

I'm writing this from halfway up Mount Everest, as I struggle to breathe in minus 20 degrees Fahrenheit. The ink is freezing in my pen, and I'm trying to trace back in my mind where this story all began... and put to paper the message I want to share with the world. I've been in the music industry for 17 years and have seen it all, from Ibiza to Miami; I've shared private jets with celebrities, DJ'd on the stages of the biggest festivals around the globe, broke bread with music gods and communed with the most incredible people I've ever met – all thanks to a common love for music.

So, why do I remain unfulfilled? Why am I unable to appreciate my incredible life and achievements? As an artist, and like so many other people on this planet, I have struggled with addiction and depression. Over the last two years, it took hold of me to the point where I simply began destroying my life's work and all of my relationships.

The turning point was when someone very special to me walked out of my life, and I was told by strangers that it was in my best interest to go to rehab and medicate. Astonished, I thought to myself, "Am I really that out of control of my life? I can command the minds and emotions of 50,000 people on the main stage of any festival with my music, but here I can't control my own life on such a basic level?"

I felt lost. I was scared; I didn't even recognize myself anymore...

Then, with a burst of energy, I told myself that this was absurd. Why was I listening to these people, when have I never listened to anyone else anyway?! So, I said "fuck you" to rehab in Newport Beach, CA, and to meds, and started to wonder about the last time I was really myself. I traced it back to my spiritual roots in Ibiza; then, I called my family and my closest friends and told them my decision. They offered nothing but support.

I felt like something extreme had to be done – but what? I told myself to search deep inside and boom, there it was: climb Mount Everest, a lifelong bucket list adventure. "Hold on," my rational mind interrupted, "it's winter, minus 20 degrees!" But who cares, I decided: "Let's go!" Now, what else could I do? I'd heard about the life-changing work done in the Peruvian rainforest using ayahuasca – a potent medicinal, psychedelic jungle plant brew – for addicts, PTSD victims

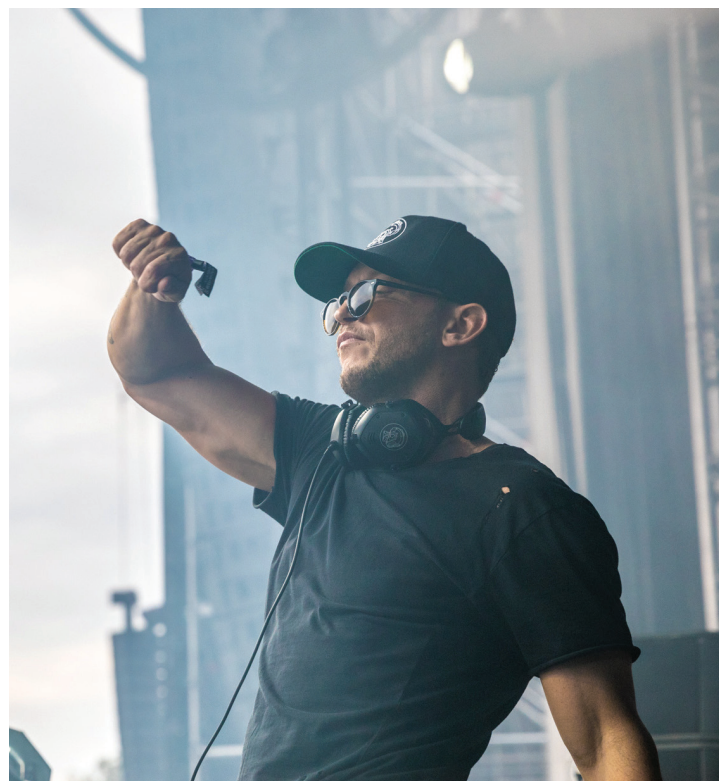
and more... this too, was calling me. Booked!

So, there I was, a month before Everest, going to train and keep my head down, when a shaman called me and said: "Kryoman, I've had a vision; you have to go to Bali and do a kambo ceremony." Booked a ticket and off I went. As it turned out, this is a traditional indigenous healing ceremony where a trained shaman applies kambo, the poisonous venom taken from a tree frog, by burning dots of it into your arm with hot embers. It burns incredibly; it forces your kidneys and liver to dump all the body's toxins and you vomit, defecate on yourself and purge demons – both literally and metaphorically. I summoned my inner warrior and participated in two kambo ceremonies in an epic onslaught of puking, shitting and tears. A big part of my inner pain was released along with years and years of dirt and garbage from my liver and kidneys (yeah, thanks Red Bull).

Reading this, you probably think I'm crazy, right? I chose this path because deep down on a spiritual level, rehab and medication simply did not resonate with who I am as a human being. I strongly believed they were not the solution for me, and all the answers could be found inside me and were really there all along. I realized I had to open my heart to heal from within. Medication was definitely not going to give me that. Did you know that one in every six Americans are on some sort of prescribed psychiatric medication? Enough is enough. It is simple; everyone deep inside has a longing to be happy, and to experience a deeper connection and meaning to life. We just all need to stop looking for fulfillment in the physical, external aspects of life; we must look within, be present, live life in the moment instead of the past or future, love others, and most importantly, love yourself.

Since all of this happened, I made myself the priority, put work second, set my intentions to the greater good and stopped chasing things outside of myself. The minute I did that, everything started to come back in a big way, everyday, with every act of kindness feeling stronger, and more focused with fire in my eyes and my feet planted firmly on the ground.

I packed my bags and said goodbye to Bali to head to dusty old Kathmandu, Nepal, the final destination – a forgotten hippie trail and for me, the most spiritual place in the world. Coming into land I could see the



Himalayan Mountains tearing through the clouds: "Is that Everest off in the distance?" I wondered. Regardless, I was speechless and in awe. There was no waiting around; we went straight into the track, taking a short flight to Lukla, Nepal – which, incidentally, is one of the most dangerous airports in the world, just a cliff at the end of a very short runway. When we pushed onto the track I was feeling great; 50 days sober and clearer than I have ever been in my life.

The next day the weather took a bad turn, with a snowstorm rolling in, but we pushed on. The paths disappeared, and my Sherpa guide began to look worried; we had to slow down and navigate icy metal bridges suspended over crevasses being blasted by wind and ice. One slip and it's game over. The following day out came the sun. The storm passed and with fire in my spirit we pushed on. If you're unfamiliar with the effects of altitude sickness, I'll tell you: it is not pretty. As we climbed higher and higher, the air got thinner and it hit me like a brick wall. It was almost like a 200-pound gorilla was standing on my chest; with under 50 percent oxygen in the air every move becomes a struggle. My head started pounding, my chest was burning; it started to get scary. A German climber on a higher trail above us fell, couldn't be rescued, and died. No one could save his body and he remains frozen there to this day. Another woman had to get airlifted out by a chopper because of the altitude had her collapsing with

exhaustion. But I pushed on.

With a 1000-foot sheer drop to my right side, I prayed for my life and continued to climb... and suddenly, there it is, looming over head: Everest. I was in awe, tearful: "Outstanding, I made it!" And yes, it was worth it. With my frozen breath, I thanked the mountain gods for delivering me safely and prayed for a safe journey back down. I even took a crap at Everest base camp behind a rock – who can say they've done that?! And that brings me to this moment, back in my tent, writing to you lot. The damn pen keeps freezing and I can't feel my toes, but there's a wi-fi signal – hi, Mom!

Now that this journey is complete, I'll head to Peru to connect with the source, drink the brew of dreams, ayahuasca, and become one with the universe. And I'll see you all at Ultra Music Festival in Miami. How will I be? Who knows. But I leave you this message: If you ever feel lost, overwhelmed by life, fighting your demons, remember that inside your heart and in your spirit, you have all the answers. Open your heart, listen to your intuition, pay attention to the coincidences, and life will show you the way. We all have to crawl up through the shit to get to the light, so do not give up; you are not alone. Be strong, be a warrior, put yourself first and love like there is no tomorrow. Whatever you give, you will get back 100 times over. That, I can promise, my friends.