



The Wolfe Pack
The Nero Wolfe
Literary Society

Queer Eye for the Wolfe Guy

By Jean Quinn

Never was the Fab Five - Kyan, Ted, Carson, Jai, and Thom - needed more desperately by a single straight man in New York City. Wolfe hasn't changed a thing since the 1970s when the death of his literary agent literally froze his life and ability to change.

Unfortunately, "Queer Eye for the Straight" is a reality television show, hence they declined my request to make over a fictional person. I have no such compunctions. Here's what I think the Fab Five would have suggested if they had visited the Brownstone.

From the Grooming Guru:

A little dab will not "do you." Healthy, sexy hair begins with a soy paste texture pomade.

Montenegrin = Swarthy. Let's wax that back!

From the Food and Wine Connoisseur:

Be your own leg man. We've replaced your beer with a wheatgrass shake to boost energy and increase sexual vitality.

Weight Watchers? South Beach? No, it's Atkins for you.

From the Fashion Savant:

Yellow shirts, yellow socks, yellow pajama. Who are you, Big Bird? What we want is a relaxed jacket and slacks with a simple silk t-shirt all in a single, neutral shade to give the appearance of being taller, and Hello!, thinner.

Does Batman live here? Ditch the cape.

From the Culture Vulture:

Homebody or agoraphobic? Our field trip to the National Institute of Mental Health is the first in a long, and possibly gut wrenching, treatment program.

Etiquette isn't a weapon and a guest isn't a jewel on a cushion. Take a playful approach to your next dinner guests, murders or embezzlers they may be, and dine picnic style on the floor in the front room.

From the Design Doctor:

Oversized desk, a single red power chair, and emasculating yellow chairs all serve to hamper conversation and inhibit murder confessions. While Wolfe is being evaluated by our team of psychiatrists, we'll replace the office furniture with a mauve sectional with oversized pillows and plenty of ottomans that invite guests to put their feet up and let their guard down.

Dark walls, heavy window treatments, I've seen mausoleums with more light. Let's take down the drapes, open the windows, and let New York City in the Brownstone.

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