

LET'S CALL LEFRAK CITY'S PHILOSOPHY *live-a-little-better-ism* and include in it every tactic, strategy, technique from religion to revolution, from guerilla gardening to armed uprising, from blocking traffic with bicycles to mass suicide, from communism to liberal democracy to utopianism, that tries to make life *a little better* and succeeds, or tries to make life *a lot better* and in failing makes life *a little better* where *better* is defined as a qualitative-quantitative improvement in how one lives one's life or how we live our lives compared to before one or we implemented these tactics, strategies, and techniques and they succeeded and failed.

Religions and revolutions and everything else have been discussed, analyzed, and argued by everyone for as long as there's been an everyone and a religion and a revolution and an everything else, and everyone knows the excesses, successes, limitations, and failures of religions, revolutions, and everything else. What haven't been discussed, analyzed, and argued by everyone for as long as there's been an everyone and a religion and a revolution and an everything else are the individual insistences everyone insists when insisting on living *a little* and *a lot better* under the rubric of *live-a-little-better-ism*.

For example, let's say:

after years upon troubling years of seeing apples piled in apple bins in grocery stores, after years upon troubling years of seeing apples piled in apple bins in grocery stores and wondering where their trees are, were, went, after years upon troubling years of seeing

apples piled in apple bins in grocery stores and wondering if these apples are actual apples from actual trees, after years upon years of seeing apples piled in apple bins in grocery stores and realizing apples have lost themselves forever and you've lost apples forever, you cry out:

Apples are weeping in their bins!

or

Apples are weeping in their bins and I, too, am weeping!

or

An apple falls inside of me!

If you notice apples weeping in their bins, if as apples are weeping in their bins you, too, are weeping, if an apple falls inside of you, you probably want to make sure neither you nor apples need to weep anymore.

But what can you do?

Let's say you do these things:

1. Let's say you scour the woods of upstate New York for heirloom apple trees and you find a long-forgotten species of apple.
2. Let's also say you bring it home with you and plant some seeds.
3. Let's also also say it grows some apples.

4. Let's also also say in growing apples from rescued reclaimed seeds, you'll never lose apples again.
5. Finally, apples will no longer weep in apple bins in grocery stores.
6. Finally, you will no longer weep as apples weep in apple bins in grocery stores.
7. Finally, apples might not fall inside of you anymore.

And you'll be able to say: an apple almost never falls inside of me, only sometimes, only in grocery stores because in my ____ no apple falls inside of me.

In the blank between *my* and *no apple* is everything we need to know about anyone regarding apples.

In the blank is a question of where you take, what you do with your apples.

If you say: *in my orchard no apple falls inside of me*, you're an agriculturalist, a farmer, a capitalist, you grow apples for apple money and you've lost apples once again and for good. You've grown desolation apples and desolation apples are abiotic, and abiotic apples will always fall inside of you.

Maybe you didn't decide an orchard right away and tasted and ate your apples, so unlike weeping apples in grocery store bins, in joy, no perplexity. But their taste and your brain were mismatched. You dreamt bushels and bushels and bushels, surplus. If you'd actually eaten and tasted apples, you'd know apples have no need of surplus, markets, millions. You decided many apples, many to eat many

apples, you created an apple market and no market is a market but an anti-market, and any anti-market is anti what it markets: you've grown desolation apples and desolation apples are abiotic and abiotic apples will always fall inside of you.

If you say: *in my geodesic greenhouse no apples fall inside of me*, you might be an environmentalist, an ecologist, you might no longer be a capitalist, but if you can afford a geodesic greenhouse you definitely were a capitalist and you've lost apples once again and probably for good. Even though you're growing fewer apples than orchards, you're still commanding apples, and commanded apples, a.k.a. command-apples aren't apples, they're anti-biotic apples and anti-biotic apples kill bacteria in your gut, a bacteria-less gut can't digest, if your gut can't digest, apples can't nutrify you, if apples can't nutrify you, nothing can nutrify you, if nothing can nutrify you, you'll die. You've grown anti-apples and anti-apples will always fall inside of you.

If you say: *in my permaculture garden no apples fall inside of me*, you've rejected orchards and geodesic greenhouses, but your permaculture garden is your garden: your, garden and you've lost apples again but not necessarily for good. You don't live with your apples, your apples don't live with you, they're your, apples, in, your, permaculture garden and they live at the first or second layer of the seven-layer garden you decreed and you've grown decree-apples which are too close to command-apples for them to be apples and decree-command-apples will always fall inside of you.

If you say: *I'm an ibu, I believe in bolo' bolo and in my bolo no apples fall inside of me*, you've come very close to never losing apples, maybe as close as you'll ever come to never losing apples, but even in your *bolo* you haven't come all the way. You're an *ibu* and