

The New York Times

March 4, 2012

Lusty Stomps and Seductive Whispers (Must Be Flamenco)

By **BRIAN SEIBERT**

... It was ladies' night at City Center on Thursday, when the Flamenco Festival 2012 held its gala. Rafaela Carrasco, Olga Pericet and Carmen Cortés, all eminent dancers from Spain, were the stars of the evening and its choreographers too. But the first feet to hit the floor were male.

Ms. Cortés, the eldest of the women, was entrusted with the position of honor, saved for last. In her "Soleá, un Son Eterno" she took her time, dropping her shawl, counting with her feet, working in bursts. She seemed to give all that she had and then find more to give. The audience rewarded her with its warmest ovation.

http://www.nytimes.com/2012/03/05/arts/dance/flamenco-festival-at-ci...ith-rafaela-carrasco.html?ntemail1=y&_r=1&emc=tnt&pagewanted=print



... Cortes, a veteran performer and treasured icon, proved the audience favorite. In her single solo, near the end of the program, she glided onto the stage framed spectacularly by a scarlet shawl, seemed almost to falter for a moment and then caught fire, pure flamenco blazing from her percussive footwork and sinuous postures.

After her bows, the entire cast exploded with Cortes in a stunning display of pure virtuosity during the tangos finale to this magnificent concert.

London - Arabstoday

Tuesday, 03 April 2012

Gerardo Nuñez and Carmen Cortes

Gerardo Núñez is a leading flamenco guitarist known for his awe-inspiring speed and cross-cultural collaborations. His soulful performances and recordings encompass both traditional and nuevo flamenco with jazz and latin inspired rhythms. His quintet will be joined by **Carmen Cortés**, a gypsy dancer renowned for her performances of flamenco puro. "One of the greatest flamenco dancers of our time" (El País).

Financial Times

April 4, 2012

Carmen Cortes, Sadler's Wells, London

By Clement Crisp

... Out of the nocturnal darkness of a garden, the figure of a woman emerges, movement vivid in her outstretched arms and the hint of her torso. I thought of her as I watched Friday night's appearance of Carmen Cortes in the Sadler's Wells' flamenco season.

Mme. Cortes is a great artist.

...What matters is Carmen Cortes as she burns over the stage, hands like doves in flight, torso curved, the dance flaring through her being, her feet summoning the earth

spirits that then inhabit her body.

She is a unique, wonderful, and in one solo – in which she destroys herself – she becomes (not seems, but becomes) the spirit of dance itself.

Nothing beautiful. The urgency, the cussed rawness of her manner – the way rhythm surges and fights its way through her limbs, legs splayed as the movement takes hold, feet commanding the earth, arms beating, the daemon possessing her – is as



elemental as a flood, a volcanic eruption.

I watched her on Friday night as one watches some tremendous event in nature, held in awe by grandeur of scale, inevitability. Nothing mattered more than this prodigious artist, and the god was with her (Isadora Duncan's phrase when she was possessed by movement and music). We were privileged to see Mme Cortes, to watch this transmutation of the usual matter of flamenco into the intoxicating spirit of dance itself.