

## Jungle Fever ★★½

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**Year of Release:** 1991

Review by Randy Parker

**Country:** USA

**Verdict:** Skip It

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*Jungle Fever*, director Spike Lee's fifth feature film, has been hailed by many critics as a flawed masterpiece, but to me the movie is just plain flawed. The movie, which purports to explore interracial romance, feels entirely artificial. The two lovers (he's black, she's white) are woefully superficial, despite valiant performances by Wesley Snipes and Annabella Sciorra; sadly, Lee's portrayal of their love affair is only skin deep. The supporting roles are generally one-dimensional

stereotypes as well. And the drug subplot—though intense and powerful—is meaningless to the main story. The film is noteworthy, however, for Samuel L. Jackson's riveting presence as a hopeless crack addict and for John Turturro, who shows his range with a tender performance as a sensitive shopkeeper (a role which stands in strong contrast to the hateful bigot he played in *Do the Right Thing*).

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