Stories by Utah’s LGBTQ Community and Their Straight Allies – Utah’s Other Pioneers
GBBS
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Fag Hag, Fruit fly, Fruit loop, Flame Dame. Gay slang phrases referring to a woman who associates with and has gay men as close friends. Perhaps, but not necessarily, as the closest friend. The common stereotype is of a woman seeking a substitute for the lack of or fear of a serious heterosexual relationship.

Synonyms include Homo Honey, Goldilocks, Fairy Princess, Fairy Godmother and Queen Bee. Although I think Queen Bee has been commandeered by Beyoncé so that term may not really apply here. Wikipedia also references Cherry Fairy, Gay Boy Bunny, or GBBS (Girls who like Boys who like Boys) as alternatives that are taking hold in “some elect social groups” in San Francisco and on the East Coast. I’ve never heard those phrases, perhaps because of my personal location or age handicaps.

You know who you are… and we gay men definitely know who you are.

As with all stereotypes, the fag hag stereotype fails miserably in its attempt to categorize what is for many us one of the most important and enduring relationships in life. A relationship which often has its roots deeply embedded in the rocky soil of our journey to authenticity, self acceptance, and self love.

Could it be as simple as the removal of sex that allows this relationship between a gay man and a female friend to flourish in such a unique and satisfying way? Perhaps. Perhaps it is something more wonderfully complex that allows us to bare our selves to these women and allows them to bare themselves to us. Fully exposed we give each other and then come to rely upon complete honesty and complete acceptance.

She will march with you in that parade and share your indignation over the governmental and civil organizations that want to deny you the right to love who and what you were born to love. She will be your wing man, your beard at times. She will support you as you go through your post adolescent adolescence, but she will also tell you when you need to get your shit together or when that guy at the bar is a bad idea... and she will love you when you go home with him anyway.

You will be the person who will tell her that yes, that outfit does make her butt look fat, or that the platinum blonde die job may not have been the best choice. Because of this, she will also knows that when you tell her she is beautiful or that you love her that you are speaking truth. You will forever be the person her parents wish she had married (even after they find out you are gay). She will always be the person your parents wished you had married (especially after they find out you are gay).

You will call her when you need to cry because you know she will make you laugh. She will call on Monday morning when her cat throws up a condom after a random one-night stand, and you will never let her forget it! With any luck she will find a decent man who EVENTUALLY will come to accept and love you as part of their/your relationship. And yes, to those SMGBBs out there (Straight Men who love Girls who love Boys who love Boys) your dick size and your interest in anal play WILL be discussed. Do not be threatened, as this will most likely work to your advantage.
When she finds a lump in her breast you will be there for her while she waits for an agonizing week to find out it is benign. And then you will take her out for martinis and sushi or whatever the fuck else she wants to do to celebrate. You will celebrate her children and love them as your own. Or you will support her choice to not have children. She will embrace every man you fall in love with even if she thinks they are not good enough for you (because, of course, none of them really are). And although she may not fully understand why you were afraid or ashamed, she will forgive you for waiting so long to tell her that you are HIV positive.

Fag hag? For me, a diminutive label for a relationship that, despite time and distance, spans all of the intersections of our lives. We may be the Will to their Grace, but they without doubt bring an invaluable grace to our will.