



It Takes All Kinds

REMEMBER JOEL KAPLAN, the American millionaire who made a fantastic helicopter-escape from a Mexican prison a couple of years ago? Well, he's living under wraps here, allegedly in fear of his life but not too shy to discuss his exploits with Warren Hinckle III, the swashbuckling litterateur, and Bill Turner, the former FBI agent-turned-writer. The result of their heart-to-heart talks, a book titled "The Ten-Second Breakout," will be published by Henry Holt next month . . . Even after the book comes out, Kaplan isn't likely to surface. For one thing, the Mexicans would like to extradite him. For another, he admits he was running guns to Latin-American revolutionaries backed by Fidel Castro, and our Feds would like to talk to him about THAT.

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BACK FOR A MOMENT to ex-FBI Agent Turner. In the garage of his Mill Valley home are about 600 copies of one of the most famous "underground" books of the past decade. Titled "Farewell America" and printed in several languages on a Liechtenstein press, it purports to tell the real story of JFK's assassination (a right-wing plot, of course); although it caused a stir in Europe, no U.S. publisher would touch it. The author, one "James Hepburn," is actually a Frenchman named Herve Lamarre, whose pseudonym is a pun on his mad if unrequited passion for Audrey Hepburn ("J'aime Hepburn"). "I know Lamarre slightly," says Turner. "He shipped me the books in a big carton from Montreal, I'm not sure why. First time any have shown up in this country" . . . The book strikes this reader as what you'd get if you crossed a crocodile with an abalone. Right. A crococalone.

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TODAY'S believe - it - or - not