

The Kids' Table
The Birth of a SIG
by
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It was exactly two years ago that the Phoenix Gen X group was born at the 2001 Membership party. Some were new to Mensa; some joined years ago. However, we never quite crossed paths at any previous events. That special night at the art gallery, I was watching the sixth game of the World Series. At least twenty other people were focussed on the game. A woman I don't know walked up to me, tapped me on the shoulder, and told me I had to make an effort to introduce myself if I wanted to meet people. I pointed to the TV and told her that was my intention just as soon as the game was over. It seemed so odd that I would be singled out for this advice. More to the point, this was the kind of advice that my mom would give me, followed by a suggestion to buy a whole new wardrobe, wear make up, get a hair cut, and "get your nose out of that book!"

We all joined Mensa for different reasons. Some wanted to meet intelligent people, whether it be for friendship or for romance. Some take the test on a lark and join because they can. In my case, I joined because my first Thanksgiving in AZ was traumatic. I needed to broaden my friendship base. At first, I met people. Being Phoenix, those people moved away after a few years. My own Mensa involvement dwindled to the occasional Games Night. The reason I chose to attend the 2001 Membership party was because I received a postcard invitation. It was that simple. Someone took the time to address the postcard. That meant someone cared whether or not I showed up.

So I showed up, enjoyed the rest of the game, made a cursory round inside the gallery, took a look at the refreshments, and wandered outside. There they were: the

future Gen Xers, all seated in a large circle. I sat down and listened. That didn't last long. Soon the group knew I collected 1973 Looney Tunes glasses, had a thing for Hannibal Lecter, and served a month-long stint in the Israeli army. (I probably told everyone that night that I was an introvert, too.) We shared. We laughed. We decided that we had a lot in common, even though none of us worked in the same fields, had the same educational background, or grew up in the same place.

With every new event, our group grows. The only evidence of growing pains in when we all try to attend a restaurant event. At the last one, they had to furnish us with a spillover table. Yes, the kids' table needed a kids' table. That's fine with us. There are always interesting new people coming by to check us out.

The Phoenix Gen X group is considered to be the best and most active in all of American Mensa. The National Gen X SIG recently unveiled its web site: <http://genx.us.mensa.org/>. Our photos and our events are being shared with others. Plans are already underway for Gen X activities at the 2004 AG in Las Vegas.

Thanks to the Gen X group, my own involvement has soared by leaps and bounds. I took on an appointed position, planned events, and cleaned up after martini parties. It took a bit of prodding, but now I love writing for the MAAM. And I'll be the one addressing the postcards for the newer members to the Membership Appreciation Party on Nov 15. I hope to see everyone at the Alwun House. Gen X, often.