



# ISSUE WON

BMX ZINE

**MOSAICS IN THE SCUM!**

ISSUE NUMBER 002  
THE POOL EDITION

# This is ISSUE WON #2

Firstly, Thank you to all those that made the effort to get their hands on our first issue. The response has been quite unbelievable. It is astounding to realise how hungry dudes are to get their hands on printed BMX news!

Diving straight in... Any regular(let's face it BMX'ers are far from normal) person that picks up this Issue, may open it and see a bunch of dudes riding things that you wouldn't usually see people riding on or in. It is awesome to know that we are a group of people that don't conform to the norm, we seek out the unorthodox, do the unexpected and crave things that would make us seem almost insane. I mean we ride IN swimming pools, we grind ON rails, we jump OVER things and ride bikes in all kinds of ways which the everyday person may not understand. We are a strange collective indeed!

In this "Mosaics in the Scum" Edition we have a really good selection of photo's ranging from insane to wicked! As usual the stories are written by riders and photo's taken by riders too. Real BMX!

## -Issue Won

### Main Contributors:

Schögn Lee • Kevin Schneider • Colin Loudon • Wayne Reiche • Eric Palmer

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Murray Loubser • Felix Murray-Shum • Elsa Bakos • Andy Fortini

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## Locked and loaded.

Although I have never actually ridden a pool myself, I have been in and out of many. I just don't see the appeal! Going around and around hoping to catch that perfect lip, or only to launch a few more millimeters... I just don't see what the fascination is.

However! Passing bikes over the wall, bucketing out pool scum, convincing the irate neighbour, laying poolside shoulders in dog shit(camera in hand), now there's a rush I cannot get enough of! I yearn for the camaraderie, the friendships made from spending time with guys that are thinking, seeing, feeling the same way!

It really doesn't matter WHAT you ride. You soon learn who's a worker, bull-shitter, lay-about, and a grafter. All these things become clear when you spend time with people of the same mind set. Whether or not you're on the bike or not, or even speak the same language. Like they say..."birds of a feather" -Schögn Lee

## Let's go!

### In this Issue:

**the cover** Greg Illingworth shredding at a private getaway bowl tucked away deep in the mists of the Cape. Photo by Wayne Reiche.

**p2** Right here, right now. Colin Loudon blasting over the stairs in the now very no-no kiddie pool in Morningside, Durban. Photo by Kevin Schneider.

**p3** Soup of the Day. Our Zine Feature. Stories from riders about their experiences in and out of pools around South Africa.

**p6** Ghetto Jam 10. Oh man, what a weekend!

**p8** Felix crookin' that infamous Sea Point Hand Rail, by Kevin Schneider.

**p12** Study time with Felix.

**p13** Pipe Dreams with Murray Loubser

**p14** Ray Day. We take to the streets of Jozi for Ray Malinga.

### Issue Won BMX 'zine by BMX Direct

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Telling people about how much you enjoy riding tight tranny's can get an awkward range of reactions. Those who realize the reference to obscure, steep concrete transitions will share the excitement, the others will stare blankly trying to figure out what exactly your on about. It's a special kind of endeavour. Away from the rat race, hidden from sight behind some fence you had to jump. The strange desire to make use of something otherwise useless.

Afternoons spent with good friends lurking around the suburbs is time well spent. Searching for demolition sites and renovation jobs with palm trees peeking over the security fence hoping that some forsaken and abandoned concrete beast lays waiting. Sometimes it's worth asking for permission, sometimes their isn't anyone to ask. Sometimes the foolproof excuses you've prepared for any disgruntled owner or security guard just don't work and you gotta bounce before things get hairy. It's alright though, there's always another mission to be had and another gem to discover.

A decomposing soup of plant and animal matter squishing between your toes as you bucket out the shit. I've learnt there is no way to stay clean in these moments, embrace the filth and it'll be over soon. Septic scabs are an inevitability when things don't work out as you'd hope. Some level of pain and discomfort is a guarantee but that's the way it goes when you wanna have this much fun.

Words: Andy Fortini  
Photo: Schoon Lee



## SOUP OF THE DAY

a journey to the deep end of the pool

BMX is a strange and unique activity. It takes a different sort of individual to see an empty pool full of waste and swampy water and get excited about cleaning it out to unleash its potential, even if in another way than what was intended. This particular pool is a fair drive outside Cape Town and is quite a unique shape and pretty hard to ride. That didn't stop a whole bunch of guys from having a gem of session before the winter rains.

Words & Photo: Wayne Reiche



Photo by: Wayne Reichie



Andy Fortini

There has always been something fascinating to me about riding pools, I mean riding a bike in a swimming pool. That's a pretty awesome thought, and not to mention all the thrills that come

along with it. Scouting run down neighborhoods, feeling like you're in a scene straight out of "Lords of Dog Town" when tossing your bike

over a 6 foot wall and your grips land in a pile of dog shit, that actually happened to me once. The best part about these missions is that every time it's a different experience, a new challenge to conquer, a new land owner to bribe and reason with, a new day to see who is absolutely useless at manual labor in your riding crew. I'm not sure where this is all going but I feel a bit of a short list coming on in the hopes to help educate a young BMX padawan to become a Jedi in the art of the empty pool.

Remember that not all pools were created equally, so if you come across one filled to the brim be sure to roll up to the spot with a long stick and meticulously test that tranny before breaking out the buckets. Pick your battles wisely - If the tranny is good but it's looking like swamp thing lives there, I strongly advise that you get all your homies together and chip in to hire a pump. It only costs around R300 and takes a thousand times quicker to get to the fun part of roasting and feeling like a complete idiot when you can't even get to the coping or find a decent line. I love how everything automatically becomes ten times harder to do on an 8ft vertical wall with 1ft of tranny, you just have to be patient and visualize what you are trying to achieve. In conclusion, I hope you have gained some valuable insight into this rare BMX phenomenon and are inspired to make some pool riding adventures happen of your own.



Kevin Schneider

Before flying in to Durban I'd seen photos surface of a particularly splendid example of an empty pool. Hank hooked it up and off we went. I was blown away to see three different pools behind the same fence. On the first trip we bumped into local skaters performing a little concrete maintenance. The main attraction was not to be rode that day. Luckily the other two specimens while not quite on par with the first pool held their own particular pleasures. It's interesting to note that if the first pool was running we may never have explored the curves of the super tight little peanut and the technicoloured tiled paint tray. A scary pair of pit bulls came to investigate as we jumped the fence. With scrotums the size of my fist swinging in the breeze they trotted through the dilapidated yard to have a sniff. Sitting by the edge of the pool the savage beasts wanted nothing but our love and affection. Unfortunately the salty Zulu sucked the juice from our session before it could really get underway.

Best to go before he comes back with the shambok we thought "security" man was not so friendly. Not to be bribed with smokes or booze this fun sponge. As frustrating as it may be getting the boot you have to keep your wits about you. Don't be a fuck boy and ruin it for everyone else, best to bite your tongue, swallow your pride and all that other bullshit. Time to go and start making a plan for the next mission...

Words: Andy Fortini  
Photo: Brandon Blight



Darren van Wyk

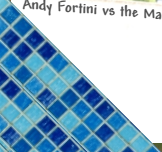


Andy Fortini vs The Man



Wayne Corliss

Photo by: Wayne Reichie





Durbans' very own Stuart Loudon took first place with an almost flawless run.



Germany's Fernando Laczo tearing it up on the ledges.

## The BMX Direct Ghetto Jam 10

For 10 years the Ghetto Jam has been the highlight of the year for many riders. Far and wide they come to ride the most unorthodox haphazard setup of concrete and pallets. Dudes from far and wide show up days early to help build what they want to ride on the day of the contest. Weather perfect, location perfect, company, vibe and motivation all perfect. This is what the BMX Direct Ghetto Jam is about. See you in December!

Vincent Leygonie coming up fast in the Pro ranks. Look out for this kid! 1 foot can on the extension.



Young Matt Duffy was one to watch. All the tricks, all the steez, all the time. 360-tuck no hander on the box of death!



Thanks to BMX Direct, Monster Energy, Skullcandy SA and Bosch Power Tools for making it all happen. Till next year!

Ghetto Jam #10 Results:

- Pro:  
 1st Stuart London  
 2nd Francois Bodenstein  
 3rd Vincent Leygonie

Expert:

- 1st Eric Garbers (Namibia)  
 2nd Martin Dejager  
 3rd Ayrton Monikon

Am:

- 1st Liam Cameron  
 2nd KC van Wyk  
 3rd Jethro Hoidge

Ledge Legends: Murray Loubser and Sean Fulton  
 Best Trick of the weekend: Francois Bodenstein  
 Tough as Nails: Moathodi Chiko (Botswana) + Matt Duffy  
 Freestyler: Vincent Leygonie + Martin Dejager





**ISSUE WON**  
Felix Murray-Shum



BRANDON  
BLIGHT



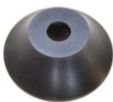
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**WE DON'T NEED ANOTHER HERO**



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BS

When you're young, you don't ever think about how you will fit bmx into an 'adult' life. How you will find time to fit riding into a packed study schedule, or a 9 to 5 job. I'm studying full time now, and it has become a lot more difficult to find time to ride. The other issue is that I stay out in Stellenbosch, 45 minutes from Cape Town and the majority of the people I ride with. So when I had some spare time on my hands, I made the mission through to ride and film with Kevin and Blight for a project I am working on. I generally only head through to Cape Town to film, as I don't have enough the hours anymore to just take a pedal or have a relaxed session. I filmed nothing that whole day.

My ankle injury played up (that foot is pretty twisted), as I'd not ridden in ages, and my bike felt unfamiliar. It's a shit feeling when something that was the main focus of your life feels foreign to you. Stressing out, and try as I might, I couldn't find anything to film. The main clip I wanted ended up being a write as we hadn't factored in the evening dew, which made everything far too slippery.

Sometimes, no matter how hard you try or how badly you want things to work out, nothing comes together. Sometimes it just doesn't work. And yet, though I didn't film a single thing, or get a single photo, it was still one of the best sessions I've had in ages. We rode a foot high ledge and a kerb for almost two hours, making a kicker off the pavement and just generally messing around. No thoughts of filming or producing anything at this point of the day, just chilling with the homies doing basic shit for the fun of it and having a good time. When I first started riding, filming was the last thing on my mind. I just wanted to be out in the city or at the park, riding my bike, exploring with my mates. Fuck getting clips or photos. This session was reminiscent of that for me. Just out on our bikes, riding and laughing at stupid shit as the sun went down. People get caught up in having to have some sort of proof of the session that went down. Something to post on Instagram or Facebook when you get home, some footage for an edit you're working on. That's not all bmx is. Sure, it definitely has its place nowadays, especially if you have to produce things for sponsors. But don't let that become the defining point of your sessions.

So what that you didn't get that dope line. Who cares that you couldn't pull the hard 180 on the rail. You had fun with your mates. That's what counts. Don't ride to merely produce things, ride because you fucking love being on your bike and its fun as hell. That's what this last Sunday reminded me of. I'd lost sight of that, and I suggest you don't.

# Pipe Dreams

After a good night's sleep, Brandon, Wayne and I began to make moves to mission to a full pipe about an hour and a half away from Cape Town. While eating breakfast, we scoped out some old pics of the full pipe that Wayne had taken a few years back. The more we talked about what it would be like the more our excitement grew. Brandon and I had not the slightest idea what lay ahead of us.

We packed up Brandon's Stay Mooked Golf and began to make our mission to the overturned, empty silo.

It was a heavily overcast day with a few drops of rain here and there; this however did not dampen our spirits in the least. Wayne using his Jedi mind tricks, persuaded the old security guard to let us ride inside the silo and get some photo content.

Getting to the location was the easy part! We had to dismantle our bikes, and then I climbed up onto the top of a silo which lay perpendicular, and slightly lower to the one we were going to ride in. From there I hoisted the bikes up using a rope, waited for Brandon to climb onto the silo that was higher than the one I was on. I passed him the bits and pieces of our bikes and then I climbed down to ground level, all the while Wayne was snapping pics, and giving a helping hand here and there. Wayne and I, along with all the camera gear squashed through a tiny hole at the bottom of the silo, the sight that lay before us was dirty, yet enchanting. The interior had a few small puddles of watery mud, the walls had layers of dust clinging to them, as well as some dead vegetation. Brandon lowered the bikes piece by piece into the silo from a larger hole above us. We reassembled our bikes inside the dust covered metal prison. Noticing immediately that we could not ride the enclosed full pipe without cleaning it first, we zooted off to the hardware store and got the necessary cleaning equipment for the job. After what I would call the biggest spring clean in history, and getting temporary Ebola from the dust, the chamber transformed from being a dull dusty prison into a bronze metallic chamber that echoed every sound in the most magical way.

This was it! I was going to ride a Full Pipe for the first time! I began to pump the tranny like I would a half pipe's and worked my way higher and higher up the reverberating steel walls. Every time my bike made contact with the silo's walls, the chamber would be filled with a BOOMING sound, like a gigantic bass drum! Brandon and I took turns riding the pipe while Wayne lit up the chamber with his camera flashes, it really seemed like we were in the centre of a lightning and thunder storm. Riding in low light, on pieces of metal that reverberated, making the sound of the death penalty gong, was tricky to say the least. I had one banging crash where I, body slammed to flat, this happened due to the problem of the steel being impossibly hard to judge where the curve of the tranny went from being vertical to over vertical; this was very disorientating. It was the most insane feeling ailing up into the over-vert part of the full pipe, tucking my bike up and landing at an over-vert angle, then riding down the side of the wall. We continued to have a blast of a time riding cheering and shooting, until it was time to leave. While we went through the whole process of taking our bikes apart and Brandon hoisting them out, Wayne and I could hear Brandon on top of the silo. Next thing we knew we heard the terrifying, dreaded sound of Brandon falling off the silo which was a good 4+ meters high. After a few seconds of silence and a very worried glance between Wayne and myself, Wayne called Brandon's name. With no delay Brandon chirpily replied from the top of the silo, "What's up?" What we had heard was one of the bikes slamming against the side of the silo while Brandon was letting it down, not Brandon falling off it.

This was without a doubt, one of the most epic BMX missions I have made yet!

Words: Murray Loubser  
Photos: Wayne Reichie





Mosi Natli

**RIDE FOR RAY!!**  
#RIDE4RAY

The South African BMX community mourned the loss of a fallen Brother in 2015. In 2016 we gathered in the streets of Johannesburg to commemorate the passing Ray Malinga. A friend, fellow rider and true legend. Riders from all over South Africa attended as well as a handful of riders from across the globe.

We spent the day riding many of the spots that Ray loved and frequented on his bike. The vibe was positive and dudes were throwing down all day in the streets. Not even security could dampen the mood, in fact we even had them smiling! Ray Malinga you will be missed. Rest in Peace Brother.

Photos: Elsa Bakos - Endless Mag & Bar Spin sequence by Schögn Lee.



Kyle Davies





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