

NEWS

The Art of Disappearing

About Boards That Whisper, So the Pictures Can Speak

26 June 2026, Tobias Engl



A hand's breadth away from a Morandi hangs a work panel, barely larger than a postcard. All day long, it has whispered: the name, the year, three sentences about the gray that the painter mixed from dust and patience. When the last visitor leaves the room and only the parquet floor remains silent, it withdraws into itself until its surface absorbs the evening light like handmade paper.

That's her trick. She doesn't shine directly at the painting; she waits. When someone approaches in the morning, she awakens from her half-sleep—bright enough to be read, subdued enough not to dazzle the varnish next to her. A sensor counts the steps, not the faces. Those who pass by remain uncounted. Those who linger receive a word.

In the morning, a woman from Kyoto stands in front of the Morandi. She touches the board, and the text rearranges itself... read from the right for the man standing next to her, who came from Beirut, in large print for the lady with the magnifying glass. Three people, one sign, no stack of printed flyers that ends up in the trash by evening. The languages change, but the image remains the same.

In the afternoon, a school class gathers in front of the neighboring factory. A boy places his finger on the glass and zooms in on a brushstroke until the individual bristle mark left by the painter a hundred years ago becomes visible. He laughs quietly, because you have to be quiet in the gallery. Then he zooms out of the image again.

The frame is as narrow as the edge of a pencil, made of matte brass that the restorer selected herself. No cable reveals where the power comes from; no one likes to drill holes in a hall that's a historic landmark. And when the building shuts down its network at night, the panel doesn't forget a thing. It carries its knowledge with it. The hall doesn't need a remote data center to tell us what it knows about its image.

On some nights, the hall takes on a different character. One exhibition ends, another begins, and while the city sleeps outside, the panels throughout the building are being rewritten. No scaffolding, no print job, no ladder in the stairwell. In the morning, the same picture hooks are still there, but the wall tells a different story—changed in an hour instead of three days.

This is what restraint looks like when it becomes technology. Not a loud gesture, but a well-placed half-sentence. ScreenWay is the platform for the content on the board—one that lets you overlook the board itself but not the image. A screen that places itself at the service of a still life has understood what a museum is for.

In the evening, the guard locks the door. The gray of the Morandi fades into twilight, and the panel next to it seems to breathe along with it. When the first light streams in through the skylights the next day and the first footsteps echo across the parquet floor, she begins to tell her story again, softly. Until then, she stands guard, just as a good exhibit learns from its neighbor—calm, reliable, fully present.