

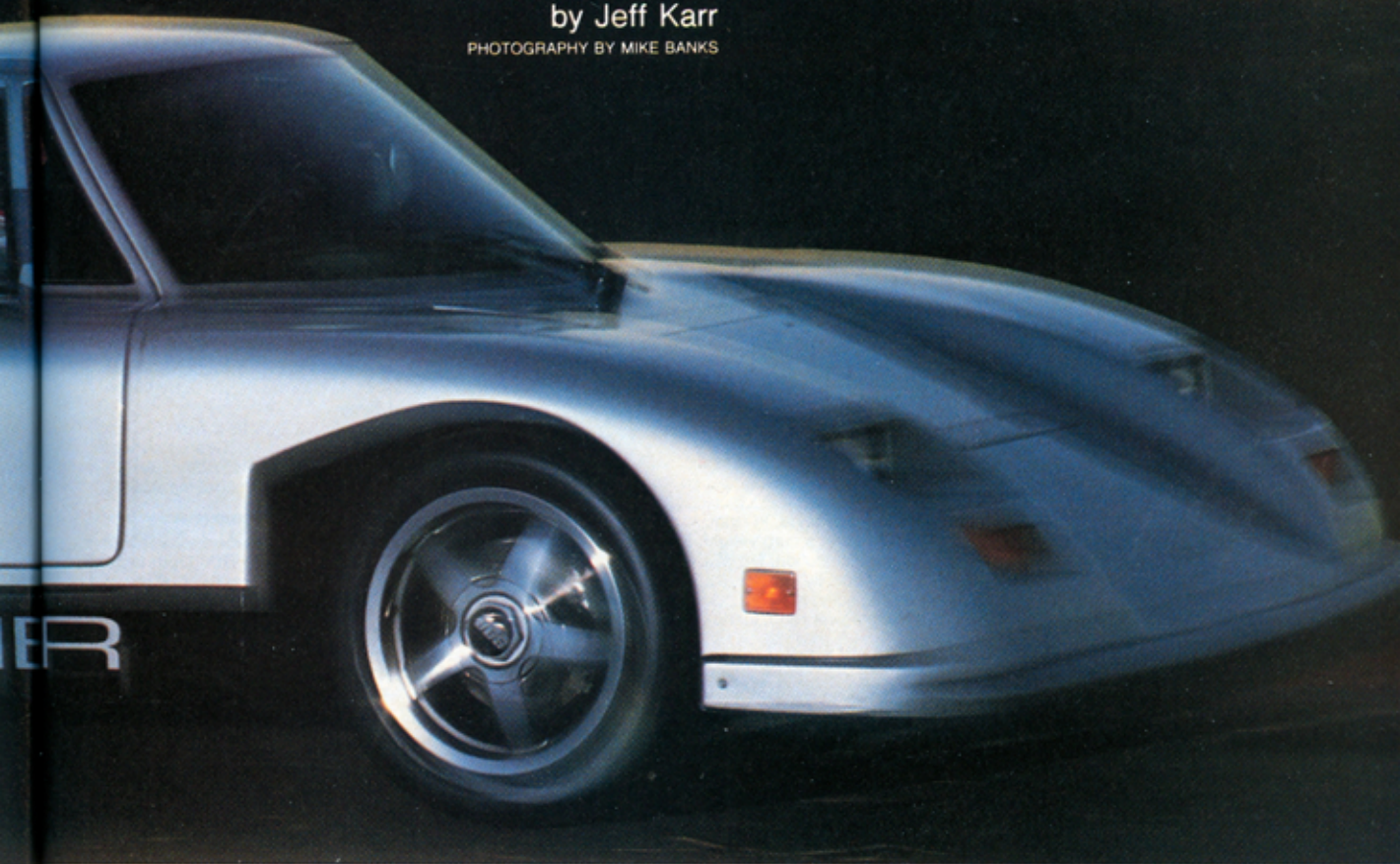
out of its Showroom-Stock-type Yokohama A008Rs. That's up there with some of the big names in the sports car world.

Mosler's convinced his little car can surpass those names on most any racetrack in the country, and has a standing offer of \$25,000 to anybody who can beat a stock, street-legal Consulier's lap time with any other stock, street-legal production car. As of this writing, nobody's managed to better the Consulier. This fact, combined with a good measure of racing success, validates Mosler's vision of race-car levels of handling and performance.

CONSULIER

by Jeff Karr

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIKE BANKS



While even the best street cars feel overweight, under-tired, and at least a little out of their element on the track, the Consulier is right at home.

As for Mosler's claims of luxury and comfort, the Consulier still has some distance to go before realizing those goals. The interior of the luxu-model LX has a kit-car feel throughout—meaning you get alternate moments of glory and grief; there are fine Recaro seats and an elaborate hand-stitched leather interior, but then there are bargain-bin Chrysler switches and inner door handles, funny surface finishes, and clunky weatherstrip treatments. There's more than enough room for drivers well over six feet in height, but the two seats are crowded into the center of the broad cabin. The greenhouse puts the wide window pillars close at hand, lending the interior a slightly claustrophobic feel something like that of a diving bell. A huge array of engine gauges tells you everything from

transmission temperature to minutes left to play, but the flat instrument panel and the separate gauges have a look reminiscent of a VDO product display at Pep Boys.

Other tidbits hint at the car's limited-production nature. The doors on the two cars we drove required a mighty slam to latch correctly, and even then, they never did line up quite right. The body surface has the waves and lumps often characteristic of small-batch production. Though the basic structure of the car seems uncommonly stiff, numerous internal squeaks and rattles make life in the interior less than restful. This, in addition to substantial engine noise, road noise, and tire thump of biblical proportions, makes it clear the Consulier's brand of luxury and comfort isn't in line with the rest of the sports car world. What we have here is the world's most comfortable and luxurious race car.

Judged strictly as a sporting tool, there's an awful lot

that's right with the Consulier. The same lack of road isolation that makes you curse the car in town and on the highway makes you want to sacrifice live animals on its behalf when the road turns twisty. The unassisted steering has incredible sensitivity and feedback and is far crisper and more communicative than you'll find in any of the big-name sports cars. The suspension (though it transmits a lot of noise) is uncommonly supple for a sports car; some of the greats could learn something from Consulier, judging by the cars we drove. The substantial suspension travel means the GTP tracks accurately through big bumps and retains its composure in even the most harrowing circumstances. Chassis balance is close to neutral, with easy cornering adjustments made with the steering wheel or the throttle.

And though the Chrysler powerplant has an unsatisfying sound in this home, there's no arguing with how it