



Elysium Isn't About Rules

By Jimmy Riddle, Keeper of Elysium

There are nights when I wonder how many Kindred actually understand what Elysium is.

It isn't a building. It isn't a court. It isn't wherever the Prince happens to be standing.

Elysium is an agreement.

An agreement that, for a few precious hours, we set aside the Beast and remember that we're supposed to be something more than predators. People often ask me what the rules of Elysium are. Truth be told, I'm not much of a rules man. Rules get complicated. People argue over wording. They look for loopholes. Principles are simpler.

The first is this. There is no violence in Elysium. Not because the Prince says so.

Not because the Keeper says so. Because the moment violence becomes acceptable, Elysium ceases to exist. It doesn't matter whether you're an honoured Primogen or Caitiff in the city. It doesn't matter whether you're admired by everyone or you're one bad decision away from a Blood Hunt. Once someone enters Elysium, they are protected by the Tradition. No exceptions. If your enemy is standing three feet away, you don't strike them. If someone insults you, you don't strike them. If someone has wronged you, you don't strike them. There will be another night for settling scores.

The second principle. Don't take away another Kindred's choice. Strength isn't always measured in fists. Sometimes it's measured in whispers. Sometimes in Dominate. Sometimes in Presence. Kindred enter Elysium expecting neutrality. The Beast already spends every night trying to take control. We don't need to help it. Finally, remember this. No one stands above the

Traditions. Not me. Not the Harpy. Not the Sheriff. Not the Primogen. Not even the Prince. Titles command respect, but the Traditions are older than every title in this city. They've survived Princes, wars, betrayals and centuries because they protect something greater than any one of us. They protect the idea that enemies can stand in the same room without turning it into a battlefield.

I've heard people say Elysium makes us weak. I think they've got it backwards. Any fool can lose control. Restraint is harder. Respect is harder. Walking away from someone you despise because the Tradition demands it—that takes strength. So the next time you step into Elysium, don't ask yourself what you can get away with. Ask yourself what kind of Domain you want to help build. Because every time we honour the Traditions, we prove Glasgow is more than a city full of hungry monsters.

Every time we ignore them...we prove the Beast is winning.

I read back over this before sending it and had to laugh. Listen to me. Jimmy Riddle.

Talking about principles, restraint and responsibility. A year ago I'd probably have called whoever wrote this a sanctimonious old sod and gone for a pint. Maybe becoming Keeper changes a person. Or maybe I've just realised something I should've worked out years ago. Some traditions don't survive because they're old.

They survive because every generation eventually learns why they mattered in the first place.

— Jimmy Riddle
Keeper of Elysium

A response

Well, this has been a year. A rather uncomfortable one. Having a piece of wood through ones chest is not my favourite way of passing time.

Had I been permitted to tell people the truth last year, then this could all have been avoided - but protective friends feared the worst and took drastic measures to protect me from potential nefarious and unknown dark powers.

If only I could have told them...

However. What is done is done.

For the record, should the Lady Giuliana be able to return, I fully support her taking the position of Harpy.

I have read Evan Dunsirn's article. I was unaware of the depth of his dislike for me. It's a shame - I did not feel the same way towards him.

Laughable though the idea is, I suppose I must refute one of his claims. No, I am not, and never have been, in a vaulderie with Daniel, Calvin, Zev and/or Kenzie.

Evan's imagination has run away with him.

Or perhaps he has never experienced friendship.

So, with a sigh...

I am loyal to my clanmate, Daniel. I served as hound to Zev as sheriff, and have enormous respect for him. Calvin (or should I say Prince Pope), I barely knew until (to the surprise of us both) I killed the sabbat elder Anastasia. I am not particularly close to Kenzie, although we have interacted cordially.

Evan may not have such bonds of friendship. If so, he has my sympathy. But such bonds can be normal, even amongst our society which can be more vicious at times.

And that is a good thing.

Facing the nights alone and friendless allows the beast more power.

I will be returning home soon, and look forward to seeing all my friends... including those with whom I have not been accused of being in a vaulderie!

With all good wishes,

Jemima
Clan Nosferatu
Childe of Darius, Prince of Rome
(OOC Prestigious Sire merit)

Wanted: Blacksmith and/or Metallurgist

For various projects, with skills better than Kine. Payment negotiable per project.

If interested, seek Archon Victor

PEREGRINE FALCON FOR SALE

For anyone interested I have recently come into the possession of one peregrine falcon. For prices and details on the bird, please contact me (details of my address are kept at Elysium).

- Miss Cordelia Paine



On the uses of shame

By Rotten Tom

Come away in and plant yourself down. No, not there. That chair's got a loose leg, and I'd hate for your dignity to suffer before we've properly discussed it. There's a great deal of shame in our wee society. More than blood, perhaps, though we spill both freely and pretend only one leaves a stain. Most Kindred treat shame as evidence, as though the feeling itself proves some hidden judge has weighed them, found them wanting, and stamped **DEFECTIVE** across their arse. It's a comforting belief. Neat, respectable and mostly pish.

Shame isn't merely something you feel. It's something you're taught. A court teaches it with laughter. A sire teaches it with silence. An Elder teaches it with disappointment. A rival teaches it by telling the same tale until everyone forgets there was ever another version. Soon enough, the poor bummer learns to expect the judgement and starts doing the work on everyone else's behalf. Efficient, really. Like a cockroach finding a crack beneath the skirting board, shame doesn't need much room to get inside. Once it's there, it breeds quietly.

You've seen it happen. A Kindred speaks too openly once and becomes indiscreet. Another questions a decision and becomes difficult. One shows fear and becomes a coward. One enjoys something unfashionable and becomes vulgar. Soon the indiscreet one grows silent, the difficult one apologises before speaking, the coward takes foolish risks, and the vulgar one pretends to despise what still gives them pleasure. There's no need to command any of them. They know what must be disproved.

That's the clever part. You tell a creature what it must not be, then watch it twist itself into whatever shape pleases you. Rats can be driven through a maze with food, but fear works nearly as well. Kindred are much the same, though we insist on giving the maze titles, offices and a great deal of ceremonial folderol.

I'm not saying shame has no value. I'm old, not daft. It teaches manners to the young, restrains appetites that would otherwise make a nuisance of themselves, and reminds the ambitious that court is more than a gathering of private hungers wearing fancy coats. A

little shame might save a childe from final death. Too much might ensure they never properly live at all.

The difference lies in what the shame's meant to accomplish. A useful correction is brief. It says, *you did a foolish thing, now learn from it*. Weaponised shame has no end. It says, *you're a fool, and that's all you'll ever be*. You failed becomes you are a failure. You disobeyed becomes you are disloyal. You wanted something forbidden becomes your desires can't be trusted. A deed can be answered. An identity can only be surrendered.

I've watched priests, Princes and frightened wee bastards with an audience make fine use of that distinction. A secure ruler corrects an act and moves on. An insecure one makes the offender carry the punishment into every room thereafter. The lesson must remain visible, lest somebody notice power was challenged and the heavens didn't tumble down. Age doesn't cure the habit. It merely teaches the clever ones to hide it beneath softer words and better tailoring.

Now, I wouldn't have you becoming paranoid. Sometimes a fool is simply a fool, and sometimes the court's entirely right to say so. A pigeon shitting on your coat isn't necessarily part of a grand conspiracy. Still, a sensible Kindred should ask a few questions when shame settles upon them. Who taught me to feel this? Who profits from my restraint? Would the same appetite be condemned in somebody more powerful? Most importantly, am I ashamed because the desire's truly mine, or because somebody fears what I might become if I admitted it?

Don't hurry past that last question.

There are desires that deserve restraint. Hunger makes poor law, and the Beast is no wise counsellor merely because it bellows loudly. But we make a dangerous mistake when we assume every forbidden desire comes from the Beast and every permitted one comes from good sense. Courts approve desires that preserve courts. Clans praise ambitions that strengthen clans. Sires encourage independence right up until a childe chooses a direction they don't like.

So ask yourself what you'd want if neither praise nor punishment followed. Not what you'd do. We'll leave action aside for the moment. Simply ask what you'd want.

Perhaps the answer's ugly.

Good.

An ugly answer may still be honest. Fear may hide wisdom. Anger may reveal a boundary. Envy may point towards a life you were never permitted to live. Cruelty may show where forgiveness has become another word for obedience. Desire may tell you that the existence you defend so fiercely was chosen for you before you understood choosing was possible.

I've known many fine monsters who learned more from examining one honest ugliness than others learned from a century of polished virtue. The poor souls who insist they've no forbidden wants are generally lying. Whether they're lying to me or themselves is sometimes hard to tell.

I do enjoy finding out.

The danger isn't in possessing such desires. The danger lies in letting others name them for you. Take what's true. Throw away what's useful only to somebody else. Keep the rest where you can see it. You needn't feed every hunger, but you should know whose hunger it is. You needn't obey every impulse, but you should know who taught you to flinch from it.

A Kindred who understands their shame is difficult to control. Exposure loses its force once the secret's been examined. An insult loses its edge once the accused has decided what portion belongs to them. The leash may still be there, but now they can see the hand holding it.

This doesn't make one shameless. Shameless creatures are usually tedious company and rarely as free as they imagine. It makes one the owner of one's shame. That's a different thing, and a far more dangerous one.

So, the next time you feel ashamed of wanting something, don't hurry to deny it. Pause. Look closely at the desire, then at the shame wrapped around it. Ask which came first. Ask who placed the second upon the first.

And should the answer trouble you, well.

You know where to find your old Uncle Rotten Tom.

Portentous Prognostications from The Oracle of Edinburgh

Kindred of Glasgow, as you may be aware, there has been somewhat of a regime change here in the central belt and I for one congratulate Prince Thomas Carmichael of Edinburgh and my cousin Prince Calvin Pope of Edinburgh.

Perhaps I shall perform a reading for my cousin in the coming nights but first I must turn my attention to Edinburgh and see what the Hand of Fate has in store for my home under the auspices of its new Prince.

First, the thumb, firmly imprinting the situation as it stands. Here I drew L'Appeso, The Hanged Man. An ominous sounding Card, to be sure, but I must remind those less knowledgeable in the Tarot that the man depicted herein is hanged not by his neck but by a foot. He represents a temporary sacrifice, much as one may have to forego feeding from time to time in order to reap a greater bounty later. So it is with Edinburgh, for the temporary turmoil caused by a change in leadership will be worth it in the end, leaving the Domain stronger than ever.

Next, the index finger, pointing precisely to the most favourable aspect of the situation. Here, we meet the Four of Cups. This Card depicts a man sitting by a tree, so preoccupied by three golden chalices that he misses a fourth one carried to him by a heavenly wind. The indication is plain. While we may be tempted to keep our heads down and ensure that our affairs

are all taken care of following the recent upheaval, it is even more important to raise our heads in thanks and see the new blessing descending from on high! After all, our new Prince is a mighty warrior who has seen off an invasion by the foul Sabbat who invaded Dundee and is an adept politician descended from Francios Villon, the Prince of France himself! Under his leadership, Edinburgh will surely flourish like never before!

But next we come to the middle finger, unshyly indicating the worst and most dangerous aspect of the situation. Here, I drew Il Diavolo, The Devil, who warns us of temptation in all its many and varied forms. I am sorry to say that I have witnessed some of my fellow Kindred giving credence to false rumours concerning our new Prince, slandering his fine stewardship of Dundee and disparaging the manner in which he claimed power. To those Kindred, I issue a warning that, as tantalising as gossip may be, they should think very carefully before speaking ill of their betters.

Nearing the end, we find ourselves at the ring finger, gently signifying events towards the end of the reading. Here we come to the Seven of Staves. A man stands on a hill, wielding a mighty staff against six others that rise to challenge him. He reminds us that come what may, we can and must prevail against all odds! We are Edinburgh! We are the noble Camarilla! The Sabbat may invade, mortal hunters may think to challenge us, even threats from within may seek to undermine our position, yet we

stand proud, and all challengers shall be laid low before us.

Finally, we come to the little finger. Do not let its small size fool you, for it is the base of a curled fist, boldly proclaiming the end of the reading. Here, we come to the Ace of Cups, the cup that runneth over, an endlessly flowing font of rebirth. The message is clear! Under new leadership, a new chapter has begun for the Domain and a new age of glory is at hand, ushered in by the mighty Prince Thomas Carmichael!

So there you have it, out of turmoil and sacrifice rises an age of uncountable blessings! And if we resist the false words of back-biters and dissidents, we can defeat any challenge arrayed against us and stand firm as Prince Thomas Carmichael leads us into a glorious new future!

Yours faithfully,

Eamon Grant, the Oracle of Edinburgh



Cross My Palm

by Bartholomew Sinclair

Manoeuvres in the Dark went ahead as billed —
Kelvingrove, open air, synth pioneers

who've earned the right to still be touring.

I'll be honest about one thing and then leave it be:
the notice this time was shorter than

I'd have liked, and it showed on the grass. Those
who came didn't seem to mind the room to

breathe. There are worse things than a small crowd
and a good set.

So — onward, and this month more than makes up
for it.

THIS MONTH — CULTURE NIGHT: THE NIGHT
MARKET

Sunday 9th August

Glasgow keeps an occult market going a couple of
times a year, and this is reckoned the one

to catch — the largest of its kind the city puts on.
Crystals, tarot, witchcraft supplies,

independent makers with wares I couldn't begin to
categorise from the outside. Stalls

packed close enough that you lose track of time
browsing them, no obligation to buy so

much as to look properly and let yourself be tempted.
Genuine, theatrical, or somewhere

unverifiable in between, I couldn't tell you, and I
suspect that's rather the point.

I'll be looking for a reading of my own while I'm there,
among everything else on offer.

Whether I find one worth having remains to be seen.

Be at Elysium for collection.

*Dress code: dark and layered. Fits right in
without standing out.*

WHAT FOLLOWS

For those who find the prospect agreeable, here is a
flavour of what remains this year:

September is spectacle — extraordinary
costumes, extraordinary voices, and a great deal of
controlled drama. Rather like court, but with a more
reliable interval.

October — the city does something rather
wonderful with the dark at this time of year. Wear
something you don't mind getting atmospheric in.

November has a wartime spirit to it. Glamour
under pressure. I have always found that
combination compelling, and the kine have done
something rather good with it.

December we walk. Glasgow has stories
older than most of us in this room, and I intend to
hear some of them properly. Wear good shoes and a
coat worth wearing.

Same terms as before. I will not be taking names,
keeping lists, or noting absences. Come if it appeals.
Bring someone interesting if you like.

I hope to see some of you on the 9th.

— Bartholomew Sinclair

Failure is the best teacher:
It reveals character,
Consequences,
Systems,
Limits,
And
You.

Emiel Hendriksen

Hell Hound Banishing - Sealed in Elder Futhark



A rune of necessity. A forcing of fate. Placed at the opening to bind the creature's path.

Te wolf bares down An reaps its souls;
Taking little lambs an Scaring little foals.
It's thirsty fir its kill; It seeks it straight an true.
It comes when aw ure faithful;
When yer heart beats black & blue.



A shield raised. A warning to the unseen. Set between hunter and hunted.

Eyes of red o deadly glow'r
Claws an teeth o lethal Pow'r
Its size, ae big it shakes te graves
Oan consecrated ground It seeks an preys.



A rune of the grave. A reminder that the dead can be commanded.

Will we meet an fare thee well?

Send yer carcass back tae hell!
Ye demon dog whit kin we dae?
Find ye first without delay,
A hellbound scruff inside a stray.



A strike. A declaration that the hunt is righteous.

Be gone creature o de fiery deep.
Slink back tae yer master
Back tae ye tormented sleep

Fuss not yer plans o blood n gore
Haunt these shores
nae more,
Haunt these shores
nae more!



The closing seal. A rune that ends the night and forbids return.

Lex's notes

Runes From the Tomes of Carradus Antiquities

The Results from the 'Celestial Water' Social Experiment

Good evening,

Many of you might have noticed my 3 different types of vials of celestial water (sun, storm, moon) with a honesty box at the front of Elysium last month. I had issued instructions that 1-2 vials could be taken for a trivial boon and left the tray of vials and the honesty box unattended, even showing up late to Elysium to ensure that the space did not feel supervised. This was a social experiment and I appreciated the participation of everyone who looked at, traded or stole from it.

I have released all three kindred who honestly interacted with the experiment from their trivial boons. I have confirmed this in private communication to ensure clarity.

Those who stole, I will not try to track you down to speak to you unless you show further disrespect towards myself or my Clan. I will not hold a grudge against you for this sole interaction even if I do judge your behaviour in Elysium and within polite society. For you have given me useful information by interacting with this experiment in expected parameters whilst you thought you were outmaneuvering me. However, I truly do hope you will behave more appropriately in the future.

Now to get to the exciting part. Those who traded honestly and placed their names in the box were:

- **Kindred A** - a true pillar of the Camarilla and our community. They took three vials and honestly attempted to offer the equivalent of two trivial boons according to the rules I set out rather than attempt to change them in their favour. After the experiment was revealed, they still attempted to uphold their

responsibilities. And even then, they attempted to extend concrete offers to honourably fulfil at least one boon.

- **Kindred B** - a clan representative of the Council. They took two vials and were most respectful in all of their interactions with the experiment. After the experiment was revealed, they still attempted to uphold their responsibilities until I mentioned for a second time that they were released from all boons for this interaction.
- **Kindred C** - an honourable member of the Court with a position within it. They took one vial and refused to take more until they were sure that everyone who wanted a vial got one. After the experiment was revealed, they still attempted to uphold their responsibilities even after I mentioned for a second time that they were released from all boons for this interaction.

And then, there is:

- **Kindred D** - an unknown element who wrote 'bite me' and slipped it into the honesty box. They likely took a vial, but this cannot be proven unless I examine the paper with auspex in the future someday. I have no plans to discover their identity as it goes against the ethical constraints of the experiment.

Over all, while some vials were not accounted for, this was not unexpected. What was a pleasant surprise is how overwhelmingly the majority of kindred interacted positively with the experiment: the honesty box was not stolen or smashed, the pen and post-it notes were left there for other kindred to write with, the tray was not tampered with significantly. My greatest fear, that someone would write another's name down and create chaos I would have to unravel over time did not occur.

More importantly, the kindred who traded were all respectful and the vials accounted for far out number any taken illicitly. Considering how I spoke of my beliefs in the Dark Times and made my care about the project extremely clear, it speaks well of the Court at Glasgow.

A further part of the experiment was to note how kindred would interact with a Neonate who offered boon forgiveness. To see if they would immediately accept a seemingly naive gift or remain resolute that they were made aware of the price and were willing to pay it. All three remained relatively resolute on the first offer and it took further persuading for them to accept that I would not hold the trivial boon.

Whilst all were forgiven of their debts, as I would not accept any other outcome, this is due to the knowledge they unwittingly provided in this informal social experiment and study being equivalent to a trivial boon. Furthermore, as they were unaware that they were taking part in such a study and the nature of boons suggests a consensus of the terms, maintaining the boons would have been unethical. Not to mention, taking boons in Elysium under false pretenses would be unacceptable of the sanctity of the space and disrespectful to the honourable Keeper of Elysium in my opinion.

Whilst this was not some quantitative scientific study, I still believe that it reveals much for me personally about our nature and how we interact in a society. I thank my three known participants for showcasing their honour and respect. You have moved and inspired me beyond words with your actions and dealings.

Amelia Campbell
Neonate of Clan Tremere

Carradus Ponders a Question

It's not every night something ancient uses potent blood magic on you, but if that's the price for asking awkward questions then so be it. Even as I suffered, I was learning, and my eyes... oh, my eyes are opened. I see much, and know that I know little despite all my learning.

In a sacred grove somewhere to the west, one question among many was posed, and upon my return to Glasgow, this one has me pondering mightily. "You want stories?" she asked "Is that all Kindred these nights are concerned with?"

What are Kindred concerned with these nights? One-upmanship? Political manoeuvring for purely personal gain? You may see much of that here and elsewhere. Many of us seek to maintain order for both Kindred and kine, and some few try to build a better brighter world while carving out a niche for themselves. The Camarilla tries to bring order and stability, whereas the Sabbat seeks to bring chaos and pain and a constant battle for our survival. One gives of itself, the other takes. Ask yourself, what are you truly concerned with, and how you might improve matters - but also, what brings you joy? That's a rarity for many of us...

For myself, I view knowledge as the foundation of wisdom, and wisdom leads the way to everything else. When demon dogs, ancient monsters and Sabbat plague the land, knowing the nature of the enemy and the right questions to ask, and perhaps where to find answers, can lead the way to a swift solution. Not that claws and fang and fire don't solve many problems, because they do, but the where and when to apply them comes right back to knowledge.

Something to ponder on these shorter nights...

From the desk of Draven Southsea

Seeking medical training of an expert level.

Medical Drama

And so, begins the preparation for many a medical function be it theatrical non-fiction and the exquisitely grotesque fiction. I am interested in these talks, walks and acts of theatrical production. If any others have such an interest or indeed can offer any influence to make my sojourn over the next few months I would be obliged, and yes ok I would likely owe you a small boon also. I shall begin with the theatrical production currently hitting The Kings Theatre, you brits do like your fancy highfalutin names, that is set in Transylvania with a dashing gent in golden small clothes drenched in oil. Oh my, one does wonder why he has to be so slippery and pliant...this Doctor is in! Next will be the medical museum and other grotesquerie to follow. Anyone else in?

The Bostonian.

Review of Dr Daniella Price's Lecture

Dr Daniella Price's recent talk on the 23rd of July on the silver trade routes and hordes in the Viking age was nothing short of enlightening. Her insights into the implications of the trade was remarkable, with admirable attention paid to questions connected to esoteric uses of silver in rituals during the Viking age.

I thank Dr Price for sharing her knowledge and encourage all to congratulate her for a successful lecture. For those who missed her lecture, please get in touch with her to convince her to hold more talks in the future!

- Amelia Campbell, Neonate of Clan Tremere

On the 'Improper' Use of Divination

Fellow seer,

The cards whispered to me and now I worry for you. I originally saw your piece as a challenge I wanted to rise to, but now all I see is a plea for help.

The spiteful torture that the cards told me of will only lead you further away from your humanity, if there is any left in you. Such actions will lead to the loss of your sense of self as the beast consumes you. I can only hope that these deeds occurred in a troubled past and not the present moment.

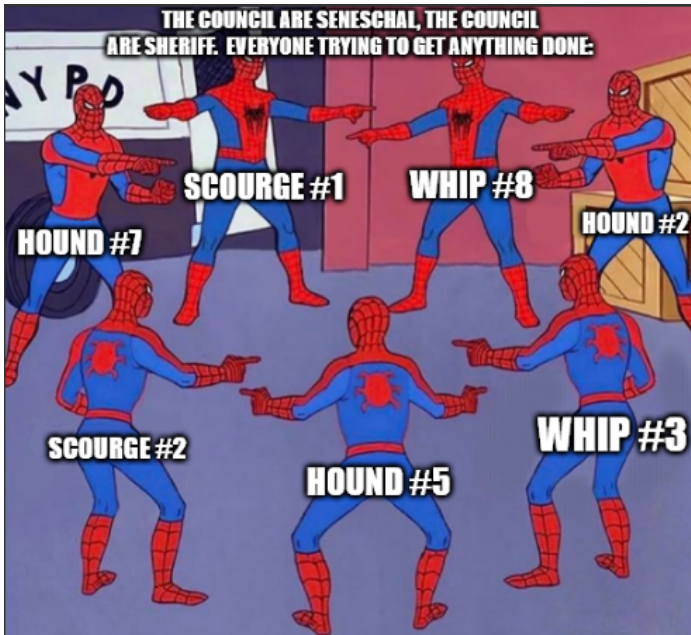
I do not write this to scare you into acting against me. Indeed, I worry that you might turn your spiteful nature against me. For I know in turn, you will likely seek information about me from the fates. However, I will not abandon another seer to a cruel fate so I know that I must write this regardless.

For you must query: what use is your knowledge and skills at divination when you become lost to the beast? When your loved ones that you cared for as a mortal would no longer recognise the monster you have become tonight?

Finally, to challenge the points in your article: all methods are tools. If I desired to sit and inhale fumes like the Oracle of Delphi, I could. If I desired to cast bones or runes and read the connections between them I could. Why does an artist choose their medium? As it means something to them. So please, do not look down on others and their methods, but interact kindly with them.

With great concern,

A Seer



KINE NEWS

BBC News

As part of a joint Interpol-National Crime Agency have seized a ship belonging to Southsea Shipping and conducted a raid on their HeadQuarters, after an anonymous tip off. Whilst under investigation, the vessel will be held at Felixstowe Port.

Both agencies have been approached for comments.

Glasgow News

A fire broke out at a Mansion in Mount Vernon. Internal fire suppression and the actions of the staff prevented the building from burning down. After investigation by the Fire Service, the fire started in the kitchen during dinner service. As the fire was accidental and there was no signs of arson, the Fire Service have stopped investigations.

St Enoch Centre Redevelopment In Chaos

Property developers Sovereign Centros, who announced in May 2024 a revision of the original redevelopment plan from a 15-20 year disruption of the Merchant City shopping area to instead breaking ground on an ambitious 2 year 'short sharp pain for long-term gain' option, have reluctantly admitted that the redevelopment is now running behind schedule. Whilst the demolition occurred as planned in 2024, and parallel building works have been occurring across the whole site since then, works now appear to have abruptly stalled.

The official line from Sovereign Centros' public relations officer Lucy Caversham is that "2 years was always an estimated time-frame, and such projects are always subject to unexpected delays. Many of our staff and contractors choose July and August to take PTO with their families, so naturally fewer personnel are on site".

Off the record, employees have said that there are internal rumours of significant cashflow issues after an 8-figure milestone payment from an unnamed major investor in the project was not received by the end of June when expected. One said that the matter is 'with the lawyers', whilst another hinted that Sovereign was dragging its feet on paying its own suppliers.

If the off-the-record rumours are true, then it seems that the bold ambitions to rebuild the St Enoch Centre as a 'revitalised shopping and leisure space, with up to 917 homes, high quality office space, a four-star hotel and inclusive and accessible public realm space; with rooftop gardens split between private residential and shared community use; fountains, light wells and green walls within the atrium of the shopping centre to bring the outside in', and indeed the future of Sovereign Centros themselves, could now be in significant jeopardy - placing many Glasgow jobs at risk, and leaving the city council with a white elephant project literally on their doorstep.

Eileen Watson from the GCC, who championed the original change in plans in 2024, was unavailable for comment.

"Money Pie" in the Sky?

Glasgow City Council has taken a bold, unexpected step by approving an adventurous new infrastructure project in an emergency vote, tapping into contingency reserves often dubbed the "rainy day" fund. The decision green-lights an initial phase of the Sky Line cable-car proposal - a radical, above-ground transit concept first sketched in 2020 by Strathclyde graduate Karen McDonald - with consultations and early planning now under way.

McDonald's vision aims to ease the city's chronic congestion by creating a perimeter network of cable lines paired with a central intermodal hub. The primary Sky Line would link core city-centre districts, while a secondary route would reach popular destinations such as the Necropolis, Park Circus, the SSE Hydro, the Riverside Museum and Glasgow Green. Proponents argue the system could regenerate neglected corridors, reframe the cityscape and offer a sustainable alternative to car-dominated travel in the immediate city centre.

Council leaders described the emergency vote as necessary to seize momentum after years of stalled, piecemeal attempts to modernise Glasgow's transport infrastructure following the removal of historic tram services. Using rainy day funds allowed the council to fast-track feasibility studies, stakeholder consultations and preliminary design work without waiting for a longer budgeting cycle. Supporters say the move demonstrates political will to tackle congestion, reduce emissions and boost tourism; critics have raised questions about cost, visual impact and whether an aerial solution can integrate effectively with existing buses, trains and active travel routes.

Initial planning will now focus on route feasibility, station siting, accessibility and environmental assessments, with public consultations promised to shape final designs. If proceeds as envisaged, the Sky Line could mark a striking shift in how Glasgow moves, lifting parts of the city literally - and symbolically - into a new era of sustainable urban transport.

Excerpt from Glasgow Evening Times