San Francisco Chronicle

The new brogrammer status signifiers

€ sfchronicle.com/style/article/The-new-Silicon-Valley-status-signifiers-13147289.php

August 10, 2018

STYLE

By Valerie Demicheva Aug. 10, 2018 Updated: Aug. 10, 2018 2:12 p.m.

Khaki-clad, living caricature tech bros subsisting on gruel-like meal replacement fads are nearly extinct in San Francisco. While startups and tech behemoths continue to coddle tech workers in post-adolescent utopias, many brogrammers are evolving into cultured, grown-up consumers, enabling a renaissance for chefs, designers and artisans. Flush with new money and experimental taste, this cohort is also ravenous for novelty. Here's our cheat sheet to the new Silicon Valley status signifiers.

SIGNATURE SWEATSHIRT

IN: Grown-up leather and suede jackets, because your Harley's parked outside and coding is just the day job. If you opt for a scooter instead, <u>Taylor Stitch's</u> refined Apres Hoodie does the job. Think of it as your comfy college sweatshirt, with lux iterations.

OUT: College sweatshirts, company fleeces, and cheap conference schwag. Even Mark Zuckerberg retired his hoodie.

CONVERSATION WRIST PIECE

IN: Beaded bracelets with spiritual and psychedelic backstories — whether a token from a Peruvian ayahuasca shaman, Tibetan monk or local artisan like <u>Mister SFC</u>.

OUT: Neon silicone bracelets bearing a charity you once gave a buck to at a drugstore checkout desk. (Unless you're going to a rave. Because MDMA is totally in again.)

ENERGY DRINK DU JOUR

IN: <u>Matcha</u>. Encha's ceremonial-grade organic matcha is scrum sprint-certified by its founder Li Gong, a former enterprise software VP who touts the tea's theanine plus caffeine-based zen energy boost.

OUT: Gimmicky coffee hacks. Put down the grass-fed butter. Step away from keto coffee. Wipe your sweaty palms. Now make that appointment to check your cholesterol.

DECADENT DATE NIGHT

IN: Farm-to-table food that tastes as good as it looks from the likes of <u>Spruce</u>, Chez TJ and <u>Marlowe</u>. As Village Pub's lead server Melody Temkin put it: "Nobody wants the frou-frou stuff anymore."

OUT: Molecular gastronomy is a culinary science experiment gone wrong that transforms premium food-grade ingredients into "edible art." The experience costs \$1,000 for a tasting menu of 12 to 14 courses, takes three hours to serve and leaves diners craving a pizza at the end. Everything sous-vide: stop, please.

SHOE GAME OVER

IN: Rugged boots that walk the line between banker and bandit. You're may be neither and nowhere in between, but man, will you look cool in <u>Sutro Footwear</u>.

OUT: First-interview-out-of-college dated oxfords, old dirty sneakers and Crocs — toss 'em! But do so mindfully, please.

PRECIOUS CARGO

IN: Rustic, grown-up briefcases and shoulder bags by the likes of <u>WaterField Designs</u>, a local, timeless staple. And yes, WaterField even has backpacks for the stubbornly scholastic.

OUT: Canvas totes, messenger bags and anything that screams professional package courier.

BOYS' WEEKEND

IN: Sharing stories through the grapevine, biking and bonding with the bros over organic Cabernet Sauvignon à la Immortal Estate in Napa.

OUT: Players and playboys. Gentleman's club and golf weekend benders haven't been "yuge!" since the 2000s. Believe me. That's not fake news.

FOLLICLES

IN: The sleek classic side part. Just add a barber, comb and pomade. Cheers to you, old sport. And watch "The Great Gatsby" while you're at it. Just because everyone should.

OUT: The werewolf look. Not to play Delilah to all of the Samsons out there, but it's time to snip those beards and manbuns. Unless you're a yogi, ayahuasca shaman or Joaquín Phoenix.

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