

# THE CrossFit JOURNAL

## A Better Beautiful

The first year of the CrossFit Games was 2007. Sure, we started in Dave Castro's mom's backyard, but it felt like Woodstock and looked like a prison yard—just a tougher workout, a tougher crowd, and coed. Wonderfully coed.

This is not just the first major sport spawned from a peanut roaster, but a moment in physical culture, a rather audacious crowning by CrossFit Inc. of the Fittest Man and Woman on Earth from, of all things, a list of friends competing over a weekend. Our beloved Games had an auspicious beginning even if only a score of us recognized the import of what was unfolding.

It's as easy as this: if fitness can be defined and measured, then it can be tested, and we can, in turn, find the fittest. There's an inevitability to the Games that arises directly from our intellectual DNA.

Roll the clock forward a few years and we're driven from Monterey County (by its now-regretful fathers), in a stadium, and on TV, and Reebok has traded the NFL for the Games. The CrossFit Games quickly became a global put-up-or-shut-up challenge that leaves our critics and competitors gloriously silent during Games season lest they find themselves "honorary invitees" and thrust into the arena. The Games make bragging on the Net dangerous. Each athlete is showcasing an approach—a successful one at that. Internet trash talk is now off center stage.

In this, our seventh year, I call your attention to the bodies. Yes, the flesh—the men, the women, the spectators and the competitors. It's not our usual intellectual focus, but I can no longer pretend not to notice. Everyone is an athlete, but many, maybe even most, are simply beautiful. This menagerie of "Frankenfitters," stadia quite literally full of them, embodies a functional aesthetic that is uniquely ours. Their bodies and our appreciation of them are a direct challenge to a host of pathological aesthetics, whether it's the 16-year-old heroin-chic anorexia of the fashion world or the grotesqueness of bodybuilding and drug-induced hypertrophy.

These athletes and spectators wear the look of enormous work capacity across broad time and modal domains. Theirs is the look of true performance. This is what happens when form, as it should and will, follows function.

What we've made, what you'll see all around you this weekend, is a better beautiful.



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