Floris was an ambitious programmer (or is this a pleonasm? Would the reader know any that lack ambition?). What is more, Floris was an ambitious chess programmer and believed in adding ever more knowledge to his programs. Undaunted by the law of diminishing returns, he devoted most of a lifetime to adding his human insights to his programs and remained convinced that his human intelligence, so recorded, would be miraculously transmuted into Artificial Intelligence, which was a notion always capitalized even in his thoughts.

One day, seated at his Apple XVI-f, he was reminded of Paradise. To Floris, as our readers now know him that was the AI-Paradise of his persuasion. Forthwith he went in quest of it and found it well-guarded by a fiery angel. With perfect assurance he sought admission: "My chess program will lord it over you. I'll prove that to you and then, of course, you'll have to open up the pearly gates. Fair wager?"

The guardian angel consented and, believe it or not, was soundly drubbed. (Of course, angels are not necessarily grandmasters nor does the converse hold true.) But our Floris was a sad man soon after, when the angel told him that his Fully Learned Operational Realisation of Intelligent Superchess did not qualify him for entrance. "By brute force ye shall not enter", were the curt words of summary dismissal.

It was a disconsolate Floris who, on his deathbed, enjoined his son and heir, another Floris, to pursue his father's quest for the AI-Paradise. And Floris II programmed away for generation after generation, even until threescore years. Then, summoning up all his courage, he followed in his father's footsteps to the very brink of the AI-Paradise and wagered as did his sire before him. Again, Floris' program won at chess, even more spectacularly and certainly more lightly than had his father's (you see, computers had become really portable by then). Imagine his horror, then, when he too was denied entrance. "Into my realm the base shall not enter and
ye shall exclude the data base, even until the third generation", thus the angel.

It was a desperate Floris who bequeathed his mission to Floris III. Programming away, the grandson ransacked Ruy Lopez and pillaged Antonov and Chou Lie Tong, his century's formoste chess theoriticians, not even to mention all those in between. Living or dead, none of them could escape incorporation into the program dubbed, somewhat prematurely, FLORIS 3². Like his forebears the grandson made his quest and faced the AI-Paradise's guardian angel with his wager ... and times had changed so much that he was not even requested to show his wares. "Enter at thy peril", said the angel, "but glimpse ere thou enterest". And Floris, the third of that name, glimpsed as he was bidden and behold, it was revealed to him that even the Paradise of Artificial Intelligence was a void, a well of unbeing to which no traveller should point his quest ...

Kersti Börjars and Bob Herschberg

The above editorial is, as some readers will realize, directly due to a famous passage in the 13th century English version of Floris and Blauncheflur [1].

A further novelty in this issue is the first review of two commercial chess programs to be found in T. Fürstenberg's article. It is editorial policy to continue publishing such reviews, which we regard to be on a par with book reviews. As in the case of the latter, they should be read as one reviewer's appreciation of one product, no bias for or against any such programs being intended or implied. Review contributors in this spirit will be welcome to these pages.

It may not be superfluous to add that S.M. Cracraft's article on the bitmap technique reveals no new results and should be seen as a useful tutorial on a poorly consolidated topic.

(Due to Dr. Van den Herik's temporary leave of absence from Delft to take up a post at McGill University, part of his editorial tasks for this issue were entrusted to Ms. K.E. Börjars.)