

Ladies and gentlemen,

In my childhood memory, however I was less than 6 years old, I still have that atmosphere – the intellectual spark of the 1960s that took place in a group of young mathematicians gathered around my father. To this day, I find in those memories their fervour, self-confidence and faith in their mission, with which they were about to conquer the mathematical world. They felt entitled to belong among the best. They felt like leaders.

At that time, I thought my father was the smartest person in the world. Which I guess there's nothing that unusual about. However, despite my later personal encounter with a number of his human weaknesses, I still have the impression that the synthesis of knowledge he had in his head, his insight into mathematical and philosophical problems, and the ability to bring solutions was something unique and irreplaceable. I don't doubt that with his death, an extraordinary intellectual power left. And the fundamental question I'm asking myself is whether his work can be preserved in the current world. If his work; the trace of his work will persist even though it seems almost impossible in this commercial time full of ballast and false prophecies. If his work gradually falls into oblivion and will be overwhelmed by the current bureaucracy of science, against which he has so often defined himself. Or if it will resonate in other great brains and the philosophy and science of the future will draw from it.

There's not much hope left. Actually, it's just you -- his friends, his collaborators, followers... But on the other hand, Jesus had only the twelve helpless followers and died on the periphery of the then world, comparable to its insignificance with the current Czech Republic.

Ultimately, despite our efforts and despite our helplessness, the work will probably decide itself — the intellectual strength hidden in it. And the award of this prize associated with the name of such a distinguished thinker is a good sign and promise. I appreciate it very much and on behalf of my father, I thank you.

Martin Vopěnka