Scholar 241

Chapter 241

Next was the Goldbach's conjecture proof.

At this point, he was a lot more relaxed.

After one created the tool, fulfilling its mission was a piece of cake.

He only had to do one thing.

Under the gaze of the audience, Lu Zhou pointed the laser on the slide.

[Let N denote a sufficiently large even number, and let Px(1,1) be the number of primes p satisfying N=p1+p2. Life Cn={∏p|x,p2}(p-1)/(p-2){∏p2}(1-1/(p-1)^2), and there is a limit group G=…]

[…]

The atmosphere and tension of the lecture hall were at its peak.

When the Group Structure Method was incorporated into Goldbach's conjecture, every listener held their breath in fear of missing a single detail.

Maynard stared at the stage. His pupils were dilated as he murmured to himself.

"Bombieri theorem! It turns out… He really did it, it's incredible."

With Lu Zhou's finishing touches, all of the steps were clear.

It was like Lu Zhou had removed the curtains and unveiled everything to him.

As an expert in prime numbers, he felt the most profound.

Although, this was not what he had expected.

Evan, who sat next to him, was muddled.

This UK bloke gave up on trying to understand the Group Structure Method, and he quietly waited for the final result.

He heard his supervisor said that it was probably correct.

Evan could not help but look awkward.

A few days ago, he took his supervisor's blog post around and swore to people that this report was a joke.

Now? The joke was on him.

On the other side of the lecture hall, Helfgott sat still. He closed the notebook in his hand and had a face of approval.

Before he arrived at the hall, he had already read Lu Zhou's thesis more than a dozen times. He even wrote down his questions in a notebook and was planning on asking the questions during the questions and answers session.

However, it seemed that his notebook would not come in handy.

The reason was that his questions were already answered in Lu Zhou's presentation.

It was not just Helfgott who got the answers he wanted, but Lu Zhou who stood on stage also got his answers.

Lu Zhou felt a sense of affirmation from his peers.

Finally, he arrived at the last step.

[… Obviously, we have Px(1,1)≥P(x,x^{1/16})-(1/2)∑Px(x,p,x)-Q/2-x^(log4)…(30)]

[From the equation (30), Lemma 8, Lemma 9, Lemma 10, it can be proved that theorem 1 holds.]

[Proof complete.]

This was the last page of the PowerPoint. Everyone in the lecture hall froze.

This silence was broken by Lu Zhou.

Lu Zhou had been speaking for 40 minutes. He cleared his throat and said with a raspy voice, “The proof of Goldbach’s conjecture is over. I think that I have proved this proposition.”

The audience had been waiting for this.

The world had been waiting for this.

The letter from Moscow to Berlin was in 1742, two and a half centuries ago.

After countless efforts spanning through generations, Lu Zhou finally placed down the last brick on this conjecture building.

The mathematics community received the final puzzle piece.

The second he finished talking, the lecture hall was filled with applause.

The applause continued for a long time…

…

To Lu Zhou's surprise, he thought that the real challenge was going to be the Q&A session, but the Q&A session was actually very easy.

A few big names in number theory asked some simple questions and sat back down. Lu Zhou thought that he would have to extend the Q&A session, but he finished on time.

After the report finished, the dean of the Princeton Institute for Advanced Study took a bottle of champagne and gave Lu Zhou a warm hug on stage.

This mathematical physicist was famous for his string theory as he won the Dirac Medal, the highest honor in the field of mathematical physics.

"Congratulations, Dr. Lu Zhou," said Goddard as he patted Lu Zhou's shoulder. He smiled and stuffed the bottle of champagne in his arms, "Take this, this trophy of champagne belongs to you!"

Lu Zhou took the bottle of champagne and smiled as he said humbly, "Isn't there a peer review?"

Lu Zhou felt that it was a bit early to pop the champagne.

However, Goddard did not think so. He smiled and said, "Of course, Annual Mathematics will still organize a six people jury to independently review your thesis. However, popping champagne is Princeton's report tradition. This is Princeton's gift to you, so you can think of it as a type of pressure."

Actually, this was Oxford and Cambridge's tradition. However, Princeton was one of the few Oxford-style universities in America, and Goddard was a Cambridge graduate, so it was not ridiculous to call it a tradition.

The review process of a world-class mathematics problem could take a long time. This depended on the complexity of the proof process and the prover's own articulation of their proof.

During this period, Lu Zhou must answer all questions coming from the juries.

Therefore, this bottle of champagne was not just a celebration, but it was also a spur of encouragement for Lu Zhou to run the finish line.

If he gave up, he still had to return the bottle of champagne.

Although the champagne did not worth much, no one wanted to do this.

Lu Zhou took the champagne in his hand and felt the pressure.

Goddard encouraged him with a smile and patted his shoulder as he said, "Open it, this glory belongs to you!"

With the encouragement from the dean, Lu Zhou no longer hesitated.

A winner should not be overly cautious as the chances of the thesis being rejected were less than one in a million.

Not to mention, his proof process had already been affirmed by the "system".

He believed that he could answer all of the questions asked by the juries.

Right now, he had to be more confident in his own research. He had to let his parents, schools, Princeton, and even country, to be proud of his glory.

Foam sprouted out of the bottle of champagne and the people sitting in the front row even got a little wet. However, no one complained. Instead, they were all laughing.

The people at the back were jealous as they wanted to get soaked as well.

The two reporters standing on both sides of the lecture hall used their cameras to capture the moment of victory.

Maybe tomorrow, the photo of Lu Zhou holding the bottle of champagne would be on the cover of Times Magazine, just like Wiles was.

However, right now, Lu Zhou did not want to think about those useless things.

He swore that this bottle of champagne was the best drink he has ever tasted.

The taste was extraordinarily sweet, creamy.

It was intoxicating…

Chapter 242

However, Faltings was in algebraic geometry, so why was he here?

Although Lu Zhou did use algebraic geometry, he did not use it often.

Lu Zhou took the name list and said, “I hope these masters will be merciful.”

“Merciful? Impossible! This is one of the crowns in analytic number theory,” said Evans with a smile. He patted Lu Zhou’s arm and said, “Professor Saneck of the Institute of Advanced Studies is quite optimistic about your thesis. So, be more confident in yourself. I believe in you, come on!”

Lu Zhou obviously knew who Saneck was. Princeton's Saneck was one of the famous editors for the Annual Mathematics journal, a 2014 Wolf Prize winner.

Although Saneck was not as strong as Faltings or Iwaniec, he was still well-versed in the field of number theory.

However, due to conflicts of interest, this name list only contained one researcher from the Princeton Institute for Advanced Study and that researcher was not Peter Saneck. Two researchers from École Normale Supérieure were also on that line.

Actually, Evans was wrong.

It was not from tomorrow. The moment his report ended, Lu Zhou had already begun to get busy.

When he left the lecture hall, he was ambushed by the reporters.

"Mr. Lu Zhou, I'm from Princeton Daily. Can I ask if you'll be teaching at Princeton? Will you return to China?"

Lu Zhou, "Of course, China is my home. I'll always go back. At the same time, I really enjoy Princeton's academic environment. This is a good place to do an academic exchange. If Princeton wants to offer me a teaching position, I'll gladly accept it."

"Hello, Mr. Lu Zhou, I'm a reporter from the Daily Mail. How do you feel about your report today?"

"I was nervous and excited… Therefore, right now I need to rest, and I really do. You guys can interview my supervisor, Professor Deligne. He has been a huge help. He knows my research very well…"

The reporters gave Lu Zhou a hard time with these technical questions while Lu Zhou tried to escape.

However, he did not know that this was just the beginning.

In the evening, at the banquet at Princeton Hotel, the Princeton Institute for Advanced Study held a dinner party for scholars to meet each other. In reality, this dinner party was just for Lu Zhou.

Other than the Poincaré conjecture and ABC conjecture, the Goldbach's conjecture was one of the most important academic achievements in recent times. Furthermore, this achievement was in the field of number theory.

When Lu Zhou arrived in the ballroom of the Princeton Hotel, he immediately became the spotlight of the party.

Although he tried to avoid the crowd by going to get food, people would not let him go, and they kept trying to talk to him.

After Lu Zhou grabbed a piece of steak and placed it on his plate, he saw a middle-aged man in a suit walking over with a glass of champagne.

"Hello, I'm John Morgan, the head of mathematics at Columbia University."

"I'm Lu Zhou, nice to meet you," said Lu Zhou. He nodded his head and politely shook his hand.

"It's nice to meet you too. Your research results were quite amazing. Honestly, I have never seen a young mathematician at your level."

Morgan was a very socially intelligent guy, and his praise almost made Lu Zhou embarrassed.

The two started to chat, and soon after, Morgan started to talk about Columbia University.

"… Columbia University has many outstanding Chinese mathematicians. Like Zhang Wei and Zhang Waowu, they're very good scholars. You will be able to communicate with many excellent Chinese students at Columbia. It's definitely the most accepting place toward Chinese students in America. If you want, we can give you a teaching offer."

Professor Morgan cut straight to the point.

Lu Zhou smiled awkwardly. He wanted to say something like, “I’ll consider your offer”, but Professor Deligne interrupted.

“Those things you said, Princeton can provide them as well.”

Morgan froze. He then looked over and had a weird smile.

“… Deligne? Oh, my friend, I didn’t expect to see you here.”

“Nice to see you too, Professor Morgan,” said Deligne. He looked at Lu Zhou and said, “I was planning to wait until tomorrow, but since the opportunity is here, I want to announce something.”

When the people nearby heard this exchange, they stopped talking and listened carefully.

Deligne stared at Lu Zhou and spoke with a formal tone.

“Lu Zhou.”

Lu Zhou felt a sense of seriousness. He subconsciously stood up straighter and put on formal expression.

Deligne looked at his student and nodded as he said, “Given the results that you have achieved during your PhD, you have proven your academic ability. After discussing with Princeton Institute for Advanced Study, we decided to grant you your PhD.”

The crowd around Professor Deligne started to applaud.

A few younger students even whistled.

There were both Chinese students and Princeton students from the Ivy Club. They were worshiping this god from the bottom of their heart.

A PhD was nothing special.

Getting a PhD in three months, however, would undoubtedly be written in Princeton's school history, or maybe even in world history.

However, Professor Deligne had not finished speaking. It was clear that he had more to say.

After the crowd quieted down, he spoke with a calm voice.

"At the same time, Princeton Institute for Advanced Study decided to offer you a faculty position at the Princeton Institute. This is because of the series of major breakthroughs you have made in the field of prime numbers."

Professor Deligne looked at Lu Zhou with approval.

"The offer will be sent to you along with your degree certificate. Of course, whether or not you will accept that offer, is entirely up to you."

The few old professors were not surprised. However, those who were younger held their breath.

Maybe some people thought that the title of a professor was nothing special.

However, this was the Princeton Institute for Advanced Study, the world center of mathematics!

In addition, Lu Zhou was only 21 years old…

Jealousy almost turned into resentment…

Morgan stopped speaking. Instead, he shrugged and had a hopeless expression.

Columbia University was no match for Princeton Institute for Advanced Study. Even if Morgan offered the position of head of the department, Lu Zhou might not even accept.

Lu Zhou was stunned by this question.

He took a deep breath.

"… What is the offer?"

Professor Deligne spoke in a tone that implied redundancy.

"Of course it is for a full professorship, what else could it be?"

Chapter 243

Group Structure Method just did not sound cool…

If he called it something like the "Cosmic Theory", it would be way better.

After Lu Zhou finished his graduation procedure, he took a photo of his degree certificate and doctor's hat and posted it on Weibo.

His Weibo blew up again.

However, this time it blew up beyond his expectations.

[F*ck, a PhD should take 9 years, why do you get to do it in 3 months?]

[21-year-old full professor? Nutty, even younger than Professor Charles.]

[I think it's more impressive that he got his PhD in three months.]

[No no, do you guys know why this dude graduated so soon? I heard that he proved Goldbach's conjecture, and did a report at Princeton…]

[F*ck, no way?!]

[Pray to God Lu…]

[Lu Zhou, send us a photo. I'll post it on my wall as good luck.]

[…]

Lu Zhou had not expected people to know about him solving Goldbach's conjecture. It seemed that many foreign exchange students followed his Weibo.

After that, the discussion became more and more intense. Some people even took screenshots of the articles from the New York Times and Philadelphia Daily. Some people even posted the link to the thesis in arXiv.

Then…

"Princeton's youngest professor" and "Goldbach's conjecture" started trending online.

Due to Hua Luogeng and Chen Jingrun's connection to Goldbach's conjecture, the significance of this conjecture was beyond academics. It was politically involved.

What Lu Zhou did not know was that not only his thesis on arXiv was spread around online, it even blew up in the Chinese mathematics community. In fact, it even aroused the attention of political circles.

However, no one stood up to express their views, because they were all waiting for the results from Annual Mathematics.

At this moment, Lu Zhou had not realized the significance of his thesis as he had put all of his energy into the peer review of Annual Mathematics.

The six reviewers were all big names in the mathematics world and they pointed out many problems in Lu Zhou's thesis. Lu Zhou had been actively revising every problem.

Fortunately, he was not like Wiles, who was stuck on an "obvious" problem for over a year.

The second week of the peer review…

Lu Zhou finally received feedback from the Annual Mathematics reviewers, and Evans handed him the file.

The words used by Faltings were concise. He had almost never praised anyone, but he summarized his opinion in one sentence, "Good proof."

Henryk Iwaniec was nicer to young mathematicians. He wrote a little more, and even gave his expectations toward young mathematicians, "… The application of group theory in the thesis is shocking. I look forward to your future success. Regardless of the opinions of my peers, it seems to me that you have successfully proved this problem."

Helfgott's point of view was similar to another scholar from École Normale Supérieure. The two probably exchanged ideas, and they both had high opinions on the Group Structure Method.

Lu Zhou turned the page and read the final review comment.

Then, he looked at Evans.

Evans smiled and reached out his hand.

“Congratulations, Professor Lu, your thesis will be published in the next issue of Annual Mathematics!”

…

In the editorial office of the Washington Times, Keane Larter sat in his office chair. He scrolled his mouse while reading the news on his computer.

Suddenly he was attracted by a piece of news, and he was mildly surprised by it. He bit his tongue and spoke with a teasing tone.

“Oh, I can’t believe it, the Goldbach’s conjecture was proved by a chink?”

It was safe to say that America was extremely sensitive to racism. It was unacceptable to call racial slurs in public. However, the editorial department of the Washington Times was different as they did not employ Chinese employees.

At most, the Korean employees would chuckle.

It was worth noting that the Washington Times was different than the Washington Post. The latter was one of the largest and oldest newspapers in America while the former was founded in 1982 by a Korean guy called Sun Myung Moon.

This was interesting as even though this newspaper had been operating for over thirty years, it did not strengthen the US-Korea relationship. The main objective was to attack China and post smear remarks to boost their audience engagement.

However, because the political status of this newspaper was too extreme, this newspaper had been losing money for over 20 years.

This newspaper had drawn controversy for publishing racist content, including commentary and conspiracy theories about Barack Obama.

Bob, who was sitting nearby, walked over to the computer screen and said, “This is big… We have to interview him.”

“Not only do we have to interview, but we also have to help this Chinese guy do propaganda,” said Larter with a smirk as he closed the website. As he opened a document and started tapping on his keyboard, he asked, “Think about it, how should we write the press release? A chink solves Goldbach’s conjecture?”

Bob hesitated before he said, “We could get sued.”

Although their boss, Sun Myung Moon, did not like China, he did not like racial slurs either.

“I know what’s within the rules and what’s not…” said Larter as he waved his hand. He said, “Right now, I need inspiration.”

The female assistant Pereira was sitting at her desk on her computer. She suddenly said, “Remember the end of 2015? Professor Opiyem from Nigeria thought that he solved Riemann’s conjecture. He wrote to Clay Institute, but they still haven’t responded to this matter.”

She graduated from the Department of Journalism at Washington State University, so her level of education was much higher than her boss. Her boss was only admitted to the editorial office due to his political stance.

Therefore, Larter respected her views.

“I remember,” said Bob. He added, “I remember Daily Mail first interviewed him, but there was no follow-up.”

Larter spun around on his chair. He held his chin and asked: “…”

“I just checked on Wikipedia. Riemann’s conjecture is a guess that all prime numbers can be expressed as a function,” said Pereira. She spun her pen and said, “It says here that Goldbach’s conjecture is also related to the prime numbers, so… Is there any connection between the two?”

She was not very knowledgeable in pure mathematics, but she had a degree, so at the very least, she knew how to do a google search.

Larter’s eyes suddenly lit up.

She does make sense…

Bob said, “I remember that Goldbach’s conjecture is 1+1 = 2, right?”

“Oh, Bob, you uncultured swine. Even I know that 1+1 = 2 is Peano’s axiom. As for Goldbach’s conjecture… In short, it’s a prime number question,” said Larter as he laughed. He then stood up from his chair and said, “I’m flying to Nigeria immediately. You guys can start writing the press release. Just write… A Nigerian professor has been treated unfairly due to his skin color. The honor of Goldbach’s conjecture should be partly his, but the racism of America’s academia left him cold in the dark.”

What kind of news attracted the most attention in America?

News related to black people.

Americans loved to play identity politics.

Bob frowned and said, “But Lu Zhou isn’t white. Can you have racial discrimination between minorities?”

If the prover of Goldbach’s conjecture was a Caucasian, and the black person was ignored, then the news article would be sensational. If the Clay Institute did not give a reasonable explanation…

Even if they gave an explanation, it would just be labeled as an “excuse”.

After all, people would blame them for racism regardless of the mathematics.

The black academic was definitely considered a “vulnerable group” in America.

The problem was that Lu Zhou’s identity was a bit weird as he was also considered a minority in America… Even though the American academic community ignored a black person, they did not reward a white person.

This was not worthy of a news article.

The editorial department went silent.

Even Larter, who was ecstatic about this potential news article, went into deep thought.

Suddenly, Pereira, who was researching information, shouted with excitement.

“I know!”

She thought of a brilliant idea.

How to create a huge news story!

Chapter 244

“Of course, it can be solved very easily,” said Professor Enoch said with a relaxed tone. He then added, “Riemann’s conjecture is the eighth question in Hilbert’s 23 questions. However, it is shrouded in the ζ(s) function system.”

The student said, “Professor Enoch, it’s time to solve this problem.”

“I will consider solving it when the time is right, but not right now. Remember, my young ones, a real genius would never solve problems he’s not interested in. That grunt work is reserved for second-rate mathematicians,” said Professor Enoch as he waved his hand. He then added, “Okay, this class is over. The homework is to write one thesis. The thesis topic is my ζ(s) function system. Use it to prove Goldbach’s conjecture.

“I already gave you guys the method, solving it should be easy.”

There was a sorrow in the classroom as the students grabbed their heart and looked at each other with a painful expression.

Professor Enoch’s thesis was too difficult. Although they liked Professor Enoch, every homework assignment was extremely time-consuming.

Professor Enoch happily packed his stuff and was about to go to his office.

However, he saw a Caucasian man and the head of mathematics standing in front of the classroom door.

“Professor Enoch, this is a gentleman from America. He wants to talk to you about Riemann’s conjecture,” said the black man. He patted Professor Enoch’s shoulder and smiled before he quietly said, “Put on a good performance.”

Of course, he wanted Professor Enoch to win the one million dollar prize that was attached to Riemann’s hypothesis.

For a small country like Nigeria, this money was huge.

Before this, no one believed that this number theory professor solved Riemann’s conjecture, especially after the Daily Mail interview.

Now that this American reporter came here, maybe it meant that the Clay Institute had accepted his research?

In Nigeria, British people and American people were all considered Caucasians. The latter was slightly higher status, especially after they elected a black president.

If the Clay Institute had really accepted Professor Enoch's thesis, then he would undoubtedly get an opportunity to migrate to America.

Not only in Nigeria, but the entire continent of Africa had this "migration" mentality, especially for those who were educated. They wanted to get out of Africa, and into a first world country.

When Professor Enoch saw the American man, he was stunned. He then asked, "You are?"

"Let me introduce myself. I'm a reporter from the Washington Times. You can call me Larter," said Larter. He squeezed out an unnatural smile and reached out his hand as he asked, "I want to talk to you about Riemann's conjecture. When are you free?"

Larter did not want to be here at all. He could not believe that after he landed at the airport, he was blackmailed $70, 000 Naira… Although it was only a few hundred USD, he was still pissed off.

He swore that this would his last business trip here.

Professor Enoch looked at Larter and said, "We can talk about it in my office."

Professor Enoch's office was very chaotic, and he was clearly not an organized person. Socks were sitting on top of textbooks, dust was everywhere, and there were even spider webs.

Larter squinted and when he found a place to stand, he cleared his throat and said, "The thing is, we found out that in 2015, you sent a letter to the Clay Institute claiming to solve Riemann's conjecture. However, according to the Daily Mail's interview, Clay Institute didn't respond to your thesis. After we learned about your situation, we immediately followed up on this matter…"

Professor Enoch sat in his chair and looked at Larter suspiciously. Enoch did not believe that this white man could help him win the million dollars. He asked, "You can read my thesis on arXiv, so why did you have to come all the way to Nigeria?"

Larter said sincerely, “To help you.”

“Help me?” said Professor Enoch. He rubbed his nose and asked, “Why don’t you just give me the money instead?”

“It’s not about the money. Aren’t you angry!” said Larter as he stared at Professor Enoch. He then said sternly, “I listened to your lecture just now. I think you are a very excellent mathematician. However, because of your skin color, some people ignored your work. It is clear that the Russians, Chinese, and French, are recognized by the academic community. However, you were excluded!”

Professor Enoch had a weird expression.

He could not believe that a white man was saying these things.

However, this reporter’s words did make him angry.

The reporter was right. He submitted his thesis on arXiv, and it was categorized into “General Mathematics”.

Larter stared at his eyes and said, “I only have one question. Can you prove Goldbach’s conjecture under the pretense that Riemann’s conjecture is proved?”

“Of course,” said Professor Enoch without any hesitation. He then added, “This is easy.”

Larter sneezed and said, “Okay, I’ll sort out your Visa and flights. I’ll also pay for your expenses…”

“Wait!” said Professor Enoch as he stopped Larter. He then asked, “I don’t understand, what are you doing?”

Larter, “We’ll arrange a report for you at Princeton, to report on Riemann’s conjecture. You’ ll use the function or whatever to prove Goldbach’s conjecture.”

Of course, Larter could not book Lecture Hall 1. However, he could book the Princeton Hotel next to it. He only had to pay for it for a few days. In fact, many academic conferences were hosted in hotels.

When Larter conveyed his ideas to his Korean boss, his boss quickly approved the expense.

The only thing Sun Myung Moon cared about was attacking China.

“Wait a minute, I still don’t understand. You want me to report at Princeton?” said Professor Enoch. He had a twinkle in his eye.

Thesis submission was one thing, but reporting on stage was another. In short, Enoch was not prepared.

Larter smirked and said, “Yes.”

Professor Enoch wanted to refuse, but he could not say it out loud.

This person is a devil…

He thought for a long time. He realized that he would not lose anything. Teaching in Nigeria was not a promising career, so he should take this opportunity.

Enoch cleared his throat and said, “I need time to prepare…”

Larter asked, “How long?”

Enoch said, “Three months.”

“Too long,” said Larter as he shook his head. He then said, “Time won’t wait for you. You can fill in the report details later. Listen, I don’t need you to convince Princeton professors. I only need you to convince some black rights organizations and their sponsors.”

“Okay, how long do I have?” asked Enoch as he scratched his head. He said, “Give me a time range.”

Larter said, “Three days at most.”

Enoch said, “This is impossible!”

Enoch needed time to mark his students’ homework assignments.

Three days was way too short.

Larter said, “I’ll give you $10,000 USD.”

Without any hesitation, Enoch agreed, “Deal!”

Chapter 245

Although he could not help her with liberal arts subjects, he could still cheer her on.

…

Not only did Princeton Institute for Advanced Study gave Lu Zhou a fat salary, but they also gave him a bright office.

Lu Zhou was organizing his office when he suddenly realized something.

What a minute, aren’t these things done by students?

I’m a boss now. It’s embarrassing to clean my office myself.

Lu Zhou suddenly remembered that he was a one-man army.

Although Princeton officially hired him as a full professor, it was currently May, the time period between the spring enrollment and fall enrollment.

Which meant that he had to wait two months before he could review students' CV, and to decide on interviews.

Maybe he could ask Edward Witten and borrow Luo Wenxuan?

That's not good.

Lu Zhou smiled embarrassedly.

Then, he called Edward Witten and quickly got the "OK".

Soon after, Luo Wenxuan appeared in his doorway while panting.

However, when he heard that Lu Zhou only needed him to clean up the office instead of doing research, he was dumbfounded.

"Wait a minute, you asked me to come here… to clean up your office?"

Lu Zhou smiled and said, "I'll buy you food later… I really can't finish cleaning this up."

Bro, please. Just let me gloat as a professor for a bit.

"Once isn't enough, you're buying me two meals!" shouted Luo Wenxuan. He then went to pick up the broom.

Lu Zhou placed the textbooks on the table and smiled, “Sure, three meals are fine too.”

The two worked together, and Lu Zhou doubled his efficiency.

Lu Zhou did not want to admit it, but Luo Wenxuan’s cleaning speed was much faster. Lu Zhou remembered that Luo Wenxuan was heavily involved in club activities, so it was not unusual for him to help out around the clubs.

Speaking of which, Lu Zhou had not done any physical activities in a while. The last time he exercised was back at the University of Jin Ling with Brother Fei.

Luo Wenxuan suddenly spoke.

“Washington Times? What is this?”

When Luo Wenxuan picked up the piece of newspaper, he frowned.

He flipped to the first page and was stunned.

Lu Zhou noticed Luo Wenxuan, and he could not help but ask, “What’s that?”

“Nothing, Korean media. Don’t pay attention to it. It’s just trying to frame you,” said Luo Wenxuan casually. He threw it in the trash but Lu Zhou picked it up out of curiosity.

When Lu Zhou read the title, he was stunned.

[The Neglected Group Of Nigerian Mathematics Professors]

The article told Professor Enoch’s story on Riemann’s conjecture, and how he published his thesis onto arXiv but received no results.

At last, Enoch wrote to Clay Institute.

However, the Clay Institute did not respond.

According to Professor Enoch, he did not solve the conjecture for the money, but that he solved it for his own students. This was because his students believed in him, and therefore, he tried to solve this mathematics problem. The money would be used for education.

Lu Zhou kept reading, and he felt something was wrong.

In the article, the interview of Professor Enoch was posted.

[Professor Enoch: Any prime number is under the prime distribution of the Riemann function. You might not know what I'm talking about, but I can tell you it's like Usain Bolt. It doesn't lose.

Larter: Which is saying you can easily use your method to solve Goldbach's conjecture.

Professor Enoch: Yes, you're right.

Larter: If the Clay Institute didn't ignore your work, based on your prime distribution function, how long will it take you to prove Goldbach's conjecture?

Professor Enoch: Actually I already proved it last year. If I recall correctly, it only took me three hours. Proving Polignac's conjecture, Goldbach's conjecture, twin prime conjecture… They're nothing special, even my students can do it.

Larter: I think you've been treated unfairly.

Professor Enoch: Yeah, I'm very angry.

…

]

Lu Zhou nearly laughed out loud.

Western journalism was a joke. Daily Mail fell into the pit of Nigeria, and now, Washington Times jumped in as well.

Honestly speaking, this Nigerian professor might not even know the difference between the Riemann function and the Dirichlet function.

However, this did not concern Lu Zhou.

It did not affect him at all.

Suddenly, he noticed that there was a piece of letter attached to the newspaper.

[Dear Lu Zhou, I am an editor for the Washington Times, Keane Larter. The day after tomorrow at 3 pm, there will be a report at the Princeton Hotel. The speaker is Professor Enoch from the University of Ekiti. The report is on the proof of Goldbach's conjecture, using a method based on Riemann's conjecture. Of course, I know that you are a Cole Prize winner, you must disdain to have to listen to a third world country speaker, just like how the American academic community is.

[However, I can testify that Professor Enoch solved the Goldbach's conjecture in just three hours by using his prime distribution system established in Riemann's conjecture. If he does this, then there is no doubt that he is the one that proved Goldbach's conjecture, not you.]

[Of course, in order to be fair, we have arranged one hour for you to speak in the report. You can defend your thesis during this time.]

[It's worth mentioning that there will be a total of 21 legal representatives from the Black Rights Organization and the Anti-Racism Alliance. At the same time, we invited reporters from the New York Times and Philadelphia Daily to report on this news.]

"…"

Lu Zhou threw the trash newspaper in the garbage can. However, he kept the letter.

Luo Wenxuan noticed Lu Zhou's movements and said, "Honestly, this is a waste of time. The person obviously doesn't know the difference between the Riemann function and the Dirichlet function. Your time would be better spent on preparing for your first lecture."

The Americans used the E8 system to unify the four interactions. Garrett Lisi had been adamant about this theory for many years. Frank Wilczek, a notorious gambler, challenged his theory.

"Why shouldn't I go? They already sent the invitation," said Lu Zhou as he laughed coldly. He then added, "As a Chinese person, I'll not stand this ignorance and insult."

Luo Wenxuan, "Insult?"

"Yes, the outstanding contributions from Hua Luogeng, Wang Yuan, and many others on the Goldbach's conjecture can be said to be one of the most brilliant mathematics collaboration in the world. I will not allow this type of slander."

Lu Zhou shrugged and said, "Actually, I'm going to China soon, so it doesn't concern me. But look at what that Nigerian professor said. It only took him three hours to solve a century-long problem."

"People that insult respectable people are absolute trash."

Chapter 246

Soon, it was report day.

There was still a few hours before the report would begin. When Lu Zhou arrived at Palmer square, he planned to get a bite to eat.

It was too late to go to the Ivy Club as it was halfway across the Princeton campus.

Lu Zhou found a Texas burger store near Palmer Square. He was about to go in when he heard an argument going on.

He saw a black dude standing in front of the counter while speaking in a condescending tone, “This chicken burger combo is $6, the Texas beef burger combo is $7. The burger is only $3.5 and $4 dollars respectively. Also, I saw that coke is $1.”

“The combo includes a barbecue kebab and coke. I got two prices for the kebab through simultaneous equations. Your Texas kebab is both $1.5 and $2. Do you have a reason for this imaginary solution?”

The white guy stood behind the counter and scratched his ear as he said impatiently, “So what?”

“This is unacceptable,” said Professor Enoch confidently. He added, “In Nigeria, a high school student could solve this equation. You’re selling burgers at Princeton, how do you not know this?”

The redneck behind the counter was obviously annoyed when he said, “I don’t care about your numbers. Are you buying or not? If not, move aside.”

Although the redneck wanted to tell the black guy to f*ck off, he restrained his anger.

Enoch looked at this rude redneck and could not help but feel superior.

He felt the same type of superiority when he was teaching at the University of Ekiti.

A group of dumb black guys sat in his classroom, and he was the omnipotence god. He enjoyed gloating in front of those weaker than him.

This type of feeling was like a drug.

However, Professor Enoch did not realize that the situation here in America was different than Nigeria.

The redneck standing in front of him was not interested in learning, and Enoch was far from home.

The redneck rolled up his sleeves and looked at the waiter. Suddenly a clear voice came from the entrance of the burger store.

“The equations aren’t very difficult at all, any Chinese high school will teach them… I’ll have a bacon sandwich and a coffee. I have a report later, please hurry up,” said Lu Zhou as he skipped the line and placed the money on the counter.

When the redneck saw the cash, he smiled.

“You got it.”

Professor Enoch heard the report being mentioned and was interested. He seemed to have guessed this Chinese guy’s identity.

He immediately asked, “Then how do you explain the prices on the menu?”

“It’s easy, you just have to put it in an equation. In this case, we usually consider adding a coefficient in front of the unknown. You can treat it as the so-called preferential margin,” said Lu Zhou. He shrugged and said, “Of course, you can’t just add two brackets to the equations at the same time, and use one of them to calculate the imaginary solution. I’m curious how you did it, did your students not teach you?”

A few students eating in the restaurant chuckled.

They had been watching the show since the beginning. They wanted to watch this Chinese teach this Nigerian a lesson.

In mathematics, imaginary numbers were numbers that were in the form of a+bi. a and b were real numbers, and b was not 0. i^2 is -1, and a was the real part, b was the imaginary part. Most, if not all, Chinese students knew about imaginary numbers.

Basically, the imaginary part was the square root of a negative number. Once you added a real number to it, it became a complex number.

This was not something that was difficult or esoteric. As long as one had a high school education, one could learn it easily.

“He’s right… It’s none of your business what I sell,” said the redneck impatiently as he waved his hand. He tapped the table and said, “If you’re not buying anything, you can leave. The people behind you are waiting.”

The atmosphere was full of joy.

Enoch blushed and said, “How do you know there are no imaginary numbers in linear equations? Do you know that in Albanian group, homomorphism, and conjugate classes, there’s no such thing as an imaginary number…”

Lu Zhou was speechless.

He wanted to ask if Enoch even know what those terms meant, but that was not the main point.

The main point was…

“No sh*t, you don’t even need to square root anything for a linear equation!”

…

For Lu Zhou, what happened in the burger shop was only a small incident.

He was curious where that black guy learned mathematics from. In the end, the black guy blushed and was laughed out of the restaurant.

Lu Zhou put this matter aside and finished his food. He then calmly strolled back to the hotel opposite Palmer Square.

Larter stood at the front door and welcomed all of the guests. When he saw Lu Zhou, he was stunned. However, he quickly put on a smile.

That smile was malevolent.

“Welcome, the Chinese mathematician from Princeton. I didn’t expect to see you here.”

Lu Zhou looked at the nearly full lecture hall and laughed as he said, “I don’t think I count as crashing the party, right?”

“You’re laughing?” Larter smirked. He then lowered his voice, “Hope you can still laugh in an hour.”

Lu Zhou smiled and said, “Can I ask a question?”

Larter, “What question?”

Lu Zhou asked seriously, “Who gave you this sh*tty idea?”

Larter paused. He did not change his fake smile as he said, “What idea? Sorry, I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

Lu Zhou smiled and said softly, “Nothing, it’s fine. Pretend like I didn’t ask.”

Lu Zhou obviously did not expect anything to come from that one question.

The human subconscious was uncontrollable, especially when external factors are present.

Larter did not waste his time with Lu Zhou. Instead, he turned around and started to greet the legal representatives of the black rights protection organizations.

Most people sitting in the venue did not understand mathematics. Just like how the original “New Yorker” article misrepresented Qiu Chengtong’s achievements, the media did not care about the truth.

This was a place where populism was rampant.

The reason why they sat here today was that a Nigerian brother was treated unfairly by the American academic community. They only came here for political correctness.

However…

What did this have to do with Lu Zhou?

Academic exchanges could not be done with people that knew nothing about mathematics. Having Professor Enoch talking on stage was like playing piano for cows.

However, some things could still be conveyed through language.

Lu Zhou gently adjusted his tie.

For him, this was nothing difficult.

Chapter 247

However, for their own interests, they had to take this matter seriously.

Larter started to sweat, and he cursed Enoch in his mind.

The report was about to start, but Enoch wanted to go eat some burger. It had been two hours and Enoch had yet to return.

Larter swore that this would be the last time he interacted with Nigerians. Nigerians really did not keep their word.

Suddenly, an unexpected voice was heard.

“Since Professor Enoch is a little busy, let me talk first.”

The main reason was that Lu Zhou did not want to waste his time. He just wanted to end this lecture.

Larter froze.

He did not think that Lu Zhou would solve his problem.

However…

Did Lu Zhou actually want to solve his problem?

It was too late.

Lu Zhou already walked on stage, and the people in the crowd obviously agreed with this proposal.

Larter reluctantly retreated to the side. He knew that if he objected, he would be booed off the stage.

As Lu Zhou stood on the podium, he was not nervous at all.

He was experienced in doing reports.

However, he had not expected that his first lecture as a professor would be at the Princeton Hotel.

Lu Zhou smiled and shook his head.

At least it counted as practice.

He stared at the hundreds of pairs of eyes in the crowd and cleared his throat before he said,

“I can tell that you guys don’t trust me.”

The audience did not say anything. Many people either looked at their watch or looked around as they were clearly disinterested in it.

However, this was normal, and Lu Zhou had expected it.

He paused for a second before he raised his voice.

“Because the person standing in front of you is a Princeton elite, and you are the most distrustful of the elite. You are distrustful of their morality and academic qualifications. You are more eager to hear those neglected voices. So, I bet that in a few months, most of you will vote for a fat man named Trump, because he is the only smart person who tries to stand in your perspective and makes your voice heard… Of course, this is not what I want to talk about today.”

“Before the speech begins, please remember that I am a Chinese citizen.”

“Since you guys are so politically correct, let me ask this. When you read the Washington Times article, did you ignore my voice?”

Lu Zhou did not speak loudly, but it was impactful.

The crowd froze. They were speechless.

They thought…

Lu Zhou made sense?

Suddenly, no one looked at their watch anymore and they paid attention to the person standing on the podium.

Many people started to listen to him intently.

Lu Zhou smirked.

He already achieved his goal.

Larter kept calling on his phone.

“What is this black dude doing?”

He stuffed his phone into his pocket and looked at the stage.

Although he wanted to drag Lu Zhou off stage, he could not do it.

After all, he was the one that invited Lu Zhou.

And now, Lu Zhou was here.

Lu Zhou looked at the audience and continued, “I won’t use any difficult mathematics symbols today, and I won’t talk about anything that is difficult to understand… Of course, don’t mind it if there are a few difficult parts. After all, mathematics has to be explained through symbols.”

Lu Zhou did not have Hawking’s level of articulation.

However, he could still articulate some common things.

Lu Zhou turned around to the blackboard and wrote down two lines of equations.

[Riemann’s conjecture, π(x)=Li(x)+O(xe^{-1/15√lnx})]

[If Riemann’s conjecture is true, then π(x)=Li(x)+O(√xlnx)]

He then turned around and smiled at the audience.

“Mathematics is a very magical thing, so is the Riemann’s conjecture. Although you might not understand what I wrote, I can tell you that the first line of the equation forms the basis of number theory, the so-called prime number theorem. The second line is a more accurate formula for the distribution of prime numbers obtained by H.von Koch in 1901, based on the Riemann conjecture. Although this formula isn’t used in textbooks, it has already been used for over a century.”

“I can write a dozen more similar examples, but there are too many.”

“As for these two formulas, they are the most common ones.”

“In the world of mathematics, the common practice is to solve it first, then find applications. What kind of applications? Let’s say we prove Riemann’s conjecture, then…”

“As for why I mentioned Riemann’s conjecture, is because this answers Professor Enoch’s thesis. He proved a rather “interesting” point in his thesis. He builds around the ζ function under the condition of

the Riemann's conjecture. Under the prime number distribution system, is Goldbach's conjecture true or false?"

Lu Zhou paused for a moment. He then smiled and continued, "The reason why I said it was "interesting", is because till now, not a single person has considered this method. In fact, Hardy and Littlewood proved in the 20th century, that under the conditions of Riemann's conjecture, weak Goldbach's conjecture can be proved."

"But take note! I'm talking about the generalized Riemann's conjecture which is different than the actual Riemann's conjecture."

The crowd was confused. They obviously did not know what was going on.

They thought, "Then doesn't it mean that the generalized Riemann's conjecture can solve Goldbach's conjecture?"

In fact, this was not the case.

As for why, basically, it was similar to using Newtonian physics to calculate objects traveling near the speed of light. It was ridiculous.

Lu Zhou smiled.

"The difference between GRH and RH isn't easy to understand. Basically, GRH is the object of discussion, whereas RH is a more extensive Dirichlet L function."

"The Dirichlet L function can barely prove Goldbach's conjecture, maybe from a probability point of view… Anyone in number theory knows this."

"This is just a matter of the history of number theory."

Lu Zhou took a deep breath before he said slowly, “It’s worth noting that the 20th century was the closest anyone has gotten to prove Goldbach’s conjecture from GRH. Because it’s less than 20 years, or exactly 1937 since Vinogradov and Este Mann used the circle method, and without the help from the generalized Riemann’s conjecture, established the weak Goldbach conjecture.”

Then in 2012, Tao Zhexuan proved that “odd numbers can be expressed as the sum of up to five prime numbers.”

Then after a year, Helfgott completely solved the weak Goldbach’s conjecture and reduced this number to a calculable size.

This completely got rid of the GRH.

Actually, this type of situation was common in number theory. The birth of Theorem 1 by mathematician A drew a beautiful conclusion and attracted everyone’s interest.

Then mathematician B came out and tried to prove Theorem 1. If they could not solve it, mathematician C would then come out with a weaker Theorem 1 and established it.

Then theorems 1,2,3… were established. Everyone realized that these sets of theorems could be used to solve RH. The Clay Institute would probably replace RH with GRH.

Yes, history was full of routines.

It was precisely this cycle that advanced civilization.

Would some people reconnect things already proven by GRH?

Emm…

Although it was interesting, was there any meaning? If a student did this, then the professors would look at them with approval. If a professor did this, then he would be laughed at by his peers.

“Riemann’s conjecture is a very important thing. Maybe the Clay Institute will give Dr. Enoch a reply in the future, but this has nothing to do with me. I only explained the relationship between Goldbach’s conjecture and Riemann’s conjecture.”

Lu Zhou smiled and said, “If my explanation isn’t simple enough, I can make it simpler.”

“The primes numbers in Riemann’s conjecture are used for multiplication, whereas the prime numbers in Goldbach’s conjecture are used for the addition!”

This statement was not accurate, but it was close enough.

The audience smiled.

This explanation was a lot easier to digest.

Lu Zhou paused for a moment. He then smiled and said, “As for why Goldbach’s conjecture isn’t as important as Riemann’s conjecture, it’s because that for most people, prime numbers are used for multiplication! These two conjectures have different values, and they do not form a ‘system’. Even if you don’t know the difference between RH and GRH, you should know what Vinogradov did when he solved the three prime number theorem.”

“This is where your influence comes in.”

The stage was silent.

Lu Zhou looked at the pairs of persuaded eyes, and he knew that it was time to end his speech.

“Some conceptual things can’t be circumvented by a system. The whole of mathematics is shrouded in the ‘system’ of Peano’s axioms, but not all problems are as obvious as Peano’s axioms. Especially when you really understand it, you will find that ‘1+1’ and ‘1+1=2’ are actually completely different things. They are both prime number problems, but they are wildly different.”

“As for myself, I’m nothing special. I only stood on the shoulders of countless great mathematicians. Mr. Chen’s contribution to the large sieve method, Professor Tao’s discussion with me at Berkeley, etc, have all benefited me. Helfgott’s thesis opened a new door to the world of mathematics for me. They are all heroes of history. Although there might only be one name imprinted in history, their work cannot be summarized in three hours. Therefore, I want to sincerely thank them.”

“Even though my thesis only took 2 months time, the foundation was built a long time ago.”

Lu Zhou tried to use simpler language to convey his thoughts.

Larter might not be happy.

Lu Zhou was right.

He noticed that next to the podium, Larter was fuming.

However, this changed nothing.

America was different than China. The root of the populist problem came from the White House and Wall Street. They would never use simple language to convey ideas to ordinary people.

The solution to this problem was very simple.

Just speak normally.

If Lu Zhou wrote more than two lines of equations, the New York Times and other media headlines would look very different tomorrow.

However, Lu Zhou was confident now that he convinced more than half of the crowd.

Lu Zhou sometimes discovered that he was not completely ignorant in politics. Experiments and science taught him logic which was applicable in politics.

Maybe once he reached level ten for all of his subjects, the system would unlock all of its knowledge to him.

He believed that the day would come.

Lu Zhou sighed in his heart and put down the marker.

The moment he put down the marker.

The crowd applaused…

Chapter 248

[

…

“Three days at most.”

“This is impossible!”

“$10,000 USD.”

“Deal!”

]

The first recording angered Larter, but after he heard the second recording, he nearly slipped in his own cold sweat.

Not just because his career was in danger.

It was mainly the problem of how this recording was leaked.

The first recording could be leaked because of a mole in the office, but he had no idea how in the hell the second recording was leaked.

He was in Africa!

The other side of the Atlantic!

For the sake of confidentiality, he always went on business trips alone. It was impossible for someone to bug professor Enoch's office in advance. It was impossible for someone to bug Larter as well. He went through airport security and showered before meeting with Enoch…

Maybe…

Someone had been following him along the way.

This was the most logical explanation.

When Bob saw Larter's pale face, he was about to comfort him but Larter suddenly sprung up from his chair.

"Don't touch me!"

Bob looked at Larter's eyes that were filled with horror and asked, "What happened to you?"

No one in the editorial office spoke as everyone was minding their own business.

Larter looked around in a panic. His eyes scanned across the workers' faces as he tried to find someone looking at him.

Bob wanted to say something, but when he saw the state that Larter was in, he could not find anything to say.

Larter ignored Bob and furiously yanked opened the drawer. He took out all of the documents and placed them on the desk. His two hands searched for something that resembled a voice recorder bug.

Finding this bug would at least bring him some comfort.

However, no matter how hard he searched, he could not find the origin of the recording.

As such, the fear in his heart grew stronger and stronger.

Logic told him that it was impossible for an ordinary scholar to have this kind of ability. There must be more people behind it.

He thought of the political influence that Goldbach's conjecture had, and how neighboring countries had previously expressed dissatisfaction with the news they fabricated.

Larter gave up. His face became paler.

Maybe…

He was "targeted"?

…

Lu Zhou did not pay attention to the follow-up scandals that the Washington Times was involved in. He had only heard from Luo Wenxuan that the Washington Times would go into a temporary shut-down, and Larter would resign.

Although creating exaggerated news was one thing, once one was exposed to have committed bribery, that was another thing.

This scandal would follow Larter for the rest of his life, leaving a mark on his career.

He could forget about becoming a journalist ever again.

The last week of May, issues regarding Goldbach's conjecture finally settled. With the release of the newest Annual Mathematics journal, this two and a half century-year-old tower was finally built.

Lu Zhou did not know how many ongoing thesis and dreams he destroyed, but those things did not matter to him.

Institute of Higher Education, at a restaurant on the first floor.

In order to save time, Lu Zhou ate lunch here most of the days.

"You did something bad," said Edward Witten as he sat opposite Lu Zhou. He smiled, "You don't know how many people have lost the chance of submitting a bulsh*t thesis."

"Yeah, a bad thing," said Lu Zhou with a smile.

He definitely did not do as much "bad things" as old man Witten.

In the 1980s, knot theory was very popular. There were different 3-flow types, many different norm groups, many kinks and invariants like Jones polynomial could be constructed… In the end, Witten came up with a topological method of shear flow type, and the entire knot theory family was solved.

Of course, describing it as a “bad thing” was just a joke. The old man also did a lot of “good things”, like creating the M-theory, which had at least saved theoretical physicists 10 years of research.

Edward Witten asked casually, “I know you won’t take a break, so what’s next? What interesting topics do you plan on researching?”

Lu Zhou thought for a second before he answered, “Materials science.”

Witten was stunned. He then asked, “Materials science? What materials science?”

“Precisely speaking, it’s computational materials science,” said Lu Zhou. He paused for a moment before he smiled and said, “While studying at the University of Jin Ling, I participated in a research project. I think computational materials science has lots of potentials. I think the potentials are flexible and high fidelity, and I think I can do something with it.”

Witten gave a thumbs up and smiled as he said, “I see. Which is saying you want to create your own discipline? This is a challenging idea.”

Lu Zhou smiled and said, “Not exactly creating a new discipline, just doing development that affects this discipline… Maybe just a push in the early stages, or maybe I’ll do a lot more ‘bad things’.”

The two looked at each other and laughed.

Witten cleared his throat and said, “I’m not very familiar with materials science, but if you’re interested in organics materials science, I recommend Professor Paul. J. Chiric, he’s an expert in this field.”

Lu Zhou nodded and said, “Thanks, I’ll consider your suggestion. However, I’ll put this matter aside until I return from China. I worked hard for so long, I need a vacation.”

Witten said in a relaxed tone, “Yeah, you really need to take a break.”

Lu Zhou had already planned which thesis to use to complete the system mission.

He estimated that his patent lawyer should have a result.

This time, after he went back to China and sorted his degree out, he would also be dealing with this matter.

Suddenly, the phone in his pocket started to ring.

Lu Zhou took out his phone and saw that it was from an unknown number.

“Let me take this.”

Witten smiled and said, “Sure, go ahead.”

Lu Zhou picked up the phone and an unfamiliar voice came through.

“Hello, Lu Zhou, we are the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences.”

Lu Zhou heard this name and went silent for a while. He exchanged a confused look with Witten.

Then…

He was shocked.

Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences?!

The f*ck?

Maybe…

This is the legendary…

Nobel prize phone call?!

Chapter 249

It was the Crafoord Prize.

Ok, the Crafoord Prize was not bad either.

In fact, it was very decent.

The prize was established in 1980 by the industrialist, Holger Crafoord, and his wife, Anna Greta Crafoord. The selection process was through the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences. Although the prize money was less than the three big mathematics prizes, in the community of natural sciences, it had the reputation of a small Nobel Prize.

Why was this the case?

The reason was that the original intention of this prize was to fill in the gaps for the Nobel Prize. Both the process, specifications, and the award ceremony were based on the Nobel Prize.

The awards were in the field of astronomy, mathematics, earth sciences, and biological sciences. All areas that the Nobel Prize failed to cover. The award was chosen once per year and rotated between astronomy, mathematics, earth sciences, and biological sciences.

This year, it was the turn for mathematics and astronomy. The award would be given to the most significant contributors of the field.

The prize money was $500,000 USD.

Like the Nobel Prize, the Crafoord Prize was also selected and awarded by the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences. The Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences would usually inform the winner a few minutes before the announcement. Therefore, Lu Zhou, who was eating, was surprised by this phone call.

Actually, the main reason why Lu Zhou won this award had nothing to do with Goldbach's conjecture. It was actually because of his numerous contributions in the field of prime numbers. However, his recent thesis in Annual Mathematics certainly boosted his chances.

It was an achievement that could not be ignored.

Therefore, on the website, the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences added the Goldbach's conjecture to Lu Zhou's list of achievements.

Lu Zhou was nearly dizzy from the $500,000 USD award and the medal that he almost forgot how to get back to his office from the cafeteria.

He only remembered that Witten laughed and patted him on the shoulder before he congratulated him. The next thing he remembered was him sitting in his office and looking at his computer.

Lu Zhou went on the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences website and refreshed the page until he finally saw the list of Crafoord Prize winners.

His name was on there.

The two other winners were Professor Roy Kerr from the University of Canterbury New Zealand, and Roger Branford of Stanford University.

As for the mathematics prize, he was the only one.

Lu Zhou finally relaxed after he confirmed that the phone call was not some cruel joke. The knot in his heart finally loosened.

Then, Lu Zhou closed the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences website and opened another webpage.

Now that he confirmed that he won the award, he was only curious about one thing.

The $500,000 USD prize money…

How much was that in RMB?

…

Two hours after receiving the phone call, Lu Zhou received an email from the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences.

He did not know how they got his email address or phone number for that matter.

Then again, his email was on the page of Princeton University Professors as well as on arXiv.

In the email from the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences, there was an electronic invitation letter, and mainly a written retelling of what was said in the phone call.

Like the time of the award ceremony and the banquet after the award ceremony.

Also, as a celebration of the Crafoord Prize, the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences was going to hold a three-day academic exchange meeting, and they invited Lu Zhou and the other winners to do a report.

The report was one hour long.

Lu Zhou closed the mail and took out his PowerPoint from the Princeton report. Suddenly, another phone call came through.

This time it was not from a stranger. It was from Professor Tang.

Lu Zhou heard a familiar and impatient voice.

“You solved Goldbach’s conjecture?!”

Lu Zhou was stunned and he replied.

“Yeah, why?”

The other end of the telephone went quiet, and Lu Zhou heard a sigh.

“… Nothing, I’m just a bit surprised,” Professor Tang paused for a second. He then said, “Today, the mathematics department was in the middle of a meeting. Suddenly, an Annual Mathematics journal came in. We were still talking about this year’s enrollment plan, but the rest of the meeting was about you.”

It was obvious that Professor Tang was emotional.

When Lu Zhou asked him about the distribution of Mersenne primes in the cafeteria, he suggested that Lu Zhou not to think about those things and focus on mathematical analysis and applied mathematics.

However, fate was a wonderful thing.

Lu Zhou achieved so much in the field of prime numbers in just a few years.

Tang Zhiwei could not help but feel proud of his student.

When Lu Zhou heard Professor Tang, he did not know what to say.

“This… I’m embarrassed.”

He thought that his thesis would at most kill off a few in-progress theses. He did not expect it to interrupt the meeting at his old school.

Professor Tang smiled and changed the topic.

“You’ve already finished your PhD. The school isn’t in a rush to get you back, but there are some documents and certificates waiting for you. Principal Xu and Dean Lu have been asking me to ask you. So, when do you plan on coming back and get this damn PhD?”

When University of Jin Ling and Princeton originally signed a joint training program for Lu Zhou, Lu Zhou agreed that he would return to the University of Jin Ling and do a report after he finished his PhD in Princeton.

Actually, there was a teaching position as well, but that seemed to have been put aside.

The University of Jin Ling was supportive of Lu Zhou teaching at Princeton.

After all, it was good politics for the leadership team.

Actually, most universities in China knew that they were no match for a world-class school like Princeton.

Whether it was the academic environment or facilities, the difference was night and day. It was like a mathematics problem where solving it took generations of effort.

Encouraging talents to learn scientific research overseas was also a talent training strategy for all major universities.

There were also government policies that encouraged overseas academic development.

This was the so-called, “Go away first, then come back”.

Even if one did not return, one could stay overseas and trained foreign students.

For example, if University of Jin Ling graduates were teaching at Princeton, then the University of Jin Ling would be able to send at least one student every year to Princeton. This was an unrivaled privilege.

At the same time, Chinese professors were more likely to recruit Chinese students, and this benefited the whole country.

However, Lu Zhou still had much more to learn. He had to earn his qualifications overseas. At the same time, Princeton’s resources would help him complete his system mission.

When the time was right, he would go back to China.

After all, he was a nostalgic man.

Lu Zhou thought for a moment before he said, “I have to go to Stockholm first, but I’ll be back in early June.”

“Stockholm?” Professor Tang was stunned. He then asked, “What are you doing in Sweden?”

Lu Zhou smiled awkwardly.

“I’m receiving an award.”

Chapter 250

No wonder that Edward Witten recommended taking a subway instead of a taxi in Stockholm.

According to the Nobel Prize rules, the winner was arranged to stay at the Stockholm Grand Hotel.

At the entrance of the hotel, the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences academician, Staffan Normark, opened his arms and gave Lu Zhou a big hug.

“Welcome, Professor Lu Zhou!”

“Hope you didn’t wait too long.”

“What do you mean?” asked Staffan as he smiled. He then said, “Let me introduce you to…”

A few scholars from the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences stood next to him.

Lu Zhou greeted them one by one. He then walked to his room with Academician Staffan.

Standing in front of the door, Academician Staffan smiled and politely spoke.

“If you have any needs, please let the hotel front desk know.”

Lu Zhou smiled and said, “You’re too kind.”

“This isn’t kindness, this is respect for a scholar,” said Academician Staffan with a smile. He added, “Actually, I was very surprised to see you in person. I thought Tao Zhexuan was young. I didn’t expect that in four years, another young mathematician would break this record.”

Tao Zhexuan won the Crafoord Prize in 2012, and he was only thirty years old at the time. In the same year, he made a breakthrough in the weak Goldbach’s conjecture, which led to Helfgott’s special proof of the problem.

Now in 2016, it was Goldbach’s conjecture again.

It came full circle.

Lu Zhou smiled and modestly said, “Mathematics is an ancient and energetic subject. The people that study it will become younger and younger, maybe in the future, someone younger than me will break this record.”

Academician Staffan smiled and said, “That might be a little difficult.”

Academician Staffan did not stay for long. He informed Lu Zhou of some important things before he left.

Lu Zhou placed his luggage next to the bed. He did not immediately go outside.

Although he was interested in this city, he had just got off a 12-hour flight. He needed rest at the moment.

Lu Zhou went to take a shower before he laid in his bed.

Just as he was about to sleep, he suddenly remembered that he had not shared this joy with other people. Therefore, he got up from his bed and grabbed his phone. He took a photo of the view outside the window and posted it in his friends’ news feed.

This time, he did not add a caption, just the photo.

Soon, his Weibo was flushed with comments.

[God Lu, where did you travel to now?]

[Where is this?]

[I’m guessing Princeton, or it’s close to Princeton. The houses don’t look tall, unlike New York.]

[I’m taking the college entrance exams soon, please God Lu give me luck!]

[Oh my god! God Lu didn’t bullsh*t this time!!]

Lu Zhou looked at the comments and smiled.

What are you talking about!

Am I that kind of person!

…

The next afternoon…

The antique Starrmore Concert Hall was filled with the melody elegant and classical music. More than a thousand people were already seated in the hall.

After a simple opening remark, a short-haired, middle-aged woman walked on stage and announced the beginning of the ceremony.

Her name was Barbara Cannon, the dean of the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences. Although her face was covered in wrinkles, it was obvious that she was a scholar of value and knowledge in her younger years.

In the sound of applause, Staffan Normark, the lifelong academician of Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences, took over the microphone and read out the list of winners and awards.

“… Mankind’s future is in the distant sky. One day we will reach the places we can see. Let us send them our applause and blessings! Thank them for their contributions on black holes!”

"… The astronomy award winners were Professor Roy Kerr from the University of Canterbury, New Zealand, and Professor Roger Branford from Stanford University!"

The voice of Academician Staffan ignited the crowd.

The two professors, one from New Zealand, one from America, walked on stage. They received the medal under the eyes of King Adolphus.

Lu Zhou was under the stage. He took a deep breath and adjusted his tie.

Normally, he was very calm, but in these last few seconds, he had to control his breathing and heartbeat.

This was different than the Shiing-Shen Chern Mathematics Award by the China Mathematics Society, and the China Mathematics Society from the Federal Mathematics Society. The entire natural science community honored this award.

Academician Staffan stood on stage and continued, "… Mathematics is the language of God. Prime numbers are the codes he keeps in the world. Many propositions aren't great themselves, but it is exactly because of this simplicity that the world and our civilization changes.

"… Thank him for his outstanding contributions toward prime numbers! And the proof of Goldbach's conjecture!

"The mathematics award winner is…

"Professor Lu Zhou from Princeton University!"

The crowd began to applaud even harder.

It was like a tsunami, wave after wave.

Lu Zhou walked steadily onto the podium.

He was the first Chinese scholar to stand here.

Behind him, more than two hundred scholars of different nationalities and different fields offered their blessings and applause for Lu Zhou's contribution to the world.

At the same time, King Adolphus XVI and his wife, Queen Sylvia, stood in front of Lu Zhou.

"Congratulations, Professor Lu Zhou!"

The white-haired old man smiled and handed Lu Zhou the medal and certificate.

Lu Zhou received the two and shook hands with this king, "Thank you!"

The applause was even louder.

Lu Zhou stood aside. Academician Staffan came forward again and the applause subsided.

However, for Lu Zhou, unlike the applause, his excitement did not stop.

He felt the weight of this heavy medal. He listened to classical music until the end of the award ceremony, and until all of the guests began to leave the venue.

Only until then, did Lu Zhou calm down.