

Will Heinrich reviews *Quincy*, an artist book that provides immediate insight into Carl Andre's development as a sculptor

Lay a landscape across a portrait, cut away whatever's not both, and you end up with a square. In 1973, in conjunction with a show of his sculpture at the Addison Gallery of American Art at Phillips Academy, Andover, Carl Andre hired commercial photographer Gordon "Diz" Bensley to shoot the black hills, gray ice, mossy snow, industrial debris and bloodless skies of his native Quincy, Massachusetts. In advance of Andre's *Dia:Beacon* retrospective, the nonprofit Primary Information has issued an elegant reprint of the resulting concept catalogue, an eight-inch-square booklet of marginless black-and-white scenes as graciously sublime as stained glass.

Minimalism can be a way of dissembling ambition in order to slip around its natural limits. The broad granite headstone pictured on the cover, surrounded by snow that looks dirty in the foreground but which shades off into a seafoamy glaze in the distance, is marked only with a floral border and the name ANDRE. Ostensibly an act of self-effacement so extreme as to become aggressive, this feels more like an assertion of permanence and monumental opacity, a spirit condescending not quite to the flesh and only as far as an icon.

But humility is in the context. One of the four-dozen views of lumber, headstones, clapboard walls, chain-link fences and telephone poles, for example, is divided into four horizontal bands of color or texture. The pale gray

