# ARTIST STATEMENT (TICK DICK)

*Andrew Neil Hayes*

I can't remember the last time we had a summer as good as that. Days and days of uninterrupted sunshine, record high temperatures and calm air. Luckily it was in fact overcast on this day on Dartmoor, otherwise I would have definitely burnt my naked arse.

I had selected the location based on its geographical qualities - a level field of golden grass in the foreground, which gently sloped off towards the back, down to a valley with two steep, majestic hills rising up in the background. It would have been the perfect arena, had it not contained that little parasite.

Henry's warning came as quite a shock and I became paranoid before we'd even started. "Art Is All That Matters" - I repeated the mantra in my head to stay focussed. He promised I would not get Lyme's Disease and everything would be fine, but my camera man said the South West was on Red Alert and all the possible outcomes were digging their claws into my brain. "I've got too much to do to get ill now".

So I put all the thoughts in a brown paper bag and burnt them. I got naked in the field; shaved off half my beard and cut myself in the process; put on the suit with care and proceeded to run as fast as I could wearing ill fitting loafers up that ever-so-steep hill, bashing my way through dense head-height bracken on the way back down.

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It had been a long day and an early start. A quick celebratory wank (on account of a successful day of Art) and I'd be ready for bed. But it was then that I noticed it, the tiny black spot that I was sure wasn't a mole. So tiny that I had to use a magnifying glass to confirm that yes, I had a tick on my dick. So tiny that there was no way any tweezers I owned would be sufficiently small enough to get it off without leaving the head stuck in my foreskin. So it was time to get dressed again and off to A and E. I spent three and a half hours waiting to see the doctor, but it was worth it for the art.

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