

---

~ 5 QUESTIONS ~

with

TADHG  
MULLER

of earth shattering importance

---

*(A cautionary word:  
If f-bombs offend, read with a shield  
handy.)*

**1. If you could take one book to a deserted island, what would it be?**

When I was twenty I did a solo road trip from Egypt to Afghanistan, a crooked 10,000 km line on the map (or thereabouts). My uncle gave me two parting gifts: an RM's denim shirt, and a copy of Cervantes' *Don Quixote*. Don Quixote & Sancho Panza, tried and tested, they'd be with me on the island all the fucking way. And maybe a denim shirt with 'em.

**2. What is your writing space?**

A wooden desk with a white marble top in the centre of an empty room. The desk was the one remaining piece of furniture when I moved into my decrepit house in South East London. I get up to work early (the day job) at about 5 in morning. So I don't get writing done until after 8 pm when my kids are out. So it's darkness and silence, which is a

pretty good space to start, it's got legacy and tradition stretching back into a cave.

**3. If you are in a writing rut, how do you get yourself out of it?**

I don't believe in the writing rut in the sense that this question suggests. It's other shit like earning a buck, and the demands of getting by... and all the monotony that goes with this... that's what get in the way. The grind. The pressures of the grind. Newspapers. Politics. People. The state of affairs at the moment. The general shift to the right, and the movement towards a more conservative, nastier cultural, and all of the fucking bullshit that goes with it. That's the real rut. That's the thing to push against. The everyday shit. And writing is outside of that rut, writing evens up the ledger. Not the other way round. So I don't take walk in the park, or bask in the seasons, visit my favourite cafe, or bookshop, or walking track, or travel. That's all bullshit. And I recon [*sic*] at the moment there are no shortage of things that are of such magnitude and importance that writers, and artists, and musicians, should be saying, damn all that shit, let's go.

**4. Pen, pencil, computer, typewriter, lipstick on a mirror - what is your preferred tool of trade?**

I write on a laptop, though I also spend a huge amount of time on

the London Underground where I tap on my I-phone notebook to get things down. Pretty simple.

**5. If the world was going to end in a week and you had to choose between a small remote island or a metropolis to live out your last days, which would you choose?**

I'd stick it out where I am. So today it would be the city. Tomorrow, god knows.

---

~ About the author ~

**Tadhg Muller** is a London based expat Tasmanian. Hailing from somewhere in the ether between the two locations, Muller's fiction has been published in *Skive Australia*, *Open Pen*, *Griffith Review*, *Island*, *Stoneslide Collective*, *Crack the Spine* and *Southerly*, while his poetry has been published in *The Cannon's Mouth*, and *Skive*. Muller has featured as a guest poet for the London based Homeless Literary Magazine *Rough Diamonds*.

---

T