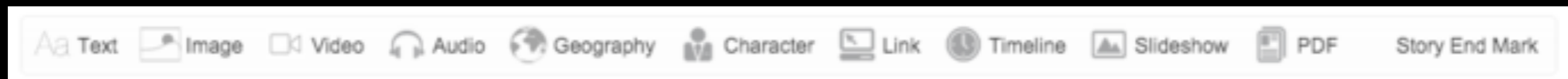


Paragraph



A





How can we represent the endless variety of what's possible on the web? And how can we make working with this stuff more fun?

# WEB COMPONENTS

Custom elements

HTML templates

Shadow DOM

HTML imports

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POLYMER

# PITFALLS

Betting on a spec

Volatility of pre-release library

Browser support

Performance

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# PITFALLS

























Betting on a spec

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## BROWSER SUPPORT

	CHROME	OPERA	FIREFOX	SAFARI	IE
					
					
					
					

# PITFALLS

Betting on a spec

Volatility of pre-release library

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Performance

Web components are an ideal fit for our CMS  
— and perhaps any modern CMS.

```
Polymer({  
  is: 'atavist-twitter',  
  atavist: true,  
  published: {  
    tweet_url: String  
  },  
  bind: {  
    tweet_url: 'tweet_urlChanged'  
  },  
  tweet_urlChanged: function () {  
    // update the tweet...  
  },  
  [...]  
});
```

```
Polymer({
  is: 'atavist-simple-map',
  atavist: true,
  published: {
    points: Array,
    zoom: Number,
    map_center: Object,
    fit_to_bounds: String,
    bounds: Object,
    the_caption: {
      type: String,
      notify: true
    },
    focus_mode: Object,
    marker_color: String,
    map_style: String
  },
  bind: {
    points: 'pointsChanged',
    zoom: 'zoomChanged',
    map_center: 'centerChanged',
    bounds: 'boundsChanged',
    focus_mode: 'focus_modeChanged',
    marker_color: "marker_colorChanged",
    map_style: "map_styleChanged"
  },
  map_styleChanged: function () {
    // update the map's style
  });
  [...]
});
```

```
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  <div class="parallax-image-wrapper">
    <atavist-image key="the_image" alt=""></atavist-image>
  </div>
  <p is="atavist-caption" key="the_caption"></p>
</atavist-parallax-image>
```

# **BLOCKS**

## DEMO



Atavist

atavist.com

@atavist

**Jefferson Rabb**

CTO

**Thomas Rhiel**

Director of reader experience