

## FUNNY BUSINESS

Comedian Slim Bloodworth brings her jokes to mainstream clubs like the Laff Stop  
by Eric A.T. Dieckman



“When I was a kid—I must have been 8, 12, 14, something like that—I cut out several pieces of construction paper, maybe five by seven, and made several different little books. And in each book I wrote out ‘jokey-jokes’ and I sold ‘em for a quarter a piece. ‘You sellin’ brownies? I’m selling jokes.’ I made \$3 or \$4 off them, selling jokes, some clean, some dirty, to 80-year-old women at a bingo parlor.”

Thus began the comedy career of Slim Bloodworth. Known to many local comedians as Houston’s Lesbian Comedy Scene, Slim is the only local lesbian comic to play the major mainstream comedy clubs in town and across the United States. Slim breaks plenty of stereotypes. Neither she nor her partner Alex are afraid of meat, as they gleefully consume beef-and-bacon burgers during their interview. Political correctness is not a concern either. Many nationally touring headliners point out that Houston comics brazenly take on risky material most other comedians avoid like the plague. Slim falls easily under this description. On some of her touchier comedy fodder: “I’m all about the legalization of marijuana; I try to touch on alcoholism.” One of her more popular jokes is about pot. The punch line is so simple, there aren’t any words: “Most legalized drugs have such awful side effects. The only side effect of smoking pot is...” She cocks her head and furrows her brow, as if she can’t remember. “I question why people take the Bible so literally, as if God had typed it. I ruffle a lot of feathers sometimes.” One such instance resulted in a threatening e-mail from the KKK. The message warned that her comedy and lifestyle are “an abomination to God” and that she was on her way to hell. Such are the risks that come with playing Beaumont, next-door neighbor to Vidor, the Klan’s national seat.

Of course, sexual orientation makes up a few entries in her giggle book. “I think I get away with saying a lot of things on stage that other women can’t because I’m gay,” Slim says. “A lot of times a female comedian will be told that she can’t say certain things that a guy can because it’s ‘unladylike.’ But because I’m gay, it’s like I’m allowed that leeway, because ‘that’s what lesbians do.’” Alex comments, “I love it when she flirts with girls from the stage. She looks like she’s so confident, and they’re so into it. But I know better. I remember the dollar bill.”

What dollar bill? The two met at Club Rainbow, home of glow-girls and glow-studs. A tiny dancer with soft boyish features, Alex was a glow-stud at the time, getting her groove on in boxer shorts and a tank top. She recalls spotting Slim: “She was really tall. I

like tall women. I watched her walk around the room and make her way up to me.”

“I had just come from the [Laff] Stop,” explains Slim.

“She was shy, too,” Alex continues. “She wouldn’t put her dollar in my boxer shorts. She seemed terrified. She just gave it to me. ‘Here. Take it.’ It was cute. I chased her down, started up a conversation. She had to ask me how old I was.”

“I thought she was 18. I was gonna blow her off,” Slim says. “Turned out she was 28. Scared the shit outta me.”

“A whole year older than you!” teases Alex. “I whipped out a matchbook . . .”

“I still have it,” Slim smiles. “. . . wrote my number on it. She gave me hers on a napkin. She wrote, ‘Slim. Seriously,’ which was cute, too. She had me hooked.”

Knowing Slim was a comic created the first tension found in many comic-civilian courtships: Is she funny? After seeing her at a Brassy Broads show, a local comedienne’s showcase at the Laff Stop, Alex was thankful. She wouldn’t have to feign laughter or find excuses not to see Slim on stage. With Slim performing on the road frequently, neither she nor Alex expected more than a passing, on-again-off-again relationship. It’s been two years since they moved in together. Behind every great, tall lesbian is an equally great, albeit petite, lesbian.

“Actually I think she’s funnier than me,” says Slim about Alex. Alex has helped Slim write some of her material. “Some of my most popular stuff she helped me develop.” She and Alex were talking once about avoiding liquor and how the allure of drink can give almost human qualities to the bottle. Alex took the idea to the next level, suggesting a phone call: “Hey Slim, it’s Jose, Cuervo. Jack Daniels and I wanna come over.” A new joke immediately became apparent and became part of Slim’s act.

Eric A.T. Dieckman profiled Sonoma owner and CEO Neil Markert in the July issue.