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How to Make Duct Tape Feet a Part of Your Next NYC Road Trip and Madison Square Garden Adventure

Read the Inside Story on How Two Teen Guys Created and Promoted a Shiny New Foot Fashion

By **Christine Tetreault**

Do duct tape feet qualify as shoes? My almost 17-year-old son, Max, needed to know.

We were driving (really, I, was driving and they were riding, but the royal we endures) from Boston to NYC to get Max and friend, Mike, to their 13th row seats in the must-see, last-ever Dispatch concert. Max and Mike are both too young to know that Dispatch, like Cher and every other performer on earth, WILL be back on stage again in one form of the original band or another sooner than later. It was not worth deflating their excitement over the final extravaganza, so I was the kindly volunteer chauffeur for this musical adventure.

At the time that this Rules about The Wearing of Shoes conversation began, we were about two hours away from our NYC destination - urban jungle driving home stretch. Max was insisting that NYC stores and restaurants or managers of say, Madison Square Garden, would most certainly make the obvious distinction between shoes required on feet (as in visible human skin and bones feet) and shoes required on duct tape feet.

Yes. Duct tape feet. You read correctly. What are duct tape feet exactly, you ask, and WHY are we discussing them?

WHAT! You are not aware of this latest teen boy adventure fashion! I am shocked.

NOT.

I am an open-minded chauffeuring Mother of teen boy type. It takes much, much less to shock me than it used to.

Duct tape feet are, as the name suggests, feet disguised, covered, decorated, suffocated, strangled, smothered, wrapped in, you guessed it, duct tape. Please feel free to choose whatever action verb you might prefer since this fashion statement most definitely involves prolonged, focused, repetitive action by said teenage boys to create the desired duct tape feet fashion.

The width, color, brand, and length of the duct tape or the cardboard roll at its base is not significant. In the case of my son Max and his friend in all pranks and disasters, Mike, the duct tape selected was basic gray. It was not one of the many creative duct tape colors available (17 standard, 4 neon plus assorted Hollywood and other fashion hues by initial research count) for choice on www.ducttapeafashion.com or other similar online favorite sites of duct tape-obsessed personalities around the world.

In this particular case, basic gray was perhaps the best color choice, allowing duct tape feet to stand out distinctly when Max and Mike insisted on displaying newly-created duct tape feet out through the side rear windows of our moving Honda for all New York Rte. 95 South traffic to observe and ponder.

As far as I am aware (being the somewhat ignorant parent that I know I am), Max and Mike do not have any long-standing deep-rooted fetish for duct tape or for camouflaging their feet or any other limbs or body parts. They do most surely have a well-earned passion and impulsivity for creative experimentation, shall we say? These exploits are sometimes fully pre-meditated, as was the Natick Mall scene they created, with Mike as the costumed Halloween gorilla in pursuit of Max as the costumed Halloween Banana at high speeds through the mall's retail and food court aisles, parked cars, and beyond. Amazingly, they got in a good two hours of holiday shopping mall exercise before security escorted them off the retail premises. Other times, their teen boy antics are entirely spontaneous and inspired in the moment as this Friday highway hardware pedicure of sorts seemed to be.

I must admit that I am not entirely sure how the duct tape made it into my car. It was not my duct tape. (Officer: I had no part in this boyish foolishness, I practiced saying silently to myself....) I do not believe that my son brought the duct tape on board. (Not MY son, officer. HE was NOT the instigator of this illegal activity!). The tape may have (MUST!) have come along with Mike.

I also do not know when the duct tape fashion effort began exactly. At some point three hours or so into our ride, my daughter awoke from her nap in the front passenger seat, turned around, and giggled.

"Max! What ARE you guys doing?" she asked, awaiting whatever absurd but always entertaining Max explanation she was sure would follow.

Takeaways

- Duct tape feet are, as the name suggests, feet 100% disguised in duct tape.
- Width, color, and brand of duct tape does not matter.
- No long-standing deep-rooted fetish for duct tape or for camouflaging feet is required

"We're wondering... if we could make... sandals...out of... duct tape, you know? And we could actually walk around in them... ", Mike and Max offered, more to each other than in response to Glenna, alternating, seemingly forming, the emerging words very slowly between them to gradually complete this sentence of ridiculous intention.

Suddenly alert and somewhat intrigued, I tried to sneak a peak in the rear view mirror. Unable to see any part of anyone's feet, I did a quick head turn to the back seat.

"If your goal is to make sandals, why does it look like the tape is going ON your feet?" I inquired. "Are you trying to calculate size for your sandal mold?" I asked, thinking I was being so clever.

Said Max, "Do you think we could wrap it around our toes so they could still move?"

"Max!" Glenna was screeching now. "You have really hairy feet! You idiot!"

"YOU idiot!" Max retorted, continuing to layer his feet in sticky duct tape, or so I gathered from Glenna's wide-eyed stare and pleading glance my way.

"You are going to be soooo sorry," she repeated in a futile effort to interrupt Max's concentrated tape-wrapping, around and around and around.

"You are going to be in such agonizing pain later trying to pull that tape off your feet. MAX! Are you CRAZY?"

MAX! continued to ignore her.

After that, she gave into the game, pointing out better ways for them to maneuver the duct tape in and out around their toes, watching for areas they had missed.

"You've got a big skin spot showing on your heel, Mike," she reported. "Max, Mike has no hair on his feet. You are going to be so sorry."

Max was too into the now of his Duct Tape Feet to care about worrying about later.

I must admit that these glowing gray, seemingly metallic duct tape feet were quite the visual art! When we slowed to a crawl 10 miles or so from the George Washington Bridge, I gave in and let them hang their creations fully out the windows for all to see. The reactions were hysterical! Double-takes, head turns, and pointing, jolly, belly-rolling laughter from truck drivers, kiddos in back seats bouncing at their windows, lady drivers caught completely off-guard, even the limo driver finally gave in with a high-five.

When I insisted the feet come in, the boys whined: "We need to be noticed! Our feet need to make a statement!" They proclaimed.

I called friend Rob, laughing through high-comic wet cheeks, to ask him to get online to check out highway rules re: extended body parts.

"These are NOT body parts," Max insisted. "These are duct tape feet. These are not real feet."

Had an officer appeared, I would have pleaded dumb blonde ignorance, of course. (Sometimes natural gifts come in handy.)

And so the duct tape feet tale wound down to its sticky ending. The boys hopped out at Madison Square Garden, attended their concert, enjoyed take-out at an NYC McDonald's, roamed Times Square at midnight, all without police action against their duct tape feet. They did squeeze shoes on during at least part of their city strolling, I am told.

Come 2 a.m., Mike easily unwound his Duct Tape Feet, with little grimacing and much relief at the feel of cool air surrounding his previously breathlessly-trapped-for-hours tootsies.

Max, on the other hand, winced and sighed and grimaced for a good 45 minutes, curled over his feet on the hotel room floor, trying to inch the tape away from his screaming foot hairs, one tiny hair at a time. I did suggest perhaps a soapy washcloth? Moral support I was not extending. His sister slept peacefully just inches away, probably dreaming up lyrics for a song called 'Stupid, Boy!' With each slight pull of the powerful, extra firm hold-anything-in-place duct tape, Max cringed and whimpered, but he continued until he had viciously ripped every piece of duct tape away from the oh so delicate roots on his big, hairy, manly formerly duct tape feet.

All in a little teen guy day of adventure.

More resources

http://www.ducttapefashion.com/

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