What a difference a space can make. Rafferty has created a theatrical event in the upstairs and downstairs of the still-new Uffner galleries with floor-to-ceiling curtains dotted with pink-and-purple flies; blob-like paintings (of people, a wall, a noose) and inkjet prints layered on top of each other, flattened behind plexi to give the appearance of multi-dimensional depth; all adorned with the tiniest of hardware, like screws, that have been attached to the surface of her works.

Throughout the exhibition, I kept thinking about flatness—how even three-dimensional screwheads can look planar when added atop plexi. But hers is really a theatre of deception, and no matter just how flat her works may seem, there’s always shallow depth. In a time of flat paintings—mostly I’m referring to those that lack perspective, as if all that’s shown on the canvas has been pressed up close to your eyes—I appreciate that the next course of action might be a transition from pure flatness to a somewhat flat, though highly layered space. (Just take a trip around NADA, or the Lower East Side to see full-on flatness in action.) Though that’s likely to seem like a boring formal conceit to some, in an age where we look at flat screens all day long, it’s unsurprising that artists are trying to understand the depths of flatness. But full-on flatness could be a misreading of how we actually interact with screens: looking at emails all day might seem like a very flat life, but when you’re roaming the halls of a video game, you can become fully immersed. Sara Greenberger Rafferty’s works come close to demonstrating that strange balance found in our age of screens.