

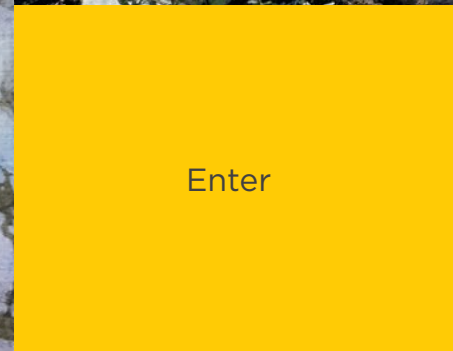
BIS

2023

Anthology

Click on each name

Foreword	2
Aleksandra Milek	4
Joseph Murphy	6
Jordan Morrison	8
Li Zhang	10
Dylan Collins	12
Rachel O'Donovan	14
Chloe Cooley	16
Mark Scanlan	18
Brian O'Sullivan	20
Irene Kirwan	22
Ailish O'Halloran	24
Oran Kelly	26
Eoin Hedman	28
Niamh Harrington	30
Caoimhe Crosse	32
Dylan Roche	34
Sarah Laffan	35
Síofra Kelleher	36
Gary Sesaldo	38
Una Murphy	40
Áine Ring	41
James O'Leary	42
Jack MacSweeney	44
Darren Curtin	46
Omar Sallam	48
Sean Hennigan	49
Enya McNamara	50
Acknowledgements	52



FOREWORD

Information Systems is, at its core, not interested in business, nor technology, nor even information. Ultimately, it is interested in change. No one initiates, designs, implements, or uses a new system with the intention of keeping the status quo. We do these things to affect changes in the world. To solve problems. To enrich relationships. To optimise exchanges. To enable human potential. To make the future better than the present. Information Systems professionals are in the business of transformation.

As such, this is a creative field. Business Analysts creatively reveal the invisible connections that transform apparent chaos into solvable problems. System Designers creatively imagine new human experiences and social realities and architect the digital environments to support these. Software Developers creatively craft artefacts that we judge as much by their elegance as by their function. Project Managers are the creative choreographers and conductors who turn noise and confusion into powerful performances.

IS professionals are not fine artists. They are, none-the-less, some of the most creative people in contemporary industry.

The annual BIS Anthology recognises this, and also recognises and embraces the universal human need to perceive the world around us, to make sense of it, and to share our sense-making with others. We want our students to celebrate and nurture this important characteristic of being human, both now at UCC and throughout their life's work.

The BIS Anthology provides one conduit for that. And I want to congratulate, and to thank, every student who had the generosity and confidence to share their view of the world with us in their own unique way.

We are, all of us, the richer for it.

Joseph Feller



The Sense Maker

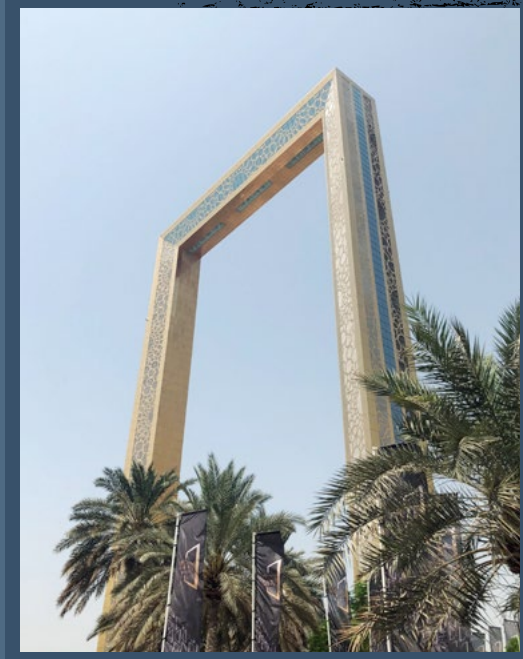
Mixed-Media
by Joseph Feller



ALEKSANDRA MILEK (BIS 3)

Live your life by a compass, not a clock

While travelling the United Arab Emirates last summer, I got inspired to capture the beauty of some of the most iconic buildings that the UAE has to offer. I was blown away by the beauty and uniqueness of these buildings.



The Dubai Frame

Left: The first photo showcases The Dubai Frame located in Dubai, UAE. This frame is located in between New Dubai and Old Dubai. The frame beautifully frames Dubai. If you stand on the observatory bridge and look towards the South, you'll see new and modern side of Dubai with all the major landmarks such as the Burj Khalifa. If you turn back and look out at the North, you can enjoy fabulous views of Old Dubai. The unique design of The Frame inspired me to take this photo.

The Sheikh Zayed Grand Mosque

Above: In the second photo is the Sheikh Zayed Grand Mosque in Abu Dhabi, which is one of the largest mosques in the world. The architecture of the mosque is breath-taking. The detail is magnificent including stunning white marble structure, with 24-karat-gold-tipped domes which shine in the sun. The minute we walked into the mosque; I was inspired to capture this beautiful architecture.



JOSEPH MURPHY (BIS 3)

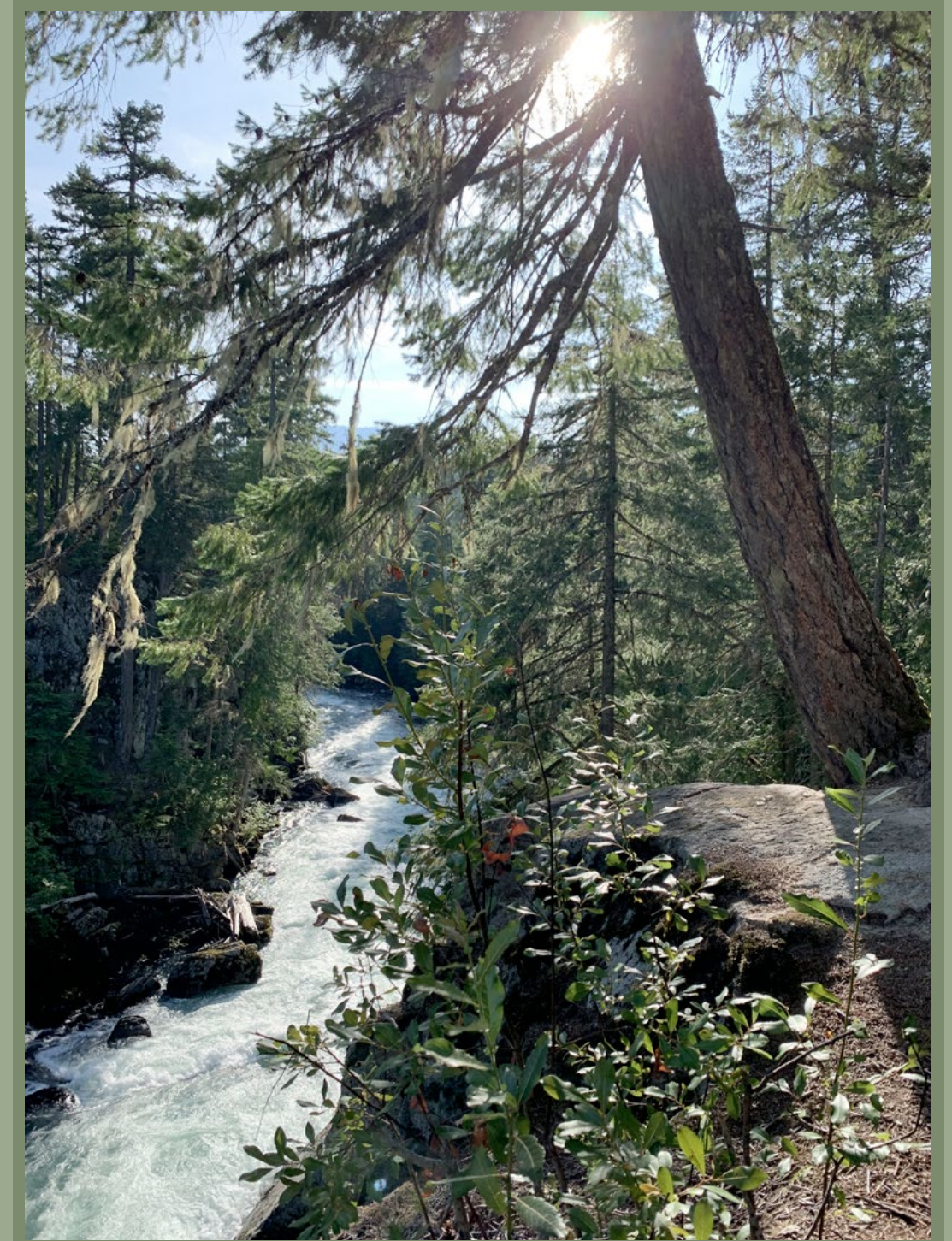
Sunset on South Mall (Cork City)

I was walking home from work one evening in October when I noticed the sky along South Mall and decided to take a photo of it. Upon taking the photo, it made me think about how myself and many others take how nice a place Cork can be for granted, simply on account of being so used to it. The contrasting colours of the sky made for a pleasant background, and the row of cars lined up at the pedestrian crossing shows the bustle of the city, even on a Friday evening.



Whistler's Wildlife (Whistler, BC)

I took this photo along the Trainwreck Hike in Whistler, British Columbia, Canada. I completed a number of hikes throughout my time in Canada this past summer, but this photo was my favourite as I felt it captured the essence of the environment over there - it had it all. The sound of the waves crashing in the stream below, the sunshine peeking through the drooping branches of the trees, the rocks for hopping across the water, the thick woodlands that seemed to stretch on endlessly. Hiking across the different areas of British Columbia's scenic landscape provided me with some amazing sights, as well as relaxing, natural experiences that I won't forget any time soon.





JORDAN MORRISON (BIS 3)

Rebel Street

I had been playing with my band Crojayn for around five years when we wrote the piece. We wanted to write a really technical and challenging funk/progressive rock song that still made people want to dance. The song was very much inspired by bands and artists we had been listening to over the years like Rory Gallagher, Bill Withers, Thin Lizzy and All Them Witches.

The theme of the song was an amalgamation of all the skills and techniques we had picked up from gigging and busking jammed into one song. However, we still wanted

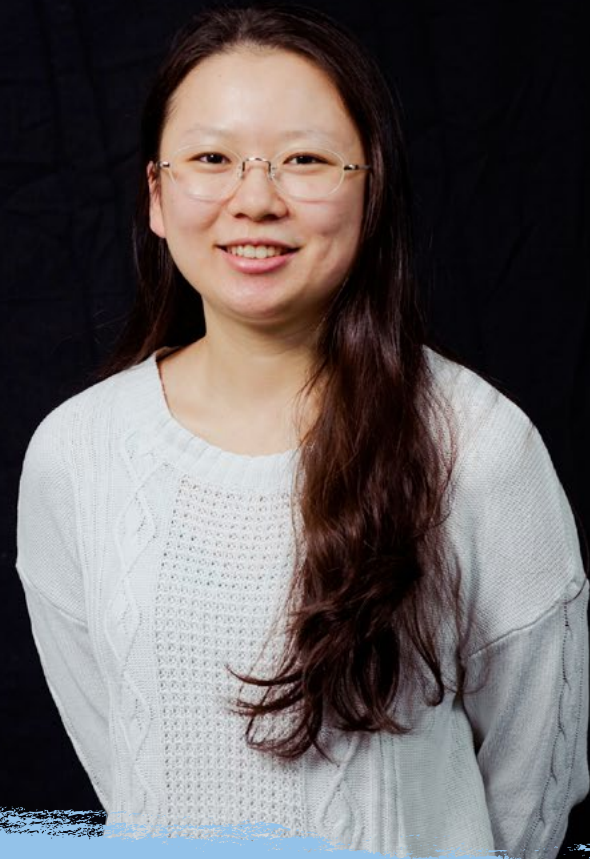
to keep it as one fluid and cohesive piece. The theme behind the lyrics and name of the song are pretty much nonsensical. The chords, instrumentation and sections were written first. The lyrics were written to match the direction of the song afterwards (I wish it had a deeper meaning, ah well). The reason I decided to submit this particular piece is because it was one of the last recorded live performances of the band. We broke up in October 2018. The piece for me captures all of the progress and good times I had with the band over five great years.



[www.youtube.com/
watch?v=VuK99B7Y6jg](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VuK99B7Y6jg)

(Song 1 - 0.00 to 4.43)





LI ZHANG (BIS 3)

Welcome!

I joined the Judo Club in UCC last year and I am enjoying it very much. Judo is a sport that you need patience, but I find the more you do Judo the more you enjoy it. So, I want to let more people know about Judo. This poster lists three types of Judo techniques which are the Hip Technique, Hand Technique and the Foot Technique. This will help people know a little bit about Judo.





DYLAN COLLINS (BIS 3)

Pine Sunset

I was walking home from college and noticed how the sun was setting perfectly in the gap between the pine trees. The surrounding trees framed the sun-filled gap to make it seem like the trees grew to create this frame, especially in the reducing pine heights.

I thought it was an interesting picture as it didn't really look like it was taken in Ireland.

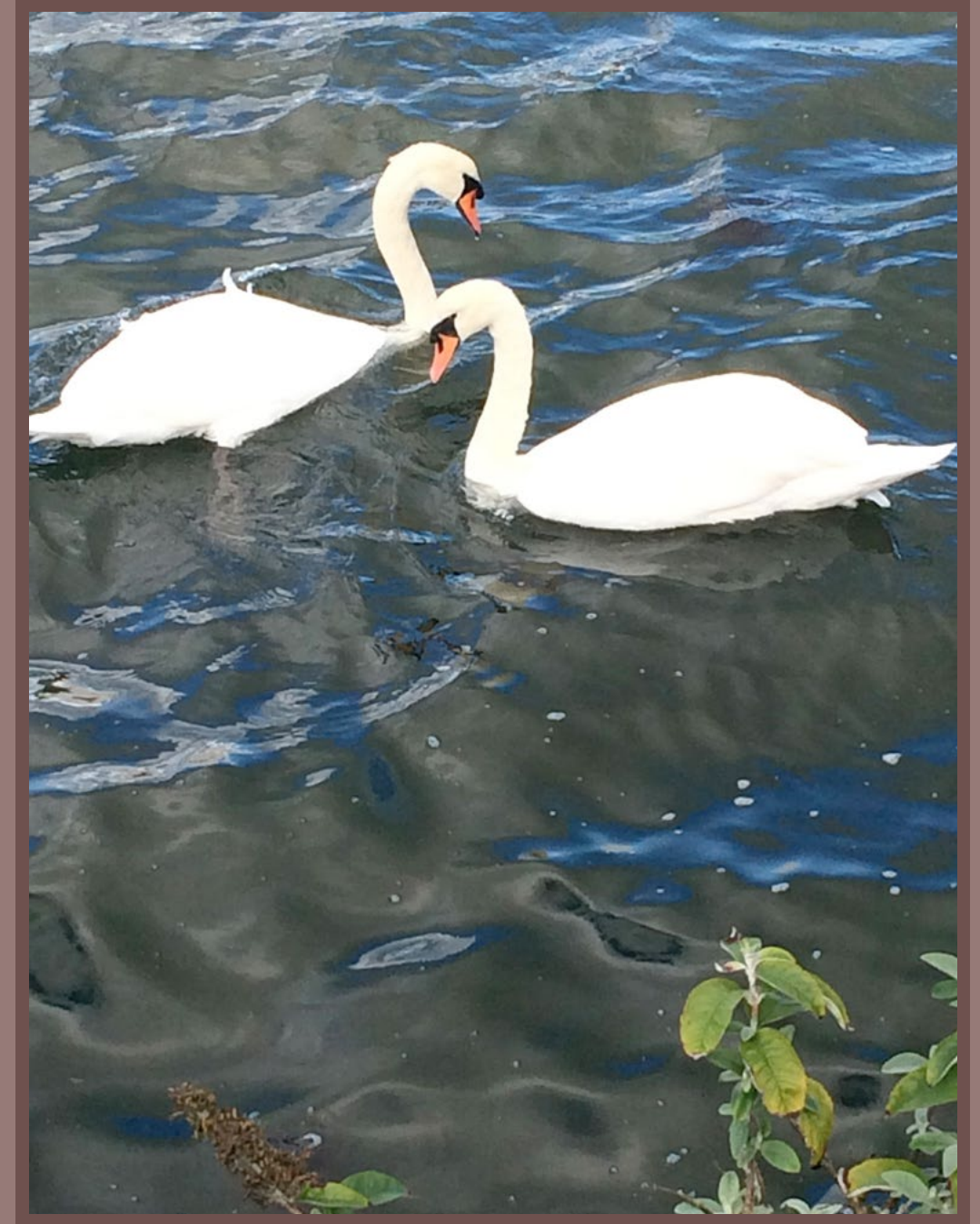




RACHEL O'DONOVAN (BIS 1)

Elegant Swans

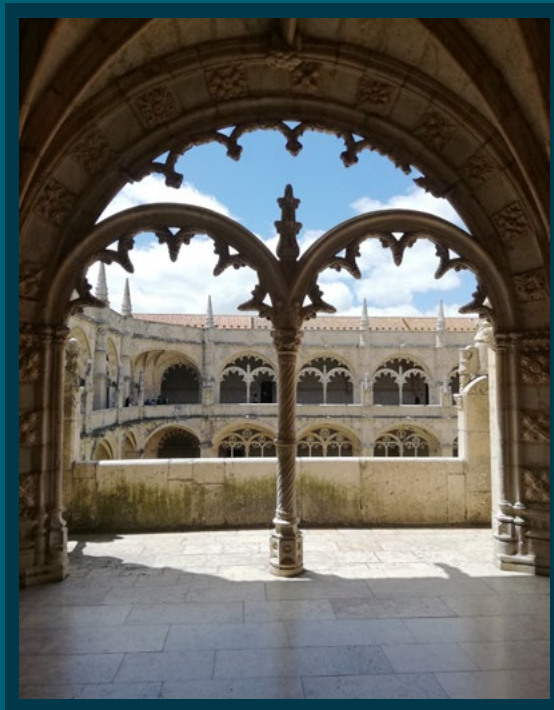
I was inspired by the two peaceful and beautiful swans enjoying each other's company, during the summer in the heart of West Cork. Nature is the theme of this photograph as it reflects the simple beauty that can be seen throughout Cork.





CHLOE COOLEY (BIS 3)

Jerónimos Monastery





MARK SCANLAN (BIS 3)

Inspiration:
The picturesque views Slovenia has to offer.

Theme:
Water, to show its differences.

Choice:
The color contrast in each picture.

Globoko River, Slovenia



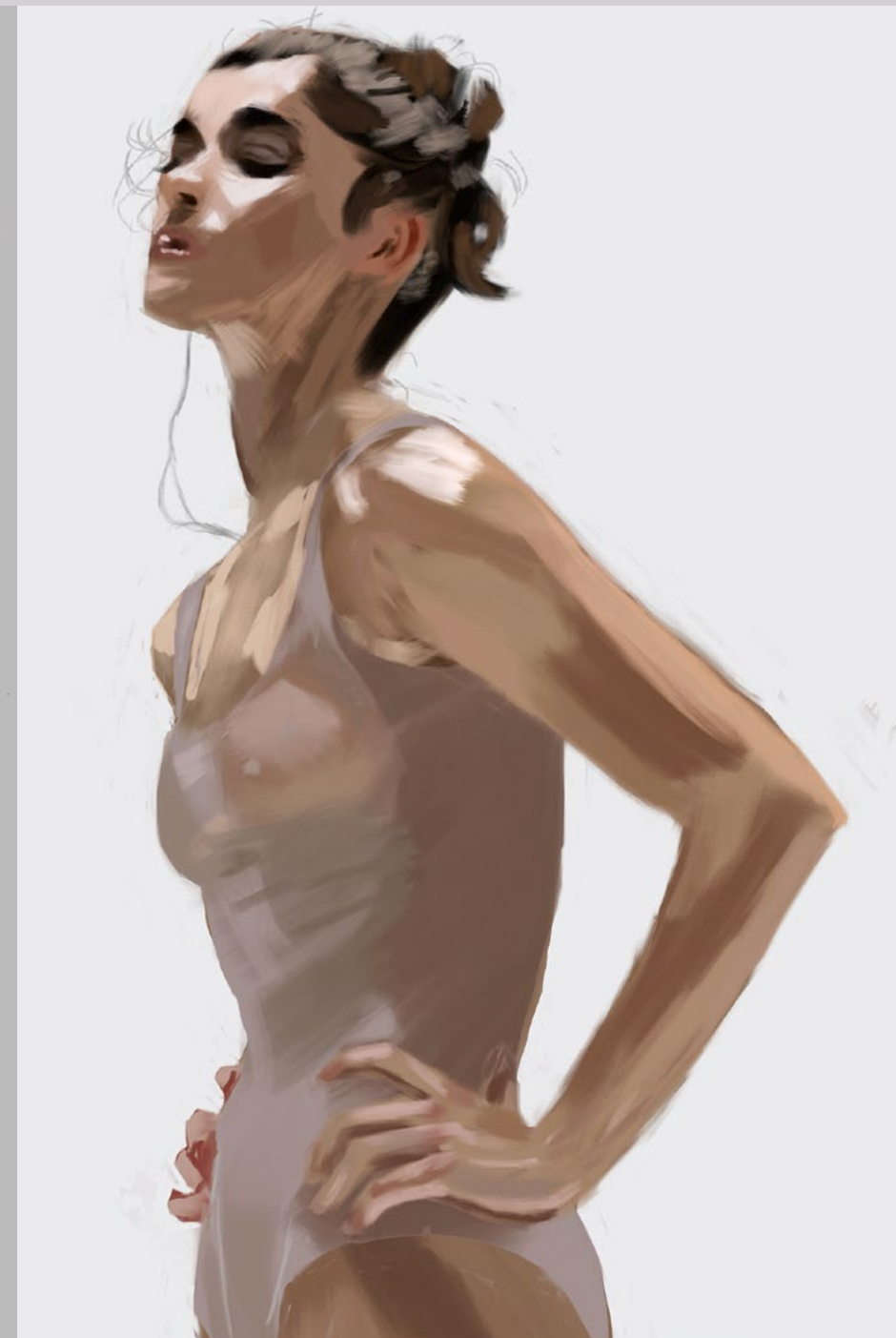
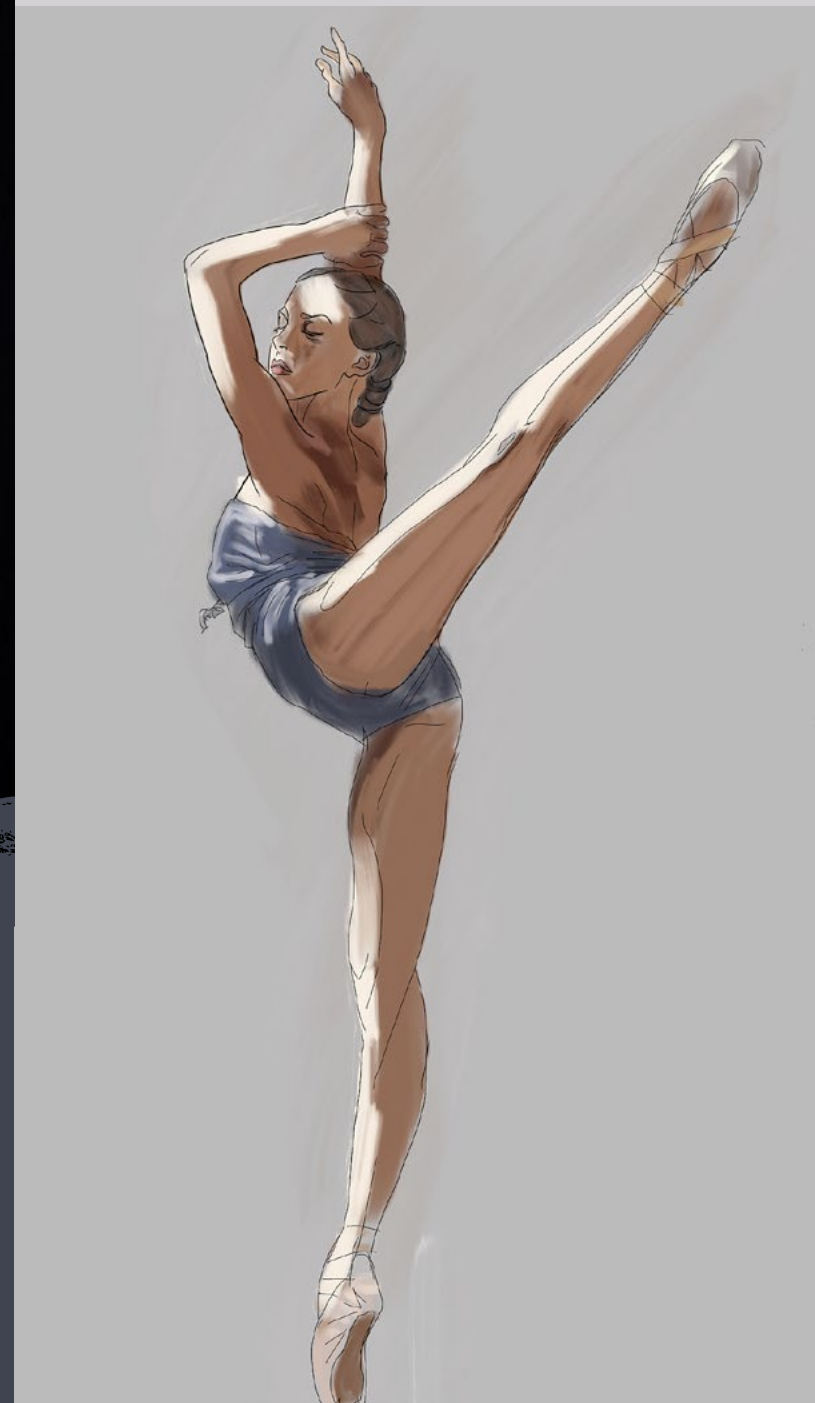
Lake Bled, Slovenia



BRIAN O'SULLIVAN (BIS 3)

I created these two pieces using the digital painting app Procreate. It's been a while since I did any painting, digital or otherwise so these were an exercise looking at colour, value and familiarising myself with the application.

Photos of ballet dancers Cassandra Trenary and Katie Boren by photographer Nisian Hughes were used for reference.





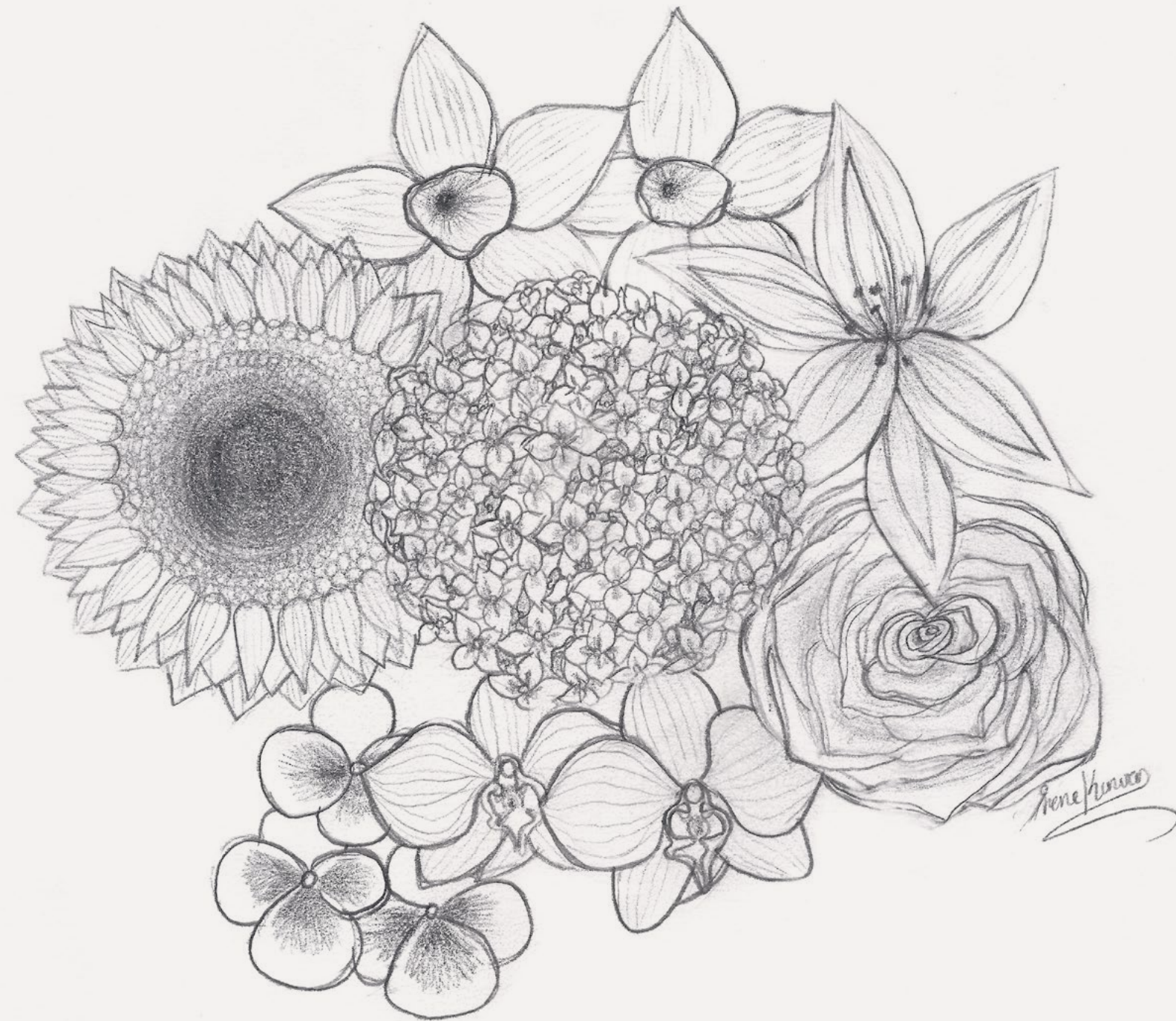
IRENE KIRWAN (BIS 2)

Symphony of Flowers

“A flower does not think of competing to the flower next to it. It just blooms.”

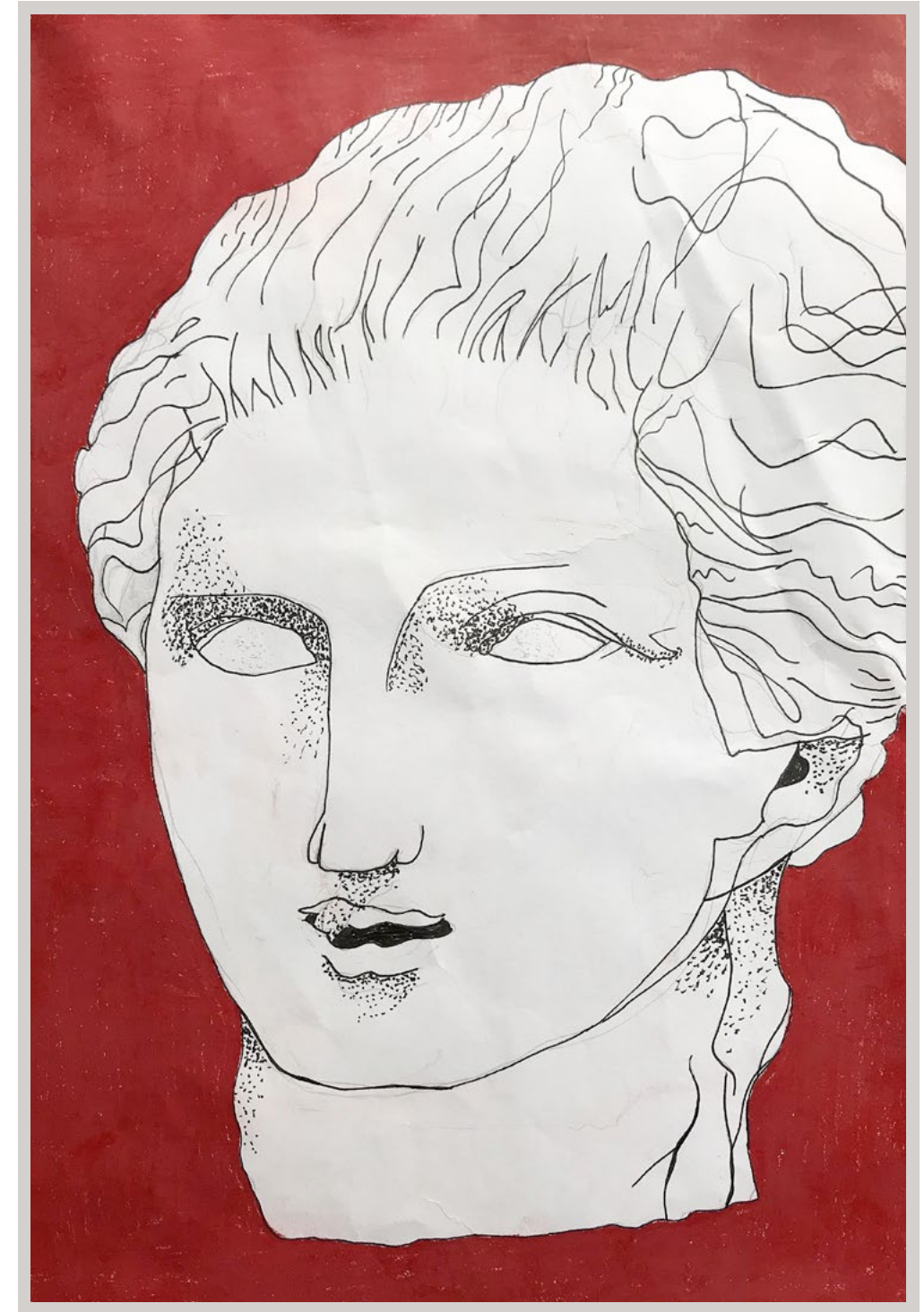
Zen Shin

The inspiration behind this piece was this quote and it also inspired the title. Just as every instrument in the orchestra plays a different melody to create a beautiful symphony, each flower creates a symphony of colour and life. The theme behind this piece is self-worth, just as the flower doesn't think of the competing flower, we shouldn't compare ourselves to others because they don't have the unique talents we each individually have. However, by combining these unique talents we can help empower each other and create an even more beautiful symphony.





AILISH O'HALLORAN (BIS 2)





ORAN KELLY (BIS 2)

Annie Moore was the first of 3,500,000 Irish immigrants to America to be processed at Ellis Island, NY. I was inspired to write this song after visiting the statue of Annie Moore in Cobh.

Music, Lyrics & Recording (Vocals and Guitar) by Oran Kelly.



<https://soundcloud.com/user-637766266/annie-moore-oran-kelly>





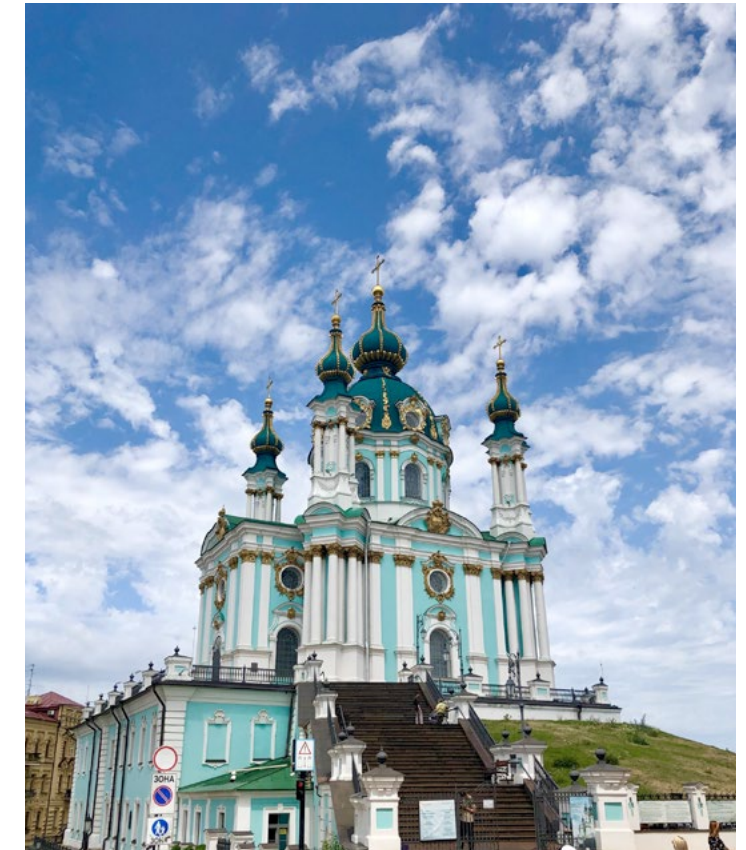
EOIN HEDMAN (BIS 3)

In July 2019 I visited my friends in Ukraine. I spent almost two weeks in the capital city and in their home town. These pictures show the difference between the opulence and grandeur of Kiev, and the humbleness of the Ukrainian countryside.

The house (*bottom right*) is owned by my friends grandparents and is very typical in this area. In the former Soviet Union, money was sent to the capital and very little was left for infrastructure in rural areas. This house is accessed via a tiny narrow road and people in this area walk for miles to trade milk, bread and meat with their neighbours. The Church (*bottom left*) is in need of repair since the 80's and so far hasn't received many donations.

Kiev on the other hand is on the rise again. Since the Chernobyl disaster and the fall of the Soviet Union, the city was left in disrepair and many buildings were left derelict. In recent years money has been invested into the city and the people of Ukraine are beginning to enjoy it again. It's inspiring to see many pedestrian bridges and parks being created, especially after the revolution of 2014. Ukraine is a wonderful country and has some of the most significant and interesting history in Europe.

Pictured opposite, clockwise from top left:
Ukrainian Ministry of Foreign Affairs government building; Saint Andrew's Church; Family house; Spaso-Preobrazhens'Ka Tserkva, Nizhyn; Ukraine.





NIAMH HARRINGTON (BIS 1)

My favourite movie when I was younger was Ice Age and my favourite character in it was Sid the sloth. From then on, the sloth became my favorite animal, and because it is also known to symbolise peace and meditation.





CAOIMHE CROSSE (BIS 1)

This is an acrylic painting entitled "Romulas". It is a portrait inspired by my Golden Retriever. I decided to paint Romulas as I miss him when I'm away at college and he is a big part of my life. This painting also relates to the VB project we had in semester one that was based on pet insurance.





DYLAN ROCHE (BIS 1)

GAIA

Poem relating to the environment and climate change.

The fractured Sapphire weeps
The over embellished Ruby shrieks
The confined Emerald groans

A manmade predicament
Which havocs more than just man
The cackling corporation succeeds in its conquest

The ocean rages as it flares, but inevitably quells
The brown beast softly growls as it prepares for eternal slumber
The gentle howl of wind betwixt leaves silences as bark trembles

For what end, for what cause?
Meaningless ecstasy for aristocracy?
Does empathy hold a candle to monetary gain?

<https://youtu.be/jwiEUQQNW9g>



SARAH LAFFAN (BIS 1)

When the party's over

This is my cover of the song 'When the party's over' by Billie Eilish. I chose this song because when I play it, I feel like it's my own feelings put into words. For me, this song is about someone who is healing from loss and adjusting to being without that person. The chorus reads, "*Quiet when I'm coming home, I'm on my own. I could lie and say I like it like that*". A part of moving-on is seeing the good your new situation. You can try and decide that you like things the way they are now, but the admission that it would be lying if you did so is particularly moving for me as it's not something I usually admit to myself.

Another line that speaks to me is, "*Don't you know I'm no good for you. I've learned to lose; you can't afford to*". After losing someone, I've had instances where I feel everything, and instances where I feel nothing. In those moments where I feel nothing, I feel almost dangerous to people around me, because I have the capacity to lose them and feel nothing and they don't.

I could go on and give an in-depth analysis of every line and how it relates to me but the piece itself is explanation enough. The whole song is very meaningful to me.



SÍOFRA KELLEHER (BIS 1)

I moved far away from my home, Sligo, to go to UCC. While I am an avid traveller, studying and living in Cork has been the longest I've ever stayed away from home. I have never been prone to homesickness, but I found myself missing the scenery and familiarity of Sligo. My time spent away from what is a very small town compared to Cork made me appreciate how you can never really be disconnected with where you came from. The last time I was in Sligo, while walking on Strandhill beach a friend reminded me of a childhood memory; the last time Sligo had a decent snowfall, a large group of kids flocked to the golf course at Strandhill and used all manners of plastic bags, bin lids and so on, to sledge down the hills. While my friend and I were unaware of the existence of each other at this time, we both shared the same fun memory, and it got me thinking about how in a small town, everyone is linked in some way.

Originally, I wanted to write a poem about a typical Christmas in Sligo, inspired by a fleeting memory I had of looking across the bay to Coney island at Christmas. But as I started writing, the poem's theme changed to a more general viewpoint of Sligo, my ties to Sligo but also the nature that surrounds the town and therefore, my life. I wanted to show how growing up near water can become a part of your personality. Where I live, I'm close to the Atlantic, Garavogue river and Lough Gill. When you grow up in Sligo, you can't really avoid the water. I meet my friends at Strandhill point and walk for hours on the beach. We affectionately call Knocknarea "the big hill". I used to row on the Garavogue and Lough Gill on the weekends. I also love to swim and many people in Sligo swim in the sea and river. When I'm in Cork, I miss being surrounded by so much water. As well as the water, I felt I couldn't write about Sligo

without referencing WB Yeats. His poems have a presence everywhere in my life, and in Sligo. My own name is inspired by *The Stolen Child* and I've grown up with an appreciation for the beauty of his work, thanks to my mother who always favoured his poetry. There's something indescribable about reading poetry that's about somewhere you've known your whole life. When I read *Under Ben Bulbin* I think of the mountain I've grown up under, *Lake Isle of Innisfree* is a childhood memory of staring at two small islands from the forest and *In Memory of Eva Gore-Booth and Con Markievicz* is a tangible scene, as the old Georgian mansion is as familiar to me as any other house.

Bold golden light,
a day's walk away,
shines down on Coney's sight,
the liquid bay.
A fleeting moment,
a candle in the window,
blurring with the flurry of snow.

Remember the last big frost?
The photo;
Our smiling faces,
chubby cheeks,
sliding down the icy dunes
on a Tesco bag.
Like all the others,
no one can forget,
the possibilities of a magical morning.

I like to imagine,
Queen Maeve's grave was more than mountain tomb,
It's a living breathing monolith.
The energy of a goddess.
A warrior queen who ruled all the Connacht.
Her reign bearing down on all of us.
Blue blood running down from Knocknarea.

We're pilgrims,
carrying stones up the mountain,
to lay on our mother's grave.
Standing on centuries of a worn narrative,
reaching my hand out upon the hilltop,
I feel as though I am touching the woven fibres
of the cloths of heaven.

So many have passed through here before me,
I'm not sure how many will after me.
The town of my childhood is lost,
lost to immigration, empty wallets and closed factories.
Now, the only way to survive is to leave.
Turning your back on the Atlantic, the sea.

We can only hope that one day our sails will carry us back,
to the surf at Strandhill,
Enniscrone,
Mullaghmore,
Rosses Point,
Lissadell,
Aughris,
Easkey.

We forget that we were once a part of it all,
each grain of sand on a dune,
rocks covering a tomb,
froth on the crest of a wave.
The pull of the water is the sound of my deep heart's core.

Sligo is mountains, rivers, forests, seas and lakes all at once.
The rain, relentless, drenching,
blanketing us for weeks at a time,
but gifting us with green.
Trees reaching for the heavens,
slick moss on every surface,
sage, and jade, and fir surrounding us.

There is nothing like it.
All the beauty of nature rushing towards your eyes.
Lookout,
out to Innisfree,
where peace comes dropping slow.
Now to Beezie's
where we only left sixty years ago.

I grew up under Ben Bulbin's watching eye,
and crab fished on Lisadell shores.
Ran under the oak and spruce in Sliswood,
looked for fairy forts in Ransboro.

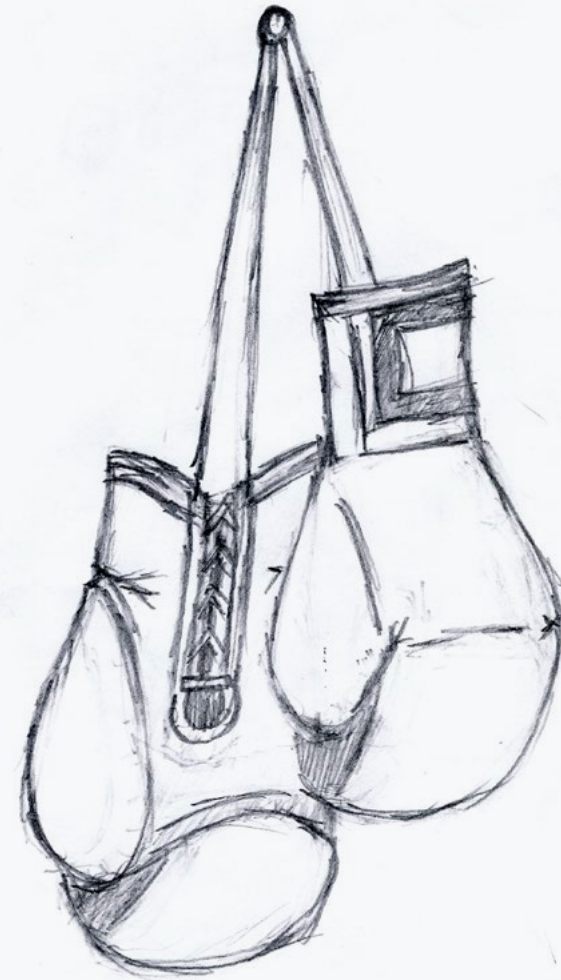
So, no matter how far away,
my heart will always yearn for Sligo shores,
the great yawning woods and
the rushing rapids of Garavogue.



GARY SESALDO (BIS 1)

Boxer

Opposite left: For my inspiration, I listened to the Rocky soundtrack one too many times especially “Burning Heart” and just being an admirer of these boxers. It’s that grim determination that you see in the ring when they are slugging each other out. Blow by blow, round by round. It’s admirable whether you win or lose. And to be frank it’s the stalwart stance of these sportsmen that can teach us to be brave, no matter the outcome or odds.



Rogal Dorn

Above right: My favourite sci fi franchise has to be Warhammer 40k, known for its over the top nature and its general pessimism or “grim darkness” within its narrative and characters. It’s not known to have the most believable characters. Despite this, there are well written and balanced characters within its vast lore, Rogal Dorn Primarch of the Imperial Fists being my favourite. His admirable traits like his courage and stalwartness makes him very admirable for



me but also his apparent flaws like his stubbornness and his inability to express himself is what makes him very relatable. We see all these traits from his birth and adoption in planet Inwit to his hour of despair at the battle of the Iron Cage. I really enjoyed reading about him and the challenges he overcame. He was what inspired me to start Warhammer 40k as a hobby many years ago and is what inspires me now to draw a portrait of himself, Rogal Dorn of the Imperial Fists.



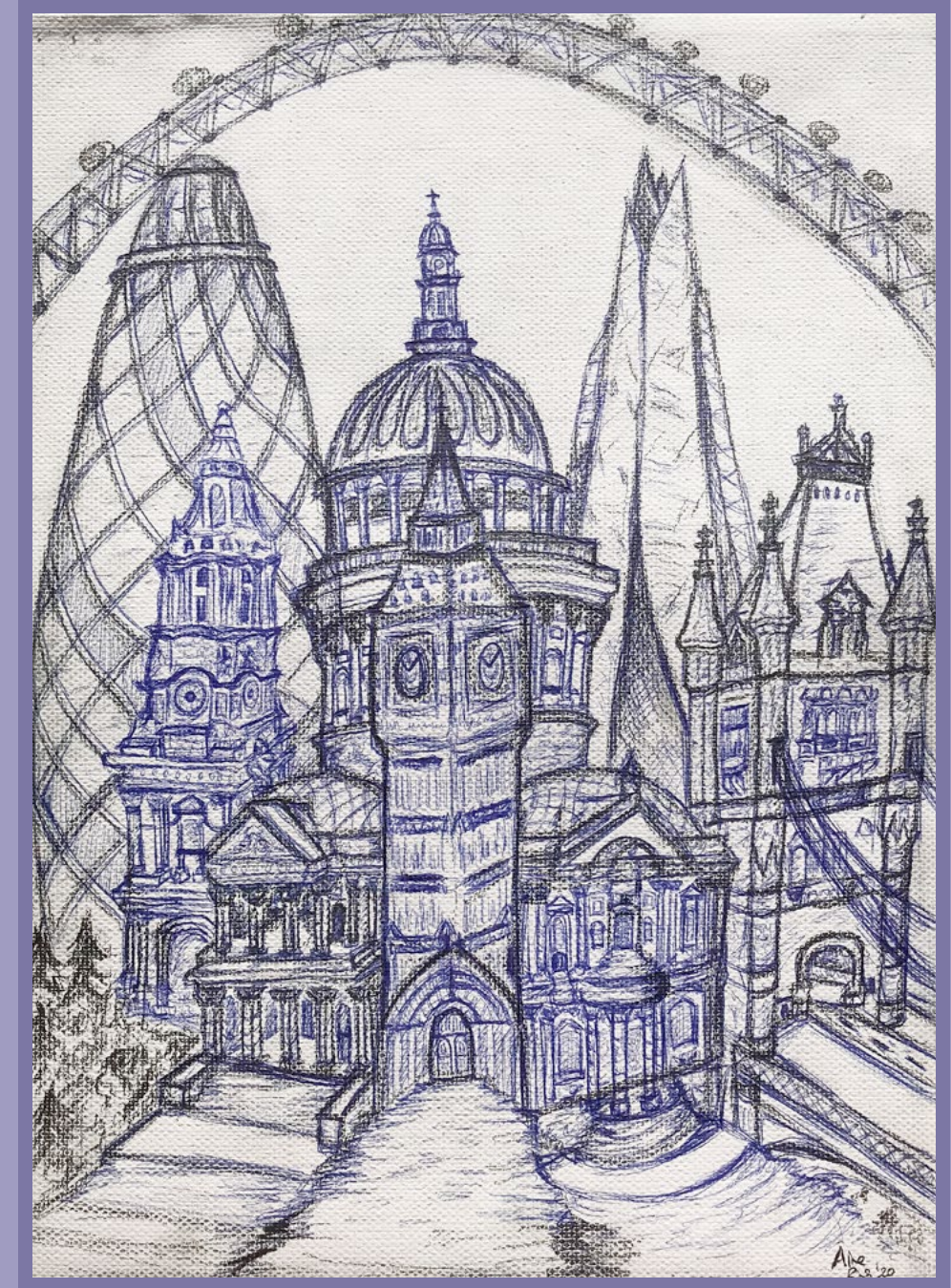
UNA MURPHY (BIS 1)

Growing

You placed me carefully in the ground
Watered and nurtured me
Covered and concealed me from
The bitter Winter days and exposed
me to the sun's nourishing rays
You provided me with whatever I needed to grow
Even when I was stunted or cut-off by nature
You were always there

Then you weren't
I didn't know how to go on when you left my world

But you taught me everything I know
And because of that
I know how to continue and grow



ÁINE RING (BIS 4)

Through the London Looking Glass



JAMES O'LEARY (BIS 4)

I'll be very honest in this review. I was listening to Liam O'Flynn's recording of "An Droichead". This is a very emotive piece played on the uilleann pipes. I just started to think of different ways of interpreting a bridge. Maybe as a way of seeing where our world ends and an afterlife begins or the end of an era and the start of a new epoch. I settled on the idea that possible a bridge is piece where strife can meet peace. This could be quite literal such as in war but is open to other interpretations too.

I have thoroughly enjoyed submitting to each anthology over the course of my BIS degree and I know I will pursue with my writing in future, in part for this opportunity to be published, afforded to me.



An Droichead (The Bridge)

**At the Bridge,
Where we walked hand-in-hand.
Waiting for the day,
Where we realised our Plans.**

**We talked of love, we piped of peace,
Before we realise, our faces had creased.
Straying along the old City Walls,
I dreamt of change, you of Marble Halls.**

**Each week another flag left the Bridge's pavement.
All signs of futile aims of "Containment".**

**Though your name never emanated
from my people's Hearth,
Our link to each other was cast in birth.**

**Over barbered wire and fences,
Your Majestic mystic had its consequences.**

**When, at that Faithful Bridge of
The Creeds of all,
Your ultimate End occurs, your final Fall.**

**I think of all our family heirlooms
& how they'll never be displaced.
And pain and grief that cannot be erased.**

**With Dóchas, that solidarity will be honed,
Our love the people rejected, has become the cornerstone.**



JACK MACSWEENEY (BIS 4)

Fourth of July

I was inspired by this photo as it is one I took of the Fourth of July celebrations while I was on work placement. I was captivated by the lights and how beautifully they complement the New York skyline.

I wanted to share this piece as it is an example of the type of amazing and unique things you can find while on work placement and how it truly changes your life.



DARREN CURTIN (BIS 2)

Cold November

Pedestrians moved in sequence, not witnessed by sight but by sound. Sound of which can be measured by the rate of droplets hitting umbrellas. Not everyone had one; some people were wrapped up in three to four layers of knitwear overlined with thin polymer giving the impression of mild protection. Others had larger coats protecting their faces which were arched downward towards the rippling ground. The sound of the larger coats was less uniform due to the rapid movement of the body inside.

The *Protester* was by comparison overprepared; probably because he wasn't moving as swiftly if not at all. Draped on him was a grey puffed Velcro jacket that wouldn't blend in anywhere. Wrapped around his lower face was a thin neck-warmer that would only disappear for a cigarette break, matches of which were stored in a little pop-up tent that seemed rooted to the concrete. A tarpaulin awning supported by metal cylinders provided housing for him and his sign's stance. Written on a long blackboard in bright red chalk was a clear message: *"Our cause for empathy over sympathy. Will you see this minister? End Homelessness."*

Nobody bothered to really look at the sign. Nobody dared give any notice to the imposing figure standing while hiding in his garb in this rain. Nobody was supposed to look.

One person did take hindrance though. He had made his way from the financial district a mile and a half away at a hushed speed despite his age and baggage. He required no stick and no wheels for himself. It wasn't a case of pride he just had never used anything to carry his weight. He could go faster if he'd liked but people may have been scared; too slow and he would end up nowhere. His name was Trevor Frank and he was homeless. He preferred to be called "Frank" because it was another word for honest. In a burlap sack he carried his life: clothes, food and some necklaces that only had sentiment and no value. In the other two shopping bags he carried his "trade" which was sawdust.

He scraped it from one of three places: a currach producer off the river, a skip located outside a packaging warehouse and anywhere nearby construction site; the latter being the most

unreliable. He didn't have to do too much scrounging tonight as he stuck gold outside a hairdresser's that had some pine windows installed on the flat above. As of the present he was on his way to some terraced housing on the southern side of the city to make a delivery to some eager botanists. Despite having the sublime talent of gabbing to almost anyone, no words were needed for these clientele.

As he was within a mile of his destination he was left bemused by the site of the *Protester*. He read the sign frame to frame and he couldn't comprehend the sight that presented itself through his greying eyes. He had seen protesters before but not with this level of cleanliness. Something did not look right.

"Nobody will notice you here" said he to the un-drenched figure after slogging over. He was greeted with silence.

"You'd want to move to the downtown business district. Plenty of shops there for everyone to see you. You'll still be ignored though. Some of those with their devices will take plenty of photos of you". The figure stared at him for a moment.

"Go away", came a staunch reply. "Go away? But if I read your sign correctly sir, you are fighting for the plight are you not?" "I am. But it is better if you are not around for this. Go away." "Go away". A sound he had heard much in his seven years of life of no shelter. He wouldn't even have to say anything to passers-by to warrant this. Some would assume he was following them about even with his own places to go. He never wanted to be known as the beggar who harassed. It didn't warrant anything but dirty looks.

He parted with the grievous man and didn't give him another look. That didn't mean he was finished watching him.

"Too odd this is ... too strange for me not to pay attention". Thoughts and questions streamed across his mind as he picked a spot beside a florists van far beyond the camper's line of sights. Hours passed into the dark morning. He had a small pair of binoculars on his hands which he mainly used for bird-watching.

The first thing that happened was a light going off inside the pop-up that caused a whiff of smoke to whiff about the atmosphere surround the *Protester*. What followed then was the figure crouching over the tent and moving his palms downwards. This was of particular interest to Frank as he gained quite a strong knowledge of sign language in prison.

"Finished" he read from afar. An obvious sign for any learner. Within moments, he observed the camper pack up everything around him, the pop-up tent was compressed flat, the awning was disconnected from the metallic supports and folded like a lawn-chair. Everything visible to anyone observing the protest was gone. He contained everything to within a large leaf-bag. He attached it to the blackboard and wheeled it all away.

With his own inventory hidden from sight, Frank followed. He took note of the area where the tent just was. There were slight cracks formed around the calcium coated wall. Frank looked up. He did not know what this building was for as it was just recently leased to some company from mainland Europe. On the signage over a patch of floral, Frank read the word "Bureau" and could not read the other words. He didn't care for what he didn't understand and gave no further thought to it.

With haste, he darted around the corner into a wide alley that was populated with more niche shops; mostly repair. As he meandered to a furniture restorer underneath a jut of architecture belonging to the Bureau, the *Protester* was seen running from an alcove just off the store's entrance.

"Excuse me" said Frank sheepishly but before any more words could be muttered he was barrelled over by the masked figure and in a flash he was sent plummeting down to the groundwork. The pain of hitting his head was not new. The feeling of confusion was not new. These were always circumstantial to his life previous and new. He shot up in a whim hearing a ringing. That also was not new. The ringing was more apparent as for the rain ceasing. He had not noticed. Frank did not care much for the *Protester* anymore. He had disappeared. What he sought was a place to sleep and some painkillers which he had in his burlap.

Before he even comprehended prayer, he noticed it. "Could it really be?" he said aloud as he navigated to the alcove next to the store's entrance and beneath the glassed office exterior for the Bureau. Directly where the masked man had come from It was as he thought: a mattress. The ringing in his mind coincided with a greater noise emerging from an alarm overhead. He had to escape the noise. Sleep was his only option as was the painkillers near the florist's van. He took it with him. He didn't care that he was stealing. It may have been the *Protester's* but he was owed compensation for the fall. There were no wrongs he couldn't right in his mind. The only important thing now was slumber. He gradually disappeared from the alley and once he was across the street he entered into a small windowless lane where he was not to be seen for the rest of the night.

A new sound was heard later in the night. A sound witnessed by all in the area by a prolonged siren. First by sound then by sight: bright blue and red lights flickering towards the scene of the protest.

What inspired me to write this piece is the epidemic of homelessness in Ireland and in crafting an involuntary hero for a robbery.

I came up with the theme to the story because I love noir stories/films and the thought creating my own based on my fondness for the novels of Raymond Chandler and Paul Auster was exciting. I also liked the idea of putting Cork into a noir setting as I thought it would be an interesting concept despite that it is an unnamed city in the story.



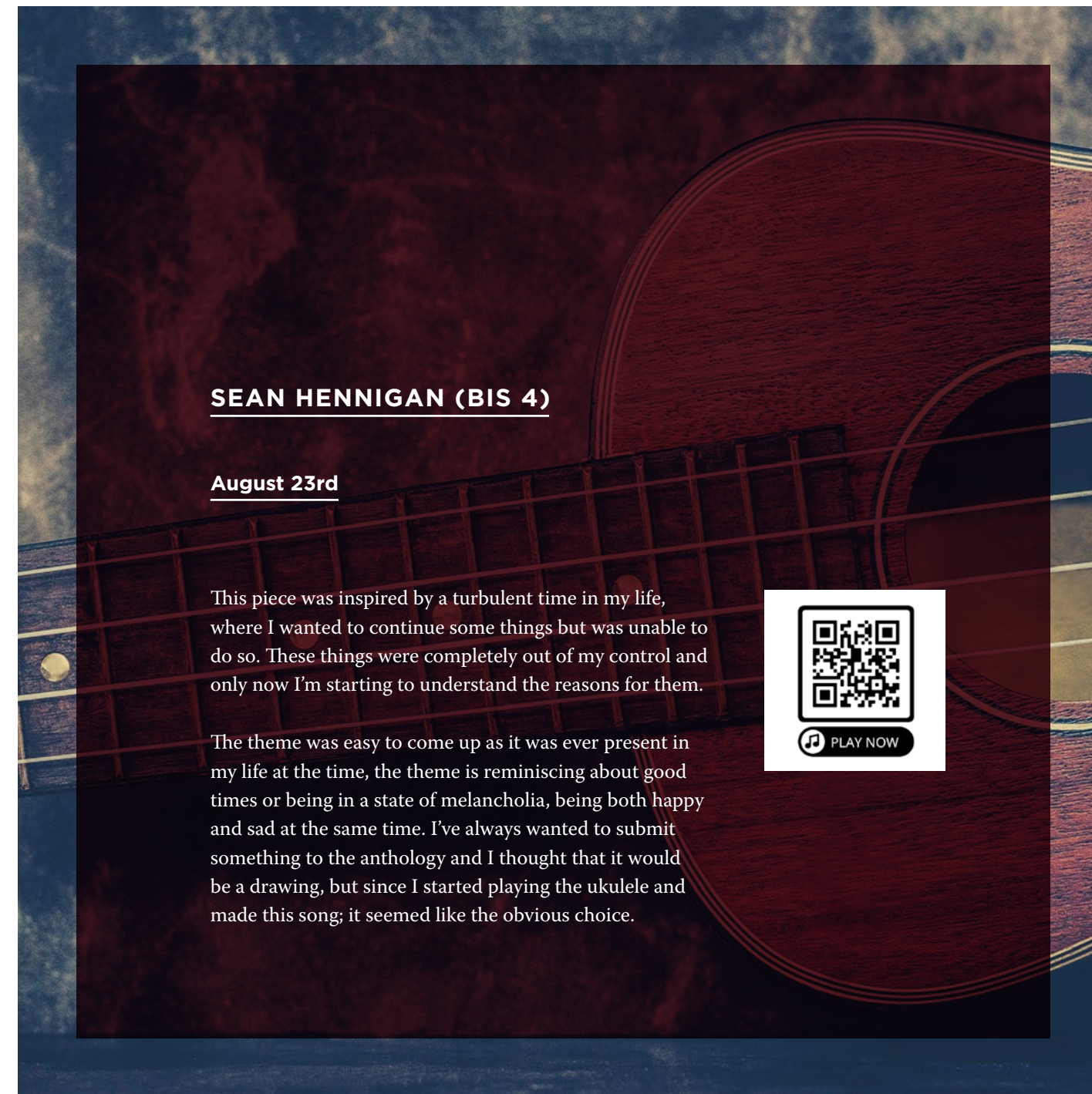


OMAR SALLAM (BIS 2)

Candy - Paolo Nutini Live Cover



<https://soundcloud.com/omar-sallam-40/candy-paolo-nutini-live-cover>





SEAN HENNIGAN (BIS 4)

August 23rd

This piece was inspired by a turbulent time in my life, where I wanted to continue some things but was unable to do so. These things were completely out of my control and only now I'm starting to understand the reasons for them.

The theme was easy to come up as it was ever present in my life at the time, the theme is reminiscing about good times or being in a state of melancholia, being both happy and sad at the same time. I've always wanted to submit something to the anthology and I thought that it would be a drawing, but since I started playing the ukulele and made this song; it seemed like the obvious choice.



 PLAY NOW



Bird at Rest

Above: I am always inspired by nature when creating my batiks. In this piece, I wanted to conjure an image of a bird perched in a tree during winter. I came up with this theme by observing the birds in my own garden at home.

End of an Era

Opposite left: As a fourth year student coming into my final semester of college, I felt inspired to write this nostalgic poem reflecting on my time in BIS. I wanted to represent my journey through college as a rollercoaster ride as I believe it is an apt comparison. I also wanted to convey the strong friendships I have made and the journey I have taken with my closest friends.

Staring up at the towering ride,
On little tracks the carriages glide.

Soaring up four years above,
Keeping in time with the fastest dove.

I wait and wait for my own turn,
Towards the sun – will I burn?

Sitting in a carriage with two other girls,
Begins the climb to other worlds.

Slowly and carefully until the top,
And with little warning down it drops.

A flurry of hair dances around,
As we fly frantically towards the ground.

Faster and faster it seems to go,
And then it's over...
We sigh: "Oh no".



Tulips in Ink

Above: I love creating art of things that I find beautiful, and tulips are my favorite flower. I chose to submit this piece because I believe the flowers depicted show what can be achieved through the batik art form.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The commitment of BIS to helping every student develop as a whole person through opportunities such as this annual anthology would not be possible without the generous support of encouragement BIS receives from our many friends in industry and society. These relationships, whether as research collaborations, industry placement hosts, graduate recruiters, advisory board members, or funders, are absolutely central to the BIS experience.

Of particular note is the long standing support of the Bank of Ireland. Through their endowment of the Bank of Ireland Professorship of Business Information Systems, they sponsor the production of this annual showcase of talent, make it possible for BIS to maintain our weekly staff-student coffee sessions, fund our annual graduation breakfast, help support the activities of the BIS society, and provide the means to continually invest in many other events and resources that make being a BIS student a unique and transformative experience.

Finally we wish to thank all students who contributed to this year's anthology, and special thanks to Amanda Gallagher (BIS), Philip Daly (philipdalyphotography) and Alan O'Shea (aosdesign) for the production of this unique and important publication.

Joseph Feller



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