

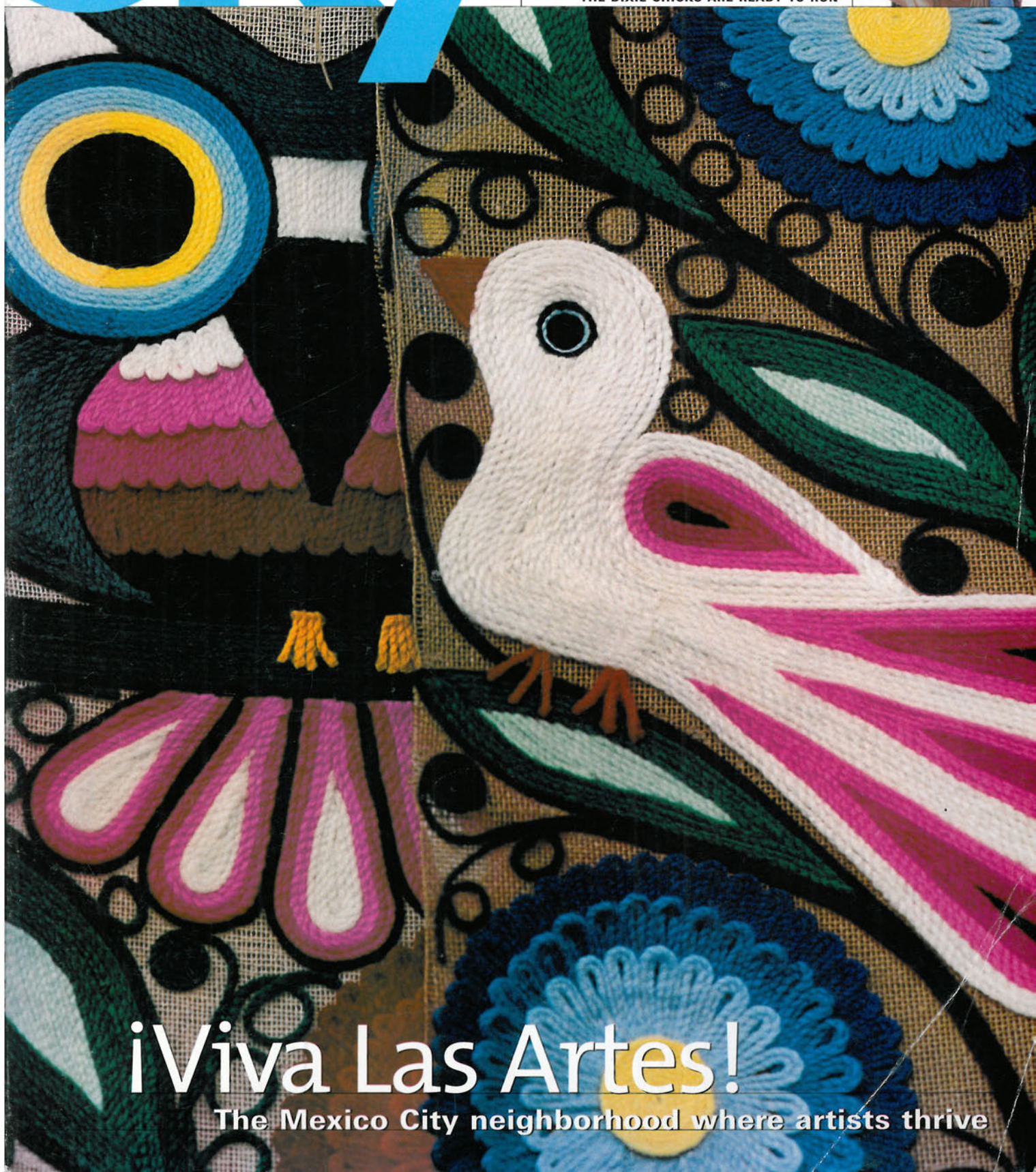
SKY

 Delta

Bill Gates Suits Up
Ann Taylor Dresses Up
Tony Shalhoub Acts Up

Whistlin'
Dixie **44**

FIDDLIN' WHILE COUNTRY BURNS:
THE DIXIE CHICKS ARE READY TO RUN



iViva Las Artes!

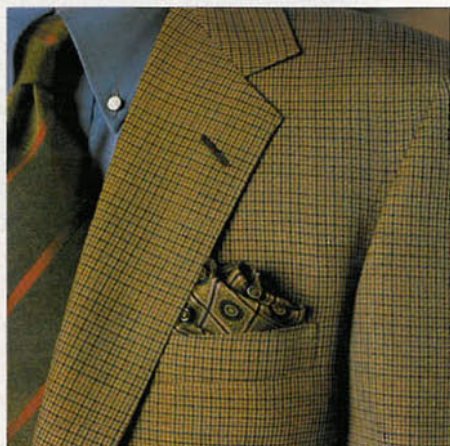
The Mexico City neighborhood where artists thrive

Bill Gates'

*And the sartorial
saint who cuts them*

Suits

BY OWEN EDWARDS



GIAN DECARO IS MORE THAN one of America's most accomplished master tailors, though that is quite enough to place him in the made-to-measure clothing aristocracy. DeCaro has a further distinction, especially unusual in a member of an elite: He is a saint. Not a saint in the classic sense, perhaps, though he has performed more than a few miracles. Instead, DeCaro is a sartorial saint, a man with a mission, who is bringing the civilization of great suits, jackets and shirts to the geeks 'n' grunge wilderness of Seattle.

DeCaro has done his elegant best to make many of Microsoft's millionaires, and those of other high-tech companies in the area, actually look like a million. Little by little, suit by suit, he's succeeding. He has been tailor to Bill Gates himself. Does this seem like something a man might be better off not bragging about? Well, if you have paid any attention to the former boy billionaire's appearance as he changed from nerd to nabob, got married, and became a public figure and a spokesman not just for

EYE OF THE BEHOLDER





WOLF
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N.Y.C.

A suit's first stage is mostly a narrative thread, with a tailor (opposite page) bringing style to life. A silken sheaf of Italian and English ties completes the picture.





Il Maestro makes a last inspection of a customer's sports jacket. Meanwhile, head tailor Cheuk Chow (opposite page) lovingly handstitches a buttonhole.

Though many of his clients look barely old enough to have their driver's licenses, they are committing to wardrobes that might cover the cost of a new Lexus.

his own company but for an entire industry, you will have noticed this: When Mr. Gates goes to Washington, or Tokyo, or anywhere else where the whole world is watching, he no longer looks like an overgrown kid with a Gap charge card. He looks like a serious grown-up. For this notable improvement to the business/technology environment, we may thank Signore DeCaro.

The son of a tailor from Calabria who still plies his trade in Spokane, Washington, DeCaro has served as a combination of suit maker, clothing consigliere, social advisor and threads therapist for young men who managed to compile formidable fortunes without ever putting on anything more grown-up than khakis and a "Windows 2000 Rules!" T-shirt. On any given day in his bright (by Seattle standards) corner shop, Gian DeCaro Sartoria, one block up from the famed Pike Place Market, the maestro can be found taking young clients on a guided tour of bolt after bolt of luxurious Italian and British wools and cashmeres. Once he has done some edifying, and taken many measurements, these fabrics are taken into the workrooms in back, where they become the best of bespoke.

DeCaro's approach is genial—Marcello Mastroianni, American-style—with just the touch of gravitas necessary when the subject is a suit in the \$2,000 price range. Though many of his clients look barely old enough to have their driver's licenses, they are committing to wardrobes that might cover the cost of a new Lexus. DeCaro, as discreet as any lawyer or priest, does not discuss how much money his customers have, but one doesn't get the feeling that price matters much when the object of desire is a suit or jacket that fits in the way that only custom-tailored, hand-sewn, fine men's clothing can. Seattle, like San Francisco, is awash with money these days, and suddenly, motivated by significant



others or simply the process of promotion to captains of the world's hottest industry, the techies are tucking in their shirts and taking a new fashion tack.

DeCaro, whose staff is working overtime filling the orders of this new world order, may lament the spilling over of Casual Friday into every day of the work week, but at least he's crying all the way to the bank. ■

Owen Edwards is a writer who always dresses well, despite the fact that he works in a Spartan garret and rarely sees another soul.



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