

I have been on the road since early April, with my friend who is a musician, like me. We went from Geneva to Berlin, stopping by Munich, Salzburg, Vienna, Bratislava, Prague, Trutnov. And finally Berlin!

At each city, we stopped a couple of days, sometimes more, sometimes less. And we busked. The original plan was to make a living of our music, by playing it in the streets, in central Europe. We had been preparing this musical project since summer, 2015. We took a break in our master's degree and had jobs in schools, in order to have enough money to pay our rent and time to practice and mostly to compose new songs. Then, once ready, we went on the European roads.

And that takes me to Berlin, which was one of the worst cities for us. The urban sprawl is impressive. It took us so much time and money to move around and walk to find nice places to play music. But in this city, places, streets and parks are huge and there are already so many buskers, with microphones and amps. After three days, we were desperate. Berlin was supposed to be the final achievement of our musical road trip. It was supposed to be fun, we would have made enough money to stay a bit and enjoy the city, we would have met other musicians and artists, we would have discovered incredible art places!

At the end, it was just a big failure and our high expectations just scattered away. We lost our energy and our motivation. We were running out of money and stressed out. We needed to leave, but for what? We had no knowledge about Germany. And going back to France sounded like humiliation.

Eager to change the mood, we decided to enjoy the city for one evening and leave our instruments. We joined a couple we knew and spent the first part of the night with them. That was then when the boy advised us to go to Halle, a small city not so far and with a cute city centre where we could play.

We left Berlin the next morning and arrived at the end of the afternoon in Halle. We still felt really disheartened, brooding over our failure in Berlin. We didn't know where we could park our car for the night - because yeah, we bought a car and worked on it to be fitted to sleep in. We saw a bar with a nice terrace and young people chilling out. So we decided to stop thinking and have a beer. The beer to celebrate our failure, as we called it.

I went inside and while my friend ordered our drinks, I asked the barmaid if she knew any places where we could go with our car to stay for the night. And then the of events succession was unbelievable. After hearing our story, she introduced us to her friends. They were having a beer outside, so we joined them. They told about this squat where people go from time to time. And, eventually, the barmaid took us in, in her big flat because some rooms were available and we spent the rest of the evening there, with her flatmates who told us where to go to busk in Halle. We stayed two days. It was a complete success, if I compare it to Berlin. People were really enthusiastic when hearing to our music. And it fit well the small medieval city centre: the sounds of our instruments (saxophone and accordion) naturally spread out without being too loud. As we discussed it the day before, we went to the squat and, during a jam session, we met a guitarist. We really got along and he invited us to play for his friends' birthday in Leipzig, in two days. So Leipzig became our next destination. We joined another flat during our stay, thanks to the people we met in Halle. And again, busking in Leipzig was so much nicer than in Berlin. At the end of the day, we drove to the birthday location. I think this night will always stay in our memories. We met incredible musicians, we played music, jammed with them and discovered many interesting people.

Thanks to our failures in Berlin and the desperation we felt, we became really eager to grasp any opportunity and so, we lived great musical and human experiences. This project was so enriching, both for our musical practice and for us, naturally. And I think, according to what I felt and went through, that from hardships come extraordinary things, if you are not too blinded, you stay aware of surroundings and you catch any little glimpse of motivation and energy you may have perceived.

Failure is the 50 bad that makes you jump to the 50 good!

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