

TUESDAY, JUNE 19, 1984

DIANA HEARS

ART AND THE UNMENTIONABLES . . . Let's all catch up with Caryl Traten Fisher, now Caryl, a pianist and artist caught Kennedy Fever way back in '53. Then Jackie, as Jack's young bride, toted 300 unwelcome wedding presents out to Bethesda to peddle to Caryl's Papa, an antique dealer. All the Steuben ashtrays, silver boxes etc. came neatly wrapped in Jack's long winter-wooly drawers, which Caryl still clings to, for Sentiment. Anyhow. A year ago, Phyllis Diller hit town. She and Caryl met in the Ladies at the Prime Rib, where Caryl was showing photos of her Kennedy pics to a pal. Phyllis did a double-take, and promptly commissioned Caryl to paint her portrait. Arrangements were made. Photos flew back and forth. Caryl plied her bristles. This past weekend, Phyllis zoomed to town for some White House high jinks. Caryl grandly presented the finished pic, to whoops of joy from Phyllis and cries of "I want one too" from Rosemary Clooney. Caryl's Hollywood fame and fortune is assured . . . Meanwhile, another pal of Caryl's, Jere Silber, has just polished off a play called "Gatkahs" (That's Yiddish for underwear.) It's about a frightfully talented artist, much like Caryl, who finds fame through JFK's long Johns. Inspiration, darlings, is where you find it. Ear's motto, *toujours*. Tons more tomorrow.