Geagan’s colorful paintings and ghoulish assemblages teem with vivid but slippery details, evoking late nights and empty liquor bottles. Figures in formal dress abound, most notably “Black Tie Bozo” a life-size dummy with a rubber horse’s head, lounging on the floor holding a 1960 issue of The Astrological Magazine in one white-gloved hand. Lithe Tahitian beauties and skeletal street walkers strut through pastels and oil paintings past a naked, obese man who’s sometimes yellow, sometimes blue, and sometimes bleeding from the nose and mouth. Stuffed dogs with scorched fur wear sunglasses and wigs. There’s no doubt that the artist, a thirty-year-old former English major, has a knack for narrative, but his real focus is a mood of urbane decadence. Through Jan. 14. (Fuentes, 55 Delancey Street. 212-577-1201)