

hard-swinging pieces summon echoes of a more rustic Django Reinhardt and Stephane Grappelli — is the village gentleman who uses concert receipts to keep his neighbors in running water and educate their children. He is a poignant figure and the heart of Ms. Dellal's film. She reels in Johnny Depp for a testimonial, and the actor reflects on the marathon jams he enjoyed while working on "The Man Who Cried," in which the musicians performed. "I'm going to build a swimming pool like Johnny Depp," the old violinist says jokingly, knowing how committed he is to his modest means.

In a heartbreaking segue, the film moves seamlessly from a shot of Mr. Neascu waving his bow above the audience in a benedictory gesture to a houseful of mourners gathered before his casket. Outside in the dark, one of the young musicians he trained plays the violin in tribute, his brow trembling in grief and determination. That feels like the essence of gypsy music right there. When the sun comes up and the wood fires have crumbled to ashes, he is still playing.



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