

ARKIV

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AVEC UNE TABLE DES AUTEURS DES
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IMPRIMERIE ROYALE. P. A. NORSTEDT & SÖNER

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the glory of my country; for my family, in giving us a most memorable experience on which we shall look back with great pleasure all our lives; and for my colleagues, because, in honouring me, you honour them also.

M. FAULKNER:

I feel that this award was not made to me as a man but to my work — a life's work in the agony and sweat of the human spirit, not for glory but to make out of the material of the human spirit something which was not there before; so this award is only mine in trust. It will not be hard to find a dedication for the money part of it to commemorate with the purpose and the significance of its origin but I would like to do the same with the acclaim too by using this fine moment as a pinnacle from which I might be listened to by the young man or young woman, already dedicated to the same anguish and sweat, who will some day stand here where I am standing.

Our tragedy today is a general and universal physical fear so long sustained by now that we can even bear it. There are no longer problems of the spirit. There is only the question: When will I be blown up? Because of this, the young man or woman writing today has forgotten the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself which alone can make good writing because only that is worth writing about, worth the agony and the sweat.

He must learn them again, he must teach himself that the basest of all things is to be afraid, and teaching himself that, forget it forever leaving no room in his workshop for anything but the old verities and truths of the heart, the old universal truths lacking which any story is ephemeral and doomed — love and honor and pity and pride and compassion and sacrifice. Until he does so, he labors under a curse. He writes not of love but of lust, of defeats in which nobody loses anything of value, of victories without hope and, worst of all, without pity or compassion. His griefs grieve on no universal bones, leaving no scars. He writes not of the heart but of the gland.

Until he relearns these things, he will write as though he stood among and watched the end of man. I do not believe in the end of man. It is easy enough to say that man is immortal simply because he will endure: that when the last ding-dong of doom has clanged and faded from the last worthless rock hanging tideless in the last red and dying evening, that even then there will still be one more sound: that of his puny inexhaustible voice still talking. I believe more than this. I believe man will not merely endure, he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he, alone among creatures, has an inexhaustible voice but because he has a soul, a spirit, capable of compassion and sacrifice

and endurance. The poet's, the writer's duty is to write about these things. It is his privilege to help man endure by lifting his heart, by reminding him of courage and honor and hope and pride and compassion and pity. The poet's voice need not merely be the record of man, it can be one of the props to help him endure and prevail.

A la fin, M. MAX VON LAUE parla pour les lauréats des années précédentes, surtout pour ceux qui avaient été empêchés de venir.

Plus tard, dans la soirée M. POWELL a dit ces mots aux représentants des organisations des étudiants suédois qui étaient venus pour rendre hommage aux lauréats:

My dear students, students of Sweden,

I have the privilege of replying to your kind greetings on behalf of the assembled Nobel Laureates.

It has seemed to me possible that if you have read of the great names and achievements of those assembled in this Hall — and if you have heard the speeches this afternoon about this year's prizemen — that you might have reached the conclusion that everything possible has been written or discovered — that nothing remains to be done. Let me do what I can to remove any such impression.

Twenty five years ago, when I was a student under Lord RUTHERFORD, he used to conclude the series of lectures in which he had described the then recent great advances in our knowledge of the atomic nuclei, by saying "It's all right boys, don't worry, we haven't discovered it all; much remains to be done". Surely I speak for my generation when, in turn, I say "It's all right, boys and girls, nature is inexhaustible and the process of discovery endless". All of us, of course, feel with NEWTON, that we are like boys who have picked up a few bright pebbles on the beach, whilst the great ocean of truth opens out before us.

You then will join us in the task, and will continue when we shall leave it. Let me wish you good fortune and persistence. Good fortune, for chance plays some rôle in the lives of scientists as in all human affairs, and opportunity does not knock with equal insistence on every man's door. And persistence in order that you may take advantage of opportunity when it comes. In this connection let me quote some words of a Greek philosopher, a natural philosopher, who more than two thousand years ago wrote to this effect: "Those who

are altogether unaccustomed to research are at the first exercise of their intelligence befogged and blinded and quickly desist owing to fatigue and failure of intellectual power, like those who without training attempt a race. But one who is accustomed to investigations, worming his way through and turning in all directions, does not give up the search, I will not say day or night, but his whole life long. He will not rest, but will turn his attention to one thing after another which he considers relevant to the subject under investigation until he arrives at the solution of his problem." This is the authentic voice of the spirit of enquiry, coming to us across the centuries, a voice which has a message for us all.

We thank you most warmly for your good wishes and for your delightful entertainment. May you contribute to the great Swedish traditions in the arts and sciences which give such lustre to the Nobel foundation.
