

THE NACHET TAYLOR BAND: WHERE TEXAS MEETS CATALUNYA



From the smoke-stained bars of Texas to the narrow streets of Barcelona, The Natchet Taylor Band sounds like what you'd get if Townes Van Zandt and Joe Strummer shared a bottle of bourbon and a busted amp.

The group was born in the heart of El Born, Barcelona's infamous medieval quarter, a place equal parts charm and shadow, where chance encounters and late-night jams sparked something bigger than the sum of its parts.

At the center is Natchet Taylor, a Texas troubadour who left the Lone Star State for Spain under circumstances he himself doesn't fully explain. That mystery lingers in his writing with songs that carry the dust of the desert and the salt of the Mediterranean, built on the kind of truths you can't fake.

Around him gathers an unlikely brotherhood of players: Catalan bassist Alfons Foriscot, a veteran of Barcelona's punk and rockabilly underground, wielding his upright with swing and defiance. British guitarist Jules Bastrup, whose touch blends blues smoke with jazz phrasing, draping fire and elegance with equal parts roadhouse swagger. And Jordi "Randy" Olle, drummer for outlaw stalwarts Th' Booty Hunters, grounding it all with rhythms cut from honky-tonk wood and sweat-soaked dance floor sawdust.

Together, this international gang of musical outlaws is proof that the right kind of chaos can create magic. One moment a hushed ballad fit for a midnight desert highway, the next, a tune that puts the crowd on its feet and gives the word dancehall its meaning. There's no polish or pretense, just raw country, bruised blues, and a slight aftertaste of of punk-fueled rebellion.

With their debut album in the works, The Natchet Taylor Band has become one of Catalunya's rising names in Americana and roots music. Their shows leave smiles on faces and stories in the air, a testament to four kindred musicians from different corners of the world who found common ground in the heart of real music.

Ask them where the road leads next, and they'll just grin, load the van, and answer the only way they know how: "forward".