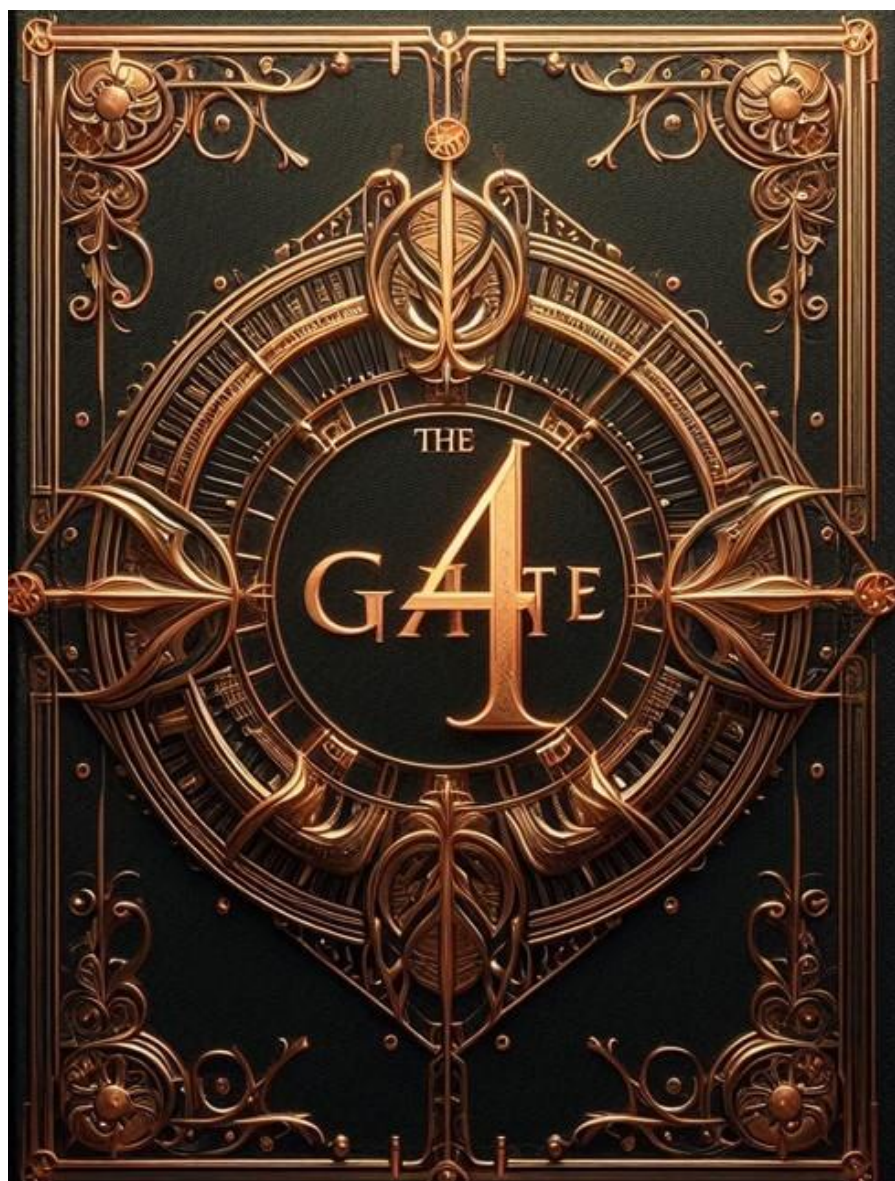




The Gate 4

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Preface

Dedication

To all people who arrive, stay and leave the economical locomotive of Brazil, São Paulo.

Preface

São Paulo, the vibrant Brazilian metropolis has always been a mosaic of cultures and lifestyles. Amongst its diverse regions, three areas distinguish themselves for their effervescent bohemian life: the Bexiga, Pinheiros, the Jardins and Itaim. Each one of these areas offer a unique vision of what it is to live intensely in a city that never sleeps.

The Bexiga, with its Italian roots, a neighborhood that embraced the Author, enchants with its traditional canteens, theaters and popular festivals, where culture and gastronomy intertwine in a picturesque setting, and it's where one of its icons is embed, the Municipal Market, Mercado Municipal, that's located a little further to the center. The Jardins, are a symbol of sophistication and diversity, with tree—lined streets, elegant shops and haute cuisine restaurants. Whilst Itaim and the Pinheiros neighborhood are known for their modernity and lively nightlife, attracting young people and businesspeople in search of leisure and innovation.

In the heart of this multifaceted metropolis, classified as the country's economic locomotive, Mercado stands out, within it the Gate 4, a space that has become an icon of São

Paulo, offering an irresistible mix of gastronomy and entertainment for the society of São Paulo. This book, "The Gate 4", transports us to moments of celebration and coexistence, where flavor and joy meet to create unforgettable memories.

However, we can't ignore the moments of insecurity that São Paulo has faced. In dark times, the city has lived under the threat of criminal factions, who tried to create fear and disorder. Although, it was in these times of adversity that the true spirit of São Paulo has revealed itself, when citizens from every corner of the city came together, fighting against hate and seeking hope in every gesture of solidarity they could find.

The Author João Calazans Filho describes in "The Gate 4" as an item of testimony to this resilience and determination, being a symbol of how gastronomy and entertainment can help as pillars of a society that does not allow itself to be defeated, but strengthens and reinvents itself in the face of challenges. In here, we find proof that, even in the hardest times, union and the purchase of happiness are the strength that keep us strong.

The Author invites you, reader, to dive in this work and find out how The Gate 4 in the municipal market has become a refugee of happiness and resistance amidst the turmoil. May each page to inspire the same hope and strength that kept São

Paulo standing, always ready to transform adversity in a gesture of celebration and life.

Presentation

The bohemian life of São Paulo between 2010 and 2013 was marked by a noticeable cultural effervescence, with different points of encounter that became symbols of that time. The municipal market, Mercado Municipal, specially Gate 4, stood out as a unique space where the biggest bohemians of the time, such as Thamer, Brito, André, Tonhão, Marcão, Jonathas, Marcelo, Irma, Cíntia, Sheila, Paulo Bittencourt, Santini, Fauzi and guests guided by Ramon and Andonius, would gather to taste champagnes and wines, creating an atmosphere of celebration and conviviality.

After long sabbatical journeys in the market, destiny of part of the group lead by André, was the Piove, a nightclub known as a meeting point for the end of the night, which was essential in this bohemian scenery. With it's vibrant and eclectic atmosphere, the Piove was a conveying point for the lovers of music, dance and entertainment, offered by the memorable night experiences.

Also, could not be left out of the script the elegant entrances of Thamer and his entourage at Rubaiyat Figueira, a highly sophisticated barbecue place, considered a temple for

the best meat in Latin America. Rubaiyat Figueira's fame increased even more with the presence of Thamer Butrovini, who became the world's biggest consumer of champagne, to the point of calling it "shampoo".

However, other sectors, such as Vila Madalena, where controlled by André, Cíntia and Sheila Butrovini. Vila Madalena, with its lively streets and countless bars, where the epicenter of São Paulo's Bohemia. During this period, nights would last until morning in this neighborhood, where live music, street art and culture would intertwine, creating a unique atmosphere.

Other places, as the Augusta Street, also contributed to the diversity of the bohemian panorama with bars, theaters and cultural spaces complementing one another, offering options to all tastes and reinforcing São Paulo as a city that never sleeps, pulsing with creative and cultural energy.

The Gate 4 is a new romance from the author João Calazans Filho, who dive in the vibrant landscapes of the bohemian and luxurious areas of São Paulo, unveiling its most intimate secrets. In this almost theatrical or cinematographic ambiance are the sophisticated scenarios of glamorous parties and the pulsing corners of São Paulo's nightlife. The characters of this text loaded with bohemian appeal, exude intense personalities, that intertwine in an involving story, where the city becomes more than just a background, becoming a living and

pulsing character itself, influencing the trajectory of the main characters.

This effervescence did not only shape the nightlife, but also left a legacy in the identity of the city as a center of artistic and cultural expression. However, “Sampa” will always be a stage to small and big encounters.



Chapter I — Encounters

The big and the small encounters are scheduled by God.

The reception given to Thamer and Fauzi Butrovini in Marco Bassi's restaurant, located at the 13th of May Street, in the heart of Bexiga neighborhood, reflects not only a singular movement in the trajectory of this distinctive gentleman, but also a portrait of the effervescence and prosperity of São Paulo at the time.

— Good evening, Sir Commander! — said the maître d' of the Prazeres da Carne restaurant, with a bow.

— Good evening, pal! — answered Thamer being cordial and respectful.

— Good afternoon, sir sheik — greeted Marco, addressing to Thamer's brother, who was already looking at him with a frown for not having been greeted.

— Ah! I thought I wouldn't have a reverence today! — Fauzi said, laughing, as he hugged Marco, whose accompanied them into the restaurant.

The day almost felt like being in London, a little sunlight, with a light and romantic drizzle that fell gently over this bucolic setting of this Brazilian metropolis called São Paulo, buzzing with its unique energy. The city wasn't

just Brazil's epicenter, but also the economical locomotive of the country, attracting a big wave of visitors, investors and, of course, influential personalities to enjoy the best "Sampa" has to offer. Marco Bassi's restaurant, known for its gastronomic excellence and refine environment, was more than just a place for meals; it was a meeting point for the rich and influential of São Paulo's society.

The 13th of May Street, where the establishment was located, throbbed with the diversity and dynamism of the city. The Bexiga, known for its cultural and cooking traditions, became a conveying point for those who searched for exclusive experiences. So being, the warm welcome given to Thamer Butrovini wasn't just a formality, but an expression of the wealth and hospitality that were known at provision of services at that time. The rich and millionaires that walked around the streets of São Paulo contributed to the booming of the city, leaving an indelible mark in culture and economy.

— Good afternoon, Marco! I brought a big group to taste your delicacies. — Thamer said, smiling.

– Thank you, my friend! I feel honored with your presence and for choosing our restaurant – Marco replied with a wide smile.

– Today we will taste and explore the flavors of the best flank steak of São Paulo and some of that Japanese meat only you have in this city that exhales culture and gastronomy.

– Don't worry, because I have separated the best Kobe beef for you and, specially, for my dear Fauzi

– Marco said, pulling the queue with the twelve people that accompanied Thamer and Fauzi, who laughed at Marco's defiance's.

– Happiness takes over my spirit every time I come to enjoy the and of the best that exists in this neighborhood infested of bohemian artists. – Thamer made a joke.

Everyone laughed, and the waiters where already pulling chairs, settling the special customers who had just arrived.

– I believe champagne will help reduce the heat a little bit, right, Fauzi?

— Not just a little bit! It helps and a lot. — Fauzi replied, laughing.

The laughter started to echo through the biggest hall of the restaurant, which was completely empty in a moment that it was supposed to be packed with avid consumers of Bassi's wonderful meats.

Thamer Butrovini, a Syrian living in São Paulo for some time, emerged as an imposing and outstanding figure in the city's scenery, not only for his remarkable empathy, but also for the singularity of his appearance a personality, that reflected his experiences and trajectories.

With impressive 1.80 meters and a robust presence of a hundred and ten kilos, Thamer Butrovini was unarguably someone that stood out in the crowd. His fair, slightly reddish skin, added a distinctive feature to his appearance, standing out in the multicultural scenario of some Brazilian states. The long white, with gray nuances, hair and the bulging nose contributed to the unique composition of his physiognomy, giving him an aura of authority and experience.

The afternoon progressed at the Bexiga, and the restaurant was vibrating with the energy of it's

regulars. Thamer Butrovini raised the wine glass and looked at his friends around the table.

— We need a little bit more champagne here! — Thamer exclaimed, his eyes shining with enthusiasm for sharing an evening people that though like him.

— Please! The Commender is asking for some more very cold shampoo — Fauzi reinforced, asking for the champagne, he sometimes called "shampoo", as he winked to the waiter, who left laughing.

The waiter, still smiling, took the order and, behind the big counter, prepared it, whilst Fauzi, with his usual elegance, adjusted his collar and turned to his brother.

— Thamer, do you remember that art exhibition we supported last year? — Fauzi asked, his voice loaded with nostalgia.

— Sure, Fauzi! It was a success. The artists were radiant, and the audience loved it — Thamer replied, with a proud smile, raising his champagne glass in a symbolic toast.

– We need to host more events like this. Our city needs this. – Fauzi completed, with an expression of passion.

Thamer nodded in agreement, while their friends around the table listened intently.

With a slightly slimmer figure and innate elegance, Fauzi had a special charm. His eloquence with words and the romanticism that featured him contributed to his charismatic image. The fraternal bond between Fauzi and Thamer was also expressed through kindness; both of them shared the gift of generosity, especially when it came to supporting artists.

– That's right! And, you know, Fauzi, we don't do it just for the art itself, but for the people. This support changes lives and helps the artists to keep their jobs. – Thamer said, smiling to his brother.

– And that's what matters. – Fauzi responded, raising his champagne glass: – To art and to generosity!

The passion for art and the commitment to artists not only from the city of São Paulo were aspects that brought the brothers Butrovini together. Fauzi, just like

Thamer, was known for embracing cultural causes and supporting local talents. This similarity in their benevolent attitude extended beyond family ties, creating a brotherhood not just out of blood but also of shared purpose.

Therefore, Fauzi Butrovini stood out not only for his similarities with his brother, but also for their distinct characteristics, which added depth to the fraternal dynamic. His elegance, charm, eloquence and, above all, the generosity he dedicated to the artistic community made Fauzi a remarkable figure in the narrative that intertwined the destinies of the Butrovini brothers in the cultural scene.

They all toasted, and the conversation continued, full of laughter and plans for the future. Thamer and Fauzi, with their unique and complementary personalities, continued to build a legacy of generosity and love for culture, united not only by blood, but by a shared vision of a better world through art.

— Commander, tell me a city I can visit in Spain. —

Fauzi asked.

— When will you travel, my beloved brother?

Thamer asked, curious and wanting to know a little bit more about his brother's trip, whose curtly only asked for directions.

– I'm thinking about taking my other half and, two months before my birthday, having a tour around the southern Spain. Voy a conocer los gitanos de España – said Fauzi, with a smile.

– Your Spanish is very good, but on your birthday you must be here. I will not forgive you if you run away from me. – Thamer said, joking.

– Of course! How would I spend my birthday away from you all? I've already even booked a place for the party.

– Where will it be?

– I'm thinking of the Bar Brahma. But before that, tell me a good place in the southern Spain I can stay for a few days and be comfortable y de puta madre!

– You're using all your Spanish now and, when you need it, you won't have any left – Fauzi laughed – Bar Brahma is a good place, but let's think about it later. As about Spain, I have only one place to recommend.

— So say it.

— I can't say it like that, I will tell you a short story —
Thamer amended, placing one of his hands on his brother's shoulder.

— Say it already, cause I'm already anxious. — Fauzi put some pressure on, raising his champagne glass to his lips and taking a sip.

— I went to Marbella and was received by a businessman, a friend and artist called Orlando. He invited me to see the Puente Romano, located in the glamorous "Golden Mile" of Marbella. It's one of the most emblematic and phenomenal places of southern Spain.

Thamer paused, smiling as he remembered the experience, and said:

— To enjoy the afternoon there is simply an unparalleled experience, specially when I have the company of the highest—class hosts, such as Orlando Aller. — Thamer started with enthusiasm — In that luxurious oasis, everything is meticulously prepared to provide a unique experience to it's customers. As you sit at Puente Romano, you can

appreciate the sophisticated atmosphere, listen to the gentle sound of the piano at the background and enjoy the drinks that harmonize perfectly with the stunning scenery.

Intrigued, Fauzi interrupted:

– Seems like a paradise... So, will I have to include Marbella in my itinerary?

– No doubt! You can't go wrong with it. It's the kind of place that remains in your memory – Thamer answered, smiling, as Fauzi nodded, already imagining himself in that scenery.

Fauzi listened attentively, his curiosity now turned into admiration, and enchanted with his brother's story.

– That sounds incredible, Thamer. Marbella, Puente Romano... I'm already picturing myself there. Thank you for the tip!

– You're welcome, Fauzi. You're going to love it. And, of course, I'll be here waiting for your return to celebrate your birthday together. – reinforced Thamer, taking his champagne glass to his lips once again and took a long sip.

The Butrovini brothers toasted again, sealing another moment of complicity and fraternal affection. But, the account of the trip and the conversation continued, full of stories and dreams, with the promise of new adventures and celebrations to come with Fauzi's trip.

— In one of these moments, accompanied by Orlando, we chose whiskey and shared a bottle of Krug champagne with our respective wives. What made this experience even more intriguing were the meticulously prepared appetizers, served in an undeniable and delicious way. From the caviar presented with small tortillas, a little bit bigger than the thumb, the foie gras was divine, imported straight from the French Brittany. In that sophisticated nook, each delicacy was served in small portions, allowing a unique interaction between food, drink and conversation.

Thamer continued his account of the trip to Marbella.

— Everything was so magical, the conversation flowed so smoothly as the champagne — Thamer continued, with a sparkle in his eyes — And as we

realized, we were being transported to an elegant Bentley heading to the next destination: Olivia Vallière. When we arrived this iconic nightclub, we danced the whole night, toasted with more champagne and, under Marbella's night sky, concluded this truly wonderful day.

— That's it! I know where I will stay, commander. — An enthusiastic Fauzi decided, and with a more than determined smile. — Speak to Orlando the I will be more than delighted to be coached by him.

— Don't worry — Thamer replied, agreeing immediately — I will contact my friend Orlando so that he will welcome you.

— I will be extremely grateful! — Fauzi said, satisfied.

Thamer did a small gesture to the waiter that was the close to the table, who promptly responded.

— Yes, sir?

— Do me a kindness, pour the wine to those two gentlemen on that table — asked Thamer, pointing discretely to the table that André and China were.