

Under where?

From homeland security to men's underwear

It was like a surprise party. A gift for no reason.

Except a really bad gift that you never wanted that you now have to overcompensate for with excessive, coerced "wow, gee, what a surprise!" thank yous.

I was in my weekly kickboxing class — which I've been attending long enough to have earned front-row status — to the right of the instructor. Not that I was particularly tough or capable. Due to a complex social hierarchy of gym etiquette, I had group-fitness seniority.

I was kicking boxes left and right when suddenly, a swift side kick launched a white wad from the opening of my sweat pants across the fitness room. I stopped, paralyzed by confusion. When I caught my breath, I zigzagged through a obstacle course of fan kicks to retrieve the object I had just catapulted.

Underwear. It was a pair of underwear that had presumably wedged its way into my pant leg during the wash, and hid out in there, clinging to the side, while I got

dressed and did the workout warm-up.

The best part: These sneaky little guys were not mine, but rather the undergarments of one of my roommates, a guy.

Now, a normal pair of boxers, with their bulk, would have struggled to pull off such a magic act. But these were boxer briefs. Or half boxer briefs, with all of their wear holes.

No lie — I haven't done kickboxing since.

Had the underwear missile been a less horrifying pair, maybe I would have earned my way up to front-and-center group-fitness status. Maybe I would be an instructor.

I used to tease the men in my life about their ratty boxer shorts, which had enough holes in the crotch to look like a salad colander. Elastic stretched out or tearing off. It seemed off-balance, with how much money I spent at Victoria's Secret. I feared I attracted men with unspeakably weird habits.

Then I met Eric Schwes, and I learned that this is a common problem with cheap



AIMEE HECKEL

The Boulder and the Beautiful

men's underwear. Phew. The big-scale underwear companies seem to be making boxers and briefs of lower and lower quality, he says, which explains the growing popularity of men's fashion underwear.

Schwes, of Boulder, owns the men's fashion underwear and swimwear line Baskit. With the relocation of Baskit from Canada to Boulder, this city may soon become the underwear capital of the nation, Schwer's publicity folks say.

Before underwear, Schwer worked for seven years in homeland security on government classified assignments in the international drug trade, human slave trafficking and airline security. He has lived in five countries, worked with



photo courtesy | Baskit

the British government and is a specialist in criminal behavior.

But he got sick of that, so he now designs underwear.

Schwer upgraded the Baskit line, now featuring 180-gram organic cotton, a two-ply waistband and a "better formed pouch." I don't want to talk about the "pouch" thing anymore, but apparently guys like it. Most importantly, the higher quality cotton (most men's underwear is made with 100-gram cotton) means it

won't dissolve in the wash. So if a pair happens to sneak into your pant leg and make an surprise public appearance, you might not also want to dissolve.

Not to mention, you can get cute pinup girl pictures printed on the underwear. And pinup girls would be a great conversation starter.

Check out the Baskit line at www.baskitwear.com or e-mail info@baskitwear.com.

Did you know?

According to the Ultimate Underwear survey:

57 — Percent of men prefer briefs.

29 — Percent prefer roomy boxers.

18 — Percent prefer tight boxers.

100 — Percent of your local fashion columnist, Aimee Heckel, prefers roomy boxers and thinks tighty-whiteys should be as unseen as classified homeland security assignments. It is unknown whether this preference stems from the unfortunate gym experience or the hard-to-dispute fact that dudes look kind of creepy in tight anything. Even David Hasselhoff.



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