

The Committee

Presidents:

Ben Guy - bdg25

Ben's strength is the ability to differentiate between random gurgling sounds and the Welsh language of the Middle Ages, but where Superman has kryptonite, he has early Irish artwork. He'd like to let us know that in early medieval Ireland, nipple sucking was considered a polite and formal greeting.

"O'r gwely wreic tec, gordercha hi kynny'th uynno-gwell gwr a phenedigach y'th wna o hynny no chynt."

- 'If you see a beautiful lady, make love to her even though she does not want you - it will make you a better and braver man than before.'

The parting advice of Peredur's mother to her son

Shelby Switzer - scs55

Shelby is so absent-minded that she rarely answers to her own name, much less to the (sometimes profane) epithets often applied to her. She's either thinking about Welsh, or Irish, or Scottish Gaelic, or even Latin on particularly rainy days, but that's about as far from Celticism as she strays. She sometimes imagines scenes in literature that don't actually occur (although she swears she definitely read that Arthur ordered his men to get naked in order to get down a cliff - or was that up?), but feels this is justified because her version is almost always more interesting.

Vice-President:

Caroline Purse - cp456

Caroline is a first-year Clareite who is a huge fan of anything even remotely linked to King Arthur and who has a soft spot for the hero Byrthnoth. Having been dubbed 'crazy asnac girl' in college within the first few weeks of term, she now enjoys living up to this title and has become infamous among non-asnac friends for renditions of 'Beowulf', 'Pwyll' and 'The Viking Song' after a gebeorscip or other such revelries. Her complete inability either to spell or pronounce any Medieval Welsh words doesn't diminish her enthusiasm for Celtic history and literature, and is (hopefully) compensated for by her being able to distinguish between the various Hakons and Haralds, and Æthelstans and Ælfgifus.

"Ure æghwylc sceal ende gebidan worolde lifes; wyrce sé þe móte dómes ær déape"

- 'For every one of us, living in this world means waiting for our end. Let whoever can win

glory before death'
Beowulf

Secretary:

Georgina Gearing-Bell - gg329

This Girtonian braves all kinds of bad weather to get to her lectures, and has only missed a few in her entire time in ASNaC, much to the amazement of others who would rather stay safely in bed. She has an unparalleled love of Latin translation but is often foiled by the technicalities of grammar. She likes to dream of being able to try out her swimming skills with Beowulf and Breca. Sadly, she must one day confront the knowledge that this is unlikely to happen.

Treasurer:

Joanna Shimmin - jcs77

This second year student at Trinity Hall also goes by the name of Niamh of the Not-So-Golden Hair. Her strength lies in anything Gaelic, be it history or languages, and she fears nothing but the demons of complicated grammar. Coming from the Isle of Man, Joanna has been living and breathing ASNaC since the day she was born. Only the Germanicists can foil her plans for world domination, with their Æpelstans and Old Norse conjugations.

"Traa dy liooar" - 'Time enough'

Social Secretary:

Adam Kirton - ak708

In the words of Prof. Simon Keynes, this crazy Catz member Adam 'is an interesting chap, who loves nothing more than to don his war gear and fight in battle.' Fighting, of course, as a warrior in Regia Anglorum. A Germanicist to the core, buy him a drink and he'll shout at you in Old English, (albeit with bad pronunciation), buy him another and you might even get to hear some of his war stories. Gentle at heart, he's as hospitable as Germanic tradition, and if you want a party, a picnic, or a nice quiet drink in a pub, then this is the guy who'll sort it for you.

"Gemunan þa mæla þe we oft æt meodo spræcon, þonne we on bence beot ahofon, hæleð on healle, ymbe heard gewinn; nu mæg cunnian hwa cene sy."

- 'Think of all the times we boasted at the mead bench, heroes in the hall predicting our own bravery in battle. Now we shall see who meant what he said.'

The Battle of Maldon

Gesta Editors:

Ben Allport - ba288

Ben is a lad of hearty Mercian stock who is soon to embark on his third year at Clare College. His fond love of mead and ales gives rise to the deeply symbolic nickname Tambarskjelve (paunch shaker). Although his scholarly interests lie in the direction of Scandinavian history, Ben also devotes far too much time (often in lectures) to trying to reproduce early medieval handwriting and also doodling anything that passes through the tangled web of his brain. As with many medieval scribes, he suffers from shortsightedness, a bad back and a tendency to write grumpy comments in the margins of texts with which he disagrees.

"Cedmon! Sing me hwæt wugu!" - 'Cædmon! Sing me something!'

Becky Loughead - ral66

The other limb of the almighty script compilers goes by the alias of Bekkhild. After betraying her Celtic homeland by entirely succumbing to Germanicism, Becky has found a deep-rooted empathy to the entirely misunderstood rulers of early eleventh century Anglo-Saxon England, whilst spending the rest of her time tittering at naughty Old English riddles. Her greatest fear is having her shadowy grasp of grammar overwritten by reams of lines from Lord of the Rings. As comes naturally to an ASNaC, mead is her beverage of choice, and she may be found sporting a suitably Anglo-Saxon or Viking ensemble when any form of costumed occasion arises.

"Wyrð bið ful aræd" - 'Fate is fully predetermined'
The Wanderer

Access Officer:

Robin Jones - rpj27

Robin's compelling arguments when proposing the racial superiority of the Welsh amongst the peoples of the early medieval world are undoubtedly his strength, and have had many shaking their heads in amazement at his rhetorical skills. But once knife has gone into meat, drink into horn, and when there is revelry in King Arthur's hall, he's one to watch: he is prone to experiencing episodes of 'ofermod' in which alcohol-related challenges are made, and he might mention that he's Welsh once or twice.

"Llodraid wyd o anlladwydd!"
- 'You are a trouserfull of wantonnesss!'
Dafydd ap Gwilym - Cywydd y Gal

Yule Play Officer:

Anna Millward - alm71

Nicknamed Auðumla, the primeval cow, Anna comes from the wild Welsh borders, a true 'Offa-groupie'. Being a Newnhamite she feels a strong affinity with the strong-minded Norse women, and has a bit of a soft spot for bad boy Loki. She likes daydreaming about elves and giants, as well as making up songs about igloos and Ashley Cole to remember paradigms. She is scared by dates, charters and anything remotely factual, as it means there is actually a real world out there.

Catering Officer:

Linda Intelmann - lmi27

This first-year Newnhamite also goes by the name of Wealhþeow, hlafas brytta. In spite of their brutal raids on her beloved hometown Hamburg, she is still deeply in love with language, literature and history of those bearded men of the North - the Vikings. Invoking divine inspiration from Freyja and Óðinn, she furnishes the hoard of hungry ASNaCs with a weekly feast - the perfect opportunity to test a wealth of tempting recipes. In particular, her culinary tastes circle around anything desert-ish and medieval.

"Þagalt ok hugalt skyli þjóðans barn ok vígdjarft vera, glaðr ok reifr skyli gumna hverr unz sínn bíðr bana."

- 'Silence becomes the son of a prince, to be silent but brave in battle: it befits a man to be merry and glad until the day of his death.'

Hávamál

Grad Liason Officer:

Silva Nurmio - smn36

Film Officer:

Robin Morton - rm560

Archiepiscopus Trinitatis:

Abi Rhodes - ar583

Hugo Lomax Memorial Officer for Cider and Mead Provision

Will Addison - wa231