



In Memoriam: Dunstan Coleman ('66)

(† December 2, 2015)



Remembrances from Classmates

Elizabeth (Loudes) McLaughlin ('66):

"I am deeply saddened at the news of Dunstan's passing. We were very close friends and in constant contact most of our lives. I will miss him sorely; he was a gracious and kind gentleman, an artist, a poet and a wonderfully imaginative thinker. He had an intense spiritual life. He was a loyal friend. We lived in the same city together for several years in the 70s, and although he never had any children of his own, he was a beloved "tonton" to my babies.

After school, some of us spent some time in Paris. Dunstan was there, writing, drawing, being a humoristic intellectual like so many young students. After that he was at Gethsemani monastery for a couple of years. As you may know, the Trappists take the vow of silence and the monastery in Trappist, Kentucky was a truly peaceful place to visit. We could only converse with him by special approval from the abbot and only in certain areas.



After Trappist, he went to Hawaii, reconnected with Annie Paquier Gaillard ('66), married and lived there quite some time. I remember Annie was at the Lycée our last year. I don't think she was there in 1ere, but I am not sure. She and Dunstan and I spent many hours at my house studying for our Bac with Jacques Fages. Dunstan then lived in Louisville for over 25 years. During that time he came to visit me in California. He was able to stay about a month one time and we shared some good moments touring places like Yosemite, Big Sur and Hearst Castle, typical California road trips. I don't know much about how he spent his time in Louisville except that he wrote a lot. May you rest in peace, dear Brother Dunstan."



Raymond Morini ('66): "I was saddened to hear the news about Dunstan for I was quite fond of him. He was an immensely likable friend and we were pretty close for a while during our Lycée years together. Sadly I lost track of him completely after I left the city but I often thought of him and wondered what had become of him. I still fondly remember the hours we spent building plastic model kits of airplanes and ships after school and, to be honest, he was a lot more skilled at it than I was. I also recall one winter holiday when he invited me, I think, to his grandparents' house in upstate N.Y. where we had a great time frolicking in the snow. I'm grateful for having known such a warm and wonderful human being and I will always cherish the memories of those happy times."



Gaby Longhi Chautin ('66): "Dear Charlotte, I was very sad to hear of Dunstan's passing. I remember him as being such a sweet, good looking boy. We were both 14 the last time I saw him so that remains my memory of him. So sad that he has gone so young. Sending you my condolences."

David Hill ('66): "Sad news. A gentle soul, a sly sense of humour, an inquiring spirit. R.I.P. Dunstan"

Gary Marton ('66): "I was very sorry to learn of Dustan's death. He and I (and Raymond Morini too) were fairly friendly for about a year or a year and a half until I left the Lycée after 3eme. He was terrifically nice, very bright, unpretentious, and open-minded. He turned me on to the Kingston Trio. We lost touch with each other, but somehow our paths crossed briefly during my junior year at Columbia. I wrote to him about the political revolution that I thought was taking place in the United States and he wrote back describing the spiritual revolution that was happening at the Trappist Abbey of Gesthemani in Kentucky."

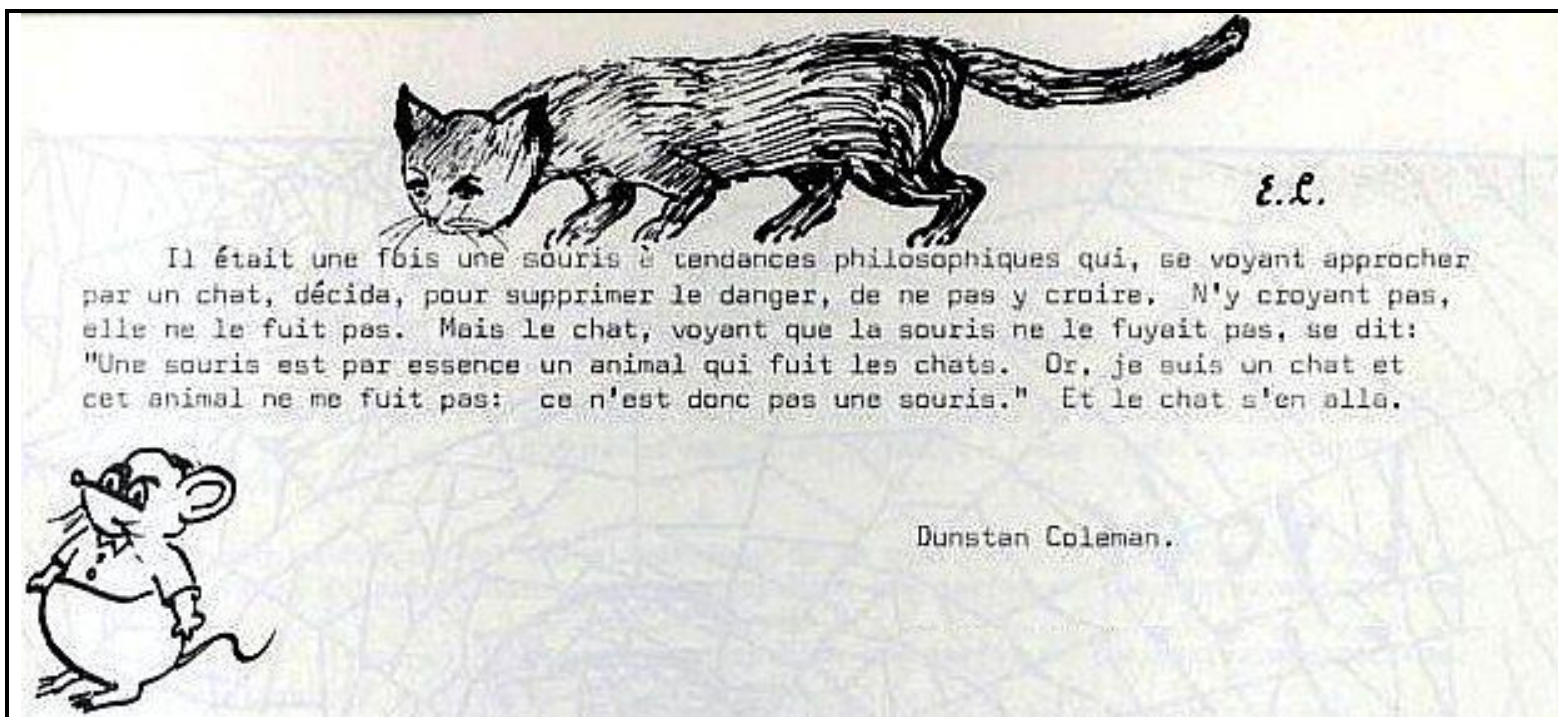
Claudia (Bové) Valeani ('66): "I am deeply saddened by the news concerning Dunstan Coleman. We were classmates for many years and he was a very warm and kind person."

Charles Pinto ('66): "Remember him well: Very reserved, courtois et un style de dessin très original. Pince sans rire. La photo ravive de nombreux bons souvenirs de cette classe et de Dunstan."

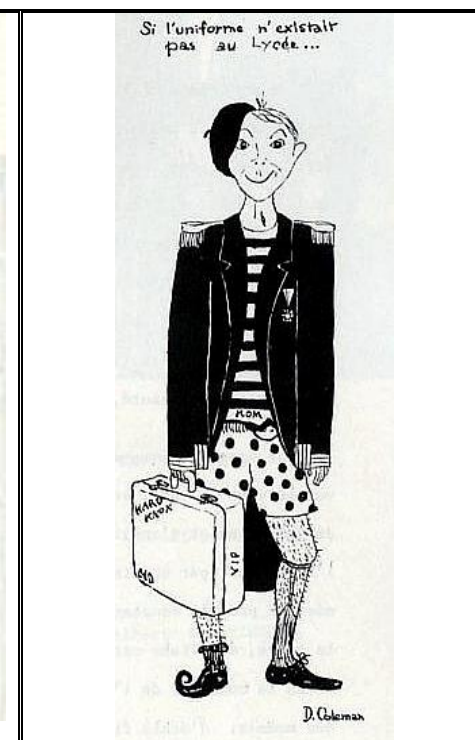
Rodrigo Calderon ('66): "Mes condoléances les plus sincères à la famille de Dunstan Coleman. Le sens de l'humour de Dunstan, ainsi que son talent, sa sympathie et son amitié ont fait que nos années ensemble au Lycée soient les plus mémorables de ma vie."

Monique (Bérard) Kinsolving ('66): "I just saw this notice, very sad. I remember Dunstan exactly as on the photo sent, young and full of promise. All my thoughts go to his sister, Charlotte."

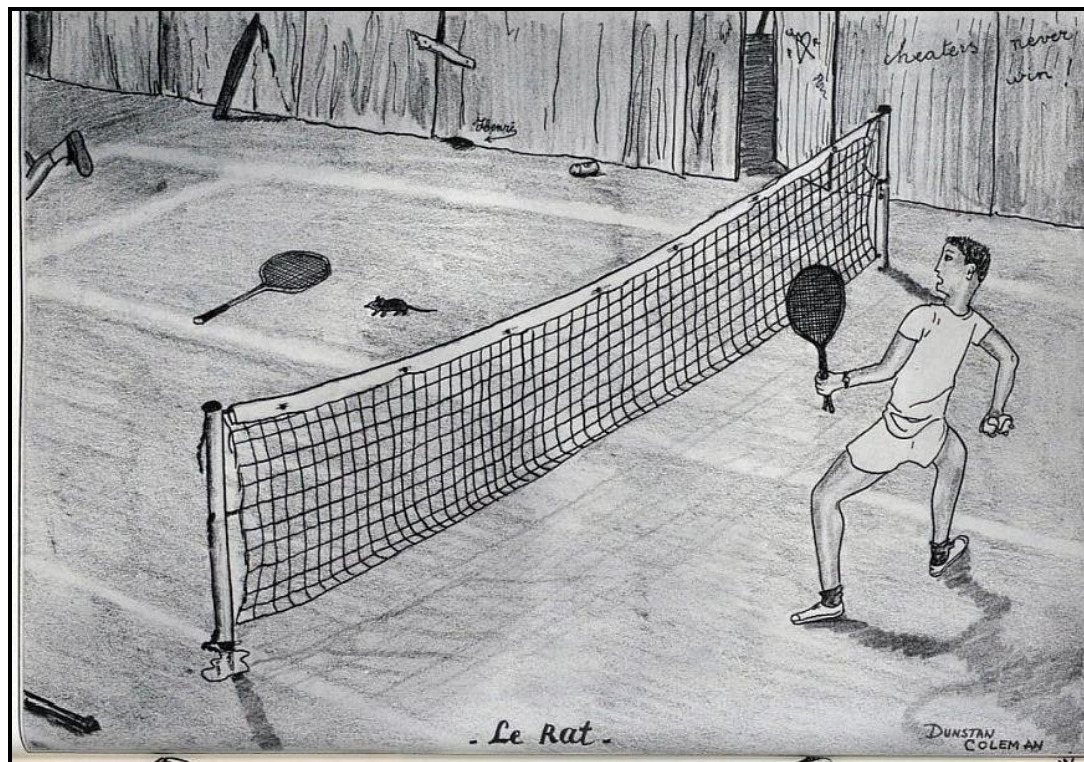
Irene Finel-Honigman ('66): "I was deeply saddened by the news of Dunstan Coleman's death. He was a very dear friend in 3eme and 2nde. Sensitive, brilliant, funny, he was also appreciated as a wonderful artist and cartoonist (see the '66 Yearbook). We lost touch after I left the Lycée in '65 and unfortunately he was a "lost" alumni with whom his Lycée friends were not able to reconnect. He passed away far too soon!"



from 1966 Yearbook in Terminale



from 1964 Yearbook in 2nde



from 1964 Yearbook in 2nde

Avez-vous jamais été transporté dans des pays lointains par une senteur dans l'air qui vous effleure les sens et vous éloigne insensiblement des terres de l'ennui? Avez-vous jamais plané sur des horizons marins lointains, calmes, éthérés, qui se confondent à l'infini avec le ciel bleu? Avez-vous jamais vu des déserts rouges comme le soleil dont les sables ardents ne connaissent pas la brise et où des flèches rocheuses s'élèvent témérairement vers l'immensité du ciel et projettent leur noire silhouette sur ce vaste silence? Avez-vous jamais suivi un fleuve d'air lumineux qui coule paresseusement dans les nues au sein des vapeurs d'un crépuscule?

Alors seulement vous inviterai-je à explorer avec moi les grands espaces de l'imagination.

Dunstan Coleman

from 1965 Yearbook in 1ere



Je tiens à vous dire que la Ville de New-York s'enfonce tranquillement dans l'Atlantique à l'allure d'un demi-centimètre par siècle; nous avons le temps de nous entretenir. On vient de me communiquer que je vais mourir de cancer à cinquante deux ans; nos vices l'emporteront quand même. Sachez que nos voisins vont, de leurs astronefs, arroser notre blé de particules radioactives; garons-nous vite! Bientôt la terre ne pourra plus nous contenir; débarrassons-nous des autres. Le mécanisme délicat de nos poumons s'enduit progressivement de l'air fatal de la ville. Au Baccalauréat j'aurai un examinateur qui déteste le romantisme. Que c'est beau la vie quand on est jeune!



Dunstan Coleman

from 1964 Yearbook in 2nde

Eux et Nous

4A 4B

Il n'y a vraiment rien à dire:
C'est une classe méprisable.
Ils sont si sérieux qu'ils font rire,
Et vous ne savez pas de quoi ils sont capables.

Ils ne vous souriront jamais
Parce qu'ils sont trop orgueilleux,
Et ils "préfèrent étudier".
Mais nous sommes beaucoup plus amusants qu'eux.

Y'a pas plus amicaux que nous,
Les plus populaires, c'est nous!
Personne ne joue au chat mieux que nous,
Mais le baccalauréat, c'est eux qui l'auront!

Dunstan Coleman

EUX ET NOUS

from 1962 Yearbook in 4eme