



Teachers  
as Writers

**Transposing Genres,  
Transposing Modes**

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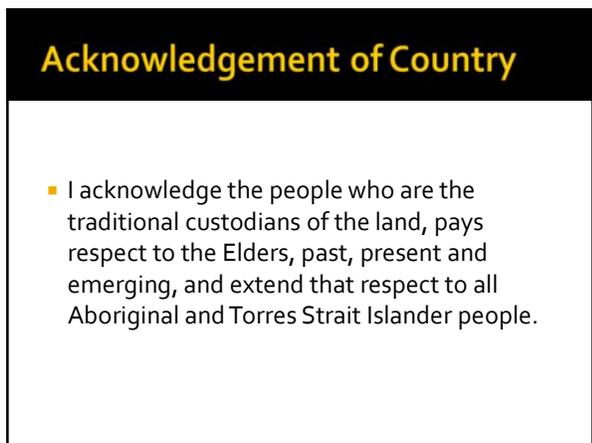
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**Acknowledgement of Country**

- I acknowledge the people who are the traditional custodians of the land, pays respect to the Elders, past, present and emerging, and extend that respect to all Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people.

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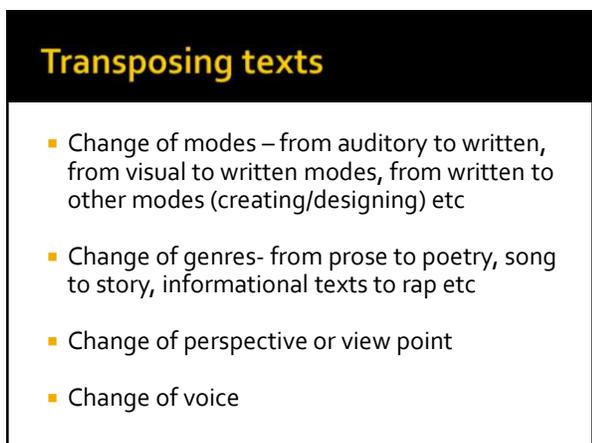
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**Transposing texts**

- Change of modes – from auditory to written, from visual to written modes, from written to other modes (creating/designing) etc
- Change of genres- from prose to poetry, song to story, informational texts to rap etc
- Change of perspective or view point
- Change of voice

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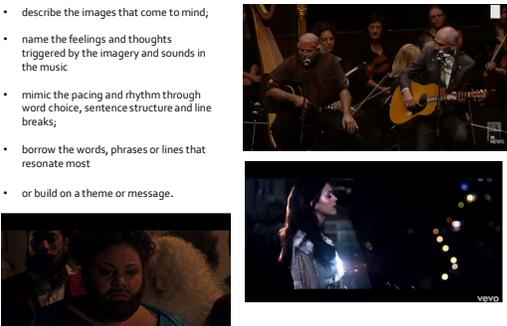
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## The potential of music and multimodality

- describe the images that come to mind;
- name the feelings and thoughts triggered by the imagery and sounds in the music
- mimic the pacing and rhythm through word choice, sentence structure and line breaks;
- borrow the words, phrases or lines that resonate most
- or build on a theme or message.



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## My process...my example

**Multimodal mash up /collage of:**

- Rewrite The Stars (Benj Pasek / Justin Paul)  
Rewrite the Stars lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Fox Music, Inc)
- Big Yellow Taxi (Joni Mitchell)  
• Big Yellow Taxi lyrics © Crazy Crow Music / Siquomb Music Publishing)
- Images from my window where I was staying
- My images -tourist pictures particularly of Kings Park
- "Window" by Jeannie Baker (1991)



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### Rewrite the Stars

What if we rewrite the stars?  
Say you were made to be mine  
Nothing could keep us apart  
You'd be the one I was meant to find  
It's up to you, and it's up to me  
No one can say what we get to be  
So why don't we rewrite the stars?  
Maybe the world could be ours  
Tonight

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oubvFONIR-w>

Rewrite the stars scene from the movie "The Greatest Showman" (2017).  
Benj Pasek / Justin Paul) Rewrite the Stars lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Fox Music, Inc

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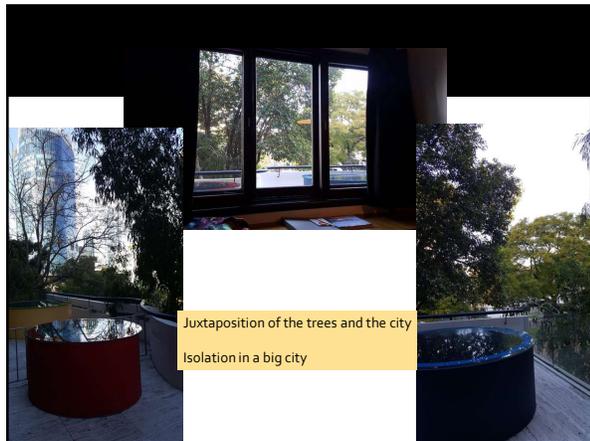
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## Sharing my writing....

- Window on my World
- The Writing Process

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## Your turn...

1. Pick a song you have on your phone
2. Locate the film clip that accompanies the song
3. Transpose the lyrics (and other modes/genres) into a short piece of writing, a poem or a free-write



- Experiences, memories?
- Narrative threads
- Inter-textual links
- Five senses
- Genre/Form?
- Literary devices

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## Photo memories.....

- Select an image on your phone that brings back memories
- Shut your eyes visualise the image
- Write a paragraph trying to include as much vivid detail as you can.
- Ensure you use action verbs and clear nouns



YOUR TURN

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## Transposing genres

- Go back through your paragraph and circle the most vivid and significant words you have used
- Take the circled words and put the image in poetic form
- Share the piece you like the most



The day you came into this world you made your presence felt. It is forever etched in my mind and heart, a moment long awaited yet greatly feared. Like all the best things in life sometimes we have to wait a little longer. Wait for those kicks in utero to come to fruition. Waiting but not aware to the deep-seated changes you would bring to my world. Waiting for the decisions to be made – a natural intervention, you would be induced. Overnight bag in hand, unsure of what to expect, my first soon to be son. I was greeted by a matter of fact midwife, distant, lacking empathy who over the course of time used several different attempts to bring you into this world. In the midst of this, concerned as to whether I would be able to deliver naturally my doctor sent me off to have xrays of my pelvis. All should be good they said. Yet the waiting still went on and you were not keen to come into this world. More decisions – an epidural and then a forceps delivery. Things started to get very real, very scary. Groomed up for theatre just in case, looking into the eyes of the pediatrician, McDreamy or at least a distant cousin of his, I felt a sense of calm sweep over me. And here you were. My funny little fish (a Pisces), looking very much like an alien with that extended forceps head, but spanned over by nurses and alike. A very handsome boy they told me. My number one son, Taylor.

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## Two voice poetry....

- A Two-Voice Poem is a conversation between two nouns (people, places, things, ideas) which present two different points of view.
- Notion of compare and contrast between the two entities discussed

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### THE LAST OF HIS TRIBE by Henry Kendall

He crouches, and buries his face on his knees,  
And hides in the dark of his hair;  
For he cannot look up to the shimmering bow,  
Or think of the loneliness there --  
Of the loss and the loneliness there.

The millstone grinds through the tufts of the grass,  
And turns to their courts for prey;  
But he sits in the shade and lets them pass  
Where the boomerang sleep with the spear --  
With the mullah, the sling and the spear.

Hush! behold him! The thunder that breaks  
On the top of the rocks with the side,  
And the wind which drives up with the salt of the lakes,  
Have made him a hunter again --  
A hunter and fisher again.

For his eyes have been full with a smouldering thought;  
But he dreams of the hunt of yore,  
And of foot that he sought, and of flight that he fought  
With those who will battle no more --  
Who will go to the battle no more.

It is well that the water which tumbles and fills,  
Goes meandering and meandering along,  
For an echo rolls out from the sides of the hills,  
And he starts at a wonderful song --  
At the sound of a wonderful song.

And he sees, through the vents of the scattering fog,  
The corroboree warlike and grim,  
And the king who sits by the fire on the log;  
To watch, like a mourner, for him --  
Like a mother and mourner for him.

Will he go in his sleep from these desolate lands,  
Like a child, to the rest of his race,  
With the honey-coloured women who beckon and stand,  
Who dream like a dream in his face --  
Like a marvellous dream in his face?

**Last of his Tribe**  
Change is the law. The new must out the old.  
I look at you and am back in the long ago.  
Old pinaroo lonely and lost here  
Last of your clan.  
Left only with your memories, you sit  
And think of the gay throng, the happy people,  
The voices and the laughter  
All gone, all gone,  
And you remain alone.

Is asked and you let me hear  
The soft vowels tongue to be heard now  
No more far ever. For me  
You enact old scenes, old ways, you who have used  
Boomerang and spear.  
You singer of ancient tribal songs,  
You leader once in the corroboree,  
You twice in fierce tribal fights  
With wild enemy blacks from over the river,  
All gone, all gone. And I feel  
The sudden sting of tears, Willie Mackenzie  
In the Salvation Army Home.  
Displaced person in your own country,  
Lonely in teeming city crowds,  
Last of your tribe.

-- by Dodgeroo Noonuccal

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