Scholar 361

Chapter 361: A New Letter

Lu Zhou shook his head at the muddled students before he announced the end of his lecture.

He didn't stay for a second. Instead, he just turned around and left the classroom.

However, Lu Zhou didn't go far before someone shouted at him.

"Please wait for a second, Professor Lu!"

Lu Zhou stopped walking and turned around. He saw a well-dressed lady rushing out of the classroom.

Lu Zhou looked at the girl and asked, "Who are you?"

Box..

The girl took a few breaths and brushed her hair, she smiled and spoke.

"I'm Hu Ying, a second-year student at Humboldt University!"

Lu Zhou nodded and said, "Nice to meet you, Hu Ying, what do you want?"

"Nothing." Hu Ying looked around and smiled before she said, "Um… Professor Lu sounds weird, can I call you God Lu?"

Weird?

Lu Zhou didn't understand why Professor Lu sounded weird.

However, he didn't really care what other people called him.

A name was a name. Besides, his roommates at Dorm 201 gave him countless nicknames, so he was used to it.

Therefore, Lu Zhou nodded and said, "Okay, I don't care."

Hu Ying smiled and said, "God Lu, can you please tell me how can I be as excellent as you?"

An academics problem, I see.

Lu Zhou smiled and said, "What is your major?"

Hu Ying replied immediately, "Applied mathematics and international trade!"

Double degree?

Lu Zhou raised his eyebrows.

He didn't understand much about international trade, but applied mathematics was his cup of tea.

"Do you have a pen and paper?"

Is he giving me his phone number?

“I do!” Hu Ying’s eyes lit up as she grabbed a pen and notebook from her purse. She then smiled and said, “Thank you, God Lu, for mentoring me!”

“Not quite mentoring, but I can teach you a little about applied mathematics.”

Lu Zhou took the pen and paper from her and immediately started writing.

Time quickly passed by.

Lu Zhou finished writing another page, and Hu Ying started to get suspicious.

Just as she was wondering what kind of contact information wouldn’t fit on a page, Lu Zhou stopped writing and handed her back her notebook.

“This is a book list. I’ve read these books at Humboldt University when I was bored, and they should be helpful for applied mathematics.”

Hu Ying: ???

Hu Ying was rooted to the spot. Lu Zhou thought that she went into deep thought and nodded with satisfaction.

“The rest is up to you, there is no technique other than hard work.

“That is all I can do for you.”

Before Hu Ying could say anything, Lu Zhou turned around and left.

Lu Zhou walked outside the school gate and went to the supermarket. He then bought some letters and envelopes.

He didn't want to forget anything, so he decided to send Principal Xu the letter in the afternoon.

Lu Zhou walked out of the supermarket with a plastic bag and was about to go back to his hotel when he saw the girl running toward him again.

"Wait a minute…"

Hu Ying stopped running and panted while holding her kneecaps. Lu Zhou was stunned.

"Do you need anything else?"

"I forgot to give you something."

"… What?"

"Letter!"

Hu Ying took out a letter from her purse and shoved it into Lu Zhou's hands.

Lu Zhou took the letter and looked at her in confusion.

Why do I feel like…

She looks resentful?

Lu Zhou couldn't think of anything that might have pissed her off so he placed the thought aside.

Lu Zhou turned the letter.

He saw the address of the sender and was stunned.

The German embassy?

Lu Zhou opened the letter and read the words.

[… Hello, Professor Lu, I am Hu Mingde, the ambassador to Germany. I would like to express my congratulations for your Hoffman Prize…]

Lu Zhou skipped the political part and read the last paragraph.

[… My wife and I are very interested in your story. I am very thankful for your achievements in mathematics, theoretical chemistry, and physics. Would you like to have dinner with us?

[Ambassador Hu Mingde]

Lu Zhou looked at Hu Ying with suspicion.

This letter seemed legit, it didn't seem like a joke.

However, Lu Zhou was confused.

Why did a letter from an ambassador come from a student?

Lu Zhou asked the question.

After some explanation, he found out that this girl wasn't just a student at Humboldt University.

In addition to serving as an assistant for the embassy, she was also the president of the Humboldt University Chinese Society, and also the Director of the Berlin University Student Union…

Of course, this didn't matter that much.

What mattered was that she had a diplomat as a father…

…

He had to give some respect to the ambassador's invitation.

Lu Zhou told Hu Ying that he would accept the invitation and agreed to a time and place.

Lu Zhou had plans tomorrow.

He might not be in Berlin for long, so he wanted to complete this matter as soon as possible.

Lu Zhou returned to his hotel and placed the invitation letter aside. He took out the letter and envelope he bought from the supermarket and began writing Principal Xu's letter.

He didn't think this would be that difficult to write. However, once he began writing it, he ran into some obstacles.

He had never been good at politics, and he had never even read an official political letter before.

He found out that his letter started to look like an exposition.

Lu Zhou shook his head and leaned back against his chair.

“If I’ve known that it would so difficult, I would have just signed an empty letter and give it to Principal Xu.”

This was a good idea, but he would never do it.

After all, he was a disciplined scholar, so he had to keep his word.

Lu Zhou finally gave up. He crunched the paper into a ball and started all over again on a blank piece of paper.

He was a scholar; he should just speak what was on his mind.

Lu Zhou wrote a new headline.

[The application prospects of computational science in research and development of chemistry and materials science.]

Chapter 362

The moment he saw Lu Zhou, he immediately greeted him.

The guy reached out with his right hand and said, “Hello, Professor Lu, I am the driver from the embassy, here to pick you up.”

Lu Zhou shook his hand and asked, “What should I call you?”

“Just call me Sun Hong.”

This man definitely wasn’t just a driver; he looked like a bodyguard from the embassy.

However, this had nothing to do with Lu Zhou. He looked at Sun Hong’s identity document and sat in the car.

The car quickly drove to the Spree River in the heart of Berlin and stopped in front of the embassy in Germany.

Lu Zhou saw Hu Mingde and his wife waiting in front of the magnificent building.

“Welcome, Professor Lu!”

“Nice to meet you!” Lu Zhou shook hands with the ambassador and politely said, “There’s no need to be so kind. Humboldt University isn’t far from here, I could’ve taken a taxi.”

“No way! This is the least we can do,” Ambassador Hu said.

He then smiled and said, “This is my wife, Wang Dexin.”

Lu Zhou smiled and said, “Dexin, what a nice name, it means simple yet elegant, right?”

Mrs. Wang smiled as she replied, “I didn’t know that Professor Lu is also a man of culture.”

Lu Zhou was a little embarrassed.

He actually didn’t know anything about culture.

Everything he knew was from high school…

“Let’s go inside,” Ambassador Hu made a gesture and said, “Professor Lu, please.”

…

Ambassador Hu, his wife, and Lu Zhou ate dinner together at the restaurant in the embassy.

The food was nothing special. However, it was traditional-style Chinese food that was difficult to find overseas.

Lu Zhou looked at the crystal clear pork buns and couldn't help but speak.

"… It's been so many years since I left, I miss this thing the most."

After he went to Princeton, he found out that he missed the pork buns and beef noodles the most.

He couldn't get pork buns in Princeton, but he could still find beef noodles.

However, the beef noodles were sweet!

Instead of chili peppers, they put sugar in the noodles!

There was no way Lu Zhou could accept this.

Ambassador Hu smiled as he asked, "How is the food?"

"It's delicious," Lu Zhou replied. He then smiled and said, "You must have invited great chefs, tell them I said thanks."

Ambassador Hu laughed.

"The chef is sitting right in front of you."

Lu Zhou looked at Mrs. Wang with surprise.

“Did you make this?”

Mrs. Wang smiled as she replied humbly, “I’m no great chef. I made the pork buns, but the other dishes are made by the real chefs of the embassy.”

“Being an ambassador is an interesting job. However, I do miss home after being away for a long time. My wife and I love to study our traditional culture, and food is one of them.” Ambassador Hu laughed and said, “I’m mainly responsible for the eating part.”

The dinner wasn’t serious at all; it was almost like a family dinner, relaxed and friendly.

Lu Zhou talked about his research and teaching at Princeton, while Ambassador Hu talked about his experiences working in Germany.

The three ate while chatting.

When everyone was almost finished with their meal, Ambassador Hu wiped his mouth with a paper towel before he looked at Lu Zhou with a smile.

“Professor Lu, you’ve been single for so many years, haven’t you thought about finding a partner?”

Lu Zhou sighed. “Busy with career, I don’t have time for that.”

It was true.

Before this, he couldn’t find a suitable one, but now, he didn’t even have the time to find one.

Lu Zhou felt like with his looks and career, he could easily find a partner.

“Haha, you’re right, your time must be precious. However, although scientific research is important, you have to take other aspects of your life seriously. How about I introduce one to you?” Ambassador Hu said in a half-joking tone, “What do you think of Hu Ying?”

Lu Zhou coughed and said, “Um… Marriage is an important event, I won’t trouble you with it.”

Arranged marriage is a horrible backward tradition…

However, if the state wants to solve my marriage situation…

I can consider it!

Ambassador Hu saw that Lu Zhou wasn’t interested in his daughter, but he didn’t seem to care. He merely said, “Haha, I’m just saying, don’t take it seriously.”

However, Ambassador Hu didn’t look like he was joking at all.

Ambassador Hu coughed and spoke in a more serious tone.

“Have you been paying attention to this years’ National Science and Technology Award Conference?”

Lu Zhou looked at him suspiciously. He didn’t know why Ambassador Hu suddenly brought this topic up.

“I haven’t… Why?”

“You can expect some great things.”

Ambassador Hu laughed.

He then laid out a piece of news.

“I heard from my friend that your name might be in the January conference next year.”

Chapter 364: Six Seconds?

This laboratory was an “investment” under the Max Planck Institute for Plasma Physics. Obviously, many other research institutes around the globe were also researching the same device.

Lu Zhou looked at the list of cooperating research institutes; the list of names was long enough to fill an entire A4 page. If this was like CERN, where everyone involved had their name on the final thesis, then the first few pages of the thesis would be filled with just names.

The stellarator seemed small compared to the research group.

Lu Zhou and Professor Klitzing followed Professor Keriber’s footsteps. They finally walked into the radiation protected room and saw the Wendelstein 7-X.

It sat quietly in the middle of the radiation protected room; it was 3.5 meters high and 16 meters wide. The stellarator looked like the “Millennium Falcon” from Star Wars.

It was like it had just been in a battle and was docked in the “Star Harbor” while it was being fixed by technicians.

Box..

Lu Zhou walked closer and could see countless electric cables connecting to various types of equipment. It was all tangled together.

“How much is this thing?”

“Apparently, it’s over one billion euros,” Professor Klitzing said with admiration. “If you add in the cost of research, the figure would be astronomical.”

The physics community was envious of the funding that the Institute for Plasma Physics had.

On the other hand, the Max Planck Institute for Condensed Matter Physics had a lot less funding.

Klitzing was well aware of this.

After all, this multi-country collaborative project wasn't only funded by Germany, many other countries also participated.

"Is it really that expensive?"

Lu Zhou gulped.

Before this, he was wondering if he should buy one for research, but now, it seemed that it would be better if he stuck to supercomputers…

"Fine, who cares about money, we don't have to worry about that," Professor Keriber said as he patted Lu Zhou's shoulder. He then added, "The final calibrations are done, the experiment is about to start, let's go to the observation room."

…

This was different than CERN. The Hadron Collider was 100 meters underground, and unless someone was a qualified engineer, they would not be able to enter the pipeline.

The theoretical physicists could only look at data on a computer screen.

But now, the Stellarator was right in front of Lu Zhou's eyes.

The staff members were waiting inside the observation room.

“Coil tension normal!”

“Filling in protective gas!”

“Protective gas is filled, beginning pressure measurement procedure!”

“…”

“Superconducting temperature reached, the circuit is fully charged!”

“Magnetic field looks normal!”

Professor Keriber issued a command.

“Ignite!”

The moment the magnet current reached 15kA, the thyristor switches quickly switched on and the magnet current was transferred to the first stage energy-consuming resistor, generating 2,400 voltage. This caused the gas in the vacuum chamber to break down, thereby generating plasma.

Lu Zhou could see a layer of reddish membrane material through the screen; it formed a ring around the circular orbit.

He was surprised at how beautiful it was.

“… The temperature of the plasma will reach hundreds of millions of degrees at its peak. Almost equivalent to the center of a star. No material can stop this energy,” Professor Klitzing said while he looked at the screen.

Lu Zhou asked, “How does the stellarator do it?”

“It twists the magnetic field.” Professor Klitzing said, “We use magnetic fields to constrain the energy, and it keeps them away from the inner walls of the orbit. However, it doesn’t last for long…”

The experiment entered the most critical stage.

The thyristor switched turned off, and the voltage dropped to 1000V. At the same time, the current rose to its peak value, and the entire track was filled with burning light. Lu Zhou felt that his eyes were hurting even though he was looking at it through a screen.

However, this light didn’t last for long.

Within a few seconds, the light had vanished.

The stellarator stopped operating, but the people in the observation room began working.

Professor Keriber told his two researchers, “Collect the data immediately, check the condition of the equipment, hurry!”

At the same time, the door of the radiation protected room opened, and staff members wearing radiation protection suits quickly entered the room with several tools. They began to check the physical conditions of the track.

Lu Zhou looked at Professor Keriber and asked, “It’s over?”

“It’s over.” Professor Keriber threw his hard hat on the table and said, “The discharge time was a few seconds, the longest I can remember is six seconds. The shortest is only a few picoseconds.”

Lu Zhou was speechless.

"… I thought it would be more astonishing."

Professor Keriber smiled and said, "Theoretically, the discharge time can be longer, but right now, the divertor hasn't been installed. The excessive discharge might cause the head to damage the first wall of materials. Maybe in two years, once the water-cooled divertor has been installed, a 30-minute discharge might be possible."

The discharge timed referred to the time in which the magnetic field could maintain a charge, the so-called pulse time of one discharge.

30 minutes was a goal for the Wendelstein 7-X.

If it were achievable, it would have a huge impact on the nuclear fusion project. It might even change the entire world's opinion on nuclear fusion engineering.

After all, right now the mainstream choice was the tokamak, but the tokamak reached a bottleneck in terms of its discharge time.

The longest discharged time recorded was China's "EAST" tokamak, with a record of 102 seconds. This was almost at the limit of the tokamak's capabilities.

Lu Zhou looked at the device and began to think.

Suddenly, he had a thought.

How much general points would the system charge for a complete stellarator blueprint?

Chapter 365: Preconditions Are Not Met

Lu Zhou found out that he was overthinking.

When he asked the system about this problem, not only did the system not give him an answer, but the system didn't even respond. He couldn't help but wonder if the system was broken…

On the tenth attempt of asking, the system finally gave him an answer.

It was only one line of words.

[Preconditions are not met.]

Lu Zhou looked at the message in front of him and started to think.

Box..

"Preconditions are not met… Does this mean the subject level or that nuclear fusion technology isn't possible yet?"

The system didn't answer his second question; it completely ignored him.

However, Lu Zhou wasn't mad at the system.

Because for him, one answer was enough…

After the experiment ended, Professor Keriber invited the two people to coffee at the Wendelstein 7-X resting lounge.

A Nobel Prize winner, a soon-to-be Fields Medal winner, and a senior nuclear fusion engineer sat on the sofa in the lounge. They drank coffee while talking about the Wendelstein 7-X cooperation problems with ITER.

ITER was the International Thermonuclear Experimental Reactor project; their main source of funding.

However, Professor Keriber wasn't optimistic toward ITER. He felt deeply concerned about the topic.

"The potential of a controlled nuclear fusion project is huge. But the ITER project hasn't been doing well. It is losing hundreds of millions every year, and the results are not gratifying. Even the US government has lost its patience. In order to fund the Wendelstein 7-X, I even shut down the WEGA experiment group."

Professor Klitzing was sipping on his coffee, and he used the coffee mug to hide his face.

He was laughing.

Although he knew that he shouldn't gloat, but he couldn't help but laugh at the thought of these "spoiled" researchers running out of money.

Professor Keriber sighed.

"Controlled nuclear fusion is a systematic project, whether it's the inertial or magnetic constraints. Whether it's the tokamak or the stellarator, it is only when a series of problems are solved, will there be results. Right now, we haven't solved a single fundamental problem."

Lu Zhou asked, "What problems do you think need to be solved?"

Professor Keriber said, "In terms of engineering, we need a larger electromagnetic field to complete the magnetic confinement of the plasma. However, this is not a good solution. A larger magnetic field means a large current. The current will release heat when it passes through the conductor. We will have to soak the wire with liquid helium to reach the superconducting temperature and to prevent the current from heating up the wire.

"The magnetic field isn't enough. We have to find a way to control the magnetic field… Of course, fortunately, the advantage of the stellarator design is that we don't have to use an ohmic transformer.

Unlike the tokamak device, we don't have to think about factors like the distortion film, the magnetic surface tear, the resistance wall film, etc."

Professor Keriber smiled and spoke in a joking tone.

"All of these engineering problems still come down to the material.

"If there is a material that can achieve superconductivity at room temperature or at least under less extreme conditions, we would be able to create a larger artificial magnetic field to constrain the plasma. Many problems would disappear."

Superconductivity is a must.

Lu Zhou wrote this down on the notebook he carried with him.

"If you want to solve a difficult problem, you have to solve many difficult problems first, is that what you mean?" Professor Klitzing said, "I think if there is a superconducting material at room temperature, not only will nuclear fusion be solved, many energy problems will also be solved."

"That's why I'm only speaking hypothetically." Keriber shrugged and said, "If we can't improve the material, we have to improve the coil design and increase the strength of the magnetic field from another perspective. Also, things are not looking good in the theoretical department either."

Lu Zhou asked, "Is there complex theoretical problems regarding the controlled nuclear fusion?"

Professor Klitzing smiled and helped Keriber to answer the question. He said, "There's a saying in physics—'more is different'. Although the plasma uses Maxwell's equations, it cannot be generalized. The more particles there are, the more different the system gets. Even quantum mechanics wouldn't be applicable. You should know this."

Lu Zhou nodded.

While he was researching the Theoretical Model of Electrochemical Interface Structure, the variables in his equations were almost three times the number of particles in the system. Even Anton had to work for a while to calculate the answer.

On the other hand, the plasma in the Stellarator was a more complex chemistry problem.

It was like fluid mechanics. Although everyone knows the basic Navier–Stokes equations, it wasn't applicable to the turbulence phenomenon which had troubled the physicists for more than 200 years.

The turbulence phenomenon was also seen in plasma. Due to the external magnetic field, the turbulent flow of the plasma was even more complicated and even more difficult to predict than general fluids.

Since it was impossible to explain theoretically, it would be impossible to build a model to explain the plasma behavior.

Therefore, when researchers do plasma experiments, they were hoping to construct a model that could explain the behavior of plasma.

Professor Keriber saw that Lu Zhou was interested and couldn't help but send out an invitation.

"If you're so interested in nuclear fusion, why don't you join the ITER project? We're always looking for talented mathematicians."

Lu Zhou thought for a moment before he replied, "Unfortunately, I can't accept your invitation. I have to go back to Princeton soon, and I also have to prepare for next year's mathematics conference."

Lu Zhou smiled as he continued, "However, I will write down these problems and study them as a hobby. I can't guarantee any results, but it might be useful one day."

Professor Keriber wasn't affected by the rejection. Instead, he smiled and said, "Really? Then I'll have to wait for your results."

However, when Keriber said this, he didn't look interested. He thought Lu Zhou was joking.

Obviously, any of these problems couldn't be solved by research hobbyists…

Professor Keriber had worked at this research institute for many years, so he was well aware of how difficult the problems were…

Chapter 367: Firestone Library Is Full Of Treasures

The documents released to the public were carefully selected.

Lu Zhou hoped to see the original idea that Lyman Spitzer had for the stellarator.

He also wanted to build a theoretical model from a physicist's perspective.

"Lyman Spitzer's manuscript?" Edward Witten rubbed his chin and said, "I haven't paid attention to his area of research. I think he donated his manuscript to the Institute for Advanced Study. Some things are kept in the Firestone Library. If you are interested, you might be able to find them in the Firestone Library."

Lu Zhou said, "Firestone Library? Thank you."

"No worries." Witten smiled and said, "Actually, if you are interested in the stellarator, why don't you consult other research institutes? No one in Princeton is researching this thing, but there are plenty of people at MIT, Stanford, and Caltech who are doing this research."

Box..

Lu Zhou said, "I'll think about it if I have to, but until then, I just want to do my own research."

The nuclear fusion topic was too large. Just the research project outline would take five pages to write.

In some sense, the reason why Lu Zhou wanted Lyman Spitzer's manuscript was to get inspiration from it.

Witten sipped his coffee and said, "I hope you find what you need."

"Thanks."

Lu Zhou said bye to Witten and walked out of the Institute for Advanced Study.

…

There was a type of people in the academic community who could maintain creativity while being involved in rigorous research work.

When they encountered a problem, instead of saying it was impossible, they would look at it from a scientific point of view.

Lyman Spitzer was this kind of person.

Other than him, Freeman Dyson, who proposed the Dyson sphere, and Konstantin Tsiolkovsky, who proposed the space elevator, were also this type of people.

Lyman Spitzer wasn't as famous compared to the other two. However, no one could ignore his influence in astrophysics.

It was him who first proposed to put a telescope in space to eliminate the shadowing effect of the atmosphere on Earth. This led to the birth of the Hubble Space Telescope.

In order to commemorate him, the last space telescope made by the Great Observatories program was named after him— the Spitzer Space Telescope.

After bidding farewell to Witten, Lu Zhou went to the Firestone Library and found a librarian.

A weird-looking old man was responsible for the library books.

Although there were weird people in Princeton, there weren't that many people like this old man, who was wearing pajamas at work.

Especially those murky eyes, it made people wonder if he had Alzheimer's.

However, what surprised Lu Zhou was that after this old man heard his request, he quickly climbed the ladder of a two-story-high bookshelf and took a thick notebook from there.

The old man then climbed back down and handed the notebook to Lu Zhou.

"This is what you want."

"Thank you."

Lu Zhou reached for the manuscript.

However, the old man instantly retrieved his hand.

Lu Zhou: ? ? ?

The old man said, "This is the wealth of civilization, please take care of it."

It seemed that he was only giving Lu Zhou a piece of advice.

However, Lu Zhou noticed that the old man's hand was shaking.

"I know… Can you give me the book now?" Lu Zhou said while looking at the old man. He didn't reach for the book this time.

He felt like the old man was toying with him.

The old man saw that Lu Zhou didn't fall for the trick a second time, so he felt disappointed. He coughed and replied, "Of course you can. But you must promise me that you will bring it back exactly the way it was."

Lu Zhou held up three fingers.

"I swear…"

"Don't swear at me," the old man suddenly took out a Bible from nowhere, and he said, "swear at this."

Lu Zhou was speechless.

Why are you asking an atheist to swear at this thing?

I'd rather swear at Newtons' "Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy", or Einstein's "Unified Field Theory". That would make more sense.

However, Lu Zhou didn't want to waste time. He placed his hands on the bible before he said, "I swear that I will return this book exactly the way it was."

Although the old man wasn't satisfied with Lu Zhou's attitude, he still nodded and handed the manuscript to Lu Zhou reluctantly.

"I hope you keep your promise."

“I will.”

Lu Zhou didn’t waste a second; he immediately walked into the reading room next to him.

…

Lu Zhou couldn’t take the manuscript out of the Firestone Library, he could only read it in the reading room.

If the manuscript was hundreds of years old, he might even have to wear gloves before reading.

However, this manuscript was relatively new; it was only sixty years old.

Lu Zhou opened the book and began reading it carefully.

Understanding the contents wasn’t easy as Lyman Spitzer was extremely imaginative. There were some unrecognizable drawings.

Lu Zhou didn’t know why he left this manuscript at the Princeton Institute for Advanced Study.

Lu Zhou felt like if it was him, he would never let this “unreadable” text exist in the world…

Lu Zhou spent the entire afternoon reading the book from beginning to end.

Although it was difficult to understand, after reading it, Lu Zhou felt like it was helpful.

Especially since Lyman Spitzer had the same conclusion as Lu Zhou for the final vision of the stellarator.

"… I can't believe this is from sixty years ago."

Lu Zhou couldn't help but give his own review of this old manuscript.

Even now, this manuscript on the stellarator would be thesis worthy.

However, it had been sixty years. Someone would have written that thesis already.

Lu Zhou placed the manuscript aside and went into deep thought.

Controllable nuclear fusion was a huge project, but Lu Zhou was interested in both its prospects and mechanics.

The problem was that he needed an entry point.

Superconducting normal temperature material?

Or look at it from a mathematics point of view, and try to figure out the "law of motion of plasma"?

The first one was more applicable, the second one was more theory-based. Both of them are pretty difficult.

Especially the second one. It involves the study of complex plasma turbulence. It might be the most difficult part of the Navier-Stokes equations.

Also so far, the measurements that people can make on plasma are only "estimates".

However, if this problem is solved, not only will it push nuclear fusion forward, but it might also help the Navier-Stokes equations research…

Lu Zhou spent around ten minutes thinking.

Lu Zhou suddenly smirked and picked up a pen. He circled the words “The Law of Motion of Plasma in a Stellarator”.

He picked up the manuscript and stood up from his chair.

As expected, he was more interested in the harder problem.

Ever since Goldbach’s conjecture, he had been searching for a more challenging problem…

Chapter 368: Tasting The Salt

Editor-in-chief office, Science Report editorial department.

Chief Editor Cai was sitting at his desk drinking tea while meticulously reviewing the draft article in his hand.

Although traditional media had become inferior to internet media, in the academic community, the Science Report journal still had its influence.

After all, they were directly affiliated with the Chinese Academy of Sciences. Even though their newspaper wasn’t read by most researchers, most research institute still mass-ordered their newspapers.

Because of this influence, Chief Editor Cai was extremely cautious when reviewing articles. Especially when it came to reports on controversial and trending figures.

After all, if he made a mistake, he would be personally responsible.

Box..

However, today's articles were all pretty good quality. That was until he came across an interview with Professor Wang Haifeng, a well-known academic scholar.

He slapped the printed article on the desk and looked at his secretary.

"Get me Li Xuesong."

"Okay."

Secretary Zhou saw that Chief Editor Cai wasn't happy, so he didn't say anything else and quickly left the office.

Chief Editor Cai was the only person left in his office, and he tried to calm down by controlling his breathing.

However, when he looked at the article on the table, he became angry again.

During the meetings, he kept emphasizing to his journalists on how important politics was. However, this idiot obviously didn't hear what he said.

If he didn't review this article and the article got published, then he would be in trouble with the leadership team.

He was furious.

Secretary Zhou found Li Xuesong in the cubicles outside.

"Chief Editor wants to see you, go now."

Li Xuesong asked nervously, “Brother Zhou, Chief Cai… What does he want?”

I didn’t offend anyone recently, right?

“I don’t know.” Secretary Zhou frowned and looked serious as he said, “Also, this is an office, stop calling me brother.”

Li Xuesong was so anxious that he began to sweat. He then nodded and said, “Yes, I was wrong.”

Secretary Zhou said, “Just go.”

Li Xuesong was muddled, and he didn’t say anything as he walked toward the editor-in-chief office.

The people in the cubicles watched Li Xuesong while they whispered about what had happened.

Li Xuesong wanted to know the answer the most; he had no idea how he offended Chief Editor Cai.

He knocked on the door and was met with a cold reply, “Come in”.

He shivered a little as he walked inside.

When Chief Editor Cai looked at Li Xuesong, Li Xuesong asked quietly, “Chief Cai, are you looking for me?”

Chief Editor Cai didn’t say anything. Instead, he tapped his finger on the article.

“Did you write this thing?”

Li Xuesong immediately knew what was going on.

He guessed that the higher-ups weren't happy with his interview, so he tried to explain.

"Chief Cai, I know my report might cause controversy, but what does it have to do with us? We're in a neutral position, only objectively reporting on Professor Wang. It's Professor Wang that is in a controversy, this is the only way we can receive publicity…"

"Publicity, my a*s!" Chief Editor Cai threw the article at this idiot's head as he snapped, "When did I ask for publicity? If you understand the media so much, why don't you quit and start your own media company?"

Li Xuesong was being scolded like a dog, but he didn't complain.

He was just a normal journalist; he wrote whatever was said by the interviewee.

However, he was still responsible.

After all, the reason he interviewed Wang Haifeng was to hear about his problems with Lu Zhou.

The controversy was good content.

Everyone was more willing to watch drama than serious reports.

Li Xuesong stopped talking.

After a few more insults, Chief Editor Cai picked up his vacuum flask and drank some water to moisturize his throat. He then waved his finger and snapped, "F*ck off, change it!"

Li Xuesong said, "Change the whole thing? Including the interview part?"

Chief Editor Cai said, “No sh*t, are you dumb? The biggest problem is this part!”

Li Xuesong was a little hesitant. “But Professor Wang…”

I don’t want to piss of Professor Wang, and I can’t just change his words, right?

“I don’t care about that,” Chief Editor Cai said. He then added, “Change it. Once the interview gets published, he’ll thank us.”

“Yes…” Li Xuesong said quietly before he walked away holding the draft article.

After some changes, the final report finally came out.

Professor Wang’s words were completely altered.

“Quite embarrassing” became “talented”, “doesn’t look at the whole situation” became “scientific researcher who take risks”…

All of the negative comments said by Professor Wang were changed into positive ones.

Did Professor Wang have opinions?

He didn’t.

He couldn’t.

Just like what Chief Editor Cai said, when Professor Wang saw this report, he wasn’t pissed off. Instead, he felt relaxed as the knot in his heart could finally be untied.

In the beginning, he really thought that the caged carbon molecules by Professor Stanley would solve the lithium-sulfur batteries problem. He never would have expected the industry to reject Professor Stanley's plan and accept Lu Zhou's invention instead.

After Lu Zhou won the Hoffman Prize, his face turned blue.

China wanted to use this politically significant medal to promote friendship with Germany.

It would be suicide if he tried to criticize Lu Zhou now.

He thought about calling Science Report to ask them to remove his interview. However, he was too embarrassed.

Still, even though Wang Haifeng got lucky, he still felt a little distasteful after seeing this report.

But he couldn't do anything other than whine.

After all, he had no ground to criticize a Hoffman Prize winner.

Wang Haifeng looked at the Science Report journal, and he scoffed, "Possible Nobel Prize winner?"

He sneered and ripped the newspaper in half.

It was like he didn't learn his lesson; he started to criticize Lu Zhou again.

"Try staying in your own lane."

The PhD student sitting next to his desk shook his head.

He couldn't criticize his supervisor's opinions.

However, he could taste the salt from here…

Chapter 370: Superconducting Materials

It had been a week since Lu Zhou left Germany. October came and so did the cold weather.

Lu Zhou sneezed and put on his favorite trench coat.

Lu Zhou sat in his study room chair. He was drinking coffee while reading the newspaper from across the ocean.

He opened the first page and read the large headline.

[The Application of Computer Science In Cutting-Edge Research and The Trend Of Future Academia Development.]

Everyone Daily used an entire page to publish his letter content.

Box..

Of course, the newspaper simplified the content of the letter and explained how supercomputers worked.

Lu Zhou read the entire article and couldn't help but smirk.

However, he was a little worried as well.

Although he was optimistic about supercomputers, he wondered if he had over-promoted it…

After all, scientific research funding was limited.

Although computational chemistry had good prospects, it wasn't necessary. Many laboratories were able to produce results without computational chemistry.

Hopefully, the policymakers realize this.

Lu Zhou suddenly felt like it would be better if he commented less on subjects like this.

Even with the help of the system, he couldn't guarantee that he was correct. Scientific research was a process of trial and error. In fact, the number of errors he had made far exceeded the number of success.

However, all of the published articles were about his success.

Lu Zhou shook his head and put the newspaper away as he said, "I guess I have to be more cautious, a mistake might come to bite me in the future."

He took his empty coffee cup into the kitchen. When he returned, his phone suddenly rang.

It was from an international caller. However, it wasn't from Jin Ling University, it was from Yang Xu.

Lu Zhou answered the call.

"Did you receive the package?"

"I did."

"How does it feel to be on Everyone Daily?"

Lu Zhou smiled as he replied, “It feels okay.”

It wasn’t his first time on Everyone Daily.

He had won multiple international awards, so this was nothing special.

Lu Zhou said, “If you didn’t call me, I would’ve called you. Speaking of which, how is the construction going at the computational materials research institute building?”

“The foundation has been laid. I’ve been there a couple of times but I’m not sure. Aren’t you the CEO of Star Sky Technology? Can’t you just ask your manager?”

Star Sky Technology had opened a branch in Shanghai, and Lu Zhou had received the construction report, but he was still worried.

“The report is only on paper, it’s not as good as seeing it in person. Remember to take a few photos when you go there next time.”

Yang Xu smiled as he said, “It’s just a big empty construction site with dust everywhere. It’ll take two to three years just for the dust to settle.”

Lu Zhou replied, “Two to three years is too long, I’ll move in a few months after it’s built.”

Yang Xu smiled. “The chemistry department said we can stay here for as long as we want.”

“No, no,” Lu Zhou smiled and said, “we’re only borrowing it for now, we still have to move out. We’re still a private research institute while they’re a public research institute. It’s not good to mix the two together.”

It was fine staying there for a while, but people would start asking questions if they stayed there for too long.

Like who owned the building?

Could the state transfer assets to private organizations?

There were a series of complicated questions.

Lu Zhou already bought the new building. Anyway, he wasn't lacking money, so he didn't have to borrow anyone's building.

"Okay, you're right," Yang Xu said. He suddenly slapped his head and said, "I nearly forgot, do you have any new research plans this year?"

Lu Zhou said, "Not right now, but I will tell you if I do. My suggestion is that you should find some interesting research projects to do."

Researchers would get distracted if they didn't do experiments for a long time.

They didn't have a research plan themselves, so it was a good idea for them to cooperate with other research companies. This way, they could gain experience and might even generate some income.

Many companies would love to cooperate with the Jinling Institute of Computational Materials.

"Okay, I'll take note," Yang Xu said. As he twisted the pen around his fingers, he asked, "Speaking of which, what research have you been up to? Theoretical chemistry again?"

"Me?" Lu Zhou smiled and said, "Not really, the Theoretical Model of Electrochemical Interface Structure is already done, and I'm not interested in chemistry anymore."

Yang Xu said, "So you're doing nothing?"

Lu Zhou said, “Nope, I’m been studying the Navier-Stokes equations recently.”

Yang Xu’s pen flew out of his hand.

The pen flew onto the wall.

Yang Xu was stunned.

The f*ck?

Navier-Stokes equations?!

Although he wasn’t familiar with mathematics, he still knew of the Millennium Prize Problems.

Lu Zhou didn’t hear a response.

“… Is there a problem?”

“F*ck, you’re insane! NS equations!” Yang Xu sat up from his chair and said, “You’re finally taking on the Millennium Prize Problems?”

What do you mean finally?

Also, what does this have to do with Millennium Prize Problems?

Lu Zhou coughed and explained.

“The Millennium Prize Problem is about the smoothness and existence of the NS equations, I’m studying a specific application of the NS equations, on plasma…”

Lu Zhou suddenly remembered something.

“Oh yeah, if you’re looking for a collaborative research project, my suggestion is superconducting materials.”

“Superconducting materials?” Yang Xu asked. He then pointed out by saying, “But we’re in the carbon nanomaterials field, we don’t have any experience with metals…”

“I’m not asking you to change directions, we’re still doing carbon nanomaterials.”

Lu Zhou paused for a second before he continued, “It’s just my opinion, but I think we don’t have to find superconducting materials that are metals. Maybe we can find Cooper pairs in the π bonds.”