Birth Video fails to deliver winner

New director Ted Bijenderson's video of his son's birth is a disgusting ode to everything wrong with amateur filmmaking today

filmreview

Birth Video

Directed by Ted Bijenderson Starring Ted Bijenderson, Marcy Bijenderson, Francis Bijenderson, and Dr Javier Rodriguez

PIERCING CALL Somebody shut him up

Birth. It's something everybody goes through at least once in their life, making it the umbilical cord that connects us all. It's sometimes joyous, occasionally sad, and often magical; however, Ted Bijenderson's *Birth Video* fails to capture any of this.

The film doesn't offer any background or motivation for the plot, like how the characters met or whether it was a broken condom or a drunken ski adventure that led the couple to this point. Instead, they chose to plunge the audience directly into the chaotic world of the delivery room, a confused, disorienting introduction to life—much like birth itself. That's about as deep as the metaphors get, however, as we're given no time or breathing room to ponder the film before being slapped on the back with the credits.

Silence is something this director seems to care nothing for, as there's a constant cacophony of grunts, heavy breathing, and Ted's meek attempts at encouragement that could hardly motivate you to blink, let alone pass 9lbs of meat through your birth canal.

The intent is apparently to draw the audience into the action. However, the terrible cinematography, in conjunction with an uninspired performance from the lead role, only serves to alienate the audience from the action and generates a rift that only continues to grow as the film progresses.

Birth Video employs the use of the amateur handy-cam technique pioneered by the Blair Witch Project. However, where its predecessor was groundbreaking in its artistic design, this just feels hackneyed. Most of the film is out of focus, and the zoom function is totally abused, giving you the feeling that you're head-butting Marcy's vagina. This is to art what an infinite number of monkeys flinging shit at a typewriter is to Shakespeare.

They fail to capture the crowning moment, as Ted's too busy filming Marcy's tomato-red face and informing her that she's doing "great" as she proceeds to fall into an exorcism-like fit. Her dialogue at this point is also relatively uninspired, amounting to nothing more than the cliched "you did this to me"—though, judging by press photos of the child (Francis Bijenderson), this may not actually be the case. By the time it reaches the climactic cutting of the umbilical cord and the announcement of "it's a boy!" you'll be reaching for your coat, not even bothering to stay around for the unexpected shock finish—afterbirth—which, truthfully,



HEY, WHAT, THIS IS LIFE, OKAY? Birth Movie has potential, but comes off as poorly shot and childlike at best.

is just a last-ditch attempt to justify the clusterfuck that came before it. Unfortunately for Bijenderson, M Night Shyamalan immunized us against such tactics years ago.

In essence, Birth Video is an intriguing idea that's just poorly

executed. It had potential for greatness, but in the hands of someone as artistically retarded as Ted Bijenderson, this is a work that you'll wish had been miscarried in the second trimester.

There have been talks of a sequel,

but luckily for us, the lead female role seems to be currently uninterested in this possibility. Ted still holds out hope for wooing Marcy into the conceptual stage of the project, but for now, it remains a solo effort.



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