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# ASSOLTO PER AVER COMMESSO IL FATTO (ACQUITTED FOR HAVING COMMITTED THE DEED)

(ITALIAN)

Variety May 4, 1992

A Filmauro Distribuzione release of a Luigi & Aurelio De Laurentiis presentation of a Mito Film production in association with RAI-1. Produced by Ferdinando & Flavia Villevielle Bideri. Directed by Alberto Sordi. Screenplay, Rodolfo Sonogo, Sordi. Camera (Telecolor), Armando Nannuzzi; editor, Tatiana Casini Morigi; music, Piero Piccioni; art direction, Marco Dentici; costumes, Paola Marchesin. Reviewed at Barberini Cinema, Rome, April 24, 1992. Running time: 118 MIN.

Emilio Garrone . . . . . Alberto Sordi  
Mariuccia . . . . . Angela Finocchiaro  
Enzo . . . . . Enzo Monteduro  
Nex . . . . . Marco Predolin

**I**talo king of comedy Alberto Sordi wears a tarnished crown in "Acquitted for Having Committed the Deed," a lackluster comedy that meekly satirizes Mediterranean media moguls in the Silvio Berlusconi/Giancarlo Parretti league. Sordi's popularity should ensure at least minor b.o. at home, but even diehard fans will quickly toss this one out of court.

Sordi, as a retired rights society official Emilio Garrone, fraudulently acquires the majority of Italy's private radio and TV stations by hitting them up for unpaid rights. A parliamentary bill blocking new private broadcasters is passed, and media baron Serra (Roberto Sbaratto, a dead ringer for Berlusconi) is cornered into a deal with the trickster.

After setting up a lucrative web in Africa, Garrone absconds during a revolt, then moves in on monster U.S. network BCB. Aided by Japanese waiters posing as rival execs (for Soky Corp.), and using the nonexistent African funds as leverage, he pulls off the ultimate coup without spending a cent.

Any potential for serious satire is tossed away in favor of lame farce. Garrone's adversaries are too inept to be real, especially the cartoonish U.S. honchos (top-rung execs in decidedly downmarket L.A. offices, speaking goofy Yank-accented Italian). Only the Berlusconi clone remains slickly dignified even as he's being outmaneuvered.

Pic's sugary revelation makes its bite even weaker: The cunning upstart's rampant asset accumulation is driven not by lust for money or power, but by love for his cutesy granddaughter.

Directing and headlining, Sordi does his standard shtick. Pic's  
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scanty laughs come instead from rising comic Angela Finocchiaro as his unflappable secretary.

Technically shoddy effort makes poor use of Italian and U.S. locations, and dull lensing does nothing to disguise glaringly fake stand-ins for Africa and the Bahamas. Sound is way below par. —David Rooney