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## Venus & Mars

Every week Cosmopolitan's very own Venus & Mars give their take on the most talked about love, sex and relationships stories. See where the his 'n' hers views clash, collide and occasionally complement each other.



Cosmopolitan 22/01/2010

### Are stars in trackies a no-no?

**Victoria Beckham hid her face in horror when she was caught by the paps wearing trackie bottoms. But is it ever cool for stars to dress down?**



#### Mars

Hang the cone of shame around your head, Posh. Trackie bottoms indeed!

There are rules that come with stardom and Rule One is that you must always do what it says on the tin. So if you're famous for wearing ludicrous fashion outfits morning, noon and night then ludicrous fashion it must be and don't you dare teeter from your course!

There was a time, not so long ago, in celeb mags where it became de rigueur to show stars at their most crap. Picturing them looking spotty, sweaty or deranged was meant to make us feel better about ourselves and bring them down a peg or two. But in reality who really benefits from the whole world looking shit?

Stars should look like stars - that's the deal. If I want to stare at some poor sod in a cruddy top and trainers then I'll look in the mirror.

Of course there are different ways to play this. If you're known for looking an absolute shambles then that can work too. Pete Doherty still just about manages to pull that off. And where would Amy be without the artfully arranged fag end in the hair? Or Kerry without a splash of kebab across her chest?

These days though it's mostly left to the old school stars to remind everyone how it should be done. Stephanie Beacham may be slumming it in the Big Brother house but that doesn't mean for one second that she's going to abandon her shades. And how did Dame Shirley Bassey cope a few years back with the sea of mud and poopoo caca that was Glastonbury? In £3,000 diamante wellies, darlink.

The same goes for the guys. Daniel Craig? Immaculate Tom Ford suit at all times, please. Brad Pitt? Stop looking like Sasquatch, lose the beard, trim that moustache, polish up your kit and give us Lt Aldo Raine 24/7.

Truth be told, there's only one star I would pay good money to see pictures of looking less than her best and that's Lady GaGa. Just to confirm my suspicion that beneath that oh so wacky exterior lies America's answer to Gail Platt.

#### Venus

I thought I was clicking on a news story about the trial of a serial killer when I saw the pictures of somebody being ushered into a car with a bomber jacket over their head.

What disgusting crime has this scumbag committed? I thought to myself. Obviously, nothing could have prepared me for the vile and shameful truth: Trackie bottoms in public.

Actually I may mock Lady Becks but if the truth be known I won't be seen out in my trackie bottoms either. Unless I'm on my way to the gym. And even then I have to jog at all times - just in case anyone thinks I do sports-casual as a sartorial choice.

But while having a list of Things I'll Never Be Seen Dead In is a question of personal style. Never going as far as getting the milk off the doorstep without undergoing a major renovation and reconstruction session in the bathroom is

vanity at its ugliest extreme.

And the sad things is, none of these so-called glamorous women look any the better for it.

Call me a sado-masochist but whenever there is a beautiful woman on the TV I find myself compelled to ask The Rock Star whether or not he fancies her.

The other day it was Cheryl Cole, looking shiny and polished as ever: "She's the prettiest girl on the planet, isn't she?" I said, bracing myself for the answer.

"I have no idea," he said.

"What do you mean? She's there, right in front of you," I said, pointing to the screen.

"Where?" he said, craning his neck forwards and screwing his eyes up like an old man without his reading glasses. "I can't see her with all that makeup in the way."

After doing a little internal cheer I looked again. Immaculate outfit, flawless skin, pearly white teeth, shampoo-ad shiny hair... But something was missing. Something that not even the most accomplished stylist or beautician could ever hope to emulate - natural radiance.

Of course, neither of us was under any doubt that there was plenty of it underneath the crap. And armed with a pack of cleansing wipes, I'm sure The Rock Star wouldn't have minded investigating further. But at that moment on the screen Cheryl looked like a CGI Disney princess. And I, in my trackie bottoms, for a fraction of a second, felt rather superior.

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