

Mike Coughlin looks at UFC 90

"The Half-Guarded Truth"

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"UFC 90: Silva v. Cote"

Anderson Silva is supposed to lose this Saturday. This is one of those magic moments when everything will line up just right. You have the champion, Anderson Silva, a man that has reinvented the word dominant. He's successfully defended his title three times. He's faced seven men in his UFC career and finished every single one of them. He's spent a total of 26:29 inside the Octagon, an average of only 4:15 per fight. In that span, he's never seen the third round. Of the ten rounds he's logged, he's lost maybe two, and in neither losing round did he take any damage. He has knocked people out who were supposed to be impossible to drop. He tapped out a Brazilian jiu-jitsu black belt like it was nothing. A well-rounded fighter like Nate Marquardt, a former champion in another organization and a man who might be UFC champion were it not for Silva, was made to look practically amateurish. He may have permanently damaged the psyche of Rich Franklin. He grounded and pounded, then tapped out, the legendary Dan Henderson. Anderson Silva has been so great that he even moved up a weight class and destroyed James Irvin in one minute.

I wonder what it's like to walk the planet being that great at something?

Then there's Patrick Cote. Cote isn't a bad fighter; bad fighters don't fight for UFC titles. All things considered, Cote is a formidable opponent. The Canadian striker has put together a nice little five fight win streak. He's had his ups and downs, he's lost to men like Chris Leben and Joe Doerksen, but he's got quality wins over the likes of Ricardo Almeida, Jason Day, and Scott Smith. Problem for Cote is that he's a striker. He trusts his chin – and he should, as the darn thing hasn't been cracked yet – and his heavy hands – again, he should, as they're dynamite to be sure. But, c'mon now, he's fighting Anderson freaking Silva: the greatest MMA striker on the planet.

Silva has faced men like Cote before. Fighters like Chris Leben and Lee Murray spring to mind: men who relied on their toughness and awesome power to overcome. Silva toyed with those two. The respective fights weren't competitive. Guys willing to stand in front of Silva and throw punches are tailor made for the Brazilian demigod. His long, gazelle-like frame betrays the ridiculous power he packs behind every strike. Where other strikers move, walk, plod, or circle the cage, Silva glides like he's skating in Central Park. You throw one punch, he'll counter with three before your strike is even in range. And should you manage to actually connect with Silva, what's the point? He seems to shake off blows like they're nothing. You're not going to beat Silva on his feet and Cote isn't going to beat people anywhere but.

This is a perfect scenario for Silva. Everything is lined up in his favor. Vegas shouldn't be taking money on who will win or lose, but on how long it is until Cote is knocked out. And that's why Silva should lose. This is TOO perfect. This is the stuff about which movies are written. You know the old saying, about how once you reach the peak there's no place to go but down? Silva's at the peak; logically he must come down. If he beats Cote, what is he climbing? Silva should beat Cote 99 out of 100 times. When a guy's that much of an underdog, when the conventional wisdom is that lopsided, something has to give. People are made to disagree, so when there's this much agreement, changes transpire.

It's happened before in MMA. Georges St. Pierre runs through the welterweight division. He takes about Sherk, Trigg, Penn, and Hughes. Then he faces Matt Serra. Serra, a man who couldn't win the title at lightweight and who barely got by journeyman Chris Lytle, was going to beat St. Pierre? It was a mismatch for the ages. And then Serra knocks out St. Pierre in the first round.

Or take the first fight between Antonio Rodrigo Nogueira and Fedor Emelianenko. In hindsight, Fedor winning seems obvious, but at the time it was a giant shock. Fedor was a stocky Russian who liked to ground and pound people. Ground and pound? Really? You don't beat Nogueira by ground and pound. That's impossible. Bob Sapp hit Nogueira with everything but the proverbial kitchen sink (and one wonders if the literal kitchen sink would've done damage anyways) and he couldn't stop the champion. The man whose guard changed the way people thought of heavyweight jiu-jitsu wasn't going to lose by ground and pound. And then Fedor proceeded to do just that, staying inside Nogueira's legendary guard for twenty minutes, pounding away, and never once being in danger.

When the universe shifts this far to one side, an inevitable correction seems to always occur. Silva's supposed to lose on Saturday, not because Cote is better but because that's just how these things work.

But he won't.

When you watch Saturday's main-event, you're not going to see an epic battle for the ages. Silva-Cote will not be fight of

the year, let alone fight of the night. It will be a public mauling. Cote will find his every move countered, almost as if Silva knows what Cote is going to do before Cote himself knows. Silva will once again make a very good fighter look like he belongs fighting anywhere but the UFC. That's just what he does. On Saturday night, one of the greatest fighters of all time will show everyone just how great he is.

And what's really scary is that Silva's only getting better.

Mike Coughlin is the host of Five Star Radio, found right here at the new f4wonline.com. A weekly look at all things MMA, 5SR~! is your one-stop for non-stop MMA. He would like to remind everyone that October is National Breast Cancer Awareness month. Tell your loved ones. Spread the word. Fight breast cancer. I mean, we all like breasts and hate cancer, right?