

# Bob Dylan Duluth Tour



## Historic Duluth Armory

13th Avenue East and London Rd. (Historic US Hwy. 61)

[www.armorycenter.org](http://www.armorycenter.org)

“When I was about 16 or 17 years old, I went to hear Buddy Holly play at the Duluth National Guard Armory, and I was three feet away from him, and he looked at me and,...I know he was with us all the time we were making this record in some kind of way.”

~ Bob Dylan accepting the 1998 Grammy for Album of the Year “Time Out of Mind.”

“Buddy was royalty, and I felt like she {Carolyn Hester} was my connection to it, to the rock-and-roll music that I’d played earlier, to that spirit.”

~ Chronicles vol. 1, pg. 277

“Sometimes on the road Dylan stops by the homes or graves of musicians he admires....He’s made pilgrimages in Texas to search out Buddy Holly and Roy Orbison.”

~ Bob Dylan’s America” by Douglas Brinkley, Rolling Stone, May 14, 2009



## Historic US Highway 61

London Road, Superior Street

“Highway 61, the main thoroughfare of the country blues, begins about where I came from . . . Duluth to be exact. I always felt like I’d started on it, always had been on it and could go anywhere from it, even down into the deep Delta country.”

~ Chronicles vol. 1, pg. 240

## Leif Erikson Park and Statue

12th Avenue East & London Rd., across from Armory, and down to Lakewalk level.

“One time my parents took me to see Harry Truman speak at a political rally in Duluth’s Leif Erikson Park. Leif Erikson was a Viking who was supposed to have come to this part of country way before the Pilgrims”

~ Chronicles vol. 1, pg. 230

## Former home of Louie Kemp

3700 London Road

Dylan visited and stayed there many times over the years that his old friend owned the house.



## Dylan’s Childhood house

519 North Third Avenue East

Dylan (Robert Allen Zimmerman, birth name of Bob Dylan) and his family lived in the second floor flat until they moved to Hibbing when Dylan was six years old. A marker was placed at the birth home on May 24, 2016.

### **Nettleton Elementary School**

108 East 6th Street (1st Avenue East and Sixth Street)

Dylan attended kindergarten here prior to moving to Hibbing.

### **St. Mary's Hospital**

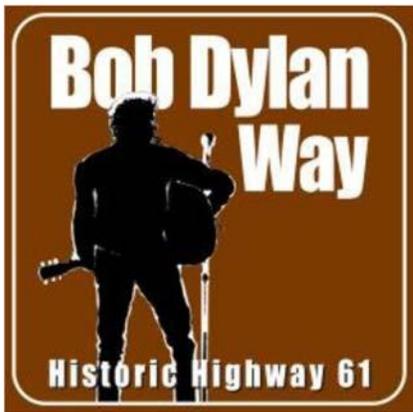
407 E. Third Street

Dylan was born here May 24, 1941 (Robert Zimmerman)

### **Fitger's Brewery Complex**

600 East Superior Street

Duluth Dylan Display near the Fitger's Brewhouse Brewery & Grille Restaurant.



### **Bob Dylan Way**

5th Avenue West & Michigan Street to 14th Avenue East & London Road.

Bob Dylan Way runs through the heart of a downtown Duluth. The pathway traces 1.8 miles of Duluth's downtown and arts district, extending from Michigan Street at 5th Avenue West to 15th Avenue East and London Road. It follows segments of three major arteries: Michigan Street, Superior Street and London Road. Bob Dylan Way connects cultural assets from the Depot to the Armory and helps to create a comprehensive vision of Duluth's vibrant downtown community. [www.bobdylanway.com](http://www.bobdylanway.com)



### **Bob Dylan Way Manhole Covers**

Three Dylan inspired manhole covers are located along the pathway at the intersection of 5th Avenue West and Michigan Street; in front of Fitger's Brewery Complex at 600 East Superior Street; and at the corner of 13th Avenue East and London Road, near the historic Duluth Armory.

### **Bayfront Park**

South 5th Avenue West

Site of July 3, 1999 Bob Dylan Concert.

"You know, I was born up on the hill over there. (Applause) I was glad to see that it's still there. (Laughter). You know, my first girlfriend came from here. She was so conceited that I used to call her Mimi." Bob then threw his head back in fake laughter and Tony did a little rim shot. It was a pretty lame joke, but I think that was the point. Bob is a pretty nutty guy and sometimes I wonder if he isn't the strangest person in rock and roll history. Of course, if he is, that makes him all the more appealing.

~ Review by Andrew Neuendorf

Home of KUMD Radio 103.3 which features Highway 61 Revisited, a weekly show focused on Bob Dylan's music streaming on the web [www.kumd.org](http://www.kumd.org) every Saturday at 5:00pm and replayed every Monday at 5:00pm. The show was created by the late John Bushey, who hosted the show for more than 25 years (October 1992 to February 2018) and is now hosted by Miriam.

"I'd grown up there in Hibbing but had been born in Duluth, about seventy-five miles away to the east on the edge of Lake Superior, the big lake that the Indians call Gitche Gumee....What I recall mostly about Duluth are the slate gray skies and the mysterious foghorns, violent storms that always seemed to be coming straight at you and merciless howling winds off the big black mysterious lake with treacherous ten-foot waves. People said that having to go out onto the deep water was like a death sentence. Most of Duluth was on a slant. Nothing is level there. The town is built on the side of a steep hill, and you're always either hiking up or down."

~ Chronicles vol. 1, pgs. 229-30

"I ask Dylan if he minds people visiting Hibbing or Duluth or Minneapolis searching for the root of his talent. 'Not at all,' he surprisingly says....As for Duluth, where his grandparents lived, he thinks it's one of the country's forgotten gems. 'You'll never see another town like Duluth,' he says. 'It's not a tourist destination, but it probably should be. Depends what season you're in there, though. There are only two seasons: damp and cold. I like the way the hills tumble to the waterfront and the way the wind blows around the grain elevators. The train yards go on forever, too. It's old-age industrial, that's what it is. You'll see it from the top of the hill for miles and miles before you get there. You won't believe your eyes. I'll give you a medal if you get out alive.'...Dylan is so down-home that he considers the boondocks of Hibbing-Duluth to be far grander than Paris."

~ Bob Dylan's America" by Douglas Brinkley, Rolling Stone, May 14, 2009

"If I was to go back to the dawning of it all, I guess I'd have to start with Buddy Holly. Buddy died when I was about eighteen and he was twenty-two. From the moment I first heard him, I felt akin. I felt related, like he was an older brother. I even thought I resembled him. Buddy played the music that I loved – the music I grew up on: country western, rock 'n' roll, and rhythm and blues. Three separate strands of music that he intertwined and infused into one genre. One brand. And Buddy wrote songs – songs that had beautiful melodies and imaginative verses. And he sang great – sang in more than a few voices. He was the archetype. Everything I wasn't and wanted to be. I saw him only but once, and that was a few days before he was gone. I had to travel a hundred miles to get to see him play, and I wasn't disappointed. He was powerful and electrifying and had a commanding presence. I was only six feet away. He was mesmerizing. I watched his face, his hands, the way he tapped his foot, his big black glasses, the eyes behind the glasses, the way he held his guitar, the way he stood, his neat suit. Everything about him. He looked older than twenty-two. Something about him seemed permanent, and he filled me with conviction. Then, out of the blue, the most uncanny thing happened. He looked me right straight dead in the eye, and he transmitted something. Something I didn't know what. And it gave me the chills.

~ Bob Dylan, Nobel Prize Acceptance Speech, June 2017