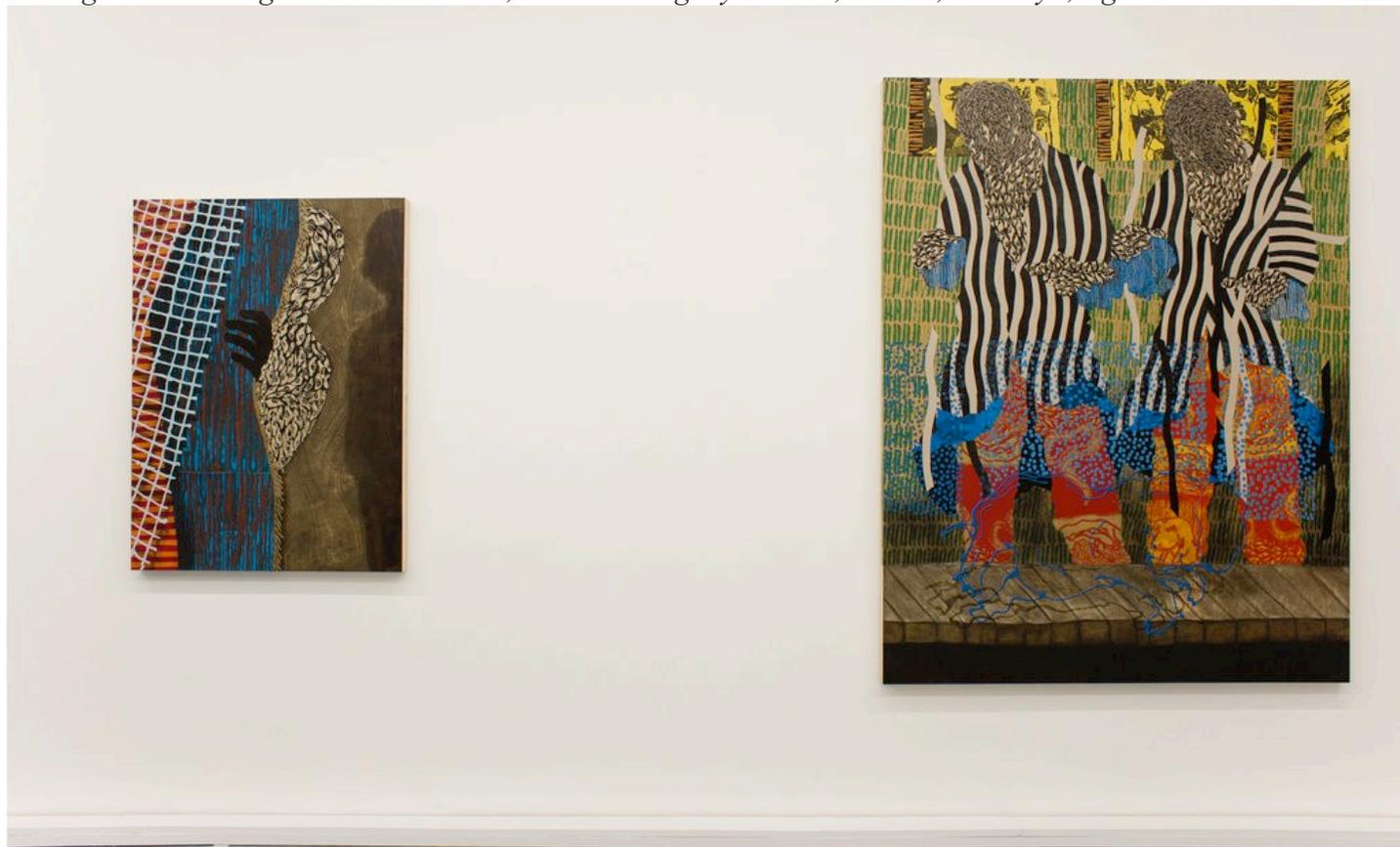


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Didier William

Through Nov. 19. Tiger Strikes Asteroid, 1329 Willoughby Avenue, No. 2A, Brooklyn; tigerstrikesasteroid.com.



Didier William's multifaceted collages "Peel Back Every Layer," left, and "Two Dads." Credit Tiger Strikes Asteroid

In "Ma tante toya," one of six incandescent panels making up Didier William's supremely exciting show "[We Will Win](#)" at the artist-run space Tiger Strikes Asteroid in Bushwick, a figure at once ambiguous and unforgettable sits on a shadowy green-and-yellow bed, holding a machete point-down behind her leg so the glittering silver blade shines like a flashlight beam. The only features on the figure's matte-black face are a couple of squiggly white eyes, but hundreds more eyes also cover her

body, slipping over her shoulders like water, modeling her legs like scales, licking at her throat like flames.

Technically, it's all a collage: The figure is ink on paper, mounted on wood; the machete's knobby handle, which protrudes from the piece's surface, is fluid acrylic mixed with stucco; and the bed's drapery is colored paper marked with powdered charcoal. Those Argus eyes, whether they indicate an invisible spirit who sees all but says nothing, or simply a sensitive person constrained from expressing what she feels, are gouged right through the paper into the blank wood underneath like so many irrevocable wounds.

But the complex way Mr. William uses color within each given segment — particularly the bone-black parsley leaves stamped onto the black paper background, which is also scored with rice-grain-size holes — means that it reads as a painting. It's just a painting with a preternaturally suggestive texture.

“Two Dads,” by the same token, is the daemon of a batik print, and “Rara,” a seven-and-a-half-foot-long procession of staring, posing apparitions, also covered with eyes, seems constructed of moonlight and ash.

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