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[Who Has Known Heights: Grove, Wheston Chancellor: 9780983700753: Amazon.com: Books](https://www.amazon.com/Who-Has-Known-Heights-Grove/dp/9780983700753)

We are living in an age where diction has become lazy, clipped, and sometimes unintelligible. In that respect, does this make us, as writers, obsolete? No. It makes us rare. And rarity is something prized.

"There are moments, queer and beautiful, when all the years rise to the surface and you know that what you experienced at 5, 12, 36, 57, and 78 are all one - inside you. There is no difference. You're still you, no matter the external changes, the exterior physical aging." —Wheston Chancellor Grove

My most recent book, *The Lost Art of Love*, contains passages from *Who Has Known Heights*. *The Lost Art of Love* is a 2024 Indie Book Awards finalist.

Memorable lines from *Who Has Known Heights*:

"The body is a museum for memories. I am the Smithsonian."

"Had I not been so young I'd never have had the courage to love her."

"I'd rather have been born gay. Damn if it wouldn't have been easier for everyone."

"It was her presence he could not endure without. Her presence which he longed to enjoy with a freedom that would defy the constraints of time.

"He wanted those overlooked instances—a place at the dinner table—to look up and across at her, fork in midair. To see her enter a room, package in hand. To quietly slip behind her as she stood at the sink and fold his arms around her waist. To argue about nothing and everything, to laugh for the pain of life itself, and to dance gently before going up to bed and falling into endless slumber.

“He had been a lover to her that day when all he sought to be at that moment, and what she needed most, was a friend. Dancing, holding her in his arms, like a cradled bird, not secure in its abilities to fly independently, he supported her—while the fluttering of her life’s fissure anchored him—a tree and a bird.

“Whenever he heard a siren, an ambulance or fire engine en route to some disaster or human emergency, Westcott had the urge to laugh. It wasn’t the destination that amused him. But the process. It seemed so comical. The hurry, the critical rush to get there in time. Lives might be in the balance, every second counted, but was it not an illusion? Humans do the best they can. Life and death matters are never indelicate. But to see and hear a whirring siren suggested absurdity. ‘Quickly now, move aside, we “must” get through.’ Yes, of course, but you can’t win them all. Look at us, so trained to just move into the other lane, look up maybe in a startled moment of surprise. Do we consider that one day the siren may be coming for us? For an instant we become excited, the urgency in the sounding alarm. Quick. Quick. We look up and around if we are not annoyed by the inconvenience of having moved over. We realize we are part of the endless motion. It reminded Westcott of Hugh Laurie’s fun rendition of Changes. Life often seemed a veritable circus. The whistles, the parade, the fanfare. How foolish it seemed and yet in queer moments, how equably heartbreaking. He was always conscious of his own impending leaving. He never laughed or felt amused by the shadows and sunlight in a private glade or in watching the foliage gather shadows. Such overlooked locales silently resounded with a passion so quiet its representation of life hurt to even ponder at length. Westcott lived in those shadows—in the most perilous zone between waking and night—the shadowlands of watching and waiting, questioning and listening. He lived in the glade of remembrance” (Grove, WHKH).