

You don't even have to be inside a Grand Prix to be moved by one.

If you can watch a Pontiac GP purr by and not feel the slightest twinge of temptation, you must already own one. Otherwise, it just wouldn't be human to remain unstirred by a GP's looks. And if you ever sit in one, how on earth are they ever going to get you out again? The way that easy chair of a bucket seat cradles you. The hushed feel of that wall-to-wall nylon blend carpeting underfoot. The distant thunder of the 303-bhp Trophy V-8* that comes through more as a sensation than a sound. See all those people driving around in GPs? That twinge of temptation is something awful!

