



Consulier GTP Sport

Let's see, now, it's a Corvette basher with a body by Flash Gordon, a complimentary sauna, and—jeeppers!—three cigarette lighters!

BY ARTHUR ST. ANTOINE

We saw the man in the sleeveless undershirt even before we reached the car. Shoulders slouched and hands in his pockets, he was carefully eyeing our ride for the week, a Consulier GTP. As he bent down to squint into the interior, his mouth opened into an O. Then he noticed us coming. "This your car?" he asked, standing semi-erect again.

"Sort of."

"It's a honey." He walked around to the front. "What did you call it?"

"It's a Consulier GTP. It's a limited-production model, kind of a race car for the street."

"Oh, a *race* car," said Undershirt in an impressed tone. "I figured that. What's a race car like this go for, anyway?"

"If you want one new, it'll cost you a little over \$50,000," we said.

"Sheeeew," the man whistled. He shook his head as he stared at the GTP some more, then spoke again. "I'll say, that sure is a *honey* of a race car." He smiled at us. "Must be something to drive a honey like that." Then he walked up the street

and disappeared into a bowling alley.

He was the first person all week who'd commented on the car without cracking a joke.

We drove back to the *Car and Driver* offices in the honey. It was 85 degrees outside. It was 95 degrees in the cockpit. No air conditioning. No discernible breeze from the whining interior fan. No ventilation at all—even with the sliding plexiglass windows open the full four inches. The engine droned behind our ears. Sweat soaked our clothes. For a horrible moment we thought we saw someone who recognized us. We didn't need this. What we needed was a shower and a beer.

But let's back up. We can hear your cry. "What," you're saying, "is a Consulier GTP?"

Allow us to quote from the press material. "The Consulier GTP is the beginning of a new era in sportscar performance. It relegates all roadgoing Ferraris, Porsches, Corvettes, etc., ever made to vintage status." Okay?

Like most low-volume sportsters, the

Consulier is the progeny of one man, in this case Florida securities broker and amateur racer Warren Mosler. In 1985, Mosler founded Consulier Industries to build a street car with "the feel and excitement of my race cars." Three years later, he and his team of engineers—including suspension man Bob McKee, body designer and boat builder Paul Lindberg, and former Indy racer Chet Phillip—had whipped up the first GTP. That year, Mosler's men took a Consulier to the 24 Hours of Nelson Ledges, where it captured pole position (several collisions forced it out of the race). A Consulier once again grabbed the pole in 1989, but not until 1990 did a GTP win the event. This year, a GTP won the inaugural race in the Bridgestone Potenza Supercar Championship at Lime Rock, beating—among others—a Corvette ZR-1 and a Porsche 911 Turbo.

Such racing successes have led Mosler to crow that the GTP can beat any U.S.-legal production car around a racetrack. And he backs his claim with a standing reward of \$25,000 to anyone who can beat