

My Story

by *Marilyn
Chambers*

“When I named the faces on The Female Mt. Rushmore of XXX last year... the first was Marilyn Chambers, followed by Seka, Ginger Lynn, and Jenna Jameson. (For the record... the The Male Mt. Rushmore of XXX includes Harry Reems, John C. Holmes, Jamie Gillis, and Ron Jeremy.)”

– *Bill Margold*

“When I first started in the business in the late ’70s, Marilyn Chambers was an inspiration. She was the epitome of glamour, fame and success! You can’t imagine what a thrill it was to work with Marilyn and then direct her later adult projects. But more than anything I treasured our friendship—as women, mothers and as actresses. She was always a very class act.”

– *Veronica Hart*

“Like John Holmes was amongst the men, Marilyn Chambers was with the women. The two of them were in a class all by themselves, the King and Queen of the Golden Age of Porn. I was lucky enough to work with Marilyn three times, but it was only after Chuck Traynor was gone during that third and final time, that I finally got a delightful glimpse at the real woman behind the mask of the Ivory Snow femme fatale—and she was warm and wonderful. I will treasure those memories always.”

– *Howie Gordon (aka Richard Pacheco)*

“I knew Marilyn, worked with her in both her film *Insatiable* and at the O’Farrell Theatre in San Francisco. She was a huge star and I was in awe of her, but she was very kind to me. Putting me at ease, she got me very hot and bothered with her sex play. We had lots of fun together! She was foxy, lean and clean. Her sexual enthusiasm created great stirrings in other’s libidos!”

– *Serena*

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Written by the girl next door who became the world's most famous Adult Film Star during the Sexual Revolution, paving the way for so many others to follow her footsteps into the World of Porn.

Foreword by McKenna Taylor

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Foreword

by McKenna Taylor

My mother was Marilyn Taylor, the most loving and understanding woman I've ever known. My mother was special, she had an air about her that was unmatched by anyone I've known to this day. I did not know the women who wrote this book and started the legacy of Marilyn Chambers but I am extremely proud of her. When writing this book, I believe my mother wanted people to know who the girl next door and behind that green door really was. To me she's just my mom.



My mother taught me many important lessons and at the top of that list was honesty. She never lied to me. I remember finding out who my mother was, along with many of my friends at the time, no doubt recognized by their parents. She was willing to tell me everything once I was ready to know, which I wasn't for a big chunk of my

life. When I was ready to hear about her life “adventures” we sat down, and she let me lead the conversation. We had a wonderful open talk, with lots of gasps and laughs. I asked her every question you could imagine, and she gave me nothing but the truth in her responses.

My mother was a phenomenal chef, and I’m not just saying that because I am her daughter. She would always be in the kitchen creating new recipes for my friends and I to try. Besides cooking my mother loved being outside, gardening and taking our dogs for walks. Friendship was big for my mother because when she called you her friend, that is what you were. She would do anything for you and was extremely loyal.

There is no doubt that my mother had an exciting life with experiences left and right. Whenever I needed anything I knew I could come to her and never had to be afraid or embarrassed. Even my closest friends would talk to her about things they couldn’t open up about to their own parents.

Knowing my mother had such a monumental impact upon the sexual revolution takes my breath away. Every decision she made not only impacted her but the world in its entirety. When my mom was in her prime of the adult film industry, she explained it to me as a glamorous and exciting lifestyle. She got to see a different side of the world and that industry that most never will. She was able to express herself and her sexuality in the time period where it was just becoming acceptable to do so.

Even though my mother accomplished many things by such a young age she also expressed the darker side of things. She wanted to break out into mainstream media,

which she honestly thought was possible. Unfortunately her career outside of the adult film industry was minimal. My mother was in no way shape or form ashamed of the work she had done. She had fun and it was the 70s! She grew up and matured fast which I'm so very proud of her for. She really was an amazing actress and talented in so many different ways. My mother could be having the worst day, sweating her butt off, but if someone wanted to take her picture, she'd flash that sexy smile that we all know she had down perfectly. If she was busy or making dinner and the phone rang for a radio interview, she'd put the dog in her lap, clear her throat and give the best damn interview anyone ever could. When I saw my mom incorporate two different lives, the life of Marilyn Chambers and the life of an amazing mother it amazed me. She was courageous and strong in everything that was thrown her way.

My mother had no regrets but she did tell me that if I made any move toward that industry she'd kick my butt.

She was extremely protective of me and wanted to give me the best life she could offer, which she did without saying.

My mother is and always will be a legend.

After she opened that "green door" she showed people a world full of sexual expression and freedom that many people were too afraid to do on their own. I thank Marilyn Chambers for all that she has done for not just the adult film industry, but for the confidence she has instilled in the millions of people who are now proud of their sexual freedom. I thank Marilyn Taylor for the best 17 years of my life and for being the best mother I could have ever asked for. I will try my best to make her proud for the rest of the days of my life. I love you Mommy.

1

Behind the Green Door

The day Linda Lovelace walked out of Chuck Traynor's life he walked into mine. *Walked* isn't the right word—he called. I answered. We talked. And with that phone call began the transformation into what I am today, the Marilyn Chambers you know. I want this book to tell you everything about my life and my thoughts, especially about the Marilyn Chambers you don't know.

Yes, I was Marilyn Chambers at the time Chuck Traynor called me with the offer of becoming my personal manager, but I wasn't the person who's writing this book today. Sure, I was known. My face was on every box of Ivory Snow in every supermarket in the country, the 99 & 44/100% pure young mother. In every major city in the country (and some minor ones, wherever the local law would allow) for five dollars you could see me sucking a big black cock in *Behind the Green Door*, and squealing, "Fuck me, Frank. Fuck me hard!" in *The Resurrection of Eve*. *Green Door* stills of torso—black evening gown, pearls around the neck, the Ivory Snow pose with a taste of sex—traveled around on top of taxi

cabs in Los Angeles and peered down over the throngs in New York's Times Square from a gigantic billboard. Marilyn Chambers, porno star and Ivory Soap girl, rah rah rah!

At the time all that was going on I was still very much Marilyn Briggs, a happily married and very devoted housewife in Walnut Creek, California. You saw me vacuum a rug in *The Resurrection of Eve*? It was an easy scene to play. I actually did that when I got home from shooting! Doug and I were nearly a typical young suburban couple, the exception being that it was me who went out and did the work (yes, work is work, even if that work is all about pleasure, such as jerking off two big cocks attached to two hunky men swinging above you on a trapeze) and Doug stayed home and wondered what he was going to do with his life. I was content, or so I made myself believe. I say that because underneath my housewife facade lay the most basic desire of my life, one I'd had since my days in grade school in Connecticut—to make it as an actress and entertainer.

And Chuck Traynor, in his phone call and the many others that were to follow, gave me the chance to become just what I'd dreamed of. It was suddenly all real, right there. I knew it would take hard work, but at least it was finally reachable. You could stick your arm out and grab it and if you held on long enough....

Stardom. And what's that all about? I'm not sure, but maybe I will be by the time I'm finished writing this. I do know one thing: I love it. I love being known as a sex symbol, I love to hear people tell me they'd like to ball me. I think it's terrific when a guy tells me he thinks I'm a great cocksucker or when a chick tells me she loves my body and would like to make love to me. Or when a gay guy tells me because he's

seen my films, he learned some new ways of pleasing his lover. I find them all compliments and they are gratifying. It's a far out thing to get people to like you and desire you and it pleases me a lot. I love sex, I love doing love scenes on camera, and I always will. I never want to let go of that part of my life, my career. But I want people to know there is another side as well, the actress and singer and dancer....

And more than that, the person.

Hopefully—with Chuck's help, for my story is in many ways his story too—this book, my first attempt at writing anything more than a letter, will tell you the Marilyn Chambers story through truthful eyes.

I'll always believe that the best attribute a person can have is the ability to be honest about himself.

Criss-cross my heart!

Behind the Green Door was called "...the Rolls-Royce of porno films" in one review, and it's the film that started it all for me so I guess it's the right way to start my story.

One day in San Francisco—you'll read all about my San Francisco days later—where I was trying desperately to break into theater, I saw an ad in the paper for a big-budget commercial film. I immediately thought, Far out! That's what I've been waiting for! I mean I had visions of another *Gone With the Wind* being shot in San Francisco and I was high with enthusiasm and hope when I walked into the office that had been listed in the ad. Funny, one day after shooting, my wind *was* nearly *gone* from all the cocksucking!

I had never guessed it was going to be a porno film, so I got a little uptight when I realized it. I mean when you're

given a questionnaire which asks *Will you perform hard-core sex on screen?*, anyone with half a brain knows what kind of film it's going to be. So I said no. Any sexual experience I'd had had been private—I didn't think I would be *able* to fuck on camera; I thought I'd break out in a rash and go crazy or something.

So I met the Mitchell brothers even though I had said I wouldn't do any fucking in the film, because there were clothed parts to be filled too. They looked me over and tried to talk me into changing my mind. Jim Mitchell said something at the time, which has been repeated by reviewers and audiences all over the country, and I'm flattered every time I hear it. He said, "Marilyn, you're the girl next door. You're not the pimple-assed chicks who suck cock on camera for a living and spend their bread on speed; you are the typical American sweetheart. You're the face every guy dreams of shoving his cock into but never does because he can't *find* you! You're fresh air and apple pie." (He was right—I do look like the WASP chick next door—I mean, if Procter & Gamble picked my face to illustrate the essence of "99 & 44/100% pure" Americana, there's a hell of a lot of truth in Jim's statement.) So fresh-air-and-apple-pie-me thought about it and called back. "I'm reconsidering," I told them, "and I want to know how badly you want me."

"Like very badly," Jim said.

"Meaning more money and a percentage?"

Jim choked and mumbled to his brother, Artie, and then said, "Yeah, we want you *that* bad."

I told them I'd think about it. Wow, I was really playing a Katherine Hepburn thing, asking for a percentage. I did it almost a joke (thinking there was no way in hell I could get

it) and also because I had been burned before and this time I wanted some kind of security. I sat around for a few days, beginning to believe some other girl-next-door type had waltzed into the Mitchell brothers' office and swept them off their feet for less money and no percentage. I started to think I'd blown the whole thing just when I was kind of getting to *like* the idea of doing sex on the screen. I had a sneaky feeling that porno was going to become big stuff (not nearly as "in" and chic as it has become, but at least very acceptable as a form of entertainment, and certainly profitable) and if things happened in the right way, making a name in porno could give someone the basis for building a career. And wasn't that what I always wanted?

Well, Jim Mitchell hadn't found that other "down home" chick, and he called and offered me a lot of money and a nice percentage. I got a copy of the script from him and liked the title because it was intriguing and also because I remembered a song that Dorothy Collins used to sing on *Your Hit Parade* when I was very young, "...green door, what's that secret you're keeping?", which had always been one of my dad's favorites. So I read it and got turned on by it and said yes.

And the rest is history.

But that history is interesting. You see, when I was growing up I had a lot of sexual fantasies, as everyone does, and the best one—I think every woman has this fantasy at one time or another—was seeing myself being raped and violated and forced into submission, especially by a black man. And there it was, on paper in front of me, my whole masturbation trip ready for the screen. So I broke down those inhibitions I'd had very quickly because I knew making the

film would be a good thing for me, not only career-wise but as an actress and as a person, because I would live out and turn on to a sexual dream which I'd probably never have had the chance to realize in my lifetime. What happened to me doing the film is the same thing that happens to women who see it in the theaters—they put themselves into the part of Gloria and what is being done to her is being done to them.

I also liked the fact that I had not one word to say in the entire film—talk about a submission fantasy! It was as though I were bound and gagged the entire time. Gloria checks in at a hotel in Sausalito and as she's going out for the evening, just as her date is arriving, she's abducted by strange men and driven to a private club, where she's hypnotized by a woman and then brought out onto a stage to be watched by the club's members, a very odd assortment of people. First she's fondled by several women—they caress her and kiss her and take turns eating her pussy—and then a big black stud (Johnnie Keyes, a former prizefighter and dancer) wearing white tights with the crotch cut out enters and fucks her forever. In the background is a green door, and when it is opened and Gloria is taken behind it she encounters two studs on a trapeze, their cocks hard, ready for her to beat off, while sucking off a third, as yet another guy fucks her. It's the Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey act of big-time porno, a circus of sex. And while Gloria is being showered with semen, the club members have an orgy of their own.

And that's about it—all fantasy. The film is really a flashback fantasy a trucker has, which he tells in a diner. That story had been around for ages, real truckers had passed it back and forth, and the Mitchell brothers heard it and turned it into a movie. The story is simplicity itself. Like

I said, I don't say a word—which was probably harder to act because I had to convey any emotion with my eyes and lips (if something wasn't stuck *in* my lips at the time!). It's a good film, a very good film. I look at it today and think it could have been better only because it was filmed in the midst of chaos because the Mitchell brothers were in court over another film. It was filmed too quickly. But what's done is done, and audiences seem to love it, and that's what counts.

People always ask me how the end of *Behind the Green Door* was shot, the artistic few minutes at the end of the picture where the screen is filled with color as many different cocks shoot all over my face. The process is called polarization and is shot in slow motion, or really stop-action. Click click click. Come come come. Color is put in afterward and that's how they arrive at the bright reds and greens and make the image look like a negative. It's a hard process, and expensive too, but it's worth it—most people I've talked to say that that segment is the biggest turn-on they've ever seen.

What was it like, filming that sequence, filming those come scenes? Well, I'll tell you. About five or six different guys were used, for starters. We shot a lot of footage on that because those come scenes, which were to be strung together later as one *looooooog* come scene, were the “feel” of the picture audiences would take home with them, because the sequence would be the end of the film and unlike anything in it till that point. I think that's why critics dug the film a whole lot, because that scene broke out of the old porno mold of hand-held cameras and lousy color and showed people that there's a great deal of beauty in the mystery and majesty of an orgasm. I call it artsy-fartsy now because I've seen it so many times but the first time a person views it they're kind

of knocked out by it, kind of stunned. They say, “Wow! That’s really beautiful!” And they get all horny inside.

And, of course, that sequence is the ultimate in the fantasy of man conquering woman. What’s a better turn-on than five different guys jerking off all over a pretty girl’s face and letting her lick their sperm from her lips and chin?

It was exhausting work, that’s for sure. I can dig the value of it now, the fantasy it portrayed, but I felt humiliated doing it. And that was the point, I know, that Gloria be humiliated as guy after guy explodes onto her face, but I felt humiliated myself, as an actress and a person, to have to get into a back-breaking position (so the camera angle would be just right) and stay there while one guy after another worked his cock over my face ... and I’d have to stare up at it, hoping it would shoot fast because my knees were killing me and my neck felt ready for a brace ... and when he finally shot off I had to devour his jism and nearly swim in it, only to have him replaced by another ... and the position seemed worse, painful ... humiliating. That’s why the sequence seems so real—it was! It’s exciting because it’s honest.

I couldn’t foresee how it would look on screen, being in that contorted position, being filmed with three different cameras from three different angles. It took about five hours all together. One guy couldn’t get it up and we sat around waiting (my only rest!) until he yelled, “I got it!” and I had to rush into position before it softened. I felt like a baseball player sliding to second base. It was a mad rush because we didn’t have time to waste and we needed to catch his orgasm on camera. It would have been wonderful to do it with just one guy, but after two orgasms, there’s no jism left to spurt, and that’s why we used so many different guys—the cream had to *pour* out of their cocks, which, again, is a great fantasy.

That orgasm—the guy who yelled, “I got it!”—was the one that dribbled into my mouth, if you remember from the film. I’ve been asked, “Why didn’t you swallow it?” The answer to that is, first off, I wasn’t exactly spitting it out, you know? I mean, for God’s sake, I was blowing bubbles with it and gurgling it in my throat and letting it run over my teeth and down my chin, which I think is incredibly sensual.

Besides that, you have to consider the character of Gloria—I don’t think she would have swallowed just any guy’s sperm. She would have wanted her lover’s or her husband’s; she’d have wanted the cream of the guy she loved. If she hadn’t been abducted from the hotel that night and had gone out with her boyfriend, as planned, she very well may have swallowed all the semen she could get from his cock, but that’s not the way the story went. The scene wasn’t a love scene!

Come to think of it, the scene was probably the highest form of male chauvinist fantasy ever filmed. Which is a great turn-on for men and women both. Every woman dreams of being violated and forced into submission; every guy dreams of forcing a chick into submission and violating her as he pleases. Every guy dreams of picking up a wholesome-looking girl and forcing her, by his sheer macho power, to submit to his coming all over her face. Every woman dreams of being that wholesome-looking chick, of having no say in what’s happening. If there had been sound in the picture at that point—dialogue as opposed to music, I mean (remember, I never uttered one word in the film)—and one of the guys ordered me to swallow his load, I would have. But the way it was done, it was meant to run down my cheeks and drip onto my shoulders and mat in my hair. I think it’s so much more exciting to see in the finished film than it would have been had I gobbled it all up, burped, and said,

“Ummm, what a nice snack!” The whole thing—that scene, the entire flick—is an incredible dream. A guy told me, “To have a gorgeous chick prostrate in front of you, knowing she has to submit to any kinky fantasy you like, is probably the *best* fantasy a guy can imagine. It usually never happens in life and that’s what makes it so damn exciting on the screen.” I’ll take it a step further—I’d say it very seldom happens in the marriage bed. How many guys’ wives let them beat off on their faces? How many? Probably very few.

And that’s where the real importance of *Green Door* and others like it lies—in the fact that because of viewing the film a person will better his sex life. It loosens people up, breaks down their inhibitions and fears, and even teaches them totally new things. A woman once told me: “Honey, I’ve been married seventeen years next Friday, and I never even knew it was possible to do all that! I’m going to make the next seventeen years the spiciest yet!” And she was telling the truth; she was excited as could be.

Take the last moments of *Green Door* again—the come shots. Maybe a couple will see the film and go home and try it, the girl will let her lover cream onto her face without sucking his cock. And things can go on from there—he could kiss her immediately after he comes and then he can lick his own sperm from her eyelids and her lips. Guys don’t realize it, but tasting your own semen can be very exciting. How do I know? I’ve been told, and I’ve seen it happen. A guy creams, starts licking it himself, and his cock immediately hardens again— isn’t that saying something? And the chick likes it too. It’s a wonderful turn-on to have your boyfriend lapping your face, knowing he’s licking up his own semen with his tongue, kissing you at the same time.

When you do a film like *Green Door* your fantasy center opens up to a point where you hadn't been before, you find new and interesting things to do in bed. All the time we filmed, I was faithful to my man, Doug. I know that sounds hard to believe but it's true. You know why I was faithful? Because our sex life was wonderfully satisfying—*because* of the film. We would try things I'd learned while filming and we never got bored with each other. It's kind of like the wife who works in an office and one of her fellow secretaries says, "Honey, I've got a great new recipe for you," and you take it from her and she says, "Try it tonight, he'll go crazy!" So you go to the market and then home and cook it and your husband goes berserk over it....

Well, I learned some new techniques for making love, new ways of fucking, new positions, ways of sucking a cock, little touches I hadn't known about before, and I'd take them home and try them on Doug. He'd stretch out (gladly, because he was always as horny as I was) and I'd try my new "recipe" on him. He usually loved it, and the whole week would be filled with variations on that theme, and then we'd go on to something new. So I know sex films can do so much for couples with problems in bed or for couples who are just a little bored with the straight fucking they've been doing for God knows how long. I know because making those sex films did wonders for my sex life with my husband, and we'd had a good one to start with!

I suppose people imagine that making porno films is one of the juiciest things anyone could be involved in, but that isn't true. The people who worked on and in *Green Door* were very liberal and together, sexually, so there were no frustrations to

get in the way of work. They were all extremely professional in their outlook, beginning with the Mitchell brothers. Never once did they try to make me, nor did they once think of me as Sally Slut. I was a hired actress and was treated as one. They respected me and they in turn were respected by me. They were very honest guys, never trying to put me on, and that's what turned me on to them. No matter how successful *Green Door* had been, I would never have done *The Resurrection of Eve* if I hadn't gained respect for Jim and Artie Mitchell.

Porno film sets are not the free-for-all, sexual wonderlands people imagine them to be. The atmosphere must be relaxed and informal so that sex scenes will "happen" and have the look and feel of reality, but everyone realizes they are doing a job for which they are paid. Usually everyone goes their separate ways after a day's shooting, unless they're married or living together or something, because they don't have the sexual hang-ups of most middle-class people (and most people working on fuck films are pretty much middle-class, or come from that kind of background). They don't get all hot and bothered by what was filmed that day and run out together and have a wild orgy that tops anything yet seen on camera. They take their horniness or sexiness or whatever you want to call it home with them. Just as I did with Doug. Johnnie Keyes didn't mean anything to me, sexually, off-screen. He was just another actor, a costar, a coworker, a nice guy. If we'd done something in that day's shooting which excited me—say, he'd taught me a new kind of thrust with his cock and it felt different than anything I'd ever felt in my pussy before—I'd go home to Doug that evening and say, "Hey, I had the best feeling today..." and we'd recreate the scene and we'd do it and it would be super

wonderful because now I was doing it with the guy I loved and that made it the best.

Was *Behind the Green Door* the best? I don't know; I'm too close to it to tell. And I don't think we'll know what the ultimate porno film is till years from now, when we can look back objectively. I do know that a stroke of luck—the Ivory Snow boxes with my face appearing smack on the front arriving in the supermarkets at the very time when *Green Door* opened in major cities—helped make it the phenomenon it is today. As I'm writing this in New York City, it's playing at three theaters and has been for as long as I can remember. And they tell me there's no end in sight. Fifteen outlying theaters also have it, suburban theaters surrounding New York. I'm astounded every time I think of its success—and I admit I love it. Thank God for Ivory Snow! I do think the film would have caught on anyway, perhaps not as well as it did, but it was too good to be ignored. It was moderately successful even without the free publicity from Procter & Gamble, so I think it would have stood on its own. A review I like to quote sums up that feeling, and also touches on what I mentioned earlier, that the film isn't the essence of perfection: "*Behind the Green Door*, the latest from the Mitchell brothers, seems headed for whammo biz in opening here [San Francisco]. Porno is gradually getting respectable. The Mitchell brothers are imaginative filmmakers who have lavished \$50,000 on this feature, their biggest budget so far. The money shows in technical quality. The camera moves are smooth and the Mitchells never fall back on the long, tedious grind stretches that fill many other films. In *Green Door*, moreover, they use

slow motion and visual effects to elaborate a few seconds of sexual reaction that normally shoot by in typical pornos. Still, even \$50,000 isn't enough to make a good picture, and the brothers are stuck with the results. But with a first-week gross approaching \$20,000 in a theater they also own, their cinematic shortcomings are probably acceptable to them."

Another reviewer said:

"Besides being 99 & 44/100% pure profit, *Behind the Green Door* has several things that most sex films ignore. These can be summarized as correct exposure, plot, characterization, a bit of dramatic action to leaven large amounts of hard-core action, and a sense of humor that endeavors to counter the inexpressible tedium that afflicts most sexually explicit films."

What do I say? *Green Door* is a film about fantasy. It's an honest movie about things that are not real, except that a lot of people wish they were real. The film tries to be objective about sex and fantasies, tries to say that sex is nothing to be embarrassed about. I mean, sex is definitely here to stay—in the cinema and elsewhere. Hollywood is putting more sex into their movies not because they *want* to, but because they *have to*. It's not something the filmmakers are trying to cram down peoples' throats. It's what people want to see.

I'm very honest when it comes to sex. I can use words like *cocksucker* and *fuck* because they are very natural to me. But things were not always that way. Marilyn Chambers was once Marilyn Briggs, as uptight a small-town girl as you could imagine. And now perhaps it's time to tell you about where this walking package of opposing forces—the essence of purity and princess of porn—came from, and what she was all about before you ever heard of her....