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## RECLAIMING MASCULINITY

## PRESENTED TO THE WASHINGTON ETHICAL SCCIETY OCTOBER 3, 1982

OPENING WORDS

The opening words are by Herb Goldberg: "Women at least know they're oppressed. Men have heard for as long as they can remember that it's a man's world and that they are the privileged sex. What they often discover too late is that their privileges include the right to live lives of mounting frustration, weariness and loneliness, and to die earlier than their female counterparts.

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"For American men are raised by parents, conditioned by society, and often encouraged by women to play the role of lover, husband, parent, breadwinner, strong and silent man, whose impossible demands psychically cripple and eventually physically kill him."

- Hevb Goldberg

ADDRESS

"Reclaiming Masculinity" -- ever since I announced my title, I've been teased by women. "Don, I didn't know you lost your masculinity. Where'd you lose it? In the back seat of a car?" I've heard those more

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than once. But today I want to talk to the men. I thought only about men when writing this, stories about men, and I'm talking to men. I'm sure a lot of this fits for women but I don't know about that I'm talking to the men.

over the last four or five months I've seen a lot of articles about men and women. Actually, every one of them was done by a women, but I read these articles, and one of them particularly grabbed me, in which interview with Robert Bly Washingth he refers in there to a Grimm fairy tale which, because of my touchings in the Sunday school, I have been interested in in the last couple of years. He refers to a Grimm fairy tale that's about a wild man, and he says it's a very good allegory for a boy becoming a man.

So I look it up and I read it and read it and read it and read it a number of times and I m very struck with what a wonderful allegory it is. Today I want to use it ing as a framework and I want to tell the story, described the characters in it.

There are four major male characters we're going to get to know. The first are is the brave knight; he is an ideally integrated, pure man. Then there's a gardener; We's a disciplined and

challenged to integrate these archtypes, and that every day of our lives, every year, we are in situations that with confront us and we have to make a choice. Ind It is the nature of those decisions that we make that determine which of these aspects of ourselves come cut, are elicited, and how those aspects of ourselves relate to each other. Do they have a balanced relationship, or is one kept way tack out of sight? But the choices that we have are always here. They're here today and they're here tomorrow. And any part of our masculinility that we may have left cut in previous choices, we can always grab back and they moment that's in front of as

Now as I see it, brave knights among us are at this time rare. And if I have a subthesis here, it's that it is particularly the wild man at this time that we have to bring into a more appropriate role. But that's what the fable's about, so let me start the fable.

The story begins, cf course, long agc and far away in a kingdom that is much like most kingdoms of the period. In the middle was a castle with a courtyard

and the town's around it and there's some farmland and then a forest. And Each week the hunters of the king would go into the forest and hunt game and bring it back, not only for the royal table but for the whole town.

But one week, the hunters didn't return. And the second week, a second group of hunters went out and they didn't return. And then again a third week, the same thing happened. No hunters returned. So the king began to fear for all of his hunters, for his people, for the children and lovers who played in the woods, for the witches that gathered herbs. And he said, "No one is allowed in the woods anymore. I decree that they are too dangerous and it's forbidden to travel in the woods."

The people learned to live without the meat, the game, enjoying the woods, the herbs. And it was a sadder time.

Now how does this kingdom, as it's described, relate to us? Everyone of us, I think, every generation, every civilization, faces a similar dilemma as this kingdom surrounded by the dangerous unknown, the dangerous unknown actually contains a lot of que bounty wealth. But unless we want to face some risks and go into that unknown, we're not going to get anything out of it.

Athens faced the unknown when they had to cross the Mediterranean to visit Italy, Spain, Africa, Egypt and Persia and the strange people and cultures. They must when they ed have had that feeling. Or the Europeans crossing the When they moved Atlantic to the Apericas, and the Americans, person west.

We have now maybe But we also have it today. not physical spaces, but some dangerous territory how to -- how to bring world peace, solve world hunger. are dangerous territories to go in. Put con More personally, we each in our lives have some dangerous territory It could be our family. It could be the workplace. Some kind of unknown that we don't know about that we need to move into or else be victim to. What kind of pleasures do we perhaps deny ourselves? commitment to a love relationship? Or do we deny some pleasure in our sex life that could be there that hut Or a family that's supportive and nourishing, or a workplace that's enjoyable and elicit a lot of creativity from us?

Now: we can avoid the dangers in these situations and the bounty that might come from moving interes. or we can be creative, transforming agents who change the way we are at our workplace or in our family or bear in bed.

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This idea of this transforming personality is a philosophic, theme that runs through Ethical Culture thinking for the last 100 years. You constantly seg strains of it. 🛻 idea behind it is that the ultimate effect of all of the little decisions that we make in lives our life, and the big cnes tco, the ultimate effect of how we use our time, our resources, what we want, what we get, what we do, how we are with people -- the ultimate effect of all of that is to create a personality in ourselves. You know, the personality in scme way is the sum total of all we choose, or the kind of person that chooses this kind of thing. So the ultimate product of the workplace and family, the ultimate purpose, is the kind of people

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we're becoming. Well the story of the choices becomes even more clear if I go back to the story, which I will.

came One day a brave knight comes to the kingdom and heard the story. He much moved by the rlight of these people. He He sees to the king and hears, "I'd like to explore the forest and find out what's in there." The king said, "I'm afraid you'll never return. I can't allow it." The knight \*\* "I'll take the risk; you don't have to be afraid for me."

bent So the knight and his dog so into the woods, 4145 and the game 😓 plentiful now. It hasn't been hunted

What the man to do? What would you do?

It's incredible. An arm comes out of the water and drowns my dog! That's incredible! What are you going to do? You run like hell back to the king and say,

"You're right. That's no place for people to be!"

Now how many times in my life do I actually do that? That there's some authority that I don't want to be to face or some relationship I'm afraid I'm going to engulfed in if I commit myself to it. There are tasks I don't want to take on because to will cause too much work for me and I'm probably going to fail in the end and I don't want to feel bad. There are people I just don't think I can make it with.

So there are a lot of those "Let's get out of the woods" "It's not a safe place" and "Let's run" But there's also the reaction to jump in the pool, swim to the middle, dive down, wrestle that arm, get the dog back and swim ashore! Before and after all the wars,

eulogized. But the in the long run, remuch that wosfly kind of reaction leads to getting drowned with your dog.

Orth L can stand on the bank, beat we breast hysterically, "What a world we live in! You go in the woods anymore and they drown your dog! What a world! I hate it! It shouldn't be this way!"

Hysterical.

Or you can deny your feelings. "You know, it's lucky it was the dog and not me. Damned dog."

Now the brave knight doesn't do any of these things. He returns to town; he gathers up all the men he can get to help him; he arms them with buckets and bucket ropes and they go back to the pool. One at a time, they bucket out of this pool. And refore long, they begin to see a large, wild, hairy, primitive man. So they wrap the ropes around him and they lead him back to town.

Now this is the last time we're going to see Q the brave knight until the end of the story when we see another one, so I just want to say something about him as we say goodbye here. First of all, he's compassionate and he has some courage. He dares to penetrate the forest and look and find this pool. He's willing to get into the pool and find out what's in it. And I think that relatively few of us really like to at look the unconscious that's in us. Do you ever catch yourself doing this? Sometimes I'm suddenly aware they, I'm in the middle of a thought or a fantasy and it is outrageous; it's violent, it's ucky, it's awful." And then another thought says, till that, get it out, stor thinking that. Isn't it awful that I thought that! Imagine that; it just crept up on me!"

That's a completely different relationship bailing with the pool. That's not exactly bucketing it out to the bucketing it out to see what's in there, but and that takes courage.

will to do something, he had all that that that made him a brave knight.

Besides having this passionate also also reason and that the went to get the passion of the passi

Meanwhile, the king decrees that an iron cage would while he built in the middle of a court, and the wild man would while he put inside the iron cage. And there will only he one key made, and he personally was going to hide it.

Could had people wan go back in the woods again. But if ed anybody opens the cage, the renalty was death.

Was in the

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him inside sometimes. Whyou? The women are saying awayes. What is this? Well, maybe I talking to the women. Ckay, you know that wild man caged inside? Well, in me, he's angry, he's self-indulgent and he's sexually insatiable. He'd just love to be turned loose and destroy all of that fancy fine web of my life.

Remember W. C. Fields in The Millicnaire?" He buys all those jalopies and he looks for roadhogs and doubleparkers and then rams them with his car? Can you consider rebelling from your daily routine? Sleeping late? Going to the supermarket, filling you, cart, and in then go, right by the cashier's line to the parking lot? Can you imagine feeling aroused and just grabbing whatever woman appeals to you? I what would life would be like if we lived it that way? It would be a wreck, a wreck! You've got to be kidding. It would be a wreck! You've got to be kidding. It would be a wreck! Your boss would fire you. Your wife would sue you. Your boss would fire you. You'd be put in jail. I can't live like that.

The wild man's masculinity right now is caged

It's
by a lot of condemnation. Note blamed for wars like

Vietnam, the popular mythology, and the nuclear arms

HAND It's

race. Massociated with redneck discrimination

against blacks. It's depicted as pig-like chauvanism

that uses and abuses women as sex objects or servants or

The wild man is second-class citizens. The presponsible for self-serving, authoritarian institutions and hosses, for of our resources the worldwide exploitation and expansion, for the careless destruction of our natural environment.

businessmentike cooperation and sharing, and marke pinstripe suits with vests, and no hairshirts, please. Not rugged individualists, but teambuilders. Nomen prefer sensitive, articulate, feeling men who are receptive and giving, right? Don't we all? Even out West, polypow the hard, aggressive cowboy has become California mellow. Softness is in.

If we could only cage this wild man and keep would him there, the kingdom tanadom to function very well.

But you know, when you go to work every day or you've all the fine can been doing the same entertainment, it is become a little flat, sometimes do you feel like, the let's just let the wild man go." The would just be a kick. Ever had that feeling? Well, let's return to the story.

when we next meet the king and queen, the leight-year-old prince, the scn, the child prince plays every day in the courtyard checkers with his golden ball. But one day, when he's throwing his golden ball, it takes a funny bounce and it rolls into the cave of the wild man. So he runs up to the cage and says, "Give

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me my hall back." "Not until you open the cage, kid," Says the wild man.

He runs home. The next day he comes back and he says, "I really want my ball. That's my favorite golden ball. I need my golden ball. Would you give me

my ball back? TOPEN THE DOCK!" is the reply.

hunting trip out of town and the boy goes to the cage and he says, "Listen, I can't open it. I don't even have the key. I don't even know where it is." So the wild man says, "That's easy. I know where it is, and I'll tell you, and it's going to be very easy to get it."

Now where do you suppose the king hid the or No. Maybe key? Maybe in the wine cellar, in the attic, or he gave it to a palace guard to keep. No. The wild man says, "The queen, your mother, has the key. It's kept in her bed beneath her pillow." Um, Freudian. This was long before Freud, you know.

persona of the child prince. Let's see if we can recognize him. Now he lives within a realm, the kingdom of his mother and father, the king and queen. We fe is very safe and very provided for, as long as he pleases the king and queen, his mother and father.

If they're displeased, because he doesn't have any trade

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WANY Robert Bly, the poet Want I mentioned before, comments that one of the greatest losses of the Industrial Revolution is the relationship between father He says and son. His comment about it is that through most of human history, economy and politics and all continues because of the apprenticeship that the son would hearpa from the father, and therefore the son would spend a lot of time with the father, and would experience firsthand what it is to be a man as well as a carpenter or shepherd or whatever else, but what it is to be a Man: And the man would have some self-conscious experience of being aware that there's someone out there repeating, replicating who I am, and would become therefore more sense of .. conscious of his own what-it-is-tc-be-a-man." #nd fcday the women tell the boys how to be a man, and therefare. the child prince sees masculinity hara than belta mostly from a feminine perspective on masculinity. that in itself is an interesting topic, and let me just go into it a little bit.

If I were going to think about what a feminine perspective on masculinity would be, how it would be skewed, it would be that one important difference see, I think a lot of the psychic issues a similar, but there's a lalance difference. Det one important difference is the fact that most men are physically bigger and stronger, and whereas the woman likes that strength -- to opening jars -- likes the strength when it defends her and works for her, has some fear when that strength is turned against her. So therefore the wild man becomes particularly dangerous. So we take particular care, not necessarily to bury part hide / the wild man, although that probably happens, tcc, but at least to harness the wild man, at least to harness the wild-man.

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think has been on the rise. It's benefitted from think very good nurturing by mothers, good attitude and from the feminist movement.

The judgments we've come up with recently against the wild man I think is supported the child prince. It's acceptable today in a part of middle-class herica, certainly for me, it is acceptable today to feel needy and to cry in a woman's arms and still feel your manhood. It's acceptable to be tender and care for

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an infant and still feel yourself to be a man. And it's acceptable to do housework and to take the bottom position in a conjugal bed and still feel your manhood.

you may think Now if you do these things, at max seem it happens course!" But I would maintain that the first time, that there is a certain amount of fear and self-doubt to go through. Am I on the bottom here because I'm not really a man? I mean, if I were a man I'd be on the top, wouldn't I? What if scmebody saw me on the bottom?

So there is that barrier to move through, and it took a lot of courage to let the child prince have its place and space.

My thesis here calls for something even more. It's a new integration, a unity for this childprince, a return of that golden ball. Now notice that the golden ball is not held by some wise old guru. Nor is it held by some beautiful, benevolent Jesus. This wild man, fresh from the muddy depths of the primitive unconscious, 15 is holding the golden ball. Now what we the golden ball?

It's very common in fairy tales, soe those of LNOW you who are Grimm readers, to have children, hoys and girls, playing with golden balls. You remember the frog prince the princess drops the golden ball down a well, which is retrieved by a frog with whom she has to negotiate something. Similar pattern.

The golden ball symbolizes In these fairy tales the unity of personality that seems fairly spontaneous in children. But as their scope broadens beyond age 8 or 9 or 10, before puberty, they lose their "golden balls," They lose the unity of personality. They forces that one of the forces that are in us, that moves us through life, is seeking to get that unity of personality back as an adult.

The wild wan has

Let's return to our story. Here the the ball and the boy wants to get it back. Now the boy has some choices here. He can abandon his golden ball altogether and just live without it, stay a child prince, forgetting the wild man, just remembering that he's there but he's caged in the middle of the courtyard and he's got my ball. "So what? I don't need it anymore." Or he could present the whole problem to the king and say, This guy has my golden ball, would you send your guards in there to get my ball back?"

If he takes either of these cases, he will stay within the kingdom. He will not make choices that create autonomy for himself, but will spend his life dependent upon authority, dependent upon someone else to create an environment, unable to transform it or change be it, not autonomous from it.

Or he could go instead to his mother and he

The young child loves his mother. He likes to hold her, to he held, but he does so now at the expense of his wild man, for if, as he's holding and being held, he begins to feel within him a sexual appetite while he's holding his mother, that's unacceptable. That's the wild man who's caged.

And so the only way can live in this realm is for the child to keep sex and love separate. If he stays in the realm and takes for himself a wife, we will be little surprised if soon after marriage he loses his ardor. What's happened is the major woman in his life, which was his mother, has become the major woman in his life, which is his wife, and love and sex are separate.

This week I read a study that showed that men at age 4C spend more time shaving than making love. I don't know what it means and if it fits here at all, but I thought of it.

If you're going to stay in the realm, the wild man is going to stay caged. This child, realizing that

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continue to be a good boy. He has his ball. He can say, "I don't know what happened. I don't know how he got out. Maybe there was a second key." He could deny the wild man ever existed, and then he could grow up like the rest of us, becoming ministers and professionals and living our lives making believe, that there is no wild man -- "there's just us masks here."

But our child prince doesn't do that. He calls out to the wild man, "Bon't go away! Come back for me. I can't stay here now. I don't want to stay." So the wild man picks him up, puts him on his shoulders and they go off into the forest together.

Now the boy is going to live in the wilderness with his wild man. Now we can imagine what the child prince's new life is like by looking at adolescence in virtually any period, so let's choose our own. His energies new have been directed for a long time, through his whole latency period, his energies have been locked of into pleasing Momma. Now he's searching for

his own instinctive urges. Kild man is free because he's got nothing to lose. He sows his wild oats.

Adolescence, more than any other age, is wildness. It's got the highest auto accident rate, the highest unemployment rate, the highest drug abuse rate, the highest crime rate, the highest tendency towards violence and vandalism, the highest amount of unwanted, unmarried pregnancies.

The young prince, however, doesn't make it in the wild. He's used to a life where everything is provided and defined for him. Here he's alone. He cares for no one, but no one cares for him. Wildness for wildness' sake is not enough for him. He wants more. Freedom for freedom's sake isn't enough.

The wild man is also very dissatisfied with this child prince. He says, "I want you out of the woods. You have to go out into the world and discover the meaning of poverty. Now I know you have a very good heart. You mean well. So if you're ever in great need, call upon me. And I have great power, far greater power than you imagine. And I have wealth in abundance. Call on me."

So the boy goes out into the world. He experiences his own poverty as he walks on the road. He now has his inner, wild urges, but he has no idea how

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the world works. He has no sense of purpose in his life. He has no sense of himself beyond his impulses. He has no food, shelter or home, and he has no loved one. He is truly poor.

He wanders until he comes to a great city, but having no trade or discipline, he finds no work. But at the palace itself, the royal attendants notice a certain beauty in him. They're very attracted to him. So they get him a job as a helper to the gardener. For the next few years this young gardener's helper digs and hoes and plants and waters and harvests. He learns the ways of nature and the discipline to harmonize his life with the natural forces, and thereby reap its bounty.

One day, as he's hoeing in his garden, the princess is standing on the balcony of her bedroom and she sees this very appealing young man beneath her. And she yells out, "Gardener, bring me a bouquet of wild flowers." So he picks the wild flowers and he climbs up to her bedroom. When he arrives, she grabs hold of his cap, wanting to get a better look at him, and rulls it off. He struggles to put the cap back on, but as he does, she presses into his palm a handful of ducats.

May If you remember, that's the old Furopean golden coins. But if you check a dictionary, it also has a slang meaning. It means admission ticket.

On the third day, the same thing happens again, but he hangs on to his hat and he doesn't get the ducats and he escapes.

Now I want to ask you men, WHY? Here you're a gardener, right, and this princess looks down with admiration upon you and you say, I don't want your golden favors, honey. Why?

Perhaps he has become a meek gardener and he lacks sufficient self-esteem to believe that a princess could truly love him. Or perhaps he has become so concerned with his work and all the fruits that it bears for him that he doesn't want to give the same amount of attention to love and romance. Or perhaps he has become wiser. Maybe he knows that to accept the princess's favors, he would belong to her, that even as her husband, in the position he would get, being married

to the princess, his self-esteem even would depend on her favor. Had he not already stolen the key from beneath his mother's pillow? Hadn't he already released the wild man and abandoned a similar kind of engulfment?

or friends you've met have you ever known people who build a relationship, a marriage, seems to go on fairly stable, and all of a sudden some wild thing happens, and they run off with someone else. How many of us you ever looked them up ten years later? How many of us have do in fact accept a free ticket and go back into the same kind of engulfment? But not our young prince.

Now not too long after this episode with the princess, this kingdom was invaded. The king assembled all of his knights. And as they standing in the courtyard, mounted, with the people of the town around, gave he gives a speech to the knights. He same, "My enemies are very powerful and they lead a mighty army. I do not know if we will be able to conquer them."

From the crowd, the gardener yell out, "I eximile go, too. Give me a horse." The knights laugh, and Said, they say "Right, there's a horse we left in the barn for you." And they all charge out of town to the woods.

Went So he sees to the barn and he lead the horse

out, and it begins lame horse that can only walk on three legs. But he mounts the horse and heads off down the road into the forest. He feets out in the ed down forest and he looks beneath him to the valley below and was the battle is being waged. And Many of the knights have already fallen, his own knights. And the rest as sure to surrender.

So he calls out to the wild man, and the wild

So he call, out to the wild man, and the wild was man suddenly there. "What do you want?", he say. And the boys said, "I want to save the kingdom and the king. I want a strong horse to go to war."

Out of the wood at that moment cames a groom,

and the green is leading a fiery charger, and carrying

in his hand, helding it out, a gleaming sword. And as flee

was

mounta his horse, he look a behind him and there a

troop of armed, mounted warriors, each one with a shield

led

and a sword. And he looks them with his sword high,

racing down the side of these hill, charging at the

battle scene.

they turn and they ran. But he chased them down and he whack and he kills them until there issue one alive.

The king and his knights return to his castle, was and at the gate, the princess has there to meet her father. She pays, "What a wonderful victory you've

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won." The father ways, "I've won? I haven't won. Some brave knight, a stranger, someone I never even saw Came before, concas swooping down out of the words and killed them all."

throne room and he calls for the brave knight to be brought before him. As he marches into ccurt, the princess sees him and she recognizes him at once. She says, "This is no big knight stranges. This stranger is our gardener." The king is amazed and stays, "No one who can do deeds like that is a gardener. There must be something I can do, some gift that I can give you."

"Yes", he answered, "indeed there is. Give me your daughter to be my wife." The maiden laught. "This gardener does not beat around the bush", she pows.

Direct quote. "But I saw long ago that he was no went for the same of the same of

Now our young prince has really grown.

Clearly he has retained his desire from childhood to belong, to love, to be united. But from his life as a gardener he has learned self-discipline and how to use his creative powers. And from his life as a wild man, he has found strength and courage that was just beneath his conscious self. And as a knight, he's gained a sense of purpose, which serves him as he serves it by

but with purpose and compassion.

father and his mother, who felt incredible joy, as parents do, for they'd long given up hope of ever seeing their son again. As they were all at this feast celebrating, however, the great doors of the dining hall flew open, and with trumpets, a messenger come from a said nearby kingdom. And he says, "A great peril threatens our realm. All our hunters have been killed, lost in the forest. Unless some brave knight can be found to explore the forest, the kingdom will be strangled by fear."

The bridegroom stands at his seat and of course volunteers to go. For now he ready to penetrate the depths, bucket by bucket by bucket, and see what lies beneath in the pool. He has the child prince's ability to care, to belong, and he work the gardener's common sense and discipline, and the wild man's strength and courage. This brave knight has claimed his full masculinity.

CLOSING WORDS

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"Today millions of males are killing themselves by being men. You can save yourself. Stop idolizing or denigrating your father, and learn to respect him as he is. Recognize the suicidal success syndrome, and escape it. Realize that occasional impotence can be an attempt to save your sexual life. Escape the many binds of masculine role-playing that damn you if you do and damn you if you don't. Become aware of your real needs and desires and get back in touch with your body. Meet and mate with a liberated woman as her equal, not as her guilty servant or hostile enemy. Take forceful action with great compassion and equal resolve. Have male friends again. Dance with them a male dance. Enjoy your masculine energy.

-- Herb Goldberg