Graham was not the only one who had to put up with Erdős’s kitchen antics. “Once I spent a few days with Paul,” said János Path, a fellow Hungarian émigré. “When I entered the kitchen in the evening, I was met with a horrible sight. The floor was covered by pools of blood-like red liquid. The trail led to the refrigerator. I opened the door, and to my great surprise saw a carton of tomato juice on its side with a gaping hole. Paul must have felt thirsty and, after some reflection, decided to get the juice out of the carton by stabbing it with a big knife.”

In mathematics, Erdős’s style was one of intense curiosity, a style he brought to everything else he confronted. Part of his mathematical success stemmed from his willingness to ask fundamental questions, to ponder critically things that others had taken for granted. He also asked basic questions outside mathematics, but he never remembered the answers, and asked the same questions again and again. He’d point to a bowl of rice and ask what it was and how it was cooked. Graham would pretend he didn’t know; others at the table would patiently tell Erdős about rice. But a meal or two later Erdős would be served rice again, act as though he’d never seen it, and ask the same questions.

Erdős’s curiosity about food, like his approach to so many things, was merely theoretical. He never actually tried to cook rice. In fact, he never cooked anything at all, or even boiled water for tea. “I can make excellent cold cereal,” he said, “and I could probably boil an egg, but I’ve never tried.” He was twenty-one when he buttered his first piece of bread, his mother or a domestic servant having always done it for him. “I remember clearly,” he said. “I had just gone to England to study. It was teatime, and bread was served. I was too embarrassed to admit that I had never buttered it. I tried.

It wasn’t so hard.” Only ten years before, at the age of eleven, he had tied his shoes for the first time.

His curiosity about driving was legendary in the mathematics community, although you never found him behind the wheel. He didn’t have a license and depended on a network of friends, known as “Uncle Paul sitters,” to chauffeur him around. But he was constantly asking what street he was on and questioning whether it was the right one. “He was not a nervous wreck,” Graham said. “He just wanted to know. Once he was driving with Paul Turan’s widow, Vera Sos. She had just learned to drive, and Paul was doing his usual thing, ‘What about this road?’ ‘What about that road?’ ‘Shouldn’t we be over there?’ Vera was distracted and she plowed into the side of a car that must have been going forty or fifty miles an hour. She totaled it, and vowed that she would never drive with Erdős again.”

But outside mathematics, Erdős’s inquisitiveness was limited to necessities like eating and driving; he had no time for frivolities like sex, art, fiction, or movies. Erdős last read a novel in the 1940s, and it was in the 1950s that he apparently saw his last movie, Cold Days, the story of an atrocity in Novi Sad, Yugoslavia, in which Hungarians brutally drowned several thousand Jews and Russians. Once in a while the mathematicians he stayed with forced him to join their families on nonmathematical outings, but he accompanied them only in body. “I took him to the Johnson Space Center to see rockets,” one of his colleagues recalled, “but he didn’t even look up.” Another mathematician took him to see a mime troupe, but he fell asleep before the performance started. Melvyn Nathanson, whose wife was a curator at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, dragged Erdős there. “We showed him Matisse,” said Nathanson, “but he would have nothing to do with it. After a few minutes we ended up sitting in the Sculpture Garden doing mathematics.”

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