Onde mora a ternura? 28/02

I'm distributing tender sentences in Bonfim.
It just feels so weird. I feel the people looking at me. Some curious. Some as I would ~~be a~~ do vandalism. Feels so forbidden to just pin my phrases somewhere. The moment I sit down, I take the tape, the scissor and the printed paper out of my backpack. I try to be cool, try to pretend that I'm doing the most normal thing in the world. But feels so weird. Why does it feel so weird, so unormal to claim the space for me and my tender sentences? What am I afraid of? Just to decide where to put the paper is already a challenge - what is public actually? This bench? This window of an abundant house? this stone in a park? Where am I actually allowed to pin my phrases at?? I have to think about Eiden's text: "The common city". The public space just pretends to be public, though it's actually not! Is it feels like vandalism (re-)claiming it?! Having now a coffee, waiting it to get darker. It's 18h30, rush-hour. Bad timing. PS: I need sticker to be faster!!