

DRIVE TOGETHER



mazda

2017

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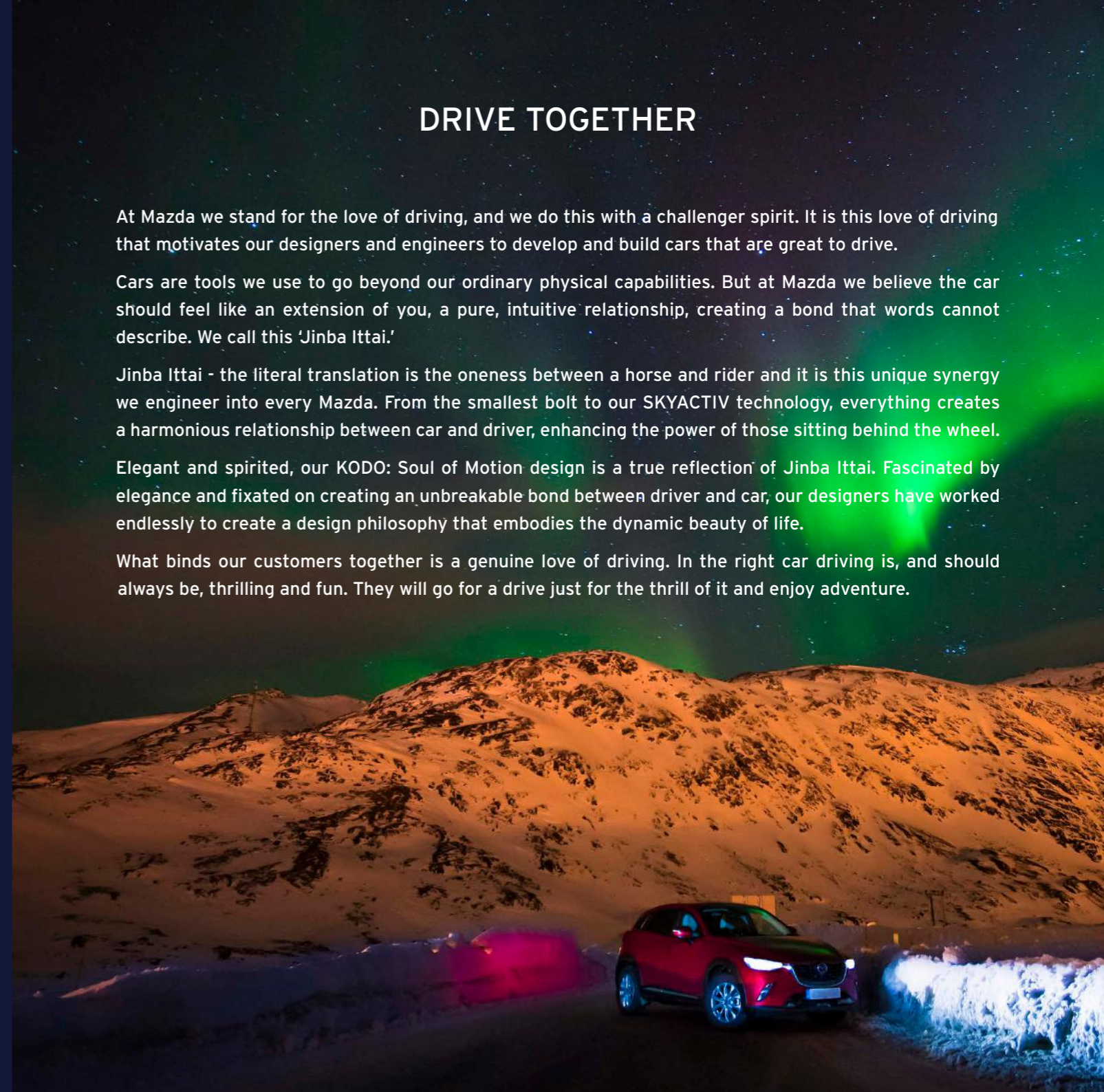
At Mazda we stand for the love of driving, and we do this with a challenger spirit. It is this love of driving that motivates our designers and engineers to develop and build cars that are great to drive.

Cars are tools we use to go beyond our ordinary physical capabilities. But at Mazda we believe the car should feel like an extension of you, a pure, intuitive relationship, creating a bond that words cannot describe. We call this 'Jinba Ittai.'

Jinba Ittai - the literal translation is the oneness between a horse and rider and it is this unique synergy we engineer into every Mazda. From the smallest bolt to our SKYACTIV technology, everything creates a harmonious relationship between car and driver, enhancing the power of those sitting behind the wheel.

Elegant and spirited, our KODO: Soul of Motion design is a true reflection of Jinba Ittai. Fascinated by elegance and fixated on creating an unbreakable bond between driver and car, our designers have worked endlessly to create a design philosophy that embodies the dynamic beauty of life.

What binds our customers together is a genuine love of driving. In the right car driving is, and should always be, thrilling and fun. They will go for a drive just for the thrill of it and enjoy adventure.



HERITAGE

Mazda's belief in 'Fun to Drive' has its foundations in the earliest days of the company. Born from the never-give-up attitude of Mazda's hometown of Hiroshima, Mazda's can-do approach and challenger spirit ensured that from the very start Mazda set out to do things differently - to make products that brimmed with the essence of Jinba Ittai: the philosophy of oneness between car and driver - that sits at the centre of Mazda's approach to car production.

The love of driving was in Mazda's DNA from the very beginning: their first car was the tiny R360 Coupe - designed for the Japanese Kei car (micro-car) segment it was the lightest passenger car sold in Japan and its sporty looks and agile performance saw it take 64 per cent of sales in the sector, helping a whole generation of Japanese experience the freedom and fun of driving for the first time.

However, it was the arrival in 1967 of the stunning Cosmo Sport that really put Mazda on the map as a producer of stand-out driver's cars. The first production Mazda to use the Wankel rotary engine, the Cosmo was a stylish grand touring coupe inspired by European GT cars. Named after the cultural enchantment with the space race, its futuristic coupe proportions and exceptional driving experience saw it win praise the world over. Entered in the 1968 Marathon De La Route - a gruelling 84 hour endurance test around the 28km Nurburgring - the Cosmo also marked Mazda's debut in international motorsport.

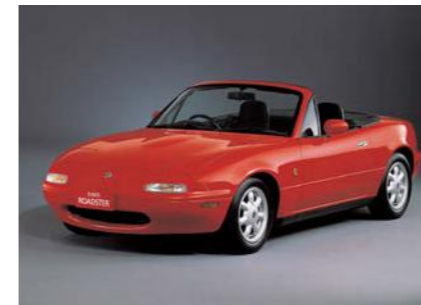




The Cosmo was the starting point of a rotary road-car lineage that saw the creation of the world famous RX-7 sports car, and a rotary-powered motorsport journey that led to outright victory in the Le Mans 24 hours. The same convention-defying approach behind the development of the rotary engine also helped make Mazda's dream of reinventing the affordable two-seater roadster a reality. Launched in 1990 when the lightweight sports car market was all but extinct, the legendary MX-5 went on to become the world's best-selling two-seater roadster. Today, with MX-5 production having past the one-million mark, Mazda's sports car is perfect embodiment of Jinba Ittai.

Yet this passion for delivering an exhilarating driving experience can be seen throughout Mazda's history and across the full spectrum of the firm's vehicles. From developing the world's smallest V6 for the 1991 MX-3, to redefining the Mazda coupe with the rotary RX-8 in 2003 and changing expectations of how an SUV should handle with the CX-5 in 2012 - Mazda's history is filled with examples of Mazda innovating for the sake of the love of driving.

Today the philosophy of lightweight engineering and efficient engines -the basis of Mazda's SKYACTIV technology- has driving enjoyment and engagement as one of its key attributes. From the earliest models in Mazda's history to the very latest - love of driving has been at the heart of the Mazda brand.



THE MAZDA DRIVING ROUTES

We would be doing our customers, not to mention ourselves, a grave disservice if we did not provide the motoring press with driving routes which have been carefully chosen to showcase the design and engineering attributes that make every car in the Mazda model range such an engaging and entertaining drive.

To that end, we constantly scour both the UK and the rest of Europe in search of challenging, traffic-free roads in locations where you can enjoy not only stupendous scenery, but also testing the performance and dynamic envelopes of our cars to the appropriate limits.

Due to be updated with further routes every year, this booklet offers you the opportunity to revisit, and enjoy once more, some of our favourite driving roads; not only in Scotland and Wales, but also elsewhere in the UK, and even as far afield as the spectacular Land of Fire and Ice - Iceland.

Have Fun.

Graeme Fudge, PR Director, Mazda Motors UK





INVERNESS TO TORRIDON CX-5

It being impossible to drive along the western shore of Loch Ness and not keep one's eyes peeled for a glimpse of its legendary denizen breaking the surface of water the colour and temperature of iced tea, this stretch of the A82 has to be the world's longest Accident Black Spot.

At Invermoriston, our route turns west on the A887 through Glen Moriston to a junction with the A87, where a right turn rewards with a fabulous driving road which slowly inhales the majesty of Glen Shiel, guarded to the north east by the Five Sisters of Kintail. At the foot of the Glen, the road meets the sea, flanking Loch Duich until Auchtertyre, where the A890 runs north to another sea loch, Loch Carron.

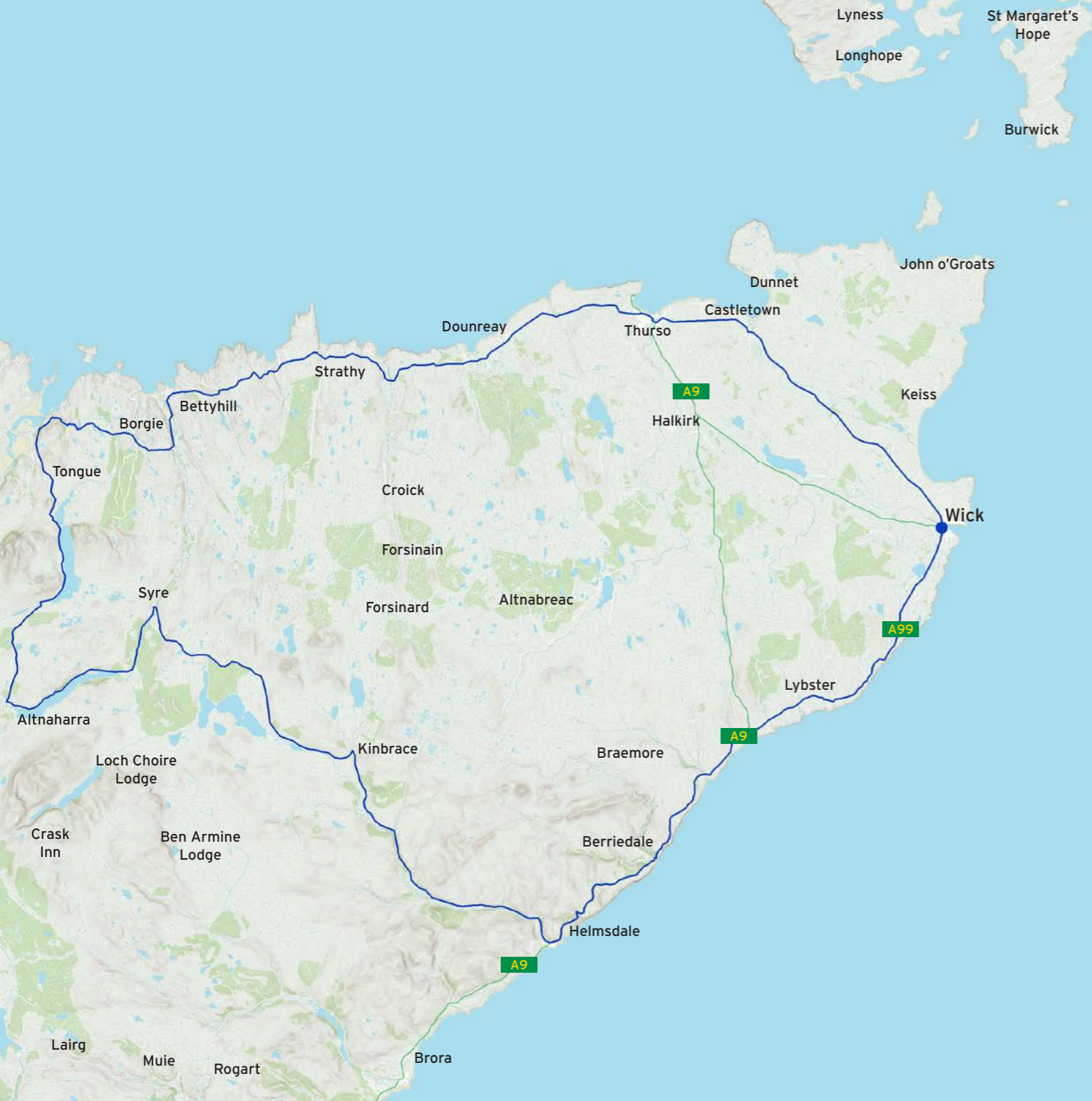
Just past Strathcarron at the northern tip of the loch, the route turns left onto the A896 to Kishorn, just north of which it turns left onto a single track road with passing places which, clambers across the Applecross peninsula to the west coast.

Running north from Applecross Bay, the road offers a vast vista out across the Inner Sound and the island of Raasay to the Isle of Skye. And, in high summer, shoals of camper vans jostling for position, plus, of course, swarms of midges.

Tiny but infuriatingly tenacious, they're immune to pesticide sprays, so the locals slather on Oil of Olay; the midges land on you, get stuck in the goo, and are so busy trying to escape they forget to bite. Except in your hair. Pray for a breeze to keep them grounded.

Having rounded the peninsula, the route rejoins the A896 to Kinlochewe before turning right onto the A832 and spanning the map east all the way to the junction with the A835 which joins the A9 to bring you over Moray Firth and back to Inverness.





WICK TO WICK VIA TONGUE

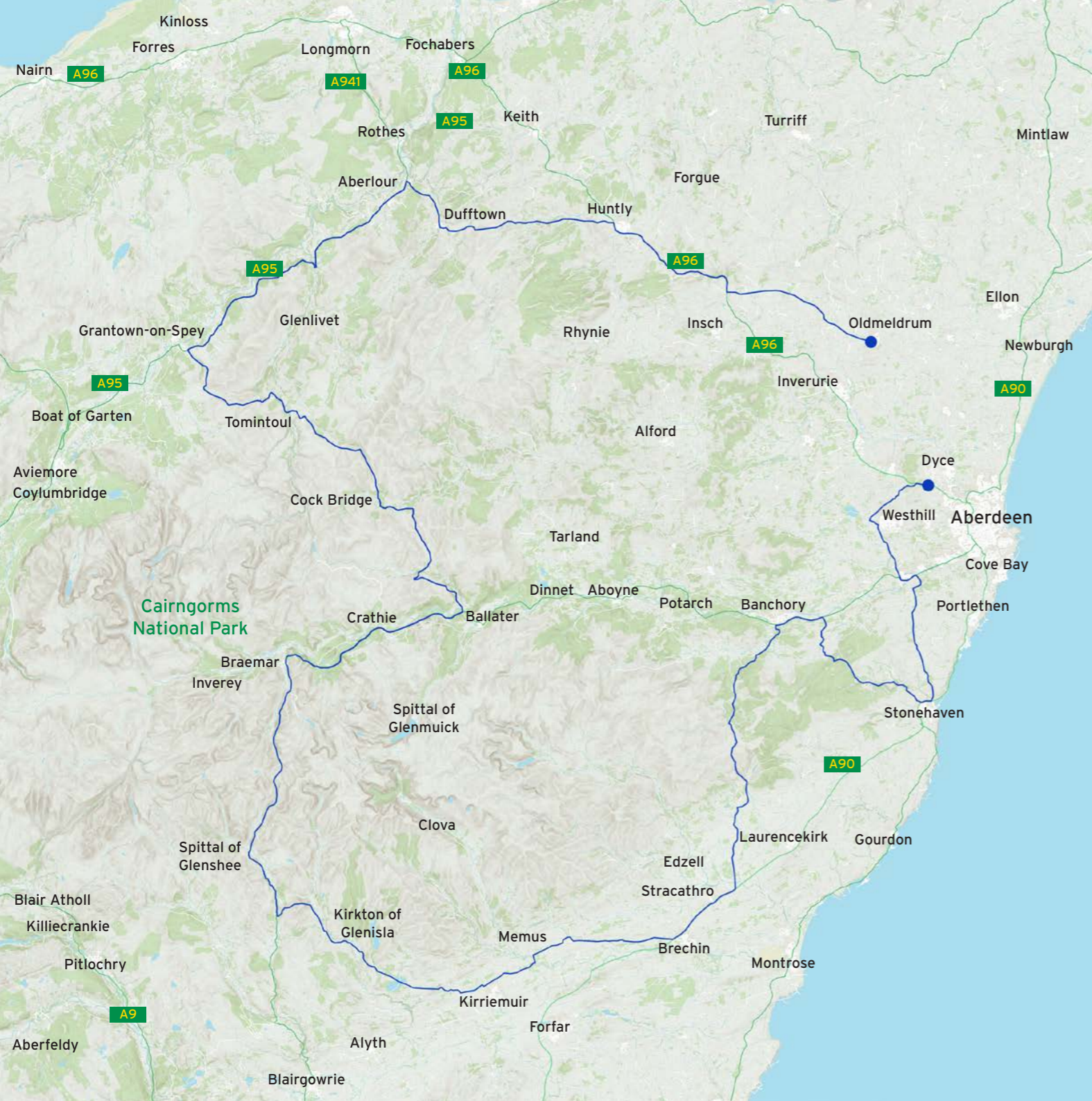
MAZDA3 MPS

Quickly taking leave of the east coast road to the unlovely John o' Groats, our route from Wick cuts inland on the B876, joining Scotland's north coast at Castletown. From here, the A836 ambles eastwards to Tongue; not only a terrific driving road as it ducks and dives along the shoreline, but also generous to a fault in offering scenic splendour.

Passing the port of Scrabster (clearly named in honour of scuttling crustacea), it offers outstanding views of the Orkney islands and their westernmost point; the 450ft high sea stack, The Old Man of Hoy. Further east, cliffs beaten sheer by the North Atlantic and whitewashed by the guano of countless nesting guillemots, razorbills, gannets, fulmars and the occasional puffin are regularly interrupted by inlets underscored with the pristine sand of reassuringly untrammelled beaches. Offshore, seals surf in the breakers, surfacing to peer myopically ashore in search of the bowler hats they should so clearly don to complete the picture.

From the Kyle of Tongue's broad, sandy estuary, the road turns inland, pinched narrow between mountains including Scotland's northernmost Munro (a peak of over 3000ft -there are 282 of them) and Loch Loyal, and narrower still as the B873 turns east along the banks of Loch Naver. Thereafter, the B871 and then the A897 follow the River Helmsdale south east to the coast at Helmsdale, where further coastal route pleasures await on first the A9, then the A99, on to Wick.





ABERDEEN TO MELDRUM MAZDA3

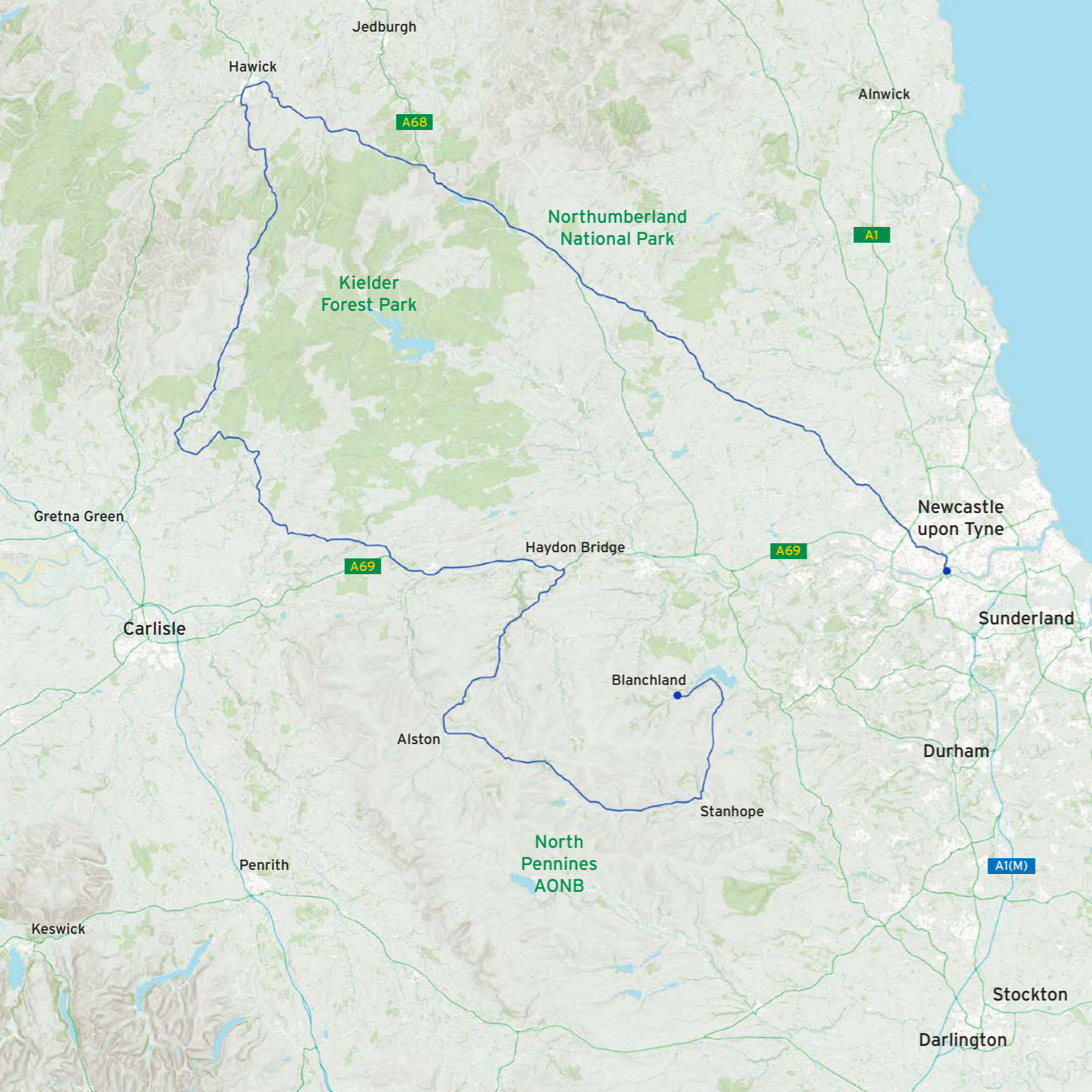
The oil rich city of Aberdeen is often viewed as an industrial jumping off point for oil rig workers and the lowlands of the east coast of Scotland are sometimes ignored in favour of the ragged and mountainous west coast.

But get out of the city and onto the roads heading west or south and you discover driving roads that are wide, open and full of technical corners that test the car's dynamics, and scenery that indulges your visual senses.

Find the B979 heading down through Netherley towards Stonehaven and you are rewarded with a view of the North Sea that is both stunning and unexpected. Out of Stonehaven up the oddly named Slug Road and the driving takes you through agricultural areas, forestry land and moorland. Follow the road through Banchory and turn south once more on the B974 and the old military road down to the A90. At Kirriemuir take the B951 to join the A93 through the Cairngorms and the Scottish ski centres. Here the scenery quickly becomes mountainous with roads that twist and turn through some stunning scenery that would not embarrass any alpine pass. The roads are wide and well sighted, cresting mountain tops before diving back down to valleys cut from the landscape by ancient rivers and glaciers. Follow the road through Braemar and turn left towards Tomintoul just after Balmoral, continue on this road through the Lecht ski centre before turning north towards Dufftown and then to Old Meldrum.

A stunning drive that takes you from the sea to the mountains, showing you the diversity of scenery in this beautiful part of the United Kingdom.





NEWCASTLE TO THE LORD CREWE ARMS CX-3

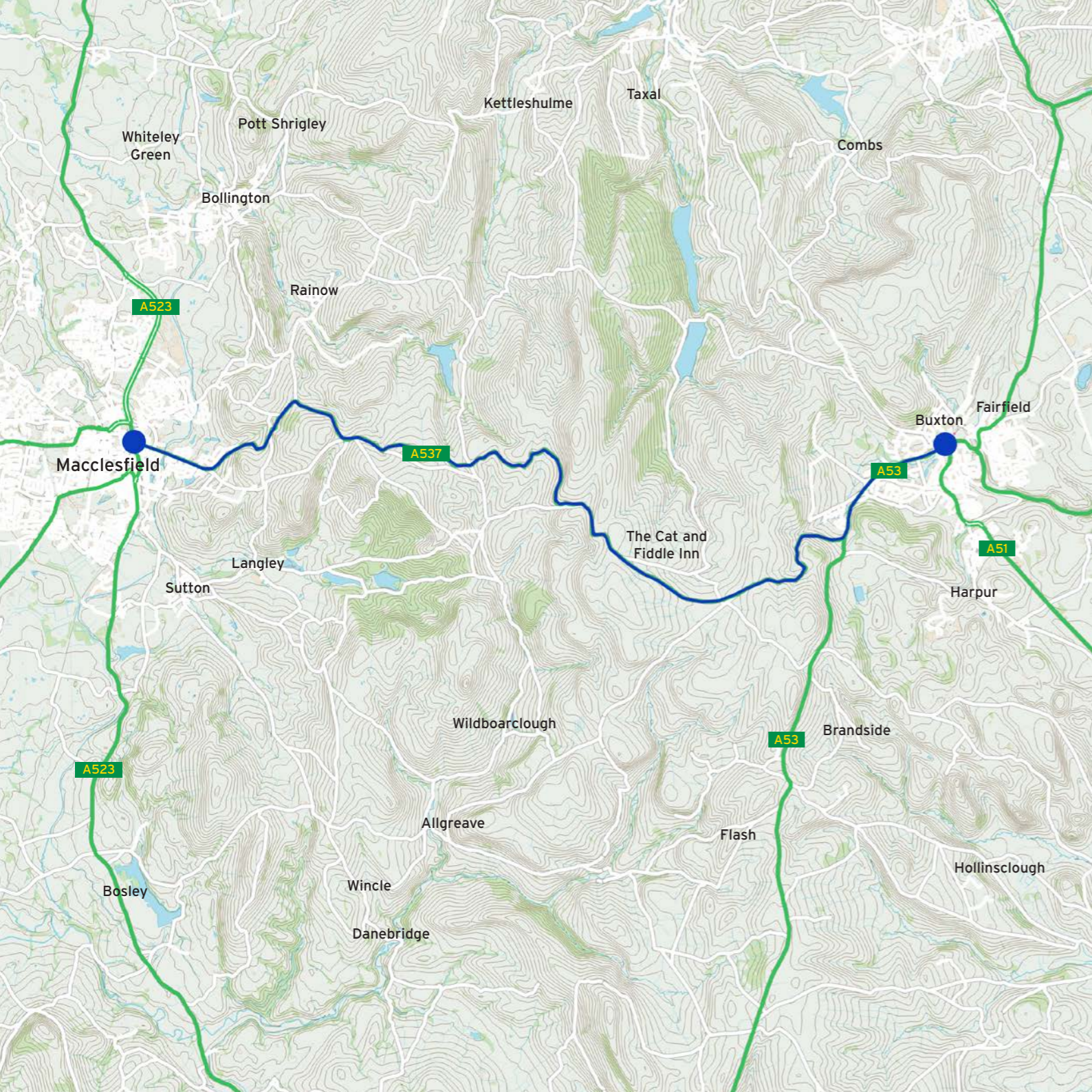
The roads west of Newcastle are rarely used by the motor industry and this is a great shame as they offer some of the best driving in England.

Quiet, wide, flowing and wonderfully twisty they offer a great day's driving for anyone wanting to drive for the sheer fun of it.

From Newcastle head West towards Kielderhead National Nature Reserve, here you will cross the border into Scotland for a short spell before heading south skirting around Carlisle, head west towards Slaggyford, St John's Chapel, Stanhope and then Blanchard where the Lord Crewe Arms has a wonderful Northern welcome.

A route from the east coast, through the wonderful Kielder forest, famous as part of the Rally of Great Britain in past years, almost reaching the Lake District in the west before heading back east across the bleak moorland and outstanding roads of the North Pennines makes this a great day of driving.





BUXTON TO MACCLESFIELD

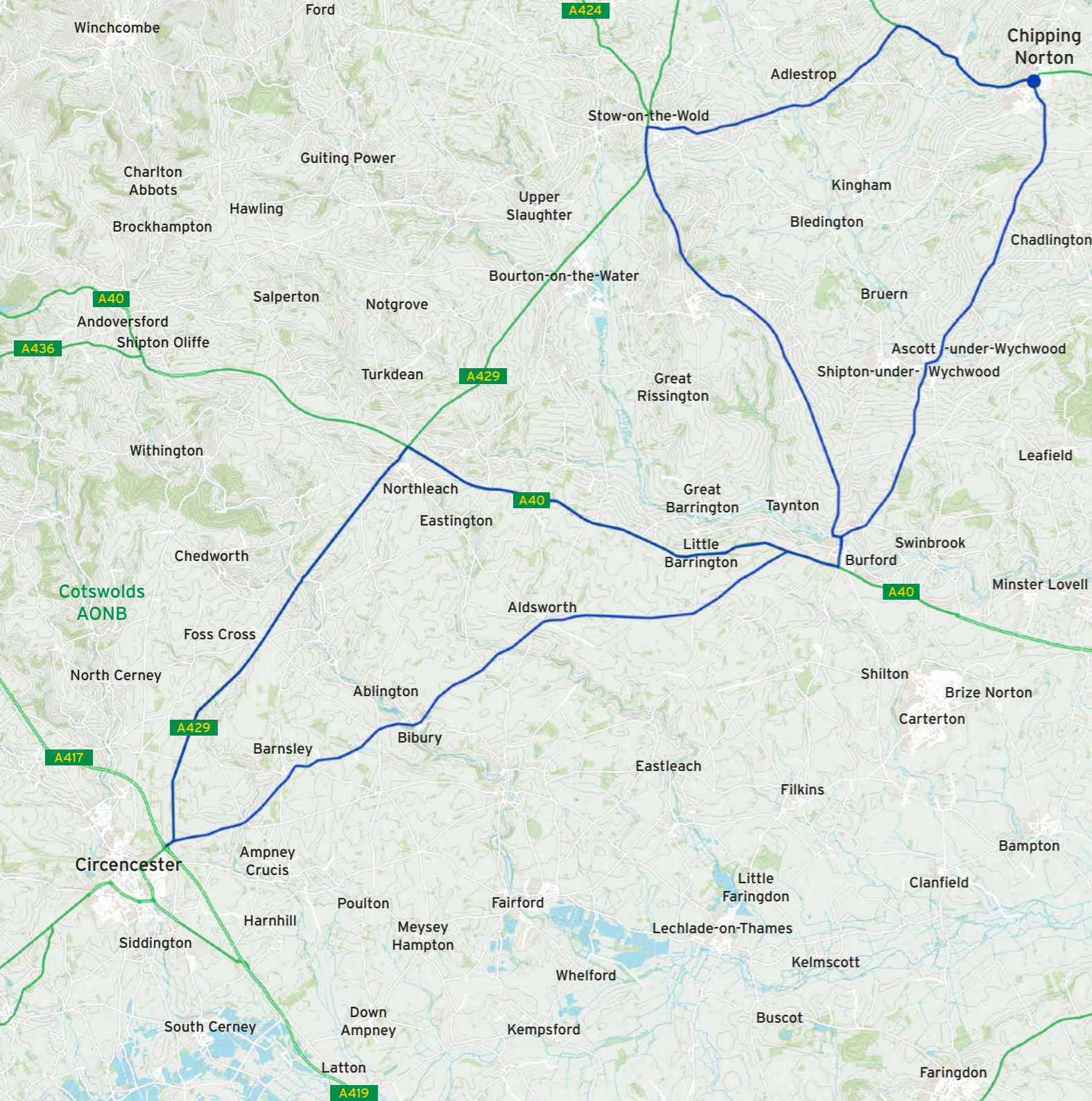
MX-5

Formed by parts of the A537, A54 and A53, the locally dubbed Cat and Fiddle Road is known for its frequent tight corners as it makes its way through some spectacular moorland scenery in the Cheshire and Derbyshire Peak District.

At the road's highest point at 515m (1,690ft) stands the second highest pub in England, the Cat and Fiddle (the Tan Hill Inn in the Yorkshire Dales, since you ask). The tight bends and steep drops have, however, led to a number of accidents - and the road usually features in official statistics in the top 5 most dangerous roads in the UK.

Our route starts in Buxton at the junction of the A53 and A5004 Long Hill road just north of the Buxton Opera House. It follows the A53 through the western outskirts of Buxton until a right turn onto the A54 at Ladmanlow. It then climbs in a series of sharp bends onto the flat moorland of Goyt's Moss, where it runs as the A537 in a fairly straight line until reaching the Cat and Fiddle Inn. From here, it descends to Macclesfield via a continuous series of sharp, and often blind, bends.





CHIPPING NORTON TO CIRENCESTER

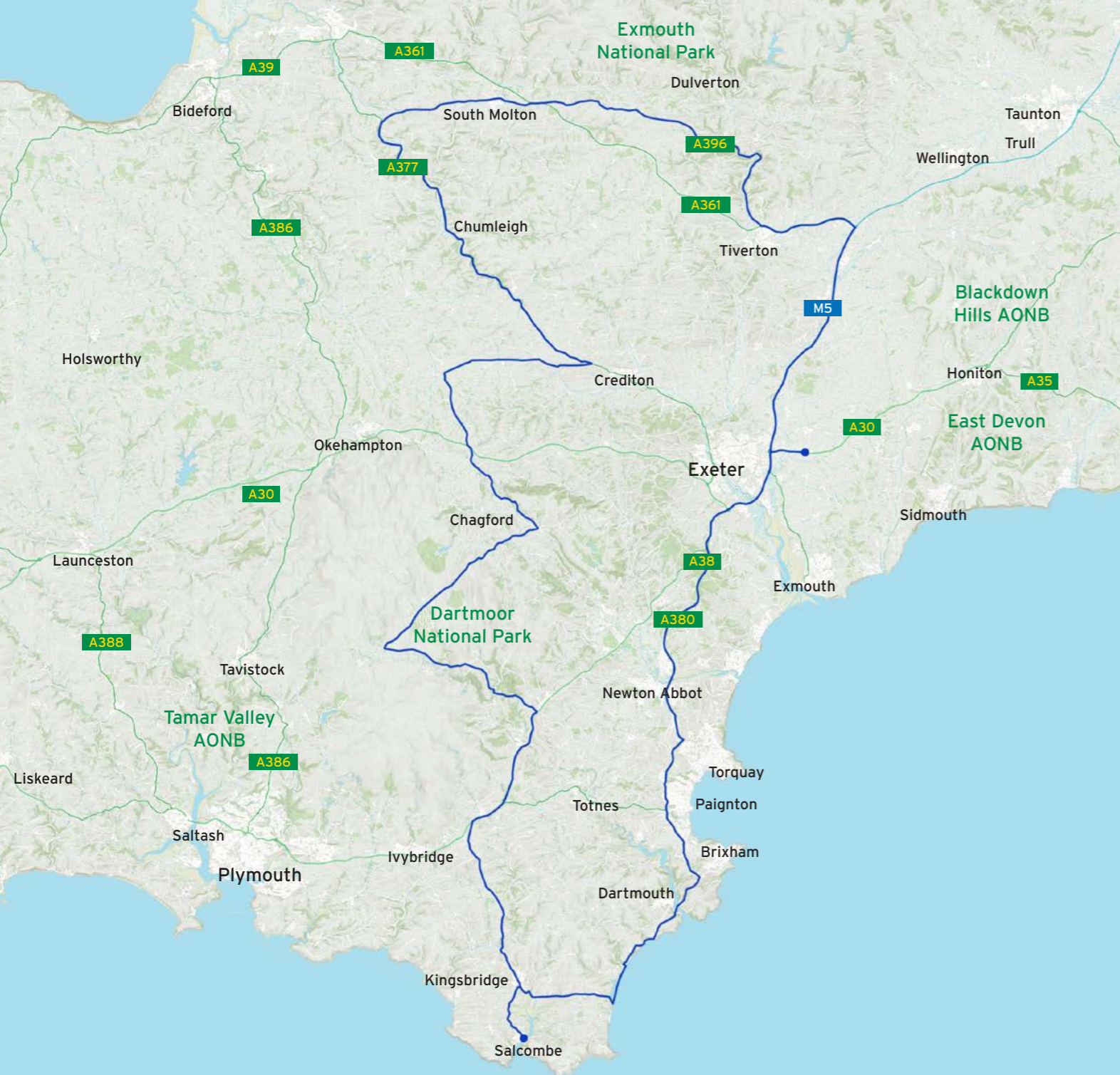
MAZDA6

Proof that you don't have to travel to the ends of the earth to find good driving roads, our Cotswold route heads south out of Chipping Norton on the A361 -a symphony of fast, sweeping corners and a surface occasionally bad enough to challenge the most sophisticated suspension- to Burford; a quintessential Cotswold town the steep high street of which is lined with tourist 'stuff' shops (you buy a whole load of stuff and, only on returning home, wonder why, exactly, you did so).

At the top of the hill, turn right onto the A40 and then, shortly, left onto the B4425, a road both the width and sheer entertainment value of which utterly belie its 'B' status. Every vista in absurdly quaint Bibury is worthy of a picture postcard, and, as one banana yellow hatchback-owning pensioner recently discovered, woe betide anyone who rocks that boat... So upset were visitors to 14th century Arlington Row by his car spoiling their photos of the oldest inhabited properties in the UK that they relentlessly vandalised it until he replaced with a drab grey alternative.

Just before Cirencester our route turns north onto the old Roman Fosseway, the A429, and then east on the A40 back to Burford. From here, the A424 to chocolate box top-worthy Stow-on-the-Wold combines the facility for terrific pace with outstanding views across the Cotswolds to both the east and west. From Stow, the A436 keeps the driver on his toes before joining the A44 back to Chipping Norton.





EXETER TO SALCOMBE MAZDA2

From Exeter airport drive north on the M5 to junction 27, then take the A361 to Tiverton and then turn north on the A396 up the valley of the river Exe. Turn off Oakfordbridge, where the B3227 runs west along the bottom of Exmoor National Park to South Molton. Continue west until our route meets the A377 following the river Taw south through cattle pastures of an emerald green sufficiently eye-watering to render all suspicions of the correlation between clotted cream consumption and a coronary momentarily inconsequential.

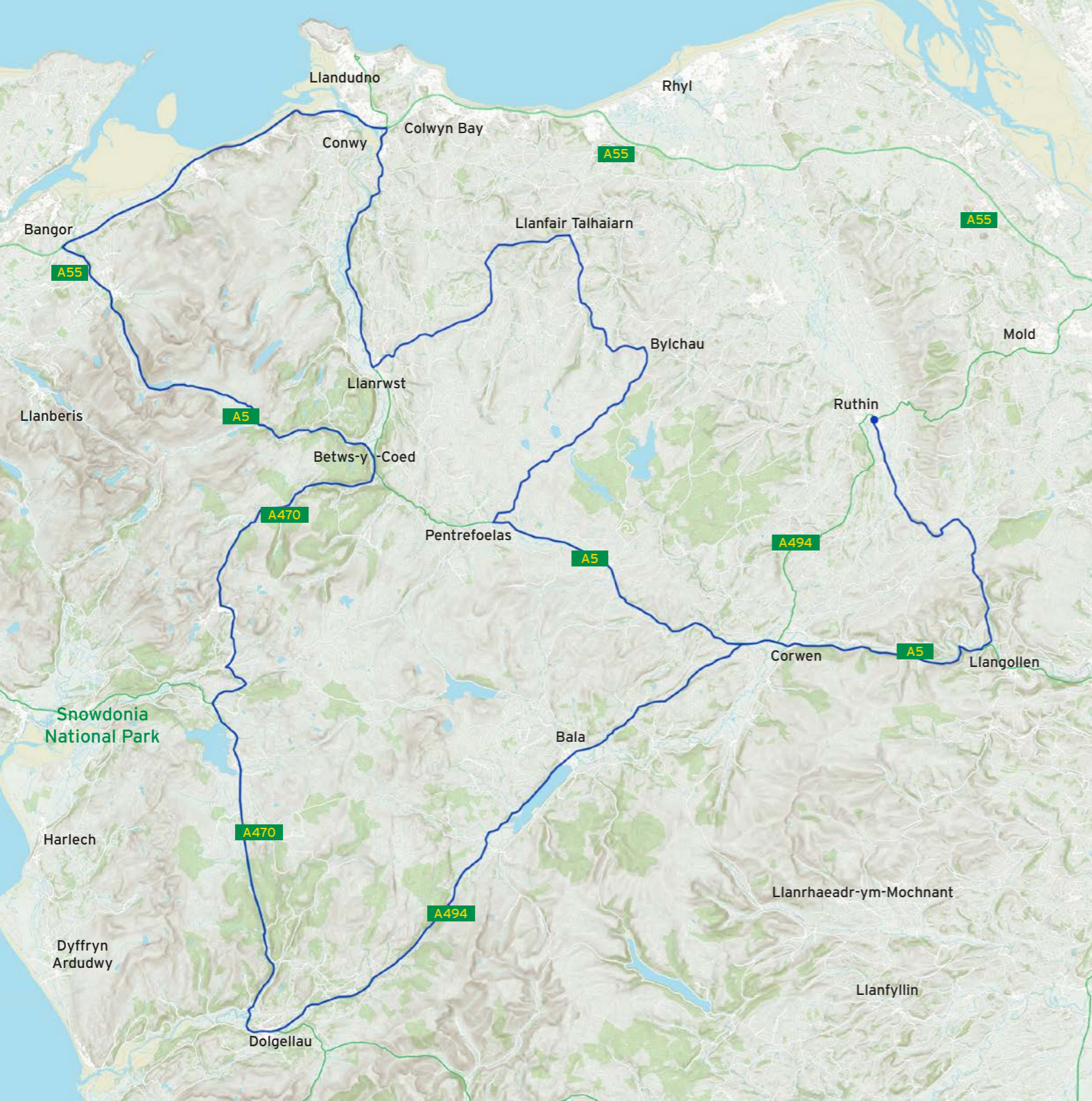
Crossing the A30 at Whiddon Down, our route climbs into the Dartmoor National Park, turning west at Morehampstead, where the B3212 combines fabulously bleak views with enthusiastic driving made all the more challenging by frequent ownership disputes with both air-headed sheep and single-minded wild ponies.

From the very heart of the moor (beware the moonlights), the B3357 follows the picturesque meanderings of the Dart river valley down to the A38, from which our route travels south, round the Kingsbridge Estuary, to Salcombe.

Charming Salcombe is perched on the steep western flank of the surprisingly narrow and mesmerisingly pretty entrance to the estuary, the nine month absence of light in the windows of any of the clutch of large houses on the opposite shore a testament to the extent to which the best parts of the West Country are now owned by those who don't actually live there...

From Salcombe, our return route meets the South Devon Heritage Coast on the vast sickle of sand that is Start Bay, crosses the bustling Dartmouth estuary by diminutive car ferry in the heart of the town and then, in order to avoid over much dawdling in Dawlish, skirts the faded glory of the English Riviera on its return to Exeter.





RUTHIN TO LLANDUDNO MAZDA6

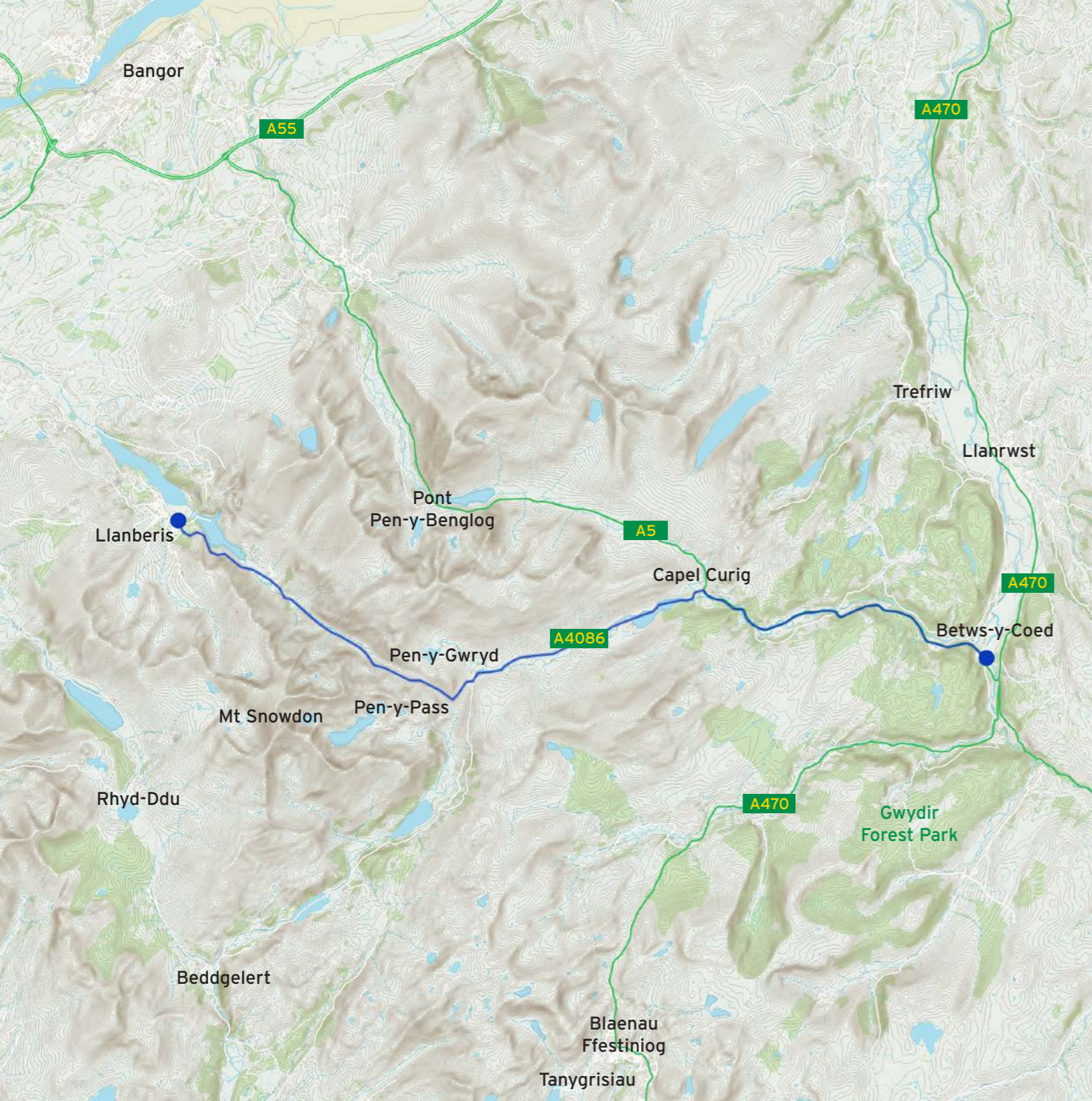
Our route begins in Ruthin in the heart of the Welsh Marches, and runs south to Llangollen parallel to the course of the Offa's Dyke Path. A strangely memorable history lesson date, the remnants of these ancient earthworks are an abiding legacy of the landscape's relentlessly disputed ownership in far muddier times.

The A5 and then the A494 takes us south west through the heart of the Snowdonia National Park to Dolgellau, which squats at the foot of the extinct volcano Cader Idris, the climb to the crater of which, after Snowdon, is the second most popular yomp in Wales.

From here the A470 runs north through the Coed-y-Brenin Forest Park, flecks of low cloud snagged on swathes of conifers like sheep fleece on barbed wire. In Betws-y-Coed, our route rejoins the A5, which climbs above the tree line between some of the highest peaks in Snowdonia, before turning east along the shores of Conwyn bay to Llandudno.

Following the estuary of the river Conwyn inland, we leave the A470 and turn east onto the A548, then south on the A544 and then west on the A543. This latter stretch comprises one side of the renowned Evo Triangle -a regular stamping ground for the eponymous magazine's exploration of the dynamic abilities of high performance machinery. Inevitably devoid of traffic, and challenging and engaging in equal measure, this grin-a-minute 11 mile stretch of road is addictive enough to merit driving in both directions before rejoining the A5 and the last legs of the route back to Ruthin.





BETWS-Y-COED TO LLANBERIS

RX-8

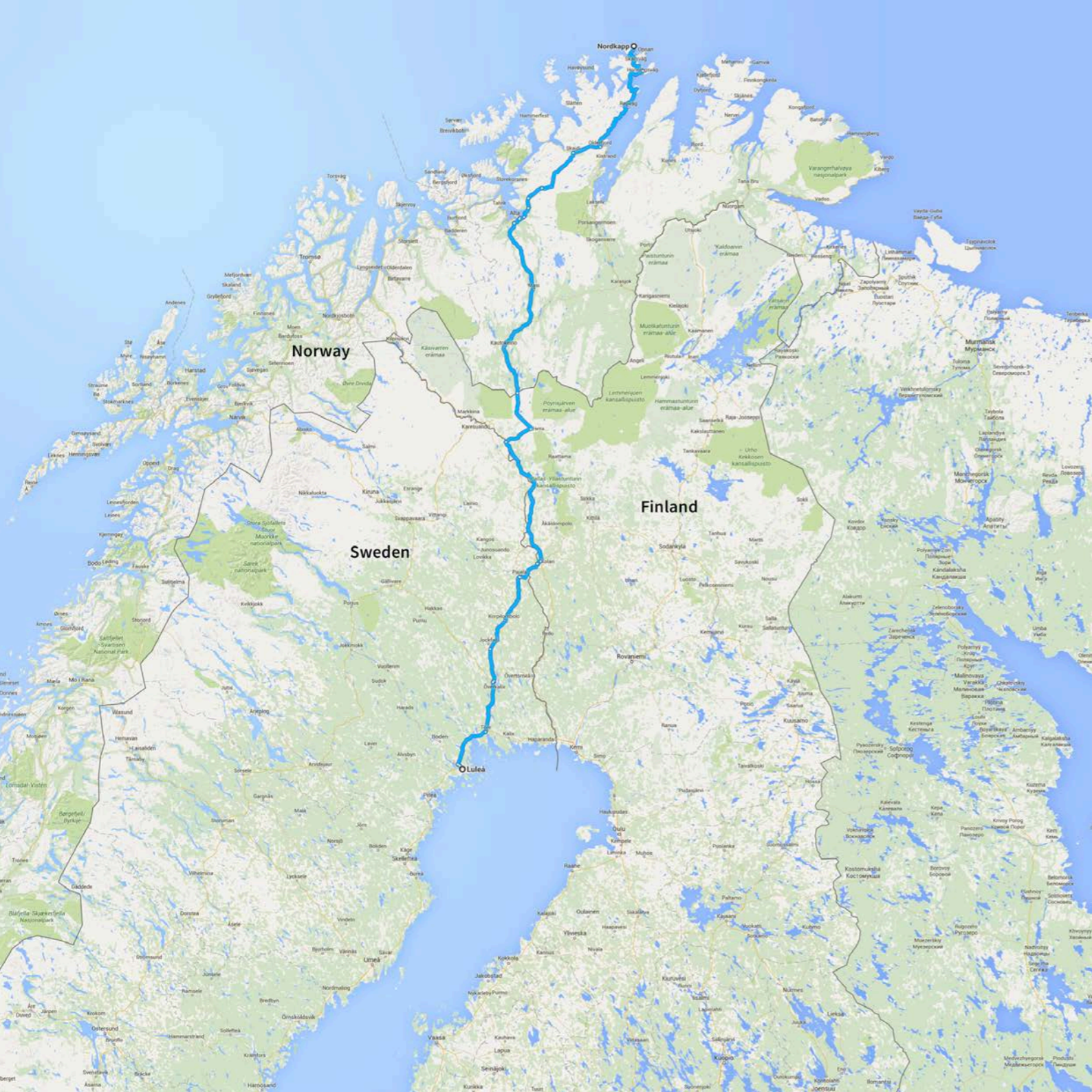
One of our shorter routes, but an absolute gem in terms of both driving and scenic thrills. Perennially damp and shadowed by dense, dank pine forests, the A5 climbs out of Betws-y-Coed to blink-and-you'll-miss-it Capel Curig, where the A4086 smears across open moorland in a combination of blistering straights and guess-the-radius corners.

At Pen-y-Gwryd (once a hotel used as a training base for the successful 1953 Everest expedition) the A4086 actually leaves the main road, heading right up into the Pass of Llanberis. There's no harm in an accidental overshoot, though, because the views down the valley beyond the turning, and, indeed, up into the Snowdon horseshoe, are wonderful.

From Pen-y-Pass -the highest point of our route and site of a youth hostel, cafe and car park for the donning of stout boots- the Llanberis Pass route narrows to fit the footprint of a road originally built in the 1830s to allow ore from the mines on Mount Snowdon to be transported down to the town. It writhes through the steep-sided, scree-clad pass like a boa constrictor with colic before widening and relaxing as it runs into Llanberis itself.

Here, the sensible can catch the Snowdon Mountain Railway, and reach the summit without the need to don an anorak in a primary colour.





SCANDINAVIA: LULEA TO NORDKAPP

CX-3

No sleep till Nordkapp

Ice, wolves, flattened reindeer... and bullet holes in the road signs. This is a driving adventure with a difference. James Mills takes the ice route north to the Arctic Circle.

DRIVING through the wilderness of northern Scandinavia, hours can pass by before you see another car. The roads in the Arctic Circle are every bit as spectacular as some of the world's most celebrated driving routes, but much less travelled.

There's only one snag as my friend (a fellow petrolhead) and I begin our journey to the North Cape - and that's ice, lots of it. At our starting point in Luleå, Sweden, the sea surrounding the archipelago is buried beneath a shimmering white glaze.

How on earth will a car designed for conventional roads cope in these extreme conditions? It's a Mazda CX-3, the sort of SUV cum crossover more commonly seen on the schoolrun in Surrey than forging through blizzards in Scandinavia. Happily it holds a pair of aces up its sleeve; four-wheel drive and studded winter tyres.

We've also packed a snow shovel, tow rope, blankets, spare fuel and a fire extinguisher to see us through the race against time to meet the snow plough that will lead us the last couple of miles to Nordkapp this evening.





We barely need to glance at the sat nav or even a map. It's pretty much a straight line from south to north, taking in just four roads. The CX-3's grip, whether accelerating or braking, is impressive given that we're driving on ice. Even so, if we're not to end up in a snowdrift, I have to steer with a composure I haven't displayed since taking my driving test.

"The further north we venture, the more striking the scenery becomes"

Local laws say that when a driver has five or more cars following, they should pull over and let them pass. We barely see five cars in an hour, let alone all at once. The roads are owned by huge articulated lorries. They don't slow down for anything, and blow cars about in a frightening fashion.

One truck driver we meet at the boundary of the Arctic Circle (where, incidentally, the "Polcirkeln" sign is punctured by three scarily large bullet holes) tells us the hazards increase in Norway where empty trailers can topple over in the wind. Yesterday, a truck jack-knifed, and a following lorry ploughed into the snowbanks to avoid it.

Runaway trucks aren't the main concern, however, or even the bears and wolves along the route. Nearly a fifth of accidents in Scandinavia are caused by elk or reindeer.

Sure enough, not long after passing through Finland and crossing the Norwegian border, we come across a flattened reindeer. As we slow down, a man emerges brandishing a knife. "It's my reindeer," he states, calmly slicing through the animal's neck and lifting the head by the antlers. "I'll make something nice with this," comes his deadpan delivery, before he shifts the corpse clear of the road.

The Mazda CX-3, with four-wheel drive and studded winter tyres, has great grip even in extreme conditions

It's the way of life out here. Animal skins and antlers adorn the outbuildings in the hamlets we pass, where sleds and snowmobiles are left unsecured outside houses. Other than an elderly man being pulled on his sleigh by a St Bernard, we see precious few people. The shops that sell tourists trinkets pulled down their storm shutters and locked up months ago.

The further north we venture, the more striking the scenery becomes. Fjords and frozen waterfalls lie beyond each twist and turn. Our CX-3 is making good progress. It's responsive and agile, and will cruise comfortably between 60 and 70mph on the straights, but through bends it occasionally wags its tail to let you know that you're carrying too much speed into the turn.

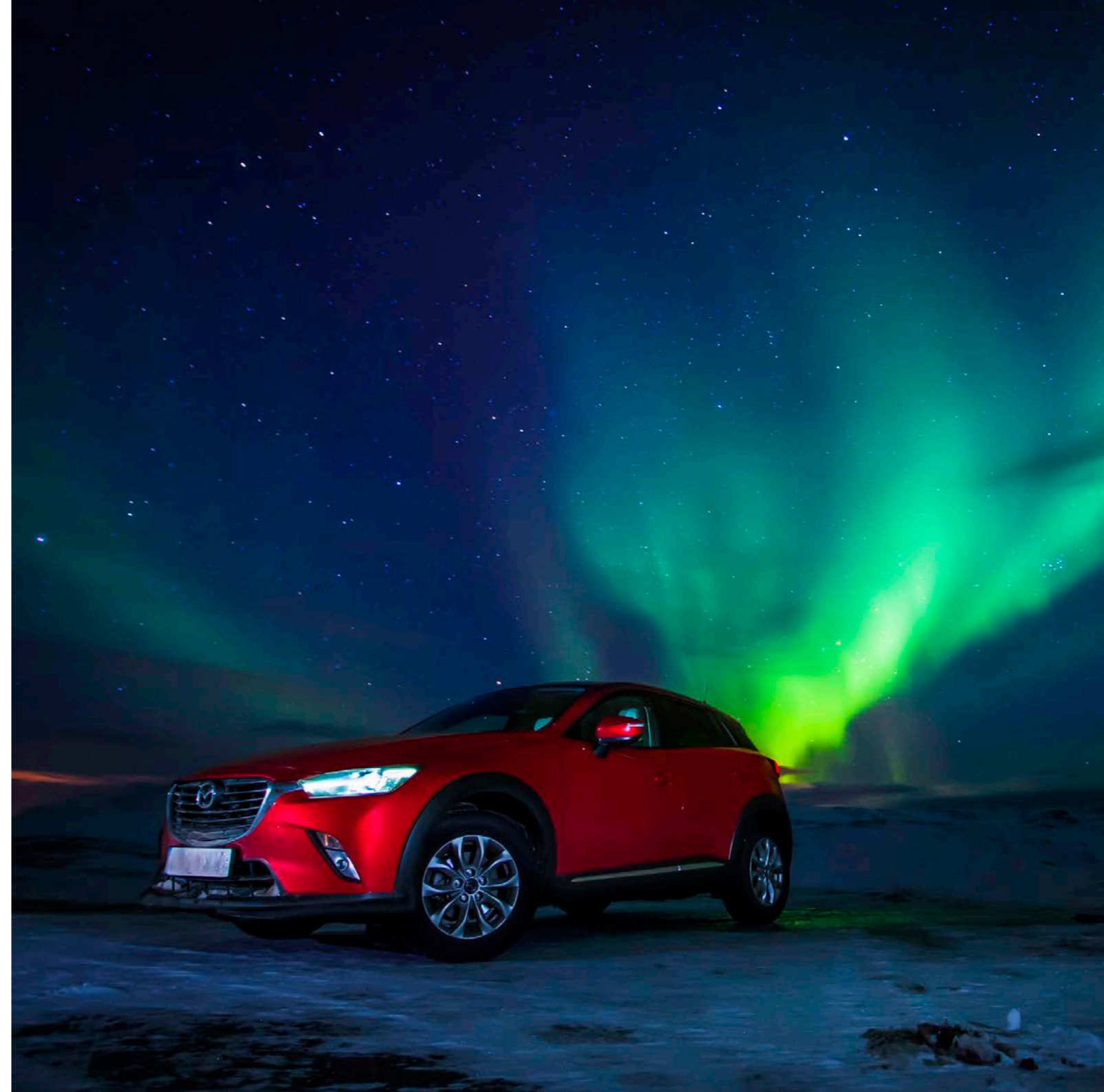
When we spot the first sign for Honningsvåg, it's dark and the wind is howling. Not a moment too soon, we enter the Honningsvåg and North Cape Tunnels.

By the time we reach the other end, we've missed the snow plough and must wait until sunrise to complete the last leg of our journey.

There's only one road now, the E69, which leads all the way to Nordkapp. With the snow plough leading the way, we climb the road as the sun rises above the hilltops. After covering 500 miles on the previous day's 15-hour drive and arriving in one piece, it's tempting to kiss the ground when we finally reach our destination, but we'd rather not leave our lips behind, stuck to the ice.

Instead, we take a moment to admire the frozen landscape. We may not have made it in one day, but it's been one heck of a journey.

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Denmark Strait

GREENLAND SEA

▲ Main active volcanoes since settlement (AD 874).



ATLANTIC OCEAN

ICELAND: ROUTE 1 CIRCUMNAVIGATION MX-5

Ice ice baby. . . lapping Iceland in a Mazda MX-5 Icon

It's hard to imagine a better way to discover Iceland than tackling its epic Route 1 in a racy little roadster.

AS RING roads go, Iceland's Route 1 is pretty spectacular. The 830-mile lap of the Land of Fire and Ice seems as far removed from the M25 or the Boulevard Périphérique as it's possible to be.

Just three hours from London on a plane and you are in a landscape of glaciers, geothermal pools, beaches of black, volcanic sand and cascading waterfalls. Thirty-five active volcanoes continue to stir with menace. You can take guided walks inside the Thrihnukagigur volcano (it's been dormant for 4,000 years but that may just mean an eruption is overdue).

The scenery of the sparsely populated island – it has about 336,000 people, barely more than Newcastle upon Tyne – could have been created for the photo-sharing era. From one valley to the next, it continually changes and continually takes your breath away. If you came here during the days when the cost of film – and developing it – forced you to ration your pictures, bad luck.

Then there's Route 1 itself, which makes Iceland as much a driver's paradise as a sightseer's wonderland. The eastern, southern and western parts of the road hug the coast. There are no motorways or dual carriageways in sight; just one lane for clockwise traffic, and another for anti-clockwise.

At a stretch, you can drive it in a weekend. So that's what I did. I set off from Reykjavik, in the west, with the roof of my Mazda MX-5 Icon down, spent the night in Egilsstaðir, in the east, and didn't put the roof back up until I was back where my Icelandic road trip had begun.





Within minutes of leaving the island's capital, you will find yourself pulling over for the first of hundreds of pictures. The road arcs around the waters of Hvalfjordur, a whaling station until 1988. Tourists park their cars next to a life-size fin whale, painted on the wall of the local museum cum petrol station cum woolly jumper outlet.

In places, Route 1 tracks arrow-straight along valley floors. In others, such as the mountains of Breiodalsheioi, it meanders incoherently, like a drinker stumbling from a bar on a Saturday night in Reykjavik.

"You'll be faced with the spectacle of hairpin after hairpin descending into the valley below, with not a guard rail in sight. If you ever wanted to confront a fear of heights, this is the place to do it"

There's the added challenge of unmade sections that resemble a rally stage. Closed to traffic in the winter months, they follow the route of Iceland's earliest roads, built by hand in about 1870. If you can visit in spring or, as I did, autumn, you'll be faced with the spectacle of hairpin after hairpin descending into the valley below, with not a guard rail in sight. If you ever wanted to confront a fear of heights, this is the place to do it.

This is, at times, a brutal landscape. As I zip through in the open-top MX-5, with the cold winds numbing my ears and the heated seat warming my bottom, I encounter parts where there are no signs of life. No shops, petrol stations, houses; heck, there aren't even any McDonald's Drive Thrus.

I fill up the petite MX-5's equally petite fuel tank with petrol at every opportunity, and keep a jerry can of fuel in the boot, alongside blankets, safety equipment and, most important of all, food.

It would be a great place to stretch the car's legs and wind its free-revving 1.5-litre four-cylinder engine to the red line in every gear. But the speed limit on most stretches is 90kph (56mph), and the police hand out hefty fines to anyone caught breaking it, as though they were one of the Icelandic bankers who lost them their pensions.

Every now and then you'll cross single-lane steel bridges that look like fighter launch tubes from Battlestar Galactica. Everyone here is so unfailingly polite that they all give way and the MX-5 never has to slow.

Tourist buses with comically large tyres tower over my two-seater, and even here, where most people drive 4x4s, they stand out like beached killer whales.

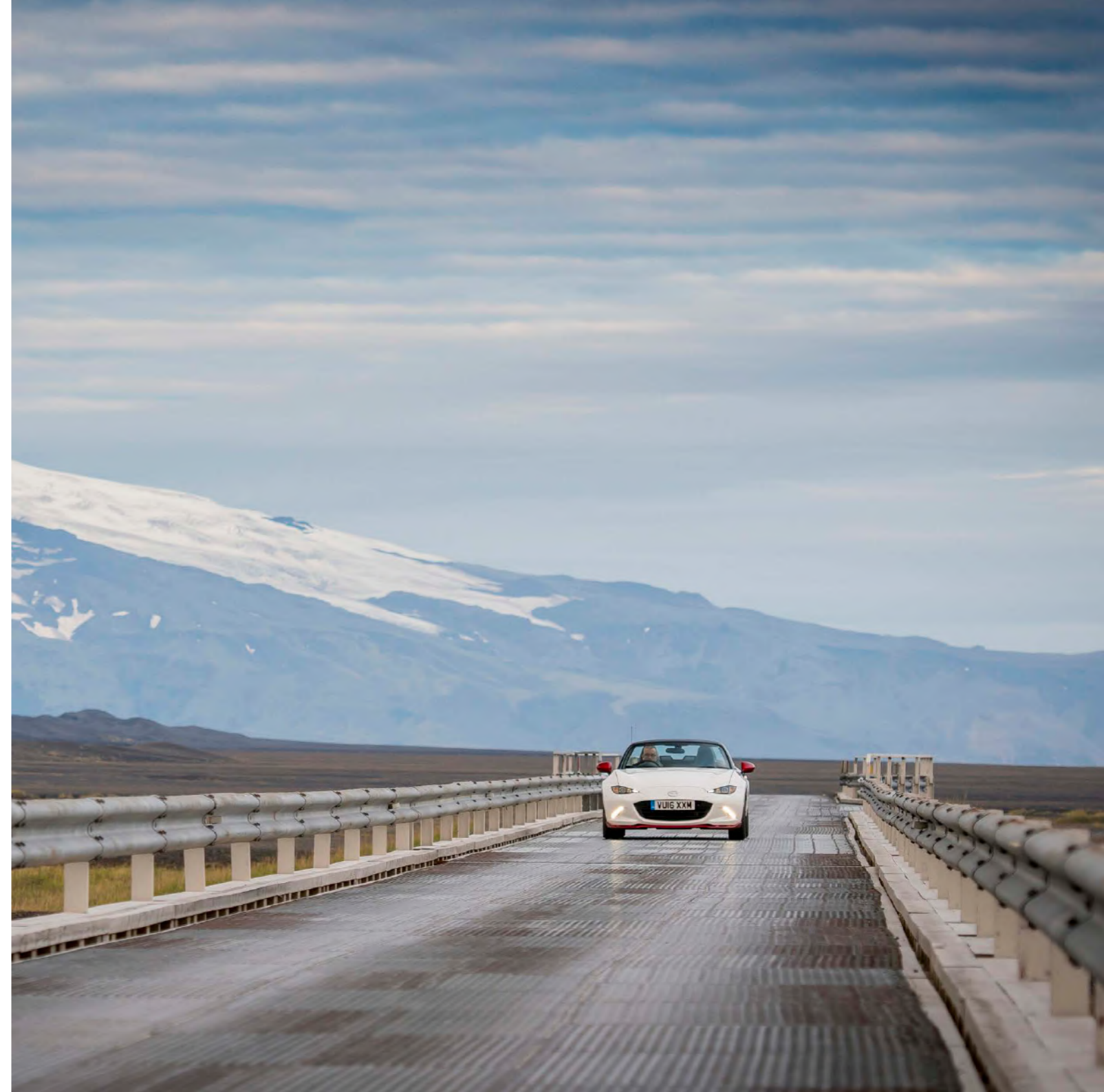
At Jokulsarlon, on the southeast coast, I stop at the Glacier Lagoon, where icebergs congregate before glacial meltwaters carry them out to sea. You can park right at the water's edge, with the icebergs framed in the windscreen and the heated seats keeping you snug.

Back on Route 1, when I can genuinely see for miles ahead, the temptation to put my foot down in the zippy MX-5 proves impossible to resist. It's hard to imagine how you could have more fun on this epic road, unless you are a hardy soul who prefers two wheels to four.

Typical of those who pedal "for the hell of it" is Eric Petersen, a 27-year-old geophysicist PhD student from Austin, Texas, whom I meet cycling around Iceland on his custom-made touring bike. For him Iceland is a living textbook. "I've never been happier," he says.

So the Land of Fire and Ice has something to offer everyone. Tackling Route 1 in an open-top sports car makes it unforgettable.

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