

friends discovered the joys of whitewashing a fence. Before long, Tom's friends were not only paying him for the privilege, but deriving real pleasure from the task—a win-win outcome if there ever was one.

From our perspective, Tom transformed a negative experience to a positive one—he transformed a situation in which compensation was required to one in which people (Tom's friends) would pay to get in on the fun. Could we do the same? We thought we'd give it a try.

One day, to the surprise of my students, I opened the day's lecture on managerial psychology with a poetry selection, a few lines of "Whoever you are holding me now in hand" from Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*:

*Whoever you are holding me now in hand,
Without one thing all will be useless,
I give you fair warning before you attempt me
further,
I am not what you supposed, but far different.
Who is he that would become my follower?
Who would sign himself a candidate for my
affections?
The way is suspicious, the result uncertain, perhaps
destructive,
You would have to give up all else, I alone would
expect to be your sole and exclusive standard,
Your novitiate would even then be long and
exhausting,
The whole past theory of your life and all
conformity to the lives around you would have to
be abandon'd,
Therefore release me now before troubling yourself*