

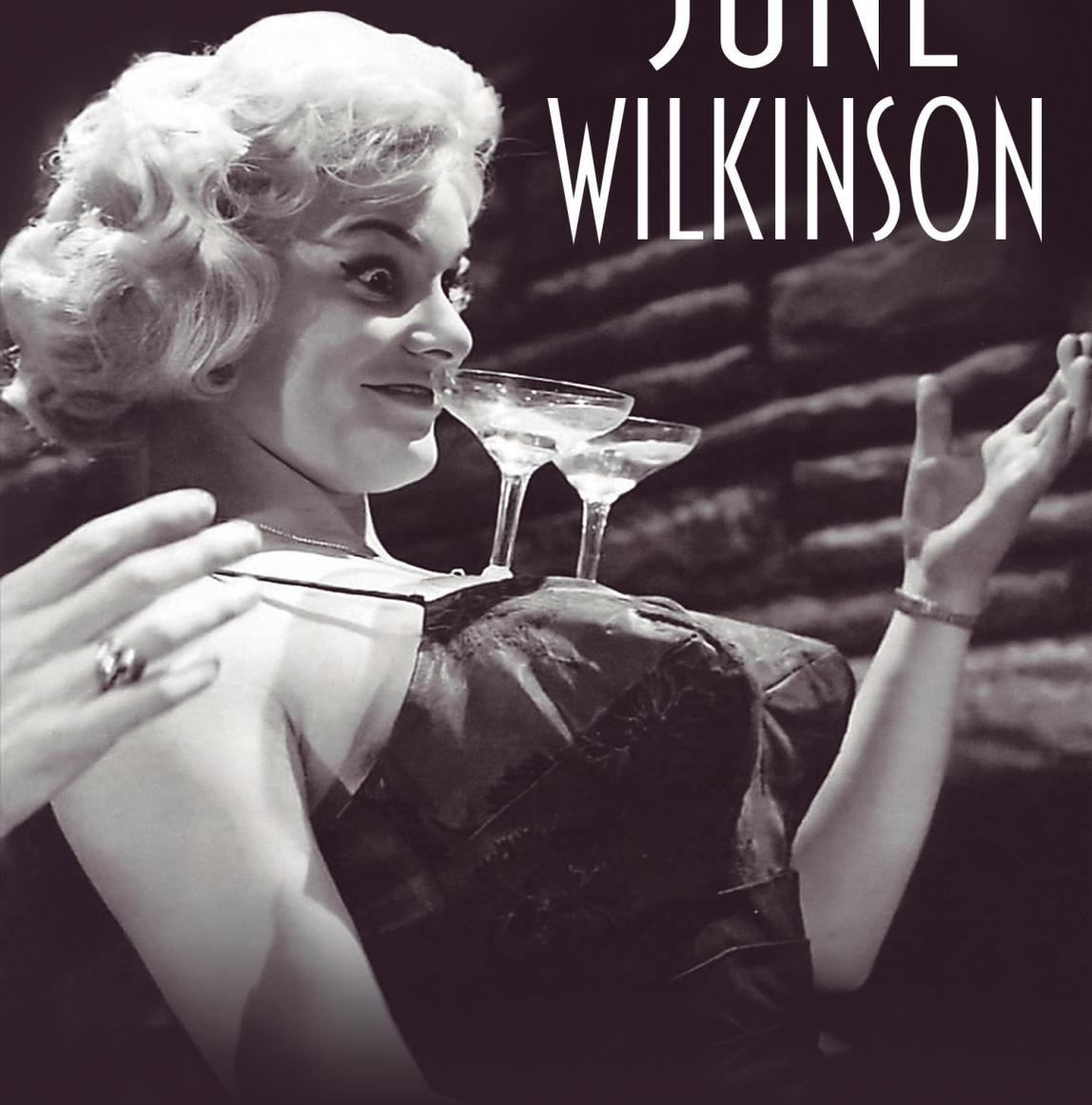
# HOLLYWOOD

THE LIFE  
AND TIMES OF  
THE LEGENDARY  
ACTRESS, MODEL, AND

**PLAYBOY  
PHENOMENON**

*or Bust!*

JUNE  
WILKINSON



**HOLLYWOOD OR BUST!**

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*First Edition.*

Published February 2023  
by Indies United Publishing House

Available in E-Book, Paperback, and Hardcover.

ISBN: 978-1-64456-579-7 [Hardback]  
ISBN: 978-1-64456-580-3 [Paperback]  
ISBN: 978-1-64456-581-0 [ePub]

Library of Congress Control Number: 2022951633



INDIES UNITED PUBLISHING HOUSE, LLC  
P.O. BOX 3071  
QUINCY, IL 62305-3071  
IndiesUnited.net

I dedicate this book to my daughter Brahna and my mother, Lily.

I also wish to thank my friends and supporters, Peter Hughes,  
Richard Richard, Sue Spoley, Joyce Richards, and Robert and Sue  
Emery.

# HOLLYWOOD OR BUST!

A MEMOIR

The life and times of the legendary actress,  
model, and Playboy phenominom

*June Wilkinson*



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# Table of Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

[Chapter 22](#)

[Chapter 23](#)

[Chapter 24](#)

[Chapter 25](#)

[Chapter 26](#)

[Photo Gallery](#)

[Chapter 27](#)

[Chapter 28](#)

[Chapter 29](#)

[Chapter 30](#)

[Chapter 31](#)

[Chapter 32](#)

[Chapter 33](#)

[Chapter 34](#)

[Chapter 35](#)

[Chapter 36](#)

[Chapter 37](#)

[Chapter 38](#)

[Chapter 39](#)

[Chapter 40](#)

[Chapter 41](#)

[Chapter 42](#)

[Chapter 43](#)

[Chapter 44](#)

[Chapter 45](#)

[Chapter 46](#)

[Chapter 47](#)

[Chapter 48](#)

[Chapter 49](#)

[Chapter 50](#)

[Chapter 51](#)

[Chapter 52](#)

[Chapter 53](#)

[\*About the Author\*](#)

[\*Filmography\*](#)

[\*Stage Performances\*](#)

# *Chapter 1*

The first question one asks when writing a memoir is how to begin. I wrestled with that for a while. Where and when I was born struck me as boring. Although I have documented my childhood and career mostly in chronological order, I wrote of many memories of people and events as they came to mind.

Stay with me as I roam freely through my life and career.

Except for a marriage that went sour, I've led a reasonably successful and happy life in show business. It began in 1952 at the early age of 12 in England, where I was born. During my career, I was blessed to work with many of the biggest talents in the entertainment industry. I consider myself fortunate to count many of them among my closest friends, including the late Hugh Hefner, who built the Playboy empire. He brought me to the American public's attention.

It's Sunday evening, and I'm on my way to the Playboy Mansion in Los Angeles. It was my favorite place to be on a Sunday night. I've been going there since I left Houston following my July 1978 separation from my husband, Dante "Dan" Pastorini. Sunday night at the Mansion meant great food, good friends, and, hopefully, a good movie.

My very first movie night was in 1965 at the original Playboy Mansion in Chicago. Although I had graced the pages of Playboy magazine several times beginning in the September 1958 issue, I had never been to the Mansion and had only met Hefner briefly on a few occasions. I was 25 at the time and appearing in the stage play *Pajama Tops* at the Sheraton Theater in Chicago when I received a message from Hef inviting me to join him and his guests for dinner and a movie Sunday night. Unfortunately, the play didn't end until the movie was over. Still, I was curious to see the inside of that famous place—that flamboyant palace of hedonistic pleasure that was so talked about.

When I arrived, it was wall-to-wall people, many of them gorgeous ladies in all kinds of dress and undress. But, to my surprise—I'm not sure what I expected—despite the rumors, no orgies were going on that I could see. Everyone was on their best behavior—sorry to disappoint. Years later, when I visited the Los Angeles Playboy Mansion, I learned that if there was action, it took place quietly tucked away in the pool area hidden in the famous grotto. Maybe there was action in the indoor pool at the original Chicago Mansion, but I never witnessed it.

The Chicago club was very hip, cool, casual, and intellectual. Remember, this was the sixties, and Hef had created a level of sophistication for what was perceived—at least in his mind—to be the perfect playboy lifestyle. And then there were the sumptuous buffets, which have always been the signature of Sunday nights at the Mansion.

That was the 1960s; it was now the 1970s in Los Angeles, and my head was no longer in a carefree, happy place. After an intense whirlwind romance, I had fallen in love with and married Houston Oilers quarterback Dan Pastorini on June 1, 1973, at The Highlands Inn in Carmel, California. Dan was in his prime, considered one of the best NFL quarterbacks, and immensely popular on and off the playing field.

When we married, we made a deal: I wouldn't work during the football season, and when the season was over, we would move to my house in Los Angeles, and I would work during that period. My home, on almost three-quarters of an acre, was high above Sunset Boulevard, with one of the most incredible views in the city.

Like most superstars, Dan had an enormous ego fed by the constant fanatic fan adulation. In Houston, the fans treated him like a Greek God. It was always the best tables at restaurants, tabs constantly being picked up by business people wanting to get close to him, and invitations to parties we otherwise would never have been invited to. You get the picture!

The adoring ladies he never said no to brought down the house of cards because let's face it, Dan was handsome and a sports superstar. When temptation presented itself, Dan didn't know how—or didn't care to—say no. The ladies of Houston and elsewhere threw themselves at him with abandon. If you think Tiger Woods had a lot of affairs, I'm sure his numbers pale compared to Mr. Pastorini's. The fame and the attention it brought were too much for him to ignore.

To give you an example of how women brazenly approached Dan, we were having dinner in a nice restaurant after a football game when a classy-looking woman, around age 25, came to our table. She asked Dan

for his autograph, and while he was signing her menu, she leaned over (trying to show as much cleavage as possible) and said, “Do you fuck as well as you throw the football?” She ignored me as if I wasn’t there. I couldn’t believe she had the gall to say such a rude, classless statement in front of the man’s wife. Dan looked at her and said, “*I don’t know; ask my wife.*” I calmly looked at her and said, “*No, he throws the football better.*” She never once looked at me, took the autographed menu, and walked away. So much for adult public behavior.

It is near impossible to be a major NFL superstar and keep your missteps from becoming public. There is little or no room for privacy thanks to probing sports writers, the press, the roaming paparazzi, and those who just want to bring you down. I have never understood that. Your life becomes a glowing billboard on a busy freeway. In time, inklings of Dan’s sexual indiscretions became known to me thanks to the probing press. Women, out to score a celebrity, just kept coming on to him like NFL linemen determined to knock the quarterback flat on his back—pun intended.

Although she certainly was not the sole reason for our split, the straw that finally broke the Camel’s back arrived in the form of actress Farrah Fawcett. Farrah and Dan met at a tennis match, sparks flew, and a very torrid affair followed. This is during the time Farrah was estranged from her then-husband, actor Lee Majors, TV’s Six Million Dollar Man. Even though there had been many others, Dan’s affair with Farrah hurt the most because of her high public profile. And, believe it or not, I had no idea the two had begun an affair until it hit TV news, newspapers, and radio as the affair started to play out in public, much to my own public dismay.

I finally decided I had to get out of a deteriorating situation. I bought a townhouse in Sherman Oaks, California, bid goodbye to Pastorini and Houston, Texas, packed my bags and my young daughter, moved out, and resumed my acting career.

That was not the end of it by any stretch of the imagination. I did have a one-time delicious payback on the Farrah Fawcett affair. Dan and Lee Majors knew each other. They appeared in a very forgettable film in 1979 titled *Killer Fish*. They did not, however, become fast friends. Dan thought Majors was a real ass, and I assume Majors thought the same of Dan. Little love was lost between them.

The bad blood only deepened when Dan and Farrah’s affair became public. So, now I’m living in Sherman Oaks, and Dan, still playing for the Oilers, remained in Houston. One Sunday, Dan decided to fly to Los Angeles on a Sunday to spend quality time with Farrah. But when he

arrived, much to his dismay, Farrah told him she had scheduled a meeting with Lee that night to discuss some mutual business dealings, and she could not spend the evening with him.

On Sunday, I was off to my usual dinner and a movie at the Los Angeles Playboy Mansion. I left Sherman Oaks, drove over the mountain via Beverly Glen to Sunset Boulevard, turned left, then right on Charing Cross Road, passing those street corner vendors who sell outdated maps to starry-eyed out-of-town tourists seeking directions to the homes of the “rich and famous.”

When you arrive at the Mansion, you come to a magnificently designed iron gate. This is the house that Hef's girlfriend, Barbie Benton, had found for him. Just before the entrance, on the left side, is a large rock with a two-way radio system built into it so guests can identify themselves before being allowed entry onto the beautifully manicured grounds. Once past the gate, you pass the tennis court on the right and the wishing well Hef had built where he supposedly proposed to his beautiful wife, Kimberley. She lived next door in a fabulous house that Hef bought for her and their two sons because the marriage, like mine, didn't last. But, because of the boys, Hef still wanted them close.

Upon entering the Mansion, who should I run into but none other than Mr. Lee Majors, who, according to Ms. Fawcett, was supposed to be meeting with him that very night to settle some business dealings. Although Lee and I had never met, we did make a movie together some years later (*Keaton's Cops* 1990), he graciously introduced himself, and we started a conversation. He was charming, and I was at my charming best, but not a single word passed between us about Dan or Farrah. We chatted about everything except what we both wanted to really sink our teeth into; our estranged spouses are sleeping together!

Ten minutes or so passed, and Lee and I were still chatting away when who should saunter in but famous NFL quarterback, philandering husband, Italian stud, and absentee father, Dante Pastorini.

Farrah had lied to Dan about her meeting with Majors for reasons only known to her and decided to pass on his company that evening. Farrah must have tired of Mr. NFL Greek God, and the affair eventually fizzled. She eventually took up with one of Lee Majors' dearest, closest friends, actor Ryan O'Neal, her long-time companion and father to their child Redmond. Although their relationship was stormy at best, Ryan remained by Farrah's side until her tragic death in 2009 at age 62.

Anyway, back to the Playboy Mansion. Lee spotted Dan and was none too happy about it and must have decided this was the wrong place for a confrontation. He mumbled something to me and made a hasty retreat

into the crowd. I smiled at Mr. NFL as he strode toward me, very much alone and without the beautiful Farrah on his own.

I'll leave the details of the rest of the story of Dan and me for later. Stay tuned.

## *About the Author*

June Wilkinson was born on 27 March 1940 in Eastbourne, England. She started as a stage performer at 12 and became the youngest topless dancer at 15 at the Windmill Theatre in London from 1957 to 1958. During a promotional tour in the United States, she was discovered by Hugh Hefner. Her first appearance in *Playboy* in September 1958 was titled "The Bosom." She was a brunette in those days, but she was a blonde in later shoots.

Wilkinson's second *Playboy* appearance was photographed by Russ Meyer. Meyer was an independent photographer, filming his groundbreaking *The Immoral Mr. Teas* (1959). Because she was under contract to Seven Arts at the time, Wilkinson could not officially appear in Meyer's film. However, as an uncredited and unpaid favor to the director, Wilkinson's breasts can be seen through a window in one scene.

Wilkinson appeared in *Playboy* again in August 1959 in a spread titled "The Bosom in Hollywood." During this period, she appeared with Spike Jones' band and actor Billy Barty. Recalling this period in her career, Wilkinson later remembered Barty with affection but commented that Jones had no sense of humor off-stage. In 1960, Wilkinson was featured in *Playboy* five times, in June, July, August, October, and again in November. Her feature in the November issue was titled "The Bosom Revisits Playboy." Wilkinson appeared in the 1960 voodoo film *Macumba Love*, which promoted her measurements as "44-20-36". At times reported as up to "45-22-35", in 1963, Wilkinson stated that her measurements were actually "40-22-35".

In 1961 Wilkinson made several stage appearances on the U.S. West coast with performers such as Louis Jourdan in *The Marriage-Go-Round*, Sylvia Sidney in *Come Blow Your Horn*, and Milton Berle in *Norman, Is That You?* She had a brief role in John Cassavetes' 1962 film, *Too Late Blues*.

In December 1962, Wilkinson made her final appearance in *Playboy*, though her photos continued to appear in the magazine in anniversary and retrospective features. Though she was never an official Playboy Playmate, she was featured in the magazine on seven separate occasions and was one of the magazine's most popular photo subjects. She appeared in more than fifty other men's magazines and newspapers from 1958 to 1970, making her one of the most-photographed models of the era.

Wilkinson was the star of director Myron Gold's 1963 film *La Rabia* or *The Rage*. Directed in Mexico City, the film has Wilkinson as a stripper with a gigolo boyfriend. She met Dan Pastorini, NFL quarterback for the Houston Oilers and Oakland Raiders, in 1972, and they were married in 1973. They co-starred in the 1974 film *Florida Connection* (also known as *Weed*) for the producer of *Rage*. The couple divorced in 1982, and Wilkinson never remarried. She has a daughter, Brahna, by Pastorini.

In the 1970s-1980s, Wilkinson starred in a series of sex comedy teasers, such as "Three in a Bedroom," "The Ninety-Day Mistress," and "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?"

In 1997, in her late 50s, June came back for another nude shoot in *The Best of Glamour Girls: Then and Now* vol. 2 (Winter 1997). In 1999 when *Playboy* published its list of the "100 Sexiest Stars of the Century", June Came in at #30. Currently, she hosted *The Directors*, a Stars/Encore series where she interviewed filmmakers.

## *Filmography*

*Thunder in the Sun* (1959 - (uncredited)—*Mr. Tease and His Playthings* (uncredited)—*Grand Jury* (1960 - uncredited)—*The Private Lives of Adam and Eve* (1960)—*Career Girl* (1960)—*Macumba Love* (1960)—*77 Sunset Strip* (1961)—*Too Late Blues* (1961) (uncredited)—*The Continental Twist* (1961)—*Lover Come Back* (1961) as Sigrid Freud, Stripper on Standee—*The Bellboy and the Playgirls* (1962) as Madame Wimpepoole—*The Rage* (1962)—*Who's Got the Action?* (1962) as Bride—*The Candidate* (1964)—*Batman* (1968)—*The Doris Day Show* (1971)—*The ABC Comedy Hour* (1972)—*The Mack* (1973)—*The Florida Connection* (1975)—*Frankenstein's Great Aunt Tillie* (1984)—*Texas Godfather* (1985)—*Vasectomy: A Delicate Matter* (1986)—*Talking Walls* (1987)—*Medium Rare* (1987)—*Keaton's Cop* (1990)—*Three Bad Men* (2005).

## *Stage Performances:*

(Not in chronological order)

Pajama Tops—Keys for Two—Come Blow Your Horn—Any Wednesday  
—Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter—Fanny—Marriage-Go-Round—90-  
Day Mistress—Wally's Café—What the Butler Saw—Babes in the Woods  
—Baby Doll—Norman is that You—Mr. & Mrs.