
Annabeth Rosen*Nancy Margolis**560 Broadway, at Prince Street**SoHo**Through April 5*

Annabeth Rosen's ceramic sculptures are beautifully repulsive. Following in the tradition of Peter Voulkos's ceramic Abstract Expressionism, Ms. Rosen assembles extruded tubes and forms that resemble seedpods, gourds and intestinal organs into abstract monuments of visceral immediacy.

"Chromus," in which scores of tubular, spherical and broken geometrical elements, glazed yellow, green and chalky white, are crammed together into a massive block, looks like something produced by a trash compactor.

In "Cinctus I," rubbery hollow tubes like short fat snakes are layered into a stalky, mushroom-like shape with bulbous elements mixed at the top. With powdery, cracked white slip covering the shiny brown underglazing like some ancient mold, it has a look of spooky, moonlit antiquity. Its weighty, slightly menacing muscularity is an exciting alternative to the skillful refinement to which clay more often lends itself. **KEN JOHNSON**