"We like G-string — there’s nothing worse than a bottomless bum with spots on it. Stringfellow is as genuine as they come."

by Rob McGibbon

When it comes to the papers, nightclub owner Peter Stringfellow is something of a national treasure, a cartoon legend in heavy gold, a leapard-print silk shirt and an emblematic ‘80s mullet. He’s like a lovable soap-opera character with a never-ending frothy storyline. A Sheffield steelworker’s son, Stringfellow opened his eponymous London nightspot back in 1980. It became the watering hole for any- one from Hollywood A-listers to Corrie’s Chris Quinten actors, and, above all, gossip hungry and cham- pagne thirsty showbiz hacks. Stringfellow is a rare breed of celebrity who actually likes journos, or “Stringy” was born.

The Hippodrome followed and then clubs in LA, Miami and New York. But the empire collapsed in the mid-90s and only the original venue survived. His fortunes were revived with lap-dancing and now he has clubs in Paris and Dublin, and in May Stringfellows Soho opens in Wardour Street.

"I know I’m not Brad Pitt — but I am happy to be me. I know I’ve lost count!" The conversation got going and he said, "I am good at what I do and I don’t feel it’s necessary to put anything on it. You can’t tell a young journalist, ‘I don’t know what I’m doing’. They’re still learning. But I must be. I know I was mad. Terrible. Michael Winner wrote in his column that his week was made by seeing me with a — look, it was — a belly bigger than his. Does it get any more damaging? I just can’t put up with it any more."

"Mike, take a picture of me from behind and it was — in Majorca, I get the local paper. It was great but that has become too female focused. I like reading Michael Winner. The Sunday Times, the Daily Bulletin, the Daily Express, the Daily Mail, the Daily Telegraph."

"No inter- view complete without some dirty pictures! We aim to be a bit more up front, so feel free to ask me about that."

"I think I am going to sue this one on Andy (that drifty man). We were drinking one night with Paul Hornby and a couple of other men, and someone who, Bill Wyman, had just bought out his share of the business and said he had let go of all the girls on the floor and said, ‘I don’t need them’. I’m sure he doesn’t need them."

"Somebody once said my wife can do the panto for years and I think she could do it, but I know she’s good at it, too."