

The portrait parle on my most promising suspect to date, myself: Robert Domenic Pinker, male Caucasian, brown hair, hazel eyes, 27, 5'8", 195 lbs.

My first vehicle portrait parle with a VIN number: VIN: 2HGES13657H512330, license plate FWR8156, 2004 Honda, Civic, black.

To prove to myself that I'm crazy, I decide to record every moment of my life for a week and then review the tapes. I set my video camera to night vision and put it on a tripod in my bedroom. Just in case, I put the camera as far away from the now-replaced ceiling tile as possible. I tape myself sleeping for seven nights to make sure I don't go to sleep as Bobby Pinker and wake up a little later as Tyler Durden, ready to wreak havoc on the city.

I put the camera next to my computer tower at work. The only person who notices it the entire week is Harry Brody. I tell him I'm charging it to film my cousin's school play that night. Harry holds his hands up on either side of his wretched face, thumb and forefinger making an L, and says, "I'm ready for my close-up, Mr. DeMille." He has a hearty laugh at his witty pop culture reference. My pity laugh sounds like a lawn mower engine as it shuts off.

Since I can't walk the halls pointing a video camera at my face, I hit *play* on a tape recorder in my pocket whenever I leave my cube so I can at least get the audio. I use the tape recorder for other public appearances: grocery shopping, visiting my parents, etc.

I drive to and from work with the camera propped on a few books and tethered to the passenger seat with a bungee cord.

I tear my apartment apart trying to find the bulletproof vest from my dream. Then I tear my car apart. I find zilch.

Each night I hook my camera up to my TV and fast-forward through the day's video while listening to the tape recorder. Other than seeing a third-person perspective of how boring and miserable my life is, there is nothing of interest. No sneaking out in the night to rouse rabbles. No talking in a strange voice or doing strange things. Actually, the strangest thing I do all week is record all of my actions.

My attempt to prove that I'm crazy is proof in and of itself that I'm at least slightly off-kilter.