

An Exploration of The Arts and Culture Scene in Boscombe Town Centre



Reggae and the scent of spices from *Jerk Hut* pervade the air. I hear the rhythmic beat of African drums. The *Elephants* detract from a graffitied, boarded up shopfront. *Chaplin's Art Deco* frontage and interior radiates splendour and its tiered garden with ivy-bearded *Druid* hosts a chattering crowd. Musicians jam outside *Poppins* on guitar, drum and folk harp. Scantly clad teenage girls sit on blankets outside *O2* and a Moslem family dressed in Islamic attire walk through the precinct. A frail woman asks for money. I see **IDENTITY** on ripped canvas through the BEAF *Boscombe Arts Depot* window and hear a rehearsal at the *Black Cherry*. The *Royal Arcade* displays its neglected heritage, and I am reminded of family stories where artistes performed on its ornate Victorian balcony. *Obsidian* displays its dystopian, literary and '*Born Mouthy*', poetic staircase, against a dark, empty street.



The Royal Arcade



"I feel it in Boscombe, it's connections, its cosmic...we are all water, trees, animals, plants."

(Pierce)

"it's more homely, more community, more cultural...helps people come into the town centre." (Charlotte)



"a lot of people love Boscombe because it has a core community spirit."

(Harrison)

"People can think deeply and be one with the planet. It's a portal for musicians and artists. Music connects you; it keeps me alive and gives direction." (Pierce)



"...every time it goes in the Echo everyone slags it off. We're the dog everyone likes to kick." (Harrison)

"Open Mic Night – it's a great place to connect with the local scene...Boscombe's like an arts centre."

(Harrison)

