

**Statement of Courtney Stanwick**

**Monday, January 23, 2006, at 8:16 a.m.**

**PRESENT: Thompson County Assistant State's Attorneys  
Rory Charles and Lily Garcia; Lyle Covington, Esq., and  
Courtney Stanwick.**

**RC: [ASA Rory Charles]: Okay. On the record. It's 8:15  
a.m. This will be the voluntary statement of Courtney  
Stanwick in connection with the arson and criminal  
damage to property at Treasure Homes Properties on  
January 1, 2006. The witness Stanwick is represented by  
counsel -**

**LC [Lyle Covington]: Lyle Covington of Covington and  
Asmore. My firm has been retained by the Stanwick family.  
At the onset I believe it is important to note that Courtney  
has come in voluntarily to cooperate with the  
investigation.**

**LG [ASA Lily Garcia): Are you here for the Stanwick family,  
Stanwick Industries, or Courtney?**

**LC: Oh, Courtney, of course.**

**RC: Let's swear you in. [WITNESS SWORN] Okay, Courtney, what would you like to say on the record?**

**CS (Courtney Stanwick): (Reading from a statement) My name is Courtney Stanwick. I live at 5415 N. Volini Drive, here in Marshall City. Apartment 4815. I have lived there since summer 2001, and with River Moon since June 2003 when I concluded the spring semester at University of Marshall State -- UMS. This was at the time students and local citizens were forming Project Leaf. I became involved in Project Leaf for two reasons. First, my love of the environment; second, as a way of establishing my own identity in a new friends in a new community. In March I met River Moon at an organizational meeting for Leaf. We've been friends ever since. I do not believe River Moon set fire to the Treasure Homes site on January 1. That's my statement.**

**Q [RC]: OK. Well, when did Moon move in with you.**

**A: In June. Moon was out of work but devoting full time to environmental causes, particularly through Project Leaf. I told Moon to move into my off-campus condo, rent free, until things got better. I had, have, two extra bedrooms no one was using. Moon moved into one. It's a family condo.**

**Q: I don't quite understand what you mean by family. You used that word earlier this morning. What family – the Leaf family?**

**CS: No. No. I'll explain. I am Courtney Stanwick. I'm talking about my family. The Stanwicks. You know, Stanwick Oil. Stanwick Industries. I'm the second youngest of Paul and Estelle Stanwick's children. I have five brothers.**

**LC: Why is the Stanwick family interested in Project Leaf?**

**RC: Is this like a Stanwick Foundation or something?**

**CS: Oh, no. To the contrary. The family was very upset when they found out. They are into money, not the environment. The environment doesn't put any money in their pocket. They came up with some pop psychology that I was rebelling against my family's plundering of the Earth for its riches.**

**Q: Did they ever give money to Leaf?**

**CS: No. I did. Not them.**

**LF: How much?**

**A: Enough. I paid bills. Printing bills. Rent for a store-front office. Last year, I paid for supplies for the Valentine's Day demonstration at the Hummer dealership.**

**LG: You paid for the paint that was smeared all over the windows and cars, and all over the sidewalk?**

**CS: Yes. But I made sure there would be no permanent damage. I got all wet and spent a night in jail.**

**Attorney: The family is prepared to pay restitution. We have had a long discourse over Courtney's financial exposure here.**

**RC: You're a regular Gandhi.**

**CS: I thought the paint would be used to make signs. But, I want to put it all out there and get this responsibility off my back.**

**RC: You just said ...**

**LF: Go on.**

**CS: I am here to say that River Moon is not capable of the charges. I know a lot of people who know Moon, and they would all say the same thing. Not only that, but I was with Moon at the time of the explosion. Here's the story. A couple friends came over for New Years Eve. It was Rachel Nedski, Teak River, Voight, Moon and me. We had food, played music, and watched TV to see the New Year come in. Oh, Rachel's squeeze was there but left early; with some man, someone I do not know. We talked, like we always did. Rachel is a radical, and makes noises like a terrorist. I think she did it. I think she is dangerous enough. She left early enough, and her boyfriend is, well, like a thug.**

**Q: Were there drugs at your place on New Year's Eve – any time that night?**

**A: I am sure, as best as one can be, that there were no hard drugs evident. No drugs. Maybe someone smoked pot. Everyone was drinking Moon's homebrewed. So far it was very mellow. I never ever allow drugs or pot in my place.**

**LG: Did you yourself have any illegal substances? At anytime during that night? You personally? At your place or outside?**

**CS: No. No beer either. I haven't had intoxicating substances since November 24, 2002.**

**LF: Nothing?**

**CS: Let me put this out there. I ski. I skied in Europe for a couple years after prep school in the Alsace region of France. Alsace is good food, good wine, but no skiing. But drive a couple of hours and you can be in ski heaven. So one time I skied stoned. I got injured. Very stupid. One needs all of one's senses going down the mountain. I came back home to Marshall City, partied and lived off my trust income for the next year. Every other week I was in New York or London, skiing in Vermont, or Malibu.**

**In December 2002, it all caught up with me. I was arrested for driving under the influence. It was my first offense. I had, shall we say, excellent legal representation. I got off lightly. Only a \$2500 fine. No weekend jail, as the law requires, and I am grateful for that. I agreed to attend AA meetings every week. To keep my trust, I undergo random**

drug tests from our family physician. But that arrest was an epiphany. No drugs, no alcohol.

LG: What do you mean, family physician?

CS: Oh, the Stanwick family physician.

RC: Convenient.

LG: What do you mean, trust?

CS: Trust. Trust money. My parents determined my trust arrangements needed to be changed to discourage any more scandals. No drugs. As a condition to remaining the beneficiary of my individual trust, I have to get our family doctor to report to the trustee the results of my random drugs tests. When the doctor calls, I have 20 minutes to get to an approved testing lab. If I test hot, I can lose the money - no excuses. Not only my trust, but I can be cut out of my parents' trusts. I may be tempted, but not to lose millions. I guarantee you, sir, that I did not drink or smoke pot that night - I cannot stand the smell. The family knows how to control me on this point. Not on everything – as they would like – but on drugs, they got me reigned in. No matter, you know. I had my epiphany.

**LG: Let's go to the party on New Year's.**

**CS: The party. We were talking about and reflecting on 2005. Natural for a New Year's Eve party. Someone brought up the city's condemnation and the fast track permits for the Treasure Homes development. We were disappointed about that. Project Leaf people worked hard to show the city councilmen that building an exclusive gated community on a private park next to an elementary school was bad for the city. It gates-off Dr. King's peace tree. That was just immoral. And this was one of the few strips of green on that part of the shore line.**

**LYLE COVINGTON: We don't need to go into that here.**

**CS: Sure. Well, let me say I felt bad not being able to help Leaf more to fight that development. I know how my family operates when they want something. They spread money around. Money rules. But, my spending was being monitored. The trustees learned I contributed to the Valentine's Day fiasco. Moreover, I couldn't afford the legal staff to challenge the actions of E.L.I.T.E Homes. We would publish the facts. E.L.I.T.E. would counter-publish.**

**We couldn't compete with the spin that the developer put on every issue. I don't have that much to spread around.**

**LG: Is it true that River Moon was obsessed with Treasure Homes and was trying to learn how to make bombs after the Marshall City Council approved the permits and tax breaks for the Treasure Homes development?**

**A: With all due respect, that's a lot crap, ma'am. Moon was as interested in Treasure Homes as an objectionable and irresponsible project. Moon does, did, thorough research. Moon is not someone who reacts in a knee-jerk manner. Moon thinks things out, learns about them and formulates a response. Look at Moon's projects. You'll see that intensity and attention given to the Treasure Homes project. As for bomb-making, you know honestly, the only person I know who used to brag about making bombs was Voight.**

**LG: Voight made a bomb?**

**CS: Voight is in the habit of making outlandish remarks like "I make bombs" or "I manufacture drugs." It's like, "Me chemist, me expert, me mad scientist." I think Voight might someday manufacture drugs, even bombs. Right**

now, Voight is hot air. I also think Voight is a nut case who someday may do both. Voight is scary -- still lives with the parents. You might think this apparent adult has bats in the belfry and bodies in the basement.

RC: I think that's enough.

CS: I know Voight, you don't. Voight gives me the creeps. I originally hung out with Voight because Voight and Teak are such good friends. I like Teak, and Teak and Moon are best buds. They go years back. When you are in the same circle, you put up with stuff. I learned to stand with my back to wall with Voight. Do you know what I am saying?

LG: No, I don't.

CS: Tyler Voight is dangerous.

LG: Is everyone you know dangerous?

CS: Listen. Voight was the one who started throwing paint on Valentine's Day. We, Voight and I, bought the paint the week before. I was buying two cans of spray paint, for signs. Voight says we need a couple gallons of red paint, too. Tyler says we need paint for larger banners. I'm not

so sure. So I make sure it's water soluble – something you can wash off if it isn't dry. Sure enough, at the rally, Tyler whips out a gallon of red paint from a backpack, and starts throwing it all over the place and on Hummers. It took the demonstration from a peaceful one to a destructive one. That's Tyler Voight. They used hoses on us.

Q: Again, back to New Years Eve.

A: Right. Anyway about 2:00 in the morning, Teak and Voight leave. So, it is now Rachel, Moon and myself. Rachel the self-styled radical. She and Moon work at the Happy Carrot. So it's 2 a.m. and she needed to borrow the Peanut to buy smokes. Moon lent it to her.

Q: The peanut?

A: Yes. The scooter. The peanut is the name for the scooter. Moon's answer to personal transportation. It's a little scooter. A toy next to my Harley. We all call it the Peanut. The scooter. Rachel wanted some smokes and said she was fine to drive to the all night store. Moon must have been tired because Moon didn't give the usual tirade against tobacco companies. That is a routine exchange Moon and Rachel share whenever she lights-up.

So Rachel left on the Peanut. Moon and I put the movie, The Wall, on the DVD player in the living room. Moon falls asleep almost right away. It's maybe 2:30. I turned it off. The clock showed about 3 a.m. Moon was crashed on the front room sofa, probably from drinking. I did my usual clean-up, washed my things, and went to my room. It was probably 4 a.m.

RC: An hour to clean up?

CS: I cleaned up.

LG: When did Rachel get back?

CS: I have no idea when Rachel got back. I should have been suspicious when she didn't return in an hour, but you have to know Rachel. I thought she met up with the boyfriend. Or maybe she was cruising around for awhile before she got back. She's the type of person to borrow a bike or a scooter to take three hours to run to the store. She'd drive it all over town after shopping.

Next thing, I wake up at 7:30 and get some coffee in the kitchen. I see out the window Moon is hosing down the scooter – the Peanut. I opened the window and asked why.

**Moon said Rachel came back about 4:00 a.m. Moon said, Look at how Rachel returned the Peanut, covered in mud. I asked Moon, how come? Moon said that Rachel said she had been joy riding. I didn't know what that meant. At the time I thought Moon was ticked-off because Rachel kept the Peanut for so long, then brought it back covered in mud. I'd be ticked. I would have said no if she asked to borrow my bike. I ride it clean, keep it clean. Can you imagine sitting on a dirty bike? Right after that, Teak and Voight show up screaming about a conflagration. Teak said the development had a big fire. We turned on the TV, and well, it was a great fire! They had footage of a delicious fire.**

**Q: What was Moon doing while you all were watching the fire on TV?**

**CS: At first we thought it was pretty funny. Like God had saved us. Everyone was laughing. No one was hurt. Then a policeman told the TV it was Project Leaf. Then we were all in shock. Moon said, "No way!" We talked about why someone would implicate Project Leaf. I was scared. They were talking crime. But we knew it couldn't actually be anyone in Leaf.**

**Q: Ok, tell me, did Moon travel with a small container of gas on the scooter?**

**A: Wow, you people know the details. Yes, a gallon can and a short hose. Moon has a cute habit: siphoning gas from SUVs in parking lots. Put the gas in a container strapped to back of the scooter. We would use that gas for ourselves. Sometimes Moon would put it in my Harley. I did not like that. Moon would usually use it all in the Peanut. Those gas hogs would never be able to tell. It was illegal, but kind of funny.**

**RC: Why are you here making a statement?**

**CS: The search warrant. You folks used a warrant to ransack my place, and I don't want the police to go any further down this path. You want to come in and look? Ask. I will show you anything. You people came in and left the place filthy and in ruins. You have to look at Rachel Nedski. Rachel Chen could have done it. She is a dangerous radical. Clearly she did this while she borrowed the Peanut. She used the gas from the can attached to the Peanut's back to start it. That is the only thing that computes. Moon was covering for her by washing the Peanut that morning.**

**Q: When is the last time you personally used that gas can?**

**A: Early on December 31. Maybe 10 a.m. I topped-off my Harley. Not much. It gets great mileage sometimes. I needed to drive to my folks over in Cranston. Cranston is a half-tank away. The family hates that bike. I had a tedious family New Year's Eve lunch. They hate the noise when I pull into that high-brow neighborhood. I topped the Harley off again when I got back. Wanted a full tank for New Year's Day. Good thing. It took an awful lot of gas. When I parked the Harley, before coming up to the apartment, I saw the gas can next to the Peanut and I picked it up. I could feel that there was gas still in the container. Oh, yes. I checked for the can on the First, right after I saw Moon washing the Peanut. I could not find the can. It was not strapped onto the scooter. I'm not sure how Moon does it. It's dangerous, and fumes are noxious. Well, Moon is the one driving it. I saw the can was not strapped back on the Peanut when Moon washed it down, and it was not around.**

**Q: Where are you in your studies?**

**A: I have enough credits for my bachelors in a self designed major. I'm studying French pop fiction and film**

**noir. I can graduate this June, but I might not. I get a bigger allowance from my trust if I am full time in school. Full-time. So I do OK if I work towards a graduate degree in law or engineering. I might go to medical school. I am trying to stretch things out as much as possible. They tell me law is a really easy graduate degree – a piece of cake.**

**LG: You heard wrong.**

**CS: In fact, I am wait listed for my admission to UMS's law school this September. That's why I need these accusations cleared-up. See, you've arrested my roommate. You have no idea the problems this is causing me with my family. My roommate, houseguest, is charged with the arson and the newspapers are saying "terrorist. Worse, it turns out my parents are investors in E.L.I.T.E Homes. Pressure, pressure, pressure. Big time, I need to look good while my application is pending for law school.**

**LC: Let them know: have you seen Rachel Nedski since the early morning hours of January 1?**

**A: No. Just the scooter she returned.**

**CR: We'll ask the questions here, Mr. Covington. Do you think that's unusual?**

**A: Well, Rachel may take off for a while. She's unpredictable. She said she has followed the Dead, Phish, Dave Matthews, other bands or just hitch-hikes around. I know she sometimes stays with the owner of the Happy Carrot. He lives in Hawaii. She's probably out there, with the boyfriend. Normally I really would not think anything of her missing. Given Moon's face while hosing off the Peanut, I think Rachel may have been the one who did it and is hiding out.**

**RC: Okay for now.**

**I hereby swear this is an accurate transcription of the foregoing, under penalty of perjury under the law.**

**Date: January 24, 2006**

\_\_\_\_\_/s/\_\_\_\_\_  
**Jose Nunez**