

Sao Paulo's finest

In a city of 20 million people (give or take a few), with billboard-less high rises that stutter and gasp and traffic that is suppose to stand still completely in the next 2 years what makes the southern tip of Brazil, of the far-flung Americas worth the journey is the feeling of the megalopolis heaving its beauty.

Rated as the 8th most luxurious street in the world, the Rue Oscar Freire is just an interlude, or distraction, to the real prize. In the midst of the chaos lies the Fasano Hotel waiting to embalm you with decadence in its pared down disposition. Tall with a masculine chivalry and beautifully tempting, the hotel mouths the best of South American panache.

From the 22nd floor spa and pool guests are aroused with views over the city and the city's Jardins area exiting in a greenery of note (a sort of Central Park if you will). The restaurants, the bar, the jazz bar and the lobby all stimulate a desire for urban sophistication without the flair and bells of tribal Brazilian aesthetic.

Slinking back into the over sized modernist leather chairs with a caipirinha and some time to reflex away from the overwrought city the Fasano reminds of simpler times where a drink and some conversation is valued above all. The high ceilings, the tuxedoed waiters, the smell of burnt wood and the low lighting all kiss together and prompt a smile, a knowing smile.

As the New Year and an electric 2013 break the hotel, and its ethos, reminds that luxury is not about the designer brands and labels, or any of the other fluffs but about a sensation, a feeling, that is totally personal and about finding the essence of true non-essentiality. That sense of ease, of treat, is accessible to everyone and anyone willing to see beyond the obvious label and ostentation.

And with that, Happy New Year ... and happy seeking.

[By Daniel Scheffler](#)



This entry was posted on Wednesday, January 9th, 2013 at 9:04 am.

← previous **1** next →



•



•



•