Bmw r34

But what is the elixir that makes them so special? We gather them together to find out. Words by David Vivian. Photography by David Shepherd. David Vivian re-evaluates four disparate examples from recent history. Almost any vehicle, however hopeless, can be driven for sport. With the right mindset, feeble and flabby are merely challenges to be overcome through the agents of guile, gritted teeth and slipstreaming. Nor does it matter where its engine sits in the chassis or, up to a point, how many cylinders said motor has. A sports car should be a car you want to drive purely for the selfish, indulgent, interactive hit. Not because, like an open-air heavy metal rock concert, you can hear it from several miles away. Destination is immaterial, passengers a distraction, luggage undesirable, a great road preferable. Feeding the senses, stimulating the physical hard points â€" neck muscles, hands, seat of pants, feet â€" are more important. Sports cars are born of elements that can be as varied as those of the periodic table and combined to produce a very specific performance chemistry. By way of introduction, then, a few teasers. A riot of sensations, the Sagaris is a fitting way to remember TVR, and thus the kind of raw, close-coupled intensity locked into the DNA of British sports cars at their boldest and most charismatic. It belongs to the Porsche Cayman GT4 C, a car that blends its ample attributes so seamlessly that its seduction technique is both insidious and irresistible. You get in, adjust the seat and steering and drive fast, immediately feeling in sync with the controls and the road. No surprises, no jarring distractions, just an easy flow and rhythm and stunning pace. Cherished and fettled by owners almost to the point of fetishism, the E46 CSL is a drum-taut, hard-muscled object lesson in understated aesthetic warfare. With the benefit of hindsight, the former proposition seems far more likely. It sounds awesome. Arguably, no six-cylinder engine has ever sounded more soulful, more urgent, more meaningfully manic. Lean on that bhp at rpm and the experience is feral, accelerative violence from low speeds choreographed by a salvo of shotgun-kick gearshifts. Turn and the CSL changes tack with almost telepathic alacrity. With seemingly no suspension bush compliance to blur the message, the instantly available distillation at the helm is response, precision and grip. Thumb the M Track button and, as with all the best sorted rear-drivers, chassis balance moves to the point where it rests on a broad line drawn between steering and throttle inputs. This is a more pliable, softer-edged, sonically subdued way of doing things but no less effective or rewarding for that. Arguments abound as to which is the most covetable generation of Skyline GT-R and the R34 has plenty of backers. Leaner than the slightly chubby R33 and aesthetically closer to the standard-setting R32, mad outputs could still be extracted from its surely conservatively rated bhp RB26DETT twin-turbo, 2. However, they tended to stay, initially at least, within sane boundaries defined by the imperative to embarrass the supercars of 20 years ago, unlike the loony tunes hypercar-hunting R35s of today. Our V-spec example has been treated to a relatively mild ECU remap, lifting peak power to just shy of bhp â€" enough in a car weighing kg to feel properly fast when the turbos are up to speed, but not plain nutty. And yet the R34 never feels smothered by the weight and spread of its technical ingenuity. Below rpm in the higher gears it feels slugged and sleepy, and you can articulate your right ankle all you like â€" nothing much will happen. Neither would be acceptable in a new car but are easily forgiven here â€" even welcome for the way they add a little texture and tension to what is still, in absolute terms, a seriously secure and stable way to travel at speed. To begin with, its steering can feel a little light and soft- edged. And so well resolved is its feedback that it gives you the time and confidence to push hard. The longer I drive it, the more I want to drive it. The faster we go, the more fascinating it becomes. Shut the door and your view of the world is cropped at just below shoulder height. Simple G-force is the first thing that connects. Gun it and the slam is instant and squeezes a little chuff of air from your lungs. Stand on the stoppers and the G reversal momentarily feels strong enough to pop your eyeballs from their sockets. For instance, the splitter that protrudes from below the front grille, complete with winglets, might have been pinched from a GT race car. The almost reptilian serrated spine of bonnet vents and the Perspex spoiler arcing across the boot smack of race prototype, likewise the undertray that supports the twin, sideways-mounted and side-exiting silencers and tailpipes. Suspension is comparably race-flavoured, too, with double wishbones at each end and coilover dampers. Rather, relax your grip on the steering and let the Sagaris settle. Tense up and so will the TVR. Yet it weighed 25 or 35kg less depending whether you picked the manual or PDK option. Shades of GT3 added welcome aggression to the package â€" something the old-gen Cayman R singularly failed to do. No more subtle were the aero wing sprouting from the rear deck on delicately wrought supports, the larger side intakes to scoop in more cooling air for the 3. With engine capacity swollen from 3. The GT4 also offered a step change in agility and fluency. Traction is exemplary, and the chassis is especially gifted in communicating small but critical dynamic cues. Establishing a feel for the point of balance seems almost absurdly easy and natural and immediately inspires huge confidence. The car scythes through challenging ess-bends with frankly amazing speed and precision â€" as

extreme and addictive as you could want. It is this level of engagement that driving enthusiasts live for. Although presumably anathema to Olympic-level heel-and-toe downshift competitors, the automatic throttle blip actually works well and is particularly helpful when the corners come thick and fast. But for those who hate the idea of a computer rev-matching for them, disengage Sport mode and the function disappears. The others are pumped with elements of the DNA we look for in a sports car, but only the GT4 melds them all together seriously. The cars in this group are all talented practitioners of jaw-slackening point-to-point pace, but none amasses serious speed on any kind of road with the same polished fusion of control, consistency of grip and benign adjustability around a resolutely neutral balance as the Porsche. The way the Cayman feels compact, corners with so much force and yet allows grip to bleed away with such grace and transparent progression is simply stunning. Stopping power and pedal feel are remarkable, too. Even in 3. The engine pulls with vivid urgency as the soaring revs and the butter-slick gearchange conspire to make wringing every last one of the bhp a rare and exhilarating pleasure. Sports car perfection? The whole car exudes a sense of total solidity, design coherence and engineering depth that eludes the other cars here. Left: Cayman is the most harmonious of the cars here, combining feel, grip, fine damping and that fabulous flat-six to devastating effect. Above: TVR the most powerful and quickest in this group, taking just 3. Opposite: Sagaris as wild to look at as it is to drive; the inside is equally extravagant-even the ventilation controls area work of art. Left: on the move the GT-R flows with a fluidity that belies its kg kerb weight; test car has over bhp more than the standard bhp. Submit Rating. Vote count: 1. No votes so far! Be the first to rate this post. Buying Guide Navigate the confusing world of Eighties and Nineties Bentley to put the best on your driveway. Words Richard Dredge. Photography John Colley. The forecast? Sunshine and more throttle. You can get a DB11 with a V8. Sign in. Log into your account. Sign up. Password recovery. Forgot your password? Get help. Create an account. USA Test Drive. August 13, Modified date: December 3, How useful was this post? Click on a star to rate it! October 20, Load more. Previous article Big red Plymouth Fury Sport. Next article Porsche Turbo Cabriolet Formula 1 has much to recommend it as a spectator sport, from fast-paced thrills and charismatic drivers, to feats of engineering excellence. Beloved of Contact Us Advertise. Almost any vehicle, however hopeless, can be driven for sport. With the right mindset, feeble and flabby are merely challenges to be overcome through the agents of guile, gritted teeth and slipstreaming. A sports car is something else. 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