

BIS ANTHOLOGY 2017

OUT OF SELF



*“Creativity is just connecting things.
When you ask creative people how they did
something, they feel a little guilty, because they
didn’t really do it, they just saw something.
That’s because they were able to connect
experiences they’ve had and synthesize new
things. And the reason they were able to do that
was that they’ve had more experiences or they
have thought more about their experiences
than other people.”*

STEVE JOBS



CONTENTS

8, 10
12
14
16
18, 20
22
24
26
28
30, 32
34
36
38, 40
42, 44
46
48
50
52
54
56
58, 60
62
64
66
68
70
72
74, 76
78
80
82
84, 86
88
90
92, 94
96
98
100
102
104, 106
108
110

BIS I

Enya McNamara	8, 10
Aine Ring	18, 20
Kevin Degnan	36
Donnacha Murphy	38, 40
Adam Ahern	48
Ciara Quinlan	56
Mark Merriman	62
Aoife Dooley	66
James O’Leary	70
Samuel Kiernan	78
Patrick Wrenn	82
Shaun O’Connell	90
Conor Bohane	100

BIS II

Jeremiah O’Sullivan	22
Eoghan Keniry	26
Conor Powell	28
Cian O’Regan	30, 32
Isabella Storey-Cosgrave	42, 44
Clodagh O’Driscoll	54
Conor Cahalane	68
Enda Sugrue	102
Conor O’Leary	108

BIS III

Lorraine Mulcahy	12
Donncha O’Callaghan	14
James Boyle	24
Jessica Kidd	34
Ellen Benaim	46
Conor Horgan	50
Eva O’Driscoll	52
Niamh Tierney	58, 60
Ultan Hill	64
Finbarr Ring	72
Dylan Sheridan	74, 76
James O’Riordan	80
Darragh Meaney	84, 86
Amy Kelly	92, 94
Douglas Brien	96

BIS IV

Shane Mulcahy	16
David Walsh	88
Michael Kenefick	98
Darren Quirke	104, 106

BIS 1ST YEARS

Code Red BIS 2016	110
--------------------------	------------

“Creativity, as has been said, consists largely of rearranging what we know in order to find out what we do not know. Hence, to think creatively, we must be able to look afresh at what we normally take for granted.”

GEORGE KNELLER

FOREWORD

The BIS Anthology was first published in 1999.

The idea for the Anthology had come from a poetry anthology that had been produced in Mayfield Community School and when Patricia Lynch and I discussed the possibility of launching a BIS anthology we decided that we should try to include all aspects of the creative talents that BIS students have.

Our philosophy in BIS from the beginning has been to try to help all of our students in their self-development during their four years at UCC. We wished all potential employers to know that in hiring BIS graduates they were hiring really talented graduates who were not just academically good but who were individuals talented in sports, creative arts and who could express themselves – in other words that BIS students and graduates were talented individuals who had shown themselves to be different.

For some BIS students their artistic talent as artist, photographer, poet or writer had been well honed before they ever came to UCC and indeed some of them are truly exceptional in the way in which they have fused a God-given talent with discipline and creativity to produce the outstanding pieces of art that stand out as shining stars in this anthology – enjoy them for their beauty and form.

However, the essence of the BIS anthology for some 19 years now is that it combines the good with the best. The good pieces that are in this anthology like all the good pieces of previous anthologies bear witness to the courage and commitment of those students who had never presented their work before to a public face. In many cases these students doubted if they had that creative talent but took the courageous step to challenge



FOREWORD

themselves to produce a work that could be published in the Anthology. In taking this giant step for them, they realise their potential in a very significant way and speak for the essence of a good university education – self-discovery, self-challenging and self-awareness and appreciation. Because it is the individuals with those characteristics coupled with a strong sense of values who make the greatest contribution to society, education and business.

I salute all of the students who have contributed to making this anthology such a great keep-sake and I wish to acknowledge the great work of Christian Kunnert and Elaine Tierney.

I wish to record my thanks to Amanda Gallagher, Ann O Riordan, Carole O'Brien, Stephanie Larkin and Sinead Hackett for all their professional work in getting this and previous anthologies across the line.

As this, our nineteenth Anthology, is my final one as Head of BIS, I want to thank Patricia Lynch for all of her work with me in producing these nineteen volumes and to acknowledge her passion for BIS and her commitment to helping all BIS students get the best out of themselves.

I wish you Patricia, many more years of producing the BIS Anthology and developing BIS students on a daily basis in your own inimitable way.

Ciaran

CIARAN MURPHY



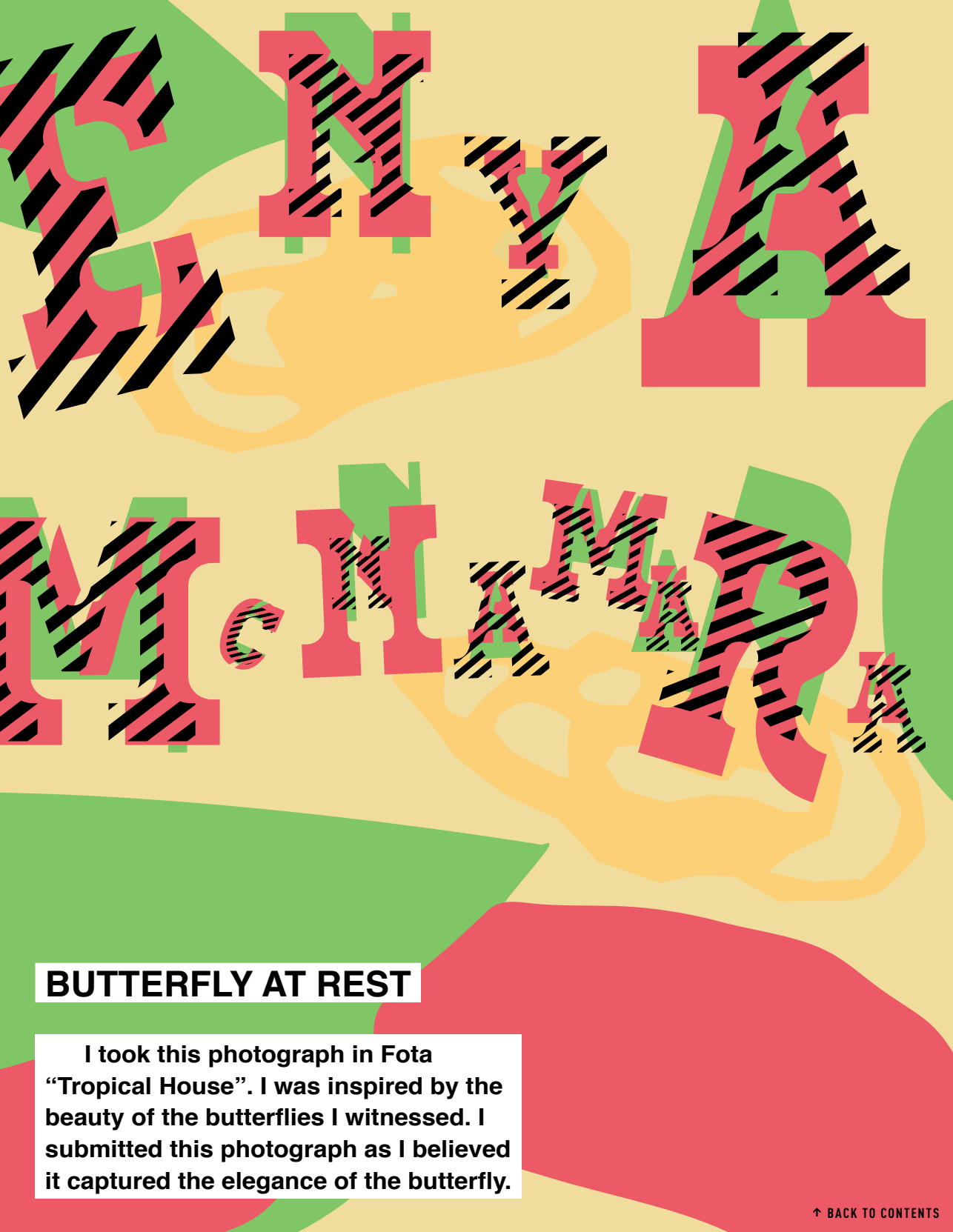
LE PAPILLON

I was inspired to produce this piece after a holiday to Looe in Cornwall. I fell in love with the landscape and wanted to capture it in art.

The theme of nature, including the sea and the butterfly, was a natural choice as I was inspired by the landscape of Cornwall. I submitted this piece as batik is my favourite form of art. I felt this piece reflected how versatile and effective a medium batik is.



ENYA MCNAMARA



BUTTERFLY AT REST

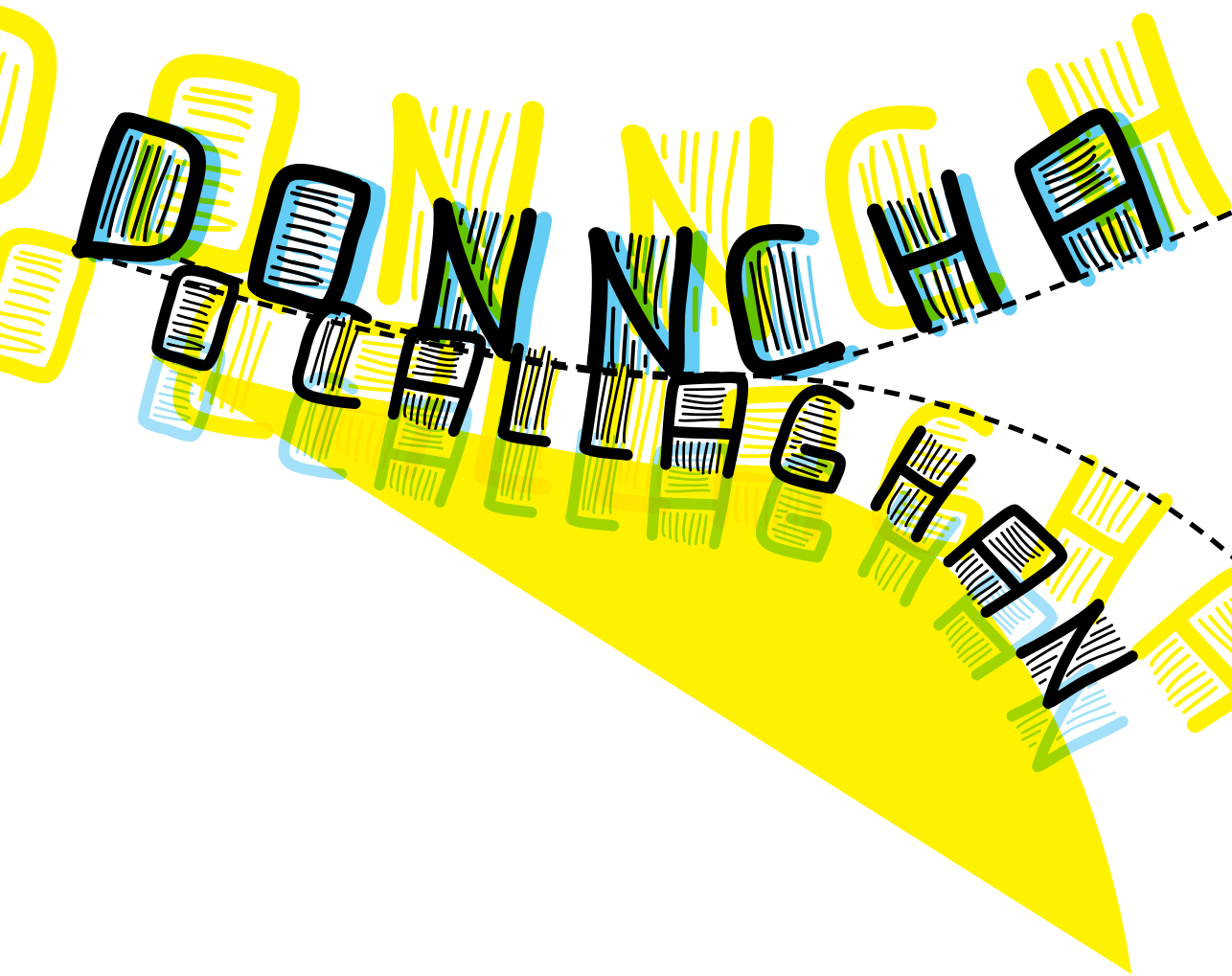
I took this photograph in Fota “Tropical House”. I was inspired by the beauty of the butterflies I witnessed. I submitted this photograph as I believed it captured the elegance of the butterfly.







LORRAINE MULCAHY



DÁN, DON DÍOLAIM.

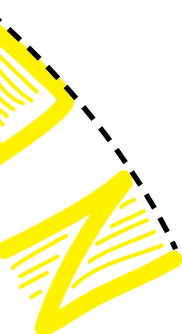


Dán, Don Díolaim.

Scríobh dom dán
Don díolaim
Nílím búrtha faoi ceann fada,
Áfach, ná tabhair dom aon focail fiáin.

Tá mo chuid Gaeilge imithe briste,
Ach déanfaidh mé iarracht é a choiméad chliste.
Tar éis truas mór thimpeall an samhradh seo chaite,
Táim fós ar mhaithe ar teanga comh maith le.

Dhá véarse fúaim,
Is ceann le dul,
Níl an fuaim de ró olc,
Ní raibh cuis liom a bheith neirbhísea



Thosnaíos é don spóirt,
Chríochníos é fú gan aragóint,
Ach táim tar éis scríobh
Dán, don Díolaim.



SIAM MUSICALLY

BOSTON COMMON

I was fortunate enough to work and live in New York for placement and so with that came many weekend trips. I took this photo while visiting friends in Boston. While walking through Boston Common I noticed an artist painting a bridge and so I quickly captured the moment.

There wasn't much planning went into picking a theme for the photograph. It was a very spur of the moment capture.



SHANE MULCAHY

IN RECOGNITION OF CIARAN MURPHY

As this was Professor Murphy's last year I took on the artistic challenge of crafting a portrait in acknowledgement of his predominant role in BIS and UCC throughout the years.

I have completed a few commissioned portraits, including one of Seamus Heaney, prior to this so I felt confident in my choice to depict the distinctive features of Professor Ciaran Murphy.



AINE RING

FARAGLIONI ROCKS, CAPRI

The stunning natural-occurring landscapes which I witnessed whilst on holidays in Sorrento, Italy in the summer of 2016, were the catalyst behind this piece. I sought to capture the fleeting moments I experienced in the face of nature as we travelled through the sea arch by speedboat. The rapid yet soothing movement of the iridescent water captured my interest immediately. It had an almost mirror-like quality to it; The reflections of the famous rock structures were refracted in the Mediterranean Sea.

I curated this theme as a culmination of my trip, in an attempt to preserve the Italian memories and sights we experienced first-hand on day trips such as this to the beautiful Island of Capri.



AINE RING

JEREMIAH 'SULLIVAN

TREK IN THE WOODS

I chose the photo of me trekking on a horse in the woods in Switzerland due to my love for equestrian and I was there visiting my brother who was working for Thomas Ryan at the time. He is a top Irish show jumping jockey based in Switzerland.



JEREMIAH O'SULLIVAN

The background features a dark gray gradient with several white, three-dimensional spheres of varying sizes. On the right side, there are dark gray rectangular blocks that appear to be part of a larger structure, possibly a staircase or a wall. The overall aesthetic is modern and minimalist.

JAMESBOYLE





JOHANN KESSLER

THIS CHRISTMAS – BY PICTURE THIS

I was inspired to sing this song as I have been following the band for over a year now and it is one of my favourite songs in that time.

Download “This Christmas” at:
www.goo.gl/HZu8r6

This Christmas

by Picture This

[Verse] G Cadd9
Is it warm where you are? Oh Has the snow fallen down?
Em D
Does the fire light beside you?
G Cadd9
Is your house dressed in lights? Can you see it from a far?
Em D
Does the fire burn inside you?
[Pre-Chorus] Cadd9 Em Cadd9
And it's a wonderful time, to make you mine,
D
though I know it's not that easy.
[Chorus] G Cadd9
I hope that you find love, and all you're dreaming of,
Em D
this Christmas.
G Cadd9
And I hope that you find peace, and you're mind is at ease,
Em D Cadd9
this Christmas, this Christmas.
[Verse] G Cadd9
Will you watch the children play, out upon the street,
Em D
Just like you did last year?
G Cadd9
Will your family gather 'round? Will you talk about old times?
Em D
Will you drink a little wine?
[Pre-Chorus] Cadd9 Em Cadd9
And it's a wonderful time, to make you mine,
Em D
though I know it's not that easy.
[Chorus] G Cadd9
I hope that you find love, and all you're dreaming of,
Em D
this Christmas.
G Cadd9
And I hope that you find peace, and you're mind is at ease,
Em D Cadd9
this Christmas, this Christmas.
[Refrain] Cadd9 Em Cadd9
And you're not near, no you are far.
D Cadd9
And I want you here, my shining star.
Em D Cadd9
From across the room, or a world apart.
D
I'll tell you, With a festive heart that
[Chorus] G Cadd9
I hope that you find love, and all you're dreaming of,
Em Cadd9
this Christmas.
G Cadd9
And I hope that you find peace, and you're mind is at ease,
Em D
this Christmas
G Cadd9
I hope that you find love, and all you're dreaming of,
Em Cadd9
this Christmas.
G Cadd9
And I hope that you find peace, and you're mind is at ease,
Em D Cadd9
this Christmas, this Christmas.



THE RUSH

I wanted to visualize my brother's passion in surfing and making it a part of my passion in photography.



CONOR POWELL



INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION FLYOVER

I had been trying to get a good shot of the ISS flying over Knockadoon Tower for months, so I was happy when I saw the end result. You may not think it, but there are actually six people in this picture! That white streak flying above Knockadoon Tower in east Cork is not a plane, or a shooting star – it's the International Space Station!

Seeing the space station flying overhead is an exhilarating experience that never gets old. Knowing there are people living and working 400 kilometers above our heads is a pretty awesome feeling!



CIAN O'REGAN



GAZING INTO INFINITY

Taking images of the night sky during the Summer months requires staying up well into the wee hours of the morning when skies are at their darkest, patience, and a certain degree of luck! Not to mention the bucket loads of coffee required to function the following day!

This is an image I took of myself staring into the heart of the Milky Way this past June.

It was a twenty second exposure, which meant having to stand extremely still – it's easier said than done!



CIAN O'REGAN



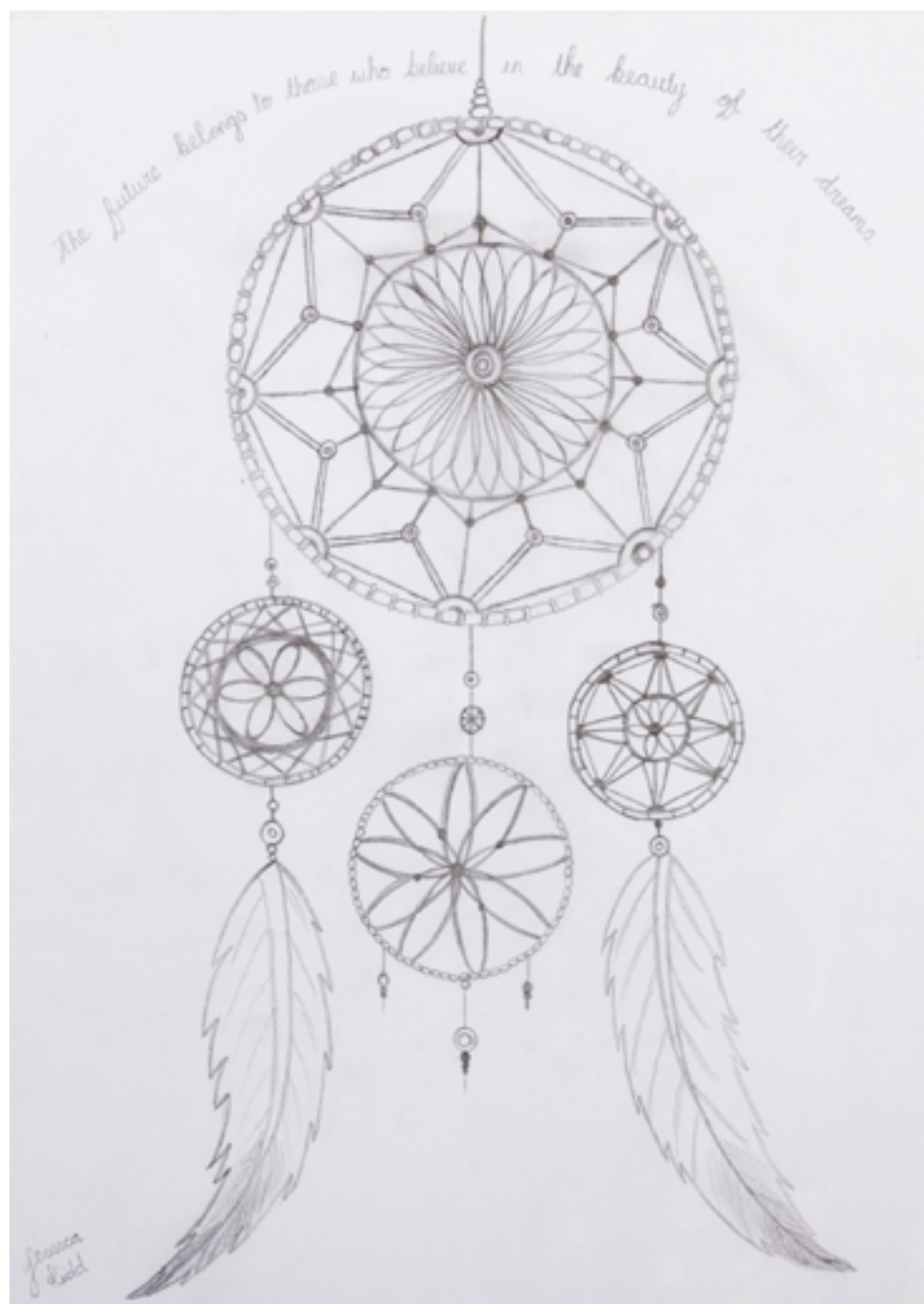
ESSICA UKID

FOLLOW YOUR DREAMS

This piece represents positivity as dream catchers are said to catch good dreams.

“Good dreams are sure to come along if you hang a dream catcher above your bed.”

I believe that if you’re determined enough you can turn your dreams into goals and therefore slowly turning them into reality.

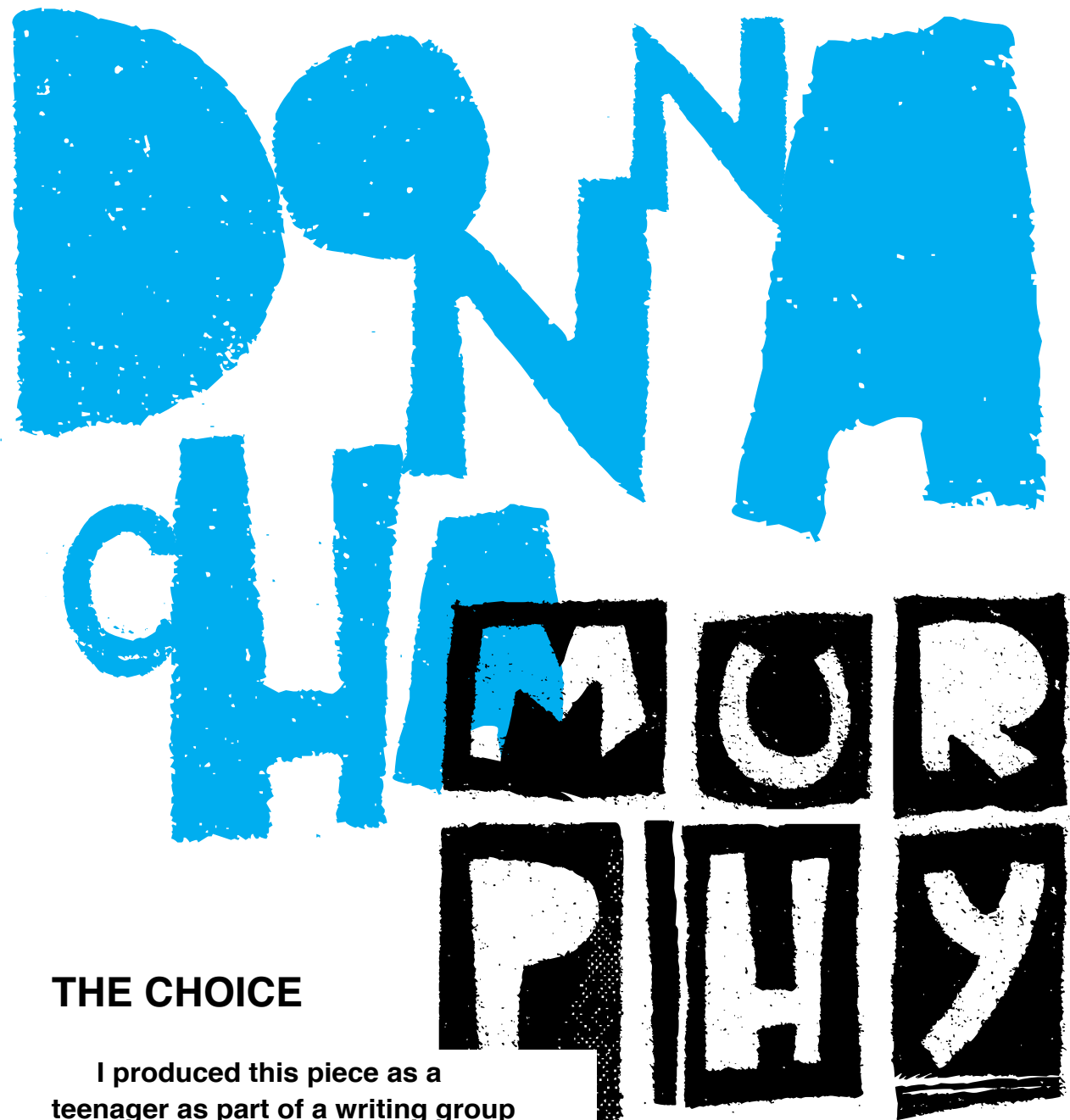


KEVIN DEGNAN

PICTURE PERFECT POSITANO

I took this picture on a holiday to the Amalfi coast in Italy. I thought this picture captured excellently this picturesque town and its unique landscape.





THE CHOICE

I produced this piece as a teenager as part of a writing group which produced the Mobius Graphic Anthology

The theme of choices was inspired by both the idea of Radical Freedom and the news stories of celebrities who had tragically died as well as Religion

The Choice

I opened my eyes, Something was wrong. While for most, it would have been shockingly obvious what had been wrong with this situation, it took me a moment to understand my predicament. **I was floating**, not in the sea but in the very air itself. A thick coating of fog enveloped my surroundings. I was floating in the AIR!

While this revelation should have startled me, what unnerved me the most was the fact that I wasn't fazed by these circumstances. Instead of a blubbling mess that tried to comprehend my current position, I was completely calm, not one touch of fear grazed my mind. I felt at home like I had known of this place since my conception.

I was drawn out of my inner monologue by a figure approaching through the mist. It limped sluggishly, shuffling like a woman wise in her days. As they moved the eerie creak of bones resonated throughout the clearing while bit by bit the silhouette moved closer and closer until I could make out the features of the approaching spectre.

It was an old woman, or at least appeared as one. Her head was lowered, bony hands clasped in a vice like fashion. If anything she looked like a parishioner locked in livid trance. As the figure came closer, whispers met my ears. It was in an odd tongue that they spoke in syllables meshed together in frantic rhythm as she approached. Her hands shook as their chant became faster and faster, it was then I realised that this person was chanting... A prayer?

Still the figure approached until she stopped, not five feet from my floating body. It was then she spoke to me, in haunting tones she began.

"Don't worry child for you are a lost lamb, but I have found you and you are lost no more"

I was puzzled, their cryptic speech, was lost on me.

"Ah you are fooled now but soon you shall know more than you would wish."

I was startled to say the least for this person had known of my thoughts.

"Don't worry little lost lamb for you are found, it is time for you to be reborn."

"Reborn" I questioned.

Ignoring my confusion, the woman continued.

"Don't worry little lamb though you were slain you shall rise again like a phoenix from the ashes of death."

This idea of rebirth concerned me. I had been raised a proud catholic, told since birth that the afterlife was supposed to be pearly white gates, not fog and creepy figures. I was supposed to ascend into heaven, the ether, to be greeted by the great St Peter himself. If I was not in heaven then... An idea struck me. One that until now I had never even considered, one that shook me to my core.

"Am I I-in H-Hell?" I whispered to the presence.

The hag let out a laugh, a high pitched cackle that reverberated through the clearing.

"If I had a penny every time I was asked the same thing ... well I'd have a billion pennies but that means nothing when you're dead you see." she chuckled.

At this point I was agitated, I had enough of this game of twenty questions.

"Then what are you, and where are we and what am I do-"

"You must calm my little lamb, if you stress much more then you may suffer another shock to the heart," she interrupted.

"But then where are w-" I whispered,

"What did I tell you lamb, you must calm down, everything will be explained, we are in the gateway, the point where destinies are chosen and new life is made."

"But-" I sputtered.

"No my little lamb, for time is short and you still must make your decision, to choose your path."

The bony hands came forward both holding different items in the left hand held was a nugget of gold gleaming in its extravagance. In the other a copper locket simple and humble.

"It is your decision now," she began **"for each of these items represents a life you could live, my left hand holds riches beyond your wildest dreams. My right holds only hopes shrouded in rags and bronze, it is your decision to make. Now choose a life to live, a path to follow. Make your choice and be reborn, but beware my lamb for one of these holds a curse."**

I pondered the options laid before me, the spectre's words forewarned me to dire consequences to the choice I make. With uneasy certainty I made my choice.

"I wish to live a life of luxury" I stated. With the oncoming flash of white, I was gone.

Twenty years later...

I scowled at the glossy cover of the magazine I was reading. The title plastered across the page beheld a slanderous claim.

"Billionaire's son on late night drug binge!"

I cringed as I turned to the article as more details of my mistakes were laid bare for the whole world to see.

"Last night Mark Mccarthy son of famous singer Dana Mccarthy was snapped on a cocaine fueled party binge before getting into his car. Mccarthy then crashed his car on a Dublin street. Gardai took him into questioning but it was revealed he was released this morning"

I threw the incredulous tabloid onto the floor and stormed out onto the busy Dublin Street. From my exit through the small cafe I immediately noticed a photographer coming towards me I tried to hide my face and hoped that he had not noticed me. Alas my effort was to no avail as he increased his pace, his eyes dead set on me. I was stuck, he would simply follow me along the walkway until he caught the picture he

needed, so in a desperate bid for freedom I crossed the busy street, my eyes trained on him.

I never knew what hit me.

I was blasted by a powerful force and was launched into the air, I crashed onto the ground, flung like a ragdoll. I wheezed and gasped, trying to get precious air into my lungs but I was choking, I saw the photographer taking pictures of my body, not even bothering to help me, I knew I was going to die and I was scared, scared of death and what came after, but I knew that the world would rejoice at my demise, a blemish wiped from the face of humanity. I took one last breath and I closed my eyes...

"It is your decision now choose a life to live, make your choice and be reborn, but beware my lamb for one of these holds a curse" the old woman warned.

The boy looked deep in thought before giving his answer. "I wish to live a life of luxury" he stated.

And with a flash of light he was gone, crossing over to the mortal world to be reborn. And then there was only the old woman, she was a fragile thing, wrapped in a black shawl, like silk it enveloped her leaving only her sunken face and bony hands visible. She was beautiful once, many lifetimes ago. But her features had been eroded by the many years and cycles she had waited here. It was as it always is, a simple choice marred by the greed innate to humanity. A choice that she had to solemnly observe as she watched her beloved fade with each cycle. The old woman sighed and looked into the mist, it was then she began to sing, a heart-wrenching lament filling the clearing with its echoes of sorrow.

**"O little lamb of mine,
You have lost your way,
Now you must find, deep in your mind,
The golden light of day."**

She sang in whispers yet her voice carried into the void beyond.

**"Though greed has taken ahold of your heart,
You must try to break free,
If not for yourself, then take my help,
It is your destiny,"**

The woman looked toward a pool. In this pool pictures of the boy were projected onto the surface of the water, moments of his past lives, of the curse he bears and the consequences that followed.

**"The cycle continues on and on,
Until you're old and worn,
Forgotten by many but thought of by few,
Eternally reborn,"**

The woman shed a lone tear, yet that tear spoke more than a thousand words,

**"O little lamb don't run away,
O stay by my side,
To heaven we go, when, no one knows,
You with me my child."**

The woman gazed softly at the worn copper locket in her bony grip and the photo held within. This one was different than the others, for the boy looked happy because the child in the photo was in the company of the woman.

The woman finished her song, shed another tear and faded into the mists of purgatory.

Then all was still...



THE SIMPLE THINGS

I went down to my Grandparents house to pick some apples towards the end of the summer. As so often happens it had been raining and the sun came out while I was picking the apples. I realised that even on the greyest days, something beautiful will always emerge.

The theme is the inherent beauty of nature. Sometimes people can forget that you don't need to look very far to find beauty especially in the country we live in and that is why I chose to submit this piece to the Anthology.

ISABELLA
STORLEY-
COSGRAVE



ST FINBARR'S AT DUSK

I was struck by the light as it hit the spire at St Finbarr's Cathedral as I walked home during the first week of college. It seemed a shame to not attempt to capture the moment as it happened.

The theme is transition from one time to another which is what I was experiencing at the time moving from 1st to 2nd year. I decided to submit it to the Anthology because I wanted to share this perfect moment of serenity.

ISABELLA
STORLEY
COSGRAVE



ISABELLA STOREY-COSGRAVE

CAUGHT IN THE
CROSSFIRE





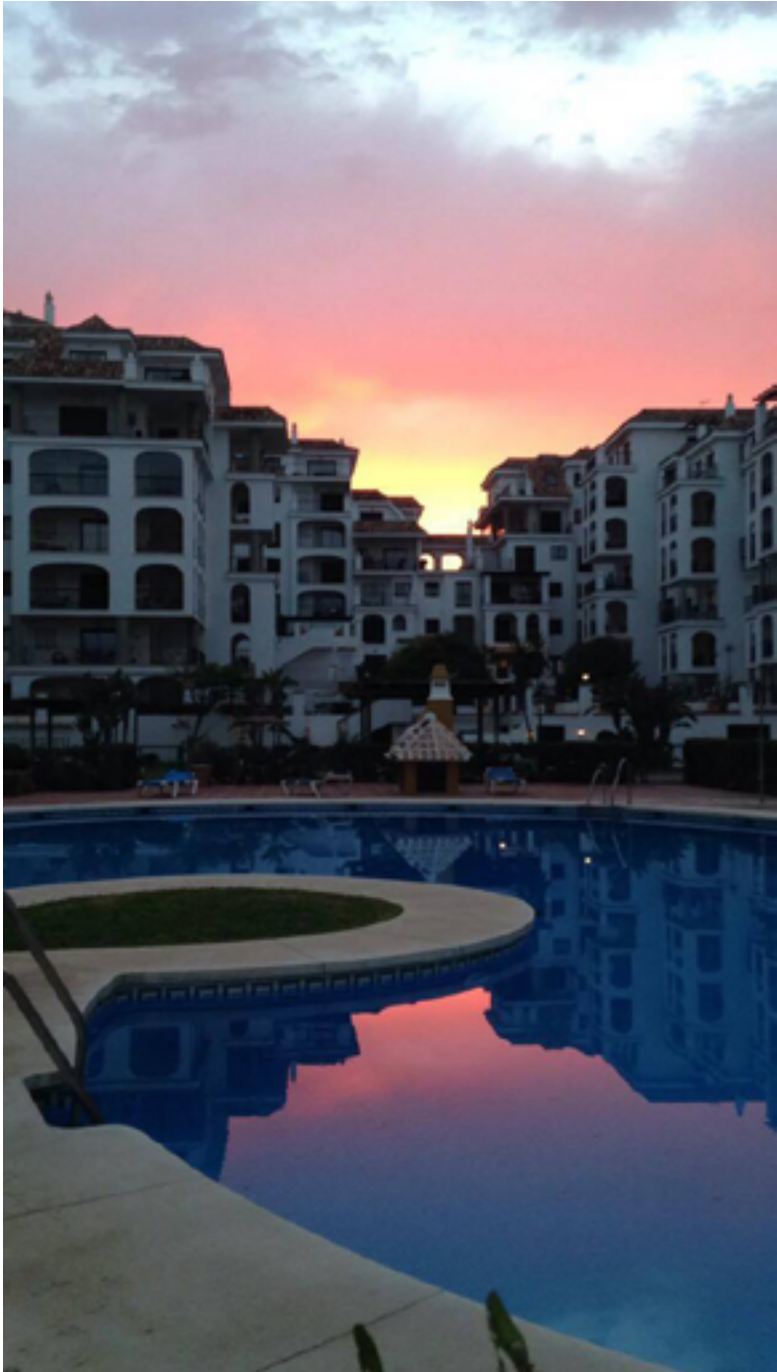
ELLEN BENAIM

ADAM AHERN

SUNSET OVER DUQUESA IN SPAIN

The sun was setting as I was walking to the port in Duquesa from my apartment and it was setting right in the middle of the apartments and it created a beautiful reflection on the still pool and it allowed me to take probably the nicest photo I've ever taken.

There isn't really a particular theme behind the photograph but the choice of photo to submit was quite a simple choice to make.





CONGRATULATIONS

[↑ BACK TO CONTENTS](#)

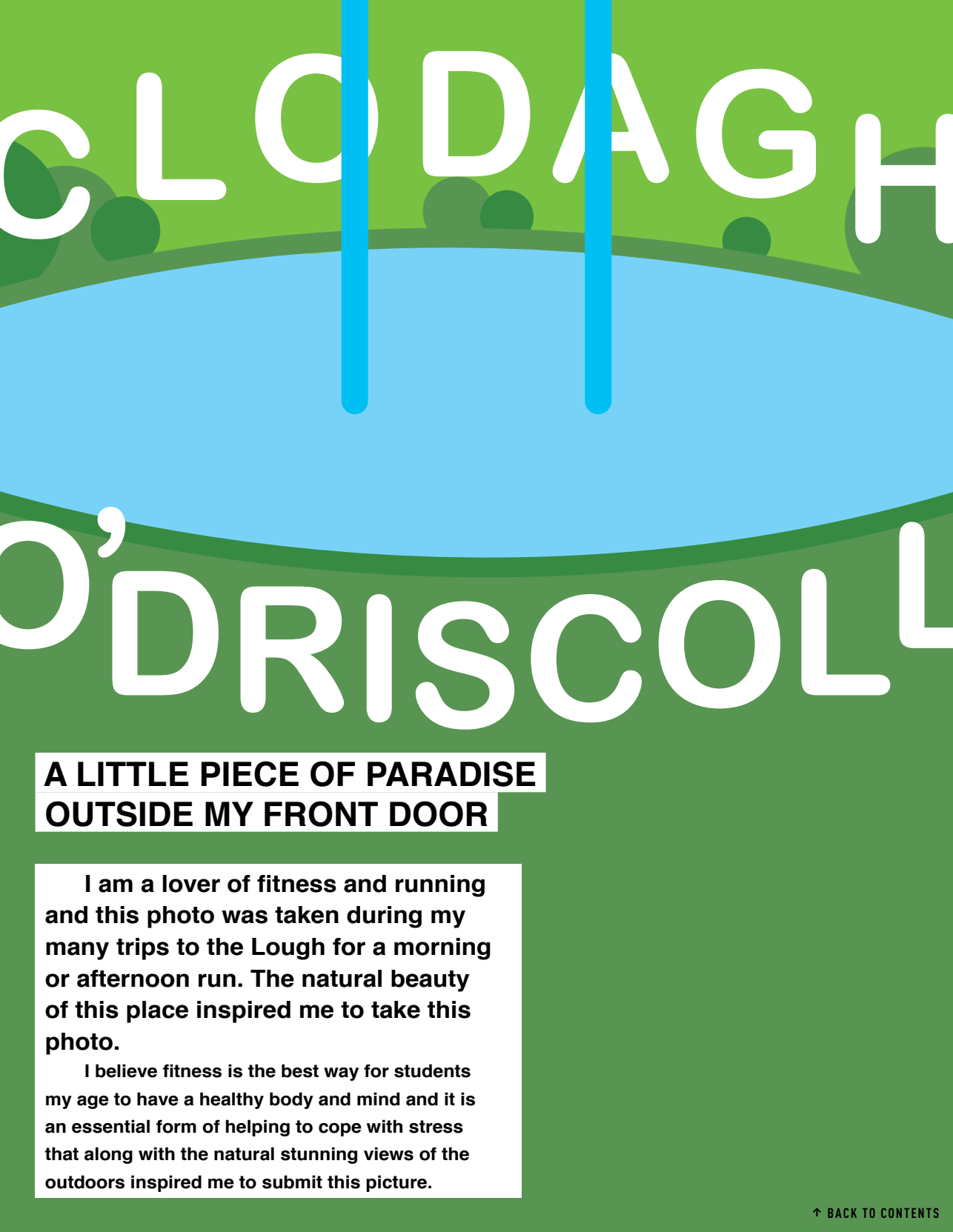




WATERCOLOUR PORTRAIT

[↑ BACK TO CONTENTS](#)





CLODAGH O'DRISCOLL

A LITTLE PIECE OF PARADISE OUTSIDE MY FRONT DOOR

I am a lover of fitness and running and this photo was taken during my many trips to the Lough for a morning or afternoon run. The natural beauty of this place inspired me to take this photo.

I believe fitness is the best way for students my age to have a healthy body and mind and it is an essential form of helping to cope with stress that along with the natural stunning views of the outdoors inspired me to submit this picture.



TUESDAYS @ 8 A.M.

The inspiration for my poem were items such as my snooze button on my alarm clock and my cosy warm bed. Hunger and fear also inspired the tone throughout.

My theme came about as it was something always on my mind. My week revolved around my 8am lecture and my ambition to be there on time. So it was only fitting that it be the theme of the poem I was to produce for the Anthology.

A poem can sum up the many feelings that I had about the early lecture. I was able to convey to the reader my fear, my rush and my peace. It's important to capture the entirety of the event that occurred and to me a poem has many ways of justifying that objective.



TUESDAYS @ 8AM

Peace,
The alarm disturbs your snoring
Touch snooze, see the darkness dawning
Roll over instead
To the world, you're dead
But the day has just begun spawning

When the fear disturbs your stirring
You're awake and there's no differing
Let's face the dread
Stumble out of bed
No time for breakfast, you're running

Stumbling steps
Take the right door
Frightened to the core
Its eight-oh-one
Such fun
Your day has just begun
Shoe lace trips you on the floor of Boole One

CIARA QUINLAN



NIAMH TIERNEY

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

My inspiration for this piece came from the poem entitled, “The Road Not Taken” by Robert Frost. The concept of the pathways reminds me of how life itself can take different pathways.

Seeing the Autumn leaves is one of my favourite aspects of Autumn and for me, this image represents many childhood memories in the countryside in Co. Laois.



NIAMH TIERNEY

NIAMH TIERNEY

THERE'S ALWAYS LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL

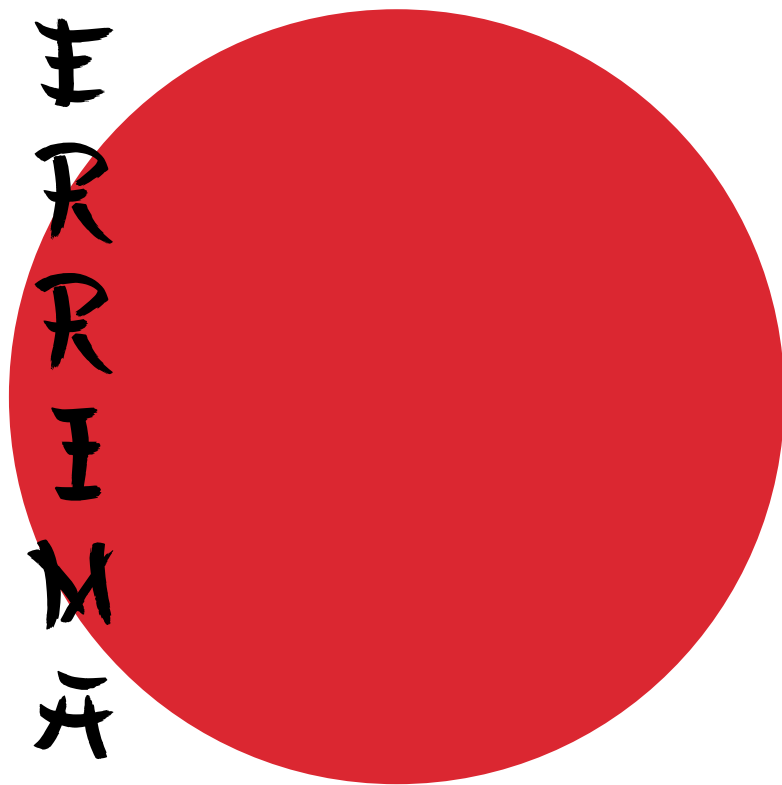
My inspiration for this piece came from the song, Shake it Out, by Florence and The Machine.

I came up with the theme of the arch as it was beautiful and I really enjoy seeing the Autumn leaves every year. It is just a snapshot of the Heywood Gardens in Autumn, adjacent to where I attended secondary school. I feel that the arch represents mystery and the concept of there always being light at the end of the tunnel. I chose to submit this piece as I thought that the arch, standing amongst the Autumn leaves was very graceful and in my opinion, the concept of there always being light at the end of the tunnel is imperative.

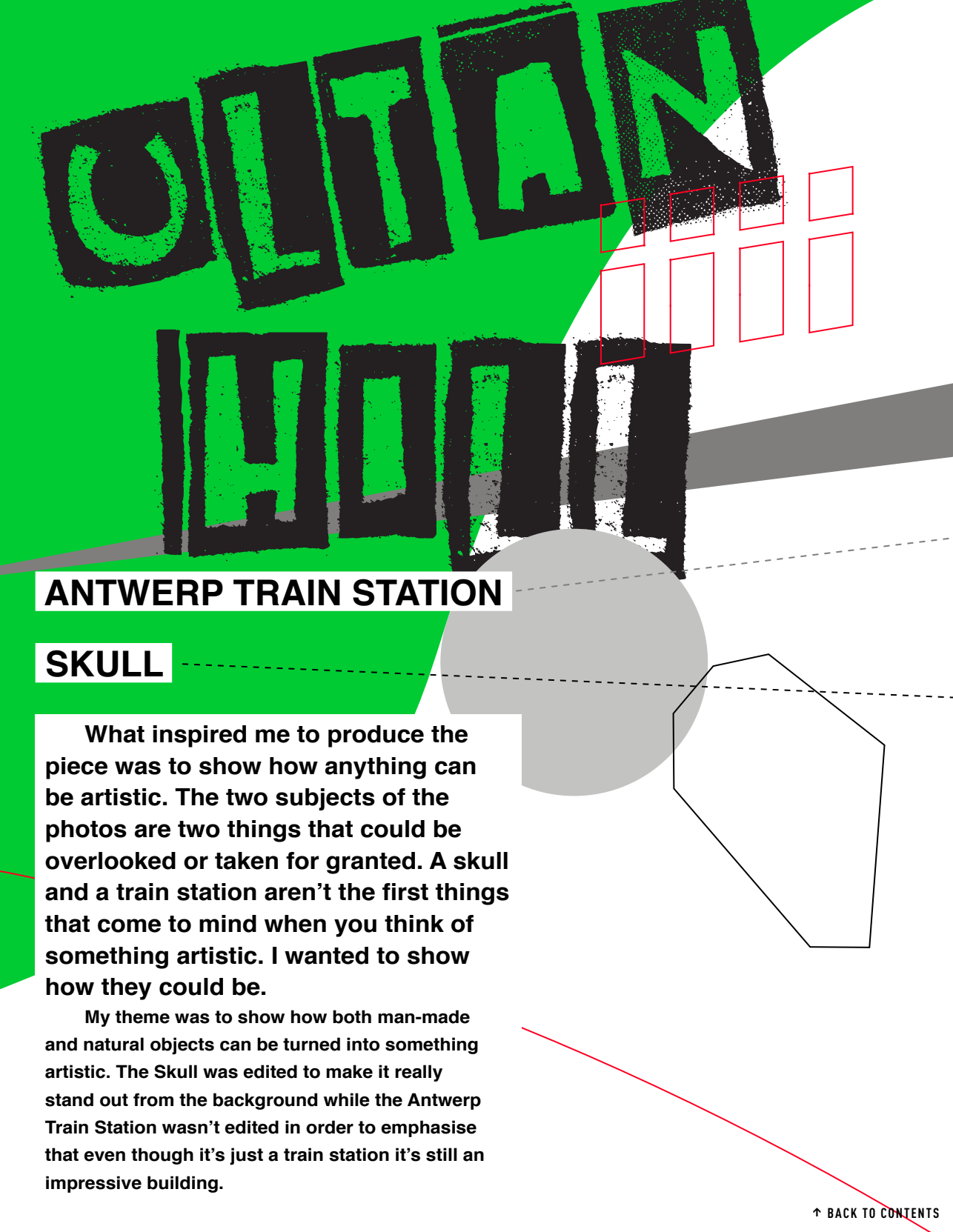


M
Ā
R
K

M
E
R
R
I
M
Ā
N







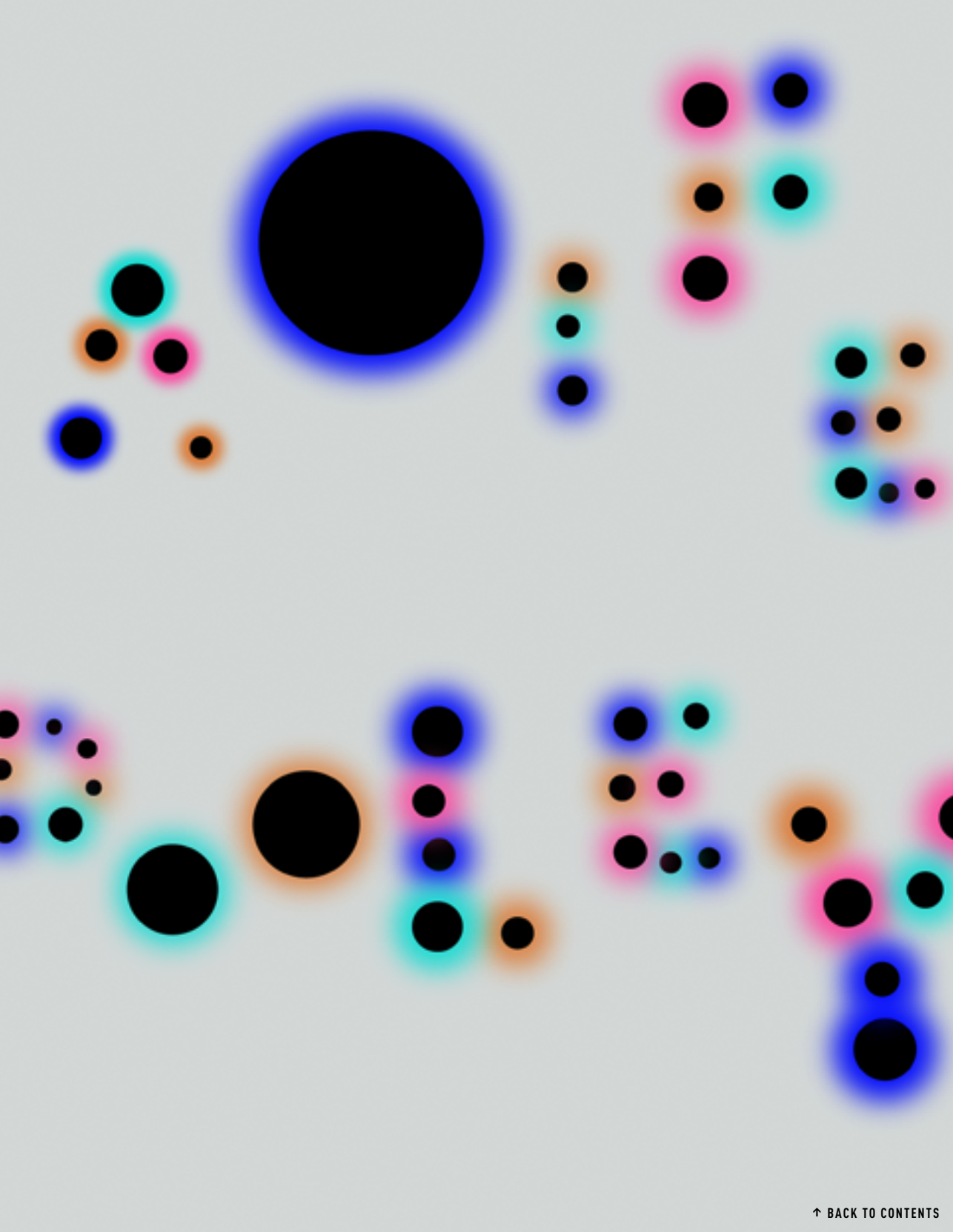
ANTWERP TRAIN STATION

SKULL

What inspired me to produce the piece was to show how anything can be artistic. The two subjects of the photos are two things that could be overlooked or taken for granted. A skull and a train station aren't the first things that come to mind when you think of something artistic. I wanted to show how they could be.

My theme was to show how both man-made and natural objects can be turned into something artistic. The Skull was edited to make it really stand out from the background while the Antwerp Train Station wasn't edited in order to emphasise that even though it's just a train station it's still an impressive building.







Conor
Cahillane

NEON WILD

My main inspiration for creating this piece was really to enhance my graphic design and Photoshop capabilities and also to have something to submit to the anthology this year.

I have always liked when people used neon in their art from musicians like Daft Punk and the Weeknd to directors like Ridley Scott with Bladerunner. Due to this I decided to incorporate it into an art project unlike the usual signs you would see that would just have words in neon. I was proud of the outcome so I decided to enter it into the art anthology that BIS do annually.



CONOR CAHALANE

JAMES O'LEARY

A HUNDRED YEARS PASS

My theme for my poem was the Centenary of 1916 and how we retrospectively reflect on this event, this history of Ireland over the past 100 years and how we live our lives today.

I came to picking this theme as I felt that as the whole country was stopping and pausing to think of the 1916 rising, that I should also do this.

I chose to look from the eyes of the rebels and contemplate how these “heroes” would interrupt our world today.

I picked the title “A Hundred Years Pass” as I wanted to incorporate the sense of time passing in order to provide a sense of pass in the poem as it goes through occasions of the century chronologically.

1916

A HUNDRED YEARS PASS

A hundred years pass....
The gun cartridge has filled & emptied since then;
A nation under rule; oppressed repressed,
Ideals of children of the nation ring hallow,
In the light that shines through the Foggy Dew
A war is given way –
Our Fenian fathers weep at the sight of sibling rivalry.
A nation, divided; is born,
A Republic thrice, yet where is the sovereignty?
The guns ran silent on this isle
Though bloodshed is soiled on the Mainland
Later tribulation boils bubbles and erupts due North:
We lost our way,
The memory of ancestral depravity quickly forgotten
As we pursued an economic feline.
But as the beast vanished,
So, did prosperity.
Today, we long for,
And,
Hope for ambivalence, honour and serenity,
As we raise a glass & a flag to the
ignition of Insurrection.

JAMES O'LEARY

2016



FINBAR

Rising

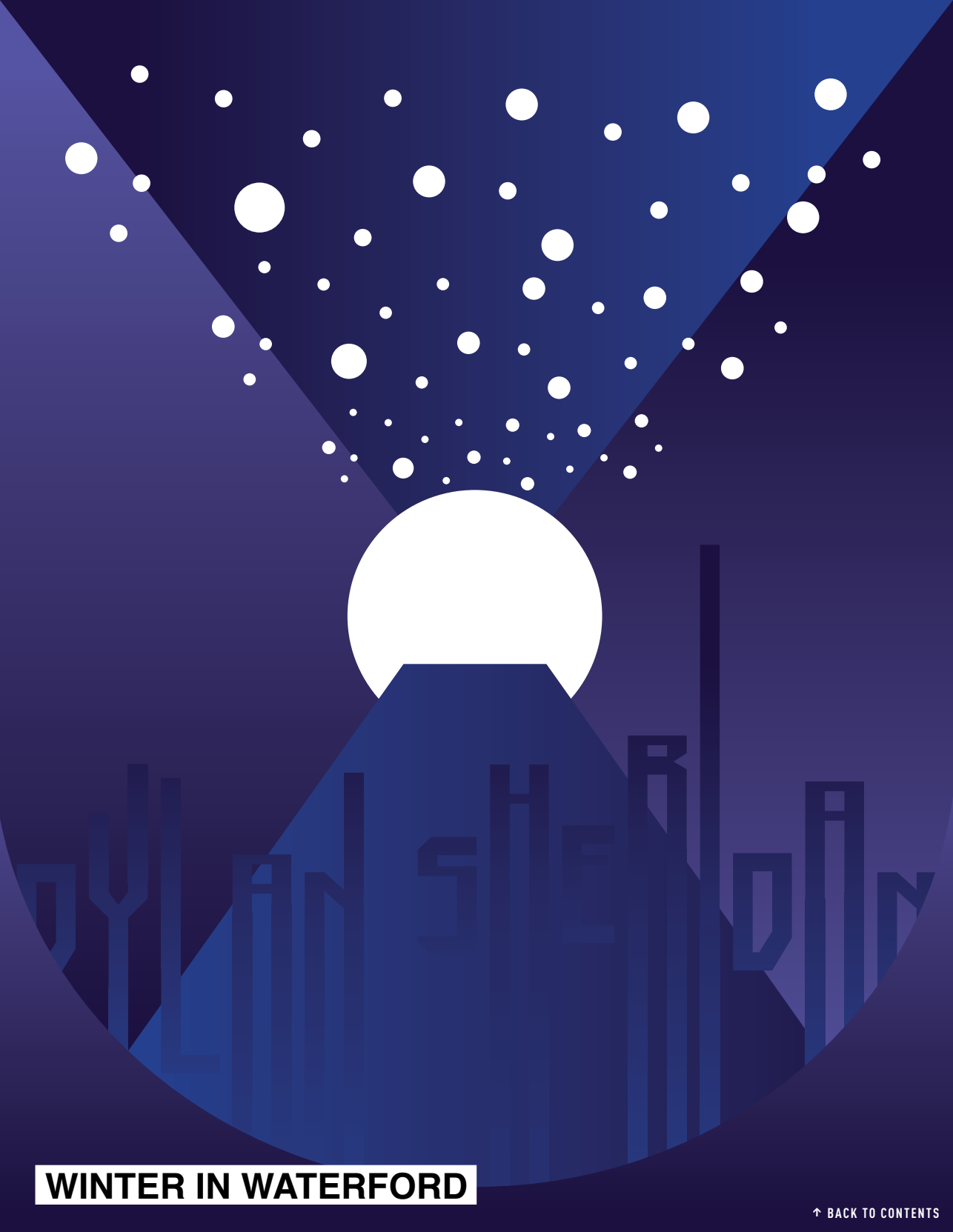


FINBARR RING





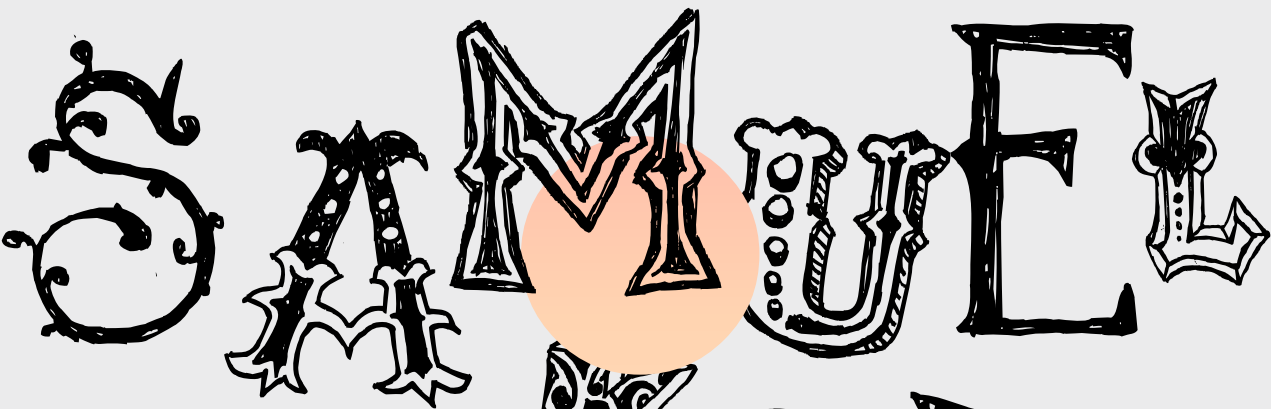
DYLAN SHERIDAN



WINTER IN WATERFORD



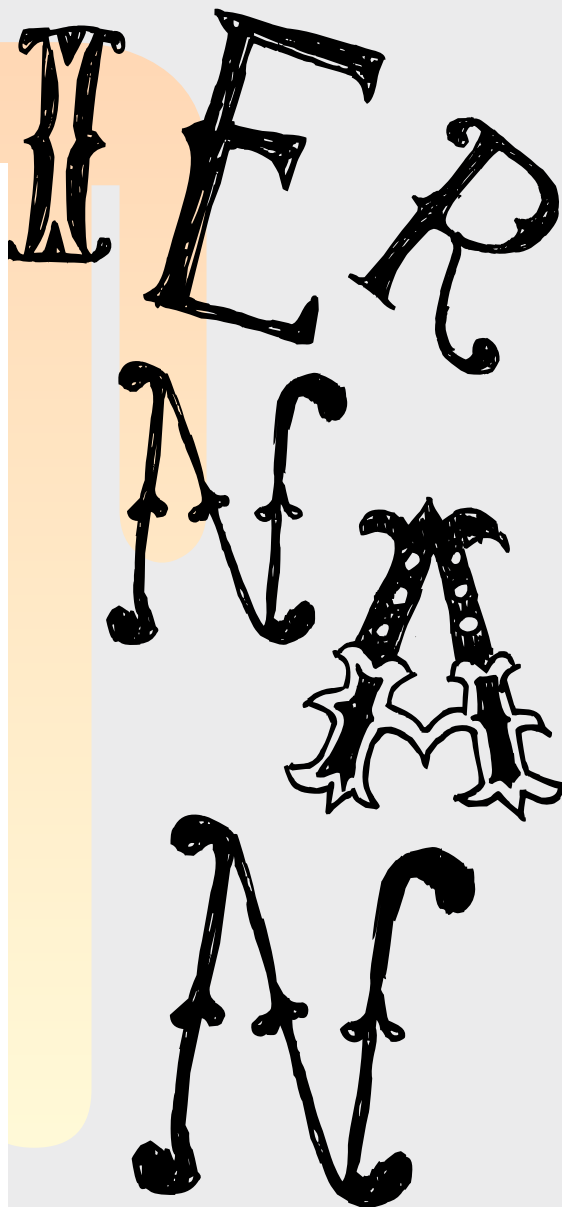
DYLAN SHERIDAN

The letters S, A, M, U, E, and L are rendered in highly decorative, calligraphic styles. The 'S' is a simple swirl. The 'A' has a dotted pattern. The 'M' is outlined with a thick black stroke. The 'U' has a dotted pattern. The 'E' is a simple, bold letter. The 'L' has a decorative, pointed top. The letters are arranged in a slightly curved line across the top of the page.

PERCEPTION

How I got inspired to produce this piece of art was that I was talking to one of my good friends one day and he proposed a question and it got me thinking. The question was that he wanted me to describe myself in one word. So I thought and thought and I finally answered and then he further questions me about my answer. So then I decided to do a drawing of what I see true physical beauty is and then got lots of people from all around Ireland and different countries to describe themselves in one word. Their word was written by THEM on the sheet creating a beautiful collage of phrases and words surrounding ones perception of beauty.

I came up with the theme "Perception" as stated in the previous answer and I wanted to produce this because from the start I wanted to get involved in the BIS anthology. So I thought that this would be a good one to do. I also wanted to get this out and would love for it to be displayed so that people can add to it in their free time. I find it quite intriguing and fascinating of what people describe themselves as. It tells a lot about a person and I just love talking to people and finding out what they are about.

The letters I, E, R, N, A, and N are rendered in various decorative, calligraphic styles. The 'I' is a simple, bold letter. The 'E' is a simple, bold letter. The 'R' has a decorative, pointed top. The 'N' has a dotted pattern. The 'A' has a dotted pattern. The 'N' has a dotted pattern. The letters are arranged in a slightly curved line across the right side of the page.



**CALIFORNIAN SUBURB
OF SANTA BARBARA**

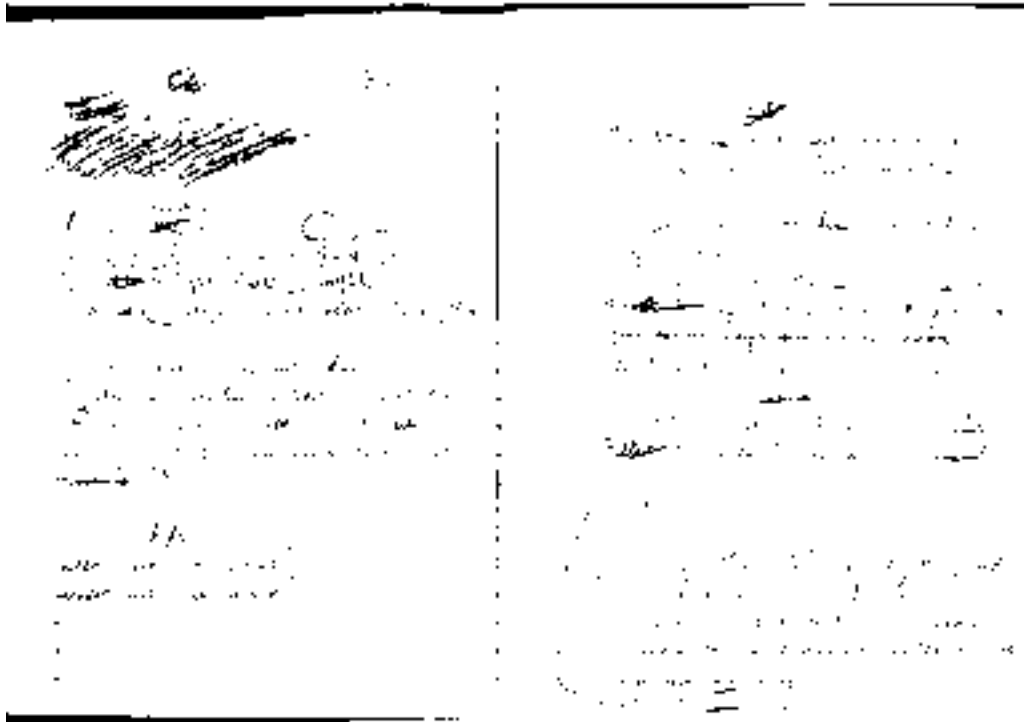
**JAMES
O'RIORDAN^N**



WHERE ARE WE GOING?

Listen to “Where Are We Going?” at:
www.goo.gl/eU8RHR





DRAGH
RAGH
MAY
D

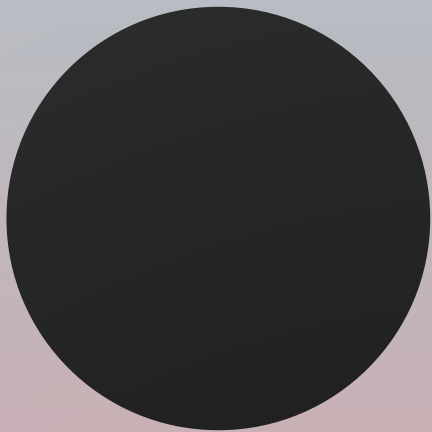


DARRAGH MEANEY

DRAGH
RAGH
MAY
DAGH



DARRAGH MEANEY



DAVID WALSH



DAVID WALSH



THE SEED

I honestly don't know where the inspiration for this piece came from, I wouldn't be the most creative person in the world but I wanted to submit something just to see if I could make it to the anthology and maybe discover a hidden talent.

In secondary school almost all of the poetry we studied was dark themed so when I think of poems I normally think of sad themes. I submitted this piece because I thought the imagery especially was unique but universally understood.

The Seed.

A new season, a fresh start, 

Seeds are planted in their rows.

Small, yet vital, like a human heart,

It is the source from which life grows. 

Two seeds find themselves close by,

This will be their new home. 

Neighbouring always so no need for fright,
Fear disappears, as they are not alone.

Time passes by, the flowers begin to grow,

The seeds don't know what to think.

But soon they see their souls on show,
and
Light blue and coral pink.

They gaze at the sun, 

Knowing their partner is near.
It's all they can do, being so young,
Each other's rustling is all they hear.

But one day when the clouds were up above,

Snapped his supple heart. 

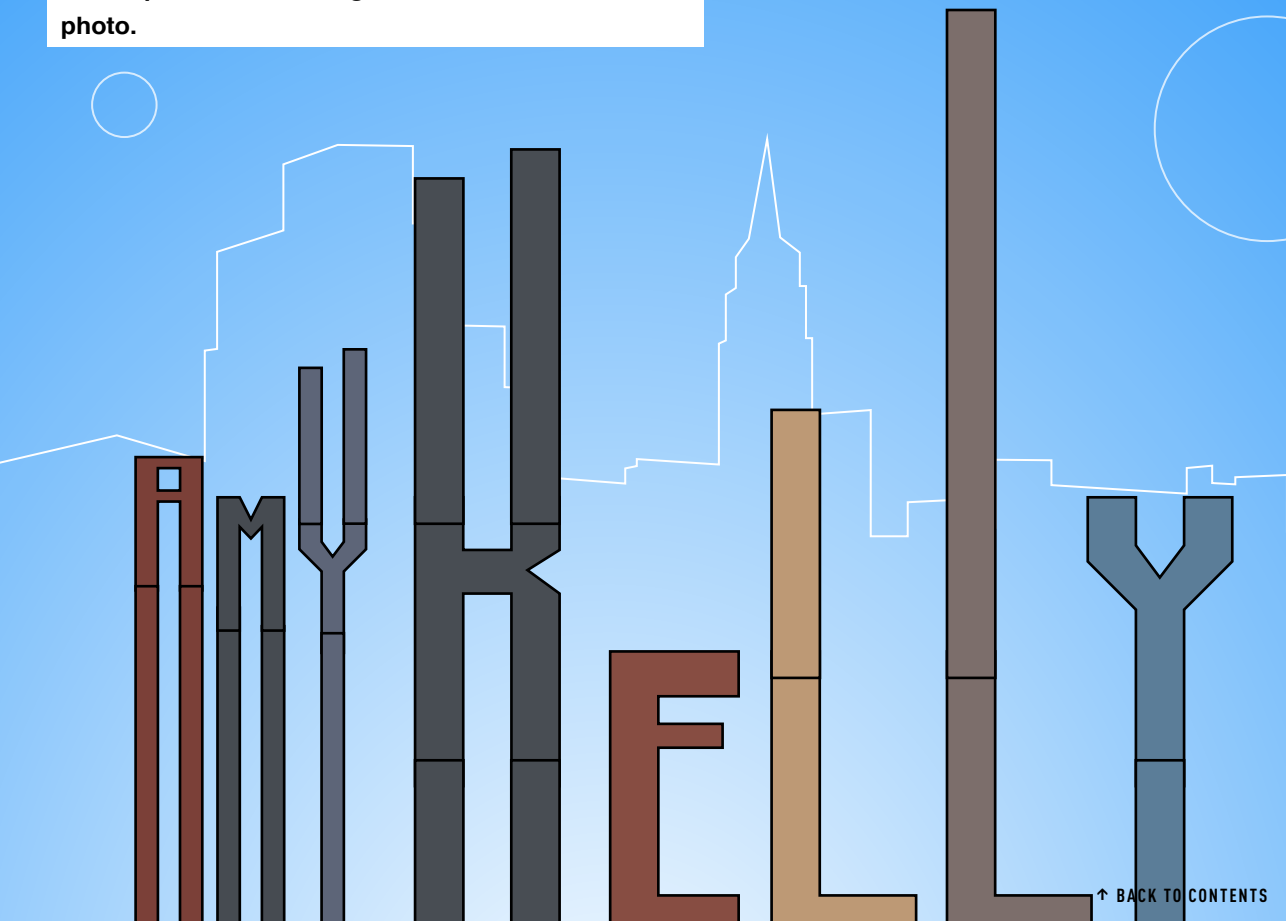
He  to the one that he loved.
To see they'd grown apart.

To see they'd grown apart.

NEW YORK SKYLINE

I took this photograph while on holidays in New York over the summer. During my time there the weather was mostly cloudy and dull. However on this one day on the Hudson River the clouds disappeared and the sun was shining. This allowed me to take a clear and bright photo of the New York skyline.

I chose this piece as it reminded me of last summer. I love the culture and atmosphere in New York. New York is such an iconic place that even without a title on this photo people would instantly recognise it due to its famous buildings such as the Empire State Building which is featured in this photo.

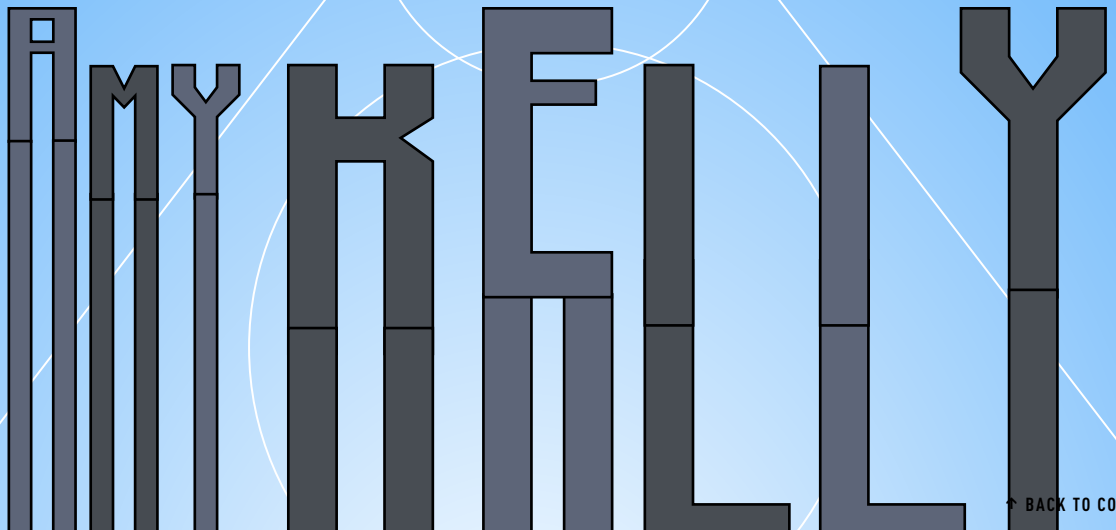




THE GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY

I took this photograph while in California. The Griffith Observatory was one of my favourite parts as from here you could see all of Los Angeles as well as a clear view of the famous Hollywood sign.

I choose this piece because I enjoyed my time there and thought that the uniquely shaped building was impressive.





The title 'DOUGLAS BRIEN BONGERVS?' is displayed in a large, bold, sans-serif font. The text is layered with overlapping colors: the first 'B' is grey, the second 'B' is pink, and the 'VS?' is red. The background features a light green field with a large yellow circle on the right side.

DOUGLAS BRIEN BONGERVS?

I chose to write this recently after my family moved to another country. I had never considered myself overly attached to a location but I was surprised by the breadth of the connection I had developed to my hometown. Not so much to a place but to the relationships and memories from my formative years which seem almost inseparable from where they occurred.

My theme came about because of what weighed on my mind the most in the wake of this move, the thoughts that were stirred up by it and my own reaction. The tone becomes less vehement in the latter stanzas to reflect my attainment of a more resigned outlook.

I left the receptacle of wistful affections
The coveted idiosyncrasies
Now a litany of anachronism
Its familiarity profane

I expedite my displacement
Detach my roots from my feet
Rid myself of the gestalt that domum
Has created in me

To foreign steppes now to wander
To tread psyches steps
When hedone eventuates

In some other mundane arrangement
of wood and stone
There will I carve myself a home.

BOSTON, MA





MICHAEL KENEFICK



SYMMETRY

I was inspired to produce this piece by the natural beauty West Cork has to offer and by the edgy, symmetry of the photo.

I took this photo with my friend on a day out in West Cork.





END A SUGARUE

A CLEAR MIND SEES SO MUCH MORE

I merged two pictures that I took while helping out at a camp in Dromid, Co. Kerry (near Waterville).

The foggy day was very usual for the middle of summer so I decided to take a picture, the next day it was a perfectly clear sky that revealed the stunning vista that was hidden behind.

To me it represents how when our minds are clouded by various different things in our lives, we often miss the beautiful things right in front of us. Whereas when you clear your mind and look calmly, you can see the beauty that lies behind all the clouds.



ENDA SUGRUE



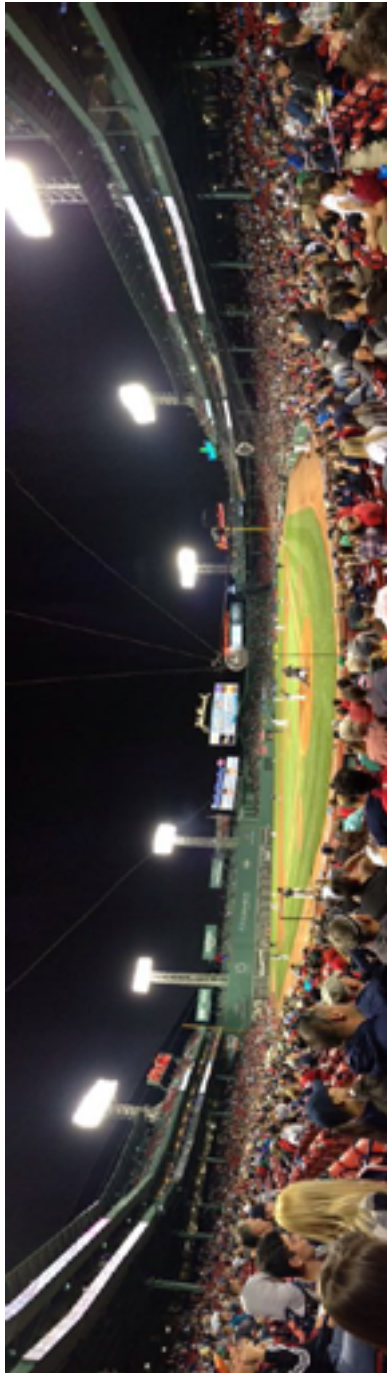
DARRIN

QUINN

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME!

Having purchased tickets for the Bleacher section of Fenway Park, as the game between the Red Sox and the A's approached the last inning, myself and a few other BIS students made our way to the executive seats behind the home base where all the CEO's and Directors were sitting and sat amongst them cheering on the Red Sox. I took the photo as we probably were never going to be able to sit in those expensive seats ever again – until we become CEO's and Directors!

I submitted this photo as it really captured the atmosphere and excitement within Fenway Park during a baseball game and it just shows how fortunate we were to experience placement in Boston which gave us ample opportunity to attend events such as these and embrace the American lifestyle.



OUR TRIP

GUANO POINT, GRAND CANYON

This photo was taken after Placement when we went to Las Vegas and San Francisco. A trip to the Hoover Dam on route to The Grand Canyon culminated with a beautiful panoramic photo of the Grand Canyon as seen from Guano Point. The manner in which the sun illuminates and highlights the sheer size and enormity of the Grand Canyon with the Colorado River running through it led me to take this photograph.

I submitted this photograph as I thought it was fitting that because it was taken after what was a hectic and non-stop placement and also away from the hustle and bustle of Las Vegas, we were able to sit and enjoy the scenery and soak up the experiences we had had over the previous six months.



PEACE AMOUNG
THE WILD FLOWERS

CONOR
O'LEARY



BIS 1st YEARS

CODE RED BIS 2016

1. Fairytale Of New York
2. Half The World Away
3. Silent Night
4. Winter Song
5. Snow Is Falling
6. Somewhere Only We Know
7. Driving Home For Christmas
8. Baby It's Cold Outside
9. Hallelujah

Listen to “Code Red BIS 2016” at:
www.goo.gl/8NuxNT



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We continue to recognise and value the tremendous support, encouragement and affirmation the BIS programme receives from our business partners. In particular this is demonstrated in their ongoing involvement through placement, project collaborations and feedback.

We take this opportunity to record and acknowledge with deep appreciation, the generous sponsorship from Bank of Ireland and Fidelity Investments, Ireland.

We are extremely grateful for your outstanding support.

Patricia Lynch and Ciaran Murphy

Bank of Ireland 

 **Fidelity**
INVESTMENTS



Business Information Systems

 **UCC**
University College Cork, Ireland
Coláiste na hOllscoile Corcaigh

Business Information Systems, Cork University Business School,
University College Cork, Ireland, T: +353-21-490 3829, E: bis@ucc.ie, <https://www.cubsucc.com/>

