

escape got me deeper in trouble. There was no choice but to resort to the only weapon left to me -- I yelled for help. To my embarrassment, not only did my parents respond to the call, but a fellow primate, a natural resident of the area who knew it like the back of his hand, helped me down. The rescue was not totally successful, and though I would later leave my heart in a number of beautiful cities I've been fortunate to visit, I will never recover what I gave up to that tree. I wonder still if my shoe is up there. It would serve it right if it was.

My first attempt at VIP-FLOP felt like that. I got so hopelessly stuck in the logic of the look-ahead process that pieces of me still cling to the awful paths I took to get myself in such a hopeless mess -- pieces of my psyche I will never get back, and I actually say good riddance and "adios" to them. Now. For I discovered the key to performing a look-ahead and the key may be spelled: "S-I-M-P-L-I-F-Y."

When a computer uses a look-ahead in a game to figure its next move, it is actually playing a game with itself in high speed memory in the hopes of finding the path that leads to the best move it can make. As each step of the way in the look-ahead process presents a greatly increased number of possible paths that the