

NEWS

An Obituary for the Bulletin Board

In memory of the paper that hung on doors and walls.

3 September 2026, Tobias Engl



We're saying goodbye to the printed notice. It hung on doors, storefront windows, and bulletin boards often crooked, sometimes for years and served its purpose without complaint. Now it's leaving us, quietly, just as it arrived... held in place by a piece of Scotch tape or a pushpin in the corner.

You have to give him credit he was low-maintenance. He didn't need electricity, a network, or a password. If you had something to say, you wrote it down, printed it, stuck it up and that was it. "Closed for vacation," "Please ring the bell," "Freshly painted." Entire generations were guided by it, and most of the time, what it said was true.

It was reliable, but these days it was rarely used. The special offer from the month before last was still up, even though a new one had long since taken its place. In the store window, it faded until the red turned to pink and no one could read the phone number anymore. Anyone who wanted to change it needed a printer, scissors, and a steady hand.

A screen now takes over that task. It shows what's current today, not what was current in the spring, and updates the moment something changes. It speaks several languages, enlarges when someone has trouble seeing, and doesn't fade in bright light. It can finally do what the bulletin board was meant to do always be accurate.

The poster leaves behind a bare wall and a bit of Scotch tape that's hard to peel off. We owe him a great deal and wish him the peace he deserves. May it gently turn yellow, in the place where old things go after they've served their purpose.