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Paul Wicks is a photographer and artist living in Kent, UK.
His life experiences influence the work he produces, whilst the cheeky humour of growing up in 70's South London often permeate his final pieces. From the sublime to the ridiculous; he creates work that can educate, shock or entertain in equal measure.

Paul works closely with the Encephalitis Society, A charity supporting sufferers of this rarely known disease by helping to bring awareness to the 80% of the world who have never heard of it. This devastating condition left Paul blind and paralysed for over 14 months; now recovered, he uses the sight he regained to celebrate vision.
Often his art attempts to visualise the emotions, symptoms and stages of damage to the brain in order to give the viewer an understanding of the isolation felt by sufferers.
He has exhibited in prestigious venues such as the Saatchi Galleries London, Candid Arts London, Nucleus Arts and other galleries throughout the UK.

What I Remember About Forgetting

A note from the author.

Firstly I have to give a nod to my internet followers and friends; their support and encouragement have spurred me to keep going and onto better things. My friends at The Encephalitis society for saving my life in many ways and, continuing to support my endeavours.
More importantly I would like to thank Lauren my biggest fan, my family, Mum for being braver than I ever could be, my 'gang' at UCA for being my audience and making me feel young again, Chris for his guidance and finally Katy, who's love and unwavering belief in me has truly changed my life for the better. Thank you. Truly, thank you.

For more information about encephalitis and to support the charity please visit encephalitis.info

Foreword by Doctor Ava Easton

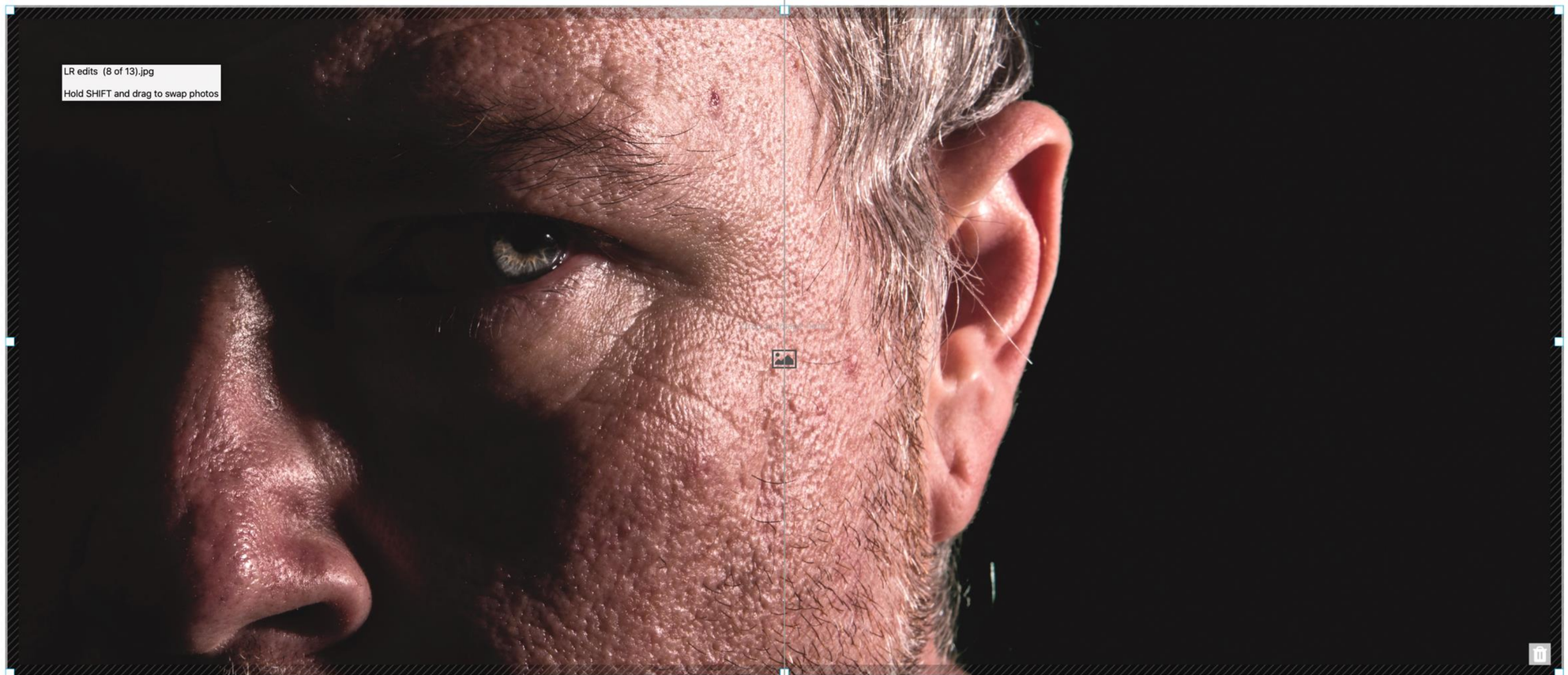
Paul Wicks had the misfortune to be affected by encephalitis – a devastating neurological condition which inflames the brain. There is sadly a high death rate with this condition, and although some people will make a good recovery, many survivors will go on to experience the difficulties associated with having a brain injury. We call encephalitis a thief because it robs people of everyday skills and attributes that many of us take for granted and even in those families where the person survives, they are often left grieving for the person they once knew.

Remarkably Paul has taken his experience and relaunched himself as an extraordinary creative, using photography and art as a narrative that documents his experience.

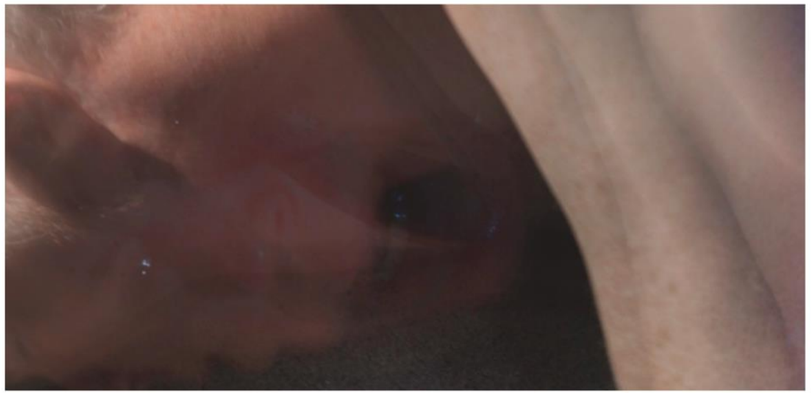
'Memories from a coma' documents many of the feelings and events patients in the early stages of the condition experience: darkness, isolation, feelings of bleakness, head pain, screaming, distortion of reality, and hallucinations. Paul has created these images from the real and imagined islands of memory he retains from his coma. His imagined departure from the hospital is particularly interesting since it is not uncommon for these patients to abscond from hospital during the acute stage – the trauma to the brain presumably triggering the flight response when it senses danger.

'Memories from a coma' provides a rare and extraordinary insight into the darkest of moments – that place that exists between life and death. To bear witness to this through Paul's very personal work is a rare privilege.

Dr Ava Easton
Chief Executive
The Encephalitis Society

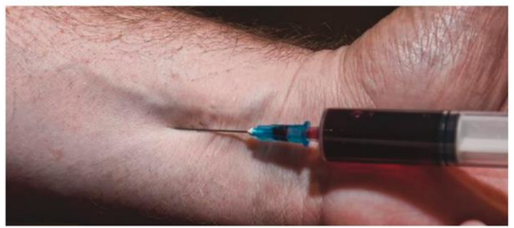

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Hold SHIFT and drag to swap photos





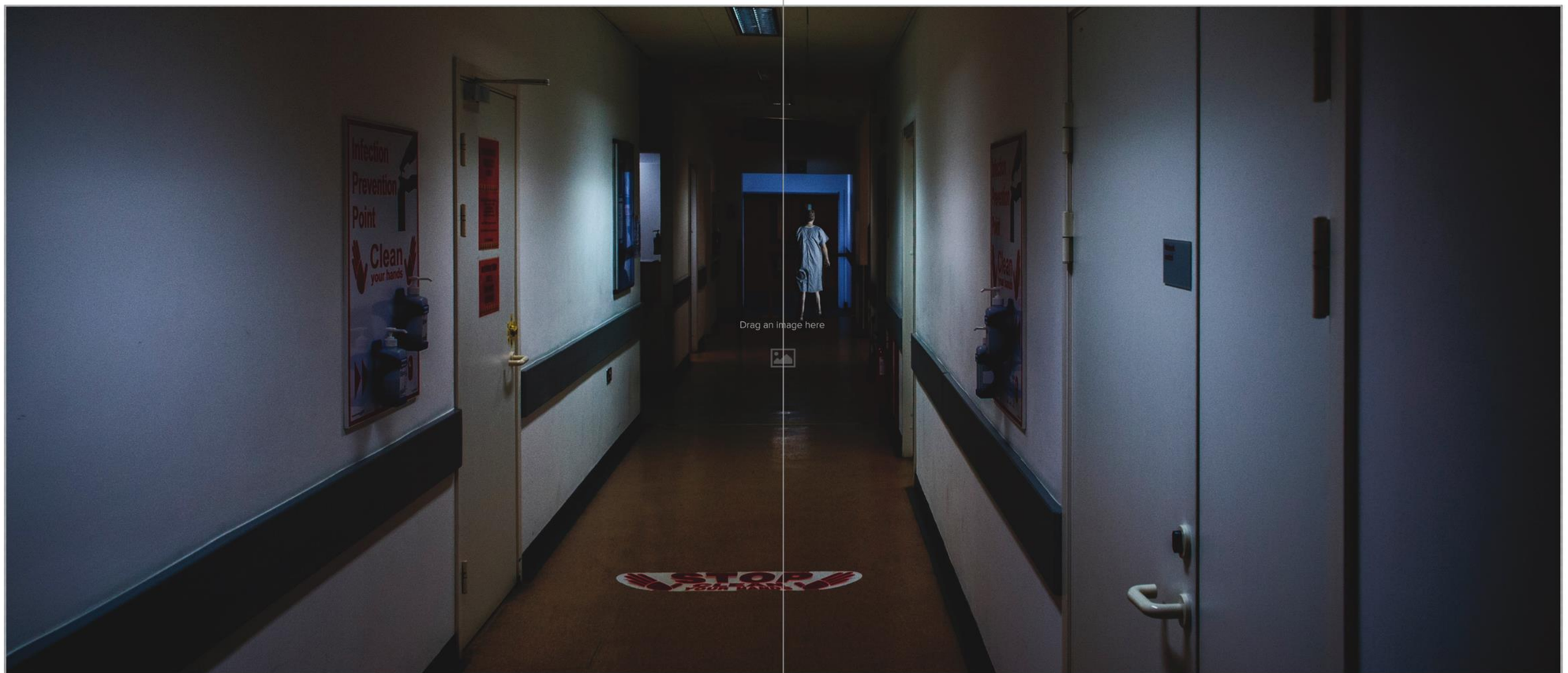






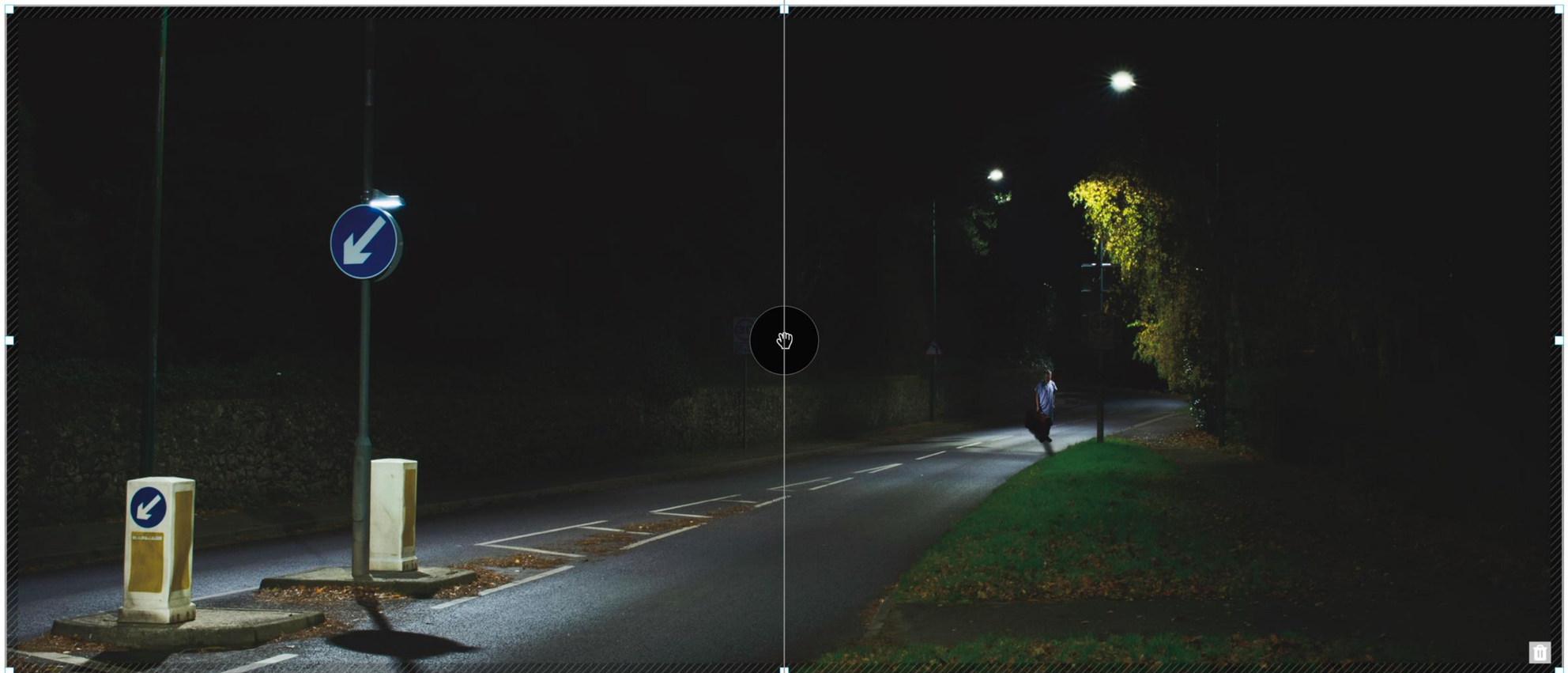





Infection
Prevention
Point
Clean
your hands
Drag an image here
STOP


LR edits (9 of 13).jpg
Hold SHIFT and drag to swap photos
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It was December, I remember having to wait for my pay packet on the 24th so I could rush out and buy presents.

I hated being that disorganised, but that year I had no choice.

I was standing in the middle of the mall when I suddenly felt light-headed, everything went blurry and my vision started to go dim; I saw lights moving in front of me and I felt strange, like my very core was being altered.
I spent the whole of Christmas either in bed or the bathroom.
The sickness was horrific, I lost complete control of my body and wretched until I couldn't breathe any more, I began to lose consciousness from the lack of air to my lungs. My head throbbed and looking at light felt like it would divide my head in two.
I visited my doctor and the emergency room, eventually I was told 'stop coming in, it's just a migraine', I felt so alone, no one would help.

I don't know how I finally ended up in hospital, but I suppose that shouldn't surprise me. I don't remember anything any more, except the needles; so many needles...
In my arms, my neck, my spine.

They say 'you see a light', I just felt darkness surround me.

Then, I opened my eyes...

I left hospital, travelled empty corridors, walked miles home on dead roads, suitcase in my hand in the freezing and damp night air. Only to discover I was already there? I watched myself though the window for a while. Observing my other self making a cup of coffee; he never once looked up. It was as if he knew I was there but if he didn't acknowledge me, I wouldn't enter his reality.
I was strangely calm, looking back you would think I should have been scared, but I turned away knowing I was still asleep somewhere in a hospital bed or even a gutter.
No matter how I tried I could not think of a way to wake up, so in this empty world I just kept calmly walking.

I walked through hail, snow and thunder storms.I almost chuckled when I saw 'the light', but it wasn't a pleasant experience; it felt like I was being torn apart cell by cell.

Just as I thought I was going to die, to see if there was another world beyond what I had experienced...

Even now, I wonder if I'm awake....