



would grill her about what new work was worth looking at. (In 2011, he announced that he'd retire from making art right after his retrospective at New York's Guggenheim Museum, ostensibly to concentrate on his biannual magazine, *Toiletpaper*.) "He is insane about remaining connected," Corbetta says.

It was at one of those lunches, in 2012, that the two hatched a plan that would come to define both her career and contemporary art in the city. Their conversation had swerved, as it often did, to how Corbetta should open her own gallery. She glanced up mid-bite at the restaurant's front window, 1.3 feet deep and 7.6 feet high, and joked about opening an exhibition space in it. "Why not?" Cattelan said. The owner had become a friend, so it wasn't hard for Cattelan to convince him that he should turn over the small nook to her. Within a month, the curator installed her first show, for which the

Clockwise from above: the curator on a velvet-covered sofa in her living room. Corbetta commissioned Thomas Braida to make the ceramic stool; in her bedroom, a Barber & Osgerby Tab F floor lamp by Flos beside an upholstered Meridiani bed. The circular mirror is a vintage find and the curtains are a velvet jacquard by Bonotto; a poster from an exhibition Corbetta curated peeks from behind the custom-made pale pink curtains, also by Bonotto. On the vintage Art Deco black console, a Fornasetti urn, an edition of Piero Manzoni's "Merda d'Artista" (1961) and a vase from the 1950s.



Milan-based artist Serena Vestrucci hung some pieces that inspire her practice on elastic bands — scrawled notes, headless plastic animals, necklaces — and every two weeks or so Corbetta mounted a new installation in the window, which Cattelan dubbed *Il Crepaccio*: the crevice. Over the next four years, she showed some 130 artists, many of whom she found at local fairs and through her own research; others she learned about from artists once *Il Crepaccio* gained momentum. For each opening, the quiet sidewalk and street outside the window became a party and occasionally an impromptu performance stage, mixing locals — who initially "were completely confused about why people were coming to see this crazy stuff suspended in a restaurant window," she says — and art-world denizens. "It was the opposite of the white box."

Corbetta collaged an elaborate invitation for each opening and sent them digitally, but she kept her identity secret for almost a year; most insiders assumed the installations were orchestrated by Cattelan himself. The tiny gallery began making it into travel guides, and the fashion

e-commerce site Yoox partnered with *Il Crepaccio* for a pop-up at the 2013 Venice Biennale. When the restaurant was sold in 2016, the new owners wanted to continue, but Corbetta felt it was time to move on (she has since migrated the gallery to an Instagram account, @ilcrepaccio, where she curates weeklong solo shows of original commissioned work). "The whole thing was imprecise, full of flaws, but it was also full of soul," she says. "Still, you need to evolve."

HER APARTMENT HAS a similar depth of feeling, the result of Corbetta's own mix of thoughtful planning and spontaneity. When the couple moved in 2016, they had it redrawn, allowing for an expansive living area near the front balcony and a warren of cleverly configured private spaces.

Inside, the colors are deeply saturated, a textured mix of glossy, matte and metallic surfaces that reflect and absorb sun during the day and give the place a sophisticated glow at night. The dropped-ceiling entrance hall is enameled in a brackish blue, illuminated by Achille Castiglioni's '60s-era *Taraxacum* fixture, a cluster of glass bubbles. In

