

“Craziest. Afterparty. Of my life”

Those are five words used by most visitors to Clear Lake Manor. Almost a year ago exactly, my South Beach promoter plug texted me after EDC Orlando: “Drop what you’re doing, grab a case and get here now. I’ve never been more serious, Carlos.” It was 1:45 a.m. and my whole festival fam was settling in after two days of madness, but the vibe to do anything wasn’t really there. “We aren’t really feeling it,” I told my plug Justin.

“Listen to me, this isn’t like anything you’ve ever seen. Foam pit. 13-foot pool. 100-foot diving board. LED Dance floor. Stripper pole. Full bar. Water slide. Jet Skis. Horse. Wolf dog. Visual wall. Booby traps. I heard Bassnectar is on his way.”

Without even asking the group, I ordered an UberXL and yelled, “We’re leaving in five and I’m gonna show Bassnectar my dick.” Upon arriving, I saw everything... and it was all real. This is my Facebook and Twitter from that night.



I never displayed myself to Bassnectar, but the next six hours could honestly give “Project X” a run for its money. Essentially, it was an intimate 60-person party with Insomniac staff, DJs and fans alike. Love was abundant and the world’s problems ceased to exist — if only for a few hours. I shuffled feet away from two of my favorite DJs, Claude VonStroke and Green Velvet, while they threw down jams they didn’t get to play at the festival. Free from personal barriers or fear of judgment, friendships formed in that magical place that I still treasure till this day. Everyone shared what they had — a sweater, beer or anything in between — without ever asking for something in return. (Thanks Omar)

It was **unreal**.

I live day to day working towards my life’s mission; to inspire the world to smile. Seeing how the host made SO many people smile that night, since that EDC weekend, I knew I NEEDED to get to know the man behind this magical night. One who selflessly donated his time,

property, and money to ensure others would have a night to remember. He was an inspiration of creativity, compassion, and a sheer disregard of what's normal.

A year later I launched EDMDaycare.com and house owner Kelman agreed to take me on a tour of his "insane asylum." I arrived at 10 a.m. to find Kelman with a vodka soda to sip and a bundle of wires to fix. Despite functioning on three hours of sleep, he generously showed me the property. Some of you reading this had the pleasure of enjoying it yourself this past weekend, but for those who missed out, take a 360-degree peek for yourself.

An Australian native with a heart bigger than his high dive, Kelman represents the spirit and essence of what we all love about the EDM and the festival world.

Forever unique.

Endlessly passionate.

Blindly accepting of everyone.

Foolishly loving.

With no expectation of payments or rewards, he regularly prepares his home for strangers to enjoy. This man is a class act whom I look up to in a string of my own insanity. Whether you have or ever will attend a party of his, make sure to send a kudos into the universe for this mad man. He deserves our appreciation for the sheer joy and love he's injected into so many lives.

Kudos my good man. Kudos.

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