I am such an Italo Calvino buff that, nearly thirty years after his abrupt departure, I still miss him like an estranged friend. I like to brag I read all his work, from the postmodern to the post-mortem, such as collections of never-assembled forewords and newspaper articles, plus the odd unfinished book (one about the senses with only three senses), his famous lessons for a new literary millennium (brilliant, short only of a chapter), long forgotten novels he hadn’t cared to reprint, but death, to great writers, tends to do that dubious magic of turning into publishing gold even their obviously lesser works, or works they would never publish themselves, if they had a say about it.

I remember how annoyed I was when he died, for the books immediately available in my country were misrepresentative of his work. With prolific writers there should be a way, for those who truly loved