In general, I make it a habit not to come in contact with men’s underwear. I guess I’ve heard too many frat-boy stories about what happens when guys put off doing a wash for a really long time. Since I’m single, this avoidance works out pretty well most of the time.

COMPLAINT BOX

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On the off chance that I do encounter a guy’s underpants, I expect that he’s at least showered and worn clean ones for the occasion, and implore him to pick them up off the floor on his way out. So imagine my dismay at being confronted daily with the countless men who refuse to cover up their boxers or briefs.

This mode of undress has been popular for years, and when it reached its all-time low — buckling one’s pants under the buttocks in the style of some hip-hop stars — I thought it was finally on its way out. But no. Teenagers and 30-year-old men alike continue to stand in front of me on the subway, giving me an eyeful of their tighty-whities, which in many cases have ceased being both tight and white.

And you think high heels are impractical? Try walking in some low-slung slacks. You must adopt a waddle to keep the pants from dropping completely and must always keep a hand free to hike them
up. Then there is the need to buy ever-longer shirts to cover your rear end — shirts that apparently don’t exist, since I can see your underpants!

Nor are sagging pants the only sartorial choice that makes me cringe. Take rompers, or shortalls. They offer the ease of a dress with the comfort of shorts, and I’m for convenience. But when adults start wearing clothes that I’ve been buying for people’s babies, something is wrong. As for wearing a very adult thong with a short skirt: Do you really want to sit your bare derrière on a subway seat? Granny panties may not be that sexy, but neither is a visit to the urologist.

And what about those skinny jeans for men? Unless you’re built like the lead singer of the All-American Rejects, you’ll look like a Weeble wobbling in them. And if your legs are big enough to offset your broad upper body, you will instead resemble a stuffed sausage. Get yourself some relaxed fits — to be worn above the equator, of course. Unless you’re David Beckham, and your chiseled body has been groomed and styled into flawless Emporio Armani briefs, I don’t want to see your underwear. And neither does anyone else.

*Tracey Lloyd, who grew up in Queens and now lives in Mount Vernon, N.Y., has worked as a marketing manager in the beauty industry.*