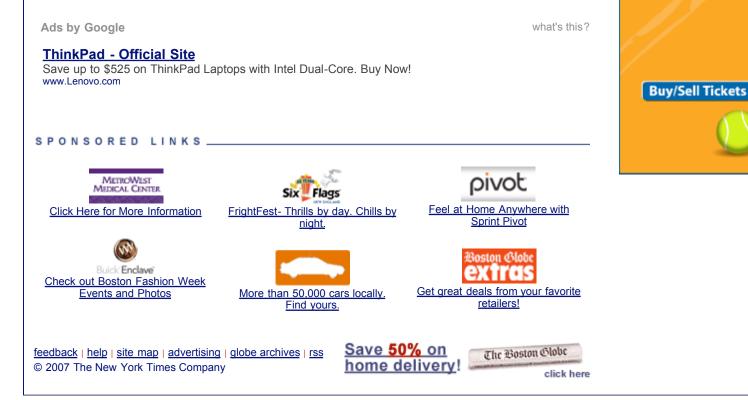


The film's most affecting sequences are those filmed in the musicians' villages, where these most exotic of artists live humbly (although Neaucescu holds out hopes of getting "a pool as big as Johnny Depp's"). "Gypsy Caravan" makes the distinction between music as it's played on the concert stage and music as it's lived, and the latter represents a bittersweet adaptation to wherever the Romany find themselves as well as a direct line back to a long-gone homeland.

"Gypsy Caravan" could have used some judicious trimming, but you forgive Dellal her excesses as she forgives her artists theirs. This is music to gorge on, raw ethnic survival in the form of sound. "I never assimilated for anyone," maintains Redzepova, and how can you doubt her when history speaks every time she opens her mouth to sing?

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