

KYLE BERARD

Interview: Birdo/Mike Peterson/Leticia

Born on a small fishing boat in the Baltic Sea, Kyle Berard is no stranger to adversity. Raised in subzero winters, and summers with temperatures of over 130 degrees, Kyle was bred to be a warrior. When he came to Virginia at the tender age of six, he already had a beard and the breath of a cod. He had already gone through enough adversity that any normal human being could take in a lifetime. So to become one of the best skateboarders out there was not a problem for him. "You go off ahead and practice," he'd say. "I'm gonna drink beers for a couple of weeks before the contest starts." His peers would skate day in and day out, preparing for the contest, and on the day of the contest, everyone wondered whether Kyle would show up. Only minutes before his heat, Kyle would end up showing up. People thought, "Oh no, what's Kyle's dad doing here? Did something bad happen?" But low and behold... it was Kyle. He didn't care about winning the contest; he just needed more beer money. That was all the motivation he needed. I'd like to say that he would always end up skating flawless runs and getting first... but that would just depend on how desperate he was for beer money. Though not impressive to the crowd, Kyle was always pretty happy about it. Kyle is living proof that if you want something bad enough you have to drink a lot of beer. And thus... the story of Kyle Berard.

When you bought your house, did the fact that you had ten bars within walking distance come into play?

It had a lot to do with it, I'll tell ya. But at the same time I was 20 when I bought my house, so I had to wait a year. I had a fake ID, but it only worked in certain places.

Yeah, that is actually a prime location for somebody who is 20 years old

with a fake ID. That comes under the category, "What is one man's trash, is another man's treasure." Or wait, "One man's ghetto, is another man's wonderland." Like you can be, "Dude, dude! Check out the chicks from the balcony on the corner!" And they're hookers. Which leads me to my next question, I have seen you drink enough to kill a horse and still carry on a normal conversation, while your buddy Mike, who's got ten years on you by the way, he... he becomes partially retarded after a twelve pack. How do you do it?

Right. Well, I learned from him, and then he got married and had a child. And now, every time he gets hammered I have to take care of him. One of the first weekends he came up to my house, we got hammered at one of these fine establishments around the way, and uh, he pissed my couch. Kind of like a housewarming gift from The Dinger (Mike Peterson).

I can sympathize with that, because back in my drinking days, I peed on a lot of things.

Oh, my whole house has been pissed. P-Coots pissed my bed when I wasn't in it, and then he threw up in it. And then Mike pissed the couch, and then a couple of weeks after that, Steve P. pissed the coffee table. And uh... I've pissed the kitchen.

Okay, how did you get into skating and how old were you?

My buddy Fat James around the corner got me into it around the same time I went to Mount Trashmore to watch people skate for the first time. My first board didn't have grip tape. I didn't have the extra five bucks. So I looked like a big kook I'm sure.

So you're 24 now. How long have you



been pro? What has changed since you've been in it-good/bad?

I've been pro for eight years. Having the opportunity to skate with my heroes was great. I would just enter contests as an amateur and I ended up winning a few and that's how it happened. I think the most important thing that has changed is me - and that is both good and bad.

Who were your idols back then? Now?

I loved the Northern California style of skateboarding and always will:

Phil Shao, Wade Speyer, Cardiel. I loved East Coast vert skating too:

Tom Boyle, Mike Frazier and Paul Zitzer. I used to skate vert a lot. For about a year there that is all I skated. Not much has changed as far as idols. I still get that same feeling watching those older videos. Other notables for me were Barley, Kerry Getz a little bit later, and Ricky Oyola. I remember thinking that the East Coast was the shit, and not much about that has changed either.

So you moved out to California for four months, and then you decided to move back to Virginia. Does California suck?

I lived on and off there for a year. But I broke my collar bone dropping in on my hands, in Australia, so then I had to move back home, and just, you know, hang out. I ended up breaking it like two or three more times. But then when I moved back out to California, I broke my foot trying to pick up Stu Graham, at a bar.

He's a heavy lad.

He's a big boy. Big, scary boy. So it was pretty much two drinking accidents, and I'm out for a year, and back to Virginia.

So what is there to do out in Virginia?

Well, I'm walking to the bar.

That was an easy question.

I mean, there's a mini ramp a block from the bar that sometimes I'll skate on the way to the bar. It's pretty sick. It just got refinished. The deck fell off the back of it, cuz it's been there for a while. But it just got finished yesterday, so I might skate to the bar tomorrow.

What's the bar called?

The Tap House, and it looks dead as usual. Just the way I like it.

So how well do they know you over there at the bar?

Pretty good... really good.

Let's talk about school in St Augustine. Did you get a degree?

No, I just did three semesters.

How about the three P's - Parties, P-Coots, and Poontang.

I think I can sum it up in one sentence. We were at a party in St. Augustine, and P-Coots was taking a piss next to me on the fence out front, and a Poontang sucked his dick, while we were pissing on a fence.

Is P-Coots more of a mentor or an apprentice in partying?

He's more like... my sidekick. I don't know if he's gonna like that, but we kinda help each other out. But I mean you can't "learn" how to get a blowjob while pissing on a fence.

Really?

Have you ever gotten a blowjob while pissing on a fence?

No, but if there was a book on how to, I might buy it.

P-Coots can't read or write, so there's not going to be a book on it soon.

Leticia wants to know if he was peeing mid action, like was it a golden shower?

No, he was peeing, minding his own business, and I was too, and then he was like, "Whoaaa, what's this?" And then this chick shook it out for him, and then put her mouth on it. Respectable young woman she is. He might



B.S. Smith Tombstone Kona Skatepark



Stalefish Fakie Tree



B.S. Crail Kula's bowl

be the mentor in this situation. I like how he tried to get you guys to do a "Bro-Model." He was really pulling for that, and I was like, "You're gonna sell five." It'll be me, Peterson, a couple other random dudes, he'll probably buy one, and then that'll be it.

The pee chick at the fence line might pick one up.

I don't know if she skates... or knows even knows P-Coots' name.

Beer or mixed drinks?

It depends if I'm already hung over in the morning, or just starting out fresh, which is very rare. If I'm hung over, it'll probably be mixed drinks. If I'm still hung over at night, it's gonna be a bottle of wine.

Is that good wine?

It doesn't matter.

So it could be cooking sherry?

Yeah, anything to get my mind off of being hung over.

The hair of the dog that bit ya.

The whole dog, the entire dog, all over again.

So you're taking your shop, Cardinal, over from your dad. Are you excited?

Yes, I am excited. I go in there, and I don't really know much of what's going on. Like for five years, I've been out of town or going to school. I know the basics of it, but pretty soon, I'm gonna have to learn everything, and then I can probably give you a better answer to that. It's been going good though, it's been five years and running. We've got some cool kids working there... I don't know - we'll see how it goes.

What would you be doing now if you weren't skating?

Not a clue. Maybe still going to school. I have never had much time to think about that, and when I do, it gives me anxiety. Skateboarding is really the only thing I have ever dedicated this much time and energy into. I don't really think about that question too much because I don't even know how to think that way. I'd probably be hanging out with The Dinger (Mike Peterson) at his house. Watching him mow his lawn eight times a day.

Who do you like to skate with?

I like skating with The Dinger, Trey Winslow and... I really love skating with, when he's not working at the shipyard, buddy Loco, Shane Henry, my roommate. He's gotta get surgery on his knee. Mumford, Duffy... there's a lot of guys I like skating with.

Who do you like to drink with?

The same exact list I just gave you.

I thought they might be the same.

I mean half those guys go skate that mini ramp with me on the way to the bar. It's like a little pit stop. We'll get a little lien to tail here, a little frontside carve or grind, or whatever, whoever's doing what, and then we high tail it up to The Tap House for PBR's.

Besides, skating what do you love about skateboarding?

Having an outlet to get away from whatever is bothering me.

What do you hate about skateboarding?

I don't have any bones to pick with skateboarding itself... but like professional skateboarding, yeah, all day long I could talk about. I mean being on trips, you wanna go on trips with your friends, but when you start going on trips with dudes you can't stand, that's the worst. But that's professional or sponsored skating, whatever you wanna call it. Another is that professional skating or skateboarding in general, doesn't always transcend into adult life... and I hate an old, bitter skateboarder. That's the worst for me.

What's skateboarding in its purest form mean to you?

At the end of the day, it's just skateboarding, which is not filming some dude, or meeting up with some sketchy fuck photographer you don't like. It's like your friends. It's me, P-coots, and Alex going to skate.

Do you think you can achieve that and be pro at the same time?

Being pro can be very different at times, but not all the time. I have skated a lot of great shit that I would never be able to if it wasn't on a sponsored trip. But sometimes in a contest you are thinking that you better land this trick or you won't be able to pay rent. But you can't

really think about paying rent in the middle of a trick and still think you are going to land it. You are forced to clear your mind so you don't hang up on a frontside air in front of your buddies. Even when P-coots is on the deck and you are mid air thinking about how much he cost you to drive him across the country. So sometimes I guess pro skating is the exact opposite, but you have to take the good with the bad. And not to mention the longer you are pro the older you get. Which means more responsibility and priorities. You can put all of that stuff off, but I think that is why a lot of great skateboarders hit a brick wall at the end of their careers. So maybe it is getting older, or just getting paid for what you love to do. Something makes it change over time, maybe a bit of both. When you start skating, it takes you away from your worries. And sometimes when you skate professionally, it can bring some of those worries back up.

Leticia says you have an old soul. By this, she means you think and act beyond your years - does this shit ever get in the way?

Yeah. My last answer probably made me sound 40. Better than sounding 4 I guess. I'm guilty of thinking way too far ahead most of the time. It's nice to have been around the block so early and actually have a few things sink in. It's easier to deal with everyday people and situations. But I always have to tell myself that life is not a race because there is no set finish line. That works for an hour or two and then I have to re-explain it to myself in some other gay way. I see other people that are older, have been around the world, and still don't get it. And then I think if they are happy, fuck it. We all just have a job of having fun and staying happy.

You and Mike are pretty tight. How long have you known each other and how'd you meet?

I met Mike when I was 13 in South Carolina. He was ripping. I was down there with my dad for a contest. And that weekend, my dad broke his ankle walking down the pyramid. I'll never forget that one. But I met Mike and I was like, this sounds gay, but I was kinda nervous to meet him. But if I knew how retarded he was, I wouldn't have any problem. Cuz now, I'm nervous when we're meeting other people.

He's not nervous.

No no, he doesn't know how to be nervous.

I love that guy.

Yeah, he's great.

I think I draw inspiration from Mike.

You know he's working on his own dictionary.

Yeah, I do know that.

Most recent I was being really nice to this girl at a bar, and he said I was being



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really "gentlemanic." And that goes with other ones, like when he was trying to 180 this thing, and he said, "Man I'm not scared. Fuck scaredom." There's so many...

Speaking of, Mike has some questions for you too. Let me get him on the line.

Mike - How you doing there bud? My first question is, and everybody wants to know this, how do you go 18, 19, 30? Everybody thinks you're as old as I am, but you're actually ten years younger. How does that work?

It's from hanging out with you. Actually, even more people know that I'm 30 because Danny Way said it on the X Games, like what, 33 million people? More people know that I'm 30 than don't know.

But you're only 25.

I'm not 25, I'm 24.

(Birdo chimes in) Can I ask a question on this subject? I know being that you're only 24 but you look like you're 40, I remember when I was 24; wanting to look older because it really broadened the spectrum of girls I could get with. And I'm just wondering if this is how it's played out for you? Like maybe some 40 year-old lady is like "Ah check out this dude that's my age" and you're like, "That's cool, I can get on this 40 year chick that would normally think she was date-raping a kid," but then also, you could be like, "Check it out, I'm really only 24." No, the young chicks I don't think really go for it because they think that I'm probably going to rape them.



Ollie Grass Gap

I was just wishful thinking that maybe it played out that way for you.

It doesn't play out for me at all in really any aspect.

No, you take what you can get. That's my motto.

That's my motto too. That's the Consolidated motto. We all take what we can get.

Mike - Goddamn, where is this going? Okay, here is my next question. I was at your house and was walking down your hallway. And I see this photo of you, and you're five... and you're shaving. Oh, at my parents house. That was my first shave.

Mike - You were five - it had your age written underneath the photo.

It's not just like the general skateboarding population that jokes me for looking 30 or aging prematurely. My family does it, and they ALL laugh at me.

We are all convinced that you could grow a beard at a stop sign. Is that true?

Depends on the traffic.

Tell me about your drive back from San Diego to Virginia, when you flew P-Coots out to "help" with the drive.

Ooohhh, alright. So I go, "Hey P-Coots, you wanna help me drive?" And he goes, "Oh bro, I don't know - I'm gonna have to take off work." And by the way, he works at Salt Water Cowboy's and dresses up in a denim outfit head to toe and takes people's orders. So he's gotta just somehow get away from all that responsibility cuz he wants to help his

buddy drive back. So I fly him to San Diego and pick him up and we go to the strip club. So at the strip club he goes, "Bro man, I forgot to tell you man, I can't drive stick." Fuck. So I go, "What am I supposed to do with you?" And he goes, "You know what man, I was thinking about that on the plane here and you can just buy me beer and weed, and I'll make you laugh." So that's what I did. I got him high and drunk. And you know what, he'd get all high and say one funny thing... and then pass out. I spent a thousand extra dollars on this guy.

Leticia - To have you drive yourself back home.

He's fucked. He's a fucking idiot. What a plan for him, huh? "You ready to drive P-Coots?" "Ooohhhh, oh wait. Somewhere in between those lap dances you were buying me last night, I remembered I couldn't drive stick."

Birdo - I'd like to get something off my chest that's really not a question.

Mike - Take your bra off then you fuckin' mark.

Birdo - There was this asshole who I went to high school with that never brought his books home to study and always got A's.

Mike - How do you always get Aids? Isn't it like once you get it, you got it?

Birdo - Well for the next class or semester, he kept getting A's.

Mike - Oh A's, I thought you said Aids! (Laughter)

Yeah, you can get it every weekend.

Mike - "Sorry, can't come out today, I caught AIDS again..."

Birdo - So anyways, I'm taking home

this fucking backpack full of books every day, and studying my ass off just to get C's, and he's going home with nothing, and always get fucking A's. And the thing that pisses me off with Kyle, is that's how he is with skateboarding. I hate Kyle and think he's a dick... even though I love him. But for that reason.

Mike - Everybody knows that Birdo. Birdo - Yeah, yeah, I know... and it's annoying to the people that bring all their fucking books home. People bring their books home and they study and they study and they study... and they flunk... and Kyle...

What about you? Listen to this: You've got a skateboard company. There's all these other skate companies trying to do good graphics and they don't sell. You've got a board that says, "Don't buy this board" and people buy the fuck out of it. So that's the pot calling the kettle black there, Birdo. "I'm so gay" with a unicorn shitting a rainbow. You don't see Dwindle doing that. Or anybody for that matter, if they did, it wouldn't sell.

You were open to the Dirty Sanchez!

I love that graphic.

It's become an iconic classic now.

You know I'm gonna need some kind of mellow board graphic now though, cuz some of my extended family. I can only imagine when they go on the Consolidated website and try and buy you know... "Hey Grandma, can I have my cousin's board?" And then it's like, me fingering a chick and then wiping their mouth with shit.

They can get the "Chicks are all over my Cock". That one's cute.

That one's not cute man.

Or the "Congratulations, it's a Berard."

You can't even get that one cuz it's a bloody baby looking at a nurse's tits, and it has a beard.

I'll tell you some of the reasoning behind it even though, that just pisses me off. I was just thinking the other day, nobody goes to see fucking G movies. Who fucking goes to that? You go to the fucking R movies. They're the movies that fucking normal people, from probably twelve on, want to go see. Yet, all these fucking skateboard companies think they gotta make these fucking rated G graphics. Who likes that?

It's like all the G movies that parents have to sit through some shitty movie with a bunch of animals because their kid can't see tits yet. But you kinda blend tits in with the kiddy shit.

Okay, yeah, I'm kinda trying to sneak it in. Okay, when it's all said and done, what do you want to take away from skateboarding?

Fuck it. I want a lot... because I don't want it to be done. I want to keep this going for as long as I can. How many people do you know who get to do what they love for a living? But by a lot, I don't necessarily mean a lot of money, because God knows if I were ever to get rich, I'd be dead in a week. I just want to be able to keep experiencing things on the road. I've had some pretty memorable stories over the past ten years, and I need ten more years to keep the laughs going.

B.S Disaster Revert Brick Banks

