

The Autobiography Saga

What is the Autobiography Adrian Busietta?

The Autobiography contains a lot of erroneous allegations and mistakes, written by his friend, mistress, companion and lover of many years which according to *Marie Angelique Caruana* began in 1968 and this book was published by Best Print co.Ltd (Qrendi) Malta. The book tries to make you believe that this one man, who we shall call the *Pretender*, was the only person behind the success of a family. I will try to explain the many errors, hurtful quotes and untruths this man will make you believe are true.

The intention of this document is not to seek revenge or to try and make excuses for his sorry life, but to explain and correct all false allegations this man has purported to have created, and to try and dispel the lies about the family that made him what he is today. Lies and the hurt he showered onto a person with whom he was married to for many years. A Noble woman, who loved him, gave him 3 lovely children and who was very much the envy of other girls and the talk of the town when in her teens. The three children they raised together for a while and how she and her siblings were the most eligible Noble family in the 1950's, every gentleman's dream was to be married to them and to be part of their family.

His ex-wife lead a normal life, loved her husband and her three beautiful children who grew up to be successful in their own rights and were all eventually married with their own children.

You know if he had shut up about it, maybe I would not have bothered with this booklet, just like my Uncle would say, "It happened in the past, so put it behind you and forget it" Needless to say this pretender has dug up old wounds, but I do not need to defend myself from such a man, for I have no need to, instead I shall attack his credibility.

Nevertheless historical fact is not a matter of opinion or belief. *Fiction is not history* and that is exactly what this book is, *pure fiction. One man's fantasy.*

The Beginnings

The *Pretender* was born in 1935, humble beginnings where he explains to us his little memories before his marriage to Eileen that had little or no impact on his life. But later on in the Chapter he mentions his Uncle Fleri, whom he seems to hold to a high degree of importance.

His Uncle John Fleri was employed as a curator to the younger children of the Sant Fournier family, he was both chauffeur and father to these children. He was trusted and given a prominent position with the family, being entrusted to care for these children and their welfare. In one of the paragraphs of this chapter he mentions an office in Britannia Street, where he immediately dreams up some fantasy and mentions two girls there, one blonde and the other brunette. A taste of things to come perhaps, his futuristic misgivings where many women would fall for his charm and looks his love for expensive toys and his sugar sweet tongue. Even politicians and famous business men fell for this uncanny charm, but many retreated like dogs many with their tail between their legs, whilst others hit back with sweet revenge.

He even claimed that his family had a business (or many businesses), but this was all fantasy for he had no such thing, in fact the only business he ever acquired was after he married and the one's that belonged to his ex-wife and her family.

His grandfather and father proud as they may have been, were no more than ordinary working class men and both were proud to raise their own families as best as they could.

Also in this chapter, the so called company he mentions, as the one which lost millions to the Japanese Government was in fact nothing to do with him but to his fantasy, it was that of another prominent business man he imagined in his dreams of grandeur. As a matter of fact he later does mention this person in another paragraph, as 'Austin Cassar Torregiani'. Maybe one (probable) truth is that at least his grandfather Charles Busietta did represent Malta in the Olympic games, or maybe not, who knows with so many lies.

One other wrong fact was that his Uncle was Chairman of Tagliaferro Bank, this does not appear on any records of the Bank or Company. His Uncle was in fact responsible and curator of the Sant Fournier children, and he was greatly trusted by the family of his ex-wife, but definitely not involved in the family business, the Bank or any family run company. There were instances where a power of attorney was granted to him because of bad luck and bad timing, but never for a long period of time.

And then what a sentence followed "I was impressed but never in a million years would I have believed or imagined that one day I would be doing the same thing!". And on that note I would say, indeed, never did he do any of the same things.

The Fabrication behind the Alfredo Muscat buyout

Muscat Motors did not belong to him or his family, his Uncle did have limited procurator rights to sell, a business that belonged to the family of his ex-wife. This was sold at a time of great confusion and without much consultation, a time when his so called partner and the pretender were acting as co-curators to the family. The real reason was that the war had ravaged many of the properties of the family, and there was a lot of competition in the automotive industry, and so without much ado the family decided to sell it for a healthy sum, in hindsight maybe this was not such a great idea, but then who owns a crystal ball.

Some facts: The Government appointed a curator to younger children of the Sant Fournier family, the first administrator or Curator was 'Lino Testaferrata' and his Uncle, John Fleri was appointed as caretaker and driver for the family.

Muscats General Stores was set up in 1802, and was really known as 'Muscat Armaments', this business belonged to the family Muscat and in 1930's or thereabouts the bank or family purchased the shop and car business from Muscat. At first this was meant as a joint venture but as the war neared the family Muscat reluctantly sold its share. The family business was run by 'Sant Fournier and Sant Fournier en nom collectif', who purchased this business venture, and indeed one of the shareholders was Charles Sant Fournier but not Mr.Fleri.

Just to show you the way this man ran a business is to show you an example of ingratitude; in the early 1980's a young ambitious boy began business as a Sales clerk with Muscats General Stores. His name was Carol Calleja, he told his boss about the new system being used abroad, that of hire purchase. But instead of harnessing this young ambitious lad, he fired him and today we all know where Mr.Calleja's business ventures have lead him.

One other strange story was of the car he claimed to have purchased, a Mercedes 280. This belonged to the family of his ex-wife, how he came to own it in his story baffles me, but the car with registration 2880 was in many family photos with his Uncle Fleri and the sibling Sant Fournier's. If it did belong to him, then it must have either been purchased by family money, or from family business funds made readily available to him.

Wide World of Commerce and the Downfall of ‘Muscat General Stores’

Philip Attard Montalto was not his partner, as he claimed in this ‘novel’, but a Director of B.Tagliaferro and Sons at the time, I am not really sure what the relationship was between them except for the fact that they were co-curators and that they were both married to women in the same family, but they certainly were not in it for the friendship.

In the book there are lots of pictures of him posing and his cars, but one thing you should know is that when the company and Banks were struggling with debts incurred by Mintoff, (a man hell bent on destroying every Noble family in Malta) this pretender insisted on buying himself a Jaguar sports car where the country battled depression and oppression, it is all well documented in company minutes where one of the Directors Guido even took the patience to record every single insult and describing how he was enraged when they wouldn’t concede to his request and then threw a tantrum's in the office when his request was not fulfilled. Unfortunately the request was later confirmed and he did get his car, a white Jaguar E-Type, the one on page 172.

The Directors eventually fed up with this behavior had no choice but to ask for his resignation. This he did, but not till he got his car and whatever he requested by force. He then very unfortunately continued to ruin an incredibly profitable company he had inherited from his ex-wife's family, which company does not exist today due to his unfortunate overspending. He even had a falling out with the only child who would have successfully taken this company back into profit, an amazing feat but unfortunately this did not happen.

Roots

He got engaged in 1958 and got married in 1959, to the most eligible Noble woman of her time. Even her dowry, which I shall mention later, would make any person envy for her today.

Most of the houses he mentions in his book belonged to his ex-wife, Eileen and her family's estates. The Palazzo's he claimed to buy with his money and loans (which he used as collateral) belonged to his ex-wife, the paintings and furniture all belonged to his ex-wife.

He therefore lived in his ex-wife's house and was probably only quoting stories of which he had heard of from third parties. It was his ex-wife's family Estates that built Navarino flats and for pity's sake he had nothing to do with naming them. Aside from that last sentence, his fond memories and life, things were 'Rosy' for him, as he continued to plunder and spend from a portfolio that was on the upward trend, with the Bank flourishing, the businesses in good hands (not his of course), his wife was owner of part of all that wealth.

You know, in the past things were not always a bed of roses, like the family feuds and on going battles, the envy and jealousy or the hate that politician's bring out in many people.

What have we done to deserve all that I ask, especially when one considers the latest generation. In the 1970's it was taboo to mention the word *Noble*, you would be considered a threat to the country, a traitor, a hater of the working class and the middle class, a person who divested Malta of its wealth. I can assure you this was a case of Robin Hood, except Mr. Robin Hood kept most of the booty himself and gave a few of his fellow men some land that made them very wealthy indeed. Millionaires today by all counts, so this Mr. Robin Hood is considered to be some kind of god in the eyes of certain people, a messiah of some kind, a redeemer of the weak, where in fact he made Malta a police state and almost took us into communism.

It is only nowadays, with our newly found freedom, albeit an expensive freedom, everybody yearns to be part of some *Noble* family, thanks maybe to some distant relative and be styled Noble. Of course most "real" nobles are jealous of their title, it is their heritage after all, and though slowly dying a natural death since there is no Grandmaster or Royal house creating these titles, so no new Nobles are being created. Nobility is part of our heritage and is still something to be very proud of, as a nation and as a people.

Buying out Muscats General Stores

In his book he tends to waver back and forth in time and we see him go back to the story about buying out Muscats General Store's. The pretender was right about its profitability, except maybe inflating the figures slightly, one could say he milked the cow dry for years and eventually killed the goose that laid the golden egg, eventually leaving him penniless. In another paragraph he goes on to say how 'he owned a substantial part of Tagliaferro Bank' sic!.

No such thing, all fantasy.

This pretender never owned part of the 'Bank' or 'Company', they were both Sant Fournier owned businesses, and shares that belonged to his ex-wife, therefore he never owned any shares on his own or with his brother in law.

Sant Fournier family, through B.Tagliaferro & Sons owned approximately 34% of the National Bank, right up to the day it was taken over or stolen, and just to make it clear his ex-wife owned all the family Estates shares in her name.

After running Muscats General stores to the ground with debts and fancy expenses, those years of torment, tantrums and arguments the Directors of the family business finally agreed to sell to the pretender and rid of a headache and a company which by now was financially crippled by loans thanks to his business acumen. The year he purchased Muscats General Stores was some time in the mid 70's, just before he was removed as co-curator.

A joke heard from my mother was that a few weeks after he got married, he went to his family home, threw out all the broken and rusty appliances and replaced them with brand new appliances. The word on the street was, 'Mrs.Busietta, now you can have a new washing machine every week, your son found gold'. Of course it would sound better in Maltese, but we'll let your imagination wander.

Tagliaferro Estates

“Together with my partner....”, let us stop at this sentence and take a deep breath. He continues, “We owned Radio city”, who is this pretender kidding, seriously !. “The Gaiety cinema in High street Sliema, we ran it for ten years”, what is he talking about?, please stop me from ripping this book apart. By now these paragraphs which begin with “we” begin to sound ludicrous and hard to bear, so I will just name the businesses. “Tagliaferro Centre, Tagliaferro Bank”, I mean surely this pretender thought the only person to laugh at him would be his so called partner in business. Yes unfortunately he passed away in 2003 and so did my father in 2002. These documents will be passed on and we can all laugh at these ludicrous allegations and lies.

Without repeating myself, his ex-wife owned the shares, and the en nom collectif as he called it, was run by 4 Directors (of which he only served for a year or two at most). Most of the businesses were carried out by responsible Directors, mainly family members (with some exceptions to family members), including the businesses he mentioned above, that is to say “Tagliaferro Centre, Tagliaferro Bank, the Gaiety Cinema, the Radio City Hamrun” and many more businesses that actually belonged to the Sant Fournier family.

These people and family members worked hard behind the scenes, and in the background, never showing off their real wealth, sometimes for fear of reprisals or jealousy from a mad man in power. Attard Montalto was to my knowledge never the pretender's partner and may I add that he too worked hard for many years, doing his best to clear up the almost impossible task of paying off millions of pounds in (false) debt, a huge amount of money in the 70's. Suffice to say that the Bank of Valletta (the large Bank that took over the business of the National Bank) eventually recovered every single penny, a travesty in history of Malta's business that was never set straight.

The National Bank of Malta

Finally a bit of truth, searching through records I actually did find evidence that he was Director of Tagliaferro Bank from 1967 to 1969 and The National Bank from 1969 to 1972. Together with a Chairman, 9 Directors including him and Attard Montalto, 4 Business directors and 13 Managerial directors, all well known prominent business people.

Without going into the history too deep, which can be found on my website www.santfourmier.com and clicking on the appropriate link to the National bank of Malta one can find anything he wishes about the past and present. Just to sum things up, the new takeover Bank eventually made Lm1 million profit in 9 months, recovered every single penny from the hugely inflated bad debts, and has been in court for the last 39 years.

A true case of justice delayed is justice denied.

Palazzo's and Castello's in the sky

The pretender mentioned in his book a Palazzo, they were nothing more than Summer houses or farmhouses. Just like the farmhouse he 'so affectionately' called Castello dei Baroni (most probably belonged to the Attard Montalto family) appropriately named after the 'Barony' the Attard Montalto family had in the past. The beautiful house he built in Xlendi he so inappropriately named, was none other than land belonging to his ex-wife, he might have bought some land to gain access to the property after Mintoff (whom he so admired) so lovingly and vindictively blocked all views for him.

Mintoff might have been the man who tried to ruin the family, but it was the pretender who almost drove the last nail into the family coffin.

A note for all those who do not remember the notorious history behind the dark days of the 1970's, law provided that you pay inheritance tax on every single item you inherited, that meant taxes on all immovable property, on furniture, jewellery, even money or shares and every other item owned. And one other thing, this was charged at the rate of 35% (not 5% like today). Unfortunately the family had just lost their dear father after a long illness, and so the family was bitten by huge inheritance taxes and court cases. Instigations by relatives after the untimely takeover and theft of the National Bank of Malta which left the family fully exposed.

Now could you imagine all those worries and just to make things more complicated know that you had to deal with a rat in your cupboard.

Background

In 1951 Count Edward Sant Fournier and his wife Esther died suddenly at their home only 2 months apart, their son Alfred married Eileen Donovan and had 4 children. We shall refer to these as the Sant Fournier children, siblings of Adrian's wife also named Eileen.

Their father was also taken ill soon after their mother Eileen died, the twins still aged 4 were sent from school to school with no real parents to care for them, in a dark world full of hungry wolves. Now when we say wolves, I mean the two legged sort, the ones such as administrators, curators, executors and hangers on, the sort that suck the living out of any ordinary man. And to add fuel to the raging fire, the Government was not so kind to them either.

For instance on the 23rd of August 1955 when the two younger children were merely ten years old, and the two girls about 13 and 15, the government of Malta decided to requisition their only habitable property in Valletta. An order was sent to the Administrator Baron Lino Testaferrata to release the property in question within 3 days of the letter. This infamous Requisition order numbered 15186, delegated by the 'Minister of works and reconstruction' as it was called then, forced many people to surrender their property to third parties under the Housing Act of 1949, which incidentally is still in force today.

Of course at that time this was the only property the children could claim as their own, with all their other properties and lands being occupied by tenants under this act, and with the administrator selling 'at any price' to keep the household liquid, who needed enemies. Unfortunately the requisition did happen, and most of the house was taken for 'public use', the rest of the house was more like a store than a house to live in. So with solid proof that the minors did not have any other property to live in, the Government still evicted and took over possession of the property in 1956. It was only released in 1967, where proof was given that the children had no place to live.

To make matters worse, and this is where 'the partnership' in his novel was borne, both the Pretender and Attard Montalto were appointed co-curators of Alfred because of his ill health, who was the father of his wife. These I can assure you are correct, and confirmed by decree 637/63 on the 7th June 1963. This is where his *famous* fantasy businesses and ventures come from, all the way until the year 1975 where the union was dissolved and the children were old enough to care for themselves. Of course many court cases were instituted by the sibling twins for misappropriation, but they being almost 20 years older and an experienced lawyer, things didn't go as planned.

Another interesting document, dated 3rd October 1958, gives us an insight to the family and the pretender. In this document of marriage, he and his wife together with his Uncle John Fleri as curator of Eileen (his wife) received a dowry and property from *her* family. In 1958 she first received a lump sum of a thousand pounds in cash, eighty pounds per annum (a handsome sum for those days considering the minimum wage was circa 17

pounds per month), a bedroom suite, sitting room furniture worth two hundred and forty pounds, clothes to the value of four hundred and twelve pounds with a total value of almost another thousand pounds and a considerable sum in gold and jewellery. All this was well documented in the records of the late Count Sant Fournier and all very well documented in court decree vol. 972/58, decree no.4182/58 and also decree no. 393/58.

John Fleri was an accountant by profession, he was the Eileen's curator and part time driver to Eileen and her siblings. Fleri's parents were Benigno and Carmela nee' Borg, from Vittoriosa and who himself lived in Valletta. All information well documented by a notarial decree 526/58 and 59/58.

So who is this pretender, who is Adrian really; we know his father was William and mother Evelyn Casolani, we also know he worked with the Air Corps Malta as a desk clerk. We also know that he was introduced to his wife through his Uncle John Fleri and that in his book claimed an 'arranged' marriage. He began to study accountancy after his engagement with Eileen, it was not becoming of a man to have no qualifications and be wed to a Noble woman. We know he comes from humble beginnings and married into Nobility and money, with no titles of Nobility or any hereditary Palaces he can claim as his own, other than those he purchased with the money of his wife, now ex-wife.

Incidentally, the pretender claims in the book how his ex-wife had an affair herself, so let us assure all you people reading this. Eileen's partner for many years *Vince* was a gentleman, a very caring person who was introduced to her after years of separation from her husband. He took care of her in the good times and the hard times, he even took care of her children like they were his own. To insinuate through this fictional book that she was having a secret extra marital affair is hitting below the belt. His affairs were famous, from the early days of his marriage with the 'Pillow' girl, and that he had been cheating on his wife for many years, with his lover and confidant Marie Angelique Caruana, where he openly admits how he loved her and even had a love child with her, and then point fingers at his innocent wife is cowardly.

The Conclusion

What else can I add to make you understand the mind behind this pretender, other than to remind you how crafty this man was?. A person who was not only welcomed as part of the family, but who was entrusted as curator to care for the family and the family wealth, then to turn around and then “bite the hand that fed it”.

Here in his own words I quote, ‘I have to thank my Uncle Fleri who taught me everything about business and Commerce’. I’m sure he dedicated a memorial stone to his Uncle, he surely deserved it.

And to use Donald Trump, as his ideal role model, and where to but use one quote from his book. “Trump; a tycoon whose success has to be studied and where possible emulated”, I would be very careful about such insinuations.

There were no 'Castles' or 'Castello's' before his marriage, nor any Dukedoms or Barony for that matter not even any real proof that he descended from some strange and unknown Heraldry other than those he acquired by sheer determination or simply made up.

He enjoyed himself, and went on his many holidays abroad (no doubt paid by his now ex-wife) *thanks to the family that adopted him* and later had three beautiful children, all successful and happy with their own life.

Throughout the book he does not write anything good about them or his ex-wife and neither does he dedicate any Chapters other than a few photos but dedicates it mostly to his ‘new’ family. In fact he openly states, Marie Angelique as being his partner for 45 years (in 2013).

I respect my cousins sincerely, Rowena, Fiona and Hadrian jr, all very well respected and admired by me and all their family. I would also like to apologise to my Aunt for writing this disclaimer against her long since defunct husband, to whom I wish lots of luck and happiness and that she succeeds in her divorce from him.