

The image features a central grey rectangular area with the text "Nobody There to Know" in a bold, serif font. This central area is surrounded by a collage of overlapping photographs. The photos show various views of a body of water, likely a lake, with a shoreline in the background. The photos are arranged in a way that they appear to be layered on top of each other, creating a sense of depth. The colors in the photos are primarily blues, greens, and browns, suggesting a natural, outdoor setting. The entire composition is set against a light grey, textured background.

**Nobody
There to
Know**



Duluth is a place no one ever goes. Or at least not very many people. It's not a usual destination and that's the attraction. Also there's nobody there to know. That's a plus. It's an exotic place in a way because of that, though probably not to the people who actually live there. Duluth's claims to fame are few. The largest open pit iron ore mine in the world is near Hibbing, about sixty miles away, where Bob Dylan grew up when he was Robert Zimmerman. The city itself has the farthest inland seaport in the world, 2,342 miles from the Atlantic Ocean. It has the Aerial Lift Bridge, the Rice's Point grain elevators, the Missabe ore docks, the Burlington Northern Ore docks, the Richard L. Bong Bridge, and Lake Superior. Catalysts for a slightly unfathomable and not entirely rational urge to go there.

The first night at the downtown Holiday Inn, on a deserted floor where the rooms



second year of college. Nordic, with dark hair, pretty in a way that makes "plain" almost a compliment. On that quick stop-over between teenager and woman, that short-lived, ineffable transition. Wanted to tell her that she should improve her posture, and that beyond that, there was a whole world out there that she should explore and see. Thought these things, and then left without uttering a word out onto the cold, dark street.

Ranged all over Duluth, not talking to anyone, just silent wandering. Beside the Aerial Lift Bridge there were the coal docks, the bulk freight docks, the lighthouse and Canal Park. The grain elevators were in use but were deserted, "No Trespassing" signs easy to ignore, and vast piers going out into Duluth Harbor Basin. Train tracks everywhere, two idling locomotives without any discernable engineers a ways off, and obsolete



with six books for purchase and seized with a desire for the middle-aged long-haired former and forever campus radical behind the counter to be impressed with the breadth of choices try to initiate a conversation by asking if it's the cashier's bookstore. "I just work here". Rebuffed, so just handed over the money and took the books out the door.

Inside the Fond-Du-Luth Casino to buy cigarettes and found the Indians. All the dealers and workers at the concession stands in the grimly lit cavernous space are Indian. There's an atmosphere of defeat emanating from the gamblers and workers alike. They all look really unhealthy too. Like the men at Pointer's, irrevocably estranged from their past connected to any kind of mystical connection to nature and meaningful existence. Walk over to John's Red Lion. More Indians. Drunk injuns. Really wasted. Besides the