

Hometown: SODOM

A fictional ethnography



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[hometownsodom.com](https://www.hometownsodom.com)

<https://www.instagram.com/hometownsodom/>



MAP OF SODOM



Dear sodomite,

*If this message has reached you,
the first part of my mission is complete.
The city has finally called us back.
Our homecoming awaits
Let's rebuild, rediscover the place that once was...*

*I instruct you the following:
Bring one thing with you,
something you re willing to leave behind.*

*That is my only request.
The rest - your freedom, your sin -
is welcome.*

*I will meet you at the gates,
Sincerely,*

L.



ARRIVAL

HOW I BECAME A CITIZEN AGAIN

Maybe it is because where I come from, I learned how to hide, how to stay silent, to close my eyes, and never to look back. Maybe it is because no matter where I went afterward, I never truly felt at home, never fully belonged. Maybe it was the sense of community, freedom, and empathy I was missing. Or maybe it was simply that I could no longer pretend that everything was fine, that I had no role, no responsibility, nothing I can do. My journey toward becoming a sodomite, and toward joining what later became a "town in the making," was long and shaped by encounters that changed both my life and my perspective.

I had always heard about them, read books, watched films which were mostly made against them, and I could never stop wondering: what happened back then in SODOM?

All I heard of is that god decided to destroy it for the wickedness of the people. But what was their wickedness? And how did it all collapse? Did it burn? Was it flooded? How is it possible that one woman without a name looked at the destruction and got punished and turned into a pillar of salt? But moreover, I was curious how the sodomites actually lived? What they were accused of, and What kind of culture had been considered dangerous enough to deserve erasure. A destruction said to have erased every trace of

the town and its people.

But, it was only when I met sodomites for the first time in 2019, that they showed me something else. Through them, I realized they were no different from anyone else: people with desires, passions, and contradictions. What had been destroyed was not a crime, but a way of living that threatened a dark, conservative, and fearful power. Sodomites were marked as misfits, and the city was erased in the name of order.

But while people can be killed, ideas cannot.

So the sodomites remained quiet. Across history, they appeared briefly in demonstrations, in hidden spaces, underground clubs, in nature outside cities and in moments of collective risk; living their truths in the margins, often in the dark.

After my first encounter with them, I began to search through my own history and slowly understood, I was one of them. The feeling I had carried all my life was real: I had never truly belonged to any country or religion, because I myself was a sodomite in disguise. A nomad. An outcast shaped by a society that had repeatedly tried to silence me. That was when I decided to begin the journey to find my people, those who live by a sodomite ethic of access, abundance, and freedom.

I left the place I had called home for the past ten years and traveled to So-

dom. When I arrived, there were only ashes, swamps, and a small group of people who had come before me. They each for their own reasons, research and build their own piece of Sodom around them. I was welcomed immediately, invited to join the community with a shared dream: to rebuild the city together, not as it once was, but as it might be now.

We promised to welcome anyone willing to join under a simple agreement: mutual care, openness to desire, and the right to live one's otherness without shame or permission.

Over the past two years, we rebuilt bedrooms, playgrounds, offices, a city center and rivers. We took care of the surrounding landscapes: the forest and the desert. One place, however, remained unchanged: Lot's wife's monument. A pillar of salt that had stood since the moment of destruction. One year ago, we decided in a soft and careful ceremony to melt the salt and bring her, IDIT, to life. We heard her testimony about what happened and what can be saved and that's when we decided to make her the new mayor of the city 'under construction'.

Some spaces remain unfinished, still imagined, still debated. But, when we felt the city was ready enough, not complete, but alive, we opened it to new citizens, inviting them to help shape what comes next.

Perhaps Sodom is a hopeful island in a violent and increasingly cruel world. Perhaps it is an oasis, not of innocence, but of care, desire, compassion, sensual

exploration, and shared responsibility.

For us the Sodomites, Sodom is not a place of origin or punishment, but an ongoing practice of living together differently.

In this book, I gather fragments of my journey: the people, spaces, and rituals I encountered and helped build during my first years in my new Hometown: SODOM.

*The threshold is always
a beginning,
the beginning of the inside
or the beginning
of the outside...*



THE INHABITANTS

Before the city had walls, it had people. They came from elsewhere, misfits of systems that could not hold them, drawn by need rather than belief. Over time, roles emerged: the one who heals, the one who welcomes, the one who remembers, the one who desires, the ones who play, and the one who remains silent. They were the first to arrive. Each from a different place, carrying incompatible histories, unmet needs, and unfinished dreams. None of them came to represent anything, yet slowly they became figures - mirrors of the same gesture: the refusal to disappear after the fall.



THE LOVERS IN THE BEDROOM

The lovers were the first I encountered since arriving in Sodom. I met them in their bedroom. But before they were lovers, they were warriors. They had fought the war against destruction on many fronts, starting with their own self-destruction.

Their bedroom was more like a wrestling arena: a metal square woven tightly, horizontally and vertically, in black elastic tubes that extended from the bed toward the walls like a spider web. The bed was not only a place for rest or intimacy. It was territory, a space held onto and defended from danger and strangers. Somewhere between comfort and safety, it shifted into occupation and division: the first four walls we ever build, meant to protect us, yet already separating us from the outside, from the other. A place where each beats themselves over and over for being misfits; a place where society shapes you as unwanted, undeserving, oppressed so you start acting like that.

There were two of them, a man and

a woman, bouncing heavily in an act that was half violent and half intimate. Mostly, the woman kept falling, jumping, hitting herself in an act of self-harm. She hit herself, and yet there was enjoyment in it, as if she were in control of her own pain. Not choosing to stop, but choosing to continue. I thought about depression, about how familiar this gesture becomes, the body turning into both attacker and victim. While the man kept on shouting: WELCOME! Welcome to my own HELL, which I've designed and built throughout my whole life. Here, I am desperate for your attention.

The loneliness that you aim to destroy is engraved in you; it's something you were born with.

The failure you are running from faster than you.

The desire abandoned you, and you are afraid of letting go and being at risk.

Let go! Let go! Let all your guards fall, hit the floor, break into cells,

and rebuild again. First, destroy every illusion you have in your head

and let it be heard, so your damaged brain can see the black hole and splash in this dark playground.

My home was a doubt. It was never mine, never given to me.

This inner fight, the struggle, the self-harm,

felt inseparable from the protection we build against the outside world. Against the other. Each of us becomes an other to ourselves. We block ourselves in, layer by layer, until we no longer recognize who we are behind these defenses.

The desire to harm ourselves, even to enjoy it, is not accidental. It is learned. A result of education, of systems that teach us we are not enough, that we do not belong, that it is dangerous outside these four walls. So we stay inside. We hurt ourselves where it feels familiar, where at least the pain is ours.

But then, between these painful movements and words, I found compassion and understanding toward the origin of this self-destruction. I connected. I could relate. I felt the importance of such a place in Sodom. A place to give space for anger, trauma, and pain to let go. After all, people spend a third of their lives lying in bed.

This woman reminded me of IDIT, or as everyone knows her, Lot's wife.

I imagined her meeting Lot again, her husband who left her to freeze and never looked back. She was angry, but she had also forgiven. She took care of this destructive man with warmth and empathy.

That's when we realized they were no longer warriors but lovers.



She taught me:

To be whole, we have to face the hopelessness that oppression has planted in us. That thin, insistent voice that tries to convince us our efforts are futile because nothing will ever change. But we can put our finger on the wound of this ingrained hatred and understand whom it makes us despise.



LOT

Lot was one of the first figures I met on my journey, though he had long escaped the city. The missing life, the lost home, and his absent wife haunted him, and he often lingered near Sodom's threshold, drawn by the weight of what he had left behind. I first saw him in the Wrestling Bedroom, then later in the Temple (one of the spaces that did not survive), before he vanished for a time.

When the city announced its reopening, Lot returned. Not as a wanderer, but as the guard of the Office. He welcomed the returning citizens and ensured that no divine angels would enter to bring destruction.

Though he had left IDIT and did not look back, she forgave him and pulled him back into the city he once abandoned and back into their

bedroom. There, they became the Lovers.

In the bedroom, Lot's figure shifts. He is no longer a guard but a mirror. His presence holds absence and return, regret and reconciliation. Lot embodies the thresholds of regret, forgiveness, desire and care. He reminds the citizens that even those who once fled, who left behind love, who abandoned the city, can return and rejoin the rhythm of Sodom. Sodom makes space for everyone willing to confront themselves and the city anew.

THE OFFICE

The Office is the first threshold of Sodom, the space between the outside world and the city itself. Here, citizens are welcomed, measured, introduced, and reflected back to themselves. It is at once bureaucratic and ritualistic, sterile and intimate. Returning citizens watch there a video, a guide to Sodom, introducing the city's landscape, mythology, and contested reputation: Mount SODOM consists of 80% salt and is surrounded by a deserted, dry, and crusty landscape. A city that began its rise hundreds and thousands of years ago, formed by movements of tectonic plates and slow pressure which built an accumulation of earth and rock. Each year Mount SODOM expands its heights, growing annually by an astounding 3.5 millimeters. Dramatic cliffs harbouring the plateau, create a natural barrier against

offensive attackers.

Unless they are divine forces, and by divine we mean any power that comes from above us, the inhabitants.

Once you enter the gates, you'll find a few main attractions all connected by streets, roads, and tiny little alleys. From a bird's eye view, the whole town looks like the Tree of Life, flipped upside down. Each place in town cultivates an extraordinary receptivity to the Self that illuminates the inner dimensions of the human soul, its unexplored potential, and our relationship to divine forces.

Or, as those who have never been to SODOM, but constantly criticize it like to say: it cultivates an extraordinary receptivity of moral decay, divine queer dissatisfaction, judgment, and the consequences of wickedness. I hope our tour will help each one of you decide for yourself, your true judgements of SODOM.

After the video, the returning citizens take part in a small, playful threshold questionnaire, measuring curiosity, loyalty, and willingness to explore. Once the questionnaire is complete, they receive an apple, sign a role in the city that could shape their future, and are finally admitted to Sodom.



THE HOST

*I stopped running because I had to know if you were behind me.
I had to know if you made it out
Because what was I running towards if you hadn't?
I looked back to see your face
Because no matter where I looked I saw myself*



Many roles have been given to the woman who cares: host, guide, nurturer. She tended the children in the playground, showed new citizens the city, and ensured everyone was fed, warmed, and seen. Society frames such care as passive, as if compassion is weakness, but she knows otherwise. Her care is a deliberate force, an act of resistance, a power that shapes and heals.

She had witnessed destruction and loss, but she refused to act from grief or bitterness. Her attention, her presence, her empathy were intentional, transformative. Rebuilding the city required more than walls; it demanded shared care, and the courage to make love visible.

Yet, every gesture she made carried quiet power, was purposeful, every act forward-looking, every moment of care a conscious expression of agency. She held space for others without losing herself, nurturing without submission, shaping a community with her attention.

She often said:

Care is what remains when belief has burned away.
There is no truth in your legs - sit. You should sit first.
There is time for work, but there is also time for pleasure, remember.
It is good to be a guest, but it is better to be at home.

When the city was rebuilt and citizens returned, she transformed alongside it. She danced, she breathed, she focused on self-care; not indulgence, but preparation for further care. Her strength, her empathy, her attention were acts of power, capable of rebuilding, shaping, and sustaining life. She is the host of the city, a radical force, proving that care, compassion, and hospitality are revolutionary acts.

THE KIDS AT THE PLAYGROUND

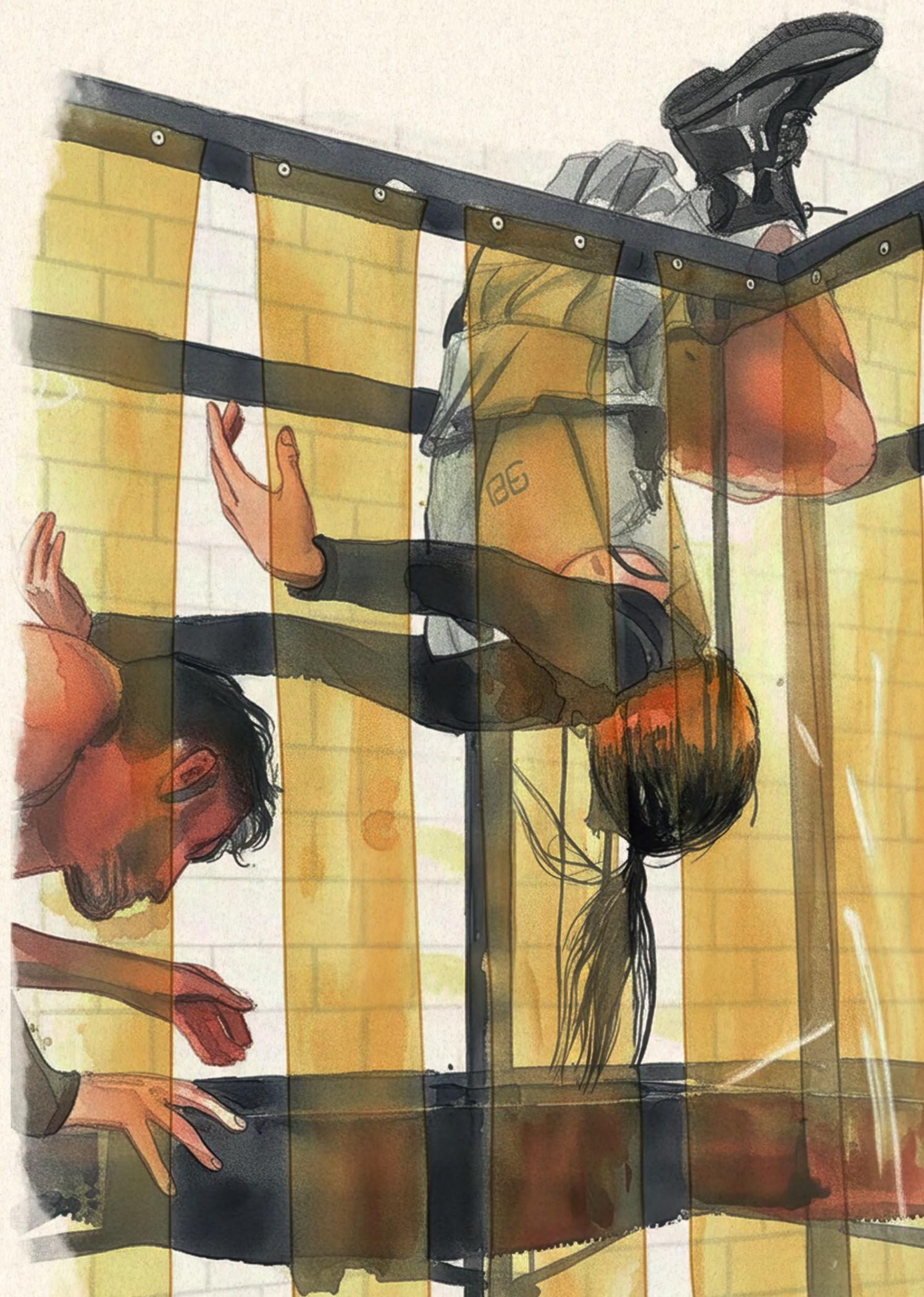
Back in 2019, when I met the first sodomites, I watched two kids playing a game that was both familiar and unspoken. They moved as if exploring each other's bodies - dancing softly, fluidly, then snapping into sharp, unexpected cuts. They played a game of perpetrator and victim, dominant and submissive, constantly flipping roles. They told me about a playground that once existed in Sodom, a place where they first discovered intimacy without judgment, a playful childhood exploration of sexuality, love, and forbidden curiosity.

In that moment, I found myself asking the old, unanswerable questions: What is the source of my desire? Am I a sinner? A wicked man? Only evil at heart? And towards whom? Am I within the boundaries, or beyond them? It felt as if I had always walked in the in-between... trying my best to fit in, only to escape once the truth surfaced.

They told me about the mother - not a particular woman, but a figure, who reminded me of my own mother. She once told me: Get rid of the bad thoughts in your head and heart. Leave them behind. Live your life with no regrets. Be free to desire, free to love. Keep your secrets to yourself, and don't look back. She, who had stood frozen in the same position for years, refused to change, refused to live freely, to desire. She who could not do it herself taught me to hide and run away, as if I could live happiness for both of us, as if the farther I went, the freer I would be, as if from a distance, one cannot look back.

I carried her words with me. When we rebuilt the city, I knew the playground would be one of the most thrilling spaces. So we planted grass and built upon it an object of black metal, gummy carpets, and yellow PVC - somewhere between a playhouse for cats and a dungeon, between memory and imagination.

Here, at the playground, lonely creatures coexist. Here, we relearned how to desire the other, the new, the unfamiliar. We let our imagination create a world where the violence against us turns into a lustful role game, where pain and humiliation transform into the power of letting go and of enjoyment, and where touch is explored in infinite forms, possibilities and rhythms.



THE SILENT KID



*I looked back to see your face
because I've been told I wasn't one of god's chosen creatures
Because I remember the meaning of it
Because no matter where I looked I saw myself*

I met the silent kid for the first time in the desert; a sandy brown and grey landscape, at the outskirts of what was once Sodom. He was a body in transformation. He held a violin, an instrument from a long-forgotten time, somehow clinging to the past, yet producing chords unfamiliar, strange, and haunting. He did not speak; he played.

He was curious, shy, yet profoundly present. Almost like a hologram or a mirage, he wandered quietly, exploring life in silence. Sometimes it seemed as if he carried within him the soul of Lot himself, trying to look back at the city he once called home but had abandoned. He was searching for a place to return to, to relearn, yet he had to become a child again so that he could watch, explore and understand how the sodomites acted.

The city we built took care of him, giving him space in his quietness to discover his own meaning. He explored its spaces with curiosity and humility, offering presence to all who visited, speaking through the voice of his violin - the words of a misfit seeking peace within himself. Within a body that felt foreign, wrong, misaligned, he traveled through time to find his truth: to change form, to shift perspective, to become someone he wished to be.

He was yet another child of IDIT - a precious one who brought the sound of the city, who could be lonely yet still belong to the community.



THE SAGE

The sage occupy a space between the town clown and the wise one. They embody otherness in its most glorified form - creatures who act human yet appear mythical. Usually, they sit atop a three-story green marble monument in the city center, overlooking the whole town. They contain multitudes, and their bodies show it: a bold, tattooed head full of written knowledge; a chest with five breasts; two heads on their buttocks.

They are clever, funny, approachable, and honest. They can accommodate anyone and teach about thresholds, misfits, and belonging. They know what it means to be an outsider and to be punished for it. They understand how society polices those who deviate from "normal". Their experience has left them with awareness and empathy, shaping how they welcome and guide others. They have undergone transformations and revelations that could have made them harsh or aggressive, but they chose softness and care, allowing others to discover their otherness in a gentle embrace.

They also know the world beyond the city. Sometimes they stand in the center and shout phrases from the outside, not cynically, but as a reminder of how laws, religions, and social rules have historically decided who belongs. They bear these truths in their mouths and on their bodies: laws and norms; some rewritten to honor gender diversity, trans identity, neurodivergence, desire, and the lessons of destruction:

"From the beginning, the sin of humankind is to desire, and it is desire that generates sin.

Desire is flesh, but it is also imagination in humankind's heart.

But their truth, when encountered one-on-one, is the philosophy of Sodom, offering a perspective beyond the outside world:

one desires the other. And what is other arrives not because of knowledge, gender, nature, god, religion, the state, the community, the law, and so forth... one desires despite them!

Desire desires, without knowing what desire means.

Destruction is not always bad. Some might say cutting off my breasts is harmful, but they are long-distance heating now. And I am happy!"

I remember at the day of the "Ceremony of Return," when the returning citizens arrived, the sage shared their story. A moment of beauty, humor, and radical insight.

a restart? I know something about that!

once upon a time, I lived in a desert far away - all of us lived together, no matter what gender, what genitals, what skins, what brains, what bodies. no matter who we fucked or loved. One day strong, cold northern winds came across the land - and they brought sorrow over our little town, people suddenly started mistrust each other... They started to cut the world in binaries. The strongest of them all? The normal, and "the other".

These norms took over all aspects of lives - nobody wanted to be on the outside, so everyone tried to follow, to belong. But there's a catch: someone has to be on the outside, to create an inside. I didnt fit and people would let me feel it. They called us perverts, freaks, trannies, crips, faggots, they called us sick

& crazy, foreign... You might know some of those words. We have now reclaimed them, but they have been created to deem us as lesser.

They even created laws trying to control humankind and its desires. We slowly lost our rights and our dignity and most of all - our peace, our security. And at some point it got so violent, that I had to leave. For a few years I lived here and there, welcomed mainly by other misfits. And somehow we slowly found each other, and built this place. We called it SODOM, started living here... waiting for others to arrive.

I am the other, and I am all of you. Do I contradict myself? Well then I contradict myself. I am large, I contain multitudes. And so do you.



THE HEALER

The Healer can be found by the rivers of Sodom, just before the horizon. She lives close to the water and works quietly. Like water, the Healer is mystical and ephemeral. She listens, observes, and responds to what the body asks for. She creates moments of intimacy.

She is mysterious yet approachable. She, too, has known pain and understands what it means to be an outsider, sometimes from those closest to her. She has grown into who she is through care and attention.

The Healer has spent her life creating soaps whose forms and scents act as tools for care. Healing, for her, is not instruction but presence. She brings materials, gestures, and time, allowing meaning to emerge through touch. Every action she takes is deliberate: breath, foam, skin.

Every encounter is a ceremony - over the bridge, by the river's reflection, or beside the oracle in the water.

She works with four soaps, all translucent yellow, each distinct in shape and scent and holds a specific practice:

Desire

I sense a hunger resting quietly in you. . . let's wake it up.

Content: Cedar, spruce needle, rose, ylang-ylang, cardamom, laurel, bitter orange.

Use: To activate desire that has learned to stay quiet.

Ritual: She invites slow, deep breathing.

The soap is warmed between the hands and brought close to the face.

The scent is inhaled three times before washing begins.



Destruction

To build something new, we first have to destroy old structures.

Content: Vetiver, blue cypress, ho wood, tuberose, champaca, bergamot.

Use: To loosen old structures and make space for change.

Ritual: The hands are washed three times with firm, circular movements.

Afterward, she rinses them with a bowl of water from the river.

Otherness

You carry more than one face. Don't wash it away.

Polish it until it shines.

Content: Olibanum, balsam fir, basil, rose geranium, pink grapefruit.

Use: To allow the unfamiliar to become intimate.

Ritual: She rubs the soap between her palms, then passes her hands slowly through the body, ending at the forehead. The body is marked, not cleaned away.

Empathy

Sin and desire are twins. Both sides of the same entity.

Content: Myrrh, rosewood, patchouli, ylang-ylang, jasmine sambac, pink pepper, sweet orange.

Use: To restore balance and soften inner tension.

Ritual: Touch slows. The soap is used on the hands and wrists. Breathing is guided until it settles.

Soap does not forgive, it offers another surface to begin again.







THE RITULAS

Sodom was not only a city of spaces and characters; it was a city of practice. Small rituals threaded through its streets, rivers, and gatherings, guiding desire, reflection, and care. They were ways to remember, to reclaim, and to live differently.

Soaps of Otherness

The Healer created the Soaps of Otherness. A small sample of her translucent yellow soaps that were made specially for the “Ceremony of Return”. They were offered to each returning citizen as they crossed the rivers of Sodom.

Passing through the waters, each citizen placed a silent wish: to explore and fulfill desire within themselves. Holding the soap, they carried otherness in their hands, a reminder that Sodom was not only a city to inhabit but a life to live. A life guided by care, curiosity, and the freedom to be different.

The Restart

Destruction and violence cannot be erased completely, only acknowledged and transformed. The Restart ritual confronted this truth.

It recalled how history repeats itself, how laws and myths were written to control, punish, and erase Sodomites. Sodom’s destruction had been framed as divine justice, but it was in reality the logic of power preserving itself. When a state, a religion, or a ruler calls a desire or a body a threat, violence is justified and morality becomes an instrument of control.

But, myths are living tools: they can be deconstructed, reinterpreted, and reclaimed. The Restart ritual reclaimed that power, acknowledged the past while opening a space to act differently, to rewrite desire, care, and community. In participating, the citizens chanted the manifest of sodom. (The manifest is included at the end of the book.)

The Threshold Circle

One of the Sage’s most practiced rituals, the Threshold Circle, was a quiet game with profound meaning. The Sage drew

a chalk circle on the ground and asked the people to place Stones inside or outside it, each time a new category was named: refugees, queers, neurodivergent people and more.

Through the circle, participants reflected on who society includes and excludes. The act was simple, yet radical: it exposed the invisible rules that separate, measure, and judge. It reminded everyone that belonging is a choice, and that understanding the other is a threshold we must cross, again and again.

These rituals, small and intimate, formed the heartbeat of Sodom. They carried the city’s ethics, its politics, and its desire; in hands, stones, and water.

And then, there was the Ceremony of Return, the ritual of the Homecoming Sodomites.



THE NEW MAYOR & THE CEREMONY OF RETURN

The new mayor was chosen for Sodom not despite her past, but because of it. She had been a victim of oppression, punished into silence while her people suffered, but she did not act out of revenge or grievance. She moved with warmth, tenderness, and courage, holding space for their arrival, and for the city to remember itself. Leaving the city when necessary to guide the returning citizens to the office, welcoming them into Sodom's rebirth.

When the return citizens arrived, Sodom began to breathe again: lustful, hopeful, alive as it was always meant to. The mayor's voice filled the streets. She chanted, and her melody spread across the streets and rivers with a quiet, deep power.

The citizens gathered between the rivers, the scent of burning herbs of love and empathy filling the air. They wished for their secret desires to be fulfilled. The Healer distributed the soaps of Otherness, and the citizens assembled around the city center. The ceremony began. Her speech unfolded in three chapters, each a threshold for the city:

Grief:

A time to remember what came before. The lives sacrificed, the voices silenced, the truths that demanded courage to speak. A moment to honor the weight of the past and the pain carried into the present.

Revolution:

A time to embrace all otherness. The returning citizens shared their stories. Why they looked back, why they ran away, what desire they carried, what truth they could now speak aloud. The city listened, absorbing their confessions and their courage, reshaping its own foundation.

Celebration:

A time to imagine Sodom anew. To build a city guided by desire, empathy, and freedom. To witness the birth of a place where longing is honored, differences are embraced, and care is a practice of power.





Homecoming Sodom

The Ceremony of Return

Today, I speak from the threshold you are crossing.
From the salt that remembers,
From the city we dare to revive.

I am the one who looked,
The one who broke the rule,
The one who became a rule.

There is a kind of power
That cannot tolerate variety,
A power that sharpens itself
On the bodies of those who refuse to fit.

They call what happened to us a punishment.
But I have stood long enough in this salt-silence
To know:
It wasn't sudden.
It grew over years,
A pressure building up,
A tightening of rules,
A quiet decision that some lives mattered less.

Yes, he moved on.
I resisted.
The same home,
Two different choices.

And for this, I became a monument.

I looked back, I did, I admit
I looked back supposedly curious.
But besides curiosity, I might have had other reasons.

I stopped running
Because where else would I go

I looked back In order not to keep staring at the righteous nape
of my husband, Lot
Because of the sudden conviction that had I died
He wouldn't have stopped.

I looked back to remember where I came from
In a failed effort to feel that I belong
Cause the place I ran away from, see, I had no choice.
This place broke my heart,
the only place I keep calling home

And what would have happened if I hadn't looked back?
Who would I be? How would I evolve?
I looked back in desolation. Because they wanted me isolated
I looked back thinking I heard someone call my name
Because I remember the meaning of it
A fertile soil that now is burning in flames

How could I turn my back on my people?
My hometown has changed its face
the shame and blame overshadowed every bit of me

They looked me in the eye, pulling me back
Touched with silence, hoping God had changed His mind.
I looked back in anger. To savour their great loss.

because I've been told I wasn't one of god's chosen creatures
that what I carried in my chest was sin,
when I had always known it by another name: desire.

I stop running not because I wanted
because where else would I go
I look back because I missed my life
drawn to the imaginary of my bare childhood
the place I ran away from, see, I had no choice.

No, no. I ran on, I crawled and I soared
until darkness crashed from heaven
I simply was tired of a life of escape

I stopped running because I had to know if you were behind me.
I had to know if you made it out
Because what was I running towards if you hadn't?
I looked back to see your face
Because no matter where I looked I saw myself





I looked back to see your face
because they told me that I wasn't one of god's chosen creatures
Because I remember the meaning of it
Because no matter where I looked I saw myself

Frozen from fear, the pain, the humiliation
From broken heart, from letting go,

I looked back to see the future
To reflect on what and when
Things went wrong
And what is left to save

Tonight we rebuild Sodom,
not as it was,
but as it could not be—
a city without nostalgia for
catastrophe,
a place where the strange is
welcomed,
where no one is sacrificed to
keep order intact,
where freedom is not a gift
from God
but the courage to begin again.

Tonight we rebuild Sodom
We gather our bricks and our hopes
and our wild dreams.

We do not let any power—
god, ruler, system—
tell us who is allowed to belong.

We do not let anyone's desire
become a reason for their
disappearance.
We do not let fear of difference
creep into our laws,
rituals,
Instincts.
Let the gates of Sodom open

For this who left to return
And for those who just arrived to be
welcomed

Let us greet one another gently
Like people who know loss
But choose love anyway
This one place is ours now
To keep alive
To care for
And to carry forward.

This soup is for you to
carry otherness with you.

*So, welcome sodomites,
welcome home*





Some spaces were imagined, tested, and lived in briefly. They shaped the city before it learned what to keep. Some disappeared entirely; others dissolved into characters, rituals, or ideas. They exist now only as traces, remembered paths, and unfinished thresholds.

THE FOREST

The forest could only be entered at night, guided by a torch. It was dark and dense, formed from hanging layers of fabric that felt like trees and grass. Walking through it meant brushing against the unknown.

In its shadows lived creatures: spirits, monsters, fairies. They appeared without warning, sometimes speaking, sometimes only watching. The forest held lust, passion, and eroticism, but also shelter. It was a place for those who had to drift away from the outside world to survive, to find others like themselves. Here, no one was defined by gender, species, or origin; everything met without hierarchy. Belonging and isolation existed side by side. The forest was a refuge for desire and difference, a space where fantasy and nature merged. It offered freedom that begins by walking away from imposed norms and into uncertainty.

Later, the forest vanished. No documents remained. Its absence feels intentional, as if it was always meant to exist only at night, like a dream. It is as though, that the sage in their multitude contain as well the forest within them.

THE TEMPLE

The temple was a dark room covered entirely in broken mirrors: walls, floor, and ceiling. Small glimpses of light filtered through the cracks between them. At its center, it was Lot. standing there and repeating a collection of religious gestures again and again, reshaping it slightly each time, always ending by falling to the floor. A distorted prayer filled the space, looping endlessly. Words of forgiveness dissolved into sound. Lot whispered too, barely heard.

The temple demanded obedience: shoes removed, hands washed, food offered: sweet or salty, a choice that felt symbolic but controlled. Mirrors erased orientation. Entry and exit became indistinguishable. Everything repeated itself.

This space carried the weight of institutions that enforce unity, discipline, and silence. Religion has a demand to walk a narrow line without looking sideways, without questioning.

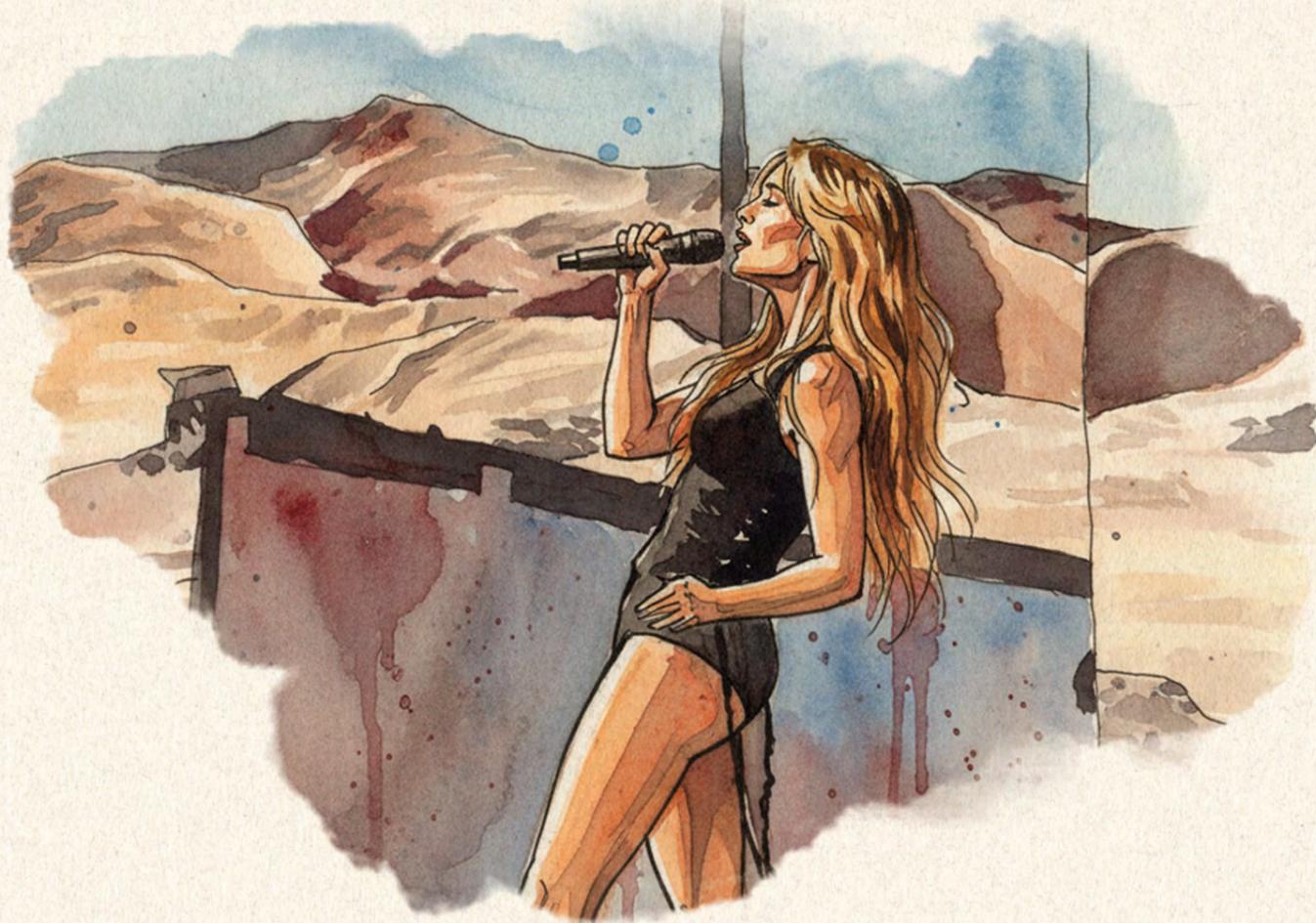
So it was clear that the temple belonged to the past. Sodom, as it came to be, could not contain it. Detached from religion, the city let this space disappear.



IDIT - LOT'S WIFE

Before the city was complete, we melted the pillar of salt and brought Lot's wife back to life. Her name is IDIT. Melting the salt meant freeing IDIT from punishment. Looking at her meant seeing oneself, once the layers of fear, shame, and inherited stone are dissolved.

IDIT was not an object but a ritual for forgiveness; not from her, but for her. A promise to care for desire, compassion, and the unfamiliar, and to let go of the idea of the forbidden.



THE DESERT

At the horizon of the city, a living landscape, dry, cold, shifting. Here, the desert became a space of tension: home and exile, staying and fleeing. Nature took her form: a stone, shaped like a female body, real and unreal at once.

It was here in the desert where IDIT appeared to me in her most clear way. For a moment she seemed like a mirage, then she spoke the words I looked back. She explained what her reasons were and I followed her. This was where her meaning became clearer: care, empathy, and concern as forms of power. Her punishment was not weakness, but refusal to ignore destruction.

The desert held contradiction - the wish to return and the need to move on, the pull of memory against survival.



NOTES ON RETURN: TOWARDS A NEW SODOM

SODOM wasn't built in a day, nor was it built in two years. It unfolds like a journey taken on a foggy day, without a visible end. A labyrinth within a dream, where the body and parts of the mind shift constantly - breaking, rebuilding, rearranging their meaning. And still, the most vital organ, the soul, survives, persists, suspended somewhere between the brain and the genitals, refusing to disappear.

In a world structured by fear, control, and erasure, SODOM insists on existing. At times it may appear weakened, reduced, or close to

destruction, as many queer worlds have been before it. But after spending time within the city, among those who dedicate their lives to building it, brick by brick, heart to heart, body by body, care by care; I know this fragility is also its strength. These are people who stand repeatedly against systems that seek to silence, discipline, or erase them, and who respond not with obedience or revenge, but with compassion, desire, and collective care. Their persistence makes clear that SODOM is not a utopia, but a practice.

From here, there is no return. SODOM is not only a place, but a process: a method, an ideology, a community formed through mutual support and resistance. It asks us to choose otherness, not as an exception, but as a way of living together. To insist that love, pleasure, and care are not private acts, but shared responsibilities.

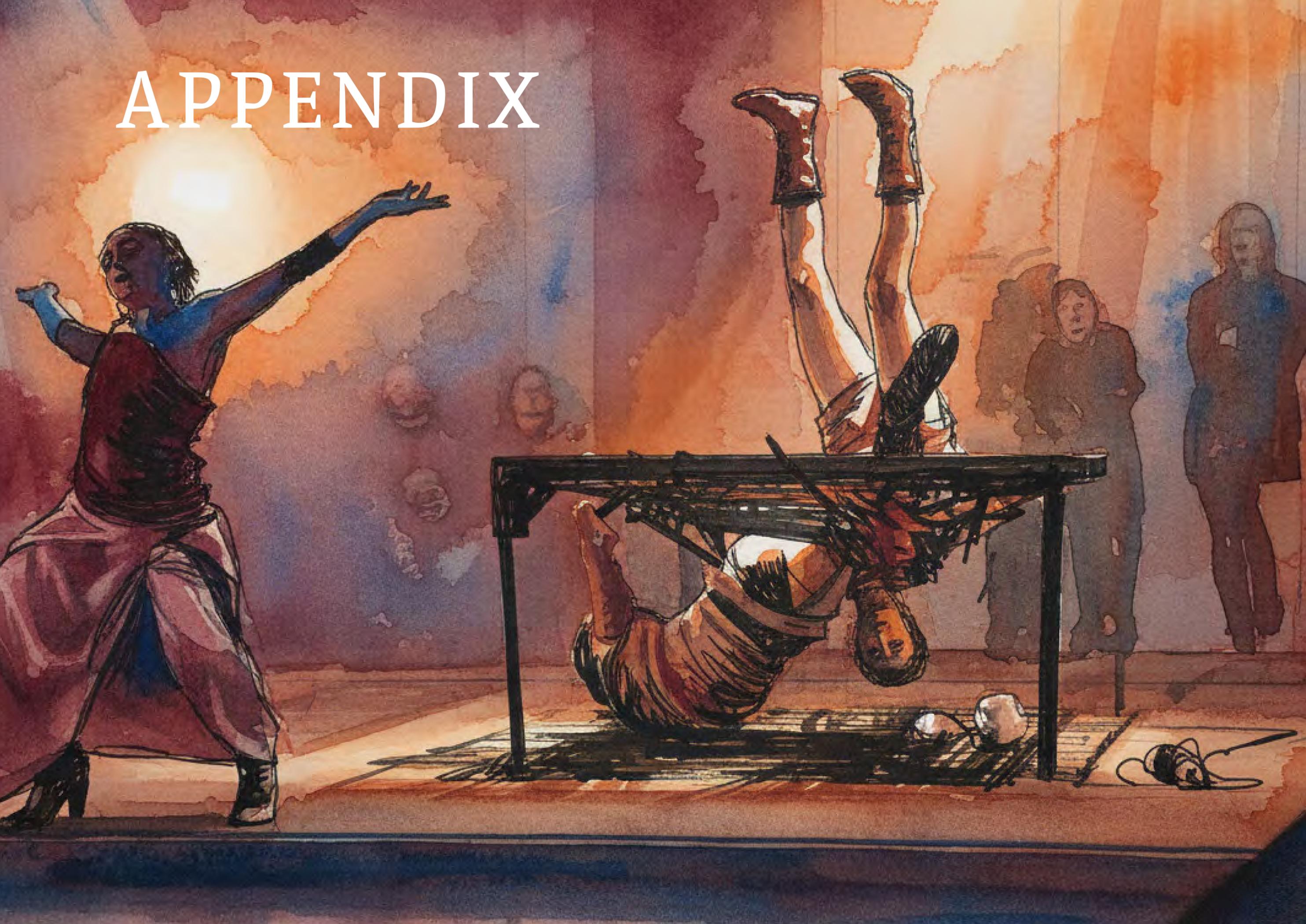


For me, this is not a metaphor. I will remain in SODOM for as long as I can, continuing to rebuild it from within.

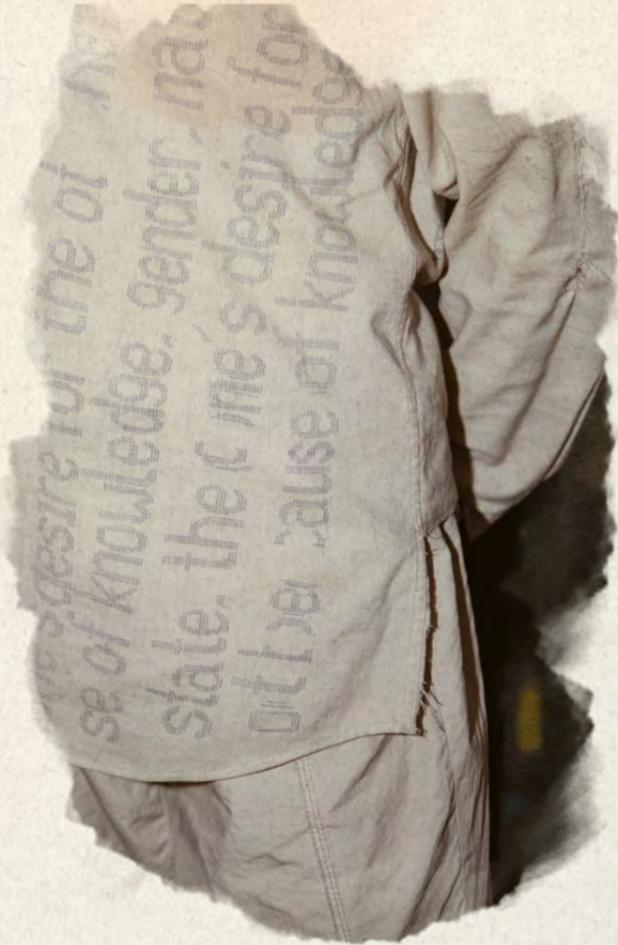
Not because it is finished, but because it never will be.

SODOM is my chosen hometown, one that grows through commitment, through return, and through the refusal to disappear.

APPENDIX



COSTUMES





FOOD



SILENT GRIEF

SOUND



SODOM
PLAYGROUND



JEWELRY



SOAPS

MATERIALS





**RETURNING
CITIZENS**



SODOM #1

Showcase presentation
Transdisciplinary master's project
By Tomer Zirkilevich

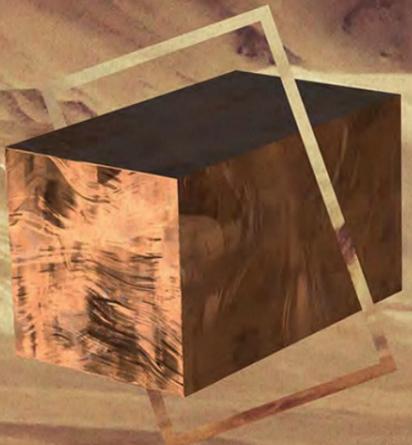
Toni Areal Campus
Room 1.D08
Thursday 14th December
12:30-13:30*

(*loops of 10 minutes - entering in the middle is possible)

SODOM - Past and Present

Presentation of research at the IAS
Tomer Zirkilevich | MA Transdisciplinary

Immersive Art Space 1.G30 | Toni Areal Campus
Thursday 5th September | 15:00-16:00*
(*loops of 15 minutes - entering in the middle is possible)



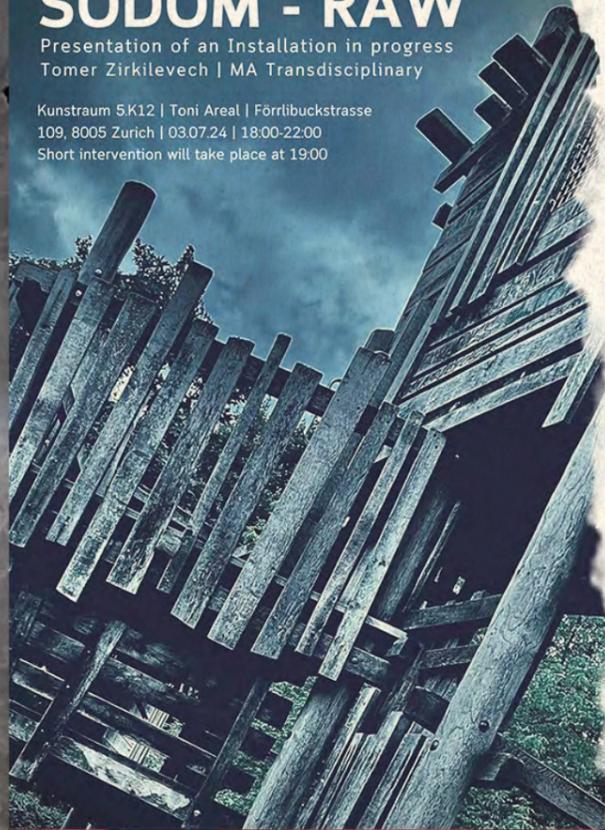
Noe Arnold - Visuals
Tsz hei Fung - Visuals
Diane Gemisch - Performance
Neß - Performance + Sound

Sharon Reshef Armony - External Mentor
Patrick Mueller - Mentor

SODOM - RAW

Presentation of an Installation in progress
Tomer Zirkilevich | MA Transdisciplinary

Kunstraum 5K12 | Toni Areal | Förlibuckstrasse
109, 8005 Zurich | 03.07.24 | 18:00-22:00
Short intervention will take place at 19:00



Hometown : SODOM

19-21.12.2025

an invitation home

Zentralwäscherei

Neue Hard 12
8005 Zürich

INVITATIONS

hometownsodom

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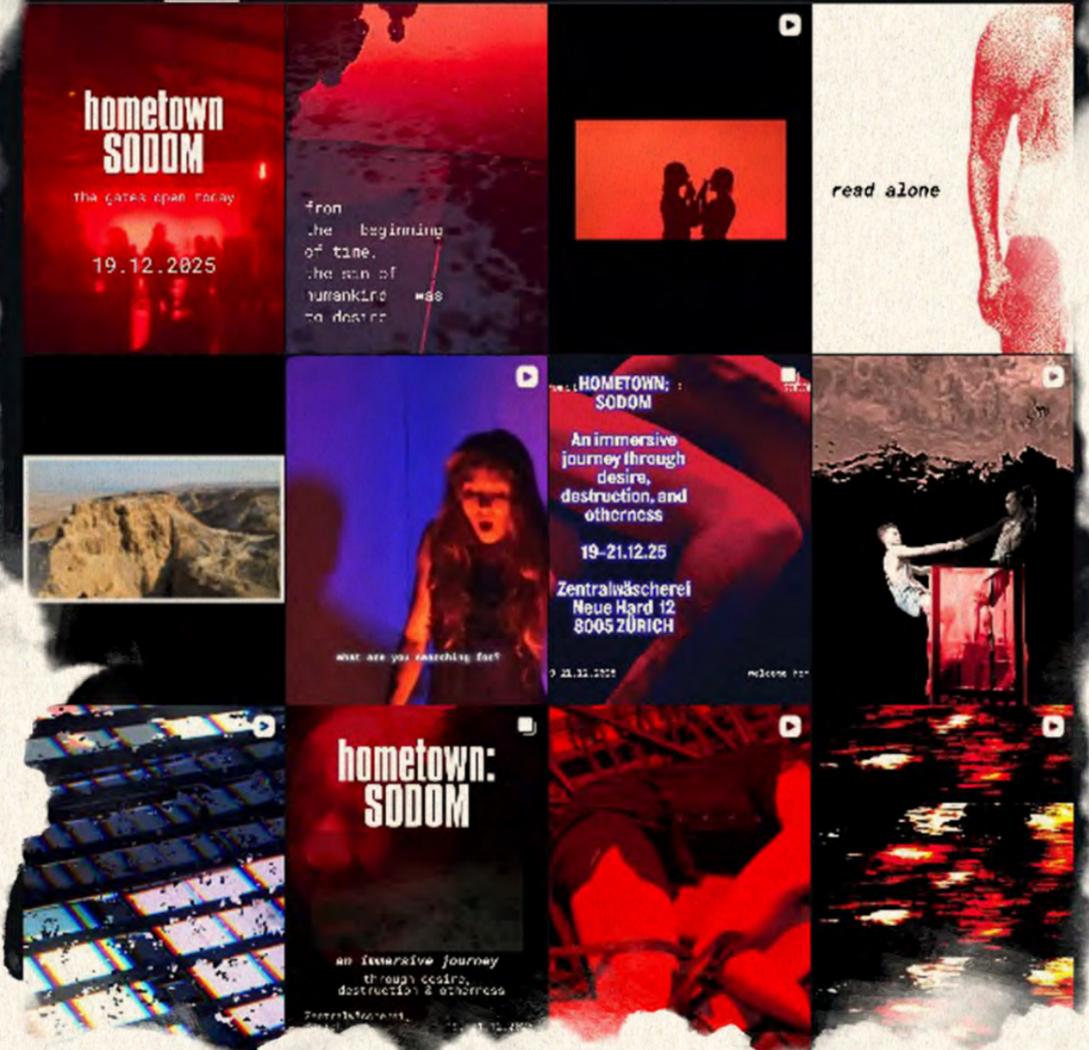
Welcome home
SODOM opens its gates:
An Immersive, multi-disciplinary Journey
19-21.12.2025
Zürich
in bio
hometownsodom.com

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View archive



New



INSTAGRAM

WEBSITE

hometownsodom.com

19. -21.12.25
12.
25.





THE SODOMITES

Credits:

Artistic Director: Tomer Zirkilevech

Set and Light design: Leo Ehrenzeller

Costume: Giulia Spek and Danyue Li

Musical Director and Composer: Piero Mirio Scherer

Composer: Paul Grimshaw

Game Design: Noe Arnold

Performance: Chiara Davanzo, Jana Duenner, Giulia Esposito, Dinae Gemsch, Lovis Heuss, ness kulmer, Max Kriegleder, Victor Mendes, Lou Thabart, Daniel Riniker, TAMRA, Anastasia Tatarenko

Production: Egor Tatarenko

Scent design: Michal Van Der Kamp

Soap and ceramic sculpturer: Chiara Davanzo

Multidisciplinary food artist: Andrea Sommer

PR & Immersive Theater Advisor: Angela Fegers

Pr and communication: Yannik Böhmer

Documentation: Alun Meyerhans

Photographer: Pearlie Frisch

Graphic design poster: Tszhei Simon Fung

Layout and Illustration: Inbal Ruso

Technical Manager: Hannah Dal Cero

Supervision: Patrick Müller and Nadia Fistarol

Assistant Director: Cindy Kosseda

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Advisors, Mentors & Research Collaborators:

Sharon Reshef Armony, Eliane Bertschi, Ramun Bernetta, Chris Bünter, Antoine Chessex, Nicole Frei, Anan Fries, Roni Idrizaj, Michal Kaiser-Livne, Max Kriegleder, Lea Loeb, Barbara Liebster, Noam Leichtentritt, Yiftach Mizrahi, Hans Jakob Mühlethaler, Isaac Rosler, Búi Rouch, Inbal Ruso, Christopher Salter, Stella Speziali, Irene Vögeli, Tim Wettstein, Anna Wohlgemuth

References: Sodom's Threshold: The Desire for the Unthinkable (book) by Isaac B. Rosler, Hopelessness and Hopefulness (book) by Audre Lorde, Sunday in Sodom (play) by Jordan Tannahill, Lot's Wife (poem) by Wisława Szymborska, Silent Grief (song), Vocals by TAMRA, Violin by Luisina Rabago, Song of Myself (song) by Walt Whitman

Where is Sodom?

Is it a place?

Was it ever once?

Sodom is everywhere and nowhere.

There's nothing that could
replicate the truth of Sodom.

Nothing but a fake
representation,
a theater of thresholds.

Where dreams come true.



