

EUROMILLIONS—in fact, it is not so much about winning, as it is about the false promise of a triumph. The false promise of another life, of sudden grandeur, of imagination from one moment to the next being able to materialize, become *real*. All it takes is a ticket, a piece of paper, lucky digits. Money as limbo—yet obviously the game centers around substituting belief, not just acquiring capital.

It's wrong to assume a promise is made here and it's naive to think lottery players are this easy to fool. Perhaps it's not even undue to presume the opposite. *Pay small* and enjoy the counterintuitive commitment to a game created against your advantage, just because it convincingly elucidates the image of a blissful life. *Dream big* and envision what victory could look like. Who doesn't want to become *filthy rich*?

If only.

Against art's general inability to predict its own timelessness, there is the abruptness of time projected in whatever one decides to make. In her drawing series *Euromillions*, Ines Claus seems to favor the anachronistic. Everything that is drawn, adopted the glance of overness and accepted the charm of its postmortem status. A nostalgia not necessarily seeking restoration, nor hierarchical comparison, but displaying rather an instinct towards the hollowed-out, the emptied and exploiting it as artistic liberty.

EuroMillions advertisements often focus on how winning will contribute to attaining authentic experiences. Traveling to paradisaical places, sipping colorful cocktails on exclusive terrasses until we eventually—sauntering through the baroque streets of Italian villages—cross paths with exciting people destined to illuminate our life. Even falling in love seems easier with a bag of price money. Are these dreams only money can buy? Of course not, but in the end it's all about spending, isn't it? Then let's madly embrace the believe that the things we acquire allow for symbolic renewal and elevate us above the person we were before, the person *not* living the dream.

Once depicted, objects and forms start addressing each other as equals. Lines, words, emblems hiding but their silhouettes. The drawings vainly carry their layers, show-off their trials and errors. They're eulogies disinterested in pedestaling, testaments of a classless class, of ideology-free observing (if there were such a thing)—blatantly enjoying.

In the *Euromillions* drawings no pictorial distinction is made between a Tensoplast box, details of a Hermès piece or the frivolous aesthetic of medieval heraldry. Then again, the works

are not proclaiming to cause a disruption in the 'cultivated' allures of aesthetic authorities. Forms now find their essence in attributing to the drawings' *ornamental play* but, be that as it may, will always remember where they came from in the first place.

Preparing for this text, it was pleasantly frustrating to find a form of writing 'tailored' to these drawings, that would not simply resort to listing its components or describing the nature of their lines. It's tempting and beautiful to articulate and indicate the ornamental dogs attached to transparent leashes, gates behind which no estates lurk but color panes, words overestimating the size of their frames or 'villains' exploiting the endearment of a pink purse. However, it is not just naming these anecdotal elements that guarantees understanding, just as it is not merely an arbitrary number on a ticket that assures a price. A promise just as hollow as the conviction that describing equals comprehension, is the idea that the anecdotal equals the banal. It's doubtful that there's a world to discover *beyond* the scenography of outdatedly hip brands, fading ornaments, fast-drawn figures, swirly syllables. Perhaps these drawings settle for the nonchalant acceptance that there is none?

No, we won't win. Nevertheless, we value our dreams; they mark a place in which we can explore being something or being elsewhere, fulfilling fantasies. The same dressing up and acting that once provided us with the key to unlock miraculous worlds, now reminds adults of their far-gone dreams and desires. *Play makes it possible*, all that we long for might still become ours.

With the lucky numbers being once again wrong, comes the itsy retarded realization that the false promise might be the only true one, almost glimmeringly transparent in its deception. The EuroMillions logo is suddenly everywhere you look.