

Helena Smith



Reach for the skies at Jupiter Artland

Sitting in a tangle of busy roads in an unattractive semi-rural stretch west of Edinburgh, Jupiter Artland doesn't appear to promise much. But its swirling metal gates are a portal to another world, one of parkland and woodland set around a seventeenth-century mansion, and a series of sight-specific artworks wonderfully woven into the natural environment.

Commissioned by the owners of the house, the works comprise a deeply personal collection, and one which is still evolving. The drive winds past monumental stones placed by Andy Goldsworthy in the branches of a dark patch of coppiced trees, and then opens out to *Life Mounds*, monumental stepped earthworks created by Charles Jencks to evoke and celebrate the cell. There's a brief glimpse of the house before you reach converted stone outbuildings, patrolled by a peacock, where a shiny metal diner car dishes out gourmet sandwiches and coffees – a great fuelling stop for the longish woodland walk ahead.

The walk begins at Shane Waltener's *A World Wide Web*, a scruffy shed in the trees with peepholes of varying heights which reveal a tangle of intricately constructed cobwebs. Beyond, Anish Kapoor's *Suck* is a disconcerting rusty iron sinkhole in the earth; then a break in the trees reveals Anthony Gormley's *Firmament*, a huge crouching figure composed of steel hexagons that frames the view of another iconic metal structure: the rust-red Forth Rail Bridge.

A more intimate work is Laura Ford's *Weeping Girls*, six little downcast bronze figures scattered amongst the trees. Ian Hamilton Finlay's trademark Classical surrealism is evident in the *Xth Muse*, a stately head of Sappho carved from Portland stone, while Andy Goldsworthy gives nature the upper hand in *Stone House*, a seemingly domestic space but with the dark interior dominated by uneven rough-cut stone.

There's a lighter touch to Cornelia Parker's *Landscape with Gun and Tree*, a gigantic shotgun leaning casually against a tree in an echo of Gainsborough's *Mr and Mrs*

Andrews. The path circles round to the drive back at *Life Mounds*, which beckon you to climb their terraces to survey the art-filled woodland you have just explored. In a final insouciant touch, Peter Liversidge's fingerpost points skywards, indicating "Jupiter – 893 million to 964 million kilometres".