



FACES OF MUSTANG

MARCUS BASTEL

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About Faces of Mustang

I love the open American road, the endless landscapes, the big spaces, it has inspired numerous trips and much of my photography. The fiftieth anniversary of the Mustang in 2014 made me think of its unique place in American culture, something that is both iconic and attainable. Then I started to wonder about the people who owned Mustangs, their experiences and stories and how they came to be bonded with their cars. I took to the road this summer to find out, hear their stories and take their portraits, this book is the result. Enabling me to take this trip was a Kickstarter campaign; FORD, GTB (Detroit), and Classic Design Concept who provided me with my means of transport, a 2015 Mustang, which I fell in love with during our 8070 miles together; and my credit card.

It all went Mustang the moment I landed in Detroit. I was questioned for almost two hours at immigration. When I was finally discharged the officer, who had quizzed me so thoroughly casually mentioned that a friend of hers might be interested in taking part in the project. I told her she could pass on my details and two days later Eric got in touch. He was the very last person I photographed before returning home, and so the trip went full circle.

I was on the road for 36 days driving a total of 181 hours, zigzagging through 26 states from Michigan in the north, to North Carolina in the east, Arizona in the south and as far west as Nevada; I met people in 16 of these. I connected with them via social media, people referred me to their friends, and I knocked on doors when I saw a Mustang (or two!) parked outside. Some people were, understandably, a little wary of the stranger on their doorstep and strapped on a gun, before stepping out to talk to me, but once I explained what I was doing people warmed, suspicion and awkwardness dissolved, one anecdote gave way to the next and, before we knew it, hours had passed. These encounters were initially posted to FoM pages on social media and then compiled in a book. I met many different people on this trip and every one of them was unfailingly kind to me. For the most part we steered clear of election talk, connecting over their Mustangs and the memories they hold - good times and bad ones, friends, family and community, the need for speed and a splash of adrenaline.

Marcus Bastel is a London based photographer and writer. Faces of Mustang can be found on Facebook, Instagram and Twitter. and is currently seeking funding for a follow up to add participants from the missing 34 states.

If you would like to speak about the project, contact:
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Ray and Austin

Dearborn, Michigan

2003 SVT Mustang Cobra 'Terminator'



I've had many Mustangs over the years. Restored some, took some apart to rebuild and built some up from scratch. It wasn't always a success story, but it was a real obsession to see if I could make it happen. I stuck a dashboard into my car and held it in place with some pieces of 2" x 4" and a couple of screws. It wasn't meant to look as if it belonged, it was just me making it stand out.

When I grew up my dad was working at a salvage yard, it made me popular with my friends. I could do the longest burnouts and then go and get another set of tires from the salvage yard. I built up a '93 from scratch, it was so loud that if we went to a drive-thru the lady at the counter would tell me to shut the car off since she couldn't hear me. I got two tickets by cops because they thought I was squealing the tires when I left the stop sign, but I was just easing into the gas! We drank a lot of this energy drink called Code Red at the time and, since the car was a bright red and wild, I called it Code Red. So the 2003 SVT 'Terminator' Cobra I got sitting here now is called Code Black. I never wanted a 'black' car or a 'convertible' but that's exactly what I got. When I found it I had been looking for 3 years and when he took me for a spin I knew, that I needed to own this car and I drove away with it.

They used to call my father 'Trader Ray' when I was growing up. There would be a different car in the driveway every week and then he would trade it away.

He came to visit last summer and I took him for a ride in the Terminator. When we got back he had tears in his eyes and said that this must be the fastest car he had ever ridden in. He said 'when I die I want you to bury me in this car'. He passed away this March, bless his soul. The car is not buried with him but it's now a family keepsake for us.

Bruce and Dave

Calcutta, East Liverpool, Ohio

1965 Mustang 289 & 1967 Mustang Fastback



We went to school together. Dave's dad was into cars, so a lot of us kids dropped in on Dave. We didn't all end up with Mustangs, but most of us got into muscle cars. Dave got his red '67 a year before I did, he was going to cut off the roof but the car was just too nice to cut up. I was looking for a '68 Fastback and saw one advertised but he wanted too much money. Then I saw it advertised somewhere else and it was obvious he couldn't sell it so the price came down and I got exactly what I wanted. I was 16, it was my first car. We grew up working on these cars, you get attached to them that way. Today there is so much technology in them it makes it hard to get involved. My ex-wife was jealous of the car. She said I just kept it because it reminded me of all the dates I'd had in it, but that wasn't it, I just like the car and besides I had plenty of those dates with her.

Maybe what I remember best was when I wrecked it. I was on a first date, we were going fast but we weren't racing, and then this old lady backed out into the middle of the street and sideswiped the car. The state trooper arrived and the lady said we were racing and I said we were not. I was with friends, there were another three cars behind us and we were driving fast, but we were not racing – of course my friends took off when I had the accident! And the state trooper asked 'Who are your friends?' I told him 'I ain't telling you who my friends are, and we weren't racing'.

I ended up getting a ticket that night but not for racing. It didn't look good arguing with a cop on a first date, but we dated for five years after so that was lucky.

I didn't think we would be here 30 years later, still owning the same cars and still fixing them up. I don't have any kids or anything but I hope I can pass it on to someone one day.

Clay

Newark, Ohio

2002 Mustang GT



I left my dad's house late at night to drive home, I didn't get far, just around the corner a deer ran into the road. I turned the wheel and the car shot up the embankment, I saw the tree coming and then just black, which I guess was me looking at the night sky, straight up. Next thing I know the car flipped and just pancaked, slapped right on the road landing upside down dead centre of it, still pointing the way I was going. I'm upside down just hanging there. It was insane.

I was looking for my phone then, to take a selfie, but I couldn't find it.

Looking at the car now I realize I am lucky to be alive. I got away with a mild concussion, a few scratches and some bruising. But the car... my Mustang ... it's a complete write off. I really loved that car.

My friend, Mark, helped me get her back here after she was towed. Mark's got an '03 Mustang GT, those two used to be sisters, Ruby and Daphne. I guess we won't do anymore cruising together, not for a while. But I will get another Mustang in the future.

Thanks for taking the time to come out here and note it all down, it's nice for something good to come from the loss of my Pony!

Guy and Marylyn

Granville, Ohio

2015 Mustang EcoBoost



I've always been into cars, what interested me the most wasn't the horsepower or even some of the features, but the artistic nature of the car, the style of the car. At one point we were in New York City, it was during the world fair in '64 and there was a Mustang. I thought, 'man that is the sexiest, most beautiful bodyline on a car I have ever seen, I want one of those!'

There was a weekend when I didn't have a gig and we were invited to go to this party. Marilyn's roommate was also invited, she made an appearance right before sundown, in a red, brand new 1964 and a half Mustang convertible.

I got to see it first hand. Sit in it. Open the door and close the door. Even the inside of it was artistic to me, it was the first car that had an instrument panel dashboard that looked like it had two cockpits. It had that fancy two tone pony interior and that struck me, and I thought, I have to get one of these one day. Anyway we finished college, we got married, and we had a child and I still had this desire to have a Mustang, but, we couldn't afford to own two cars.

There was the child and there was the drum set and right there was my frustration.

In 1969 we lived in Pittsburgh and I spotted a used '68 Mustang. It was just a standard coupe, but with the 289 engine, and a vinyl roof. I didn't care about the engine, I just loved the styling. I owned it for about six years and I could never fit the drums into it, but we had the other car for that. Over time I owned another 7 Mustangs, fixed them up, searched scrapyards for spare parts - often wary, for there were snakes and rats living in the undergrowth of those places. When the 2015 model came out I decided to treat myself and I ordered the exact car I wanted, a fastback with all the trimmings of the 50th Anniversary Edition and I totally love it.

Bart

Weyers Cave, Virginia
1967 Mustang



I had my first Mustang when I was 13, taking it apart and putting it back together.

I got another two years later that was in better shape and sold the first one. By age 17 I started racing: I was fast. There was one time, we were at the mall, there was 35 of us racing. Then, at one point, six state troopers come rolling into the parking lot and I thought 'OK, I am going to jail tonight'. The chief of police stops his car right in front of me and gets out and I say 'How are you doing Mr Green?', I built some decking at his house for him. He says 'Bart, I want you to get in your car and take it home, I don't want to see you tonight', and then he says 'You put up quite a battle, there was nothing that touched you within six car lengths' 'How do you know that?' I ask, and he points up to the sky and says 'We got good proof, but tonight is your lucky night', and I walked away with 3500 bucks!

I am still racing some today, mostly on my home track in Maryland which is a quarter mile length while most are just an eighth of a mile. I still have that need for speed. I think once you're a motorhead you're always a motorhead. My grandson, Jojo, has it in his blood already. He's only seven now but when he was two he got a chair to climb on to get to the keys and we found him outside in the car trying to start it up. He'll be a motorhead when he gets older just like I am.

John

Hazard, Kentucky
2015 Mustang



When I was a kid my neighbour had an '87 Fox Body and we would go over and listen to it. I guess that made me kinda want one. It was a while before I was in a financial position to go and make that dream come true. Then in 2007 I was finally able to spend the money and got myself this Grabber Orange '05 V6 and I was very happy. When I sold the '05 I wanted to have one just for shows and for a weekend drive in spring and summer. I like taking it to the shows, I like making the car look better and getting the attention for it and the compliments. It's a huge social scene and a great way to meet people.

I have an adopted daughter, she is going on 14, and my thing with Mustangs has gotten her into cars. She helps clean it up before we take it to shows and if I miss a spot she is the one who points it out. She won't let me clean the tail pipes because she says I'm doing a bad job. When we win a trophy she goes up with me to collect it.

She likes the modern new ones, when she sees the Snake she's elbowing me and shouting 'Shelby, Shelby!'. That's the dream, get this one paid off and get a Shelby and have them both. Of course then my daughter might insist on driving the Shelby and telling me that I am doing a bad job driving it. People say get your children involved in cars so they don't get into drugs.

When I retire I'd like to go out west to one of the ghost towns in the desert.

If you find a car there you can grab it and apply for the lost title and, if no one claims that car within 30 days, it's yours for 30 dollars. There won't be no rust on it so you don't have to work on the body. Of course you have to find one of those ghost towns first, that's half the fun of it, that and the history, I like history!

Ashley

Raleigh, North Carolina

1965 Mustang



My grandmother bought the car new in the sixties, it's only had one owner, although my uncle was driving it for a long time. He was a car mechanic so he kept it in good shape and he souped it up a little, too. I want to restore it and eventually give it to my son, but not until he's around 30. Since I brought the car home I've had several people come by and offer to buy it but the car has sentimental value to me. I really associate it with my grandmother although I don't think I was ever in it with her. I remember my uncle taking us for ice-creams in West Virginia in it when I was a kid. Everyone I tell about having the car tells me about how their grandfather had one or that they used to own one. I mean, the car has just been around for so long and it's a piece of American history really. I'm excited for my son to grow up and

be around that, and Jesus I feel like it's dangerous - it's got no airbags or anything - but I'm excited for my son to grow up with it. Actually, my first car was a Mustang, a convertible, I was always driving way too fast in it. One time I was driving home to my parents and I got pulled over going like 97 in the car and the cop is just looking at me like 'what are you doing?'. He was so nice to me, I told him I was heading home from college and I started crying and I told him that I wanted to get home faster and he said 'do you have cruise control?' and I nodded and he said 'use it', and he let me go, probably because I was crying. I did get a lot of tickets in the car though. It didn't like to go slow, you know, it would like putter around when it was slow, but once you got it past 60 it was really happy.

Jason

Concord, North Carolina
1973 Mustang Convertible



There was a group of us, including Bruce and Dave, who I grew up with in Ohio. I was the last to get a car, a '69 Coupe Grande. We had fun and working on the cars taught us responsibility.

I sold it in 1992 and immediately regretted it, so my stepfather and I went out and found this '73 convertible. It was one of those horrible 70s colors and I stripped it all down and it sat like that, from 1993 until 2010, when I had enough money to rebuilt. There are a lot of people that have cars and don't drive them, but I'm gonna drive it every day until someone runs into me and then I'm gonna walk away and try and find another one, it's my baby.

Getting this car back onto the road and in the shape it is now in is due to my stepdad, he took on the challenge. It took him three years. I wanted to pay him, but he wouldn't hear of it. It was a labor of love, and to add to it, he welded mine and my wife's names into the front wheelbase on either side of the car.

I remember one time, in my '69 Mustang, it was late at night, I'm coming up to a light and I've stopped and a Camaro comes up to me, he sits there for a few seconds and then he revs his engine. I look over and he like 'let's go', so I start revving mine up, and just happen to look behind me and see lights coming up, it's dark and I can just see, lit from a streetlight, lights on top of the car, and I think 'is that a cop?'. I kept revving it up, the light turned the guy took off in the Camaro, and I didn't. I just trundled off and the cop came and got him. I was thinking of driving by and waving at him but I didn't. It was the perfect timing ... for the cop!

Cory

Greenville, South Carolina

2015 Mustang GT



My dad had a '92 Foxbody GT and when me and my brother were eight or nine he would put us in the back, make us swear not to tell mum, and go and do donuts. I didn't really know what was going on it was just loud and the whole car was shaking and I thought 'wow this is cool!'

This is the fifth Mustang I've had, all GTs. The one I had before this, the guy I bought it from had the motor rebuilt, it had racing slicks, it was like a drag car. I started driving it every day and realized everything smelled of gasoline. Once I was driving through Greer, the police there, likes pulling people over. I was over there with a friend - he also had a Mustang and both our cars were real loud - we were driving down through traffic beside each other and they thought we were racing. Suddenly, my friend took off and left me and I see his hand out of the window waving. I thought he was just being dumb. Then I hear a siren and this cop car flies over the hill and he is on my butt, so I pull over I wasn't even doing anything.

He jumps out of the car and he is like 'where is your friend going?' and I say 'I don't know', and he says 'well tell him to come back', so I call him and he says 'no, I'm not coming back'. The cop was pretty mad. Then about a month later I was trying to sell the car and I got a call from a number I didn't recognize it was someone in Greer who wanted to see the car so I took it over and when I pulled up and got out it was actually the same cop. I'd told him when he pulled me over that I was actually trying to sell it so I didn't get into trouble. He said 'so you weren't lying, you are trying to sell it?'

and I said, 'yes sir, I am trying to sell it'. He said 'well let me see it' and he looked at it and we drove around and he let the ticket go. He didn't buy it, but it was kind of funny.

Joel

Billingsley, Alabama

1969, 1970, 1972, 1991 Mustang and too many parts to mention



My sister and her husband were into hot rodding back in the sixties and got me into it. He was a Bowtie guy (Chevrolet) and she was Mopar (Chrysler). I like to be a little different. Everyone around here is Chevy, but I'm Ford - Ford is my first choice by far! I've always liked the older Mustangs, I can fix anything on those, with the new ones I hardly know where to put the gas.

My dad didn't care for racing much, but occasionally helped me fixing things. He was probably the coolest dude you'd ever meet, he didn't bother nobody, he took care of his business and his family. It's the best way to stay out of trouble, he said, and he was right, 'cause trouble finds you if you aren't careful.

As for racing, you always think you are faster than anyone else and then you are out there and someone beats you by six lengths.

I used to street race when I was young, I had a '70 Mach 1. One night, when I got off work, me and this boy - who had a Dodge Charger went out on the road to race. They flagged us, we took off and I jumped him. I got two or three car lengths ahead of him when, out of the corner of my eye, I saw something running towards the road. I thought it was a kid, I turned the wheel and ended up in a guy's yard, slid right up and hit his porch. The guy in the Charger hit what he thought was a kid too and we both flipped and ran down there. It ended up being a dog - a white dog - which I am sorry for. I love animals - I got four dogs myself - but I'd rather it be a dog than a kid. After that I said I would never race on the street again, and I didn't. I like track racing anyway.

When my oldest son Jason passed away in 2008 everything here came to pieces. I let it all go. Then my youngest son Ross started pushing me to get back into it and we've started working on some projects since.

Donna and Joe

Brandon, Mississippi

1969 Mustang Mach 1 CJR + 2015 Mustang GT



Donna: Joe ordered the car in 1968, it was the first new car he ever bought. We met later that year, had our first date in October, got engaged on Christmas Day and married on Valentines day 1970. We didn't have a long courtship.

Joe: Donna drove the car for the first time when we went on our honeymoon. We got to a tollbooth and she had to use both feet to push down the clutch and toss quarters into a basket while she did it ... and she did it all.

Donna: I only weighed about a 100 pounds back then. The car just has its ways, it really moves. Old cars are fun but I don't like to rely on them. This '15 GT is mine I get a new one with every body style and I order everything. Everybody here lives and breathes cars, it's the way it is. And I'm all for speed.

Joe: We went to Florida one time. It was 1986, I think, we were with the Mustang Club and I was leading with a whole bunch of Mustangs behind me going a steady 70. We had double nickel then, the limit was 55. Then this red car comes flying by with a group of college girls waving at everybody. About a minute later I see blue lights flashing in the mirror and I am thinking 'oh my God we are going to get pulled over'. But the cops - they had Mustang pursuit cars in Alabama at the time - went straight past us. Soon after we passed him by the side of the road, he had pulled over the girls in their red car. I guess he was sitting right behind us checking us out at the time.

Donna: I get to the point were I get obsessive about them getting wet or dirty. This one hasn't been rained on in 40 years and I am not letting mine get wet either. Right now my sister - in - law is here. I scared her when I took her out in my GT earlier even though we were only going down the block. Then it started to rain.

Barbara

Springdale, Arkansas

1996 5-Speed Mustang



The first Mustang I fell in love with was my friend's older sister's who had bought a classic Mustang. Oh, I thought it was one of the prettiest cars I had ever seen. It was probably 1970 or '71 and when she sold it I vowed that one day I would get a Mustang. Then in 1978, when I was 20, I got a 1970 Fastback in Grabber Blue with a big 351 engine under the hood and I loved the feeling of power it gave me. When my husband and I separated he got the car and I took my son. Some years later my dad called and said he saw a Mustang and went to look at it and asked whether I would be interested looking at it too and I said 'well, sure'. He knew I liked Mustangs and he said 'I'll get it for you - you gotta pay me back - but I get it for you'. It was a four cylinder '74 Mustang II.

I went to see my parents with a boyfriend and he drove it. The whole way there it's hairpin curves and hills and it goes up and down and I was telling him about a runaway truck ramp ahead, full of sand and gravel and with weighted barrels at the end, to stop runaway trucks. I was explaining all of this to him and then we were coming down this very steep hill and I said 'right there, it's right there' and he hits the ramp and buries my car in sand and gravel! I had to climb out of the window. I don't know what on earth made him do that. We were going - 50 or 60 mph - and he hits that runaway truck ramp and buried my car. That was the end of that guy and me. I could have ripped his head off - it was my only car and I was a single parent, it wasn't a good time for me.

Then I had an '86 Fox Body which my ex-husband totaled in the snow. The one I have now, I've had for about ten years. She's called Black Betty and I love her. My dream car would be a '65 coupe with a manual transmission.

Some day, my dream will come true. I have faith.

Special Ranger John

Claremore, Oklahoma

2011 Mustang GT 5.0 Coyote



I'm a Special Ranger with the Texas and Southwestern Cattle Raisers Association and I've been in law enforcement for 32 years. I wear a cowboy hat, badge and a colt 45 daily to work and I drive a Mustang. I took my driving test in a '67 Mustang in 1972. It was my cousin's and I learned to drive in it. I started hanging out with her a lot from being 13 or 14. She would take me out to the country and let me drive. To me it was a little bit like being outlaws - kinda like Bonnie & Clyde - out on the back roads, stirring up dust. I wasn't real good at driving - missing a couple of curves here and there and landing in the ditch more than once - but it being a rural area everyone had tractors to haul us out with.

The car was just a little notchback her dad got for cheap and fixed up for her. Driving home after the test I made her sit in the back, so it would feel as if I was driving the car on my own. I've had a soft spot for Mustangs ever since, but this one is the first I have owned. When I saw it I knew I had to have it. We had a Corvette at the same time and once took both to a car show - I took the Corvette and my wife took the Mustang - and the Mustang won a prize and the Corvette didn't. I sold the Corvette 'cause I'm competitive, which is human nature - especially in guys - you just don't wanna get beat.

I am not as much into speed as I was when I was a young policeman, when I got into car chases and stuff and thought it was great. After my heart surgery, I just have to go it a little slower - it changed my perspective on life and death, to some extent. I am glad to still be here and I hope to get another ten years or so, but I guess it's not up to me.

Kevin

Seminole, Oklahoma

2010 Mustang GT Convertible



My sister was 18 when I was born. Her first car out of high school was a '65 Mustang GT. It was about the first car I remember and by far the coolest thing I had seen aged four. My first car was a '74 Mustang II in a hideous green. We were living out in the country, the car was burning a lot of oil and the motor needed rebuilding to fix that. We didn't have a lift to get the car up, or a hoist to lift the motor out, so my dad helped me rig a chain up over a tree limb. We hooked it to the motor and we hoisted it out and rebuilt that motor. I was 16, it was my first car and I was proud of my achievement. I had a string of other cars, then got a '91 Mustang convertible and I've stuck with convertibles ever since. The last one before this was a '01 Cobra convertible, my son loved that car. He said, when I came to pick him up in it he was the coolest kid in school.

I remember having the top down, and all the boys piled into the back - 8 of them at times - hanging out everywhere. If we had gotten stopped by the police, we sure would have gotten a ticket.

I am not one for doing burnouts, but when my son asked me whether I could, I roasted the tires. Nowadays it's my daughter who is into Mustangs more than him.

My wife and I have been talking about driving the Pacific Highway, from Los Angeles up to San Francisco, in a Mustang convertible. Maybe next year ... we'll see. Sometimes we just take it for a drive, stop for a burger somewhere and then take the long way back.

One day I was standing out here with the car running and she came out and asked what I was doing. I said I was listening to the music. She said the music wasn't on, and I replied the music of the car - the motor. She just shook her head.

Brandon, Justin, Charlie, Dan and Rachel

Pueblo, Colorado

1996 SVT Mustang Cobra & 1967 & 1994 Mustang GT and a couple of toy Mustangs



Brandon: My first car was always in the garage and that's where I wanted to be, washing, fixing and modifying it or just hanging out with friends. That's where we were, if we were hanging out, we weren't sitting around indoors, we were always doing something in the garage - it's more productive than watching television and we learned stuff. If I had a problem with something I would call one of the other guys and ask them whether they knew how to get it fixed. It's still kinda like that. Dan's got the tools, Justin's got gas and parts and Charlie and me, we bring the beer!

Charlie: When I was 17 I bought my first Mustang, it was a '79 pace car. Today I drive a '94 Mustang, 1994 being the year I moved to Colorado, it makes it somewhat special to me. One of the other guys had found it, it had one previous owner and when I saw it I had to have it, so a week later I bought the car.

Justin: To be honest, I don't know how many cars I have. Sometimes I think I should sell a bunch and bring in higher quality ones - investment cars. But then I think, 'nah', it takes away all the fun of just seeing a car and thinking 'wow that thing is so cool!'. It doesn't matter if it's in good shape or has just been dragged out of a field, you just see it and think 'WOW, I have to have this car!'. And then, at some point, you put a new seat in it, and that's how it starts ... four years later you've rebuilt the whole car, for no good reason; it just becomes a project.

Rachel: I don't know how to do any of it, but I like the Mustangs and, apparently, the '96 SVT Cobra will be mine when Brandon gets his next fantasy car. I help with the detailing sometimes, when we go to shows. When he asks me whether we can spend some money on a car, I go, 'hmmm ... OK!' This is what they do - they stand around and look at cars all day!

Dan

Pueblo, Colorado
1988 Mustang GT



By age 16 Brandon, Charlie, Justin and I, we all had cars, pick ups, muscle cars, anything we could get our hands on. The thing is, cars break down, so we started hanging out in the garage, fixing them, working out how to fix them, reading up on how to fix them and asking people who had fixed them already - like parents and grandparents - how to do it. My grandpa was a mechanic in the Air Force, he showed me all kinds of cool stuff. There was no internet, back then, to deliver the answer in a minute, you needed to do all the research the hard way. Whenever we got the chance we would get together and drive out to someone's field. We'd park up, make a bonfire and party, hang out with friends, check out everyone's cars, show them off to each other and try to impress the girls.

We love cars! They are like pieces of art to us, precious things that demand attention. I am restoring a '63 Nova right now and, sometimes, I sit in the garage with it and just stare at it and have some drinks. Sometimes I don't even touch it for a whole night, just to get a feel for it and imagine what it will be, what I will make of it and how.

It's like an artist, he sits in his studio and he works on his canvas for however long it takes and then, one day, he adds the final touch, and he knows it's done, and he steps back and he looks at it and he feels the accomplishment. That's how I feel when I get a car close to the vision I had in my mind.

Sarah and Waylon

Montrose/Delta, Colorado

1988 Mustang LX Convertible



Sarah: When we met I was driving a white '99 Mustang GT. I got that because I like going fast. I had a Nitrous System installed to go even faster, but that spooked me so we took it out again ... it was kinda fun though.

Waylon: When we met I lied about my age since she didn't want to date younger guys; I made out I was older than her, and we started going on dates soon after. I wanted to drive her Mustang but it was a standard, and I couldn't drive standards back then, so I was always the co-pilot. But it was a turn on, being in a hot Mustang with a really cool woman!

Sarah: I've always had a hard-on for Mustangs, the old school '65 Mustang just turns my crank, I've always wanted one of those. But I'd get whichever I could get at the time, whichever was available to me. My dad is a Chevy man and he got kinda mad when he heard that we'd bought another Mustang. I've just always loved them. When I think of a sexy hot racing car, I think of a Ford Mustang. I had to give up my Mustang after we got pregnant eight years ago. I did it for my son, we just couldn't afford it at the time.

Waylon: We've had a few arguments about who is the better driver. I have a Class A CDL now and can drive a standard, but Sarah is probably the better driver. Six weeks after our first son was born she won the Demolition Derby in Hotchkiss county. I lost my voice that night from all the yelling and screaming.

Sarah: Crashing cars for fun! I no longer compete in the Demolition Derby's - I got thrown out for being too aggressive! I would just get rage and hit everything, and, unfortunately, that's not really how the sport is supposed to go - that's just how road-rage goes!

Waylon (nods): The best part about it ... she was the only woman there, the 'All American' Colorado woman!

Marcy

Norwood, Colorado

2007 Mustang GT



I was a Mustang fan from before I could walk. My dad is a huge Mustang fan, he kept a '67 Fastback - my absolute dream car. He sold it to my best friend, rather than to me, since he said I would kill myself in it.

This '07 GT is my first Mustang. I was looking for it for sometime. We don't have a garage to park it in, and after last winter it took a while to get it back on the road since mice had moved into it.

The Mustang moment I remember most vividly was when I came home from playing softball. We'd won and I was driving home. I was motor - scooting, as I usually do, going about 90. And in an instant there were four deer in front of me. There wasn't a lot I could do. I was always told don't swerve to miss them' so ... I swerved! I missed three but I hit one. The whole passenger side of the car was just completely smashed. My dad came up - he has a sledgehammer - and he starts pulling on the fender which is completely crushed on to the front tire. He hammers, and he pulls, and shouts 'I'll get you back on the road, don't you worry!', and he gets it so I can drive it back to the house. When the insurance looked the car over it was \$800 short of being totaled, and they fixed it for me, so I got it back.

One day, I was getting breakfast in town, some guy walks in and I can see he's looking around - it was a small place, there were not a lot of people there - and he comes up to me, and he says 'is that your Mustang out there?', and I looked at him and said 'uh, yeah, why?', and he says 'it's great to see someone drive a sports car the way it's meant to be driven'. I took that for a compliment. I like to drive fast. I'm the same way on a horse - I'm all about horsepower! - when I get on one I want to go fast, I want to push it to its limits.

That's just the way I am.

Ric

Sierra Vista, Arizona

1968 Mustang Coupe & 2016 Mustang EcoBoost



When I was five or six we lived in Southern California. I was at my Grandma's and my Uncle Gene was there in his red '68 Mustang, and the two of us were going for a drive. My grandma made grilled cheese sandwiches, wrapped them up and off we went. We drove way up into the foothills, all the way to the top, and there we stopped, got out of the car and looked across the LA basin all the way to the ocean, had our sandwiches and then my uncle asked if I wanted to drive the car back. And - oh boy - of course I wanted to! So, we got back into the car, and he sat me on his lap, and while I was steering he was running the pedals. We were going down a winding mountain road without guardrails or anything. And I'm driving that car getting all excited. There was a pretty sharp curve ahead of us, and I'm looking at the view and feeling grown up, and then, suddenly, my uncle is shouting for me to turn the wheel, and he grabs it and turns it, and my heart is pounding real hard because I saw how close we came to the edge. He told me to get back in the passenger seat after, and I remember seeing him catch his breath.

That was the first time I drove a car.

When we got back to my grandma's we had to tell her about our close brush with death, and she was very angry with him for letting me drive. For years, every time I talked about getting a new car or anything she would say 'I hope you will be more careful than when you drove that Mustang!' and I would go 'I was five or six years old back then Grandma!'

That red '68 Mustang is the first Mustang I remember. It had belonged to Gene's older brother Dave, then my dad drove it to take my mum to their high school prom, then it was handed down to Gene and then I drove it.

Shane

Santa Clara, Utah

1966 Mustang Fastback & 2006 Mustang GT



After high school, I bought a '66 Mustang. It was a special order someone had cancelled, and I got it for a great price.

One time, this guy I had beat racing before wanted to race again. So, we went out, and took off, and he moved over at me, and I darted out the way and went right between the gas pumps of a gas station doing 110 plus mph. It scared the you-know-what out of me. Eventually, I lost my license and then was caught driving without it so they tacked on an extra year. There was no point holding on to my Mustang and I sold it.

I bought another '66 in 1979, drove it for a year, then tore it apart to restore, it sat around for the next ten years while I acquired a lot of parts for it. I lost interest and sold it to a friend. He finished it up and had it repainted in its original Nightmist Blue with a hint of pearl - it really pops when the sun hits it.

He owned it for a few years and then sold it. Fourteen years later, that buyer took it to a place in Las Vegas so they would sell it on for him.

At the time I was looking to get another Mustang. A friend called me up and told me about this '66 Fastback he had seen in Las Vegas.

I looked it up on their website and knew this was my old '66 Fastback. They had changed a few things, but I was pretty sure. I recalled the VIN number so I called them up and asked whether this was it. The guy said he didn't usually post those numbers, but it was the right one. I told him the whole story of me and the car, and then made him a crazy offer since I couldn't afford the asking price. He relayed the story to the car owner who thought on it for a few minutes and then said 'let him have his car'. So, I got it for what I had offered, and that's how I came to own the car twice!

Tina and Marcus

South Sioux City, Nebraska

2003 Mustang convertible & 2014 Mustang V6 PP



Tina: I went to a lot of car shows with my dad, when I was old enough we went car shopping together. There was a little red Mustang at the lot, a basic 4 - cylinder convertible, it didn't have nice wheels, the interior was red and it just wasn't for me.

Marcus: A week later my dad was shopping for a car and we were at that same car lot and, I saw this red Mustang. I've always liked Mustangs so I test drove it, and left in it. It was a red 1990 convertible with bad wheels - my first Mustang. Later I went cruising and was parked up somewhere when Tina drove up, and came over to join her friends. That's how we met.

Tina: It took a while to work out that this was the Mustang I had dissed before. Less than a year later, he totalled it.

Marcus: One time a group of us went to the Ozarks in Missouri, we heard about these original suspension bridges - built in the 1900's and still in use - so we set out to find one. We ended up going down gravel roads, through forests and finally got to one of those bridges. Tina and me were the first car and, as we slowed, she shouted 'Let me out of the car! '. The bridge was all rusty, with frayed cables, and planks with big gaps for driving across. When she was out of the car I just went for it.

The crossing was extremely loud. The other cars and Tina followed. Soon after, a huge truck zipped across, never even hesitating. We felt a little silly after that.

Tina: In 2015 we went to Las Vegas for the 50 year Mustang celebration. There wasn't enough time to drive, so we booked flights and rented a Mustang. It was all booked a year in advance, but when we got there they had no Mustangs left and offered us a Camaro, I said 'I can't go to a Mustang rally in a Camaro!'.
We didn't have to wait long before our horse came in.

Pam and Scott

Wayne, Nebraska

1965 Mustang 289



Scott: I was going to be 50 soon - and the same applied to the '64 and a half Mustang, which kind of came out in 65, it makes us about the same age. I thought it would be a nice birthday present to myself. We have family in Tucson, Arizona, so we tend to go down there in the winter. We were at a car show there and my wife Pam found what I was looking for. It was just before the 50th Mustang anniversary, and in the middle of the car show sat a '15 Mustang, next to one from 1965 which had a 'for sale' sign on it.

Pam: The first car I ever drove, to go to school in - was a cute little '78 Mustang 2. I learned to drive in that car. We lived on the outskirts of Lincoln and I went to a school in the country, so we were allowed to drive from quite young. I was about 13 and a half years old when I started driving it to school functions. The car was so light that, come winter, we loaded the back with rock salt and dog food to weigh it down and give it more traction on the Nebraskan roads.

Scott: I remember getting my school permit to drive to driver's education. I had to get to driver's ed to learn how to drive, but I had a school permit to drive there - crazy!

After I got the Mustang we joined a Mustang Club. We were surprised about the mix of people there, there were some couples in their seventies who drove around in hot-rods.

Pam: The Mustang Scott got in the end has a production date and number in the motor area. The build date is April 6, 1964, and Scott was born almost exactly nine months later, on January 7, 1965. Makes you wonder no?

Scott: Makes me cringe thinking about it. The first thing my niece said when she saw me drive up in my '65 Rangoon Red Mustang was 'Nice midlife crisis!'.

Mary Ann

Fort Dodge, Iowa

2015 Mustang GT Convertible



I met Mary Ann outside the local Target in Fort Dodge. I noticed a yellow Mustang convertible - with a number plate that read 'TWEETY' - in the parking lot, and thought I'd wait a few minutes to see whether the driver would turn up.

It wasn't too long before Mary Ann returned and I got to talk to her for a few minutes whilst taking her portrait. She told me that her husband, after retiring, had bought himself a '15 Mustang Shelby GT and, not wanting to be left behind, she bought herself a treat, too.

Ed

Irwin, Illinois

1968 Mustang Shelby GTKR & 1967, 1990, 1995 SVT Cobra R, 2010 ShelbyGT 500, 2015 Mustang GT



When I was a kid my dad had a garage, and he would come home after work and work on cars. When I got older I was watching Bullit and reading Mustang magazines, and I thought 'I gotta get a Mustang'. Then, before I turned 16, we bought a '69 Mustang Mach 1 and brought it up from Arizona. It was in bad shape, but my dad and I did some work to it and got it going, and it was my first car. A few years after, we bought a '67 Fastback. It started out as a \$400 box of part, it seemed in such bad shape that we were just going to part it out. It sat around for a while and then we decided to turn it into the Bullitt car. We put a new motor and a different drive train into it and fixed up the body - did everything but the paint job ourselves - and I've been driving it, on and off, ever since. It was a real father and son project and now means a lot to me.

Then the '68 Shelby happened. I had heard about it through a friend who knew someone who had owned and restored it, then it got hailed on and was sold on ... but it was still around somewhere. So, one Sunday a bunch of us got together and we went out to look for it. We got to a house that had a Thunderbird sitting out front, and we asked whether he knew about the Shelby. He pointed us towards the Indiana Stateline and, in the end, we found it.

I went back four or five times and decided that I couldn't live without it.

It was the same with the '10 Shelby. For four weeks every text message - every conversation - to my wife Amanda was about this Shelby. Then my Dad said he would go half, he wanted me to have it. It was like a parting gift, as if he knew he wouldn't be around for much longer and he has passed away since.

Eric

Grosse Pointe Farms, Michigan
2009 Mustang Shelby Cobra GT500



Since I was 13 I'd helped my uncle, who worked at a body repair shop and scavenger yard, he taught me how to fix cars.

I guess I fell in love with the classic Mustangs during that time. I told my dad that for my first car I would get a classic Mustang. He laughed and said they would help me get a car, and he threw \$800 into the pot - I didn't think that was going to get me a classic Mustang! It did get me a 4-cylinder '81 LX Automatic just before I turned 16. She wasn't a pretty car, but to me, it looked amazing. I kept on working for my uncle, so, whenever there were some Mustangs towed into the yard I would have a look to see if there were any parts I could use.

Then, through being young and foolish, I managed to snap the throttle cable. My uncle pulled one from another Mustang and quickly fitted it. Something wasn't right, though. When you put the car into 'DRIVE' it was really sluggish, like starting a standard up in fifth gear. My workaround was to put it in first, then shift to second, and then go into 'DRIVE', I mean the car was an automatic. People must have wondered what I was doing and thought the car barely roadworthy, but I loved it - I felt faster having a shift system, of sorts, and I thought I had a pretty sweet ride.

Being one of the first of my friends to have a car, there was often three or four of us piled in, cruising around town. When we got bored we would get on the road and egg others on, trying to initiate a chase. Sometimes, we would get chased down all these country roads by some rednecks in pickup trucks. This was before everyone was carrying a gun. We were 16, maybe 17, years old at the time, getting up to mischief because there wasn't much else to do in a small town. But, looking back, I am glad about it all - you learn from all the stupid things you've done.

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