





presents...

Con†Stellation XI: Scorpio

6-8 November 1992

Huntsville Hilton

Huntsville, Alabama

Guests of Honor *Kristine Kathryn Rusch*

Dean Wesley Smith

Master of Ceremonies *Michael Flynn*

Artist Guest of Honor *Stephen Hickman*

Fan Guest of Honour *Mike Glicksohn*



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Kristine Kathryn Rusch and Dean Wesley Smith

*Guests of Honor
by Algis Budrys*

Apart from both using three names where most of us use two, Kristine Kathryn Rusch and Dean Wesley Smith are not much alike. They are exactly complementary.

I first met them at Clarion East, Dean in 1982 and Kris in 1985. Even if they had gone the same year, I probably could have told them apart.

Dean was a tall, handsome man in his mid-30's, a former golf pro and ski instructor with a degree in architecture who had also completed two and a half years of law school, and owned a used bookstore in Moscow, Idaho. At Clarion, he attended classes regularly; otherwise he had a tendency to disappear, as did a lady student he had met in the lobby at registration. Nina Kiriki Hoffman, who was another classmate, like Dean from Moscow, explained it was all a coinci-

dence... that Dean was studying in his room. And he was, actually; by the time Clarion was over, he knew every square inch of the lady student. Also a little bit about writing.

Kris was a petite blonde, in her middle twenties. She was the news director of a radio station in Madison, Wisconsin, and her attitude at Clarion was one of earnest application to the various bits of arcana that the various instructors, myself included, let drop. What I remember mostly about Kris at the time was the earnestness with which she took in every word.

Time passed... it became 1986... and one day I found myself organizing the first, experimental, Writers of the Future workshop in Taos, New Mexico. After 1982, I had actually gone to Moscow, Idaho, from Chicago,

to be Guest of Honor at Moscon, where among other things I renewed acquaintances with Dean, and Nina (who lived upstairs in the bookstore, with a python for company), and met a number of other people who, in years to come, would begin selling SF. I also, on that trip, became not only a judge in L. Ron Hubbard's Writers of the Future Contest but the editor of an anthology resulting therefrom. And shortly after my trip to Moscow, Nina, and Dean, were in my first anthology; Nina because she had won a prize in the Contest, Dean because he was a Finalist with what I thought was a story good enough to include.

But it was, as I said, 1986 before we held the first WOTF workshop.

The workshop was unique in several ways. For one thing, it had a lot of instructors — Frederick Pohl, Jack Williamson, and Gene Wolfe, in addition to myself, for twelve or so students. For another, we paid the student's tuition, but we did not pay for room and board or transportation. For a third, the whole thing got put together in a tearing hurry. We got, among others, Ray Aldridge, Marina Fitch, Jon Gustafson, Bidget McKenna, Martha Soukup, Lori Ann White, and Dean and Kris, despite the fact that it was all last-minute,



and despite the fact that these people had to somehow make it to Taos, and feed and shelter themselves. Dean — who was driving up from Sedona, Arizona, where he had been visiting his father — I casually asked to stop in Albuquerque on his way and pick up a girl named Kristine Kathryn Rusch, and he just as casually agreed. Kristine had not actually won a prize in the Contest, but she had been a Finalist, and now, apparently, she was willing to learn more. Like the other students, however, she was not exactly rolling in money, and if we could save her the additional fare from Albuquerque to Taos, it would be a good thing.

Well, oddly enough, by the time they got to Taos, Dean and Kris had reached an arrangement such that they were not willingly apart. They also learned; by the time the workshop was over Kris knew enough so that she hasn't looked back since; Dean was energized in a way that I had not seen in him previously. And everybody figured that Dean had scored another conquest, and Kris would soon go the way of all the others, smiling but detached.

Actually, they have been apart a whole week since 1986 — the week after the workshop, when Kris went back to Madison to cut some strings, and Dean went back to Moscow long enough to get a fresh set of clothes before driving to Madison. As near as I can figure out, it was exactly 50-50; it is one of the great romances of our

time in SF, and much has come of it.

In the course of preparing to live not together but in close proximity, they toured a number of localities, settling on Eugene, Oregon, almost by accident. They were aware, of course, that Damon Knight and Kate Wilhelm lived in Eugene, and John Varley at that time, but they settled on it almost casually, as noted above, and Dean went to work as a bartender (having sold the bookstore some time before) and Kris as a secretary, with separate apartments. They did not actually live together for some years, until they were absolutely sure that was what they wanted.

What they mostly did in Eugene was write, with ferocious energy and rising success, alone, together, and in bunches of writers who they would invite down for the weekend, renting a series of rooms in a motel and spending the weekend in writing novels. In time, this became known as the Pulphouse gang, and in 1988 that became known as *Pulphouse*, the hardback magazine, and in time it became Pulphouse, Inc., and the world stands back in awe and admiration.

Now they live together in a rented home in Veneta, Oregon, an exurb of Eugene. They have bought 20 acres in the coastal mountain range, and Dean is drawing up plans for their house. He plays a little golf, and I suppose he skis, though I can't recall seeing any ski gear in the house. It doesn't matter — like Kris, he is a

him on the side, like Pulphouse. He has sold literally hundreds of stories, like she, and a fair number of novels, though not as many as she because he has not written as many — but stand by.

She, for her part, was the editor at Pulphouse for a number of years, but several years ago was offered the job of editor at *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction* and accepted it. Their rented house is filled with bookshelves and computers, manuscripts, cats in great number, and state-of-the-art electronic gear. She drives a Porsche and he drives a Silhouette. There is also a hot tub out back which I heartily recommend.

It is almost a storybook tale, though if you expect nothing but sweetness and light from either Kris or Dean, you are in certain cases going to draw back a bloody stump. Not only did they not stumble into this through dumb luck, they are well aware that preserving it is not a matter of simply staring starry-eyed into the future.

They are very nice people, as you are about to find out if you didn't know it already. Welcome them and enjoy them. They will be around the SF scene for many years to come, giving more than they take.



Michael F. Flynn

Master of Ceremonies

by Stanley Schmidt

It would be hard to imagine less auspicious conditions than those under which I first met Mike Flynn. I'd been looking forward to it, because I'd bought some noteworthy stories from him and had already decided he was one of the most promising new talents I'd discovered in quite a while. So I'd persuaded him (by the simple expedient of saying "free lunch") to play hooky and come into the city one day. When he arrived, I'd just hung up the phone after G. Harry Stein called to tell me the *Challenger* had just exploded. Naturally that cast something of a pall over lunch.

I'm pleased to report that all our subsequent encounters have been considerably more pleasant. Mike has eminently fulfilled my initial appraisal of his promise, producing a body of work impressive not only for its quality and quantity, but for its

diversity. His stories range from the achingly tragic "Captive Dreams," to the whimsically impish "Soul of the City," to the utterly silly "On the High Frontier." And he doesn't just do fiction. With an extensive professional background in mathematics and quality engineering, he has written some of *Analog's* readers' favorite fact articles, including one that brings together for the first time several lines of research that just might be heading toward something like Isaac Asimov's psychohistory.

Mike's work has received some awards, including the Compton Crook Award for Best First Novel, and come close to others. He's been a Hugo finalist at least twice, and I really hope he wins one eventually—I know what he plans to say in his acceptance speech, and it would be worth giving him the award just to hear it. (No, I

won't tell.) He's also received several less conventional distinctions. He may have cheated himself out of the Campbell Award for Best New Writer by selling a single story a couple of years too soon — that is, a couple of years (the eligibility limit) before unleashing the steady stream of high-quality work that we've since come to expect from him. He was asked by Jerry Pournelle and Larry Niven to collaborate on *Fallen Angels*. He's particularly proud of having picked up on a panelist's assertion that it was probably impossible to write a story that would be suitable for both *Analog* and *Weird Tales*, and done it. (Yes, we're sure — I saw it first and turned it down only because of a slight similarity to a story I'd recently bought, and it then sold to *Weird Tales*.)

I'm not really sure what the full range of Mike's talents and interests is, because I'm always discovering new ones. In one of the lesser known traditions of New York City, sometime between Christmas and New Year the Flynns and the Schmidts can usually be found soaking up culture at the annual P. D. Q. Bach concert at Carnegie Hall. And if you're not careful, there's a very real danger that you may find him doubling on clarinet and bass clarinet with the Analog Mafia Ragtime Band at the next WorldCon.

But his writing is what brought him here, and if you haven't yet become personally acquainted with it,

you owe it to yourself. I have a hunch his remarks as Master of Ceremonies will give you some idea why. It's hard to say in a few words what makes a Flynn story special, because they vary so widely in detail. For a while he had the odd distinction of being one of the best examples of what I think of as a "hard science fiction" writer while setting most of his stories in the past or present. Then he became one of the leading explorers of that very new and futuristic territory called nanotechnology. And I've already told you of the broad emotional range of his work, from wry humor to the deeply serious.

Yet there are common threads running through all of it. Remember a few sentences back when I used the phrase "hard science fiction writer"? I hesitated just a bit over that, because so many people interpret it so much more narrowly than I do. To me, hard science fiction — the stuff I try to publish in *Analog* — means *science fiction* in which the author lavishes careful attention and genuine interest on both the science and the fiction. The kind of story I most like to publish has ideas that stretch my mind in new directions, people I come to know and care about, and above all it's fun to read. Naturally not everything I actually get is as close to that ideal as I'd like — but if you asked me to pick one writer as an example of the combination of skills I'd most like *Analog* writers to have, I'd be hard put to pick a better one than Mike Flynn.

ConStellation XI Committee

Co-Chairs	Jay Johns, Mike Kennedy	Masquerade	Sue Thorn, Susan Teems
Treasurer	Ray Pietruszka	Operations	Bob Buelow
Art Show	Sam Smith	Programming	Jim Woosley
Auction	Uncle Timmy, Maurine Dorris	Children's Programming...	Debbie Mitchell
Con Suite	Pat Flynn	Publications	Mike Kennedy
Costumer's Flea Market...	Bill Payne	Publicity	Jack Lundy
Dealers Room	Mike Stone	Poster Art	Rhett Mitchell
Game Room	Mike Ray, C.O.G.	Registration	Robin Ray
Hotel Liaison	Nelda Kathleen Kennedy	T-Shirt Design	David O. Miller
		Video Room	Troy Parker

Significant others will include Carlo DeShouten, Rich Garber, Jim Kennedy, Ed Kenny, Ron LaJoy, Jann Melton, Cynthia Padget, Scott Padget, Courtney Warner, Kevin Warner, and a host of others.

Art Credits

Stephen Hickman	front cover
Tim Riley	7, 15
Back cover courtesy of Ed Kenny	



Schedule

FRIDAY

- 12:00N Registration Opens Lobby
Con Suite Opens Von Braun & Hunt Rooms
Art Show Opens for Artist Check-in Heritage I
Dealers Room Opens for Dealer Setup Heritage II & III
- 4:00P Art Show Opens Heritage I
Dealers Room Opens Heritage II & III
- 6:00P Opening Ceremonies Grand Salon B
Children's Programming Track: "Kidzilla" — Grand Salon A
construct and destroy your own version of Tokyo
- 6:30P Science Track: Conley Powell says there are Grand Salon B
"More Things in Heaven..." and he'll tell you about them
- 7:30P The Huntsville's Science Fiction Writer's Grand Salon B
Group and Cake Appreciation Society reads *good* stuff
- 8:00P Art Show Closes
Dealers Room Closes
- 9:00P Reading: Kristine Kathryn Rusch Grand Salon B
- 10:00P Filk into the Night Grand Salon A
Registration Closes — See Con Ops for After-Hours Registration
- 10:30P Let the Dance Begin Azalea Room

SATURDAY

- 9:00A Registration Opens Lobby
Art Show open for Artist Check-in Heritage I
- 10:00A Children's Programming Track: "Young at Art" — Grand Salon A
look for the results later in the Art Show
- Art Show Opens Heritage I
Dealers Room Opens Heritage II & III
- 11:00A Science Track: "Living off Planet" Grand Salon B
presented by Lee Cummings and Richard McNeil
- 12:00N Mike Glicksohn Interview Grand Salon B
"Most of an Hour with Michael Flynn" Grand Salon A

of Events

SATURDAY

- | | | |
|--------|--|-------------------|
| 1:00P | "The Kris and Dean Show — or, the Secrets of Getting Published" (two hours) | Grand Salon B |
| | Darrell Osborn presents "Makeup Effects" | Grand Salon A |
| 2:00P | Children's Programing Track: "Science Magic" | Grand Salon A |
| 3:00P | "Most of an Hour with Steve Hickman" | Grand Salon B |
| | Registration Closes | |
| 4:00P | Michael Flynn discusses "Psychohistory" | Grand Salon B |
| | Reading: Dean Wesley Smith | Grand Salon A |
| 5:00P | "Thy Shoes Shall Match Thy Costume" — Bill Payne and Pam Pickett will tell you why | Grand Salon B |
| | Science Track: Les Johnson presents the latest info on "Mars Exploration" | Grand Salon A |
| 6:00P | Science Track: "Spacelab Mission Operations" is presented by Stephanie Osborn | Grand Salon A |
| | Art Show Closes | |
| | Dealers Room Closes | |
| 7:00P | Guest of Honor Speeches | Grand Salon B |
| 8:00P | Art Auction | Azalea Room |
| 9:00P | Masquerade | Grand Salon A & B |
| 10:30P | Shall We Dance? | Azalea Room |
| | Filk It Up | Grand Salon A |

SUNDAY

- | | | |
|--------|--|-------------------|
| 10:00A | Art Show Opens | Heritage I |
| | Dealers Room Opens | Heritage II & III |
| 11:00A | Michael Flynn moderates a two-hour discussion on "The Differences Between Fantasy and Science Fiction" | Grand Salon B |
| 1:00P | Art Show Closes, begin Artist Check-out | |
| 2:00P | Dealers Room Closes | |
| ? | The Dogs are Dead, Long Live the Dogs | Con Suite |

Stephen Hickman

Artist Guest of Honor

by Steve Miller and Sharon Lee

Steve Hickman lives *elsewhere*. Really.

When we first met him he lived in a portion of Virginia smack dab in the middle of the Balti-Wash Metroplex and was lucky to have a lawn. Now he lives in Red Hook and has acres and acres of lawn, and even a tree or two to call his own. But the important thing is that Steve Hickman *always* lives elsewhere, so that he's lived in Lemuria, and on Liad, and, lucky guy that he is — living elsewhere is his job.

Let us explain. Most people live in a tidy world where they can see trees, and roads, and bridges, and goats, and whatever else they happen to see;

and then they get on with what they're really doing. Steve Hickman sees a tree and he sees the bark, and the shape of the leaves, and the texture of it, and the way it bends in the wind, and the way the light bounces around inside the canopy, and how it would look from the other side. More, when he reads about a tree he sees it in all its glory, and can paint exactly what he sees. No matter if it exists or not.

As a case in point, Steve Hickman did the cover for *Agent of Change*, our first Liaden novel and the first of three books that he's illustrated for us so far. While we knew our characters had been in and out of the

Triple Moon Saloon, we didn't know that the sidewalks out front were self-illuminating, or that there were three wonderfully neon bands in the sign. But Steve H. knew. He camped out front of the Triple Moon Saloon with his easel and painted it all, including Val Con and Miri pulling their guns while Edger (he's the big green guy) looked on.

Some other details about this guy who lives elsewhere. He's painted around 150 book and magazine covers since he started, and his work has been shown in galleries as well as dozens of science fiction conventions. He likes to do private commissions and right now is interested in doing art "with a little more paint on it," which is Hickmanese for fun work.

When he's not painting *elsewhere* he may well be writing about it: his book the *Lemurian Stone*, the first of a fantasy trilogy, has been published in the U. S. and England. Guess who did the cover art for that? Well, since he'd been there, Steve Hickman was the logical choice.

Living elsewhere comes natu-

rally to Steve. His father was with the foreign service, so young Steve lived in Pakistan, Manila, Indiana, and even in exotic Texas. But, while he was experiencing all this elsewhere, he was also glomming onto another kind of elsewhere: the elsewhere of fantastic art.

His exposure to Wiley Ley's books and Jack Coggin's space illustration led Steve to other artists and ideas; he studied Frank Frazetta at one point, and Roy Krenkel, and then the work of Frank Kelly Freas. He'll tell you "Those are great artists for a beginner to get to know."

Steve Hickman lives elsewhere now. His subtle style allows him to paint a cover-full of aliens or a cover-full of spaceships with the same facility. He enjoys working on private commissions because he can leave behind the publishing constraints of size and format, but he relishes the challenge of doing something new with each cover that he does.

Steve Hickman lives elsewhere, but he's here at Con†Stellation, along with his art. Enjoy, enjoy, enjoy.



Mike Glicksohn

Fan Guest of Honour

by Bill Bowers

“He’s a short, stubby little person, he could do with a shave and a trim... and he’s likely to make crude unwarranted remarks about parentage should you happen to mention my name in his presence.”



I get asked to do these things, you know. And I generally say “yes.” It’s a job, and it’s generally for conventions I personally am unable to afford, but, well, I can’t pass up the opportunity to add stature to the mythos of my closest-friend-with-the-longest-duration (of putting up with me). Besides: I’ve Done It Before.

The above quote is from the Program Book for the 1975 WorldCon (Ausiecon), and I’d dearly love to reproduce the Jay K. Klein photo that accompanied by “bio” of Mike therein. As it is, even if you’ve never met him, you should be able to recognize him across the con suite from that long

ago descriptor: He’s only slightly stubbier, and although even more in dire need of a shave and a trim... he assures me that he’s grown no shorter. (To each of us, please, our delusions leave...)

Mike Glicksohn’s first convention was the Tricon (1966), and he claims to have met me at the 1969 WorldCon, in St. Louis. However, *I met him* the following June, when a carload of Canadians passed through northern Ohio... on their way to MidWestCon, in Cincinnati.

It was only the first of several close-but-no-cigar ersatz nexuses in our fannish experiences: Three years after Ausiecon, I was a WorldCon (albeit, closer) Fan GoH. The gap in GoHships was closer at ConFusion — I followed Mike the next year. However, when I was finally chosen Fan GoH at a convention that hadn’t noticed honored Mike, he looked so

mortified that the Contradiction committee kindly invited him the following year.

It is true that Mike has won a Hugo, and I haven't. But I've "lost" far more than he ever will — and I'm still publishing. (Why is it that I have the feeling that one of us can't take a hint?)

There are more, many, more personal intertwinings of our lives over the past two-plus decades — but Mike is now engaged (no, I wasn't requested to mention that; just meddling), and I... well, I just recently learnt how to spell "discretion" — so the real dirt will have to wait. (~~Until you invite me to be your Fan GoH...~~)

Mike has achieved more than most fans, in terms of both accomplishments and accolades, over the past quarter of a century. Rumor (unconfirmed) has it that, at one time, he actually *published* fanzines! (However, one should not, under any circumstances, ask him about the publication schedule of a fanzine title starting with the letter "X"; *any* fanzine starting with that letter.)

For more than a decade, Mike has reigned unchallenged in his niche as the Avis of Letterhacks (compared to the Hertz: Harry Warner, Jr.), but recently Mike announced that he is "retiring" from that arena of fanac. For a mere woman.

Fie! How terribly unfannish. (~~I certainly would never...~~)

But he does seem to keep popping up at conventions. Which is

all to the good.

In the postcard setting out the parameters for this piece, Mike Kennedy said "Length of bio — 500 to 1000 words (plus or minus a lot)."

...and yet, in the preliminary phone call he told me he'd never met Glicksohn. Yeah. Right.

No quantifiable amount of words would suffice to even attempt conveying to you what a rewarding pleasure it has been for me knowing Mike Glicksohn — through the Good Times and the Bad... for both of us — for having him as the longest (never thought I'd use that word in his context!) continual link with my past... and for the innate knowledge that, should I ever need him, all I have to do is call...

He is one small... but one terribly significant reason why I've hung around fandom for over thirty years.

...before I get too maudlin, and completely ruin our carefully scripted repertoire, I can't think of a better way of "introducing" your Fan Guest of Honour to Mike Kennedy, and the rest of you in Huntsville this November weekend, than by closing with something that is still as true in 1992 as it was when I wrote it in 1975:

☺ ☺ ☺ ☺ ☺ ☺ ☺

"Michael Glicksohn...

"Good things do come in small packages. He's fun to be around, and he'll give you many hours of pleasurable conversation. He's my friend, I say that with pride, and I know that you'll enjoy meeting him."

Con-Etiquette

WEAPONS POLICY

Con†Stellation XI has a strict no weapons policy, with only two exceptions. First, dealers may sell legal weapons, but these must be securely wrapped before leaving the Dealers Room and not opened in any public area of the hotel. Second, legal weapons may be used in the Masquerade, **if** approved in advance by the Masquerade staff. Any violation of this policy **will** result in confiscation of the weapon or ejection from the convention, at the sole discretion of the committee.

If it looks like a weapon, or is intended to suggest a weapon, this policy covers it.

SMOKING

A smoking area will be provided in the Con Suite; all other function rooms are no-smoking areas. The hotel does provide smoking areas in the restaurant, lounge, etc.

DRINKING AGE

Alabama's drinking age is 21. Our badges will not differentiate by age, therefore those sponsoring room parties are **strongly** encouraged to card everyone before serving alcohol.

Which brings us to: **DO NOT DRINK AND DRIVE!** Con†Stellation would not exist without your attendance, and we want you back next year.

MASQUERADE

Our Masquerade will be run this year by Sue Thorn and Susan Teems of the Deep South Costumers Guild. Please check in the area near Convention Registration for the entry deadline, rules, and entry forms.

ATTENTION COSTUMERS

Come buy, sell, or swap at Bill Payne's costumer's flea market in Grand Salon C. At press time the hours were to be determined; check at Masquerade Registration or find Bill around the con.

TOURNAMENT GAMING

The local Huntsville gaming group, C.O.G., will be running tournament games at Con†Stellation. Game sign-up will be in the hotel lobby, near Convention Registration. Check there and in the Game Rooms for game schedules.

LIVE-ACTION VAMPIRE GAME

Interactions Limited from Birmingham will be running White Wolf's live-action game Vampire — the Masquerade™. They will charge participants a fee. Look for their sign-up table near Convention Registration.

ART SHOW AND AUCTION

Please help us protect the artwork by not bringing food, drinks, or cam-

eras into the Art Show. A check-in table will be provided for these items plus your purses and bags. The Art Auction will be at 8:00P Saturday in the Azalea Room.

VIDEO ROOM

The Video Room (in the Twickenham Room) will open Friday afternoon. Check outside that room or at Convention Registration for a video schedule.

AUTOGRAPHS

There are no formal book signing sessions scheduled, but most authors would *love* to sign your books after readings, panels, and at other times. Please be considerate in limiting the number of books in one request to give everyone a chance.

CON SUITE

The Con Suite will be located in the Hunt (non-smoking) and Von Braun (smoking) Rooms. Soft drinks will be in the Mill Town Room, locat-

ed between Hunt and Von Braun. Either room of the Con Suite is subject to being closed in the wee hours for cleaning, but part of the Con Suite will always be open.

DANCES

Con†Stellation XI continues the tradition of dynamite dances on both Friday and Saturday. The venue will be the Azalea Room, with the starting time 10:30P each night.

FILKING

Alternate Programming (Grand Salon A) will be turned over to filking both Friday and Saturday nights after other scheduled programming.

AREA GUIDE

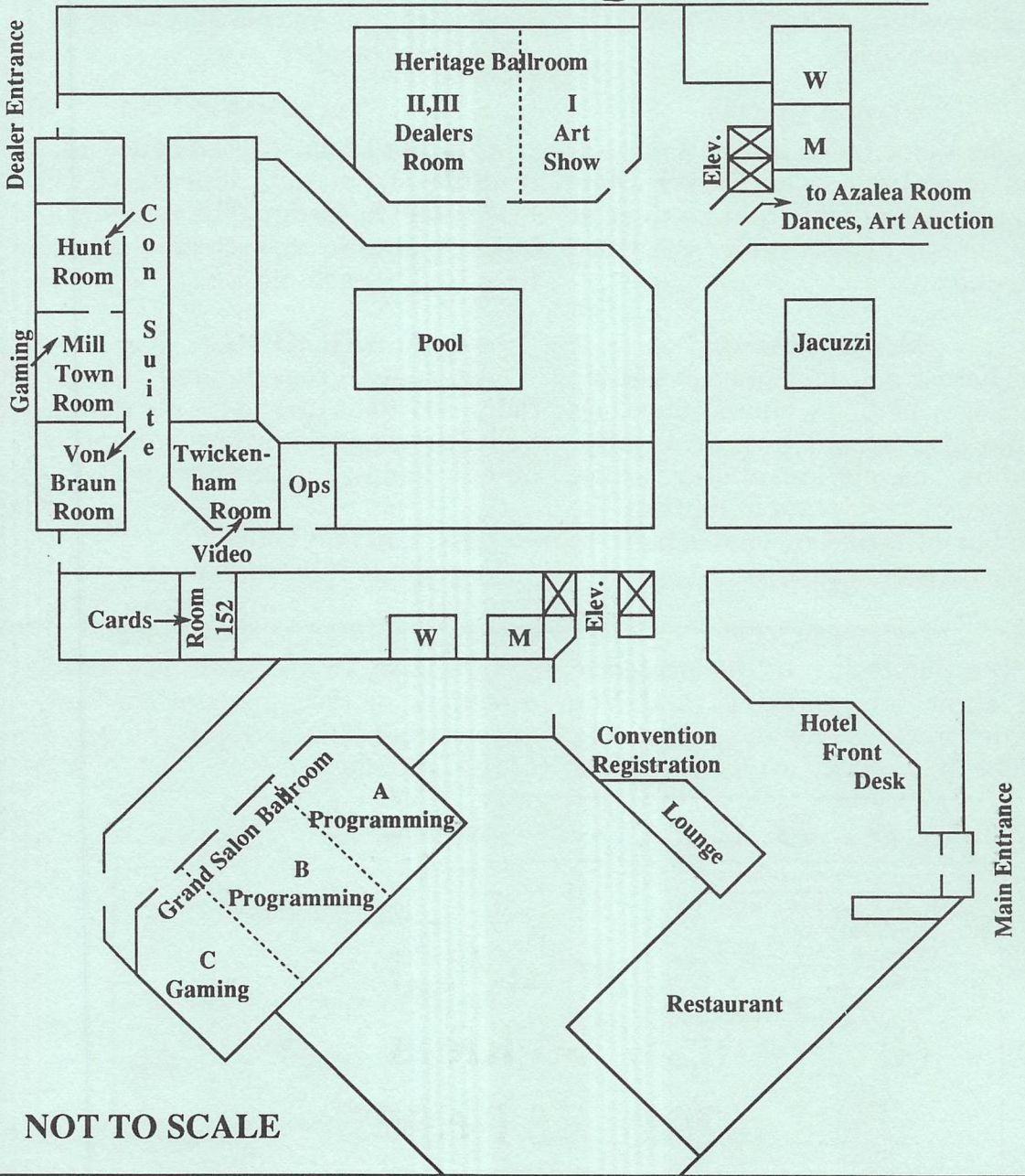
A guide to local restaurants, grocery stores, other area businesses, and sites of interest is included with your Pocket Program. If you need directions or recommendations, ask any member of the con staff or inquire at the hotel desk.

T. R. & Co.

by TIM RILEY



Hotel Layout



RAC *Rent-A-Center*SM

Storewide Values Price Reductions Throughout The Store

Complete Personal Computer System

- High performance 386SX™ IBM® compatible computer with printer.
- 40 megabyte hard drive
- 14" VGA color monitor
- Comprehensive software package featuring GeoWorks™ Ensemble™.
- Toll-free 1-800 hotline to answer any questions.

\$29⁹⁹ a week

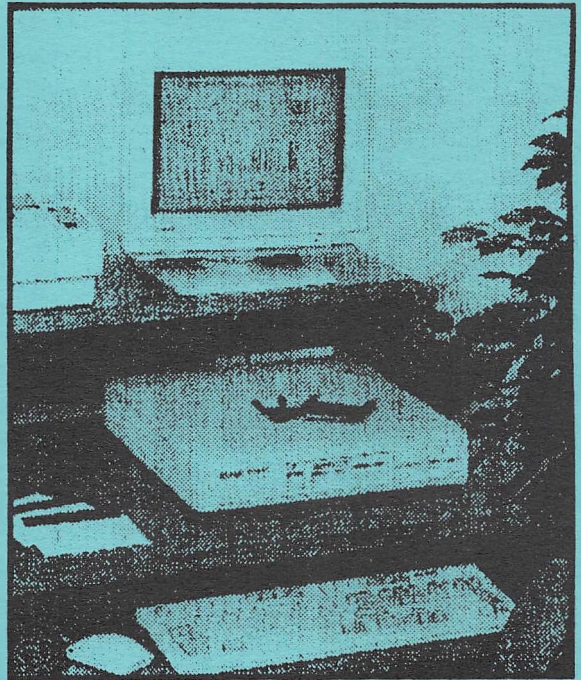
Camcorders

- Zoom lens allows for close-ups at the touch of a button.
- Uses standard VHS tapes.

\$19⁹⁹ a week

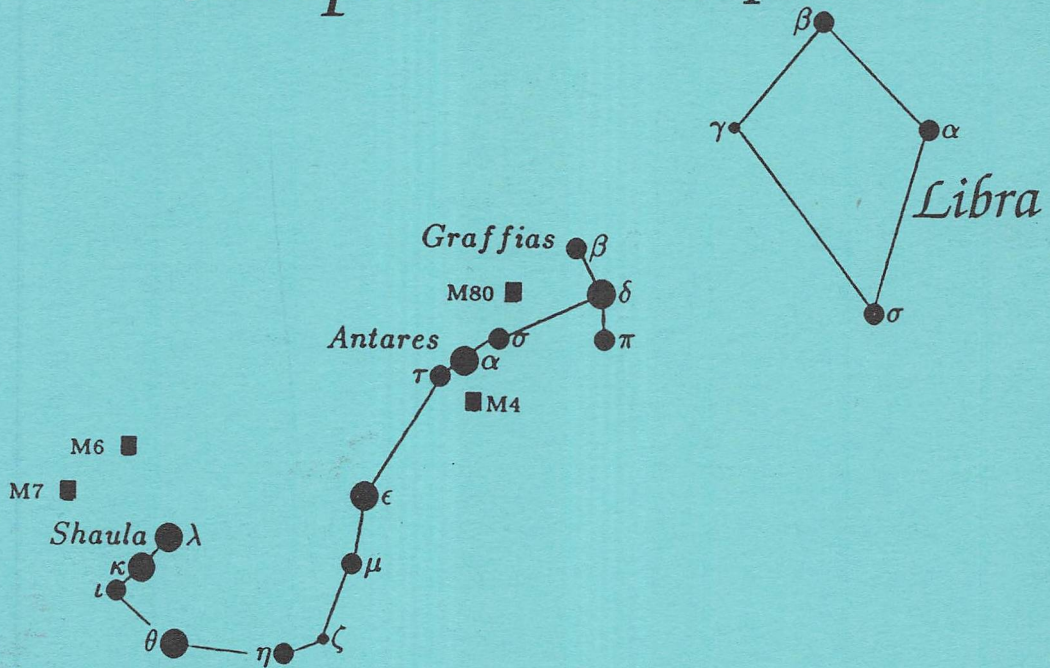
MAGNAVOX Digital HiFi Stereo with CD Player

\$9⁹⁹ a week



**2615 N. Memorial Parkway
(In Front of Builders Square)
(205) 851-6065**

Scorpius: the Scorpion



In Greek mythology, Scorpius was the scorpion that stung Orion, the hunter, to death. It was sent by Artemis, the hunting goddess, because Orion tried to ravish her.

The constellation Scorpius is older than the Greeks. Over 5000 years ago the Sumerians knew it as Girtab, the Scorpion.

The stars that make up Libra, the scales, made up the claws of Scorpius until Julius Caesar cut them off to make a separate constellation.

The brightest star in Scorpius is Alpha Scorpii. It is also known as Antares from the Greek meaning "like Mars." This is because of its reddish-orange color that is similar to that of Mars. Beta Scorpii is called Graffias, Latin for "the claws." At the end of the scorpions' tail is Lambda Scorpii, called Shaula from the Arabic meaning "the sting."

Other nearby objects of interest are the open star clusters M6 and M7 and the globular star clusters M4 and M80. M6 and M7 are visible with binoculars while M4 and M80 require a telescope. μ and ζ are naked-eye double stars. The double star β requires a telescope.