A woman with her hair in a ponytail, wearing a light grey t-shirt, dark shorts with a green floral pattern, and blue sneakers, is sitting on a brown and white spotted cow. They are in a barn with a floor of straw and wooden planks. The scene is lit from above, creating strong shadows.

WE
WILL NOT
BE THE LAST
OF OUR
KIND

A film by **MILI PECHERER**

3D texturing and modeling **MATTHEW AUSTIN** development on Unreal Engine **ÁNGEL FLORES SANCHEZ**
co-screenwriter **ADRIEN DUPUIS-HEPNER** sound design foley and mix **HUGO DEBRIE (LEMON STUDIO)**
original music **BEILA UNGAR** produced by **MAHJ - MUSÉE D'ART ET D'HISTOIRE DU JUDAÏSME**



We Will Not Be the Last of Our Kind@Mili Pecherer

LOG LINE

What if the famous biblical ark, the last refuge of mankind and the animal kingdom during the great flood, was not merely an act of divine intervention, but instead, a meticulously planned professional integration program?

SYNOPSIS

Noah's ark, often seen as the last refuge for humanity and the animal kingdom before the Great Flood, is re-imagined as a professional integration program. Here, survivors devoid of landmarks seek a path to attain a sense of purity—being 'Productive, Useful, Resourceful' at last.

However, what aspirations can one hold when the primary task is simply stacking bricks?

And what becomes of these Ark survivors once they reach dry land?

Mili Pecherer's offbeat adaptation of the biblical story adopts a first-person perspective. Confined within the Ark, she finds herself amidst a community of animals, including pairs of goats, cows, chickens, ducks, and a dove taking pride in its role as a supervisor, alongside a rebellious raven.

Reminiscent of Pasolini's raven in 'Uccellace e Ucellini,' the raven harangues the crew with its forceful cries. Echoing the sentiments of Romanian poet and philosopher Benjamin Fondane, the raven urges the passengers to explore every avenue for escape, to venture to the right, the left, or anywhere that might offer a way out.

[TRAILER](#)

LONG SYNOPSIS

Mili Pecherer takes on the biblical story with offbeat humor in an anachronistic satire, emphasized by the use of characters borrowed from the repertoire of video games.

The ark, a refuge for the last representatives of the animal and human species before the Great Flood, is here a worksite of the Employment Service, which applies an 'ultimate program of integration into the world.'

A few 'chosen' animals (cows, goats, chickens, etc.) are taken on board with the filmmaker's digitized avatar, a survivor with no bearings, to carry out, under the tyrannical direction of a pigeon (a degraded avatar of the dove) and within the allotted time (forty days), a productive, useful, and Resourceful (enough to 'fill the fridge')—apparently absurd mission: sorting and stacking bricks.

The perplexed girl undergoes suffering, self-questioning, and consults a Torah scroll—useless as assembly instructions but a pleasant *mise en abyme* for the story. In the end, she completes the assigned task: a barbecue, an eerily burlesque transposition of the Holocaust altar. The final shot, an extended one as it serves as the background for the credits, returns to the exterior of the ark finally stranded on land: on a desolate wasteland, the barbecue-altar is still smoking from the sacrifice of the 'pure'; next to it, an animal skull.

Beila Ungar's melancholy music deepens the anguished dismay that closes this dysphoric version of the biblical tale: no survivors in sight; hence, no salvation at the end of this 'useless' expedition?

And yet, among the Ark's guests, there is a meaningful intruder: the raven, the only speaking being apart from the young girl and the pigeon in charge of the site. It is this raven, rather than the dove in the biblical story, which, with its fruitless to-ing and fro-ing outside the Ark, caught Mili Pecherer's attention from the outset. Indeed, like Franz Kafka's monkey in 'A Report for An Academy,' he is the one looking for a way out. Not freedom, nor a mission (like the dove), but a way out so as not to 'stay there.' Several times in the film, he utters piercing cries, the verbal translation of which appears in the subtitles. But most of what he says is borrowed from Benjamin Fondane, the poet-philosopher for whom the raven becomes the spokesman.

(Agnès Lhermitte)





Mili Pecherer during the real professional integration program

WHAT WAS YOUR STARTING POINT FOR “WE WILL NOT BE THE LAST OF OUR KIND”?

I was unemployed. Once again.

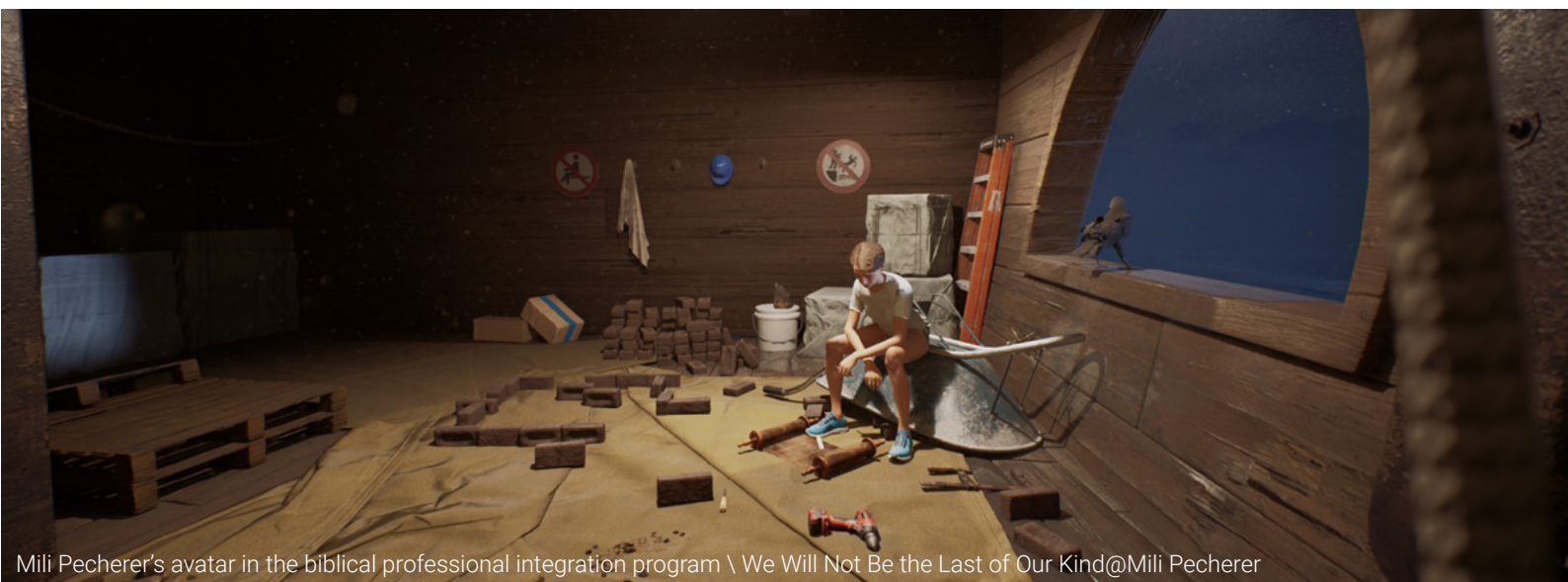
Once again, I found myself living through that anxious time of not knowing what I was doing with my life, if I'd ever make another film and how to earn money. I guess that was the starting point.

Eventually, I landed a job through a professional integration program designed to guide lost souls like me—or immigrants—toward becoming contributing members of society. We were promised it'd bring us peace of mind and show us how to keep our fridge fully stocked. I was assigned on a construction site, as part of a carpentry team, on an island near Marseille. Every morning, I had to take a boat to get there.

I was quite happy at first. I liked my team, I thought I was about to learn a new profession, received a modest monthly salary, and, at last I had an answer to the torturing question of “so what are you doing these days?”. I even felt relieved not to dwell on making films anymore. But gradually, things took an absurd turn. Our tasks were vague, seemingly pointless, designed to keep us occupied.

Our primary duty seemed to be waking up before dawn, always being on time, complying without questioning, ignoring the search for meaning, refraining from personal inquiries, and not discussing matters of faith. Drinking ourselves into oblivion was a common ritual on our way home.

Then, as life sometimes surprises you when you're ready to give up, an opportunity to create a film presented itself. I chose to craft a film about Noah's ark and the great flood. The challenge, however, lay in its status as perhaps the most famous story globally, interpreted countless times. Finding my own personal angle was tough. I knew the original text involved a rebellious raven, a pretentious dove, and a few pairs of 'pure' animals. But how did these animals end up there? What compelled them to abandon their wilderness and freedom to heed some human's call onto a colossal wooden vessel? I wrestled with this question until my friend and artist Cindy Coutant suggested that my ark could be a professional integration program too. Suddenly, it clicked. These animals agreed because they were promised, too, that joining this program, boarding the ark, would bring them peace of mind—no more worries about stocking their fridge. They'd finally become 'Pure'—Productive, Useful, Resourceful. And thus, the adventure began.



Mili Pecherer's avatar in the biblical professional integration program \ We Will Not Be the Last of Our Kind@Mili Pecherer



Mili Pecherer@Ramon Churruca

MILI PECHERER'S BIO

Born in Israel in 1988, Mili Pecherer studied at the Bezalel Academy of Art and Design in Jerusalem and at Le Fresnoy – Studio national des arts contemporains in Tourcoing.

She embarked on her creative journey by producing documentaries featuring God, Napoleon Bonaparte, a hemorrhoid, and a donkey, and later embraced video game technology to achieve unprecedented narrative freedom.

Through the intermediary of her avatar, she evolves within synthetic worlds, reinterpreting the great biblical narratives to confront them with her own contemporary inquiries.

Her films have been screened and awarded in festivals such as the Berlinale Shorts (EFA nomination 2020), FidMarseille (special mentions 2019, Casa de Velasquez residency award at FidLab 2021), Annecy, Tallinn Black Nights, etc and museums such as the mahJ and the Fondation Pernod-Ricard in Paris.

She currently lives in Marseille.

MILI PECHERER'S FILMOGRAPHY

We will not be the last of our kind, animation \ video installation. 2024, 24', France

Tsigele-Migele, animation \ video installation, 2021, 15', France

It wasn't the right mountain, Mohammad, animation, 2019, 28', France

How glorious it is to be a human being, documentary, 2018, 53', France

La vie sans pompe, documentary, 2017, 48', Spain

Yerulam off season, documentary, 2014, 40', Israel \ Finland

2pac its olrait, documentary, 2012, 14', Russia



It Wasn't the Right Mountain, Mohammad (Berlinale Shorts 2020)@Mili Pecherer

CAST

Mili Pecherer as herself
Pigeon as the dove
Raven as himself
Adrien dupuis-Hepner as The Management

KEY PRODUCTION CREDITS

Written and directed by
Mili Pecherer

Co-screenwriter
Adrien Dupuis-Hepner

Support for concept and development
Cindy Coutant

Texturing and Modeling
Matthew Austin

Development on Unreal Engine
Ángel Flores Sanchez

3D Ark modeling
Eliav Varda

Animations
Mili Pecherer
Ángel Flores Sanchez

Original music
Beila Ungar

Sound Editing, Foley and Mix
Hugo Debrie (Lemon Studio)

Produced by
mahJ - Musée d'art et d'histoire du Judaïsme, Paris
Director - Paul Salmona
Curator of Modern and Contemporary Art - Pascale Samuel

And by
Mili Pecherer

TECHNICAL INFORMATION

France, 2024, 24'
Animation (CGI, Unreal Engine)
Original language : French
Subtitles: French \ English
Ratio: 16:9
DCP and MP4
5.1, stereo

CONTACT DISTRIBUTION & INQUIRIES

Mili Pecherer
+33681661006
milik88@gmail.com



We Will Not Be the Last of Our Kind@Mili Pecherer



We Will Not Be the Last of Our Kind@Mili Pecherer



We Will Not Be the Last of Our Kind@Mili Pecherer

THE TEAM



ÁNGEL FLORES SANCHEZ
Realtime and VR Product Designer,
Unreal Engine specialist
London
<https://uk.linkedin.com/in/angelfloresvr>



MATTHEW AUSTIN
Architectural visualizer
3D modeling, texturing, lightning
London
<https://uk.linkedin.com/in/matthew-austin-426535b7>



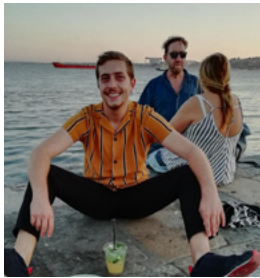
ADRIEN DUPUIS-HEPNER
Dramaturge
Manager and artistic collaborator
Paris
<https://fr.linkedin.com/in/adrien-dupuis-hepner-05b430147>



CINDY COUTANT
Visual artist
Paris
<https://cindycoutant.net/>



BEILA UNGAR
Musicien
New York
<https://beila.bandcamp.com/>
<https://www.linkedin.com/in/beila-ungar-419179166>



HUGO DEBRIE
Sound designer and Mixer at Lemon Studio
Marseille
<https://lemon-studio.fr/techniciens/4207/>



PASCALE SAMUEL
Curator of modern and contemporary art at the Musée d'art
et d'histoire du Judaïsme
Paris
<https://fr.linkedin.com/in/pascale-samuel-623655160>

INSPIRATIONS

“The world seemed so full as we were leaving port! Was it a vision, or did we see true?

*And now that the seas have salted my lungs timeworn seagull, hope chipped and worn
I close the old book and ask: What use?*

Why so much water multiplied by so much water, and so much land?

*Man may be king of this world, but I but you, all these shadows worn down by anger,
pity, and desire to be nowhere at all, what are we seeking? Did I invent you? My gaze
is tired. What are men up to, are they absent from themselves?— or rather consumed,
like us, by secret fevers, returned from voyages where they too saw people, ports and
absurd seas, eternal things, that are so dull to the palate, and feeling, tender, perishable
things —so dear!”*

...

*“—Have we not drifted long enough through the fog without asking quarter or begging
mercy?*

*It is time to close the doors, time to switch off the lamp. At last it is time to sign this
fresco we have painted —and that the wind sweeps away.”*

(Benjamin Fondane, *Ulysses*, 1933, translated by Nathaniel Rudavsky-Brody)

Benjamin Fondane (1898–1944) was Romanian and French poet, critic, and philosopher, and a disciple of the philosopher Lev Shestov. He had ties to other Romanian emigres in France, most notably Emil Cioran who characterized Fondane as a profound existentialist who was less interested in what an author said than in what he concealed. In this sense he differed greatly from the French existentialists of his generation. “Philosophical existentialism was a return to the Bible, a book hardly known to the philosopher”.

Fondane was heavily influenced by Shestov whose “fundamental faith that man was lost if dependent exclusively on knowledge pervaded everything. Knowledge would reduce man to a generality”. Shestov encouraged Fondane to criticize philosophy from within. For Fondane poetry and philosophy belonged to each other.

As a Jew, Fondane lived as an exile in both Romania and France. This status as an exile pervades and influences Fondane’s writing, although he only discovered his own Jewishness late in life. Finally, there is the dramatic story of his arrest, deportation, and death. Through the intervention of friends, among them Cioran, Fondane could have been freed, but he refused to leave his sister Line. As a result he was sent to Auschwitz and gassed at Birkenau on October 3, 1944





We Will Not Be the Last of Our Kind@Mili Pecherer

*“God’s fate now
is like the fate
of trees and stones, sun and moon,
when people stopped believing in them
and began to believe in Him.
But He has to stay with us:
at least like the trees, at least like the stones
and the sun and the moon and the stars.”*

(Yehuda Amichai, translated by Robert Alter)

~~~~~  
*“A rare wild rhinoceros on the brink of extinction is probably more satisfied than a calf who spends its short life inside a tiny box, fattened to produce juicy steaks. The contented rhinoceros is no less content for being among the last of its kind. The numerical success of the calf’s species is little consolation for the suffering the individual endures.”*

(Yuval Noah Harari)

~~~~~  
*“I had no way out, but I had to come up with one for myself. For without that I could not live. Always in front of that crate wall—I would inevitably have died a miserable death...
I’m worried that people do not understand precisely what I mean by a way out. I use the word in its most common and fullest sense. I am deliberately not saying freedom. I do not mean this great feeling of freedom on all sides. Only a way out—to the right or left or anywhere at all. I made no other demands, even if the way out should be only an illusion. The demand was small; the disappointment would not be any greater—to move on further, to move on further! Only not to stand still with arms raised, pressed again a crate wall.”*

(A Report for An Academy, Franz Kafka)

~~~~~  
*“If we take this miraculous description by Kafka and read our parashah in the light of it, we’ll discover a new aspect. Noah and all the occupants of the ark were trapped inside. The trapped person’s most intense desire is not to get out and do something meaningful. He simply wants to find a way out of the situation he finds himself in. The person expressing this desire is the raven, not the dove. He continues to fly in all directions, aimlessly, only to find a way out of the straitjacket of the ark. The beautiful dove whose voice is pleasant is the one whose passion has been sublimated into a mission with a purpose and a goal. But the one who made the exit, the one who was the attacker - is the raven.  
The dove we all prefer to identify with is the magical attractor, the one we can present at the ceremony and make a sacrifice of. The howling black raven is rejected and hidden, but its piercing cry is the call of truth that tears the cloak of reconciliation with the straits of the ark.”*

(DR. Moshe Meir)