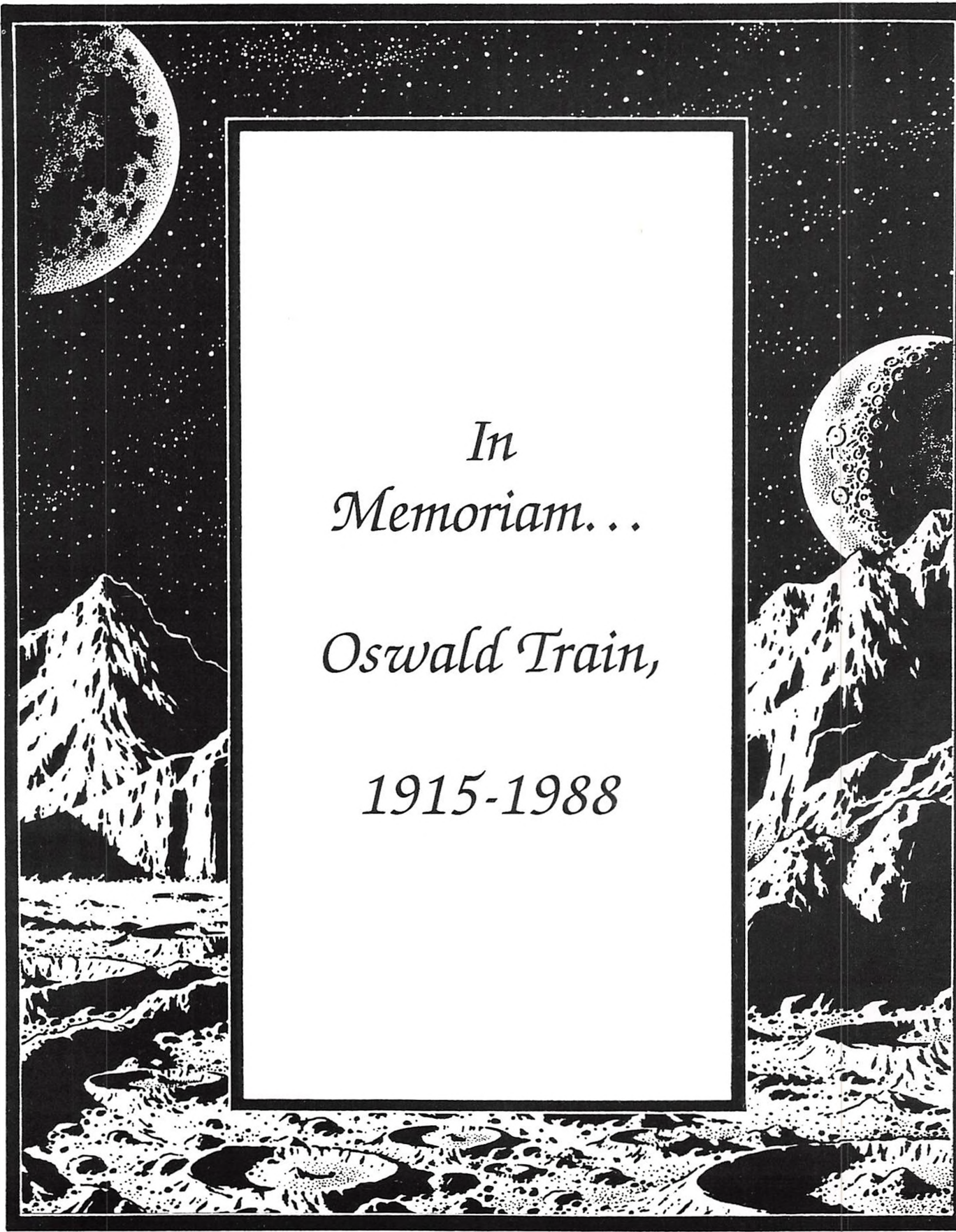


Philcon 88

The 52nd Philadelphia Science Fiction Conference





*In
Memoriam...
Oswald Train,
1915-1988*

Philcon 88

The 52nd Philadelphia Science Fiction Conference

Presented by
The Philadelphia Science Fiction Society
November 4th, 5th, and 6th, 1988

Principal Speaker
Orson Scott Card

Guest Artist
Robin Wood

Special Guest
George R. R. Martin

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A Message From The Chair

On behalf of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society, welcome to Philcon 88, the 52nd annual Philadelphia Science Fiction Conference. Philcon has something for everyone—programs on science fiction, science, mythology, etc.; workshops for writers, artists, and costumers; film and video programming; and a large Art Show and Dealers' room filled with items to add to your collections. We hope that you find our programs and exhibits exciting, informative and amusing.

We are very proud to have Orson Scott Card as our principal Speaker. He has won Hugo and Nebula awards in the past and most recently won the 1988 Hugo award for his novella *Eye for Eye*.

Our Guest Artist this year is Robin Wood. You can see her work in our Art Show. Among her work on display you will find pieces from her recently published book *The People of Pern*.

Our Special Guest is George R. R. Martin, a past Hugo and Nebula award winner. His current projects include being editor of *Wild Cards*, a shared world anthology, and producer for the television program, *Beauty and the Beast*.

While Philcon is the major event of the Society, it is by no means our only activity. Meetings are held on the second

Friday of each month at 8:00pm at the International House, 37th & Chestnut St., in the University City section of Philadelphia. Following the business meeting, our program highlights some facet of the science fiction field, with lectures by well-known authors and artists, panel discussions, and audio-visual presentations.

We also have a monthly Book Discussion meeting to review, talk, and argue about current and classic works. Our Special Events Group meets frequently throughout the year to attend movies, exhibitions, and other events.

If you would like more information about the Society, please write to us providing your name and address. Send the request to:

Philadelphia Science Fiction Society
P.O. Box 8303
Philadelphia, PA 19101

Once again, welcome and enjoy the conference.

Sincerely,
Joyce L. Carroll
Chair, Philcon '88



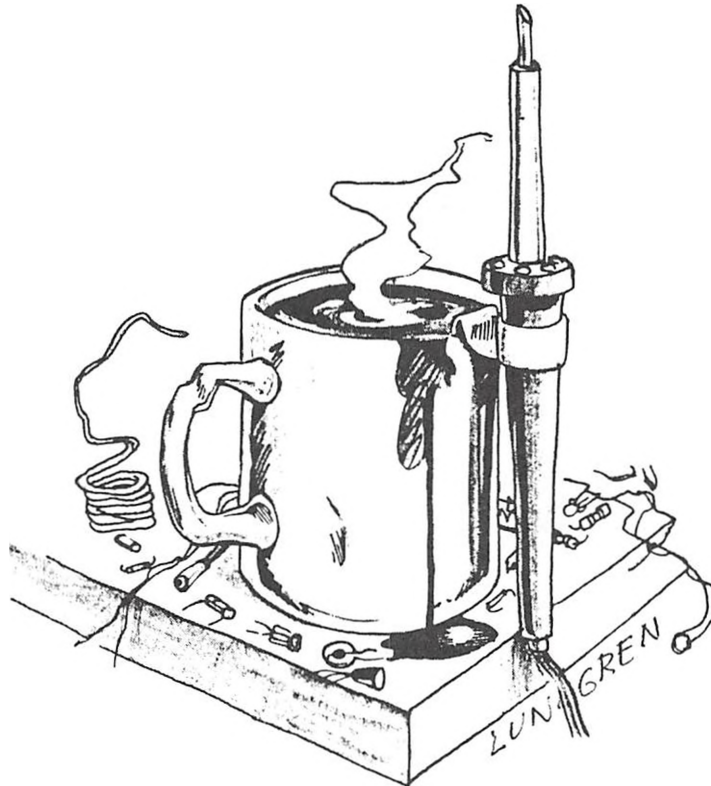
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 Orson Scott Card
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 William Cunningham
 Robert Davies
 Catherine Crook de Camp
 L. Sprague de Camp
 Richard Dick
 Charles Divine
 Charles Dougherty
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 Gardner Dozois

Robert Eber
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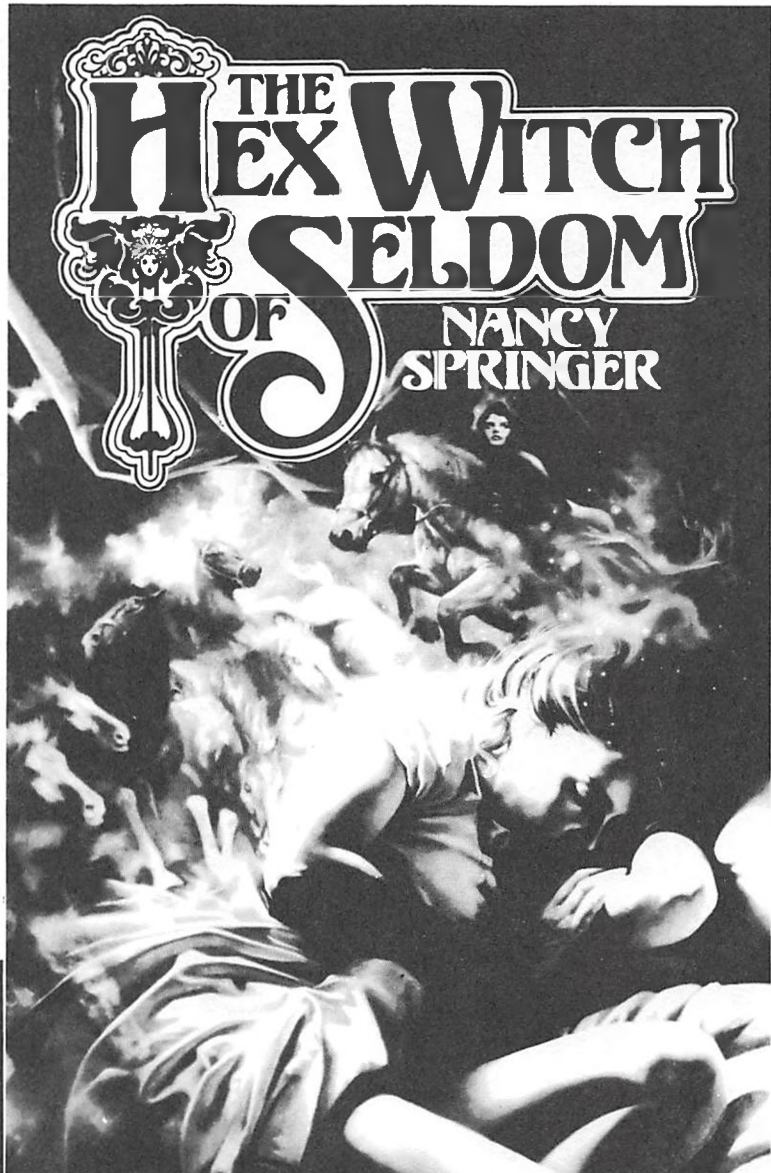
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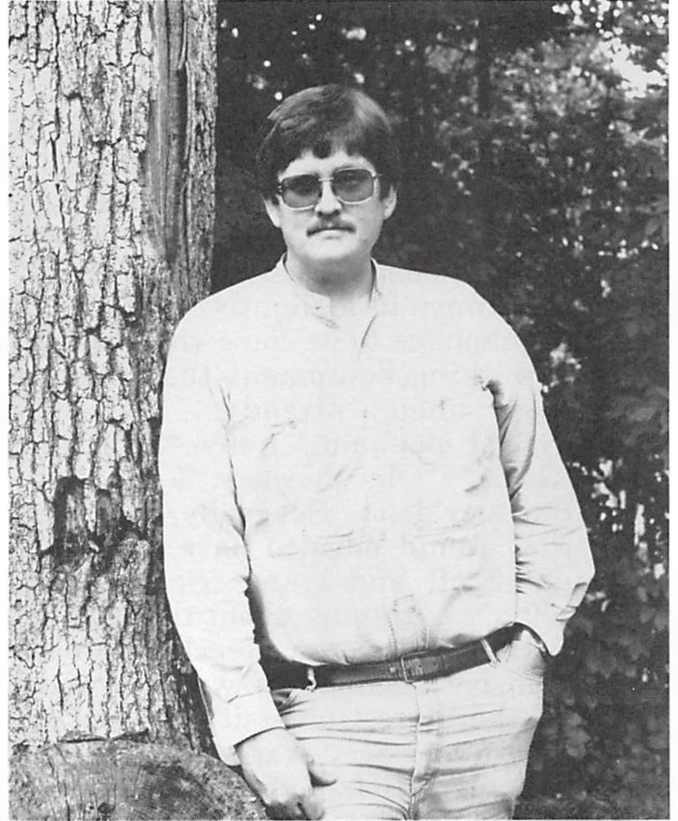
Principal Speaker

Orson Scott Card

Nobody had ever won the Hugo and Nebula awards for best novel two years in a row, until Orson Scott Card received them for *Ender's Game* and its sequel, *Speaker for the Dead*, in 1986 and 1987. Of all his contributions to the field of science fiction and fantasy novels, stories, and anthologies, perhaps Card's most innovative work is his American fantasy series *The Tales of Alvin Maker*. The first volumes of this series, *Seventh Son* and *Red Prophet*, are set in a magical version of the American frontier. Card also writes a regular book review column for *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*.

Besides science fiction, Orson Scott Card is known to other audiences for other works. His historical novel *Saints* may be his best work to date. He has also taught writing at colleges and universities and in such writers' workshops as Clarion, Clarion West, and Antioch. Writer's Digest Books just published Card's *Characters and Viewpoint*. Formerly a computer book editor, Card now writes a monthly column on computer games for *Compute! Magazine*; he has also written books, articles, and a column on computer programming.

Card has spent even more time writing for the Latter-day Saint Audience. Himself a practicing Mormon, Card began his writing career as a playwright, with



many full-length plays produced at Brigham Young University and in various Utah community theatres. Since then, he has scripted hundreds of half-hour dramatizations of stories from the Old Testament, the New Testament, LDS Church history, and American history. Currently he is authoring a series of animated videoplays of stories from the New Testament and the Book of Mormon.

Born in Richland, Washington, in 1951, Card grew up in Santa Clara and San Mateo, California, and Mesa, Arizona, before his family moved to Orem, Utah, when he was 16. It was in Orem that he met his wife, Kristine Allen Card; they now live in Greensboro, North Carolina, where they are as Southern as Westerners are allowed to be. Their children, Geoffrey (10), Emily (8), and Charlie (6), are the most beautiful and fascinating human beings ever born.

Orson Scott Card and the Metaphysical Elephant

by Nancy Kress

Sitting on a shelf in my study between the Oxford English Dictionary and a globe of the Earth is a small stuffed elephant with striped fur and a fluted dunce cap. Visitors look at it with bemusement. "What's that?" they ask, always in a slightly hesitant tone in case it happens to be some vital part of a writer's working equipment that everyone else knew about already. "That's a metaphysical elephant," I say, "Scott Card gave it to me." "Oh," they say, "I see."

But they don't. Not really. In order to "see," they would have to have been there the night Scott and I and friends sat up until 2:00 a. m. arguing about the nature of reality. He and I were co-teaching a week-long intensive seminar in writing science fiction at the State University of New York at Brockport, and Scott was staying with me and my family. He had argued passionately for three hours straight that reality is a fluid concept, that there exist no absolutes except those invented and sustained by the human mind, that even the physical cosmos may yield to the powerful human ability to shape what we perceive and what we become. I argued just as passionately that while that may be true, *I didn't like it*. We may all, I agreed, perceive different realities, like Kipling's blind men going to see the elephant, who each grabbed hold of only one part and considered it to be the whole. *But*, I said—to me an important "but"—there was still a whole elephant there. Underneath. Unperceived but comforting, if only because it represented some verifiable reality in the universe. I *needed* that elephant there, I said. Otherwise, I said, I had nothing to anchor myself to, mentally or morally. I needed that elephant.

The next day Scott went out and bought me the metaphysical elephant.

It wasn't that I convinced him, any more than he convinced me. We still disagree about the nature of reality. We disagree, in fact, on a great many things. But whenever I have argued issues with Scott—great fun in itself—the controversy has ended with a grace note, a pleasure in the sheer intellectual exercise. A metaphysical elephant.

Scott has attracted his share of arguments. He holds strong opinions on writing, on values, on reality. These not only make him stimulating to talk to, they lend his fiction a distinctive character. Isaac Asimov recently described Scott's "popularity with readers and critics" as something he had not seen attained "by anyone since Robert Heinlein at his peak forty years ago."

Scott's shelf of Nebulas and Hugos attest to a basic fact of storytelling that I feel sure he would agree with: stories only succeed when writers care passionately about what they write about. Scott does care; his beliefs, which are both complex and humane, inform his writing; readers respond. Ender Wiggin and Alvin Maker, to name but two, are decent people trying to carry out decent acts in a reality that keeps shifting under them. What they perceive at any given time is only part of the elephant. What they do about it is the best they can. Not one of us can do any more.

I have argued with Scott as a co-teacher, as a colleague at the annual Sycamore Hill Writers' Conference, as a fellow panelist at various conventions, and as a friend. I hope to go on arguing with him for years to come. We have a lot of the elephant yet to cover. And I know that I will be the richer for all this passionate discussion—as has science fiction for both Scott's stories and his presence.

In 1978 a new fantasy voice took the sf/fantasy establishment by storm...then fell silent. Now, she's back with the stunning sequel to the bestselling **SORCERER'S SON**. The wait was well worth it!

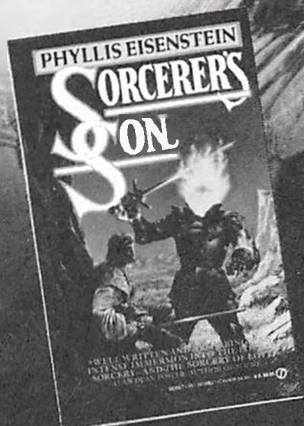
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Orson Scott Card Bibliography

Novels

A Planet called Treason	1979
Hot Sleep	1979
Songmaster	1982
Harts Hope	1983
The Worthing Chronicle	1983
Ender's Game	1985
Speaker for the Dead	1986
Seventh Son	1987
Wyrms	1987
Red Prophet	1988

Collections

Capital	1979
Unaccompanied Sonata and Other Stories	1981
Cardography	1987

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Dragons of Darkness	1981
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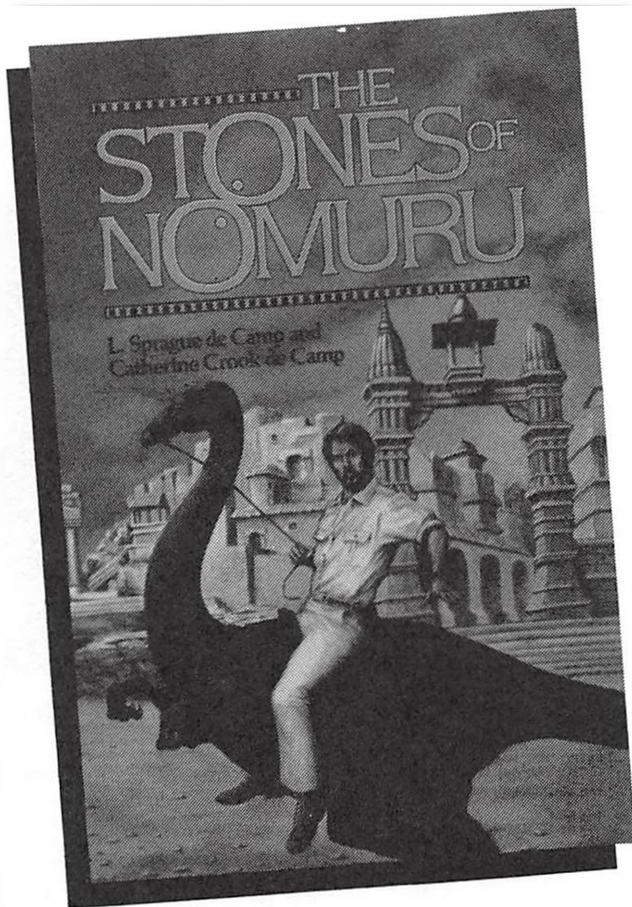
Robin Wood was born November 24, 1953 in Syracuse, NY. She has lived in New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Maryland, Okinawa, and Kentucky, but likes Michigan the best, and considers herself to be "from" there. She graduated from Michigan State University with a degree in teaching the visually impaired.

Robin Wood has never had any formal art training. Her first professional illustration was for the character cards in Mayfair Games' *The Dragonriders of Pern*.

Since then she has done more work for Mayfair, three covers for *Dragon* magazine, one cover for *Dungeon*, as well as other work for TSR and Llewellyn. In between she has done a great many works for sale at cons (some of which have been award-winners), and finished the new Donning/Starblaze release, *The People of Pern*.

She presently lives in New Jersey with one roommate, and three cats named Pheonix, Max, and Bridget.

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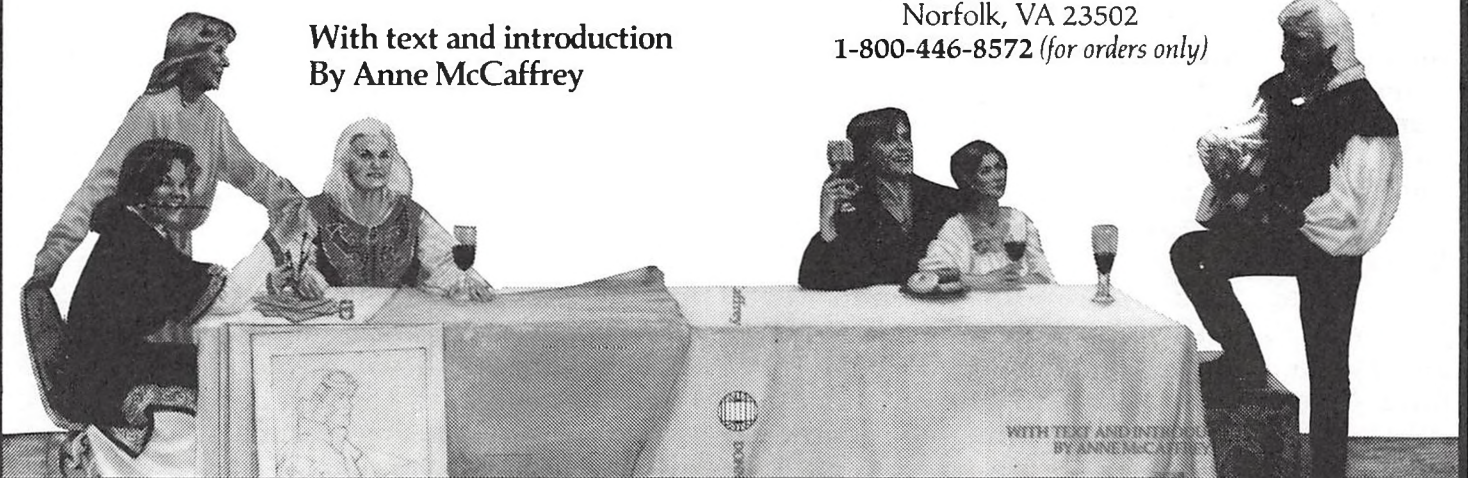
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Nominated by the ALA Young Adult Committee for discussion at the ALA Midwinter Convention

Obituary: Ozzie Train

by John Newton

Ozzie Train, as he was known to colleagues in the book trade, began as a collector in the early 1930s, becoming a well-known figure in science fiction and fantasy bookselling, publishing and collecting.

He was born June 6, 1915 in Durham, England, and moved with his family to the United States, where they settled in Barnsboro, Pennsylvania. A few years later, the family moved to Philadelphia, where he was to live for the rest of his life. He attended Philadelphia schools, and was an active Boy Scout during his school years.

A cabinetmaker by trade, he worked for 35 years in a firm that manufactured cases for fine scientific instruments. When that business closed in the 1950s, he worked at Philadelphia's Liberty Bell Racetrack, maintaining the track's woodwork. He had been retired from cabinetmaking for about 15 years.

He began collecting science fiction in 1932 and joined the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society in 1935, shortly after the group was organized. Train served at various times as the society's president and secretary and participated in its first convention in 1936 when, according to his longtime friend and business associate, John Newton, "five or six people from New York got together with five or six people from Philadelphia." During World War II and for several years after the war, Train edited the *Philadelphia Science Fiction Society News*.

After the war, he formed a partnership with James A. Williams, an antiquarian bookseller, and Alfred Prime to form Prime Press. Drawing upon James Williams' book trade knowledge and mailing list, Alfred Prime's capital, and Oswald Train's large collection of early



From left to right: Jack Baltadonis, Robert Madle, Ozzie Train, Jack Agnew, Milton Rothman

Photo by John Newton

science fiction as a source for material to reprint, Prime Press issued its first successful book in 1947—Theodore Sturgeon's book of short stories, *Without Sorcery*, in both a trade and a numbered, signed edition. Before Prime Press closed in 1953, it had published a dozen books, of which about half were published in both trade and limited editions.

In 1968, he started his own science fiction publishing house, Train Publications, with Freeman's *Adventures of Romney Pringle*, the first of the firm's many titles. Among Train Publications' final books were Olaf Stapleton's *Far Future Calling*, edited by Sam Moskowitz, and Moskowitz' *Reflections in the Moon Pool*.

Oswald Train built his collection of books on science fiction, fantasy, horror and related subjects to more than 30,000 titles. In recent years, acting on a friend's suggestion, he developed a collection of mystery fiction as well, accumulating 3,000 to 4,000 titles in that field. He participated in book fairs and sold by catalogue until about two years ago when he began experiencing heart problems. The last of his catalogues, Number 37, appeared two years ago.

In Memory of Ozzie Train

by Ozzie Fontecchio

Ozzie Train joined the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society in 1935, within a few months of its founding. Over the next few years he made his mark in the Society; serving several times as Secretary, President and Philcon Chair. By 1939 his contributions to the Society were such that he was voted a Lifetime member.

During World War II, Ozzie single-handedly kept the Society alive while most of its members were called away. As the Society's members were scattered to the far corners of the globe, Ozzie provided them with a stable contact at home and news of developments in the science fiction field. While the Society was reduced to little more than a continuing fanzine during this period, the efforts of Ozzie Train prevented it from becoming yet another wartime casualty.

While other founding members' careers and interests took them away from the Society for various periods of time, Ozzie remained a fixture at Society meetings. Until the time of his death, Ozzie regularly attended meetings and maintained his status as an Active member. To the end, he remained keenly interested in the activities and business of the Society.

To reach an understanding of the type of man that Ozzie Train was requires more than a mere recitation of his achievements in fandom. Ozzie was generous in a style reminiscent of an era past. Any visit to his home would invariably end with Ozzie presenting one with an "extra copy" of a book or art portfolio that seemed somehow to be taking up too much space.

An avid collector of rare and unusual science fiction paraphernalia. Ozzie delighted in showing visitors his

voluminous collection. Guests were treated to a view of his complete collection of *Argosy*, *Weird Tales*, *Amazing*, *Astounding* and various rare first editions of books by E. E. "Doc" Smith, Robert Heinlein, Arthur C. Clarke, Isaac Asimov and others. The jewel of his collection however, was the works of H. Rider Haggard. Ozzie owned every edition of every H. Rider Haggard book ever published, the original artwork of the covers to many of these works and even the inkwell that Haggard used in penning his original manuscripts. Ozzie was proud of the fact that his Haggard collection was without peer in the world.

Like many fans, Ozzie enjoyed good food. He was himself an accomplished chef, and included cookbooks among his collections. His friends soon found that one way to repay his many kindnesses was with new types of food, especially ice cream.

A devoutly religious man, Ozzie never pressed his beliefs in conversations with others. It was only at his funeral that we realized the depth of his faith. The choir books used in his church were made and bound by his own hands.

Of all his achievements in fandom, Ozzie was perhaps proudest of the fact that he was the only person to attend every Philcon ever held since its inception in 1936. Sadly, now there will be Philcons, but Ozzie Train will not be there.

We will miss his praise for our efforts which always seemed more worthy from the mere fact that he noticed them. We will miss his quiet words when some detail of the conference was overlooked or needed improvement. In the end, Ozzie, we will miss you very much.

The Elf of New Jersey

by Elisa Firth

I used to live in New Jersey with Robin Wood. The Famous Artist. The elf.

That's right, the elf. What kind of people are six feet tall, addicted to milk, allergic to iron, and on a first-name basis with every tree, flower, herb, and weed that grows within five miles of them? Robin plays the harp. She walks barefoot in the snow. She knows the cure for the common cold.* She has three howling banshees in her house. (Sure, you can call them cats; I know better.) So, she's more likely to greet you with "Wanna buy a print?" than to recite poetry. Elves gotta make a living too.

For a Person of a Different Species (the non-discriminatory way to say it), Robin was pretty easy to live with. In fact, once I got over how cheerful she was in the morning, I found her the perfect roommate. When she was around, that is—she spent most of the last year locked in her studio, painting "People of Pern." Twenty-five oil portraits, forty Prismacolors, and a cover. Since each picture needs a reference (either found or made, like the rubber chicken/fire lizard), a sketch, an underpainting in grey or sepia tones, and up to ten layers of glazes, no one has seen much of her. In fact, during May and June, I just slid pizza under the door.

Now that she's stopped working 14-hour days, she has time to catch up with some of the stuff that happened while her attention was elsewhere. Like being a local celebrity. There was this article, see, in the *Trentonian* that told all about her, and now people recognize her and ask, "Are you

Robin Wood, the famous artist? Did you really paint Master Robotron of Pern?" Hey, that's what the article said. Robotron—yeah, that's the ticket!

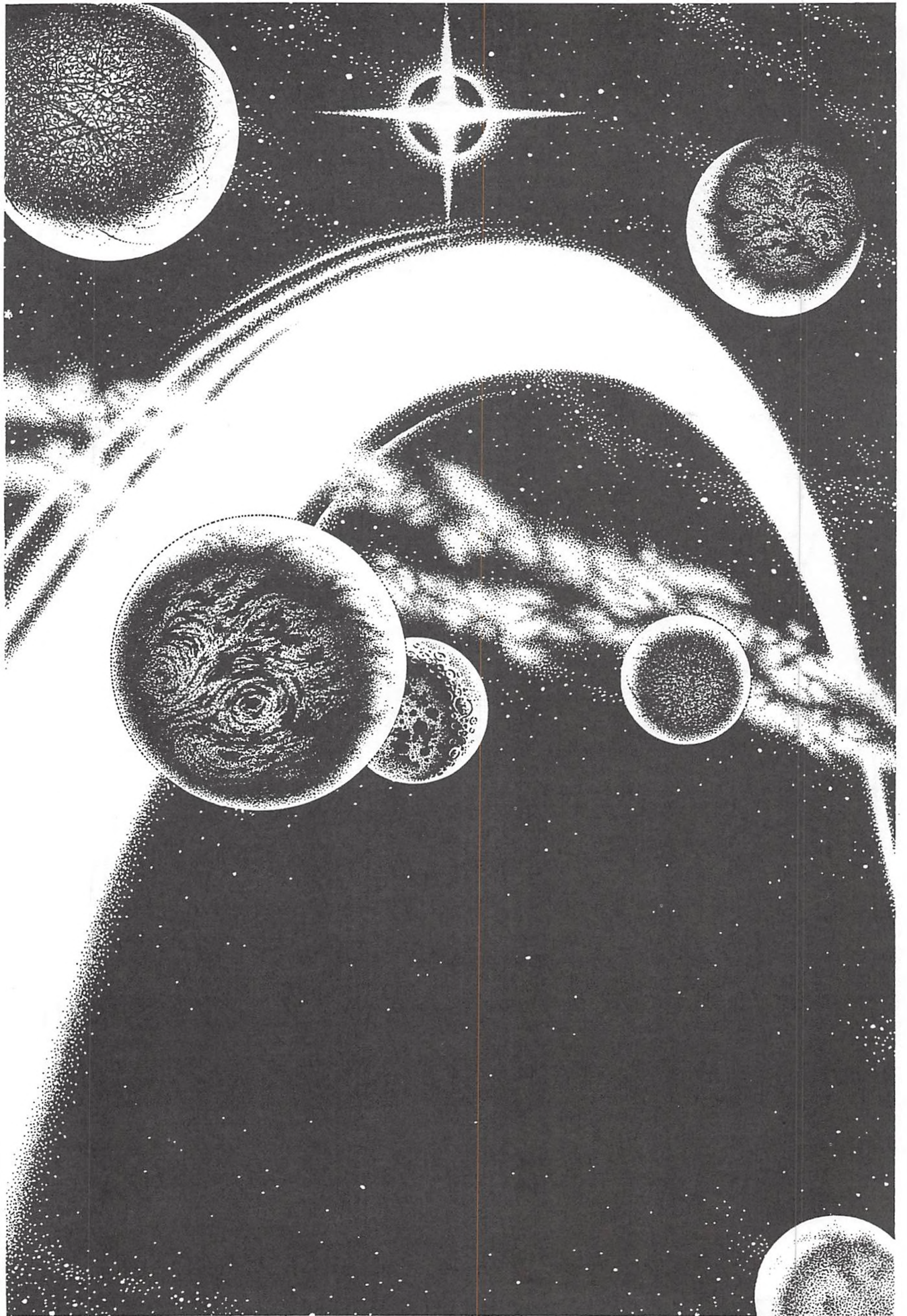
Robin's also newly single, as of Pearl Harbor Day (a day that will live in infamy). Like her dad says, she's ready for a life of fast men and loose cars. Her really immediate plans include more work, though—she's thinking seriously about finishing the Robin Wood Tarot (I have this really great bridge I wanna sell you) and illustrating a children's book. And teaching painting workshops, and traveling to conventions. Not counting finding the time to talk to the woods—it's a bad idea to separate Robin from trees. And she's going to find the time, too. I wonder if she's really a brownie—she works too hard to be an elf.

So say hi to Robin for me. Ask her how Feeney's doing. Ask her if she's going to wear her leopard-print bathing suit this weekend. And don't be surprised if you feel better after talking to her. Elves are like that.

* Fill a tea-ball with dried yarrow flowers. Steep this in a cup of hot peppermint tea. (Robin uses Celestial Seasoning's Mystic Mint, of course.) Drink as many cups of this as you possibly can, (at least six during the course of the day). Change the teabag as needed, but not the yarrow. Too much yarrow isn't good for you. Do this the first day you feel the cold coming on. The next morning you will wake up feeling fine.







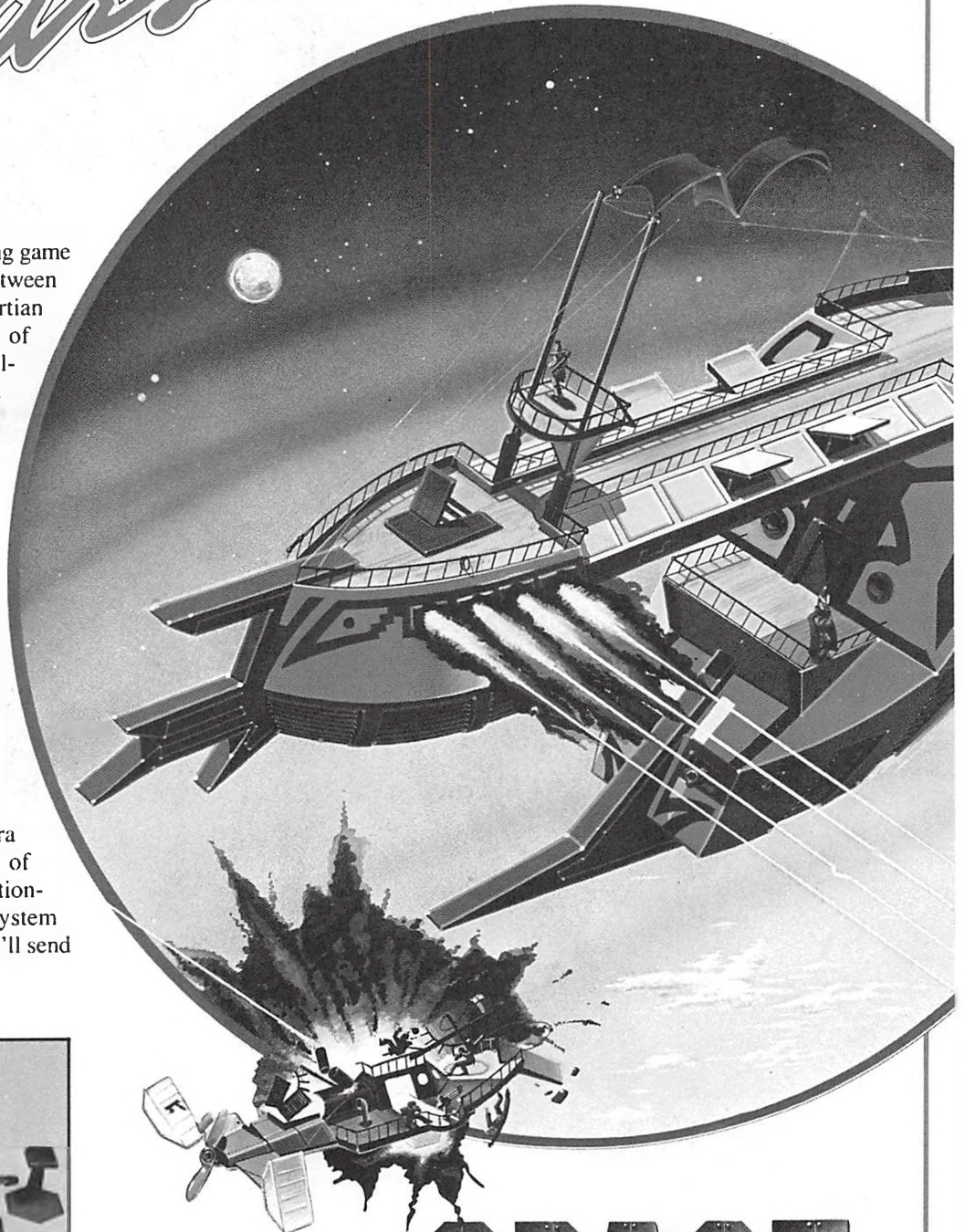
SKY GALLEONS

OF Mars

Sky Galleons of Mars is a fast-playing game of aerial combat in the Martian skies between the wooden cloudfleets of the Martian princes and the steel aerial gunboats of Queen Victoria's Royal Navy. Model-quality, plastic playing pieces, pictured here, add to the reality of the thrilling battles among the clouds which pit Martian warriors against the discipline of the British Empire's colonial troops.

Once the basic game scenarios are mastered, players can go on to design their own galleons and gunboats and play out continuing aerial campaigns. **Sky Galleons of Mars** is compatible with the **Ironclads and Etherflyers** boardgame, coming this fall, and the **Space: 1889** role-playing game coming in January 1989. **Sky Galleons of Mars** is \$24.00.

Space: 1889 makes Victorian Era science fiction the role-playing event of 1989. For a free, 16-page, information-intensive booklet on the game system and background, just write and ask; we'll send one out by return mail.

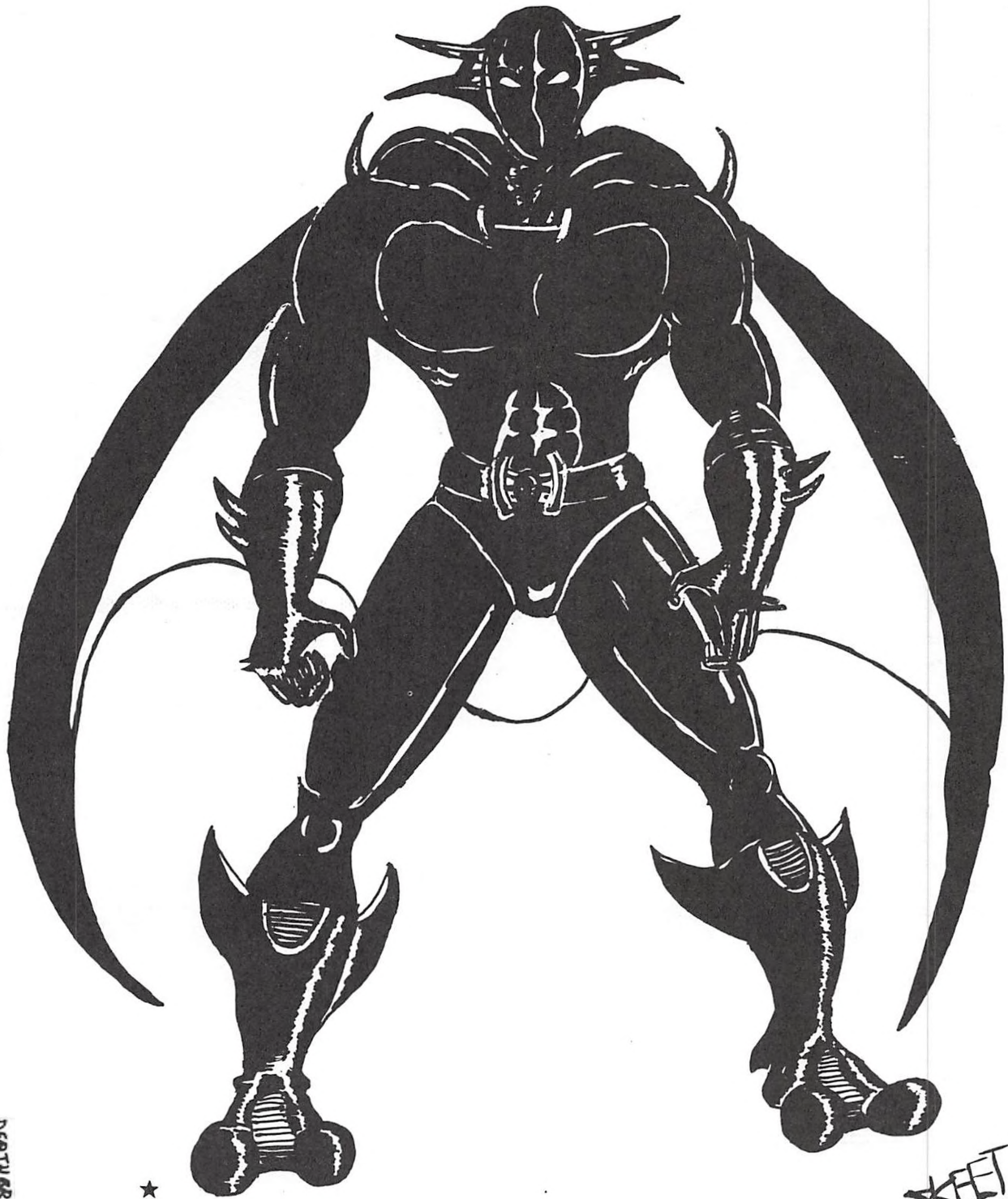


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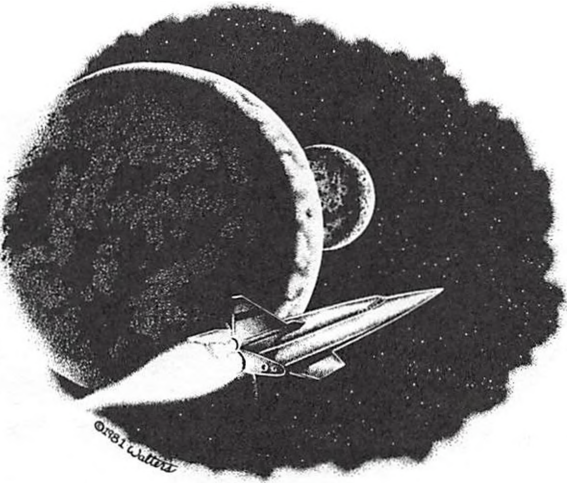


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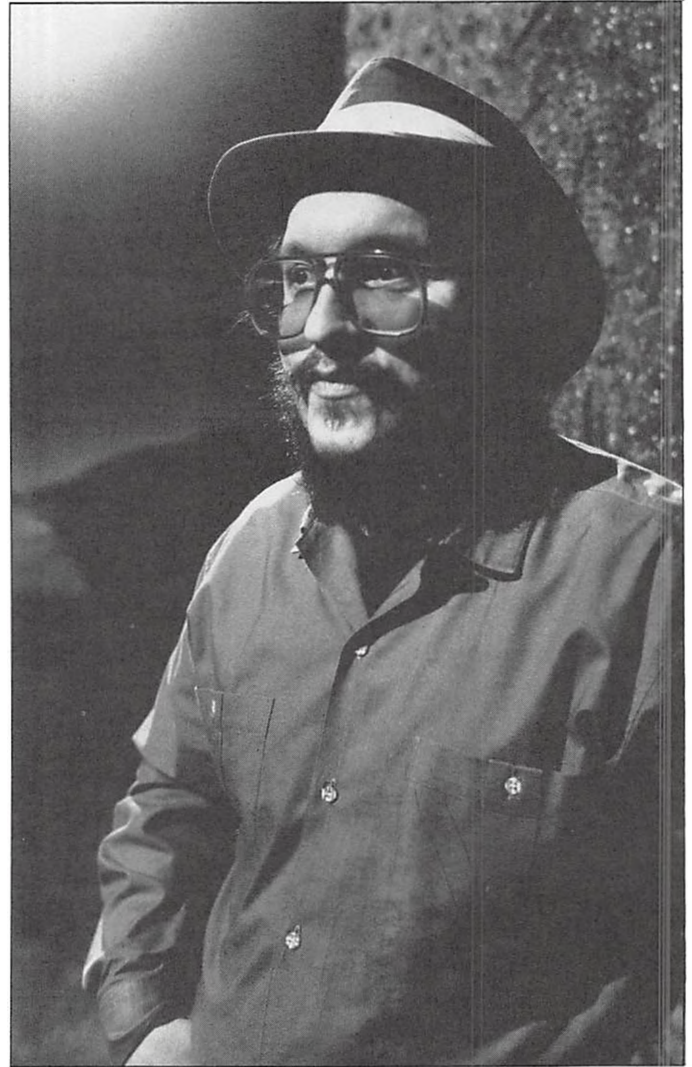


Special Guest

George R. R. Martin

George R. R. Martin was born September 20, 1948, in Bayonne, New Jersey. In 1966 he left to attend Northwestern University, from which he received his Journalism degree in 1970 (summa cum laude). Since then he has been a VISTA volunteer as a conscientious objector; director of chess tournaments for the Continental Chess Association; a journalism instructor at Clarke College, Iowa; writer-in-residence at Clarke College; a freelance writer; Central/South Regional Director of the Science Fiction Writers of America; story editor for *Twilight Zone*; and executive story consultant for *Beauty and the Beast*.

George R. R. Martin's first works were monster stories which he sold to other neighborhood children for pennies, dramatic readings included. In high school he began collecting comic books and writing for fanzines. His first published story, "The Hero" appeared in *Galaxy* in August 1970. To date his works total four novels and more than fifty pieces of short fiction, predominantly science fiction, fantasy and horror. He is a member of the Science Fiction Writers of America, the Horror Writers of America, and the Writers Guild of America, West. His hobbies include chess, gaming, and books. He presently lives in Santa Fe, New Mexico.



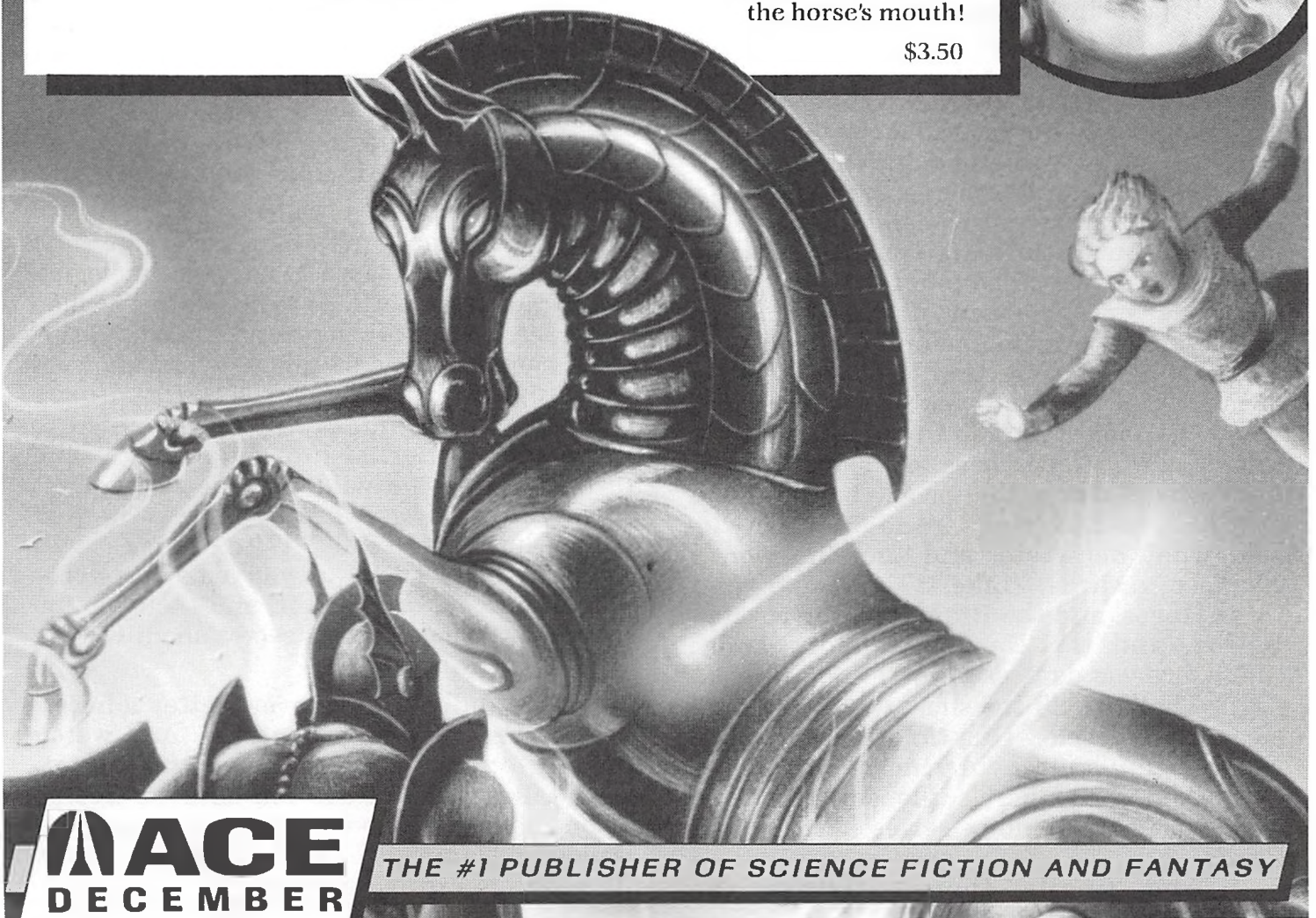
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ACE
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Railroad Tracks

by Melinda M. Snodgrass

It's hard to keep track of George Martin these days. Hard to classify him, too. Is he one of science fiction's top writers? An ace editor? Or one of the most talented screen writers in Hollywood? (Am I a little biased? You bet.) Well, the truth is he's all three, and a hell of a nice guy, and one of my closest friends in the world. So would a friend reveal a deep dark secret about him? Of course, what are friends for? But you'll have to wait for the juicy stuff. First we have to impress and perhaps depress you with a listing of George's accomplishments.

His first accomplishment was getting himself born in Bayonne New Jersey back in 1948. He then decided to be a prodigy, and start writing at seven or eight. When he was but a wee nipper he wrote a series of exciting space operas; the most famous of which—*Turtle Castle*—featured those outstanding heroes, the galactic turtles. (Now if this were an academic paper we'd all talk about themes and symbols or some other liberal arts gibberish, but, thank God, it's **not**, so you can draw your own conclusions about George and turtles.)

Time passed and George won a scholarship to Northwestern University, where he took a degree in journalism. He taught, and judged chess tournaments, and did all those things that people have to do to stay alive, and he wrote. And eventually he sold what he wrote, and then he won a couple of awards. Like two Nebulas, and three Hugos, and the Bram, and the coveted Balrog, and the Daedelus, and... and... (there, are you depressed yet?)

That was all the short fiction. George also writes novels. Outstanding novels like *Fevre Dream* and *The Armageddon Rag*.

And then there's the editing. The *New Voices* anthology series. And *Wild Cards*.

And finally there's George the

television producer and screenwriter. He worked on the new *Twilight Zone*, was nominated for a Writer's Guild award, and now he's giving his talents to *Beauty and the Beast*, and creating delight for us, the viewers. What other man but George R. R. Martin would have a character in a television show read *Ozymandias*?

So what is it about George R. R. Martin that makes him a success in all of these diverse endeavors? Well, first there's the fact that he's unbelievably talented. But I think it goes deeper than that. George can touch human emotions better than any writer I know. He's made me laugh in *Wild Cards*, and weep in *Fevre Dream*, and horrified me in *Night Flyers*. He understands what makes us human—good and bad. He presents it to us, and he always leaves us feeling a little bit elevated by what we've read. Like we are worth it, and we can make it.

So is there anything that George can't do well? Well, George is not a technologist. In fact, he's sometimes a little shaky when it comes to scientific matters. Like the time, way back in the dark ages, when we were working on Book II of the *Wild Cards* series, *Aces High*. And George wanted to have the Howler go into outer space, and use his awesome wild card power against the evil invading swarm mother. Those of you who have read *Wild Cards* will understand. Those of you who haven't—shame on you! Go read it, and then you too will know the deep dark secret about George R. R. Martin.

Actually, I have even better advice. Go read *all* of George's works. And watch *Beauty and the Beast*. You're in for a treat. And talk to him at the con because George is one of the best and most generous people I know. Damn. I wish I could be in Philadelphia in November.

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Traveling to the Aahz's home dimension, Skeeve's up against a myth-cellany of sordid characters in the worst neighborhood of the multi-universe...where jokes are a felony, and courtesy a myth-demeanor!

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NOVEMBER

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George R. R. Martin Bibliography

Novels

Dying of the Light	1977
Windhaven (with Lisa Tuttle)	1981
Fevre Dream	1982
The Armageddon Rag	1983

Collections

A Song for Lya and Other Stories	1976
Songs of Stars and Shadows	1977
Sandkings	1981
Songs the Dead Men Sing	1983
Nightflyers	1985
Tuf Voyaging	1986
Portraits of His Children	1987

Edited by George R. R. Martin

New Voices in Science Fiction	1977
New Voices II	1979
New Voices III	1980
New Voices IV	1981
The Science Fiction Weight-Loss Book (co-edited with Isaac Asimov and Martin HarryGreenberg)	1983
The John W. Campbell Awards, volume 5	1984
Night Visions III	1986
Wild Cards	1987
Wild Cards II: Aces High	1987



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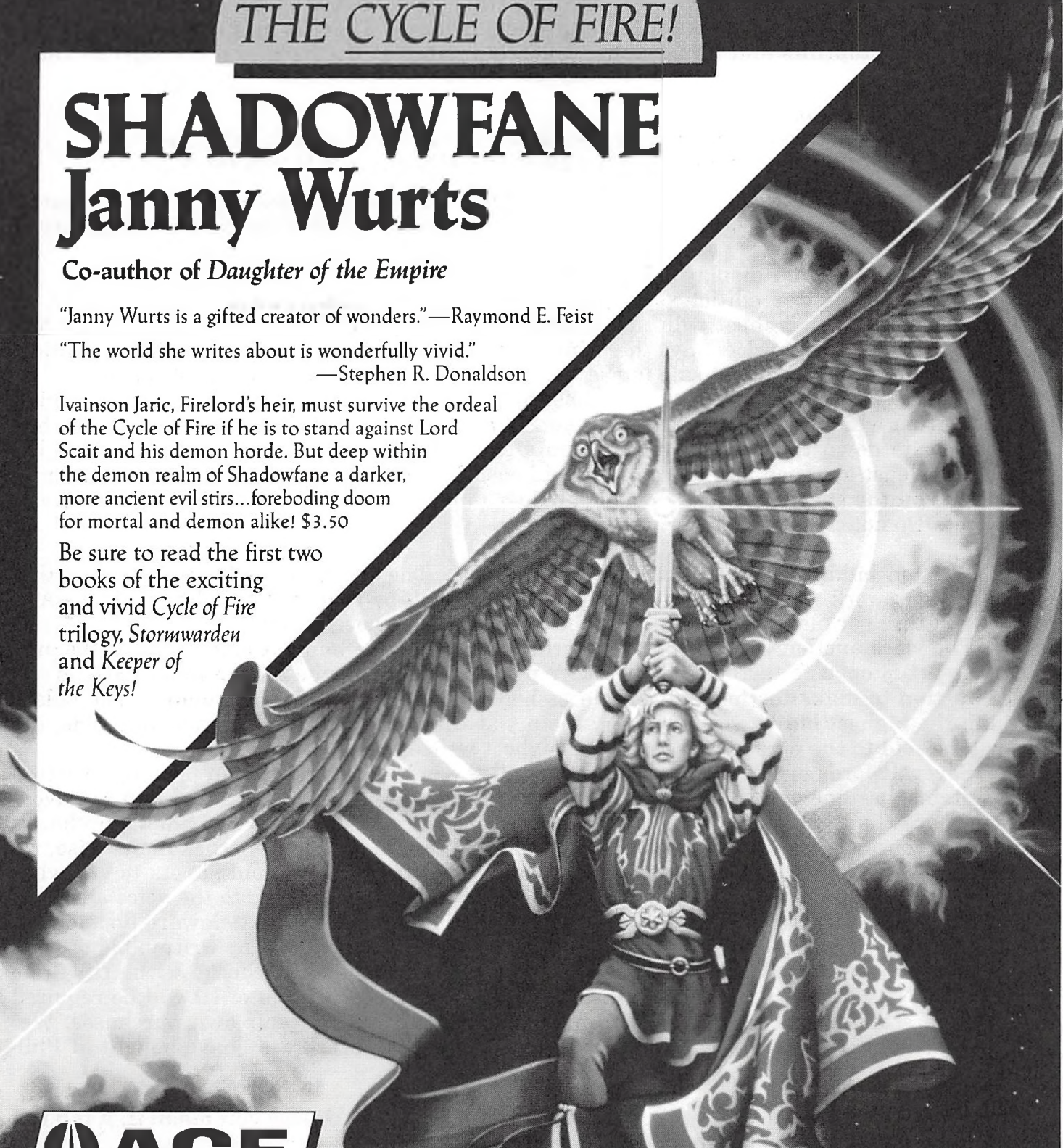
—Stephen R. Donaldson

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Art Show Rules

The art show is an exhibit of original SF, Fantasy and Fannish art in two-dimensional (e.g. sketches and paintings) and three-dimensional (e.g. sculpture) form, executed by both professional and amateur artists. All artwork other than that marked "NFS", for "Not For Sale" is for sale by competitive (written and voice) bidding. There is also a Print Shop for direct sale of photoprints and lithographs, which is located at the back of the Dealer's exhibit area.

To bid on artwork you must:

- 1) Be a registered member of Philcon as evidenced by your Philcon badge.
- 2) Register at the Art Show Control Desk to receive your bidder number.

Each piece of artwork is tagged with an ID/bid sheet which lists the title of the piece, the medium and the name of the artist. The color of the bid sheet indicates the sale status of the artwork:

Blue: Artwork for display only, not for sale.

Yellow : Limited edition photoprint or lithograph for sale at a preset price only. A print with a yellow bid sheet will have a single line for a written bid. The first written bid, equal to the preset sale price, buys the print. Usually the artist will have submitted additional copies of the print for direct sale in the Philcon Print Shop at the same preset price.

White: Original art for sale to highest bidder, beginning at minimum bid price. Original art with a white bid sheet will have several lines at the bottom of the sheet where the bidder can write down the amount he/she wants to bid for that item. The amount of the bid must be at least as much as the minimum bid specified by the artist and more than any preceding bid on the sheet. Write your name, bidder number, and amount of bid, legibly, on the bid sheet. Do not cross out any written bids.

Written bidding will close at noon on Sunday. The Art Show will be cleared at that time. Any artwork with less than three written bids will be sold to the highest bidder. Artwork with three or more written bids will be entered in the voice auction.

The voice auction will be Sunday afternoon from 1pm to 3pm in Salon E, F. At the auction, the art is open to further bids by other people. Therefore the bidder should attend the voice auction to make further bids on pieces he/she is still interested in buying. The bidder making the highest bid by voice will buy the art at that price. If there are no voice bids, the art will be sold to the person who made the highest written bid.

Several words of warning: Keep track of all the bids you make; when placing a written bid on items, assume you will be the winning bidder on ALL of them. This way you can avoid buying more than you can afford. If you have reached your limit for Art Show purchases, wait until you have lost an item to a higher bidder before bidding on another item. Also, return to the Art Show before its closing (Sunday, noon) to check the bid sheets to see what items, if any, you have won by written bid and which items will be going to the voice auction.

Art Show Sales will be Sunday afternoon from 2pm to 4pm in the Delaware Rooms 3&4. At this time you must pick up and pay for all items of art you have won by written bid or voice auction. Cash, Visa or Mastercard, traveller's checks, and personal checks with ID will be accepted for payment as per rules set by the Philcon Treasurer. Proof of ID will be required of all buyers at time of payment. You must pick up and pay for your own purchases. We **WILL** track down anyone who fails to collect and pay for artwork they have bought at Philcon.

Remember: you bid, you buy. Be serious. Do not make a bid unless you mean it. A bid is a legal obligation to buy the art you bid on at the price you bid.





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