Having watched us from some of the countless windows of block 1, 2, 3, as we started to construct the wooden floor, a few neighbors asked if we could use some help. It started with the kids, who took over the screwing of the timber boards for the flooring. The men would, on the first two evenings, still walk by on their way to the fitness club, but soon they realized that they would find a better work-out facility, with more fun in community, at our construction site. Ever more people — women, girls, men, boys — helped us shovel the huge amount of white gravel for the large sand garden representing the Seven Hills of Plovdiv, construct the tilted platform, the benches, plant the grass and the new trees. A housewife sent us some amazing self-baked bread. A group of women started to clean the entire land between the block — self-organized. A neighbor painted and replanted an abandoned flowerbed.

After the opening party, all with brass band and a communal brunch in the middle of Pool Trakiya, some people asked if they could use the left-over wood. A day later these people got together to build a sand pit for the little kids.

The reconstruction of Pool Trakiya also started off a series of reflections: Why is there — after the privatization of all apartments — no more public water in public space? How can you collectively take care of the site? Last not least, we asked ourselves, how the project would develop. Walking by the site in the near future, we would probably meet people having conversations there — and who knows: It may well be that it is the very question of what shall become of the pool that they are talking about. In any case, it is the re-entry of mass housing’s utopian potentials and of the power of citizen agency into public communication and debate that Pool Trakiya aims at.