

The Committee

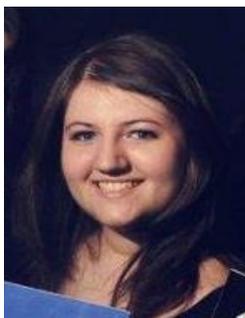
Presidents:

Sarah Mercer - sjm262



Known by the fitting nom de guerre "Viking Princess", Sarah manages to exude both glamour and danger in equal measure. Open to the idea of any 6 foot plus blond man who spends many hours a day rowing, it was perhaps not entirely unexpected that she would choose to devote herself to studies of a Germanic nature. Although quick to breathe fire if her innate superiority is called into question, (particularly in the area of Lord of the Rings trivia) all she really wants is to be loved (and chase Orcs through the woods with a big stick). Equally happy to party until the sun comes up as she is to chill with a pint, she is your contact for any revelry/debauchery you might have planned.

Katie Haworth - kdh32



Having moved up through the ranks of the Society from Catering Officer, Katie is now one half of the ASNC Presidency. The quieter, more organised, Northern half, to be precise. When not doing important President-y things, this Newnhamite's ASNC interests are firmly Germanic and usually archaeological in nature.

Vice-President



Katherine Olley - ko302

Katie, as the title suggests, is a Trinitarian, proud to shepherd the ASNaC flock. A devoted Germanicist she sympathises greatly with the Beowulf-poet in his lament for the passing of the heroic age but whilst she applauds the indomitable spirit shown by Krimhild in trapping her brother in a burning hall to avenge Siegfried's death she would not recommend it as a healthy strategy for coping with stress, so if you're searching for guidance as to what to do when your brother murders your beloved husband, feel the need for prayer for your immortal soul, led astray by the mead-soaked revelries of ASNaC pub, or just want someone to sympathise with you over Old Norse u-mutation, then she is here to help.

Secretary:

Liz Wilson - megw2



A third-year Corpuscule with an unreasonable interest in monks and Popes (for a heathen), Liz hails from the most northerly reaches of Northumbria. Having a "personal affinity with Bede" on her mam's side and qualifications in world-class pedantry, she aims to bray her way through the Amalgam of Twaddle and keep the minutes up to a standard of which the great man would be proud. When not defending her homeland from ravaging hoards (yes, she is varnigh 1300 years too late but she won't let Lindisfarne gan easily), she can usually be found busking on the streets during the day or in questionable watering-holes with fellow ASNaCs by night.

Treasurer:

Anna Larsson - all41



Having grown up in the heartland of Viking age-Sweden just across from Birka Anna is a Newnhamite with trading (or raiding - whichever's most convenient) in her blood. Fierce as Fafnir she guards the ASNaC hoard, but may be talked into handing over a coin or two - provided that she is given the receipts. With a solid Germanic linguistic background she fears no amount of Norse translation - as long as no one asks her to explain WHY 'til' always takes the genitive. Or explain grammar at all come to that.

Social Secretary:

Rob Howell - rh515



Rob is one of those strange people. And that means stranger than most ASNCs. While he has quite an obsession for all things Norse, most take weekends away from the Vikings, while Rob becomes one as a re-enactor. Though sometimes a touch absent minded, he aims to go raiding and steal as many people for ASNC as possible even outside of his role as Social sec.

Gesta Editors:

Mike Frost -mgf26



Mike has the misfortune to come from Sussex, which according to Professor Keynes is a backwards place inhabited by tree-dwelling pagans. Be that as it may, he nevertheless gets very enthusiastic about the sagas of (distinctly treeless) Iceland, and indeed most things Germanic or Brittonic. As Gesta Editor his main job is to follow other Asnacs around with a notebook, writing down all the stupid things they say for a ~~diabolical blackmail scheme~~ the next issue of Gesta.

Meðalsnotr scyli manna hvern, æva til snort sè

A man should be moderately wise, never too wise

Hàvamál

Alice Harvey-Fishenden - aoh23



Sadly, Alice's bio has been kidnapped by the Evil league of Evil's Dragon Squad, led by big mean Germanicists who steal all the words. In order to rescue it, the Netwalda is allying with figures such as Angus McFife, Myrddin and the Doctor, to find the magical sword Excalibur. With the sword, the Netwalda will destroy the league and set free the bios and also to rescue the dragons and Unicorns that have been submitted to the thrall of the evil sorcerer Zargothrax. Updates to follow.!

Axe-ess Officer:

Sam Thompson - sirt2



Despite being a Johnian, Sam is capable of being a friendly and helpful individual. His academic interests straddle the North sea and Atlantic even though he hails from Kent, perhaps he was left behind on a raid. You're more than likely to find him in the common room translating, moaning or being far too enthusiastic about something (normally music) if he isn't there he resides on the windy American football fields of Cambridge taking great enjoyment from the din of battle.

Yule Play Officers:

Ed Gent - eg385



A second year Corpuscle who has been advised to “worry less about the Northumbrian Church”. However he continues to ponder ecclesiastical history, whether it be bishops’ runestones in Sweden, sanctuary boundaries in his Yorkshire homeland or bull-fighting priests in Greenland. Having written, acted and sung (a sound surer to incite monsters to violence than the revelries of Heorot) for the Yule Play, he looks forward to helping lead another troupe of ASNaCs through the next instalment of this fabled tradition.

Swā scrībende gesceapum hweorfað gelōmen gumena geond grunda fela.

Thus the entertainers of men wander with the course of fate through many lands.

Widsith

James McIntosh - jm827



James is the Deputy Yule Play Officer and self-appointed Hōttr/general dogsbody of the committee. Known for reasons best forgotten as 'Skippy', his past of confusing respected academics with debates about unicorns and incinerating vegetables is near-legendary in the department, as is his disturbing obsession with Ælfric of Eynsham. A (hopefully) friendly face, he is often to be found procrastinating in the department, so feel free to approach. Definitely NOT from Liverpool.

"Wite þu, leof man, þæt se þe oðerne neadað ofer his mihte to drincenne, þæt se mot aberan heora begra gilt, gif him ænig hearm of þam drence becymð"

- Know you, dear man, that he who forces another to drink over his capacity must bear the guilt for both if any harm should befall him on account of the drink.

Ælfric of Eynsham

Catering Officer:

Maura McKeon - mcm73



Proud Northumbrian and homegirl of Bede, Maura has a (purely academic, she swears!) interest in all things monastic, mostly Latin and pretty gospel books. She is, however, better known as her alter ego "Fudge Fairy", and leads her hoard of sugar-deprived retainers to pillage the Fudge Kitchen every Friday, before dispensing her delicious booty around the department, to the joy of all. She is also partial to Philology, despite spraining her ankle on a particularly strong verb in Lent Term, and conjugates prepositions for funsies. You will feast well by her hands.

Netwalda/ IT officer:

Rebecca Try - rt383



Order of Merlin, first class, grand sorcerer, Chief Warlock, Supreme Mugwump and Celticist, through and through, Rebecca soon realised she was not cut out for the harsh winds of Scandinavian studies or the Smashing (read; smelly) Saxons, and instead chose to settle for the beautiful mysticism of Wales, Ireland and Scotland. She likes Ketchup.

"The tale of Mac Dathó's pig? Well it's this story about a dog..."

"Mefyl ar vy maryf" - Shame on my beard

Peredur, seducer of Empresses, rider of ponies, and Mummy's boy extraordinaire.

Mead Officer:

Carlotta Barbieri csb61



Before joining ASNC, Carlotta had a free and careless life, creating and selling beautiful hand-made candles, carved with magic runes and inspired by Celtic patterns alike. An ASNC hybrid, her heart is happily shared between the mead-fuelled impetuosity of the Vikings, and the mead-fuelled artistic visionary of the Celts. Fluent in four languages and dabbling in few more, her secret mission is to create a new, simplified version of Old Irish grammar based on Klingon and Linear A.

If you don't find her much around, don't worry, she might be lost in labyrinthine towers, studying ancient manuscripts under the influence of the All-Inspiring-Mead.

Archiepiscopus Catzatatis:



Ella Watts - geiw3

Ella has also been stolen by the League. We're on our way.