



## *Pelle Molin (1864 – 1896)*

*Writer and Artist of Ådalen*

Petrus (Pelle) Molin was born July 8, 1864, in the village of Tjäll south of Sollefteå. He was the second eldest of seven siblings. His father was the homestead owner Abraham Abrahamsson-Molin (1821 – 1906) and his mother was Anna Helena Lidblom (1829-1876). The mother died when Pelle was 12 years old and he came to mourn her deeply.

He was a restless soul with little time for toil and moil or monotonous jobs but with impulsive plans and dreams. Much of his life was marked by rapid spinning between joy, exhilaration and optimism to bottomless pessimism and unreasoning anger.

A Bohemian with a rare ability and talent to paint colorful and alive both with words and with the brush...

Studies at grammar school was not a success - but the painting was brought to life by the wildlife painter Johan Tirén in Oviken. In September 1887 he was adopted at the Art Academy in Stockholm, but he did not like it there. When his father no longer wanted to pay for his bad studies he went to Näsåker without money and housing.

He got help with simple shelter before he could move into the log cabin at Prästnipan, which has become well-known as "Pelle Molin's stuga". He lived in great poverty there but with a certain pride and even with some arrogance towards people around him.

The time in Näsåker has come to count as Pelle Molin's most productive in terms of both painting and writing. He caught the water cascades of Nämforsen like no other, and several of his famous stories were written in Näsåker. (Published long after his death).

In late September 1894 he broke up from Näsåker and went along on foot with the medicine student Fredrik Lindskog over to Norway. Pelle Molin finally arrived at Bodö, where he was on active adventures both in the mountains and out to sea with the fishermen of Lofoten. He searched for stories to write and motifs to paint. All this was fatal and he became ill, and finally he fell asleep like a tired child on April 26 1896 – before he even turned 32 years...

He never reached his dream destination Paris and André's balloon, which he had hoped to paint, he never saw lift from Spetsbergen. His paintings, his stories, his letters are left for us and for coming generations. A memorial stone, higher than most of the rest, are in Breivika in Bodö, and even at his home in Tjäll there is a memorial stone with his face in relief.