

It is still difficult for me to see my testimony as a "happy" failure, but I really believe that failures are part of our experiences and that there is always a positive aspect to take out from it, as we can learn and get stronger.

My testimony is linked with the creation of a photo exhibition in France. I was refused from the master's program in cultural management that I wanted, so I applied for a "Civic Service" (a working experience...) to get some experience in this field and to try to make some international connections. I realised that this international aspect didn't exist and the only thing I was doing was sending invitations, filling some excel files, or even reading the archives...

Thinking that this association really left behind its cultural and international component, and remembering that I have to get some real experience to pursue the studies I wanted for next year, I came up with the idea of a collaborative and international photo exhibition for the association. After some time thinking alone about the concept I shared it publicly and everybody was very enthusiastic.

Budget, planning, partners,...I organised everything from A to Z. I had the support from the team and I received fantastic pictures from Vietnam, Russia, Brasil, Mali... I was thrilled. This exhibition was going to be a big success.

The thing is that I was so enchanted by this project that I didn't realise how alone I was to carry it. At the end of my period of work, everything collapsed. They told me that the crowdfunding for the project would not be launched, or even that nothing was really approved from the beginning.

It is at this moment that I understood that I didn't have as much support as I had thought and that I had to ask for approbation more regularly. I was discouraged by this bad news, but I kept hope for the creation of this exhibition. After all, we had a place, a date, the photos... Another girl was designated to take over the project after my departure from the association. I explained everything to her and told her about the tasks that remained, before leaving.

A few days before the exhibition, I still had no news from the association about the exhibition except through a facebook event. Without any invitation, I decided to come anyway. Imagine my disappointment as I am standing there, with the team ignoring me, facing pixelated, ugly photos, printed badly, with cartels full of mistakes and a setting that was worse than a school trip exhibition.

This exhibition was a failure for me, but my idealised vision of the association and its members was one too. But because of this experience, I was able to enter the studies I wanted the next year. It also made me understand that I had to improve my communication while working inside of a team, or even that this kind of project cannot be carried alone, especially by somebody who is not very experienced.

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