When I think of my good friends, I see them in cinematic terms. The camerawork is entirely different for men and women. The “movie” memories I have of female friends are open and intimate. We are talking, interested in each other in a magnetic sort of way. They look straight into my eyes, sensitive to my feelings, listening to me with deliberate attention. In comparison, memories of male friends are in an entirely different film altogether. An action or adventure movie! Not much in the way of dialog. The ritual of motion, or the sequence of action, makes up for the deficiency of dialog and honest narrative.

想到我的好朋友们，我就会用看电影的眼光看待他们对男性和女性的拍摄手法是完全不同的。我对女性朋友的“电影式”记忆是开放的、亲密无间的。我们交谈着，像磁铁般互相吸引着。她们直视我的眼睛， 她们善解人意，她们用心倾听。相比较而言，我对男性朋友的记忆是完全不同的另一部影片。那是一部动 作片或者冒险片!对话不多,习惯性的行动，或者说一系列的动作，弥补了对话及坦诚倾诉方面的不足。

My mind retreats back to my earliest childhood friend, Donald. I was still living in Europe at the time, and near my house was an old German truck left abandoned after the war. No wheels. No windshield. No doors. But the steering wheel was intact. Donald and I continuously “flew” to America in that truck, our “airplane”. Even now, I remember our daily ritual as we flew along, across Europe, across the Atlantic, on a mission of mercy. We were innocent and inseparable, the deep security that comes between best friends. Naturally, not one word of our evident feelings for one another was ever uttered; it was all done in actions.

我回想起我儿时最早的朋友唐纳德。那时候我还住在欧洲，我家房子附近有一辆战后遗弃的德国旧卡车。 没有轮子，没有挡风玻璃，没有车门。但是方向盘还完好无损。我和唐纳德一直开着这辆卡车，也就是我们的“飞机”，“飞往”美国。即使到现在，我还记得我们每天飞行的那个套路。我们飞过欧洲，飞越大西洋，去执行救援任务。那时候的我们单纯，形影不离，有着最好的朋友之间才有的那种高度安全感。自然，对于我们彼此间显而易见的感情，我们从未吐露过一个字，一切尽付诸行动。

Each day, as we were flying over the Atlantic, there inevitably came that wonderful moment: “Engine failure!” I’d shout into the microphone, “We’ll have to jump out.” “A-a-a-a-a-!” Donald made sounds like a failing engine. Glancing at me, he’d say, “I can’t swim!” “Fear not! I’ll drag you to shore,” I’d bravely reply. And, with that, we’d both spill out of the truck onto the dusty street. I swam through the dust. Donald drowned in the dust, coughing, “Sharks!” he cried. But I always saved him. The next day, changing roles, the elaborate drama would repeat. “I can’t swim!” I’d say and Donald would save me. We saved each other from certain death hundreds of times, until finally a day came when my family really did leave for America. Donald and I stood rigid at the train station ready to say farewell. We didn’t know what to say; we couldn’t save each other this time. So, we just cried silently as the train pulled away.

每天，当我们飞翔在大西洋上空时，总是不可避免地会出现那精彩的时刻:“发动机故障!”我总会对着麦克风大叫，“我们必须跳出去。”“啊-啊-啊-啊- 啊-!”唐纳德发出像发动机出现故障时的声音。他看了我一眼，说:“我不会游泳啊 !”“别怕!我会把 你拉上岸的。”我总是勇敢地回答。于是，说完这些 后，我们两人都从卡车里扑到满是尘土的街道上。我在尘土中游泳。唐纳德淹没在尘土中，一边咳嗽，一边大叫:“有鲨鱼!”但我总是会把他救上来。第二天，我们交换角色，那精心策划的一幕又重复上演。 “我不会游泳啊!”我会喊道，而唐纳德就会来救我。我俩数百次地把对方从必死的境地中救出，直到最终有一天我家真的要去美国了。我和唐纳德在火车站呆呆地站着，准备道别。我们不知道该说些什么，这次我们谁也救不了谁。于是，当火车驶离时，我俩只是默默地流泪。

These days, Jessica is one of my best friends. A recent occurrence made me reexamine and interpret my behavior in a new light. We were swimming at a beach in the Atlantic. The very Atlantic I had “ own” over in my German truck with Donald. We were far from shore when we abruptly turned back. We both thought we detected a shark! Water is not only a good conductor of electricity but of panic as well. We began splashing like crazy people toward the shore.In my panic, I suddenly realized how much I loved my friend Jessica, and what an irreplaceable friend she was. Although I was the faster swimmer, I fell back to protect her. In the end, the “shark” proved to be imaginary. But not my deep emotional feelings for my friend. It felt great back on the beach, a little scared and laughing with the excitement of being alive. We looked into each other’s eyes and Jessica spontaneously said, “I love you!” “Love you too!” I replied.

现在，杰西卡是我最好的朋友之一。最近发生的一件事让我从新的角度重新审视和解释我的行为。当时， 我们正在大西洋的一个海滩游泳。就是我曾经和唐纳德坐在德国卡车里“飞越”过的那个大西洋。猛然回头，我们发现我们已经离岸很远了。我俩都认为发现了一条鲨鱼!海水不仅导电性很强，传递恐慌也很快。我们开始发疯似的噼里啪啦地游向海岸。惊恐之 余，我突然意识到我有多爱我的朋友杰西卡，而且她 是一位多么难以取代的朋友啊。虽然我游得比较快， 但是我还是落在后面保护她。最后，所谓的“鲨鱼” 证明并不存在。但我对我朋友的深情厚谊却是真真切 切的。回到海滩上的感觉真是好极了，我们有点惊魂 未定，同时又因逃命成功而激动地大笑。我们互相注视着对方的眼睛，杰西卡脱口而出:“我爱你!”“我也爱你!”我答道。

As I spoke, I realized just how gender-based my communication styles were. With women, I could be open, emotionally honest, and transparent. With male friends, it seemed impossible to express caring feelings no matter how deep the friendship was. I could easily utter “I love you” to my mother, my sisters and girlfriends; yet not once in my life had I been able to look a male friend in the eye and say the same thing. Quite impossible! Was this just me or was every male in the world similarly cursed? Was I emotionally backward or just a “guy”? I was determined to find out!

说这些时，我意识到我的交流方式是多么地基于对方的。和女性朋友在一起，我可以是开放的、真情流露的、直截了当的。但和男性朋友在一起时，不管我们之间的友情有多深，我似乎都无法表达对对方的关爱之情。对我的母亲、姐妹和女朋友，我可以轻松地说出“我爱你”;然而，我有生以来从未能看着一位男性朋友的眼睛并说出同样的话。这完全不可能!这样的情况只是发生在我一个人身上，还是说世界上所有的男人都面对着类似的困扰呢?是我 情感不发达还是因为我只是个“男人”?我决心找出真相!

Much to my relief, research shows that I am, indeed, a “normal guy”. It seems that men and women have very different emotional and rational processes. Part of it is “nature” and part is “nurture”. We are born with very different genetic tendencies which society encourages as either “masculine” or “feminine”. These differences in behavior and communication styles were made famous by John Gray in his book Men Are from Mars, Women Are from Venus. This book and other articles helped me realize it’s OK I am the way that I am. Men do tend to be more restrained with emotional expressions. I learned that I did love all my friends – only the means of expression differs from one gender to the other. What a relief!

让我颇感欣慰的是，研究表明我实际上是一个“正常的男人”。男性和女性似乎有着截然不同的情感和理性处理方式。部分是“先天因素”，部分源自于“后天养成”。我们生来就有极其不同的基因倾向，这种倾向被社会强化为“男子气”或“女性化”。约翰·格雷的书《男人来自火星，女人来自金星》使这些行为和交流风格上的差异变得众所周知。这本书和其他文章使我认识到我那样的做法是正常的。男性确实往往在情感表达方面比较克制。我认识到，我其实爱我所有的朋友——只是表达的方式男女有别而已。这真让我松了一口气!