

Locked in a Small-Town Cage with My Superheroes, and Having No Way to Get an MFA... (Memoir)

by Rick Rofihe

MFA or no MFA, it takes a lot of stamina to become, and then continue to be, a writer. As an MFA professor at Columbia, I envied the talents of some of the writing students; also their sophisticated backgrounds which gave them much grist for the things they were writing, whereas I grew up in a provincial town which at the time had no bookstore and no library—no library even at school. I listened to Superman on the radio, read Uncle Scrooge comic books, and then, when the time seemed right, I began writing a short story, and it was accepted at *The New Yorker*.

