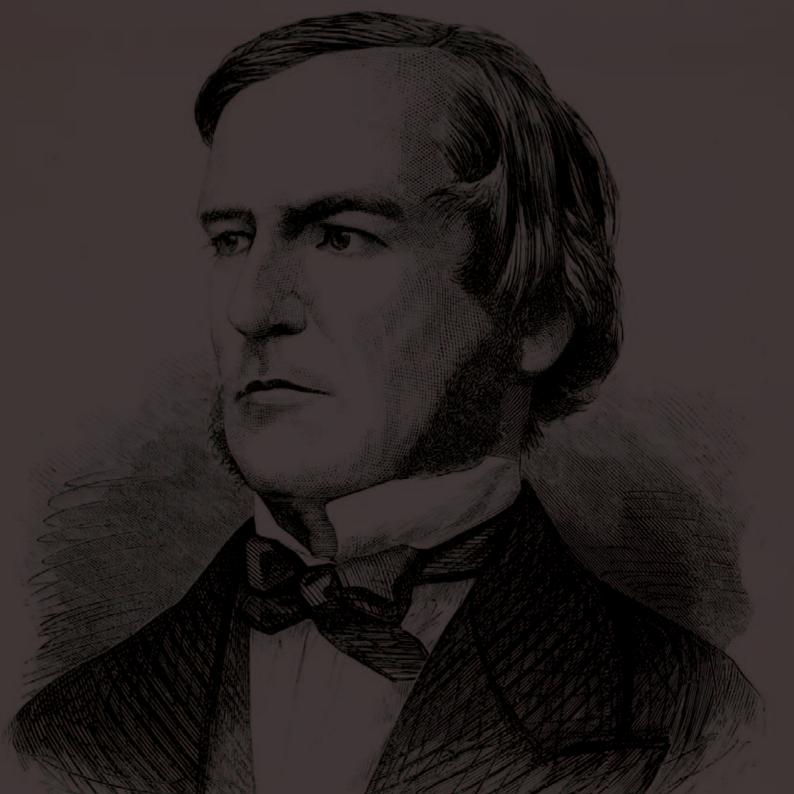
BIS ANTHOLOGY 17



P6 2	P6 3	P6 4	PG 5	PG 6/7	PG 8/9	P6 10/11	P6 12/13
David	Lillian	Diana	Niall	Aisling	Darragh	Lillian	Peter
O'Sullivan	Heaney	Parau	McCarthy	O'Keeffe	Meaney	Heaney	Hennessy
BIS 2	BIS 3	BIS 1	BIS 4	BIS 4	BIS 1	BIS 3	BIS 2
P6 14/15	PG 16/17	PG 18/19	P6 20/21	P6 22/23	P6 24	P6 25	P6 26
Alison	Troy	Christine	Ellen	Eva	Eoin	Maria	Luke
Carroll	Smith	Walsh	Benaim	OʻDriscoll	Molloy	Prendeville	Merriman
BIS 4	BIS 3	BIS 3	BIS 1	BIS 1	BIS 1	BIS 1	BIS 1
P6 27	P6 28/29	PG 30	PG 31	P6 32/33	PG 34	P6 35	P6 36/37
Laura	Sinead	Douglas	Jiss	Sarah	Jiss	Joseph	Karen
O'Sullivan	Clifford	Brien	James	O'Brien	James	O'Kelly	Hayes
BIS 1	BIS 4	BIS 1	BIS 2	BIS 4	BIS 2	BIS 1	BIS 3
PG 38	PG 39	PG 40/41	P6 42/43	PG 44	PG 45	P6 46/47	P6 48/49
Ellen	Chelsea	Laura	Darren	Orla	Laura	Emmet	Lauren
Murphy	O'Connor	Kent	Quirke	Heneghan	Hanover	O'Shaughnessy	Nolan
BIS 2	BIS 1	BIS 3	BIS 2	BIS 4	BIS 3	BIS 3	BIS 1
PG 50/51	PG 52/53	PG 54/55	PG 56/57	P6 58/59	P6 60/61	P6 62/63	P6 64
Lillian	Orla	Douglas	James M.	Danielle	Patrick	David	Finbarr
Heaney	Heneghan	Brien	Boyle	Maye	Hally	Walsh	Ring
BIS 3	BIS 4	BIS 1	BIS 1	BIS 4	BIS 2	BIS 2	BIS 1

PG 65	P6 66	
Peter	Carol	
Hennessy	Cashman	
BIS 2	BIS 1	



FOREWORD

It is a pleasure to introduce the BIS Anthology 2015, our seventeenth edition. 2015 marks the bicentenary of the birth of George Boole who was first Professor of Mathematics at University College Cork, formally known as Queens College Cork. As a tribute to one of UCC's great scholars, this edition of the BIS Anthology is dedicated to George Boole. Boole is widely regarded as one of the most significant pioneers of the information age, his work on applying algebra to the solution of logical problems gave birth to "Boolean Logic". Boole's system was based on binary, the yes-no, true-false, on-off and 0-1 approach that consisted of the three most basic operations: AND, OR and NOT. The system went unpractised for several years before an MIT research student called Claude Shannon discovered that Boolean Logic bore similarities to an electric circuit. This became the starting point for the binary code system which now has application in computer construction and switching circuits. Boolean Logic is a fundamental element of search functions the world round.

Boole once said "The general laws of Nature are not, for the most part, immediate objects of perception"

And, really this is the essence of what the Anthology is all about; motivating BIS students to challenge their perceptions using their creativity to paint an image, capture a personal moment through a camera lens or express a feeling through poetry or prose, being reminded to stop and look beyond the normal confines of everyday life.

Boole, pre-dominantly self-taught in mathematics, modern languages and philosophy would surely agree that it is necessary to step outside one's comfort zone in order to invent, create and grow. The BIS students show great courage and willingness to do so by sharing with us these personal glimpses into their lives through their art, poetry, music, photography and writings.

The Anthology is distributed internationally each year as a showcase of the potential of BIS students here in UCC and their ability to engage with their creativity, a trait that is essential to the continued evolvement of IT in the business world.

The annual BIS Anthology would not be possible without the generous support of Bank of Ireland.

We continue to recognise the tremendous support, encouragement and affirmation which we receive from our business partners demonstrated, in particular, by their ongoing involvement with our programme through placement and various collaborations.

Thanks to H+A Marketing+PR, Carole O'Brien and Barbra McDonagh in Business Information Systems who collaborated in compiling this volume ensuring the excellence of the production.

Patricia Lynch and Ciaran Murphy

David O'Sullivan BIS 2



Garretstown



Big Buddha Pier, Koh Samui, Thailand

David OʻSullivan BIS 2

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Oliologi oliogidi olii The Lighthouse	Lillian
	Heaney
	BIS 3
01101111 01101111 0010 The sea, the rolling sea	
01100011 01101100 0111 Caught by its' circuitry,	
01110010 01111001 0010 Currents' are crashing over me.	
Ollioni Ollolon Ollo The sea, the sea, the rolling sea,	
01101000 00101110 0000 Isolated, Distressed, Forlorn,	
00100000 01110011 0110. Yearning, for a new dawn.	
01101110 01110011 0111 01101110 01110011 0110: Crisp blue skies and open seas,	
01101111 01110111 0110 Chsp blue skies and open seas,	
Waves my constant company.	
01100001 01101011 0110 The sea, the rolling sea	
Caught by its' symphony,	
01110100 00100000 0111	
01101001 01100101 0010 The sea, the sea, the rolling sea	
01100100 00100000 0110	
01100100 00100000 0110 Howling, Raging, Inspiring,	
01101111 01110101 0110 A saving light ahead,	
00100000 01100001 0010	
01110100 00100000 0111 Bring me close to shore,	
00001010 01000110 0110	
01110000 01100101 0010 Alone, no more.	
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Diana Parau BIS 1

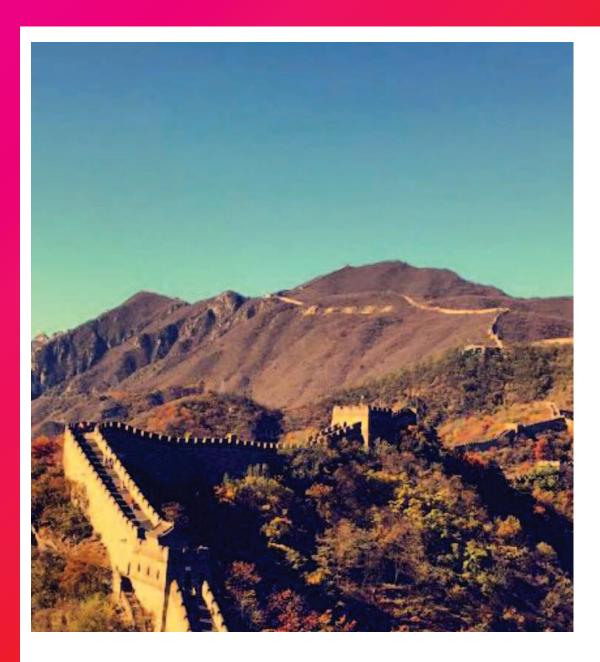
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he summers scorching heat,



Niall McCarthy BIS 4



Aisling O'Keeffe BIS 4



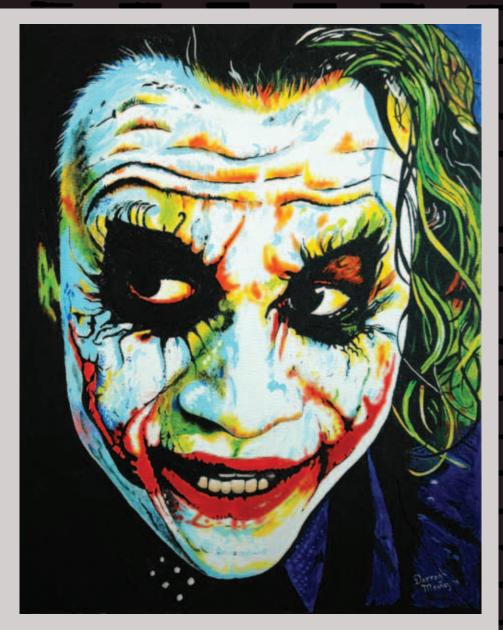
Grand Canyon West



Aisling O'Keeffe BIS 4

Rockerfeller

Darragh Meaney BIS 1



Agent of Chaos

Darragh Meaney BIS 1



The girl with the elephant tattoo

Zest for life

A nod, a wink a small gesture was all she did. Everyone seemed to understand how my mother was trying to communicate as she lay in her bed. A frenzy of activity would happen in the room once my sister could decipher the message. Even though my mother couldn't speak or move she still managed to rule the roost. In fact, most things were completed in quick time. I however had not yet grasped all of the gestures and the requests associated with them.

Every day something was being done to the room down stairs. All the activity was centred on the window. A nod to my sister from my mother and instantly she knew that the net curtains had to be taken down and changed. The next time she went in, it was the venetian blinds that were removed and washed in the bath. I was baffled as to how my mother could manage the house and control everything even though she had MND [Motor Neurone Disease]. The heavy duty curtains were taken down and cleaned. It was not too unusual to have everything sparkling before my sister's wedding. It was unusual though the day I went into the room and my mother nodded again at the window.

I stared at the window for ages and pointed at it and decided to open it. That wasn't it. I thought I was completely wrong and that it wasn't the window that I needed to work with. It was the television. That wasn't it either. She tried to say something to me but was finding it hard to get the words out. The next few minutes, I jumped around the room, pointing at every single object in the room like someone on drugs. Well

at fourteen you would try anything! I could see that she was smiling and laughing on the inside until finally, after all my guessing it suddenly hit me.

My head had been going around in circles. I can only describe my confusion as similar to when an orchestra is setting up to perform and the sound they make when they are tuning up before they start to play sounds like they haven't a clue what they are doing. And then the conductor hits the baton off the podium and all of a sudden they begin playing Tchaikovsky 1812 overture. In my case, the orchestra in my head went straight to the cannons and it felt like my head was in between symbols. This was the moment that I finally got it.

It wasn't the window, curtains, telly, couch, clothes basket, medicine or chair. I figured out, that all she wanted was to have the white pillars at the front of our house and the black gates painted before the wedding. After dancing around the room I finally sat down next to my mother completely exhausted from my exertion and then it hit me. I stared out the window. I looked through it and saw exactly what was needed. She was getting our home ready not only for the wedding, but for her inevitable demise.

It was a beautiful spring morning, birds' singing and a gorgeous blue sky and mom was ready for a trip in the wheel chair. The choice was simple; stay in a room all day staring at gates and pillars not yet painted or enjoy life and take in the fresh air. We set off on our adventure, all ready to enjoy the smells and delights of the city. We went into a few clothes shops and mom didn't like the style. After several shops, we found one shop that was suitable and the next thing I knew I was in the changing room, trying on an outfit.

She remembered. I had mentioned weeks ago that I didn't have a 'rig-out' as we'd call it, for my sisters' big day. I wasn't too worried about it because I knew I'd find something to wear. I never heard of anyone turning up naked at a wedding, although I could have been the first. The outfit was a deep purple colour, satin material, slim pants and jacket with an embossed pattern. I felt amazing and overjoyed that not only would I be wearing clothes but that I would be turning some heads. For the first time, I felt grown up. The wedding finally came and it was time for all of us to get ready. There was fierce hustle and bustle as everyone queued for the bathroom and for the sausages and rashers that were ready to be eaten as soon as we had our showers. Everyone in the house was ready to rock and roll and looking their best. Mom had taken a turn and we were all ushered out of the house to allow for the nurse to get her ready for the big day. Mom would wear a beautiful two piece suit, lilac in colour to suit her curly blonde hair and fair skin. The day was fantastic and even though my mom was in her wheelchair it didn't stop her from having a good time. At the end of the night, when I felt a little peckish, I checked my Moms handbag as she always had squares of chocolate at the ready.

Years later, as I stand in my own home, I slowly and carefully spread icing on the chocolate sponge cake I baked earlier that day and get the strawberries ready. The cake is incredibly rich and oozing in chocolate and only made for special occasions. I share the cake with my two children and think of my mother. Sometimes it's difficult to remember the anniversary of her passing, the suffering she endured. Rather than spend my time mourning her passing I celebrate her existence by marking her birthday. This was the most important day of my life. I wouldn't exist if Mom had not graced this planet and I would not have obtained her zest for life.

Lillian Heaney BIS 3









d cast around a

the golden realms

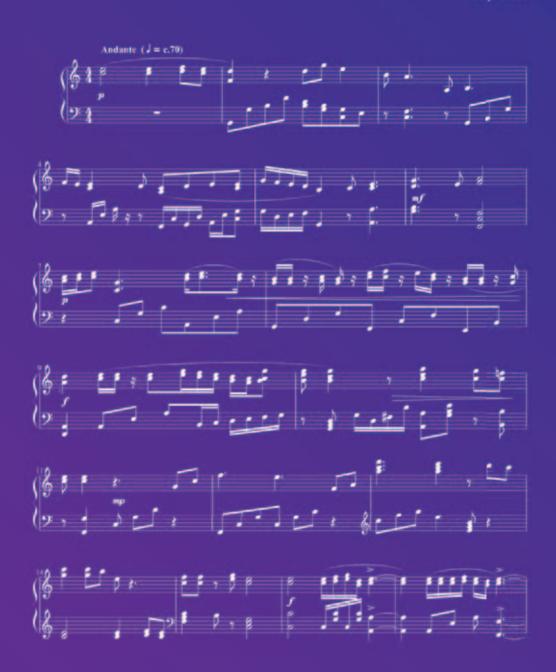
Alison Carroll BIS 4

Vegas at night



Fugue in C Major

Troy Smith







Troy Smith BIS 3







Christine Walsh BIS 3



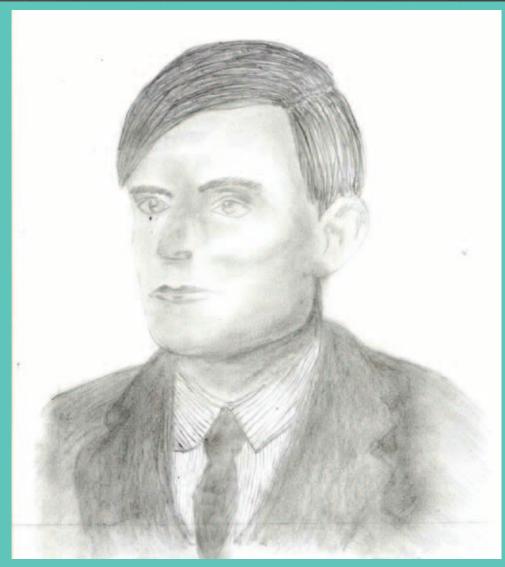
Blackrock Castle



Christine Walsh BIS 3

Cork Sunset

Ellen Benaim BIS 1



Alan Turing













Eva OʻDriscoll BIS 1



Eoin Molloy BIS 1







Maria Prendeville BIS 1

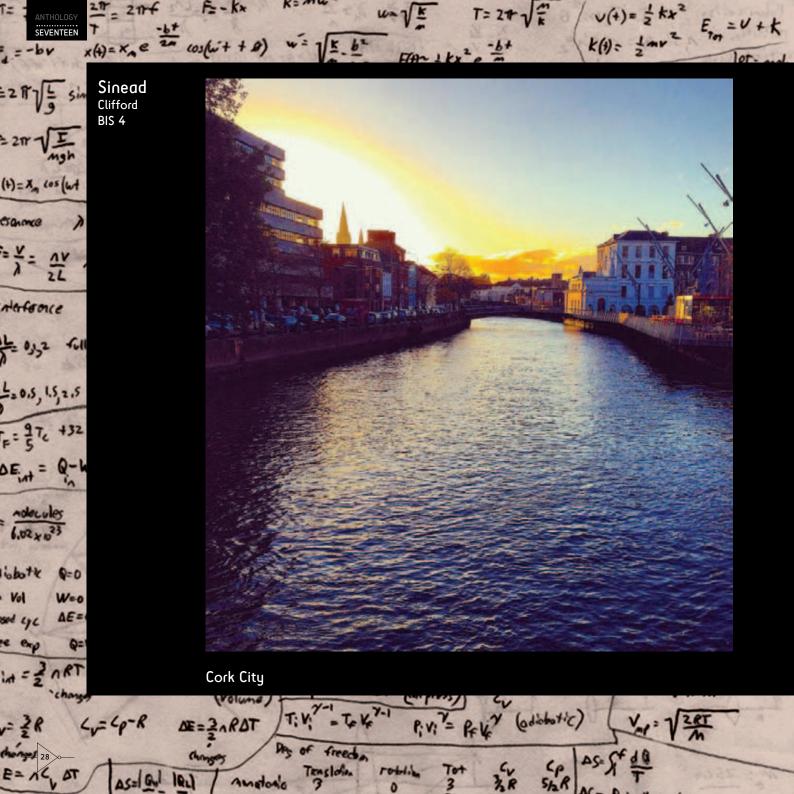


Luke Merriman BIS 1





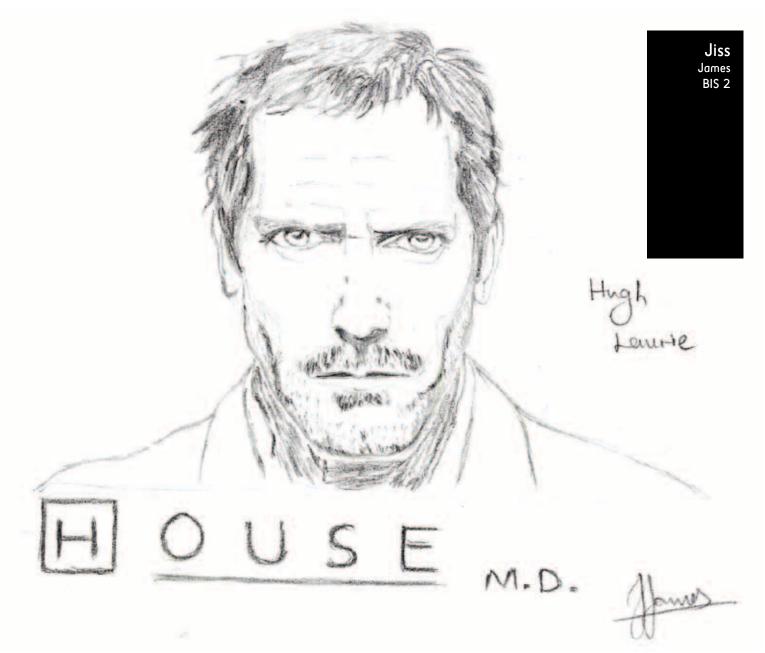
Laura O'Sullivan BIS 1









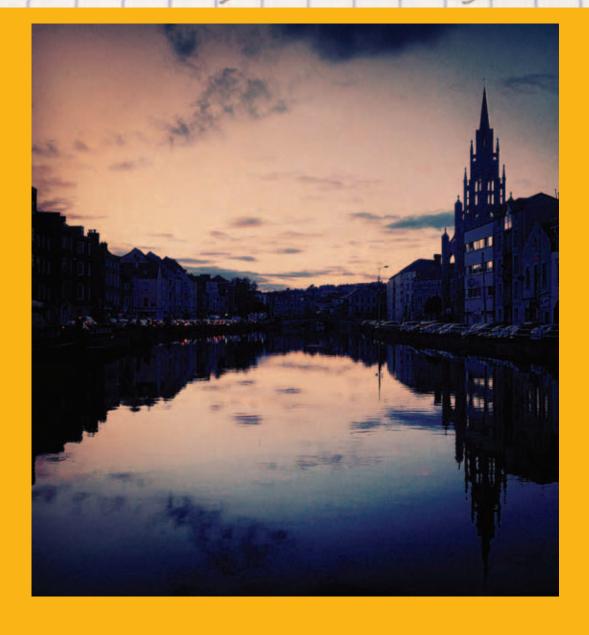


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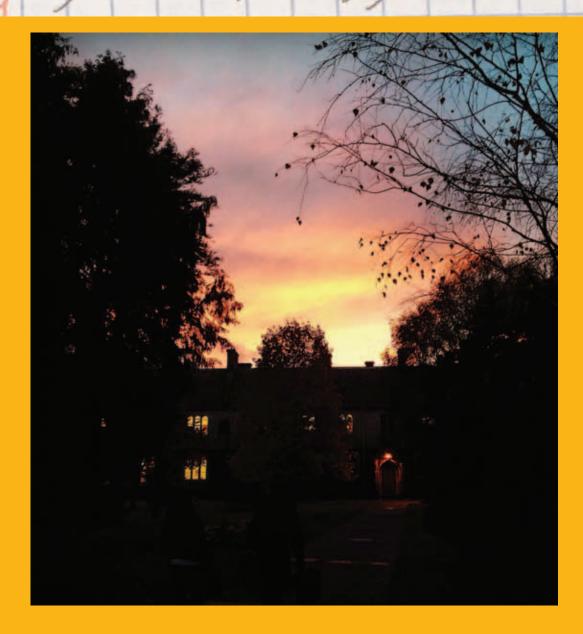
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Sarah O'Brien BIS 4



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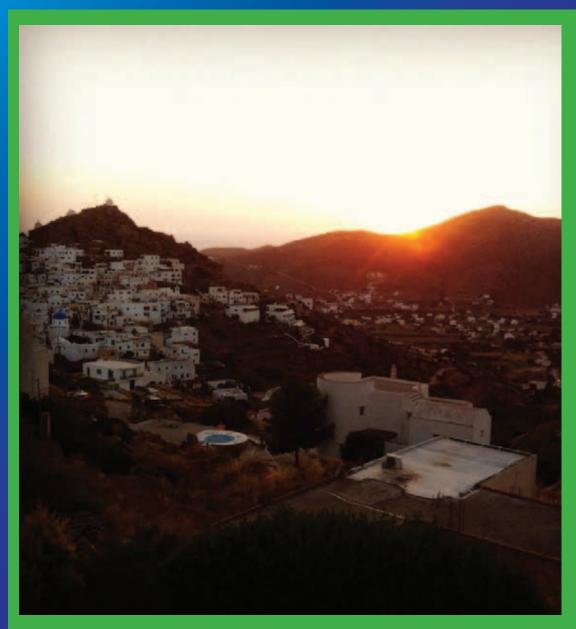


Sarah O'Brien BIS 4



Jiss James BIS 2





Joseph O'Kelly BIS 1

los Sunset



Karen Hayes BIS 3



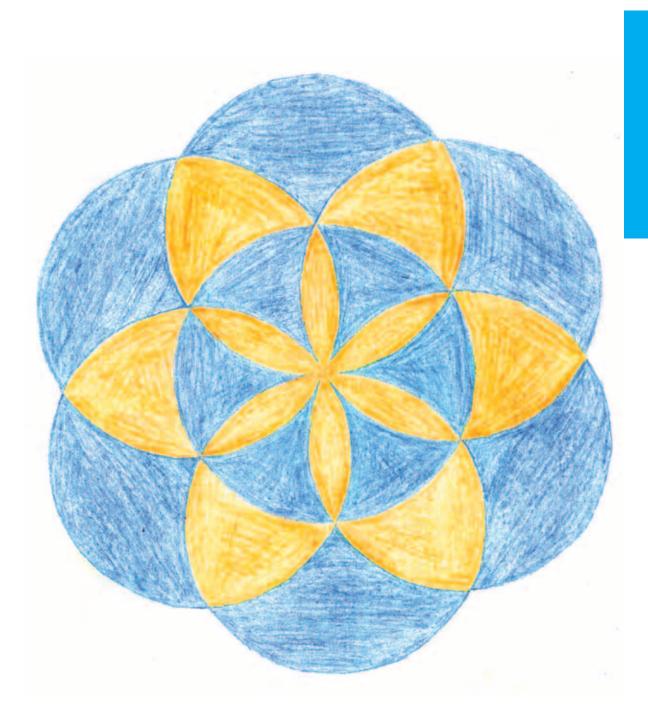


Karen Hayes BIS 3



Karen Hayes BIS 3

Geometric Flower





Ellen Murphy BIS 2

Be Wise

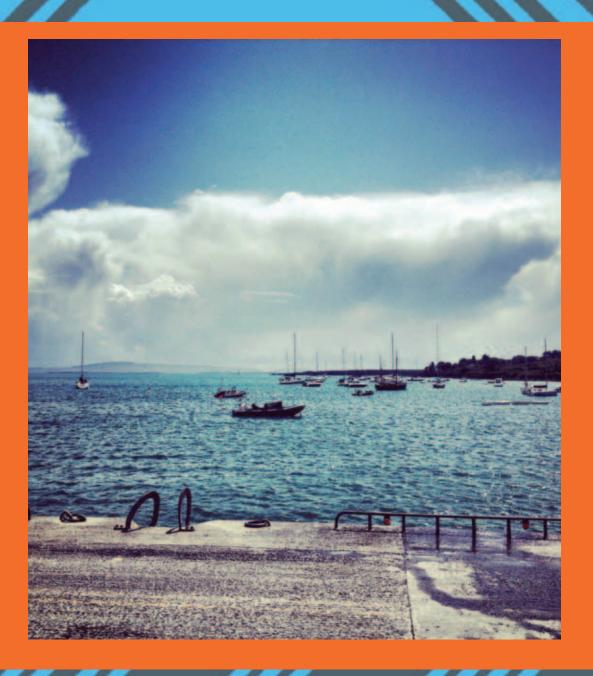




Chelsea O'Connor BIS 1



Laura Kent BIS 3









Darren Quirke BIS 2



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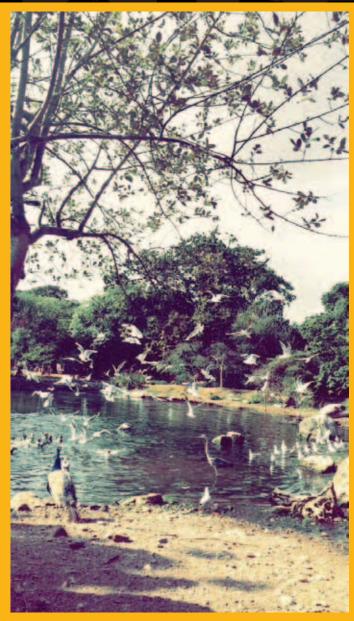
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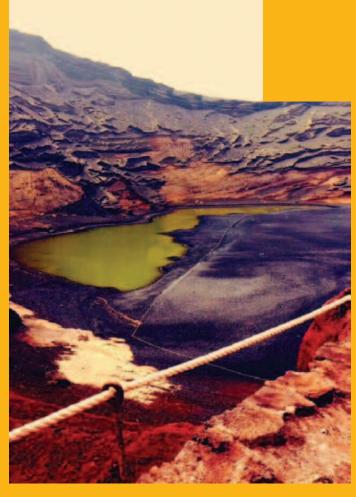
Orla Heneghan BIS 4



Paradise







Birds of a Feather



Emmet O'Shaughnessy BIS 3



Half Dome



Golden Gate Bridge

Emmet O'Shaughnessy BIS 3





Emmet O'Shaughnessy BIS 3

Lough Ennel

Emmet O'Shaughnessy BIS 3



Grand Canyon

Lauren Nolan BIS 1



Shore Acre Beach



Lauren Nolan BIS 1

Sunset at Shore Acre Beach



Lillian Heaney BIS 3



Dunlough Castle Part 1

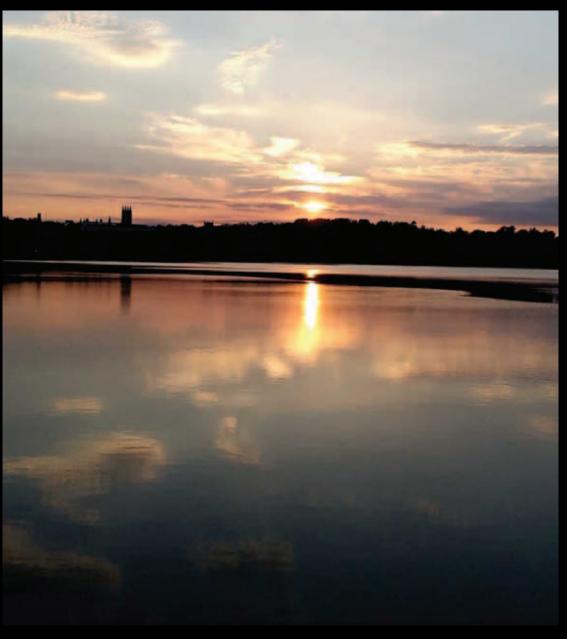




Lillian Heaney BIS 3

Dunlough Castle Part 2

Orla Heneghan BIS 4



Chestnut Hill Reservoir, Boston









Light of the golden realms

Douglas Brien BIS 1

Woods

James M. Boyle BIS 1

Field



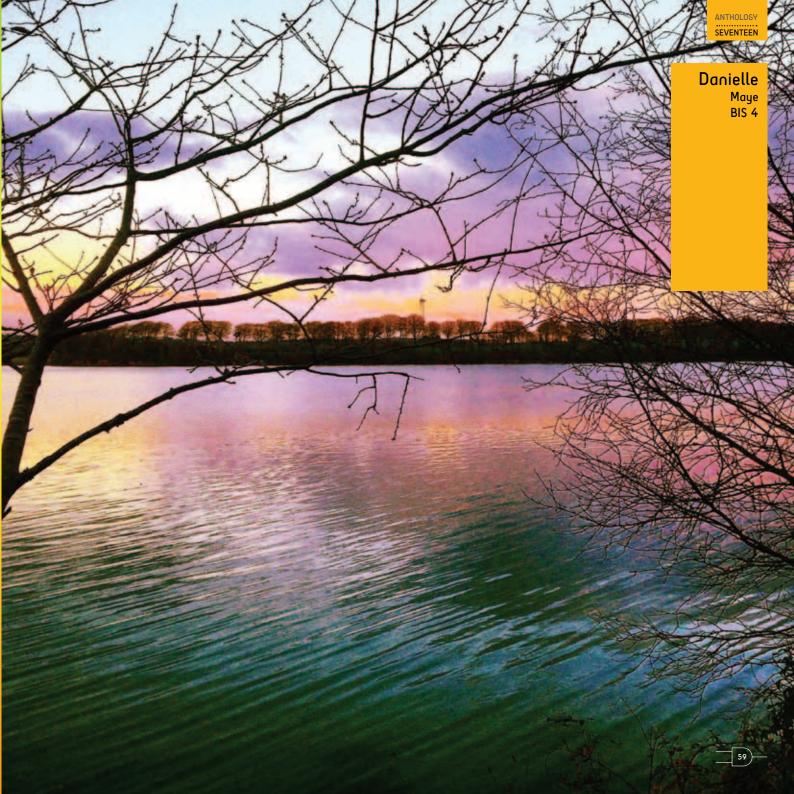
James M. Boyle BIS 1

Shandon



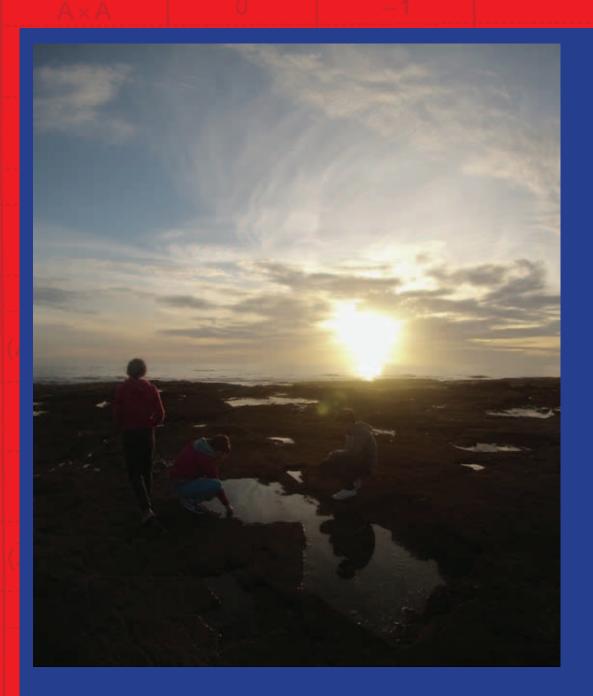
Danielle Maye BIS 4





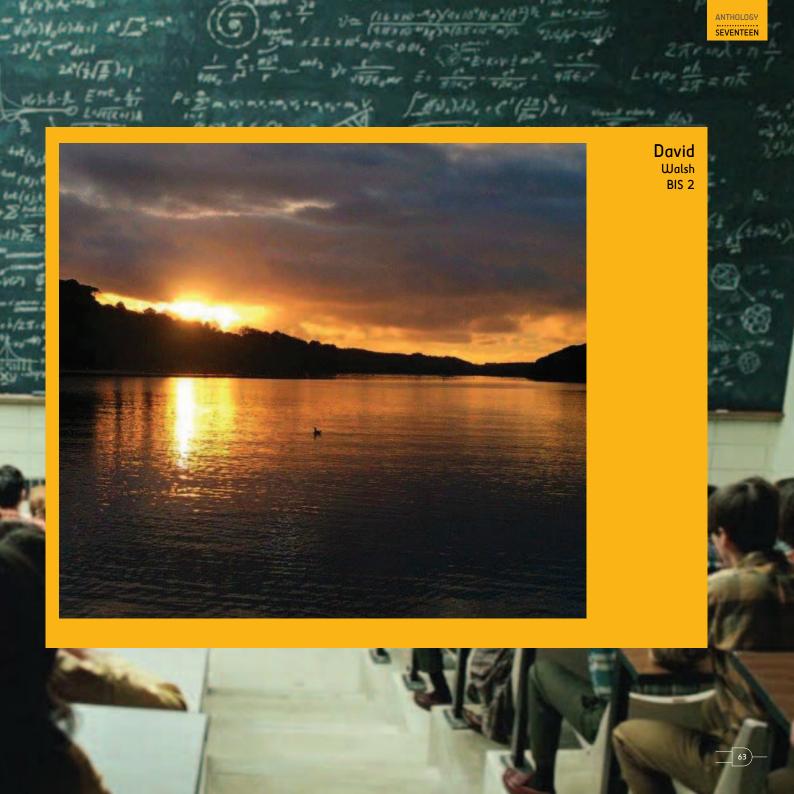
Patrick Hally BIS 2

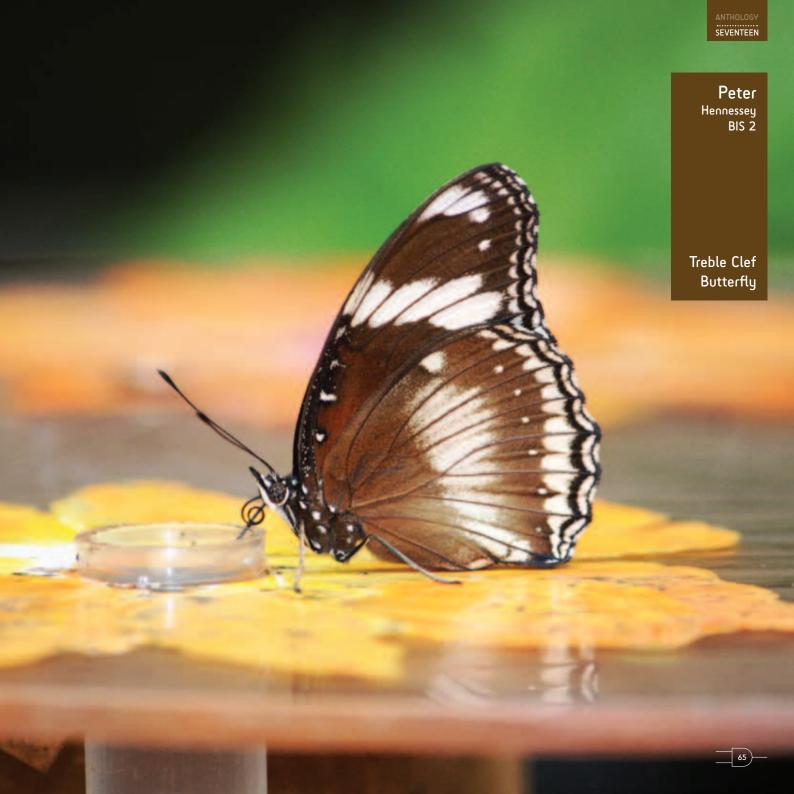




Patrick Hally BIS 2









Carol Cashman BIS 1

Nobody Told Me

College they said it was easy
I have yet to think that
Although the weeks have passed quickly
I wonder where I'm at

I was once the top of my class But that is all in the past I am feeling quite lost In all of the coffee shops

With the new semesterisation
And to avoid hours of frustration
Lecturers tell us to start now
But can someone tell me how

Tuesday and Thursday nights Seem to be the thing When I finally hit my bed I feel like a king

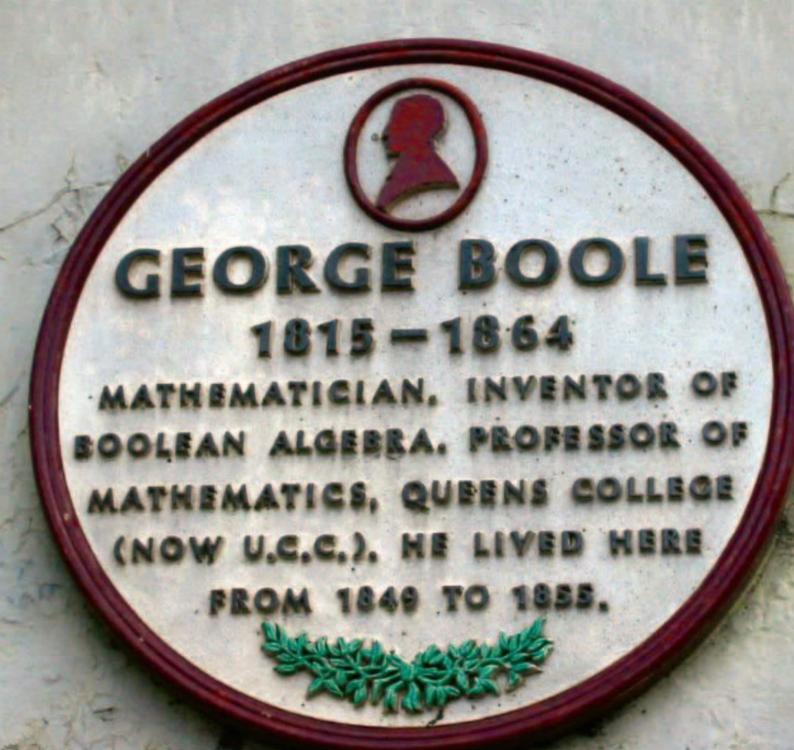
Early morning starts

Are dreaded beyond belief

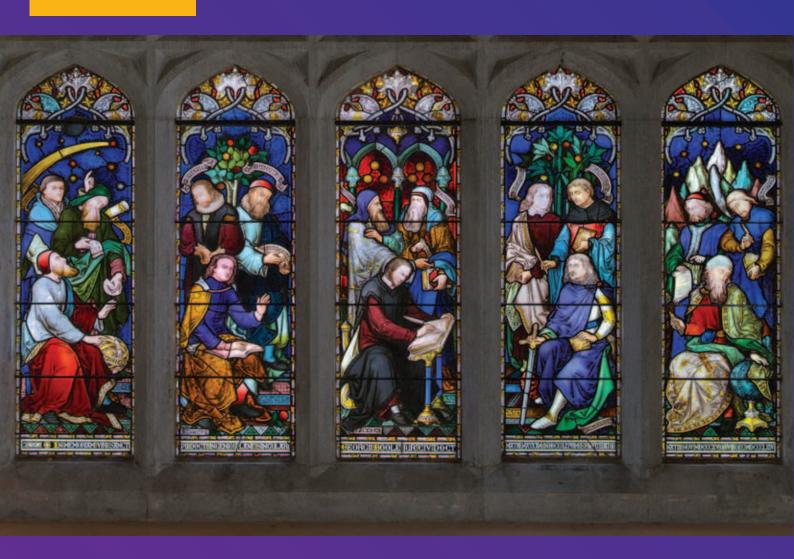
Walking, talking, chatting

Thoughts of Friday bring such relief.









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